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A NEW YEAR’S MEDITATION.
I stand again upon a dreamy threshold
Where two ways meet;
Another year is ended, and the New Year
I vaguely greet.
I look along the vista of the future,
No light I see;
Lord, guide me by thy sweet and loving counsel.
I trust in thee.

Along the thorny path which I have trodden
With shrinking feet,
God’s wisdom guided, and his love-appointed
Burden’s meet.
My heart shrinks back from crosses which the future
May disclose.
Yet all the crowns which shall be my portion,
The dear Lord knows.
Although of Marah’s dread and bitter waters
May drink,
Although my feet are spirit faint and falter
And trembling shrink;
Yet Israel’s shepherd still will stand before me
On the brink.
And sweeten all the dark and brackish waters
As I drink.
Through all my future trials he will give me
Strength to sustain;
The path of life which seems so dark and dreary,
He’ll make plain.
I pray that he will keep me pure and stainless,
Free from all sin;
Pure in every thought, and word, and action—
Holy within.
I trust that he will give me glorify him
Here below;
In body, soul, and spirit, and the powers
He did bestow.
The precious gifts which he so kindly gave me
Talents meet;
To him I consecrate them—gladly lay them
At his feet.
I only ask that he at length will bring me
Safely home
Into the rest” prepared for his own people
But none.
I only ask that I shall meet my treasures
Beyond the sky,
And worship with them around his throne of glory,
In heavens high.
—Selected.

With each new year the following
Higher and
Higher.

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leaves thy low-arched past
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
That the eternal beams may bend more vast,
Still thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life’s unretiring sea.”

Now that we are teaching ourselves to write 1902, it seems more
Looking
Forward:
as if the twentieth century had really begun. One must naturally
look backward a little at such a time, although in the main we should turn our faces
forward, as those who, having reached the mountain top, glance backward over the
route already traveled, but give double at-
tention to the path which lies before. We
have not gained all that our highest hopes
pictures when the century began. War with
its sorrows and wickedness still continues
in Africa, and the problems connected with our
new possessions in the Pacific are not all
solved; still progress is being made in the
right direction on both fields. The heart
of the nation has been shocked and saddened by
the murder of its President, but we trust that
good will come through the lessons taught.
The year has marked by an unusual
number of enormous gifts in the interest of
education and philanthropy. Each Christian
must regret that many righteous causes have
been so little advanced, but each regret should
 spur to new action that with each succeeding
year of the new century, more may be ac-
lished for right and truth.

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In an unusual sense the year opens
with new developments in the
world of science. The unexplored
field which will call electricity is
being developed so rapidly that the
dreams of yesterday are the attainments of to-day.
In this respect the twentieth
century must stand among the centuries as a mount-
ain-peak stands among the foot-hills. The
most important lesson for our readers does
not lie in the fact that wireless telegraphy is
unfolding wonders, that submarine naviga-
tion seems assured, and that the air-ship is
no longer a fanciful dream of wild enthusi-
asts. The lessons of this hour for each man
relate to himself first. We are affected in
some degree by our surroundings, but the
larger truth is that we create or modify those
surroundings, and so determine the charac-
ter of the years and the century. It is not
theory concerning life nor a correct knowl-
edge as to how one ought to live which deter-
mines the course of history. What God seeks
is best theories and highest truths embodied
in individual lives. Thus embodied, truth
and righteousness become actual, and the his-
tory of the world comes into accord with the
divine will. While therefore it is well for us
to rejoice in what the beginning of the new
century brings, it is doubly important that we
bring to the new century that which is
highest and best. The men and women who
are past thirty years of age are giving this
century its initial impulsion. Their lives are
determining its character. They are creating
its form and determining its results for their
children and grandchildren. In this creating,
each of our readers will bear a part.

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The adage, “It is the first step
that counts,” should be carefully
Begun.
Right
Ended:
remembered at this time. Our duty
toward the future is our duty now
in the immediate present. The future is only
the expansion of the present, and the present
is determined by what we are to-day. It is
well to consider what we hope to be
in the morrow, but dreams about what we hope
to be must not take the place of efforts to be
what we ought to be now. The real good of
this year and of coming years will be deter-
mined by the choices of men and women
contacting holiness and purity, rather than by
submarine boats and wireless telegraphy.
There was more than superstition and more
than ordinary philosophy in the care with
which the ancient Greeks sought to avoid
stumbling “at the threshold.” What the
threshold was to the Greek home the year
1902 is to the new century. Someone has
said, “Initial letters should be written in
gold.” See to it that the initial letters of
this century, so far as your life is concerned,
are written in the unfianished gold of pure
motives, and bordered with the royal purple
of high and holy endeavor.

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Is a part of the longing of our
immortality to ask concerning the

Future
Certainties.
Future. This is also an important
element in our development,
and in the work we have in hand, year by year.
Imperfect work and temporary defeat are
stepping-stones toward higher attain-
ments in the future. The thoughtful man
soon learns that present defeat does not
necessarily mean final failure. It is, rather,
highly educational, and should be a stimulant
to new effort. Many of the greatest victories
in life come through defeat. At the battle of
Shiloh, General Grant was driven back when
the darkness of the first night silenced the
battle; but his renewed attack the next morn-
ing, even before Buell had arrived, turned de-
feat into victory. It is said that Phillips
Brooks—who in many respects was the great-
est preacher of the last century—turned his
attention toward the ministry because he
failed as a teacher. Each courageous trial
to accomplish that which is right lifts us to new
vantage ground. Heroes are born through difficulties. The future is not so uncertain as we sometimes think. A well-chosen running by chart and compass, is usually successful though a blindfog covers all the waters.

It is well to be eager to know what is coming, but be who does the right thing, with pure purpose, may be certain that some form of success will appear with each succeeding future.

Farrar is the one great stepping-stone on which we rise to new success in the coming unknown.

Each year's experience is incomplete, but it is an absolute part of that which must be in each period of the future. It is this faith, coupled with righteousness, which steadies the Christian's life and makes it certain that, though the exact details of the future may be unknown, "all things work together for good to those who love God." Such faith lifts the load of care and silences the clamor of the world.

He who abides in Christ, conscious of immortality, need not fear what the future may bring. Which that we strive to be through earnest and holy endeavor we shall become. Face the new year boldly because it is God's year, and you and God's child united with Christ, and in heanship of all things through him.

The world's greatest need, religiously, is to see Jesus. It is not theories concerning him, his nature, or even his redemptive work, which bring him close to men. Whenever his life is embodied in an individual life so that the world can see and in through that life, the actual need of the world is met. It is the inner personality of men which counts in this scheme of life and help. It is well to set forth the character of Christ in word-pictures, and such setting forth helps to draw attention to him. But above these, and stronger than these, is the contact of a Christ-filling man with men who need Christ.

One of the things that the books of the time of the English Reformation was the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a Kempis. There is power in the old book to this day, because it was written by one in whom the Christ-life was largely developed. This was more than imitation; on one picture may be an imitation of another; the divine Christ-spirit pervades the book, and he who reads it with open heart sees Christ. It is the duty of each follower of Christ to reproduce his life as fully as it is possible, thus enabling the world to see Christ in them. Human schemes for reformation fail. We do not win men to Christ by eloquence; but whenever the world sees Christ, in spirit and in action, formed within us, they will be attracted to him through seeing us. Seeing us, they will believe in him unto life and peace.

We turn away from the extravagances and excesses which mark certain forms of religious experience, and it must be granted that in some cases these appear far more as emotional expressions of physical life than that spiritual development in the kingdom of Christ. But while men who are ignorant and have but low development in spiritual things do thus overact, we must still remember that emotion, sentiment, and feeling have a large place in all things concerning religion.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is quoted as saying, "Harvard is run on sentiment." If this is true of a great educational institution, much more must we cultivate those high religious sentiments which are akin to faith, and are a necessary part of our spiritual development and all-embracing sentiment in human experience, and love is the central thought and moving power of the Gospel. While it remains true, as it always must, "that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," we must not rejoice in that love, but must cultivate all the emotions and sentiments growing out of it and connected with it in religious experience. A religion that is coldly beautiful and cast in classic forms of speech and action will never move the world mightily toward righteousness and high living. Overflowing emotion, in the thinner sense of the term, is not religion; but as the strongest rivers rise from the deepest springs in the heart of the mountain, so are religious people the refreshers of the world. God also desires of us an unfolding spring of divine love, and of human love awakened and guided by the divine.

It is about fifty years since Europe peons first visited Uganda in what Africa is now British East Africa. The first converts to Christianity there were resident at a short distance the year of 1880. Three years later, Bishop Hannington was murdered there, and many native Christians were killed. Since that time the growth of Christian influence upon that territory has gone forward. The British and Foreign Bible Society has published the Gospel of Matthew in the native tongue. Industrial schools are fostered, and it is said that one of the great chiefs of the land has joined with others in carrying loads of clay to make bricks for a new cathedral. Over 30,000 "baptized Christians" are reported; 500 miles of railroad are in operation as part of the great Continental Line planned from Cairo to Cape Town. While the type of Christian character developed among these natives is not the highest, the progress of Christianity among them is worthy of record at the opening of the new century.

Those who are engaged in a specific form of work are helped by knowing those not thus engaged look upon that work. This is true in the work of the Christian church, as elsewhere. On another page will be found a summary of some of the leading features of the situation as to religious work, made by the Tribune of New York, in its issue of Dec. 31, 1901. Each reader may add to or take from what the Tribune says, according to information he may possess which he has not appeared in the summary referred to—but we are sure our readers will be glad to see the situation as it appears to one of the ablest and most impartial of the great metropolis newspapers.

CHRIST AS A PREACHER.

"Christ was the model preacher as well as the model man." He exalted God as the governor of the universe, and yet taught that, in the most intimate sense, he cares for each of his children. He corrected many erroneous notions which the people of that time held concerning God's attitude toward them. Notable among these were the popular opinion that suffering and misfortune were a sign of guilt. In Christ's teaching the sun shines on the evil and the good alike, and the Galileans whom tradition had made greatest sufferers were also taught that they would not suffer because they were sinners more than others. In this teaching Christ came into sharp contact with prevailing opinions, for the world then identified pain and anguish with sin.

"He consisted upon simple tests as to the actual religious character of men. He did not make that wide distinction between religion and morality which men make. He did separate ethics and righteousness from ritualism, but he made morality the necessary fruit of religion, and taught that theories and creeds were to be judged by what they produce in human life. In all this Christ did not lessen essential obligation nor the importance of law. On the other hand he increased both these by his teachings and example. He was the model preacher in the sense of his personal responsibility in many ways. To the men seeking righteousness he said, struggle hard to enter in at the strait gate. He taught the glory of service and of giving one's self as another mother: 'Whoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.' He emphasized the duty of stewards, 'Unto whomsoever much is given much shall be required.' While the preachers of the present day do well to follow Christ as their model, the record we have of his teaching is so easily understood that all may become immediate hearers of him, and so may be instructed in the way of righteousness. In this one point his teachings are of highest value. That preacher comes nearest the model Christ left who makes great truths plain and great duties so imperative that his hearers cannot fail to see and feel their force. Christ took advantage of every possible agency to impress the truth so taught. In every place where he met men, in city or country, journeying or resting, in temple or synagogue, upon the mountain, or in a city street, he had a message to deliver. He opened the "Sermon on the Mount" as the greatest of all sermons, and yet Matthew introduces it with the simple words, 'He opened his mouth and taught them.' Christ's preaching was a strong currents which swept all the world. He was the model preacher of his time. 'He taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes.' This was the authority of truth and not the assumption of any personal authority above others. Probably the scribes and Pharisees often talked on the same subjects which Christ used; but what Christ said changed both the form and the substance of these themes and carried a power unknown before. The scribes talked of life and religion as related to forms and ceremonies, thus being vitally related to God and to one's fellows. What the scribes taught was a sort of dead orthodoxy. What Christ taught was a new life having both power and authority. They called men to perform rites and ceremonies. He called men to holiness and obedience.

What Christ was as a preacher, the preachers of 1902 ought to be. Centuries have succeeded and customs have changed, but the lives of men and their spiritual needs remain substantially the same. Every preacher should be vivid with truths that men may be trans-
formed through the truth. Christ fitted his preaching to his congregation; the preacher of to-day ought to do the same. Questions touching the individual needs of persons and congregations will always be interesting themes. That preacher who knows his people, and knowing, sees their spiritual wants, will never lack for themes attractive and per-

Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR JANUARY 17, 1902.
The quotations given here are from The Twentieth Century New Testament, just published. Those from the Old Testament are from Rotherham’s Translation.

Theme.—Individual Decision and Loyalty to God.

Making choice of God and his service, irrespective of what others may say or do. Josh. 24: 15. Seek to win others. Mark 10: 45; John 1: 41; Dan. 12: 3.

And if it be pleasing in your eyes to serve the Lord, choose for your entering day and week what gods you will serve and worship, whether the gods which your fathers were on the other side of the river served, or the gods of the Amori
tes, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

For even the Son of Man came not to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many.

The first thing he did was to find his own brother Simon, and say to him: “We have found the Messiah!” (a word which means Christ, or Consecrated.)

And the intelligent shall shine brilliantly like the brill-

Irrigation

The value of a national system of irrigation for a large part of the United States is be-

The forms are natural formations. By restraining the stream in flood and replenishing them in drought they make possible the use of waters otherwise wasted. They prevent the soil from washing, and so protect the stor-

The case alone cannot, however, fully regulate and conserve the waters of the arid region. Great storage works are necessary to equalize the flow of streams and to raise the water level. Their construction has been

The storage in reservoirs at the head waters of our rivers is but an enlargement of our present practice, under which reservoirs are built on the lower reaches of the same streams.

The government should construct and maintain these reservoirs, but the ultimate purpose is to regulate the flow of streams, the water should be turned freely into the channels in the dry sea-

The nineteenth Psalm may be cited as per-

The raw cold of the night crept into my bones, and the snow blew in my face, a flake on my nose and one in my eyes, blinding me for the moment. The wind moaned among the scrubby trees, and its edge was like the edge of a knife. I shivered, and I was
to a magazine. They are in the midst of great trials turn to him for refuge. There seems to be no reason to doubt that this Psalm was composed by Moses. From the remotest period his name has been attached to it.

The first verse reads: “Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.” So near and dear is the relation between God and his people that they mutually dwell in each other. This truth is the cause of this birthplace, and one never can be at home elsewhere; he is the only true dwelling place, for all men, at all times.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

New Years at Valley Forge.

Our choices decide our destiny, in both this life and the next. Through that spiritual help which Christ waits to give, each man may be king over himself and his destiny, through right choices: We may sometimes need to say with Paul, “When I would do good, evil is present with me,” but our weakness is made strong through Christ, and each may be king over evil and temptation.

Spiritual battles, well fought, bring strength for continual victory. We win others to Christ most successfully when we conquer in our own battles with weakness and temptation.

Choose ye this day. He who delays increases the probability of defeat. Each hour is an hour of decision, a true judgment and a determining of destiny.

New York Times

The raw cold of the night crept into my bones, and the snow blew in my face, a flake on my nose and one in my eyes, blinding me for the moment. The wind moaned among the scrubby trees, and its edge was like the edge of a knife. I shivered, and I was

time that my bare fingers might not freeze to the metal of the weapon. I looked back at the wooden huts which made up our camp, and all but a few were hidden from my sight by the thick night and the whirling snow. A poor sort of home, I said to my-

Then I loaned toward Philadelphia, and when I thought of the British army lying there in the big city so snug and happy, my soul turned green with envy. Why could we not have such a merry time, too? A man of any name does not have to be miserable to be a good patriot. I felt that I could shout just as well for the thirteen colonies if I were enjoying myself. Then I shifted my hands along the muzzle of my musket barrel again.

I heard the crunch of footsteps on the snow, and instantly I cocked my piece. The footsteps approached, and a large man ap-

I knew his kind at once. He was one of those sleek, overfed Quakers living in Phil-

Now that made me mad. When you are freezing to death and your teeth chattering and you seem to have no chance to get a bite to eat, or even to stir a pot of furnish the fire, it doesn’t help your temper for a man to come along and speak of your look-

Oh, no! I said. “I’m not cold at all. I’m snapping my teeth together because it’s merely a way I have of amusing myself when I lonesome.”

I hope that the effort is successful,” the man said, with a smile. “May I ask your name?”

Yes,” I answered as I lifted a big flake of snow from under my collar, “you may ask it, and, while it isn’t any business of yours, I’ll tell you, nevertheless! It’s John Hunter.”

“A Connecticut man?” he asked.

I dropped the stock of my rifle in the snow and pointed at him. “Look you, Mr. Quaker,” I said, “I don’t like your wit at all. You may think that it has an edge to it, but I don’t. Why, see how cold it is here, and I’ve heard that it’s still colder up there in New England. Do you think that sensible man would come to be born in a country where there’s nothing but ice and snow?”

Then, perhaps you are from one of the southern colonies?”

There is no perhaps about it!” I said,

...
putting my gun back on my shoulder. "I'm from the noble old colony of Georgia, God bless her! She's worth all the others put together. You see this snow, Mr. Quaker, and here's a wind that cuts through a man like a sword. Well, it's as warm as wool in Georgia right now, and to-morrow the sunshine will be so bright that everything there will glitter like gold."

"Why didn't you stay in Georgia?" he asked.

I brought my gunstock down in the snow again. I was beginning to get angry a second time.

"Why didn't I stay in Georgia?" I said. "It's only one of you Philadelphia Quakers who would ask a question like that. But if you really want to know, Mr. Quaker, it's because a message came to me way down here in Georgia, and it said 'John Hunter, the thirteen colonies need you in this war against Great Britain. They can't get along without you.' Besides, I wanted to help George."

"What George?"

"What George!" I exclaimed, and I spoke pretty loud. "You must be a mighty thick-headed man, Mr. Quaker, to ask me a question like that. There's only one George, and it isn't George of Great Britain, confound him! It's our George—George Washington!"

"Oh," said the man, and he shrugged his shoulders a little. "I suppose George Washington is trying to do his duty, but, perhaps, his is not as hard as yours just now. Even a Pennsylvanian or New Englander would admit that the night is cold, and I notice that you have no cloak or greatcoat."

"What of that?" I answered. "There are thousands of Continental soldiers who have no more than I."

"And your shoes have great holes in them."

I laughed.

"Some of the boys have no shoes at all," I said.

"A sentinel clad as you are, and from a warm country, might well be excused for deserting his post on such a night as this," he said.

"Be careful, Mr. Quaker," I answered, "if you talk more like that, you'll get a bullet from my musket."

"But in freezing weather," he persisted, "they ought to put on guard the northern troops, who are inured to the cold, and not the men who have just arrived from the far and warm south."

"Mr. Quaker," I said, and I felt sarcastic, "you are the very man to teach George his business. Hurry to him—he's in one of those cabins over there—and tell upon the instant how to save the thirteen colonies."

"But it is wrong that you should have to watch here in such freezing weather," he said, sneering at his point.

"It is cold," I said, "but I've joined the army, and I'm going to do my share. If I don't walk my beat until my relief comes, it will be because my gun has frozen to me and I've frozen to the ground."

He started on and he passed so close to me that a fold of his greatcoat, blown by the wind, brushed against my hand. The touch felt warm, and a sudden envy flamed in me.

"Come back, Mr. Quaker!" I called. He turned at my command, and asked what I wished.

"That is a fine greatcoat you are wearing," I said.

"I do not complain of it," he replied.

"I put my hands upon the garment."

"It is thick and warm," I said. "It was made in Philadelphia, wasn't it?"

"I think so," he answered.

"I should like to try it on," I said.

I have heard that, while these Quakers are very shrewd in affairs of money and religion, they are quite simple-minded in some other matters. Yet I was surprised when he pulled off the coat and handed it to me. He was arrayed now in sober garments, which I could not see clearly owing to the darkness. I put the coat on and found it wondrous snug and warm. He was a larger man than I, and the hem of it touched the snow, but that was a trifle, and I affected not to notice it.

"It is a fine fit," I said.

"Isn't it a little large for you?" he asked.

"Oh, no. The finest tailor in Philadelphia could not have fitted me better," I said, briskly, and I took several steps on my beat. "I do not have it on; now give it back to me."

"Time presses, and I must hurry."

I gave a sigh of content.

"It was most kind of you to lend me the coat, Mr. Quaker," I said, "and I will give it back to you in the morning, as I promised."

"Give me back my coat," he repeated. "I may not linger."

"I don't see why," I said. "They can get along without you in Philadelphia for an hour or two, and, besides, I want time to thank you for your most generous action. It is, in truth, a most noble coat, and by the loan of it you, perhaps, save me from freezing to death."

He paused and looked thoughtful. Then he repeated his request for his coat, but I paid no further attention to him, walking on, my musket on my shoulder and singing to myself. I was happy. The sentiment that the Quakers were simple-minded in some things was true. I had proved it.

I repeat that it was, in truth, a most glorious coat, turning aside the snowflakes and warming me through and through. The man looked at me a little longer and then disappeared in the darkness. I laughed to myself.

It was a long watch until my relief came, and the night grew even colder, but I did not suffer. I drew the folds of that generous coat more closely around me, and the warmth streamed through my body.

The next morning, after a good nap, I put the coat on again and looked for the Quaker, but did not see him. Then, with others, I responded to a message from the Colonel. When his eyes fell upon me they flashed with anger.

"Hunter," he said, "why do you come bundled up in such a manner?"

"Colonel," I replied, apologetically, "the weather is so cold I concluded to wear my greatcoat."

"Your greatcoat!" he cried. "Where did you get it?"

I became alarmed. A shudder ran through me. Could he know of that little transaction the night before?

"A kind Quaker gentleman gave it to me last night when I was on sentry duty and stiff with cold," I said.

"It's a lie!" he thundered. "That garment is the greatcoat of General Washington himself."

A shiver of horror ran through me, and my knees began to tremble. Then the Commander-in-Chief himself came forward. I knew him at once by the way the others stepped back. But his face was the calmest and kindest that I ever saw.

"It is not a lie," he said, in tones as gentle as those of a woman. "I found this soldier, just arrived from the far south, on watch last night, and he refused to leave his post, though freezing to death. So I gave him my coat that a faithful soldier might be saved for the cause."

— The Oars.

TIME AND TIDE.

The clock strikes twelve, and the old year is gone. The clock ticks and the new year is begun. And what is the difference? You turn over in bed, and you are the same man. The next morning you change a number on your letter head, and the day wags as usual.

The Twentieth century was ushered in with gorgeous expectations. All the scribblers were writing its praises, all the prophets predicting, and all the people were saying it was to be a born wonder. Its baby lips were to proclaim a general transformation, and by a wave of its little hand it was to put a spell upon all us. But its first year is now closing, and it has been amazingly like the last year of the century which we passed under an avalanche of comment. One almost wonders whether old Father Time really knew that a new child had been born into the family. Perhaps the mighty sweep of things was too much for the infant, and we must wait for it to take on the strength of manhood before putting the world to rights.

At all events the tide has been stronger than the change of centuries, and human nature has acted itself out in the old way. And this brings us to the all-important point. Human nature, not a factor. If you and I have set our lives in the wrong direction, the stroke of the clock at the midnight hour is not going to stop us. If we have been sowing bad seed in the field, it will spring up and bear an evil harvest as sure as the winds blow and the days overlap night. The main question is not what o'clock is it? but which way am I headed? There will never be a century born which can make us good, useful or happy, unless we take the matter in hand ourselves. Time can never drop the word Repent, and to the end of days the prophet must shout to the man who is going the wrong way, right-about-face. We may lean upon time with both elbows and only be the worse for it. There is a siren voice which whispers to all human beings to wait for time to do something for them which they do not want to do for themselves. It is hard to take ourselves in hand, to tackle an unruly temper, a bad habit, a besetting sin, or any other sin. It is much easier to wait for time to extract it from our moral system by some painless method, by the hypnotic influence of a new year, or the magic of another century. The poet did not much overdraw when he said of this siren voice:

Its song is death, it makes destruction please."

— The Advance.
NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The question of Sunday and excise legislation has been agitated in New York furnishes items of news which are valuable to the whole country. The agitation now going on there promises to be more radical and permanent than any similar agitation which has occurred within half a century. Two new factors have appeared during the past week. The question of the provision which the legislature will set aside for the support of the original church, by which a town with four or five hundred inhabitants is equal in legislative matters to a town having an hundred thousand.

Dr. Loeb, of Chicago, has made further announcement during the past week concerning his important researches. The essential point in these researches is that the phenomena of nerve stimulation and anæsthesia are electrical. The Doctor is also experimenting with electricity to discover whether life may not be preserved temporarily by electrical changes through which, as he claims, death comes rather than through the cessation of physical functions.

Increasing activity is reported in the mining interests in the Adirondack mountains of Northern New York. Apparently the copper veins which for many years have been known as being rich in iron and other minerals. Gold-bearing sand is also found there, and it seems that all these mineral deposits may be successfully and profitably developed. Electricity is already used in Houghton County in separating the gold from the sand.

THE BIBLE IN CHINA.

The American Bible Society has received a special and extended report of a tour of inspection made by its Agent in Shanghai, China, the Rev. John H. Hykes, D. D., to the several agencies of the Society in North China, inclusive of Tientsin, and Peking. In part, Dr. Hykes reports as follows:

"The society now realizes that it is utterly hopeless to carry out their program, and that there will be peace, so far as foreigners are concerned; for a long time. All forms of mission work will be on a better and more secure basis than ever before. Missionaries are quietly returning to their stations, and they are being welcomed back by officials and people. The welcome upon the part of the officials may not be sincere; it is upon the part of the common people. The students all over the Empire are eager to get foreign books, and there will be increasing demand for the Scriptures. When I was in Peking I heard a strange rumor about certain high officials undertaking a translation or revision of the Bible, with a view of improving its style, according to their literary standard; and with the purpose of circulating it among officials and schoolmen in order to enlighten them as to the purposes of Christianity, and to allay their opposition to it.

As to our work in the north, which was so seriously broken up by the Boxer rising, and the outlook for the future. In Tientsin, the sales from our bookstore have recently averaged more than $50 a month. All these sales were to people who came to the store. We have had no one to go out and offer Scriptures for sale. Mr. Garnon did all the work for the missionaries who went through the whole United States. He is now in charge of our work in the north, and will push it energetically. Our depot in Tientsin is a great convenience to the American missionaries who go through the place to their stations in the north, as also to the Chinese who travel there as reasons make visits to the coast. It will become more and more a power for good. We are favorably located, and the result has fully justified our opening this depository.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Washington, D.C. — In his infinite wisdom, he called home our dear sister, Mrs. A. A. Runyan, Thursday. Resolved, That in b h q death the Woman's Evangelical Society of the Second Alfred church has lost one of its most valued members. We send our sympathy to the bereaved family. And while the memory of her lost life, of her presence in our midst, will never quite fade from the hearts of her fellow workers, it will serve as a wholesome inspiration to them to go forward with increased energy in the work she loved and in which she was so active.

Resolved, That the example of her Christian life is an inspiration to our Society to strive for higher attainment in Christ's service.

Resolved, That we extend to her friends our heartfelt sympathy, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our records and be sent to the Sanbor R. Church for publication.

Miss. JULIA A. ORNBURY. Com.
Miss. O. A. MARTY.
Missions.

By O. U. Wurtpoos, Sec. Philadelphia.

On a postal card received from Peter Velthuysen, dated Cape Coast Castle, Nov. 19, 1901, he writes: "The Bathurst has arrived at Cape Coast Castle. I have sent a telegram to the Amoroso to meet me at Cape Pond. My luggage is not here, so I must without considerable time, I am fairly well considering the deadly climate.

Evangelist J. G. Burck is assisting Pastor L. C. Randolph in several evangelistic meetings. He will go some time in January to Jackson Centre, Ohio, to hold a series of meetings. Mrs. M. G. Townsend was, at last writing, at Gavrin, Iowa.

Dr. Rosa W. Palmiero is to sail for Shanghai, China, from San Francisco, on the S. S. America, Jan. 4, 1902. Communications will be received from her for publication.

The Christian churches and Theological seminaries of the United States were severely tested. The demand of the churches is popular and attractive preaching. Pulpit oratory, eloquent sermons that will entertain and please an audience, and the ministers who can fill that bill are in demand. A fine variety of speakers, eloquent ministers, eloquent sermons, are desired and sought after more than piety, marked spirituality, and pastoral work, and personal effort for a minister to earnestly and thoroughly strive to be a good, interesting and attractive preacher. He should strive to possess that power, not for his own glory and popularity, but for the glory of God and the saving of men by drawing them to Jesus Christ. But the great need of the churches to-day, in really building them up in membership, in spiritual life and power, is warm, earnest pastoral, and personal work by the pastor. Preaching never was so much needed, while eloquent cannot, and will not, do it. The catering of the churches and the ministry to-day to first-class pulpit qualities to the neglect and elimination of pastoral qualities, is working injury to the spiritual growth and strength of the churches. Spiritual preaching of the gospel all earnest and warm, blessed of God, filled with the Holy Spirit, will bring men to the saving knowledge of Christ; but in connection with it, pastoral and personal work will lead more to Christ, reclaim many backsliders, and inspire and strengthen even many more to do good service for the Master. If there are any pastors among us who are neglecting or shrinking pastoral work, they are not only doing wrong to their pastorates, but are robbing themselves of great spiritual blessings.

From D. H. Davis.

I herewith give you an account of a visit which Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Lucy Tong and myself recently made to Lien-oo. We decided that the best way for us to make this journey was to call a Chinese house-boat on which we could live during the whole time. Had there been a house at Lien-oo in which it might have been better to go by wheelbarrows or sedan chairs. To make sure of having a boat in readiness on the day we wished to start, it was engaged a day in advance, and to make it doubly sure that this boat would be at a certain point ready not for us, we had the agreement put into writing and paid part of the money in advance. The boat was to await us at the old regatta-boat house in the western border of the settlement on the Soo-chow creek. We hoped in this way to save three days of passage in going the large number of boats that throng this section of the creek by taking the boat at that point.

Wednesday, the day fixed for our starting, came and went without anything material. We were told that the tide would serve us best at 8 A. M., so we hurried in preparing our preparations and set out with our wheelbarrows and rishkas to take the boat, but when we had arrived at the point designated, to and behold, no boat was there.

There was nothing to do but for Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Tong to wait on the bank while I went to the office to make inquiries. Arriving at head-quarters, I found that another boat had been sent in the place of the one I had engaged. And everyone did not know the place to stop for us, and had gone some five miles out into the country.

It proved fortunate that I had a written agreement with the office, for I could hold them responsible in the matter, but for some time I did not know how the affair was to be arranged. It was impossible for us to take our luggage five miles into the country and overtake the boat; it would also be very inconvenient for us to go all the way back to our home and start another day. After much conversation, I said to the boatman, which they did. It was twelve o'clock before we were able to get our things on board and begin our journey. Things do not always go as badly as this in China.

Our boatmen were very agreeable fellows, but did not make very great speed. When night overtook us we had only reached Nanziang, a distance of 48 li (Chinese miles) from Shanghai. To speak of this distance in Chinese numbers leads one to think it is a great deal farther than when speaking in plain English, for then it is only 36 and 36 phut. This is slow compared with some of the fast Atlantic steamers. It is also slow as compared with the steam navigation now used between many points in China. At Nanziang the Southern Methodists have been carrying on mission work for twenty years without any very apparent success. I have heard the workers that were located at this place have been withdrawn and stationed at other points.

Early Thursday morning we began our onward journey, and after traveling 24 (8 Eng. miles) to the Atlantic port of Kang-ting. We pass around on the outside of this city in the water course skirting the walls. In this city the Methodists carried on school work for a number of years, but this work has been given up and the workers located elsewhere. One reason we were there was that the work carried on in these places so long will all be lost to the cause of mission work in China. A great deal of work is being done, the results of which do not appear to the outsider, but every house effort comes a part of the great work that is being done.

From Kang-ting we encountered a strong head-wind, and at a little distance from this place we again struck the tide-water, which being also against us, caused us to make very slow progress. At about 4 o'clock P. M. we came to the mouth of a river. The tide had now risen so high that it was impossible for us to pass under this bridge, hence it became necessary for us to cast anchor at this place and await low tide. We determined to remain here all night and make the remainder of the journey early next morning. We were informed by the people on shore that the home of Mrs. Ng was only some 4 li away. Mrs. Tong thought she could easily walk this distance, so with one of the boatmen I set out in search of her. The route was nothing more than a foot-path leading through the fields, and this road was intersected by so many other roads that it was often difficult to tell which was the right one.

It seemed to us that we had traveled twice 4 li before we arrived at the home of Mrs. Ng, it was nearly dark when we arrived. It was with a good deal of difficulty that the boatman and I found our way back to the boat. It was only by careful observations that we were able to do it at all. One of the grandparents of Mrs. Ng, a family of 10 people, the only family of the Ng's lived in a small house, and with them lived a widow, called by Dr. Carpenter, Rebecca. This woman's hand was used to be strong during the days of Dr. Carpenter's work in China. She herself must have gained a pretty good knowledge of the gospel in her early days, and it seems to me quite wonderful that she has been able to retain so much of it, being as she is, surrounded by such dense heathenism. I doubt if many of our Christians in the homeland would do much better if placed in similar circumstances. She is able to read the Scriptures in what she calls "new characters", a phonetic writing of some 35 or 40 years ago, but wholly out of use at the present time. Being able to read this character has, without doubt, been a great help to her in keeping the facts of the Scriptures in mind. Several of the early Christians were taught to read this new character, but this woman is the only one I have ever met that retained the ability to use it. While I was there she read some portions from the Gospel of Luke, and we sang together "There is a happy land." A goodly number of neighbors came to see the boat from the river side to what he had to say. It was more from curiosity that they came than to hear what he might say. We trust however that they may have heard some things of which will be quite good seed sown in their hearts. Giving out an appointment for a preaching service to be held at Mrs. Ng's on Sabbath afternoon at 2 o'clock, we came away returning to Mrs. Ng's for Mrs. Davis, and then we went onto the boat for the night.

Sabbath came, a bright, clear and cold morning. In the morning, the preaching place of the Episcopal Mission, where they have a small day school, so far as I could learn, their work here has not been very successful in point of gathering in mem-
bers into the church. They are the only mission now carrying on mission work at Lien-oö. While filling this mission I learned that an English-speaking Chinese had recently opened an English school in town. I determined to visit this school also, and was not long in inquiring my way to it. I found a very nice-looking young Chinaman, who appeared to be a teacher. He received me very cordially, inviting me into his private room, and furnishing me with a cup of tea, which is to be drank at the close of the interview.

I found this young man had studied in the Tientsin College, under Mr. Tenny, and on account of the trouble in the North last year he had returned to his home in Lien-oö, and had opened this school on his own account. He inquired of my honorable occupation—a polite way of speaking in China. I was glad to tell him that I was a missionary. He said he was not a Christian. I expressed the hope that he might become one. I drank the tea, and our interview was brought to a close.

In the afternoon, as Mrs. Davis and I were on our way to the service to be held at Mrs. Ng's, this Chinese teacher, with another young man, very unexpectedly overtook us, and said that some of the gentry of the place had a matter about which they wished to consult us, and wished me to remain in Lien-oö for a few days. I promised to call on him in the evening, and proceeded on our way to the service.

There were not very many at this meeting, but for the sake of the three Christians who were there, and are not privileged with hearing any preaching, I was glad to hold the service. I was very glad to learn that another of Mr. Ng's pieces is favorably inclined toward Christianity.

There was present an old lady, a relative of Rebecca, who heard the gospel from Dr. Carpenter, but has never yet believed. She seems to have a good understanding of the truth, and says she does not believe in the various speculations of the people about her. I truly hope she may yet become a true believer. I urged her to do so. The service being over, we were served with some light refreshments, and then returned to our boat; and in the evening, according to agreement, I called on the Chinese teacher. I found a good number of gentlemen awaiting me, and soon learned that the question about which they wished to consult was the organization of a high school or college. A large number of the gentry of the place are interested in the scheme and are willing to support it. I promised to aid them all I could by way of suggestion and advice, and in getting them a foreign teacher, if they desired, I gave them some suggestions as to how to go about the matter, and they said they would come to see me at Shanghai farther on the matter. The only object I would have in leading assistance in a case like this would be to bring as much Christian influence as possible to bear on this enterprise. Their being willing to seek aid from the West is the assurance that they are not bitterly opposed to Christianity. If the reform movement is carried out in China, the demand will be greater than ever for work in such lines as this.

We left Lien-oö, as the tide was in our favor, that evening, coming quite a distance before we stopped for the night. We reached Shanghai early Monday morning, returning in less time than we went.

It had rained during the night, but I would be glad to do much more of this itinerating work than I have been able to do during these later years. During my first years in China I did work in traveling about and preaching in the towns and villages about, but of late I have been so much engaged in the work in Shanghai that I have not been able to get away. I am living in anticipation of the time coming again that my hands shall be free to do this work.

Wore Grrn, Shanghai, China, Nov. 8, 1901.

DISTINGUISHING THE YEARS.

The happiest maker of a Happy New Year is hope. The man who wakes on the morning of the first of January with a hope in his heart, listens to the habitual greetings of the day with no sense of discord. He is happy. The new year is his new chance. He means to count it. He is confident that he can stamp a brand of success on the year to come that will always distinguish it from the rest of his years. He expects it goes always to remember it with a distinct gladness. Therefore with distinct gladness he welcomes its arrival.

But it is decidedly harder to call the new year happy, if, so far as you can see, it is bringing you nothing new. What's the use of a New Year's day to mark the boundary line between two years if one is to be just like the other? It doesn't pay to keep up a fence between two equally barren fields. Traveling across a flat prairie, one has no desire to get down out of the train at every station on his progress. When New Year's days become mere way stations in a monotonous prairie landscape the adjective "happy" begins to sound sarcastic. As enterprising merchants sometimes tack advertisements on the "risers" of public stairways, so there is room for placarding "happy" on the years as long as they ascend in staircase fashion. But when they are flattened out to a level, the place for the placard is gone.

And yet for the majority of us the year 1902 promises in all external things to be just a made-over version of the year 1901 and after the pattern of 1901. It is only a minority who really hope for the year at hand to bring them a larger success as measured by purse, fame or power. The average man expects only as much work, as good wages, as many comforts, as many friends, as he had the year past. It seems indeed that for social stability it must be so. The world would be in continual earthquake if the typical citizen changed level every year, whether going up or going down. But the sorrow of it is that the solidification of the social mass crushes hope out of so many individual lives. Seeing nothing ahead to call them forth out of the present, men settle down bitterly or stolidly to endure the dull succession of different days. The years become an endless chain engaged to millestones that grind away at the soul.

Yet there is a secret capable of restoring to every man his birth-right of happy New Years instinct with hope. It opens a door to a freer realm. If outer environment presses unyieldingly upon us, we can draw into the inner chambers and find there largeness and liberty unknown to the world without. If we cannot make 1902 distinctive from 1901 with new achievement or new accumulation of wealth, we can make it a year of notable distinction in the affairs of the spiritual life. And surely to progress from poverty to wealth spiritually is as signal a glory for a year of our history as to rise in a year from financial want to plenteitude. If we then have no earthly achievement before the eyes of men, may we not thereby be turned to the nobler ambition—to the ever-open opportunity to climb upward before the eyes of God?

Perhaps 1901 has been to you a year of unprofitable labors. How happy then should be the opening of a new year with, the help of God, you may make a year of faith. Or there may be long years of self-seeking behind you; here is the opportunity to vary the sameness of life with a year of self-forgetfulness. Or you might signalize 1902 as an advance year in patience, optimism, freindliness, church faithfulness, soul-winning. Doubtless it would be a proud thing to know a year hence that you were a wealthier, more learned, more influential or better-known man than now. But will the world value such a man who is a kinder, nobler, more faithful, more hopeful, less sinful man? Which is the better triumph—the one that but few may boast or the one that all may enjoy? Truly the world of the spirit has room for epics of conquest and redemption of success and histories of attainment more heroic than the world of matter and sense has seen. Let us distinguish 1902 by our struggles and our victories in that higher world and for its more essential life.

Exchange.

SILENCE.

There is much help in silence. From its touch we gain renewed life. Silence is to the soul what his mother Earth was to Briareus. From contact with it we rise healed of our hurts and strengthened for the fight. Amid the Babel of the schools we stand bewildered and affrighted. Silence gives us peace and trust, the only peace that God's arms are around the universe.

How small and unimportant seem all our fretful troubles and ambitions when we stand with them in our hand before the gleaming face of silence! We smile at themselves and are ashamed.

Silence teaches us how little we are—how great we are. In the world's market-places we are tigers, tailors, apothecaries, thieves—respectable or otherwise, as the case may be—mere atoms of a mighty machine, mere insects in a vast hive.

It is only in silence that it comes home to us that we are something much greater than this—that we are men, with all the universe and all eternity before us, when we hear the voice of truth. The temples and marts of men echo all night and day to the din of lies and quackeries, riches and honours. But in silence, falsehood cannot live. You cannot float a lie on silence. A lie has to be pulled afoot, and kept from falling by men's breath. Leave a lie on the bosom of silence, and sink it. A truth floats there fair and deep, and all eternity before us. It is in silence we come to know that you are more faithful, more hopeful, more a child of God than you ever knew before. It is in silence that we find the gentleness, the patience, the tenderness, the yoke of Christ, which is laid upon all who would follow Jesus.

We are in a world of dreams, and dreams are passing dreams. But in silence, dreams are not dreams, but realities. The dreams of the world are false, but in silence, dreams are true realities. The dreams of the world are not dreams, but visions, and visions are true thoughts. But in silence, visions are true visions. The dreams of the world are not dreams, but charactistics, and characteristics are true characters. But in silence, characteristics are true characteristics. The dreams of the world are not dreams, butlegends, and legends are true histories. But in silence, histories are true histories. The dreams of the world are not dreams, but lives, and lives are true lives. But in silence, lives are true lives. The dreams of the world are not dreams, but destinies, and destinies are true destinies. But in silence, destinies are true destinies. The dreams of the world are not dreams, but worlds, and worlds are true worlds. But in silence, worlds are true worlds.
Woman's Work.
Mrs. Henry M. Maxon, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.
Strength for to-day is all that we need. As to-morrow will be a to-morrow. For to-morrow will prove but another to-day, with its measures of joy and sorrow. Then was love, standing as a writer on the subject of social life, and was known as an organizer of women's clubs, and was familiarly known as the "Mother of Clubs." The first woman's club in America, the Sorosis, was founded by her more than thirty years ago. She was a woman, slight and delicate in appearance, but of great zeal and executive ability. Her husband was at one time Managing Editor of the World, and it was he who said of her, that no worker on her staff was her equal as a writer. - Boston Transcript.

After a long struggle, the women of the Methodist Episcopal church have won, and are hereafter to receive official recognition as delegates to the General Conference. The work accomplished by the women in the churches, and their increasing interest and activity, led to their being appointed as delegates from some of the churches to the General Conference of 1888. When they came to take their places as delegates, they found the position disrupted. It was contrary to the constitution, and then and there began the struggle, only just ended, to give to women the right of delegates. Again and again, the laws and voted down; but at last, more than three-fourths of the Conferences—the required number—have voted to amend the constitution; so that, hereafter, women will be able to represent their churches as delegates, and take part in the deliberation of the Conferences.

"Do you regard a wife as a necessary luxury?" "Well, no. If she is a luxury she is not a necessity, while if she is a necessity she is never a luxury."—American Woman's Journal.

The SABBATH RECORDER.

ENVIRONMENT.
Henry M. Maxon.

In the last two decades much has been said about heredity. The sins of the fathers show themselves in the blood of the children, and the evil of the present is traced back to its origin in former generations. This is an important principle in the study of social life, and we are now learning that there is associated with it another principle of even greater force—environment. The man of the future is the child of to-day, and the influences that surround the child of to-day determine what the man of the future will be. He bears the weight of heredity, and fall into an environment that will produce naught but evil; he may have a heritage that is wholly bad, and yet his environment may develop a strong and useful character.

The teaching of the Sabbath-school and the discipline of the day-school are a part of this environment, but the atmosphere of the home, the influence of the play-ground, the example of the social life about him, are even more powerful, and may counteract them. His parents are all that is going on in the universe that has not the unconscious, unintended influence of their practice may nullify the influence of their preachers, or some unsuspected influence in the environment without the home may overshadow all the rest.

Even with a good heritage and an apparently good environment, the problem seems uncertain in its results; what shall be said of the future of a child with an evil heritage and a bad environment? For such there is but little hope, and it seems as if the child born in the slums is doomed to an immoral, vicious life. The most deplorable thing about the police corruption in New York City is not the effect on the evil men and women, but the influence on the children that grow up with all this evil flaunting in their faces day by day. Two decades of good government, and yet we expect from Mr. Low cannot efface the evil effects of the government of the last four years; for the children that have grown up in the streets of a "wide-open" town have learned to tolerate or envy vice, to admire the considerate evil-doer as a "pally," and to believe that right and wrong are simply a matter of dollars and cents.

All honor to the organizations that have been working in all our cities to create parks, establish kindergartens and "Settlements," improve the tenements, provide playgrounds, and in all possible ways improve the environment of child life, for whose work rests the hope of regeneration in our cities.

A striking commentary on the force of environment is the report of the Children's Aid Society. In forty years it has placed 22,000 children in Western homes. These children came from all kinds of surroundings. Orphaned, abandoned, picked up in the streets, rescued from homes of cruelty or vice, they would seemingly present a prospect of great disappointment to those who befriended them. Care was taken to place them in homes where the conditions would be good, and of this vast number of children 87 per cent are reported as doing well. Eight per cent were returned to their friends, so that there were really only 5 per cent who could be said not to have been saved by the change. Not only have these children been saved from evil lives, but from their ranks have come bankers, lawyers, ministers, teachers, legislators, and even governors.

Are there any children in your almshouse? Are there any who are boarded out in unworthy homes by the poor-master?—If so, there is hope. They give as early as possible to be placed in real homes, or, at least, under good influences, and every town ought to have a band of faithful men and women who will care for all such cases.

DID WE LOSE A BLESSING?

Across the road from a former home lay a steep, rocky hillside pasture. Every week an old man came to the fence carrying a box of salt, and his voice rang out loud, insistent: "Come, Nan! Come, Nan!" The sheep nibbling here and there would raise their heads and start immediately, eager for the promised treat. Pell-mell, leaping, bleating they came, and the old man's face was bright with pleasure as he watched them.

At our last Prayer-meeting our leader gave us the theme The Gift of Christ, asking us to tell what that gift meant to us as individuals. Here and there came a tardy response, and patiently our leader waited, reminding us occasionally of some new exercises, trying to give voice to thoughts that he well knew were busy within us. And we sat there with accusing consciences, seeming helpless as sheep tangled in a hedge.

There came a sadder tone into the voice that first had been changed by the joy of the theme; the eyes seemed to look reproachfully at us; and at length came a look of patient weariness into the face that seemed a reflection of the patience of the divine leader who through him had been pleading "Lovest thou me?"

How many of us brought away from that meeting hearts heavy with a sense of privilege unimproved, a blessing unreceived?

NEW MOVEMENT IN INDIA.

It is rumored that a conference is soon to be held at Calcutta to discuss matters of interest to women. The prime movers in this are two native princes, both of them Hindoos. There are three important matters to be considered. First, the age limit for marriage among the natives. The age for girls now is from eight to nine, with ten for the maximum. According to the Shastras, sacred writings of the Hindoos, if a girl attains marriageable age while still an unmarried inmate of her father's house, that girl is an outcast, and should be treated as such. In that warm climate early development are the rule, so it is not uncommon to see mothers of thirteen, and, consequently, grandmothers of less than thirty. One result of this early enforced maternity has been a lamentable physical deterioration of the race, attended by other consequences more subtle, but no less serious.

The second topic that will engage the attention of the conference is the abolition of compulsory celiency among Indian and Mahometan widows. Although the practice of "suttee," the burning alive of widows on the husband's funeral pyre, was formally abolished by the Indian government in 1855, on the plea that it was "culpable homicide," it has not been possible to legislate successfully against the more bitter punishment meted out to those
unfortunate women, who in becoming widows lose all social rights, are deprived of their ornaments, compelled to assume the coarsest and scantiest of clothing, to fill the most menial positions in the household, and to be physically disfigured.

The question in which we come up is of the education of the Indian women. As matters stand now, such education as they receive terminates with their marriage, and, as that must take place before they enter their teens, at least in the case of a Hindoo girl, it is manifest that it must be of a very superficial and primary character.

Now, education among the men has become so much a matter of course, they have seized so eagerly on the generous opportunities put in their way both by the government and by private and religious beneficence, that they are beginning to desire that similar opportuni-
ties should be given to the women they shall marry. In short, they are no longer willing that their wives shall be mental children, but are anxious that they should be fitted for con-
trivances and companions in the best and highest use of the arts and sciences.

The President of the Anglo-Oriental College at Aligurh, India, the only Mahometan college of any note in that country, said that if he were a Mahometan father with a family of daughters to marry, he would, simply as a business proposition, have them well educated, as there was a "large and growing demand" among the Mahometan youths for educated wives. And among the Hindoo men there was visible an anxiety almost pa-
thetic for the mental development of the women of their race. One young barrister of Madras sought information as to the American methods of educating our women. One of the questions was, "How do you rose a desire for learning in your girls?" "Now, this aspect of the case had never presented itself to me," said a woman who had recently returned from India, "but after a moment's thought I replied, with a smile, 'Why, I be-
lieve our girls are born wanting to know!'" A reply which apparently opened up an en-
tirely new vista of thought to my caller.

Closely connected with the question of the education of Eastern women, indeed, insepar-
able, is the question of the "purdah" system. Now, education and the veil, in the Oriental sense, are incompatible terms, and one of the first steps that the women of the East will have to take in their march toward mental equality with the men must be the laying aside of the veil, and against this all the com-
servatives of the race and race has armed itself. The grandmothers especially—and in the Orient they are a most potent factor—are clamorously opposed to such a course. Indeed, their venerable faces are set obsti-
ately against changes of any kind, and the presence of their daughters toward the same.
things will have to be made, quite literally, over the dead bodies of the grandmas.

REVELATION 19:1

The old saying that prosperity is bad for religion seems to be verified during the year just closing. The three larger Baptist benevolent societies report a decline in contributions. The Congregationalists have held their own, but can report no great forward movement. The Episcopalian Missionary Board faces a deficit of $80,000, all the more embarrassing because it is expanding its missionary effort. The Methodists have done well in raising $15,-
000,000 as a twentieth century fund, but there are indications that it has been done at the expense of some other interests. The Presbyterians and Roman Catholics appear to have done well. In all these bodies the missionary work has been a growth in membership, but the denominational organs think that it ought to have been greater. Evangelism has made an unsatisfactory showing. Various twen-
tieth-century revival movements were started at the beginning of the year, but not one of them fulfilled expectations. Even church members seem to be out of sympathy with the purely emotional appeals to sinners that were once so potent.

One of the most important events of the year affecting religion was the passage of the Associations law by France and the resulting expulsion of about eleven thousand members of religious orders, a few of whom came to this country. The Presbyterian church decided to put forth a statement ex-
plaining, but not superseding, its creed. The Baptist Societies held meetings largely de-
oted to the defense and meaning of the Baptist faith. The Episcopal General Convention appointed Bishops for Porto Rico and the Philippines, but otherwise took no action on burning questions submitted to it. The Methodist Conferences appear to have acted favorably on the proposition to admit women as dele-
egates to the General Conference, and the question will now go to that body. The Ro-
man Catholics have effected a federation of their lay societies; but the year has wit-
essed a notable increase of Protestant mis-
ionary activity in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines at the expense of that body. All the larger Protestant bodies report the erection of churches and school-houses and many accessions to their membership. The fact has just been announced that the Roman church in this country is alive to the need of holding its own in these new possessions, and with that in end will train Amer-
ican priests to take the place of native priests. At a recent Conference all the sects of the Quakers met and declared for arbitra-
tion instead of war. The tendency toward conversion of the American literate man has been accelerated, and more and more of the new possessions of the past century have been handed over to the Roman church. In Kansas the Catholic church has this year been in competition with the Quakers for the franchise of the state, and in California the Roman church has assumed a position as an important factor in the state government. In the world's sense the Catholic church is a world power.

Consecration is known by various names. Baptist call it "higher life," and believe it is a process and result of spiritual growth. Methodists call it "sanctification," and believe it is an instantaneous blessing; an ex-
perience distinct from, and received after, conversion. Many believe in "perfectionism" who do not believe in "perfection," as some interpret the word. Sanctification really means set apart for the Lord's use; as, you remember the altar and the vessels of the tabernacle were sanctified. Ex. 9:9-11. By whatever name we may wish to call it, let us seek it in this blessing and accept it without service, during the coming year. Let us make the offering to our God of all that we have, and ask to be made free from selfishness. Let us pray this prayer:

"Create in me new to thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope
And my will be lost in thine."

ANGELINA ABBEY.

Nothing is ever settled until settled right.

Lower Lights.

For Christ and the Sabbath.

BELIEVERS CONSECRATION.

We cannot expect to do any effectual work for God without complete consecration. We have no right to expect him to own and bless our efforts unless we are wholly given up to him.

A few years ago the wife of a certain evan-
genist, though a Christian and an earnest worker, felt that there might be some higher attainment in the Christian life for her, and earnestly sought it in prayer with her hus-
band and another minister. She had a won-
derful experience. A new light dawned upon her conscience that she has been preaching, working side by side with her hus-
band, and has won many souls to Christ.

If we feel that we are not fully set apart for God's service; if we have some of Christ and some of self in our hearts, we can make the offering alone in our closets. We can put all we have upon the altar, and the dear Father will not reject it. On the contrary, he will come unto us and make his abode with us. After that we may expect great things from him. We shall be able to do all things through Christ." He will fulfill his promise: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that be-
lieveth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." Work which seemed difficult before will be easy now; for it is God working through us.

Mr. Moody was a striking example of the consecrated disciple. It is said that he heard some one say: "The world has yet to see what God can do with, and for, and through, in a man who is fully and wholly conse-
crated to him." Moody, though unlearned, and poor, and unpolished in manners, said to himself: "Well, I am a man. It lies with the man himself whether he will or will not make that full and entire consecration. I will try my utmost to be that man."

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—Charles Sumner.
Young People's Work.

LESTER C. RANDOLPH, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

Working Side by Side.

When you are reading the words the American Maru will be plowing the broad Pacific, carrying our missionaries, Dr. Palmborg. There are many young people who have been brought into closer touch with foreign missions during the past year by meeting her and looking at China through her eyes. Something of the Christ love, the Christ faith, the Christ work "give up their oaths which are not of this fold," has come into your hearts, and the work to which she goes is yours in a sense in which it never was before.

My dear young people, let us come very close to the foreign mission work,—so close that we can feel its throb and heart-beat. The Davises and the Crofoot's and the Booths, Miss Burdick and Miss Palmborg, Mr. Bakker and Mr. Velthuysen—these are our advance guard, our Legion of Honor, for they march next to the King. That hard, soul-winning pioneer work must be closest of all to the heart of Christ, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Come close to foreign missions, so that you may have a share in that grand work. Give your money and your life literature about it in your prayer-meeting and in the social circle, write letters, especially to our missionaries who have been away from the native land for years, and whose hearts hunger for the fellowship of their brethren and sisters at home. Come, come and be a part of this great work. Feel that it is yours.

Come close to foreign missions, so that the same consecration may steal into your lives. For you have a mission, too. How it cheers the heart of the missionaries to hear of victories at home. How it cheers them to feel the apathy and indifference of brethren and sisters who might do so much by their money and their service. It is all one work. O, Christian Endeavorers, some of you are far from the touch of our hands, but count us a part of your cause. Thousands of miles apart, yet working side by side.

Economy of Time.

But, really, now, doesn't it tire you to read about these people who acquired several languages while working at the blacksmith's forge; or who read the encyclopedia while knitting stockings for the boys; or who committed to memory Paradise Lost while going errands for an employer? Well, I have sometimes thought there was such a thing as overdoing the business. There seem to be some lives in which the biographers made no provision for rest. We have not all the constitutional vigor of Elihu Burritt, and can hardly take him as an exact model.

Yet, let us not sniff at the subject altogether. "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Yes, take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. We shall always think of it owr, more or less, for thirty-seven years, and I have come to the conclusion that we—myself included—harm ourselves a good deal by needless waste of time.

What is it that tires a man, anyway? Worry! Discouragement! Sense of failure! Nextstrain! These are what tire a man.

The "tiredest" man I saw to-day was a loafer puffing a pipe, lounging on two chairs. Let us systematize our days, hours, minutes, more carefully. Dedicating them all to God, may the Holy Spirit work through us, "both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

A PAPER.

DR. NORA PALMBOURG.

Read at the Missionary Meeting of the South-Eastern Association at Salem, Va.

I feel that it is almost unnecessary to speak about our mission work here, as you have had all of our missionaries with you at different times, and must already have heard a great deal about it. I hope you will bear with me if I repeat.

It is my sincere wish, however, that you might all be thoroughly acquainted with the Chinese, and especially with our own people. If you were, you would surely love them as much as we do. Our little church in Shanghai would like to send you greeting, I know. Many of them pray always that God will bless the Christians and kind friends in the homeland who have sent them the gospel by the missionaries, and thus given them the means of salvation. The preciousness of it as much as any of us, or perhaps more, as they see so clearly the other side, the degradation of heathenism.

Our church, now numbering fifty-eight members, compares favorably, I believe, with churches of the homeland, with regard to consecration and strength of faith, and to their profession. Unfortunately they are most of them not rich in this world's goods, but they are usually generous with what they have. A few of them are converts who helped to form the church; some of them have come out from the pale of the Word into medical work from the mission; some through the medical work, and a good many of them have grown up in our schools. We hope great things from the latter, as they are the training schools for our future workers. Already we have some fruits from them. One young man and two young women who are teaching in our Day Schools; one young woman, one of the first class of students in our Girl's Boarding School, has been studying medicine, and will be able to do much good. Already her influence is for the best, and she is an encouragement to other workers. In Salem College has been and is sending out an influence in West Virginia which will be felt for generations to come, so we hope our schools in China will be a Christianizing power which shall grow with the years, and make some impression on the dense masses of heathenism and superstition now existing there. Who shall say that the work is not as important in one place as in another; that the young people of China are not as much worth saving as those in our own country? I believe they are, and that if we persevered, the time will come when our labor there will prove to have been not in vain.

Our medical work is of course at a standstill at the present time, but we have been having good success, and know that some souls were saved. It is a very interesting work which attracts the Chinese because of the material and physical benefits they receive from it, but there are few who are not, in the first place, so attracted rather than by the beauty of the religion we teach. One of our very best Christians told me that when she first heard the gospel, she asked,

"How much will you give me if I believe?"

No one knowing her generous, unselfish life now would dream that she had ever asked such a question. Even some of the disciples of our Lord asked at one time what they should receive, and were rebuked for disputing. We have no reason to do better than deny Christ, by doing which they might, in many cases, have saved themselves.

The terrible ordeal that the church in China has been called to pass through has been a trial to the faith of many, I know, but I believe it will yet be proved that God is working, in a mysterious way, to perform wonders in that land. How many times it has been proved true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," and it will be true this time. In the summer of 1895 a terrible massacre in Foochow (Fouchow) province, where the missionaries and children, and persecution of native Christians which shocked the world. During the two or three years following, there was such a spread of Christianity and such a remarkable growth of the church in that locality as we have never known before. The shock of that tragedy has been swallowed up in the greater horror of these later massacres.

It has been stated, and I have no doubt it is true, that more missionaries and native Christians have been killed in China during the past year than in the whole history of the church. In this entire period from past experience, should not the reaction be greater and the results more marvelous than ever before? With such a seed-sowing, what shall the harvest be? Our own little church has not been called upon to suffer, but they were ready if necessary; and although threatened with trouble, they one and all stood calmly and firmly as Christians and had no thought of hiding it from the world.

There were many causes operating to produce the unrest throughout the Empire, which resulted in the terrible outbreak in the Boxer rising. Some of these were the Boxer movement, the Boxer uprising from past experience, should not the reaction be greater and the results more marvelous than ever before? The shock of that tragedy has been swallowed up in the greater horror of these later massacres.

One of the chief advisers, Kang Yeu We, was partially educated in a Christian school in Shanghai, and three of his friends who were killed in the Boxer rising were probably Christians. Their advice and counsel were, of course, opposed to that of the Emperor and her party, and she soon showed her displeasure by putting them to death. The trade with foreign nations makes foreign goods in some cases cheaper than native goods, thus stopping their product in our or
THE AUTOMOBILE.

I. SOURCES.

[Dr. Fowler holds the world's record for making the fastest mile in an automobile.]

Undoubtedly the automobile has come to stay and to do, as the years go on, more and more of the world's work.

The fact that I went a mile in 51.4-5 seconds on the Coney Island Boulevard the other day shows the all-out which we have already attained with these machines, and it must be remembered that they are yet only in their infancy.

Six years ago we were making very bad automobiles in France and Germany—almost as bad automobiles as are now turning out. Now France and Germany make fine autos, and I have come to this country to make fine autos here.

We French are manufacturing better automobiles than the Americans because we began first and because our conditions are more favorable for development. Coney Island Boulevard is as good as any road in France, but in France they have thousands of miles of that, while here there are very few.

Of course, our good roads helped the automobile, as also did our comparatively bad railways. In America, there are no roads stretching everywhere through a brand new country, where the wagon-ways are still rough.

The conditions for automobile development are therefore so not favorably here as in France, but they are improving very rapidly.

Nor so with American-made automobiles. I do not see any improvement in them since I was here three years ago. The machine in which I made the mile record of 51.4-5 seconds was of French make, as also was that in which Mr. Foxhall Keone did a mile in 54-5-3 seconds.

The makers here started wrong. Instead of taking the best French and German models and trying to improve on them, they set out to produce something original, and thus went over all the ground previously traversed by the European manufacturers, and fell into the errors of which the latter had laboriously struggled. It is a shame, for their trouble and expense were quite unnecessary. They should have taken advantage of the experimental and successful experiences of those who had preceded them.

The greatest change which I believe will be made in our cities by the perfect automobile will be in the wagon service. The old horse and wagon and horse and cart will have to go, as the automobile will mean better, safer, cheaper. This will make a great difference, as it will just about abolish all stables throughout the city, and by clearing horses off the streets will at once render them much cleaner. It will also make imperative the extension of the stable-paths, which in certain weather is unfavorable for horses, but always good for the automobiles.

In addition to this the new machines will greatly increase the wagon capacity of city streets, because they are so much shorter than a horse and wagon and much more swiftly. With the horse banished and complete auto service throughout the city, the capacity of the streets would be at least quadrupled, which would do away with the blockades that now are so frequent on some of the narrow water-front streets.

Then, of course, for conveyance to and from business and for coaching and pleasure riding the automobile is far superior to the old carriage, coach or cab. It is not necessary that any one should travel at the rate of seventy miles an hour. He need not ride unless he so desires and the time and place are proper for racing. Twenty miles an hour is a good pace, although safer with the automobile than going eight miles an hour behind a horse. It is done, and it is done in an automobile going twenty miles an hour.

The sensation is most exhilarating—that like of flying, as I imagine—and there are no ill effects.

But seventy miles an hour behind an automobile is safer than eight miles behind a horse because the auto is so very much shorter, so powerful and so easily controlled. I can teach any one to manage an automobile in half an hour, and though it is going at high speed, one can stop the machine on its own length. Anybody can manage it, and it turns, twists and dodges about so easily that accidents are avoided which would be disastrous if you were sitting behind a horse.

During all the time that I have been driving through France I only once had a collision, and that was the collision with the train of the Long Island Railroad Company which occurred several weeks ago. I have never yet been hurt, though constantly racing, which, I think, goes to show that there is comparative safety in automobile racing.

For conveyance of people on short journeys or pleasure jaunts the automobile in this country has a great mission to fulfill, and this will be constantly extended as the good roads which the machines demand are given.

Some one might say that the automobile will drive out the electric car and so rid our streets of the tracks and the overhead wires. I, however, am not among those who believe that that will be done—at least not soon.

An automobile service carrying passengers throughout the city for five cents would have many advantages. The vehicles, not being limited to tracks, could not be blocked as they now are, and an accident to one of the five or six thousand which would be necessary in the service would have no effect upon the others.

However, the automobile surface car to take the place of the trolley is still so far in the future that it can safely be left for future discussion.

In war the auto would not cut much of a figure so far as this country is concerned, though it might be of considerable service in Europe, where they have such perfect roads. America's lack of military highways would place the machine at great disadvantage as compared with a horse.

There has been some discussion of field guns carried about by automobiles, but I feel sure that they would not do as all. Field guns would revolve nicely and go through plowed fields, for instance, and they need a pull from the front, such as the horse gives, in order to get them along.

The power of the automobiles is applied directly to the wheels and does not pull the machine at all. Thus in a plowed field the automobile would revolve nicely and it could not pull, but it would only make a hole in the ground, while the machine stood still.

This same reason would also prevent the auto from doing much for the farmer.

On the other hand, in countries like France and Germany, where they have wide open roads, I believe that the automobile could be of the greatest service for moving ammunition and provisions, as well as for carrying scouts, dispatch bearers or generals, or even the conveyance of troops.—The Independent.
Children's Page.

WATCHING GRANDMOTHER.

On tiptoe, very wide awake,
Draws for a moment from her sleep,
Watching Grandmother frost her cake.
Wee Mabel stood one day.

A look of purpose flashed across,
When by a sudden impulse led,
"My papa says I'm growing fast,"
With pettish pride she said.

Then passing as the future glozed
With promises in her childish view:
"And I can spin when I sit all down,
Don I fan frost cakes too."

Grandmother stopped, and with a kiss
Mabel was said to be a treat.
Whose longing for her future bliss
Love-moistened eyes expressed.

"Dwam, ma," she murmured, nestling there,
Her sense of fostering love complete,
"Give me a closin' on your hair,
Because 'ou is so sweet." —Washington Star.

HOW BOBBY SAW THE OLD YEAR OUT.

By LYLE GARLAND STEELE.

The children blinked their eyes and sat up very straight in the sleepy old nursery.

Would the bells never begin to ring? It had seemed so wonderful when mother promised that they should watch the dear Old Year fade away until nothing was left of it, and the baby in the corner came to take its place, but somehow the pleasure wasn't half so great as Bobbie and Elsie thought it would be.

It was dreadfully hard to keep awake.

Elsie kept her eyes fixed quite steadily on the bright coal in the nursery grate, and Bobbie, as boys of seven will, shifting now this way and that, in a frantic endeavor to keep his eyelids from shutting down so tightly that he would not be able to open them again till morning.

Down in the hall below they could hear the "grown-ups" laughing and talking together, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to stay awake until midnight. It made Bobby rather envious.

"I say, Elsie, let's go down and s'prise 'em."

Elsie looked at him disdainfully.

"We'd better stay here, else they'll send us goin' up!"

"I 'prate."

"But isn't it miles away?"

There was a moment of drowsy silence—only the "tick-tock" of the old clock and the spatter of a coal now and then. Bobby somehow felt as if the clock and the fire were laughing at him. He resolutely turned his head the other way and peered into the dim corners of the nursery. The faint light from the window made a strip of moonbeam across the carpet.

"Say, Elsie, do you think the moon is ever cold up there in the sky?" he asked anxiously.

Elsie shook her head. "She's got all the clouds to wrap around her if she is," she said wisely, and began sucking her thumb. "But clouds ain't warm, like blankets, are they?"

"Silence, Elsie, do you s'pose the stars have little cloud blankets, too?" No answer.

He turned around and saw the strangest thing—a little man in a gray cloak and a pointed cap standing over Elsie's chair and smoothing her forehead with a feather.

Bobby was so startled he could only open his mouth and gasp very loudly. The little man held up his finger.

\[ "Hush," he whispered; "she's nearly ready to go!" \]

\[ "Where?" stammered Bobby. \]

\[ "Why, to Slumber Land, of course. I'm the Sandman, and I've brought two dreams to carry her away." \]

He pointed to the corner of the room where two little figures darted out and gathered her up in their arms.

\[ "O! O! cried Bobby. "Elsie, wake up!" but the Sandman said "Keep quiet" so sternly that Bobby sank back in his chair quite terrified at the turn things had taken. \]

The Sandman was the sleeping girl.

\[ "Now be very gentle," he whispered to the smallest Dream, "and bring her back by sunrise to-morrow; go!" \]

He waved his hand, and the Dreams and Elsie suddenly soared up and up till they touched the ceiling. For one terrible moment Bobby thought their heads would all be smashed; but no, they went right through as gracefully as possible, and the queerest part of it was that they didn't leave a hole or even a cracked place after them.

\[ "Now," said the Sandman, "it's time for them to begin."

Bobby peeked up courage. "What's going to begin?" he asked, curiously.

\[ "Why, the dance of the Hours," he answered. "See, here they come." And, sure enough, out of every corner of the room sprang bright little creatures, with glittering wings and baby faces.

Bobby clutched his chair tightly, and didn't move, for fear he should frighten them away. They swung this way and that, backward and forward, with a motion like birds on the wing, and Bobby held his breath for the very beauty of it.

"See," said the Sandman, "they are stop ping for something!"

It was true; they stood quite still for a moment, and then gazed slowly back into the shadow. A soft scratching at the nursery door, and in burst four small figures in a dreadful hurry, and all very much excited.

Bobby knew them at once. The girl all in white, with flowers in her hands, was "Easter." The next one he stared at quite hard for a moment—a big cannon-cracker, with a tiny American flag in one hand, and a long pipe in the other. "Fourth of July!"

Surely it was the "Fourth of July!"

Bobby started forward, his eyes shining, but Sandman held him back. After the "Fourth" came a small boy leading a large turkey by a string—the strangest looking little fellow! His head was a nut, his body a pumpkin, and his arms and legs looked surprisingly like bananas. Of course he was "Thanksgiving!"

The last figure was a snow-man, all icicles and frost, and he hugged to his breast a bundle of wonderful toys, bound together with ropes of mistletoe and holly.

"Harrah for Christmas!" shouted Bobby, quite forgetting his manners in his excitement, but nobody paid any attention to him; in fact they didn't see him, for in the darkness he was quite invisible.

Easter came forward with a gentle smile, and the Sandman looked positively pleased as she touched his hand.

"Sir, can you tell me where the Hours have gone?"

The Sandman nodded toward the corner, and the little Hours came out again, and stood in a circle just where the moonbeam fell over the carpet.

"Hours," said Easter, "we, my three companions and I, have been sentenced to eternal banishment by the New Year, who comes tonight. You are young and strong and powerful, will you intercede for us?"

The Hours all laughed. "Not we, not we!" they shouted in chorus.

The Fourth of July grew hot with anger.

"You little imp!" he cried; "I'd like to blow you all up—by the shades of George Washington, I would."

"Do it, do it!" they laughed; but you can't without blowing yourself up, too!


Thanksgiving and Christmas stood apart talking it over. And Easter knelt before the Hours in the last appeal, but they only shook their heads and danced backward and forward, as if they cared for nothing but a good time.

Bobby grew wrathful. "O, what ugly, mean little things!" he cried, but the Sandman only motioned him to be quiet. "Wait and see," he said, sharply.

Easter rose to her feet, tearfully; but the tears as they fell dropped on the flowers she held, and they grew more beautiful than ever. Then, she said, gently, "if you will now help me I shall appeal to the New Year himself!"

A rustle was heard outside the door, and it swung open. There on the threshold stood the beautiful New Year, a child with wonderful eyes and the smile of an angel.

The hours huddled together, and as Bobby looked they seemed to shrink and grow older.

Easter ran to the New Year and threw herself at his feet.

"Do not tell me," he said, in a low, musical voice, "I have just come from heaven. I know it all. You, Easter, and your three companions must, indeed, go from earth, but not to the land of the Past; as you fear; instead, I send you to the Hillside of Memory, overlooking the Vale of Thought. There ye shall still be near the children of men, yet close to the stars, to dwell there forever. As for you, 0 Hours, I decree that one by one ye grow old and vanish away.

Bobby held his breast as these words fell on the stillness. The Hours stood up, and one by one they withered and grew old and feebler, vanishing away in turn till only the last was left.

The New Year looked pityingly at the poor little creature as it stood there alone.

"I am sorry for you," he said, gently; "to be last and yet meritorious is my first duty. You, unlike your foolish companions, have a heart; you are penitent, therefore I shall call you the Hour of Good Resolutions. You shall be changed into a shadow, to stay by the side of a little boy I know, to prompt him to obedience and kindness, to help him overcome temper and selfishness. I give you to Bobby to guide him through 1902!"

With a cry of joy the last Hour sprang to Bobby's side, the old clock struck twelve, the bells began to ring in wild, sweet chorus, and Bobby, sobbing and happy, sprang to his mother. Elsie clapped him on the shoulder and shouted, "Happy New Year!"

If you want to know where the beautiful child went, and how Elsie and the Dreams got back, you'll have to ask the Sandman some time when he comes to visit you!
DO YOU MEAN IT?

Do you really mean it when you say to every one you meet on New Year's Day, "I wish you a happy new year"? Or are the words mere matter of form, forgotten almost as soon as they are spoken? If you really mean it, then why not do all that you can do to bring your wish to pass? If every man, woman and child who wishes another person a happy new year would only do all that it is possible for him to do, really and truly, to give that person what he has been too new year, there would be a delightful and tremendous increase of happiness in the world.

Of course you wish all of your friends a happy new year. You are generous and kind enough not to want misfortune or unhappiness to come to any of them, but at the same time, you do not feel any special sense of responsibility regarding their happiness. I am sure that the boys and girls who may read this would quickly resent it if any one told them they did not really mean it when they wish their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters a happy new year. But I have heard children wish their parents a very happy new year, and before the day was done they would do something that would make their parents unhappy. How, then, could their good wishes have been really and truly sincere? It would be more to the point if you said to your parents, "I wish you a happy new year, and I am going to do all that I can to make you happy."

It would be more to the purpose if you said right out of the bottom of your hearts, "I wish the whole world a happy new year."

I will do all that it is possible for me to do to make the world happier this year."

It is no use to wish your friends a happy new year and then make no attempt to bring happiness into their lives.

There is so much unhappiness in the world that never would be in it if all the "happy new years" one hears on the first day of the year were uttered with an added and faithfully kept resolution that the wish should be brought to pass.

I know of a good and generous man who on last New Year's Day sent to each of his 100 or more employees a brief and kindly letter, wishing each of them a "happy new year," and inclosing a ten-dollar bill "to help to make it happy."

Now we cannot all supplement our good wishes with slips of ten-dollar bills to prove our sincerity, but we can supplement our good wishes with many and deeds of kindness to prove that we are in earnest. If you have not done so before, supposing that you store up good will and then use it to your own advantage, you are quite a wise man. But if you store up good will and then use it to your own advantage, you are quite a wise man.

THE MOST TRYING PERIOD IN A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

The transition or hobbledehoy period, between boyhood and young manhood, when a youth is no longer a boy and not yet a man, is the most trying time of his life. This is the age when the interrogation point assumes colossal proportions, when every faculty of his nature is asking questions and wondering what the future has in store for him. This is the period which tries him. This is the time when great changes, the meaning of which he cannot solve, begin in his life. He is growing so fast, and his tastes are chang- ing so rapidly, that he does not yet know what he is going to do, what occupation or profession to choose.

As such he is in this unsettled condition, teachers and parents should exercise great patience in dealing with him, as whatever is put into this part of his life is put into the whole of his life. This is the impressionable stage, when if he hears a lawyer expatiating upon the beauty of the law, he will think that he is cut-out for the bar, and will change his mind next day in favor of medicine, if he hears a doctor enlarge upon the nobility of the medical profession. The bad changes from one thing to another with equal impartiality are the despair of his father. He has not had sufficient experience to see the thorns, the difficulties, the discouragements incident to the different vocations, but he sees only the flowers and the pleasant side of them.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

One song for thee, New Year.
One universal prayer, Teach us—alas! other teaching far above—
To hide dark hate beneath the wings of Love;
To stay all hatred, even so,
And live the larger life.
And uttering the least of hate, as wine,
To lift the fallen, lead the blind
As only Love can lead.
To live for mankind !

One, New Year, to be
Your witness, your warrant,
Our only master, duty
With all God has given us,
With all God has given us,
With all God has given us,
With all God has given us,
With all God has given us,
With all God has given us,
With all God has given us,
With all God has given us,
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30. And to your children. That is, their descendants. To the very ones who had said to him, "Therefore, all your blood be upon us, and upon our children."

This phrase hardly justifies the doctrine of infant baptism. And to all that are afar off. Some have thought that this is spoken to the Jews scattered abroad, but there can be little doubt that it was spoken to the Gentiles in mind. Jesus had commissioned His disciples "unto the uttermost part of the earth." The Messianic Kingdom is not here implied as coming to the Gentiles through the agency of the Church; but the Church is the means by which the Gospel is spread to the ends of the earth, and the Kingdom is established in this way among all races of mankind.

40. Save yourselves from this un­ࢲeaded generation. The Greek for the Revised Version reads "crooked". The meaning is, Deliver yourselves from the curse by deviation from the teaching of the apostles. Not forgotten, that there was nearly equaled under the ministry of Dr. Clough, a Baptist missionary among the Indians of Utah.

42. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine. That is, the true faith. But the word "continuance" is often used to describe rebellious Israel in the wilderness.

About three thousand. This number is not at all incredible when we hear in mind Peter's convincing words, the wonder testimony of the Spirit, and the Lord's own teaching now but a few weeks in the past. It is probable that more of the disciples resided in the hospital, so that three thousand might easily have been baptized in a few days. This number was brought to one knot by the opening of the gate to theeks of entering Jerusalem was nearly equaled under the ministry of Dr. Clough, a Baptist missionary among the Indians of Utah.

And fear came upon every soul. Those who did not believe, that they should believe that Jesus was the long-promised Messiah. To this end he enforced his arguments by going from the scriptures of the Old Testament.

The number of young a mother produces every two years depends on her size. If she is eight inches in length she produces 5,000, and the number is said to double for every two inches added to her length. Therefore a 10-inch mother carries 10,000 eggs, a 12-inch mother 20,000, 14-inch mother 40,000; and Lobsters.

The new hatchery will send out a fleet of vessels to collect all egg-bearing mothers taken along the Maine coast, and pay the market price for those that are marketable. Thus millions upon millions of eggs will be secured and utilized in the hatchery. Last year the Fish Commissioners general hatcheries at Gloucester and Wood's Hole, Mass., bought 90,000,000 lobster eggs from which they hatched 80,000,000 lobsters.

The new hatchery now being made row after row of seven-quarts glass tanks are arranged upon tule. Through these jars will pass a continuous circulation of salt water, pumped in from the sea. As the mother-lobsters are brought to the hatchery, men skilled in the art will remove the eggs from the hair-like fibers, and when dawn returns the mother lobster unharmed to the sea from which she was taken; she will lay eggs again twice in two years.

The jars spoken of as upon the tables are the incubators into which the eggs are placed. Each one marked on the jars represents 6,000 eggs, and two and one-half quarts are placed in each jar. When first put on, the eggs are either by the fibers, but in a short time they separate, and appear like so many intermixed green, yellow, and gray, each measuring 1-15 of an inch in diameter.

Eggs taken in October will hatch in May; those
taken in June will hatch in a few hours. The sea-water has to be kept warm to early summer heat. In the center of each table between the rows of hatching jars is a row of reception jars, to receive the young larvae. When they are free they follow the current of water into these vessels, and a little mussel over the outgoing orifice keeps the youngsters from going farther. Here hundreds of millions of eggs will be hatched each year, and the young larvae sent forth to grow and fatten along the coast from Labrador to Delaware Bay.

MARRIAGES.


DEATHS.

Frankin, N. J., Dec. 31, 1899, age 70 years and 28 days. The funeral service was conducted in the Seventh-day Baptist church by the pastor, Dec. 31, 1900. A little child shall lead them.

W. L. D.

Vancey, John C. Vincent was born in the town of Almen, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1835, and died in Almen Dec. 21, 1899. One daughter, Mrs. Nellie Cordrey of Ziloil, N. J., survices. Mr. Vincent served in the Civil War, being a member of Co. D, 86th N. Y. He joined the Second Alfred church in 1869, and was a consistent follower of Christ.

F. L. P.

Smith, Mrs. Louisa Burdick, daughter of the late Almond and Celinda Orvari. Burdick and wife of G. Smith, was born in the town of Amity, Allegany Co., N. Y., Feb. 25, 1828, and died near Milton Junction, Wis., Dec. 21, 1899. Sister Smith made a public profession of faith in Christ when she was a girl of thirteen years of age, united with the Seventh-day Baptist church. After coming to this country she united with the Milton Junction Seventh-day Baptist church, and faithfully continued to the death. Dec. 23, 1899, she was married to S. C. Smith, who, together with a son by a former marriage, mourn their loss. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

MILTON COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Vol. II., No. 6 (September, 1879).

WANTED.

The Sabbath Recorder.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

A full supply of the publications of the American Sabbath-Record Society can be had at the office of Wm. P. West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.

D. B. MILLIARD Seventh-day Baptist Church, London. Address of Church Secretary, 46 Valmar Road, Denmark Hill, London, E. C.

SABBATH-KEEPERS in Utica, N. Y., meet the third Sabbath in each month at 2 P. M., at the home of Mr. S. C. Maximon, 22 Grant St. Other Sabbathists, the Bible-class alternates with the Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible class held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, with some one of the resident Sabbath-keepers.

John Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the La Moyn Building, on Randolph street between State Street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Stranger are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address. Rev. B. M. Kelly, 225 Jackson Park Terrace.

Seventh-day Baptist Services are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Snowdon, 516 Monroe Avenue, conductor of the Rev. S. S. Phillips, 212 N. Clinton St., 11 Sycamore Street. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in their new church, corner of West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue, preaching at 3:30 P. M. Sabbath-school at 3:30. Prayer-meeting in the evening. An invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath, to come in and worship with us.

L. L. COPPELL, Pastor.

The Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10:45 A. M. Sabbath services are held at 11:30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

D. H. Shaw, Pastor, 1209 Union Avenue.

There is more Catarh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by a secondary failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarh to be a general disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarh Cure - "New Life in Ten Days." Hall's Catarh Cure, Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the American market. It acts by the respiratory organs to a poisonous. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred and fifty dollars reward for directions and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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Lit. Notes.

ABE England, Scotland and Ireland destined, ultimately, to become a part of the "United States of America."

The Sabbath Recorder.

Vol. II., No. 7 (October, 1879).

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1856, 5 copies.

1857, 2 copies.

The ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

Vol. I., No. 1 (August, 1888), 4 copies.

HELPING HANDS.

Vol. I., No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.

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1855. 1855. 1856. 1857.

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The Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. Lewis, D. D., LL. D., Editor.
J. P. Morgan, Business Manager.

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