LIFE.
HENRY VAN DYKE.

Let me but live my life from year to year.
With forward face and unalloyed soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not measuring for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear.
From what the future veils, but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll.
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer:
So let the way wind up the hill or down.
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's best
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—The Outlook.

III.

When this number of the Recorder reaches its readers our Centennial Conference will be in session at Ashaway, R. I., on the historic ground of the old First Hopkinton church. Not until the week of consultations, some of the stronger currents are outside study marked crisis. This is the result of several theories, which have culminated work has reached a critical period, if not a majority of people deem the Sabbath condemnation for our con continuing a useless and hurtful discussion empty victory. The few who take more careful note of our work condemn us for our work 'we were to succeed, they would laugh at our empty gain. From the popular standpoint, our position is not important enough to be critical. Eighly apprehended by ourselves, in the light of outside influences, our position is more critical than at any previous period.

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Surrounded by such influences, and appearing thus to others, we shall be unwise and unfruitful if we do not subject ourselves to a scrutiny prolonged and thorough. We must go under the powerful lens of careful introspection. What that scrutiny will reveal cannot be discussed at length here, but some of the facts which will appear are suggested.

1. There are two many evidences of decay in the sentiments and practices of Seventh-day Baptists touching Sabbath-observance, Sabbath Reform, and the place and mission of our denomination. That we are not sufficiently conscious of this decay makes the situation all the more dangerous and difficult. We are too nearly like a swimmer who is being carried out to sea, but is deluded with the idea that he is safely moving in the right direction.

2. The meager supply of students for the ministry and of prospective pastors for our churches during the twenty-five years immediately ensuing is cause for serious anxiety. To meet the demands which that period will bring in the matter of denominational leadership, we must have a full supply of men of broad views, of intense denominational spirit, and of that thorough training under denominational influences which only many years in our denominational schools and our Theological Seminary can give. Men without such antecedents cannot meet the demands; and at least one-third of a man's active life must be passed in preparation before the ideal Seventh-day Baptist pastor for the first half of the twentieth century can be made ready. Even now, as our pastors pass from work to work to reward the churches call in vain for men competent for what is and must be demanded. Our Theological Seminary offers greatly improved facilities, at the hands of able and consecrated men, but nothing like an adequate supply of students is at hand. This situation is closely and quickly vital to our future in every particular.

3. The treasuries of the Missionary and Tract Societies show a marked decline of interest in these older forms of denominational work. This is not supported by those publications which are among the most essential agencies in our denominational life and in the spreading of Sabbath truth. The seriousness of the situation in this direction suggests the necessity and desirability of some readjustment of our publishing work and the conduct of our periodicals.

4. The present situation indicates that our denominational methods need simplifying as to machinery, and unifying as to plans and methods of action. As an immediate and practical question, this is one of the most important themes for consideration at this time. But back of all immediate questions lies the larger and absolutely vital one of our place and mission in the world. This centennial year forces that question to the front and forbids us to refuse it consideration. In depth of sentiment, in seriousness of consideration and discussion, in largeness of view and clearness of vision concerning the future, the anniversaries this year must surpass all others, or the demands of the present and the future will remain unmet, and pressing problems will remain unsolved.

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One of the most valuable archaeological finds of these investigating years has lately reached the University of Pennsylvania, which has been doing special and excellent work in that department for several years, through Professor Hilprecht. This treasure is a library of many volumes, all of which were written before the time when Abraham left his home in Ur of the Chaldees, and then began his wanderings toward the promised land. The library was shipped from Constantinople in twenty-two large cases, each one containing several smaller boxes. It is about twenty-five years since Layard and Smith, English antiquarians, found parts of the library of Ashurbanipal with its accounts of the Creation and Deluge, so nearly resembling those of the Bible. These accounts were seen to be parts of still older Babylonian libraries, and interest in the covered treasures of Southern Babylonia was greatly enhanced. For some time it has been accepted that every city in that country had its own library, and that these unknown records hold many facts necessary to a reconstructing of early history. Prof. Hilprecht began his work on the field about twelve years ago. He located a mound at Nippur, known as Tablet Hill, and pushed the examination of it with persistency, and on a large scale.

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In the uttermost stratum of this mound the excavators found coffins, which had been buried in the early centuries of the Christian era. A great many antiquities were also
gathering, which belonged to the Jews who
continued at Nippur after the return of
Esra and Nehemiah. Prominently among
them were terra-cotta bowls containing in-
cantations and charms inscribed in Hebrew
and Mandean. Down the excavators went
through twenty-five feet of accumulations of
debri, representing several thousand years,
when they finally came upon the library.
Here were a series of rooms, a number of which
contained ledges built out from the wall, for
the storage, laying out the tablets in rows.
The library seems to have been divided
into two parts. There was a business section
for keeping accounts, and the educational de-
partment, with its vast library of literary
character. Only the southeastern and north-
western wings of the immense edifice have
thus far been cleared; in all about one-twenti
nth part of the entire library. Professor
Hilprecht estimates that when the entire
mound has been completely excavated it will
have yielded at least 150,000 tablets, every
one of which belongs to the third millennium
before Christ.

This library is but one of the im-
portant discoveries of the recent
campaign. Considerable atten-
tion was paid to the excavation
of the great temple of Bel, the foundation
of which was laid six or seven thousand
years before Christ. A government palace, where
the kings resided, belonging to the fifth mil-
leum before Christ, and one of the ancient
gates of the city were uncovered. Another
palace erected about 300 B. C. was com-
pletely and systematically examined, be-
sides numerous other building of less impor-
tance. Many valuable inscriptions in stone
belonging to the earliest rulers of Babylonia
were found, by the help of which the early his-
tory of mankind in the valley between the
Tigris and the Euphrates will be reconstructed.
Antiquities in coins, jewelry in gold, silver and
bronze in great quantities; vases in enameled
and plain pottery of all periods; seals and
seal cylinders, such as the Babylonians used
in connection with their business transac-
tions; images of gods; playthings in terra-
cotta; bas reliefs, weights; utensils of bronze
iron and silver were gathered, all illustrating
the ordinary life affairs of that period.

When we remember that until recent
years our knowledge of the
period prior to Abraham was en-
tirely dependent upon the first
eleven chapters of Genesis, and that here is
an entire library which contains many thou-
sand volumes written in that early age, we
can see how future generations will have de-
nute knowledge of those early days, which
until recently were regarded by many scholars
as mythical, and yet no one can conjecture
what is contained in the larger part of the
mound which remains untouched. Several
vandykes would be found in the great
older than those found in Ashurbanapal’s
library have been discovered at other
places. One of these is dated at about 2,000 B. C. It
would not be surprising if versions of
the same accounts older than those already
recorded would be found in the great
Nippur library, besides other documents
which throw additional light on the early
chapters of Genesis. Surely God is in history,
and his providence is in the unearthing of
these records.

It is of interest to all friends of
Prohibition or temperance reform that in New
Local Option. England there is a renewal of the
issue between prohibition and local option in the
campaign, in the state of Vermont, will be specially
characterized by this issue. Temperance reform move-
ments in the United States are now about one hundred and twenty-five years old. The
province and power of civil law as a factor in this reform is still unsettled. Of the growth
of total abstinence and the desire for the de-
struction of the liquor traffic there is no
doubt. That the present license system pro-
tects the traffic is equally clear. Hence it has
come about that the friends of temperance,
so far as the legislative side of the question
is concerned, cannot fail to look with deep in-
terest upon the partial or full solution of the
question as it is related to the situation in
Vermont.

The Fall of the Campanile

The destruction of the Campanile
or Bell Tower of the church of
San Marco at Venice, Italy, has
caused a remarkable interest
throughout the Christian World. Thou-
sands of telegrams of sympathy have
been sent to the mayor of Venice, and the
Iope has called for contributions to re-
build the venerable and beautiful structure.
The Campanile and church of St. Mark were
built more than a thousand years ago, and the
tower has always been the most conspicuous
object of the city. From it a watch was kept
for the return of the richly laden vessels in
the palmy days of the city’s commercial pros-
crity and for the victorious galleys in the
time of her military and naval supremacy.
But most of all was the tower associated
with the religious and social life of the Vene-
tinians. The bells of the Campanile called the
laborer to his work, the merchant to his
counting room, the counselor to his office,
the devotee to his worship, and tolled
the requiem for the dead.

It seems remarkable that the tower, which
was one of the heaviest structures in Venice,
had stood so long. The Campanile, like
other buildings, was erected on a wooden
platform placed on piles sunk in the bed of
day, which underlies the city. In 1885 the
foundations were examined and found to be
perfectly sound. The fall of the tower seems
be due rather to undermining the founda-
tions by dredging the Grand Canal to allow
the entrance of modern vessels of greater
draught. It is feared that other buildings in
the city may suffer from a like reason.

To many the associations of the
Campanile and the church of San
Marco in Venice will be charmingly
remembered by the hundreds of
tame pigeons which nodded about the vis-
itors, gently asking to be fed. This was one
of the regular pleasures of the city of the sea,
and with the graceful gondolas gave a touch
of life to the historic scenes and artistic
beauties of the Queen of the Adriatic.
The water reached the Campanile one
summer morning in 1882, and read letters
from home, which were handed him at
the foot of the tower. The news contained in
those letters is distinctly associated with the
scene from the top of the tower, 322 feet
above the city and the waters of the Adriatic.

The memories of the Sunday include the
Deluge, with the Bridge of Sighs, and
those dark and damp as the record of
what they once knew is cruel and bloody.

From the top of the Campanile to the
dungeons gives a contrast like Paradise and
Paradise Lost.

A Light for Remembrance.

Louise Hardenbergh Adams.

Her face attracted me as I passed, it was so
white and warm and so patient. In the re-
less crowd of shoppers she seemed to be the
only quiet one. She sat back in her chair
smiling, while the young girl clerk filled the
table near her full of lamps.

"Don’t trouble," I heard her say, "to
bring any that cost more than four dollars.
I can’t pay more than that, yet I want just
as good a one as I can find."

She coughed a little, and I lingered at
the next table and looked again in her face. Its
worn lines told me much as I listened to that
racking cough.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, half-panting for
breath, "I’m so thankful I could get here."

She smiled at the sympathizing face of the
girl who was waiting on her. "You see I’ve
only been able to save a few dollars, and I’m
going home so soon I want to leave my
children something that will be a comfort
and cheer—a real help. So I have thought
and thought of what I could get. I puzzled
over it often at night when I could not sleep,
and every time I used to wish I had a good, clear,
bright light burning on the table, and the
children looked at it and said, ‘Mother’s
light, we can see best by mother’s light.’ I’ve
so little to leave or give them, but I want
them to always remember that I shall love
them just the same where the light shines for-
to me, I know you’re smiling, while the young
clerk filled the next table and looked again in her
face. It’s her little strength, but she rested a few mo-
ments, then
sent home to her children.

It must be plain; she was plain." Ah!
not with that look in her face. God’s ripeness
are beautiful, even when they shine through
the plainest of masks.

"It must burn clear and bright." Like her
faith, "The shining light that shineth more
and more unto the perfect day."

"It must have the soft white shade for com-
fort." And to rest the eyes that would weep
bitter tears over a mother’s going before
they saw in her light of remembrance the
emblem of heaven, the shining brighter
and brighter for them in our Father’s home.

She said for another paroxysm of
coughing. I feared it would utterly exhaust
her little strength, but she rested a few mo-
ments, then brought me the plainest of masks.

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her little strength, but she rested a few mo-
ments, then brought me the plainest of masks.
Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR AUGUST 29, 1902.


LUKE 10:29-37.

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and asked him, saying, "Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

Jesus said unto him, "What is written in the law? what dost thou read?"

And he answered and said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

And he said unto him, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live." "But who is my neighbor?"

Jesus answering said, "A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. And likewise a certain priest saw him, and passed by on the other side. And a certain Samarian, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring oil and wine upon them. And he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow they took out two shillings, and gave them to the host, and said, "Give care for him; for when I come again, I will give thee more." And he said unto him, "Thou mighty man of God, thinkest thou that I care for these things? When the son of thine enemy fell among robbers, and they beat him, and stripped him of his garments, and left him half dead, didst not thou go out and help him? But go and do likewise."

"Thus also must the Son of man suffer, and arise from the dead again." And Jesus said unto him, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a certain Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring oil and wine upon them. And he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow he took out two mites, and gave them to the host, and said, "Take care for him; and whatever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will give thee." And he said unto him, "Thou art a God-seer. And Jesus said unto him, "Go, and do thou likewise."

One of the weakest points in the religious thought of the Jews, in the time of Christ, was narrowness of charities. In the story of "a certain man," as it appears in the lesson, Christ takes occasion to break up their narrow definitions of brotherly service and to teach the larger truth that wherever want exists, wherever suffering can be relieved, the duty of The chief end of a minister's work must be to teach, as well as to preach, so that duty must not be neglected can be made thoroughly practical and can be done. While the hearer is thinking about the meaning of the lesson, the preacher knows that there are some who have no business to be outside the pulpit; and therefore he says, "If you can do anything to help those who are suffering, do not forget them, and do not pay any attention to such grumblers. Do your utmost to make these people better."

"How shall I become such a pastor?"

To this question I would reply, "Determine to be one, cost what it may. If you are shy and bashful, conquer your diffidence; if a man has no business to be a shepherd if he is afraid of his own shadow, he is of no use at all."

How to Be a Pastor.

REV. TERENCE L. COYLER.

What is the chief object of the Christian ministry? It goes without saying that it is to win souls to Jesus Christ. The chief element of power with every true minister must be power. The majority of all congregations—rich or poor—are reached not so much through the intellect as through the affections. This is an encouraging fact; for only one man in ten may have the talent to be a great preacher; but all the other nine, if they love Christ and love human souls, can become great pastors. Nothing gives a pastor such heart-moving attentions to his people, for everybody loves to be noticed. Especially is personal sympathy welcome in seasons of trial. Let a pastor make himself at home in everybody's home; let him come often and visit their sick rooms, and kneel beside their empty cribs and their broken hearts and pray with them; let him go and see the business men when they have suffered reverses, and give them a word of cheer; let him recognize and speak kindly to the children, and he will weave a cord around the heart of Christ; and the result is a pro- digious pressure. His inferior sermon (for about every minister preaches such some- times) will be kindly condoned, and he can launch the most sharp and pungent truth at them from the pulpit, and they will not take offense. He will have won their hearts to himself, and that is a mighty step toward drawing them to the house of God and winning their souls to the Saviour. "A house-going minister," said Calvinists, "makes a church-going people."

The chief end of a minister's work must never be lost sight of. It is to awaken the careless, to warn the endangered, to comfort the sorrowing, to help the weak, and to edify believers; in short, it is to make bad people better, and good people better. Preaching strong Gospel sermons is one of the most effective means to this end. But it is not the only one. Outside of the pulpit every messenger of Christ can come to close quarters with the individual soul and preach eye to eye; no one can do the same preaching, or go to sleep under it. If the shepherd can only save the Converted sheep, then I say go on; but if he cannot save the lost sheep, then woe be unto him if he neglects his duty! As many souls are won to Christ outside the pulpit as in the pulpit. Every discourse, too, can be made thoroughly practical and can be lodged more securely in the hearts of the people by constant and affectionate intercourse with them during the week. I am firmly per- suing that if many a minister would take part of the time that he now spends in polishing his discourses, and devote it to pastoral visitation, he would have larger congrega- tions and a far larger number of conversions to Christ. He would be a healthier man for the physical exercise; he would be a more fluent speaker from the practice he would gain in personal conversation; he would be a much more tender, eloquent, and heart-moving ambassador of Christ."

Readers of the Recorder.

I have been wondering how many of us have a proper appreciation of the Recorder as an educator, and as a tie to bind and hold in strong fellowship the remote quarter of our dear Zion. As we read, week by week, those clear-cut editorials, are we conscious that they come to us as the treasures of a heart and mind 'lost to every sense of self in its deepest, lowest depths, it is a help to others to be bound in strong fellowship with the Master?' Who can read and not be conscious that they are even dripping with the fresh, sweet dew of the divine love, and are fragrant with the sweets of divine grace. Dear reader, let us show our appreciation for the effort to extend the circulation of this most excellent paper.

E. A. Witter.
In conclusion, a brief autobiography, which she wanted to leave to her son Charles, she wrote:

"I feel that my work is nearly done, that this is only a waiting time. God is kind and merciful, and when the last summons comes, may I too be prepared to enter in and be glad when I am welcomed home to the Lamb. And when dear Charles’s work is done may we all be reunited in the kingdom above, to go no more out forever."

The mistakes of my life have been many, the sins of my heart have been many, and I scarce can see for weeping. But I'll knock at your open door.

I know am weak and sinful, it comes to me more and more; but when the dear Savior shall bid me come in, I'll enter the open door.

The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the Pawtuck Seventh-day Baptist church, assisted by Rev. A. H. Lewis and Rev. O. U. Whitford. Interment was at Riverbend Cemetery, Westerly, R. I.

BROTHERHOOD BY WAY OF THE CROSS.

AMOS H. BRADFORD, D. D.

"Beloved, if God so loved us we ought also to love one another." 1 John 4: 2.

At the meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society at Syracuse, N. Y., the opening sermon was by Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J. By his kind invitation we are able to give to our readers an abstract of his weighty words.

Dr. Bradford began by referring to the approaching coronation of King Edward VII., as an illustration of the fact that we have not yet reached the era of simplicity and reality, the formality and display of the Middle Ages still have large influence. The coronation pageant illustrates the spirit of the world; a gathering of Christian workers is prophetic of the time that is to be.

The chief problems which are facing the American people are those of the races, of territory, of the classes, of expansion, and of the persistence of lofty ethical ideals.

No other nation ever had a population so heterogeneous; no great nation of history ever had a territory extending so far north and south; the capitalists and labor unions are both organized into trusts, and the social question to-day is as to which shall prevail; expansion, whether a blessing or not, is the minefield of the races, and of persons of such diverse conditions is sadly weakening the stronger and nobler ethical ideals.

Serious dangers are impending. How are they to be averted? By commerce? No, for commerce is selfish, will separate rather than unite. By armies and navies? No other nation ever had a population so numerous, so far north and south; the capitalists and labor unions are both organized into trusts, and the social question to-day is as to which shall prevail; expansion, whether a blessing or not, is the minefield of the races, and of persons of such diverse conditions is sadly weakening the stronger and nobler ethical ideals.

The only solution of our problem is to be found in the brotherhood. Brotherhood is the practical recognition of a common and common rights, common responsibilities and a common destiny. It is the spirit of love for man as man.

Brotherhood seeks not its own but another’s welfare; its other’s welfare is the exposition of love in the life of humanity. Where it prevails, conflict between races is impossible; a man is
not judged by the shape of his nose, or the color of his skin.

Far extending territory is no menace to peace and progress, since men of all temperaments have the same desires and aspirations; class conflict must cease when capital no longer regards men as commodities but as children, the same Father, and even expansion, which troubles so many, will be used only in the interest of mutual service.

The speaker then traced the marvelous growth of the race toward brotherhood, declaring that it is a doctrine of the twentieth century, and that the process is national for any individual nation, or for society, except it is realized.

The question as to the basis of brotherhood, Dr. Bradford replied: "No brotherhood without Fatherhood." Fatherhood is fundamentally all social theories and all societies exalting brotherhood which do not first recognize Fatherhood are of necessity ephemeral.

The noblest revelation of Fatherhood is to be seen in the Cross, which is the symbol in time of the everlasting passion of God to save all who suffer and all who sin. The Cross is also an expression of the ideal brotherhood which will suffer most for those who are weakest and need most.

The missionary service, both at home and abroad, is the most direct exemplification of the spirit of brotherhood, which is always the spirit of Christ, that the world has ever known, because it is inspired solely by love for men, seeks no reward but the privilege of doing good, and is ready to give all that the best pales of the individual and society may be promoted.

Brotherhood is an universal beneficent and enduring reality where men have learned from Jesus that all have one Father, that all have common rights, and that no privilege ever extends to man is more sacred than that of ministering to his fellowmen.

When the spirit of the Cross prevails there will be of necessity therefore, peace, progress, love and service among all classes and a swift approach toward a united world.—The Evangelist.

THE TIME SPIRIT.

When I was in Florence, in 1883, there was a great controversy in the city. I saw men and women and the boys and girls voting. I inquired, "Why are these people voting?"

"Ah," was the answer, "you see this marvelous campanaria? You notice that the facade has not been finished, and the people are voting whether it shall be.currentUser.search�{} or in the dromum.

"And why do you allow working men and children to vote how to finish so great a building as the Duomo?"

"Ah, yes, but they have all been educated in art and they will vote rightly in religion and we will make no mistakes. We shall finish the tower, we shall glorify all time, and when I am dead and gone and these boys and girls have passed on and other generations have come, Christianity will be nobler and stronger. Ah, suffice it then—"

"In times to be shall parcel altars rise to thee, Thy church our broad humanity.
White flowers of love shall climb, Sweet bales of peace shall ring her chimes.
Her days shall be forever, Then shall a sweeter song be heard, The music of the world's accord.
Confessing Christ, the incorrupt Word."

GOOD SECURITY.

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door.

The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly-dressed lad of twelve years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's crying papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other 15 cents. "What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer.

The boy's brown hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper, carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco.

"Sometimes as if it had been the deed to a farm, the lawyer examined it, accepted it, and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think that I know nothing about him," smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully, in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed that pledge; and that he does not hold it lightly, or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as a security."—Christian Observer.

SAVING ABOUT BREAKDUMPS.—In the days when the "broad-loaf" was dear, careful mothers had a set of thriving sayings which are seldom heard in this time of the big, cheap loaf. Crumbs were regularly swept up and kept for some time, and with a little help of a child new crumbs in the fire, the fashionable mother lifted a warning finger and said: "If you throw a crumb in the fire you are feeding the devil. Children are told that the better part of a loaf is the crust, and when a child was sent to the shop for bread, "Take the order, but do not lose it." If you throw a crumb in the fire the child left its crust the warning: "Yes, my lady (or my lad), you'll want for a loaf some day. You'll find hunger a sharp thorn."—Notes and Queries.

THE WORLD'S DREAMERS.

We are not prone to give the place of honor in this material-seeking life of ours to the dreamers. We say that they are too impracticable. It is the "hustler," the individual who measures success in any line by the number of dollars he gains, to whom we give the majority of our praise. The word "dreamer" is the personalization of the individual who is first in our estimate of life. Let two "old boys" meet when they have become men, and they will be pretty sure to measure the success of those whom they knew in their youth by the amount of their bank accounts. This is not confined to any particular locality nor to any particular lines of business; it belongs to them all. The present is an age of worship for the material things of life.

Yet it is to the dreamer that the practical man largely owes the opportunity which he has grasped to his personal advantage. It is the dreamer who sees things not alone as they are, but as he conceives they might be. It was the dream of a few patriots that made real the Declaration of Independence. It was the dream of a thousand mothers which caused the agitation that made a slave race free. It was the dream of a boy who watched a kettle lid dance because of the steam which could find no other escape which made possible the locomotive that to-day draws us through space at more than a dreamer's speed. It was the dream of an inventor which made it possible to flash our messages across the land and under the sea. It was the dream of a speech-scholar which opened the path for spoken words to be sent between far-separated places. It was the dream of a boat boy which resulted in the light which to-night illumines every city and town in the land. These dreamers saw in the future what their more practical fellows did not conceive could become realities, and yet the material-seeker is the one who has turned the dream into dollars. But the dreamer? Was it not he who made the world's progress?

All dreamers may not stimulate others to action as did Jefferson and Garrison and Watts and Morse and Bell and Edison, and yet the dreamers are those who blaze out the paths by which the more material men so much need. The dreamer is the pilot of the world. All honor to those who dream and see visions, that the rest of us may find the way to better and higher and nobler things!

The land of the dreamer is youngland. And youth is not measured by years but by spirit. The person who dwells upon the past is old, no matter what may be the number of his years; but the person who looks ahead, who sees in the future, is young, no matter if his hairs are whitened and his physical eye dimmed. He lives not for the past or even for to-day; he lives for the future and has a vision in his looking ahead that men keep his age. The parent who lives with his children lives twice, and he who lives with his children and then with his grand-children lives thrice. Strange, is it? Not a bit! It is the way the Nation lives, and we are its keepers as youthful. It is the way Nature has provided reward for those who dream.—Westernly Sun.
PRAYERS are not healthy, physically, mentally, religiously. Spa'motic methods in running business or in carrying 'on the work of Christ's kingdom will not be, and are not, a success. It is the steady pull and the hard pull that brings the heavy load to the top of the hill. The general work of a denomination, the every-day work in missions, in Sabbath Reform, in education, in evangelism is what maintains and builds up a people. It is settling down to regular business in these lines, giving regularly, praying unceasingly for them, and keeping up a steady and growing interest in them that gives success to them. A pastor has written us that it is hard work to keep his church up to a steady interest and a steady giving to sustain and carry on our general work as a people. If a special interest is boomed they become interested and give, but must we carry on our work by booms? That is not healthy, it is abnormal, and in a little while the interest will die. It is time that our people settled down to a steady pull and a hard pull in all lines of our work.

Our pastors must not get discouraged in their effort to keep up a continuous and unflagging interest in our lines of general work as a people. In such an interest is our life and growth. Let our pastors keep on bringing before our people their various denominational lines of work, giving facts and items of interest, presenting matters of information, stirring up the hearts and consciences of their congregations in the lines of duty, privilege, giving, and of personal service.

FROM O. S. MILLS.

I have closed my three months' engagement on the Coloma and Rockhouse Prairie field, and, perhaps, you would like a brief statement of my work there.

Of the fourteen Sabbaths there I spent ten at Coloma and four at the Rockhouse Prairie church. We have held no so-called special meetings in addition to regular Sabbath services; I have preached three times in the D. F. Greene school-house, three times in South Colbourn school-house, three times in Congregational church at Glen, and twice in the school-house in Jteo. Babcock's District also two funeral sermons—making a total of thirty-four.

The prevalence of small-pox throughout this section has made it seem unwise to hold a series of meetings. Some of the recent cases are very severe, and more attention is being paid to quarantine regulations. An aged sister recently died with it.

Since the dedication of our new church at Coloma, which occurred in connection with the Semi-Annual Meeting there, on the 8th of June, we have held a prayer-meeting on Sabbath evening; which has been very interesting and helpful, although the attendance has been small.

On July 19, after our regular services, we went to Round Lake, where I baptized into the fellowship of the Coloma church the wife of Bro. Robert Lowe. This worthy brother has been called to the office of Deacon, and the church gave a most hearty welcome to his devoted wife who had been a firm Sabbath-keeper and faithful helper for some time. She had been sprinkled in the Methodis Episcopal faith several years ago.

On Sunday afternoon, July 27, according to arrangements made on a previous visit, I had the pleasure of baptizing into the fellowship of the Rockhouse Prairie church Sister Mary MargaretPearl. The day was favorable, and a large crowd gathered in the grove on the bank of the lake and listened to an excellent sermon by Sister M. G. Townsend, preceding the baptism. This mother and daughter had accepted the call and have united with the church. We have held no so-called revival meetings; but in addition to regular services there has been a series of meetings. This mother and daughter, the latter having been bom under the preaching of the Adventists, but in following Jesus in baptism they met strong opposition, the mother still being a member of the Congregational church. At the time the daughter made her offering and we arranged for the baptism, the mother was somewhat undecided; but in the meantime Sister Townsend came and united her influence and prayers with ours, and now mother and daughter are happy in this new consecration.

In all these different places where I have held meetings of the nature described to be a people reside. The field covers a radius of about forty miles. Our people and their neighbors generally have shown a commendable interest in the work, and they need continued labor among them.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis., July, 1902.

ROCK HOUSE PRAIRIE, WIS.

This church has been receiving of late a great refreshing from the labors of earnest workers. Rev. O. S. Mills came to us about the middle of May, and during his three months' pastorate at Coloma visited us several times, preaching on Sabbath and Sunday, and as often as could be arranged during the week at different points of the work. By his sound, practical sermons, together with his faithful personal work, the way was paved for the evangelist, Mrs. Townsend, who spent three Sabbaths with us preaching the Word in her kind and impressive way. Although the rainy weather hindered both these workers from doing all that might otherwise have been done, we have had a great spiritual uplift; the church has been strengthened, not by any spasmodic effort, but by a gradual growth in grace.

Through the influence of these workers, two, a lady and a daughter, who have long kept the Sabbath, have become united with the church, bringing with them strength and encouragement to those who have through difficulties been holding up the banner of truth and righteousness.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of fruit that has been scattered over a radius of fifteen miles. Mrs. Townsend has a marvelous power of physical endurance, judging from the long rides she has taken, often preaching three times a day on Sabbath and Sunday, and a number of evenings during the week, presenting the Sabbath truth at one point, the temperance cause at another, and filling old moments speaking words of cheer and doing deeds of kindness to those she chanced to meet. The work is done, the seed is sown; what shall the harvest be?

MRS. L. P. CRANDALL.

THE CROSS.

From the very beginning of Christian history until to-day the cross has been the supreme symbol of our religion. To those who were on the outside it has seemed a stumbling-block, or even foolishness; to those on the inside it has proved to be the sign which has made all our spiritual victories possible. When the "King of Jews" was hanging on the Roman cross, and dying amid the jeers of the crowd and the taunts of the priests, it seemed a bitter and to those that the work of Jesus of Nazareth was over. The cross had stopped his remarkable ministry and scattered his followers. They saw no outlook, and nothing more to live for. We had hoped that it was he who should have redeemed the world, but alas, the cross had ended his career! The onlookers see only weakness and humiliation in the scene, and their jeers tell how they regard the event. "If thou be the Christ, come down from this cross." To die on the cross clears away the minds that the victim was no Christ. They were looking for a Messiah who should capture them with his displays of the marvelous. They were asking for a sign of superhuman power. The person on the cross knew that not thus could he be the Saviour of men, and for his divinity was this miracle of love—this unspoken sacrifice. They turned the instrument of shame and defeat into a symbol of glory and victory. They told both Jew and Roman that this very crucified Person was not only the expected Jewish king, but the Saviour of all mankind forever to every one who has faith to live by him. "He loved me and gave himself for me" is their interpretation of the cross. It stands above everything for the divine sacrifice. It shows, in one terrible exhibition, what sin means to the Father feels toward his Son, what decision with regard to himself, and he must rather give a sign of his superhuman capacity to save. They would have him prove his Messiahship by coming down from the cross; he proved it by staying on the cross.

Like the tide of an incoming sea the meaning of all this swept over the disciples, after the Resurrection. They saw how infinitely love and sacrifice were higher than mere endurance and that proof of his divinity was this miracle of love—this unspoken sacrifice. They turned the instrument of shame and defeat into a symbol of glory and victory. They told both Jew and Roman that this very crucified Person was not only the expected Jewish king, but the Saviour of all mankind forever to every one who has faith to live by him. "He loved me and gave himself for me" is their interpretation of the cross. It stands above everything for the divine sacrifice. It shows, in one terrible exhibition, what sin means to the Father feels toward his Son, what decision with regard to himself, and he must rather give a sign of his superhuman capacity to save. They would have him prove his Messiahship by coming down from the cross; he proved it by staying on the cross.

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Woman's Work.

Mrs. Henry M. Madsen, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

By the Cross of Christ, and through that Cross alone, we pray that丁he true relations of life may be comprehended. Ami and you, my poor friends, who are stricken down by the miseries of life, and do not know of royal blood, a decoration which he received. And... if we could... from the... also, that a clear insight into the future needs and desires of our people may be given to the... wise and clear judgment. Those who... problems of the future for our denomination. The... papers, ...read... paper, "Child... Arms..."

The program has been held waiting for one of the... been completed. But to the... preached over by Mrs. Albert Whitford, and the time was pleasantly filled as follows: Singing by the congregation, "The Everlasting Arms," Scripture reading and prayer, Mrs. B. B. Tollefsen, Dean, A. B. Crouse, Myrtle Crouse. Paper, "Child Training for Christian Living," Pre... wh... the invitation of her..._attempts..." There... of the sun... After this the... world, a noble career. She graduated with high honors at the American College at Samokov, but was not yet satisfied, feeling that she was not yet qualified for the work she desired to do. With indomitable enterprise of spirit, she set out all alone for America. She soon found warm friends. The late Dwight L. Moody... the New York Presbyterian Hospital. She... to the... I... she dared... whenever... support herself by practicing her profession, until she had saved money enough to pay her passage back to Turkey.

But then came a trying delay, just as her plans were completed. Finally she was called to attend a dear friend who was sick in the Adirondacks. With characteristic unselfishness she responded, and she received an unexpected call to serve in the... of the young lady's life ensued. She met in the Adirondacks a young... that... of... and... of... little friends and fellow-students as a boy. He had come over to America for study, also. In very short time the two were married, and thus Katerina at last carried out the purpose she had announced to her friends, never to lose sight of her... her... step at the marriage. They... by her... and beloved friend, Miss M. T... went... at the invitation of her... and... the good wife's away... the good wife's away... that... The bridge was selected... marriage ceremony had been... but to the... the... She bravely declared that whenever... she might be married it would be to a... of her own choice. Fortunately for her, her teachers had won the respect and confidence of her parents, and therefore they were ready to listen when the..." Good Cheer.

To the story of Mme. Tslilka.

Many people in England and America are wondering who was the companion of Miss Stone in captivity and peril. The name of Mme. Tslilka has become familiar enough, but details of her life and character are not generally known. Though married to a Bulgarian, she is a Macedonian by birth. Her maiden name was Katerina Demetrova Stephanova. Her father was a priest of the Orthodox Greek church in the village of Bansko, Macedonia.

The childhood of little Katerina included some romantic experiences, and her life has been one of trials and triumphs in quick succession. Mme. Tslilka wrote a very sensational biographical record. Her father was not a priest of the commonplace, ignorant, superstitious order. Early in life he interested himself for knowledge stirred within her. In the... school was a... of the Orthodoxy Greek communion, but parents were strictly forbidden to send their... in any way with those foreign religious institutions.

One day Katerina found her way to the school, whose teacher was known to be one of the students from the mission college. But the poor child was afraid to go in. She stood outside, longing to enter, but unable to overcome her natural hesitation. The superintendent, being told that a strange little girl was standing outside, came out to her and affectionately invited her in. The girl said afterwards: "It seemed like heaven in that school; everybody was kind and loving." The reception was wonderful all too soon. But at the end of the day she dared not confess what she had done.

She was afraid to let... She was afraid to... that... school; everybody... and loving."

Thus those missionaries in their devotion and self-sacrifice win their way with all classes, high and low. From her work at Kortcha Madame went, at the invitation of her old and beloved friend, Miss Stone, to join her on a tour. The two were taken into that captivity which caused so much solicitude for many months. —London Express.

When she's away.

When the good wife's away for a visit, And stayseth a week or two, Pray thee, kind people, if it be That makes the home so blue? There are ghosts from one end to the other, And dreameth, chamber and hall. Oh, tell me why is it, my brother, That gloom overspreadeth it all?" She's gone!" How the doors loudly squeak it; She's gone!" saith the key in the lock; She's gone!" says all the stars in the sky; She's gone!" says the clock to the clock; She's gone!" says the mantel with a smile; Their souls seem to sigh through the room. And heard that was weep and wail, With smiles of the woman I love.

She... that he had himself awakened in his... She... the mind the thirst for learning, and at last gave way.

A much more serious test a few years later proved the striking independence of this extraordinary Macedonian girl's mind. She quietly and steadily studied on for five years, and then, at the age of thirteen, her father... and... mind. The priest knew that he had... daughter's mind the thirst for learning, and at last gave way.

...at the marriage. They... by her... and beloved friend, Miss M. T... went... at the invitation of her... and... the good wife's away... the good wife's away... that... The bridge was selected... marriage ceremony had been... but to the... the... She bravely declared that whenever... she might be married it would be to a... of her own choice. Fortunately for her, her teachers had won the respect and confidence of her parents, and therefore they were ready to listen when the... did not... of the... a decoration which he received. And... if we could... from the... also, that a clear insight into the future needs and desires of our people may be given to the... wise and clear judgment. Those who... problems of the future for our denomination.

WOMAN'S HOUR AT THE NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

(The program has been held waiting for one of the papers, but as it has not appeared, we print the program without it.—Carvon Woman's Work.)

The Woman's Hour at the North-Western Association was presided over by Mrs. Albert Whitford, and the time was pleasantly filled as follows: Singing by the congregation, "The Everlasting Arms," Scripture reading and prayer, Mrs. B. B. Tollefsen, Dean, A. B. Crouse, Myrtle Crouse. Paper, "Child Training for Christian Living," Prepared by Mrs. Addie Howard, Farina, Ill.; read by Miss Phoebe Gooch. Music, Ladies' Quartet from Edelstein. Paper, "How can we influence our children and young people to become loyal, consistent and cheerful Seventh-day Baptists?" Prepared by Mrs. Kate Babcock, Lithon, Wis.; read by Mrs. Nellie Spieker. Paper, "Building on a Sure Foundation," Prepared by Mrs. Evans, Nortonville, Kan.; read by Mrs. Oliver Davis. Rev. L. A. Pletske ably presided over the subject of the education of our young people. Some of the papers recently taken up by the Woman's Board.

Singing. "Blest be the Tie that binds."
THE CONFESSIONS OF A PHYSICIAN.

There is a period in the practice of every physician when he is baffled by the mystery of disease. At such a time he feels so helpless in the face of Nature's forces that he asks himself: "Am I, after all, fitted for my profession?"

Physicians are so pride-stricken or blasphemous as to believe that he can always heal the sick. But every physician, sooner or later, comes in contact with cases which he is unable to diagnose or to treat as they should be treated.

This is a crisis in the life of a physician. If he is a weak man he will succumb; if he is a strong man he will fight it out. In any event, there is a mighty struggle going on in that man's mind, and upon his decision rests his whole future.

I say this mental battle occurs in the life of every physician, in order that the allegation may be applied to the medical profession in the most general manner. If you pin me down closely and say that, while I am correct, there are still notable exceptions to the rule, I will, for the sake of argument, accept the things that are supposed to be carelessly guarded within college walls, consultation rooms and the sick chamber.

Men who enter the sacred precincts of medicine are supposed to have a vocation for this noblest of all professions. Is it really true? I do not mean by the question to intimate that one who selects medicine as their life work are ruled by sordid motives. Heaven forbid! Many are attracted by the opportunities for benefiting their fellowmen; others are led by the alluresments which are presented to the student of science; others still like the dignity and respectability inseparable from the profession; and, finally, most of us regard it as an excellent way of making money. But, as I have said, the very great majority finally reach a point where they wonder if they are really fitted for the profession.

I fervently hope that the time may come when the profession for medicine will be the first requisite demanded before a student can begin his studies. It should be a matter for prayerful consideration. I can illustrate what I am trying to explain by saying that it should be something akin to the state of mind demanded by the Roman Catholic hierarchy before they will consent to permit an applicant to enter upon his divinity studies.

I can begin my own story by saying that I never at any time had a "vocation" for medicine. But it was the fond desire of my parents that I should one day attach "M. D." to my name.

When my profession was decided upon I interposed no objection.

I received my authority to practice in the shape of a very small diploma with a very large seal. I had my photograph taken in a group with my classmates, all of us attired in gowns and wearing mortar-board hats.

After that solemn ceremony was over we were turned loose on an unsuspecting world. I hung out my shingle and had a long and weary wait. They would not come to me, and professional etiquette forbade me looking for them. One of the objections urged against me was my youth. I waited on, satisfied that time would remedy this fault. My money, however, gave out before I had acquired years enough to satisfy the carping critics. I realized that the time had arrived for sound business methods.

My father, being, as I am, on a druggist in my neighborhood and gently insinuate my desire for a little practice.

"But you have some patients?" he asked in a brisk tone.

"Oh, yes; and so," I replied. "But scarcely enough talk about.

"Well," he said, with the tradesman's laugh, "I had no way of discovering that you had any.

"What do you mean?" I asked, perplexed at his tone.

"I mean," he rejoined frankly, "that none of your prescriptions ever come here.

"Well," I said, weakly, "I can't help that.

"Oh, yes; you can," was the blunt rejoinder.

"You can instruct them to come to me."

There is no need to continue the dialogue further. He had not thought I was generous, though, when I say that there is not one exception among every thousand physicians. This fact, which must appear so startling to the laity, is my chief justification for placing upon record a fragmentary story of some things that are supposed to be care-fully guarded within college walls, consultation rooms and the sick chamber.

A colleague of mine, who boasted the own-ship of a very small diploma with a very

shape of a very small diploma with a very

applicant to enter upon his divinity

when a real vocation for medicine will be the

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the profession, and, finally, most of us

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So

A collea.gue of mine, who boasted the own-

observed unusual difficulties, dismaying to my

small experience. However, it would never
do to yield to such misgivings in the presence

of the patient. Assuming my most pleasing
manner I said:

"Perhaps you have a family physician and

would like to have him take charge of this
case."

"I want my arm set," he replied testily,

"and I want you to do it—if you can."

This was a command and query. I obeyed
the command and ignored the query. The

The install-

In any event, laugh. "I had no way

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the command and ignored the query. The

wiping trepidation with which I approached a task

was taken sick small experience. However, it would never
do to yield to such misgivings in the presence

of the patient. Assuming my most pleasing
manner I said:

"Perhaps you have a family physician and

would like to have him take charge of this
case."

possible, indicating a handsome brown-stone house only a few yards away.

He was carefully carried to his room, and
then the first crisis in my career confronted
me. I was a medical and not a surgical doc-
tor; and while, in common with others of my
profession, I possessed an elementary knowl-
edge of all the branches of the healing art, I
felt some doubt about my ability successfully
to set this particular broken arm, which pre-
se ent unusual difficulties, dismaying to my
small experience. However, it would never
do to yield to such misgivings in the presence

of the patient. Assuming my most pleasing
manner I said:

"Perhaps you have a family physician and

would like to have him take charge of this
case."

"I want my arm set," he replied testily,

"and I want you to do it—if you can."

This was a command and query. I obeyed
the command and ignored the query. The

The install-

In any event, laugh. "I had no way

agree 0
likely to prove doubly fatal. Both cases required the instant use of the stomach pump.

Two men were dying from poisoning and there was only one stomach pump in the room.

What was I to do? What could I do? Simply operate on the man nearest to me. The nurse ran for assistance and another stomach pump. But it was too late. I saw the man I operated on. The other died.

On another occasion I received a request to call from an old patient who was afraid she was taking scarlet fever. I responded at once. The patient was one of two elderly sisters whom I had attended for many years. She greeted her in the sitting-room and noted her pulse while in the act of shaking hands with her. By some witty remarks I contrived to make her laugh, which enabled me to see her tongue. Then I said in playful tone:

"If you will get me a glass, I will treat you to some of my patent soda water."

She did so. I put a tablet in the water and she drank it.

I want you to know that I take pride in my original methods. I try to educate my patients to like and not to fear the visits of the doctor. In the course of all my work had been done without the direct knowledge of the patient and I felt very good over it. So I bade my patient good-bye with extreme cheerfulness. She looked surprised and then said:

"Of course you will come up stairs and see my sister?"

"Not to-day," I said. "Give her my respects."

"Why?" she said, looking mystified and startled, "how strangely you talk."

"Strangely?" I echoed. "Why?"

"Because I sent for you to prescribe for my sister and you decline to see her."

It flashed over my mind in an instant. I had prescribed for the wrong sister. I was entirely too clever. Fortunately, no harm was done. The medicine given the wrong woman was simply to head off possible fever and could do no harm. I was too mortified to confess my mistake, and after giving the right medicine to the right woman, I left the house.

One day a wealthy Chicago man came to be cured of heart disease. He had fainting in his office and thought he was surely going to die. A hasty examination convinced me that his heart was all right and that he was troubled with an acute and peculiar form of indigestion. He would not believe that. Should I tell him and be laughed at for my pains?

My conscience, my tact and my judgment were in turmoil. But the habit of quick decision, which I had acquired in the hospital and the saving grace that helps a man who tries to be as honest as circumstances will allow—came to my aid.

"My dear sir," I said emphatically, "whatever trouble you have with your heart originates in your stomach. And the trouble in your stomach originates in your heart, and the trouble in your mouth originates in too much whiskey and tobacco. That pleasing glow of honor satisfied, which follows every deed of duty done, spread all over me. I felt like curing him for the glory of the case, but my patient was determined upon diagnosing his own case—and paying high for it.

"Stomach, Oh!" he rejoined, and his face turned white with anger. "Look here: I have been to seven other medical jackasses, who knew about as much as you do. I've got heart disease. If you want to cure me, you can, and I can afford to pay you. But if you are going to load me up with bread pills and charge me one dollar a visit, I'll drop the whole lunatic asylum of physicians and cure myself."

If he attempted to cure himself he would be a dead man within six months.

"This is a remarkable case," I said, very slowly and very gravely. "In all of my experience with physicians I have never come across anything exactly like this."

This was perfectly true. But it alarmed the money king. There was just the suspicion of a tremor in his voice as he asked:

"Do you think there is any hope for me?"

"Yes," I replied, drawing out the vowel of that simple word in the most painful and reluctant manner. "Yes; if you will subscribe to my conditions."

"What are they?" he asked anxiously.

"That you will place yourself unreservedly in my charge—and you will follow my directions to the letter."

"I'll do that! I'll do that!" he cried out with an eagerness which was truly laughable.

But I was not through with him. I sat down at my desk, sighed pensive, and gazed through the open window.

"I do not know," I said, speaking again with that professional slowness and exactness, "I do not know whether I should undertake this case."

"Why not?" he exclaimed in some alarm.

"Because it will take up so much of my time—and my time—you know—is very valuable."

"So is my life," he interrupted, with a feeble attempt at humor.

"Very valuable," I continued, without a change of muscle and as if I had not heard the interruption. "I may have to see you twice a week for several weeks."

"How much do you want?" he asked excitedly, as if eager that I should not get away from him.

"The true physician," I said, "has no price. I will cure you first; you can pay me afterward."

"How would five hundred dollars do?" he asked.

"Sir!" I said, in a voice that was absolutely meaningless.

It might have meant that the amount was entirely too much, or that it was ridiculously low.

"I will give you one thousand dollars!" he shouted, with the air of a man at a public auction.

I cured him in a month and received one thousand dollars for it.

Did I do right or wrong? I leave you to decide.

One night I was called in to see a little child suffering from malignant diphtheria. It was a bad case and she could last until morning. From all of the conditions I can say now that I would have been justified in leaving that child to its fate. Did I? Not at all. I was affected by the violent grief of the mother and remained at the bedside of the little sufferer all that night and all of the next day. I did not do it for financial reasons. The family was poor. I did not do it for fame, for this is the first time it has been mentioned, and even now it is told anonymously. I liked the child. I acted from motives of pure humanity.

This little incident brought me in contact with an extraordinary young physician. It was a small case of epidemic diphtheria and most of the doctors who could do so with a show of decency shirked small-pox duty.

Some of them said that they were not feeling well; others said they had families of their own to consider, and a few were honest enough to say that they were afraid of the disease and did not propose to take any risks.

The young physician I speak of, filled with lofty ideas of duty, determined to devote himself entirely to small-pox practice. He took all the precautions that were counseled by science and human reason, but otherwise he was absolutely fearless. He used to vaccinate himself every other week, and as the siege lasted nearly three months, his arms were almost covered with scars and scabs from the virus. He died with humanity. He waited on poor and rich alike. If they had no money he looked for no compensation. Where they had he expected a fee in proportion to his work. He saved many lives. It is such men, and they are not rare, who enable the profession to be what it is. It is a profession whose days are made of diplomacy and whose nights are composed of crises. There is always a high duty calling, and there is usually a mere human man trying to respond. Had I possessed in the beginning the vocation for my profession which belonged to my friend who built a great career upon the foundation of a small-pox epidemic, I should long ere this have been either famous or dead. Such fame comes to a Jenner; such death comes to a Damien, who, if he had not been a priest, would have been a physician. All that I would say is, that the physician should possess the intellect of a Jenner and the heart of a Damien.

As for me, I am a doctor, practicing medicine.—The Independent.

CANDID

The reporter who lied to the Chinese minister at Washington, Wu Ting-fang, about his salary, has no doubt done it with the thought—if he gave the matter a thought at all—that it was a "white lie" that would hurt nobody. But let us see the sequel:

On the first occasion when he called to interview the minister, he was asked what salary he received. "One hundred and fifty dollars a week," glibly replied the youth. "It is too much. It is altogether too much. It is altogether too much," said the more candid Chinese man.

A Chinese minister, it is said, learned later, through other newspaper men, that the reporter had not spoken the truth, and that, instead of one hundred and fifty dollars a week he received but sixty. Consequently, when he again presented himself at the Chinese legation for information for his paper, he was curtly dismissed by Wu Ting-fang with these words: "You lied to me about your salary. If you will lie about such a thing as that, you will lie about anything. I do not trust you. I have nothing to say to you. I want to revise your former estimate of your value. Instead of being worth twenty-five dollars a week you are not worth anything, sir."—Success.
Young People's Work.

Lester C. Rapalino, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

Induced Currents.

A small but select company is on Erie No. 4, headed for Northfield. What a luxury it is to be leaving back against the soft cushions, with no responsibilities except to look after a half-dozen tractable fellow-travelers. Friday, at 2 P.M., your Editor gave his last tribute of love over a dear and saintly face, coming home, eight miles by trolley, fifty-five feet by a carriage, two hundred and five by rail and twelve by carriage, to Adrian, and with:

From the azure of the sky to stubble-brown, the indescribable sheen of the meadows of the Corn tassel, the pure gold of the corn tassel, the pure gold of the corn tassel, which have righteousness, courage and charity.

And the yellows are never flaring and the reds are never sickening, the yellows are never flaring and the reds are never sickening, but God always dresses the hand of man never grasped the plow-handles.

What a marvel is the development in modern mechanism! No wonder that President Roosevelt makes it a point to shake hands with the engineer and fireman after every trip which he has taken behind their sinewy backs! The fields in God's world and man work together fly past. God does by far the most; for there is wondrous life and color on this earth.

The subject is not whether we shall fight the saloon or not, but the method.

John B. Finch summed up the situation when he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I would go half way around the world once, and pay my own fare, to find a man with cheek hard enough and impudence great enough to stand on the public platform and claim that the public barroom, judged by its history in the country, its record and its results, was entitled to be set down as the opium den of this country. . . . No business is guilty, and the only question is the method of dealing with the criminal."

So it is.

The question of methods has been discussed for years, years before we who have taken vote to-day were born. It has been agitated from pulpit and platform, written about in the press, prayed over in the prayer-meetings, and sworn about at the political caucus and election, particularly after the election.

Though I am under the necessity of confining myself to the press, I am here to give an outline to the other methods that have been advocated this morning. One may declare that the only way to fight the devil is with prayer, another contends that it is all in preaching, while still another says it is by doing; but when he is ever ready met, it is with all of them.

Some have thought that the only method of fighting the saloon is moral suasion; others that it was all in legal enactment, statutory and constitutional; while others still have recognized no method except that of education.

But if the upright Christian people of America can conquer the hydra-headed monster it will be by a combination of all these methods, with no antagonism between the advocates of the various ones.

The press and school both belong to educational methods.

We turn first to the press. For reasons which need not be mentioned, the press has to-day become one of the most, if not the most, potent forces in existence for molding public opinion and determining the course and destiny of individuals and nations. Its influence regarding the liquor traffic is as great as its sway over the school system.

Where does it stand on this question? The religious press is supposed to be uniformly against the saloon.

The daily press, which floods our country, when put to the test has shown itself to be in league with the saloon. The history of the temperance campaigns which were entirely separated from other elections and other issues, show that the vast majority of the dailies have been on the side of the liquor traffic, either openly opposing legal enactment or remaining supinely quiet.

Some of them can be done under these circumstances? Not so much as we might wish. These papers are largely out of our control. If we could purchase them we might make them uncompromisingly the allies of temperance. With most of us, however, such talk is impossible.

Christian people can, and should, do two things regarding the press. First, give their patronage to those papers, dailies and others, which have righteousness, courage and decency enough to oppose openly the traffic in any form.

Second, Parents and those in charge of reading-rooms should see to it that the homes and reading-rooms are constantly furnished and refurbished with such temperance papers and other literature as shall keep before themselves and their children the sickening and devastating work of the saloon. It is not enough to take those that sometimes refer to the subject. The seriousness of the situation demands that we furnish ourselves and our children the needed information, the needed enlightenment, the needed courage to stand the fight.

We tell the people that our children need to be grounded and grounded in the doctrines which make us a denomination, and need to be kept posted as to the present state of the issue. So we do; our denominational life depends upon it. So it does. As citizens of a free state and builders and protectors of homes, we need to be kept posted and first regarding the probable methods which shall be used to undermine the institution of temperance...
Children's Page.

A SUPPER OF SLATE-PENCILS.

JEANETTE M. DOBERY.

"I'm going round the corner to buy a slate-pencil," cried Teddie.

"You can't go out in the rain, dear," said mamma, looking up from her sewing.

"But I've got to have it now," urged the impatient voice, and the pouts and wrinkles of the face pointed to a storm indoors as well as out.

"Teddie," said Aunt May, laying down her embroidery, "how would you like to make some slate-pencils?"

"I couldn't make slate-pencils," dolefully replied Teddie.

However, he followed Aunt May into the kitchen, where she began setting on the table flour, baking-powder, butter, rolling-pin, and everything needed for a poppy shortcake. But what smoothed the wrinkled and brought a smile to Ted's lips was that on the other end of the table Aunt May placed small dishes and pans, a tiny rolling-pin, a bowl of lump-starch and a little mallet.

"Oh!" exclaimed Teddie, his eyes dancing, "I can't do it.

"Slate-pencil dough," laughed Aunt May.

"Why, slate-pencil dough," said Ted, "are made out of rock—papa told me so.

"Yes," replied Aunt May, "but play those lumps of starch are pieces of slate, and pound them fine while I mix my dough. The real slate would be put into a large vessel shaped like my bowl, and steam would work the hammer to crush it.

"Now it's ready, auntie."--

"Yes, ready to be made finer," said Aunt May. "After the slate is pounded, it is taken to a mill and put into a bolting-machine."

"Oh! I've seen them bolting flour," interrupted Ted. "They do it with big, long rollers, covered with white silk cloth, and these rollers whirl so fast that the flour flies through the cloth."

"Yes," said Aunt May, "and slate must be fine as flour; but they take soapstone flour that I made them. Auntie?"

"I'm going to make it," said Aunt May, "but you can pass them over in a wooden box. I'll have a good time fooling the boys," cried Ted, "asking them if they want a pencil to eat?"

"This little box," said Aunt May, returning to the table, "will only hold ten, but the real slate-pencil boxes hold ten times that number."

"One hundred!" quickly said Ted.

"Yes, and a hundred of these boxes," continued Aunt May, "are put in a wooden box ready for shipping. A great deal of the work is done by boys."

"Teddie's papa and mamma found their plates something crisp and brown, tied with a bit of narrow ribbon.

"Hello!" said papa, "what are these? A new kind of bread stick?"

"No," replied Ted, his eyes twinkling, "they're slate pencils. I made them. Auntie showed me how. I'm glad it turned out I couldn't go out and buy a pencil. It's lots more fun to make them," Ted added, looking across the table to Aunt May with a beams face.---S. S. Times.

THE CAT AND THE HAWK.

It was a pleasant day. The air was cold, but the sun shone out bright and warm.

A little way from the city was a farm-house, and on the front lawn, in the shade, an old mother cat with her three little kittens were playing.

The old mother cat's name was Jane, and her little kittens' names were Dot, Spot, and Dorcas.

They were playing happily when the old mother cat Jane, who had been sleeping, happened to glance up, at a cry from one of her kittens, and to her great terror she saw a large hawk had darted on Spot, one of her kittens, and was shaking it almost to pieces. The hawk had come but was not able to make it stick slate dough. Of course, the slate dough is not knayed by hand, but by machinery, with big iron rollers.

"How do you cut it into pencils?" asked Ted.

"After it is kneaded it is laid on a table and cut into pieces, then they take several of these pieces and put them into a great iron vessel."

"Like that big yellow bowl you're using, auntie?" queried Ted.

"Yes, something like it, only the iron bowl has a nozzle or nose in the bottom that they squeeze the dough through, and it comes out like a long cord. This cord runs over a slanting table where there is a row of knives that cut it into proper lengths."

"Are the pencils ready to use then?" asked Teddie.

"Oh, no!" laughed Aunt May, as she left the table to put the short-cake in the oven, "they must be baked first.

"Oh!" eagerly cried Ted, "am I going to bake my dough?"

"Of course," replied Aunt May. "Now roll it thin, and cut into strips like pencils, then we'll bake them nice and brown, and have them for supper."

"That will be fun," laughed Ted, "to eat slate-pencils."

"Real slate-pencils," added Aunt May, "are laid on a board and dried for a few hours before they are baked, and then they are placed on sheets of zinc that have little grooves in them for the pencils to lie in so that they can't warp or get twisted. When they come from the oven they are put under an emory-wheel and sharpened ready for you to use.

"Now my pencils are ready to bake," gaily said Ted.

"While they're baking," said Aunt May, "I'll get a small box in which you can pack them to take to school to-morrow."

"Wont I have a good time fooling the boys," cried Ted, "asking them if they want a pencil to eat?"

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"Teddie's papa and mamma found their plates something crisp and brown, tied with a bit of narrow ribbon.

"Hello!" said papa, "what are these? A new kind of bread stick?"

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Therewith he energetically shook his head, “I don’t think I can lift it alone, sir,” he said. “I’m afraid I’ll have to beg you to assist me.”

“Humph! You’re a beauty!” snapped the proprietor. “That ain’t heavy; a child could lift it. That’s the way. Now fasten it across your breast in—now you’re fixed. Be careful, though, not to strike it against anything. And now I’ll give you your route. You’re to walk up Sixth Avenue between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-first streets, and along Twenty-third street between Fifth and Seventh Avenues; do you understand? And you’re to keep movin’, too. I’ll be out myself to see you’re not shirkin’ your job. You know you don’t get any dinner. Otherwise you can come back here at 1 o’clock for your grub. And now get out and go to work.”

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. Farley, and he started to leave the room. At the door, however, he checked his step and turned towards his employer. “Excuse me, sir,” he said, turning toward his employer, “but—would you—perhaps—mind—”

“Mind what?” snapped the man wheeling around in his chair so as to face him. “Well, sir,” stammered Mr. Farley, “I thought you might perhaps be willing to advance me a cup of coffee, sir.”

“Advance you a cup of coffee! What do you mean? You’re crazy! Get out of here, and don’t you dare to show your face again before I o’clock. Now get!”

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. Farley, meekly; “it doesn’t matter in the least,” and he hurried from the room and passed through the restaurant to the street, with the sign rocking above his head at each step. Having reached the side-walk, he turned toward the right and walked slowly to the edge of the gutter in the direction of Twenty-third Street. The sign was heavier than it had appeared, or was it that he himself was so weak that the slightest weight was a burden to him?

At the corner of Twenty-third Street Mr. Farley stopped to make up his mind which course to take. Lower Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, were crowded with shoppers, and he therefore decided in favor of the block to Seventh Avenue. The hands of a nearby clock pointed at twenty minutes past ten—two hours and forty minutes, therefore, must elapse before dinner time. And he was so hungry!

Mechanically, Mr. Farley continued his way till Seventh Avenue was reached; then, crossing to the south side of Twenty-third Street, he returned in the direction of Sixth Avenue. It suddenly occurred to him that he had not read the sign which he was carrying, and he advanced to one of the large show windows and tried to decipher the lettering. The background of the window was dark, and after a moment’s difficulty he succeeded in reading the reversed reflection:

THE ELITE RESTAURANT.

Clearest and Coolest Place in New York.


“Twenty cents!” murmured Mr. Farley, “twenty cents,” and he took up the march anew. At the comer of Sixth Avenue he turned in the direction of Twenty-first Street, fearing to attempt the crossing of the crowded thoroughfare at the junction of the avenue and Twenty-third Street. His legs, he felt, were not to be depended on to bear him out of danger’s way in an emergency.

Owing to the crowd, Mr. Farley was forced to walk more slowly than in Twenty-third Street, and fully five minutes elapsed before he reached the southern limit of his course. It was now quarter before 11, and saw, and consequently only two hours and a quarter remained till dinner time. To him, however, this seemed an age.

With a sigh he turned to the left, he left the security of the pavement and crossed to the east side of the avenue. The pangs of hunger had now almost entirely ceased, but his head felt strangely light and uncertain. For a moment he could not remember whether he was bearing the restaurant sign or his own head on the uprights fastened to his shoulders, but suddenly the fumes cleared away from his brain and everything became clear again—it was the restaurant sign which he was carrying, and in a little more than two hours’ time he would have earned his dinner! The street now seemed more slowly than in Twenty-third Street. No, not a question of your askin’ for one; I may make so bold as to ask your face again for a meal. lady, after a louder, louder in his ears. Oh, yes; it was those happy days! Ah, those were happy days! Owing to the crowd, Mr. Farley was forced to walk more slowly than in Twenty-third Street, and fully five minutes elapsed before he reached the southern limit of his course. It was now quarter before 11, and saw, and consequently only two hours and a quarter remained till dinner time. To him, however, this seemed an age.

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old apple tree and sang to his mate while she sat on the precious eggs. How many eggs were there, anyhow, in a blue-bird's nest—three or four? He had forgotten. He must climb up the tree some time and investigate. At the present moment, however, he was far too comfortable in the shade of the tree listening to the singing and the songs of the brook. Some other time he would examine the nest. But how sleepy he was; he could hardly keep his eyes open. Fortunately there was no school that afternoon, so he could take a nap there under the tree here at each time. His mother always came out on the front porch to call him, so he could not fail to hear her. Perhaps they were going to have chicken-pie to-day. He smiled at the thought.

"Chicken-pie!" he murmured, and with the words on his lips he fell asleep.

"Yes, just a plain case of starvation," said the ambulance surgeon ten minutes later to the policeman who was unfastening the restaurant sign from Mr. Farley's shoulders. "Nothing to keep the fire going.

"I think to insure that each printer gets it was a pretty bad boy, I go with mother to St. John's."—Saturday Evening Post.

"Mother! How much is summed up in this single word. What memories it awakens."

"There are many, more than I can enumerate the mere mention of which so mollifies the heart. A mother's power for good or evil is utterly beyond our power to calculate. A mother's heart is the holy of holies to which the earnest loving soul of motherhood brings the welfare of the child. The blood of self-sacrifice is sprinkled upon the golden altar of devotion; here earnest, tearful prayer, like fraught grant incense arises to God for the child even before it is born. Her cherrubim spread out their wings in comfort over the soul often troubled concerning the misfortunes and the sins of the child that is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. The seed sown by a mother's devotion in the hearts of her children will bear fruit long after the mother herself shall have passed away. As a rose after it has withered and died fills the room with its fragrance, so the memory of a mother's devotion fills the heart with sweetness and the life with strength when mother herself has folded her hands in sleep. Here is such a thoughtful motherhood—how much it speaks of silent heart-aches and secret tears, of sleepless nights, of uncomplaining sacrifice, of an immortal destiny prepared for each individual devotion to the family! The mother's reward is not always found in this life, but we may expect that it will come in years of delay."

"Watchman."

"The last incident carries a strong moral with it for all married bank clerks. The clerk who was shut up in the safe was a man of exalted character, and who had succeeded in obtaining the privilege of coming home from the bank. Hence the wife's anxiety when he did not show up at the usual time. If he had been a frivolous bank clerk, accustomed to loiter with the boys on his way home, she would not have been anxious, and he would have been a dead man.—New York Press.

"1) Quips and Quarks."

A visitor asked one of the Roosevelt boys if he were ever naughty, and what his punishment was. He said, with frankness, after thinking a minute, "Well, if I'm a pretty bad boy, I have to go with father into that little Dutch church on Sunday morning; but if I've been a real good boy, I go with mother to St. John's."—Saturday Evening Post.

"A Narrow Escape."

Some time ago a London bank clerk was imprisoned in the strong room of the bank, and nearly died from the effects of it. He was on the point of leaving the bank after the closing hours, when his eyes fell upon a bundle of notes which he had forgotten to place in the safe. He stepped inside the strong room to stow away the notes, when the cashier, not knowing he was there, closed and locked the door before the clerk realized the situation, and went away, leaving the young man to his fate. In vain the clerk pounded on the door, and screamed, but his cries and struggles were unheard, and the terrible fact dawned on him that he was entombed alive and that long before the morning brought release he would be a dead man. At length, after what seemed an eternity of agony and vain crying and struggling, horror and the vitiated air overcame him and he fell insensible. When he recovered consciousness it was to find himself lying on the floor of the bank, outside the safe, with the cashier and his whole family bending over him. The surmise of his timely rescue from death was that his wife, becoming anxious at the nonreturn of her husband from the bank at the usual time, had gone to the cashier to inquire about him. They had gone to the bank, and, failing to find him there, the cashier, by a happy inspiration, had opened the strong room just in time to save the clerk's life.

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"Bishop Potter, says the New York Times, is accused of having given currency to the following anecdote: A Chicagoan had been taken around Boston all day to observe her business.
Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED AT SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

REV. WILLIAM C. WINTON, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

THIRD QuARTER.


SEP. 20. Review.

LESSON IX.—THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

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LESSON TEXT.—Num. 21: 4-9.

INTRODUCTION.

For their lack of faith in God, as shown by their rejection of the report of the spies, and their proposal to revolt against the leadership of Moses and 40 return to Egypt, the children of Israel were punished by being excluded from the land for the next eight years, and in the meantime were to pass through the desert, with toilsome detours to the south and to the north. It seemed almost impossible to follow the Authorized Version in this case, and translate it: "the spies." 2. It then followed, therefore, that this verse is hardly to be regarded as a bargaining on the part of the people with God. Compare Jacob's vow at Bethel, Gen. 28: 20-22. The people pleaded for the help of God to overcome their enemies, and promised that when they were in their power, they would do them the honor of utter destruction. 3. Horahm. This is the word from the root as the verb translated "utterly destroy." The noun corresponding is sometimes translated "the devoted thing." The place name is rendered in Septuagint, "a city of Idumea, or per hap a neighboring city. Compare Num. 14: 45. 4. And they journeyed from Mount Hor. Where Aaron died before the incident of our lesson, as we infer from the present arrangement of the narrative, we must look for Mount Hor on the western border of Edom rather than on the eastern near the Gulf of Akaba. For it is on Mount Edom the and people are already there, they have no necessity to go any further across the land of Edom; but many scholars hold to the view that the para graph concerning the death of Aaron is here inserted too early in the narrative. The children of Israel are really journeying from Kadesh rather than from Mount Hor, and so are able to hold the traditional theory of the location of this mountain. And the soul of the people was much discouraged. Literally, "short ended." Perhaps " vexed" would be a good translation. 5. And the people spoke against God and against Moses. This verse applies to all who seek to blame God for present adversity and to forget the blessings both present and past. Our soul loatheth this light bread, and envieth the excellency of the manna as bread from heaven. It doubtless may have had a sadistic taste; but the children of Israel ought to have been thankful for any provisions as all the desert. The word translated " light" may mean "vile."

6. And Jehovah sent fiery serpents. The serpents are probably only a symbol of their appearance, but are from the terrible effects of their bites, filling the body with inflammation and poison. To this day there are many venomous serpents in the southern part of Arab. It is probable that then God used natural means to punish rebellious Israel. They bit the people. The word translated " bite" means "to bite with fatal effect." 7. We have sinned, etc. Their punishment caused the people to reflect, and they came to repentance. The narrative is in many ways the second part of the thirty-sixth chapter. It seems from the terrible effects of their bites, filling the body with inflammation and poison. To this day there are many venomous serpents in the southern part of Arabia. It is probable that then God used natural means to punish rebellious Israel. They bit the people. The word translated "bite" means "to bite with fatal effect."

8. Make thee a fiery serpent. etc. The means of deliverance was provided for the people. They were not bitten by one serpent and healed by another. Their salvation came through trust in God, against whom they had formerly complained. The serpent of brass was the symbol of the living serpent overcome and made motionless and powerless. 9. The serpent of brass. It seems that this serpent was preserved after it had served its purpose, and having become an object of worship on the part of the people was destroyed by Hezekiah, 2 Kings 18: 4. To the Hebrew mind nothing is nothing in the biblical narrative to imply that the snake itself was the means of healing.

We need never be alarmed at the perilous situation of truth. Of all things in this world that is the one thing which is best capable of taking care of itself. —E. D. Rand.
Popular Science.

Science Eight Thousand Yea's Ago.

Dr. Elliott Smith, Professor of Anatomy at Cairo, Egypt, has been investigating human remains found at Girsu, in Upper Egypt. Graves in which the remains are found are in a continuous series extending back for at least 5,000 years, carrying us back to the primitive and dynamic period.

The bodies are so well preserved that not only the hair, nails and ligaments can be made out, but the muscles and nerves, thus showing the scientific perfection with which bodies were embalmed and prepared for internment at that day.

In almost every one the brain was preserved, and in two cases the eyes with lens were in good condition. Prof. Smith has already observed the limb plurexes and great sanguine nerve.

They have now unearthed a series of later prehistoric graves, ranging throughout the first fifteen dynasties, of the eighteenth, and yet others of the tenth, and the recent Coptic periods.

Dr. Reiser, of the University of California, has also been examining this in early prehistoric cemetery.

We shall watch with deep interest full reports from those gentlemen.

A New Way to Sharpen a Razor.

It has long been known that a razor was simply a saw. Let any one look through a microscope at the edge of a razor, and we think they will agree with us that it is really a saw, having tiny teeth. Now here comes an inventor with a patent article for what he calls "sharpening a razor."

All carpenters and cabinet-makers understand that the saw should be pushed forward but the teeth of the saw should have a little forward turn to keep sharp.

This new invention consists in the use of a simple bar-magnet, and the inventor claims (if we understand him) that when the barber saws off the beard the teeth of the saw get bent into all sorts of angles, and will not perform well until sharpened. When not in use, by placing the magnet in a proper position to the razor's saw, and allowing it to remain until needed, the magnet will straighten out all these crooks and tangles, and give each tooth its proper position.

We think that, to become universal, the power of the magnet should be granted to meet the demand for moving the teeth of each razor, as our experience teaches us that some razors have teeth that are harder to move forward than others.

FROM A RECENT SERMON BY E. A. WITTER.

We believe the people turn naturally to the pulpit for direction and correction. The pulpit need not become warlike in its attitude, but it must be clear, truthful and earnest in its utterances. It must have the power of conviction, truth and strength of an abiding love for God and man.

Addison once said that "charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands." That is true, and if all God's children could realize that fact, how much less worry there would be because of the warlike attitude of the pulpit.

It has been said that "even a droplet of water, if it be given in love and unselfishness, will become for the giver a living fountain in Paradise." How important we cultivate this spirit that the blessed fountain may be ours; that some of its refreshings may be had here.

The poetic instinct turns whatever it touches into gold.—J. G. Holland.
ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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