As a student of Christ and an individual, of his life among men, is in surpassing value to the individual Christian. It is something that we often recall the fact that Christ lived, taught and died. John Stuart Mill, who was a philosopher, said: "Mankind cannot be too often reminded that there was once a man of the name of Socrates." In a far more important sense, one who seeks to follow Christ must constantly remind himself that Christ was and is. What he now is in his place at the right hand of God may add peace to faith and joy to hope, but for actual aid in the matter of temptation and sin incites us to join in the prayer of the Psalmist for forgiveness and for a better understanding of the sources of sin in the human heart—study the nineteenth Psalm—and yourself.

The Gospels created themselves, or rather, the Gospels filled a place in the history and destiny of the world which no other life or life-history approaches. This is true in all directions quite as certainly as it is in relation to his immediate followers. That greatest among Germans, Goethe, once said: "Let intellectual and spiritual culture progress, and let the human mind expand as much as it will; beyond the grandeur and moral elevation of Christianity, as it sparkles and shines in the Gospels, the human mind will not advance." If such were the conclusions of the poet-historian and philosopher who spoke without special regard for the ethical side of Christianity, those who seek to gain inspiration and guidance from Christ do more than well to make frequent, careful and devout study of his life. We do not mean the study of the迭ological theories concerning his birth or death, or these things have their place; but the thoughts and deeds, purposes and aspirations of the Man Jesus.

One of the first and most striking facts met at the outset is the fact that the first thirty years of Christ's life are unknown as to details, incidents or deeds. None of the Evangelists tell us of the growth and development of his life previous to his public ministry. The little they say of his birth and boyhood is confused and vitiated by a mass of later tradition and fancy, while the early centuries invented. Christ never refers to his early life; he says nothing of antecedent experiences or surroundings. We do catch glimpses of the fact that his parents and friends were surprised and bewildered at his development, but of the first thirty years of his life we know nothing from which to fabricate a biography or formulate any basis for prophecy touching what did come when he stepped out of the unknown period into the clear, and often fierce, light of his public ministry. There can be no biography of Jesus, in the ordinary use of the word. That Jesus remained thus silent as to his life and experiences shows that he did not deem it necessary to unfold to his disciples or to us things antecedent to his public ministry. It is significant that he made no effort to put on record or fashion his work to create a history. The Gospels created themselves, or rather, were the product of the truths Christ uttered and the impressions he made. He comes to the front and begins to speak as one having authority, but the authority of one with a commission in behalf of truth, and for the salvation of men. We know what he taught, the great truths he enunciated, the principles he laid down, and the personal applications he made. We know that the keynote of his life and words was service, altruism of the highest type. We know what effect his words and life produced at that time and on those who came in contact with him, and the history of Christianity through succeeding centuries shows how his influence has remained and increased. All these things indicate in many particulars what his life was not, and that it must have been during the years which went before the revelation began through his public ministry. Hence, while we are ignorant, in one sense, of what his life was, in another sense—one far more important than the knowledge of petty details would be—we know what his antecedents must have been by what his public life revealed. His own test, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a wondrous key leading to knowledge of him.

What is said here ought to re-awaken your desires and your determination to make Christ's life a life-long study for the aid it will bring to your own life, and through you to others. Perhaps the Recorder will speak of this again next week.
A STOY is told of a little child whose hand was so small that she could not grasp the whole hand of her aunt, with whom she was walking. She said: "I can get hold of only two of your fingers to hold real tight; guess I'll grab just old on by two." A little after they were rudely jostled by the crowd which hurried past. When the danger was over the child said: "It’s a lucky thing, Auntie, you kept tight hold of me. I held hard as I could with two fingers, but if you hadn’t held on to me, I guess I’d have been pulled right away. I’m glad you’ve got such strong hands."

A few experiences only are needed to teach us that the great keeping power in times of temptation and trial is God’s hold on us rather than ours on him. His hold has the infinity of divine strength and the tender helpfulness of divine love. Because of this Christ has taught us that nothing can take God’s children out of his hands. Seen from this view, all the enemies and difficulties which shall as a test of God’s hand be sent against the little child did what she could, holding to two fingers of her auntie’s hand. That was well, and no more could be expected or required of her. Her auntie’s greater strength and greater love did the rest. Thus are we related to God. Held as best you can to him. Reach as far as you can toward his outstretched hand and he will do the rest. Herein lies our salvation.

A large and enthusiastic council of the Protestant Episcopal church closed its sessions in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 23d of October, after the 2d of October as the opening of the great conflict with life. There has been asked to commit themselves on the question, and the members of the Association have decided to cut loose, as a body, from politics, and support only those whose answers favor their point of view.

To each branch organization in the state the following communication was sent:

New York, Oct. 8, 1902.

To the President:

Dear Sir,—Conforming to the resolution adopted at the State Convention, I inclose a question whi

The Sabbath Recorder.

[Vol. LVIII. No. 44.]

Christ in Prison.

The commendations and condemnations spoken by Christ as found in the 29th of Matt., 40th of Matt., and in these

A Valed.

The old house at East Haverhill, Mass., in which the poet Whittier was born, and in which we are collected.

A Valued.

Relic Gone.

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occupied the house practically all of these relics were saved. The old chimney with its wide fireplace, before which the poet often mused, stands like a monument in the midst of the ruins. It is suggested that the house will be rebuilt and that the Whittier collection of relics will again be installed in it. To be sure it was only a quaint old house in the country, but its association with that greatest and purest of our poets makes it of uncommon interest. Much that we prize and much that helps us to higher living comes through this layer. Through it come the richest treasures of memory, and the joy of heaven will find much of its glory through reassociation with persons if not of things. While we are materialists and are busied with material things, these will continue to be powerful teachers of good and the reminders of what has been.

We believe that the advance in plans for irrigating the arid plains of the West is one of the most important and valuable movements undertaken by the general Government. This advance has been responsible to the National Government’s understanding or becoming responsible for irrigation works. At the same time it has long been evident that neither private enterprise nor state supervision could do great necessary work of subduing a vast area to productive uses. There is now, for instance, a pending between two states because irrigation works in one cut off a water supply from the other. Some general and comprehensive plan is necessary to avoid local troubles and to utilize the water over the greatest area possible. The immediate and indirect appropriations out of the national treasury has been avoided. The National Government is to use the money received from the sale of public lands in the semi-arid states (less the part of this fund that goes to the agricultural colleges) as a “revolving fund” to construct irrigation works under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior. The lands are to be sold only to settlers, and no person may hold more than one hundred and sixty acres, and no title shall be given except to those who have been a settler in the territory for five years. The land is to be paid for, to the Government, in ten annual installments. Thus in every ten years the Government will receive back the sum invested ten years before. The sale of public lands in these states yields about two and a half millions a year.

If the plan works out, it will continue for a long time the beneficial results of the Homestead Act. It will add much to our home-owning agricultural population and correspondingly to our production and resources. It will mean the addition to our productive area of a vast empire of tillable land. It will increase products of the great western half of the Union and consequently the development of our actual most of all that we need to uplift and enlarge what is known as the “rural population,” a thing greatly to be desired in these days of congested and deprived city life.

The growing importance of South Africa and the United States is illustrated by the report of the Census of the United States, which shows a 50 per cent increase in the population in the last ten years. The Census, which is compiled by the Census Bureau of Statistics, shows that the Imports into Cape Colony, Natal, Delagoa Bay and Beira amounted last year to more than $150,000,000, nearly treble the total for a decade earlier. These figures are published by the British South African Export Gazette. They show that the total imports in 1901 were $153,700,462. This is a marked increase over the imports of the preceding year and is two and a half times as much as the total for 1892, a decade earlier.

The United States now occupies second rank in the list of countries supplying South Africa, the largest figure being the United Kingdom.

The rapid growth of imports into South Africa from the United States and the extremely rapid growth in the consuming power of Africa adds interest to the latest statistics of that trade. These figures show that for the eight months ending with August, 1902, our total exports to Africa were $22,469,572.

The list of articles shows the shalloon sum of $865,708 worth of “rum.” But it is gratifying to see that the list also includes much more that belongs to a genuine Christian civilization, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mineral oils, refined</td>
<td>$408,544</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machinery</td>
<td>178,285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron and steel manufactures</td>
<td>194,922</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheat flour</td>
<td>43,080</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wine</td>
<td>42,009</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Provisions, except beef canned</td>
<td>44,564</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boards, doors and planks</td>
<td>214,785</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casks, carriages, etc.</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Household furniture</td>
<td>67,712</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**THE WOLVES OF ROME.**

The city of Rome has just had a most welcome present in the person of a small wolf, which has been captured and taken in the garden in the Capitol.

Rome is supposed to never be without its incarnation, its symbol, its wolf, and, in fact, until lately a pair of wolves was the most idollic life among the historic associations at the Capitol, and among, what was perhaps more to their taste, the trees and flowers. They were fed like princes, looked at with awe by all the small children of the town, and with affection by the grown-ups, the happy family once being completed by the arrival of two young wolf cubs, which played like kittens, basked in the sun, and only showed their teeth when fed. The two newcomers were dubbed Romulus and Remus indiscriminately, no one being able to tell them apart, until one fatal day, so it is said, they fought, and one was so wounded that he subsequently died, whereupon it was declared that there was not the least doubt that the old story had been repeated, and that Romulus had killed Remus for the second time.

The old wolves pined and died, because of the crime of their offspring, it was romantically said, but in reality from forced inaction and over-eating, and the Eternal City was left without her symbol. When it was proposed to give the new wolf a mate it was seriously opposed, as it was said that murder was fated to follow, and the crime of Romulus be indefinitely renewed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can’t. I’m going up into the wilderness tomorrow." "That’s all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."—Chicago Record.

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**Prayer-Meeting Column.**

**Topic.—Bible Study; Reasons For It.**

The leader of the meeting will choose such lessons as he deems best to introduce the topic. The subject is so rich and varied, and is so closely connected with Sabbath-school work that it opens a field of thought that contains help for every Christian, young or old. The topic is of special interest to Seventh-day Baptists.

Protestants hold in general that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the Word of God, written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit and are therefore infallible, inasmuch as they are in all things pertaining to faith and practice; that they contain all the extant supernatural revelations of God designed to be a rule of faith and practice to his church; that they are sufficiently perspicuous to be understood by the people, in the use of ordinary means and by the aid of the Holy Spirit, in all things necessary to faith without the need of any infallible interpreter.

All this we embody in our faith touching the Bible, hence are we Seventh-day Baptists. By our faith we are non-Catholics and more than Protestants.

On the practical side touching right living the Bible leads the world’s thought in righteousness. If we compare the religion of the old Testament with the religions which were around the Jews when it came into existence we find it superior on all points. The old heathen nations worshiped many gods. The Israelites were commanded to worship but one God. The heathen freely offered human sacrifices; their gods were cruel and bloody. The Israelites were ordered to offer only animal sacrifices; the intention of those who offered the sacrifices was to enter into relation with a holy God. The sin offering signified access to God; the burnt offering, consecration to God; and the peace offering, communion with God.

Our faith in the Bible is sustained and vindicated by many facts which modern investigations are bringing to light. In "Recent Research in Bible Lands," edited by Prof. H. V. Hilprecht, Ph.D., D.D., the strongest testimony of the monuments of Babylon, Assyria and Egypt, the accuracy of the writer of the ancient books and the veracity of the Bible narratives is very clearly shown. Prof. J. H. McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D., says on page 9 of that book, "What then are our principal gains from Egyptological research? In the foremost rank we have the splendid vindication of the accuracy of the writing of the account of Israel’s sojourner in lower Egypt. What is said in Genesis and Exodus of the character of the country, its government and its court and the customs of the people are shown to be picturesquely drawn from the life." The same may be said of the results of the work done in research in other portions of Bible lands.

The Bible surpasses all other books in presenting highest ideals of life and character and aid us in rising toward highest living. Men who have not really studied the Bible talk about its being worn out, but who has yet attained to the perfect keeping of the law in the Ten Commandments, much less the lofty ideals of righteousness and truth set forth in the Bible? We need high ideals and great characters.

The painter, the sculptor, the writer, the
I, Miss Middaugh, Mrs. Washington, on her eightieth birthday, Mrs. Allen, of Albany.

Death of Mrs. Allen.

Abigail A. Allen, Widow of the Late President Allen, Passed Away at her Home in Alfred, N. Y., Sunday morning, October 26, 1892.

For the past two weeks we have been expecting the announcement of the death of Mrs. Allen, but when the word was passed from one to another Sunday morning that she had passed away, we were overwhelmed with sadness. It can be truthfully said that she had no enemies. No one who was associated with her life and her teaching in any way came in contact with her sweet and lovable character.

Mrs. Allen was born in the town of Friendship, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1824. The old homestead was situated about one mile west of the village of Elmira. At fifteen years of age she came to Alfred and became a student in the Academy, being an honorary member of its first graduating class, of which class her future husband, Jonathan Allen, was a member. At the suggestion of President Kenyon, she went to Ingham University, then known as Leltoy Female Seminary, where she was graduated in 1844. After graduation she returned to Alfred to accept a position as teacher. In 1846 she became Preceptor of the school. Her teaching in those days embraced the entire curriculum, and she was kept busy from morning till night in the class-room.

On July 12, 1849, Miss Maxson was married to Prof. Allen, who afterwards became the beloved President of the University. For more than fifty years she shared his labors, his ambitions and his hopes as constant and unflagging as any woman could be to her husband. His burdens and trials rested heavily upon her heart, and his victories rejoiced her quite as much as they did him.

Mrs. Allen was one of the pioneers of the state of New York for the advancement of the political rights of woman, and counted among her intimate friends the leading spirits in this movement, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and others. At the reception given to Susan B. Anthony, at Washington, on her eightieth birthday, Mrs. Allen was by special invitation an honored guest.

She leaves three children to mourn their loss, Mrs. Eva Alberti and Prof. Alfred Allen, of New York City, and Mrs. George G. Champlian, of Chicago.

The funeral services were held at the late residence Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 28. Music was furnished by a quartet composed of Miss Middaugh, Mrs. A. Barber, and Messrs. Truman and Post. Prof. C. F. Binns read a portion of Scripture and offered prayer, after which Pastor Randolph spoke in behalf of the church, and Free. Davis for the University, who also read the following resolutions:

By the Trustees.

In the death of Mrs. Abigail A. Allen, Alfred University suffers the loss of a life-long friend and devoted teacher. Since her separation from the Preceptress in 1846, until the time of her death, she has been officially connected with the University.

During the long and successful Presidency of her late husband, Dr. Jonathan Allen, she was his faithful supporter, wise counselor and loving companion.

Her memory will ever be cherished with that of her noble company, who were the founders and pioneer teachers of Alfred University.

Her lovable character, her scholarly and benevolent ideals and her noble self-sacrifice will be an inspiration to those who are left to carry on the work.

By the Faculty.

The Faculty of Alfred University, feeling keenly the loss occasioned by the death of Mrs. Abigail A. Allen, desires to express its high appreciation of her sterling worth and of her loving and untiring services for the University.

For more than half a century she was connected with the school as student, preceptress or teacher. Through all these years she was a Friend of teachers and of students. Many students who under adverse circumstances were seeking an education found her ever ready to render encouragement, sympathy and understanding. Her kindly interest and inspiring example are cherished by thousands who have been connected with the University.

The life of Mrs. Allen was one of cheerful self-sacrifice to an extent that few realize or appreciate. Personal comfort and personal rights have been held as secondary to benevolent ends in her life.

The faculty remembers with gratitude that she was a most faithful and efficient co-worker with President Allen in his long and successful administration, and that her influence in his ideals and plans for the upbuilding of the University continued unabated to the end of her life.

While we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, we rejoice with them in the assurance that she has received the rich reward of her long and faithful Christian life.

These were followed by an eloquent and touching tribute by a former student, Dr. Edwin H. Lewis, of Chicago, which we are pleased to give in full:

Dearest Friends: — When the sweet Psalmist of Israel felt praise of God welling up in his heart, he could not but think of the entire creation in words. This is what we do when our feelings are too deep for easy speech. And the little that I shall say of Mother Allen is but a repetition of what has been said; only it is a pleasure and a joy to say these things again.

There is a Persian figure of speech which likens the soul to a falcon imprisoned in a cage. Surely that metaphor was never truer than in the case of this great and saintly soul, whose body lies here to-day. That body was but the bars that kept her spirit from the stars. And now the bird has been let loose in eastern skies, and when we think of this gladsome release, we cannot, at first, help fancying the strong, unfeathered, upward flight of one who was so long a prisoner of this clay. Yet there is another side to that picture. Mother Allen was never known to leave any person lonely if she could help it. Whom knows but that she still lingers near us, "the sweet presence of all our hearts! I remember how, two years after President Allen’s death, I said to her, "You must be very lonely." Her face, which was always so serious, even and, in repose, looked up at me in surprise. " Why," she said, "he is here with me all the time, every hour," and there dawned upon her face that rare smile which we all know so well. And we may be sure that her spirit will not cease to be a joy of heaven, she does not forget her children nor those many others who loved to call her mother.

There was a great soul. Her views of life were large, her heart was deep. He interested were lofty, ideal interests. She joined herself heart and hand with great causes in the struggle for right, and she watched with profound interest the progress of truth in the vast world. It is a striking fact that her old friend and fellow laborer in the cause of equal rights for women, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, should have died on the same day with Mrs. Allen. In that struggle for woman suffrage, as in many other great battles for humanity, Mrs. Allen saw the hand of God. Her faith was clear-eyed and perfect. No matter what obstacles stood in the way, God’s truth was and will be forever marching on. Her greatness of soul lay not only in her broad interests, but in her strength of will and spirit. Who could gaze on that frail body at any time in the many years and the many ages that the body was kept alive by the soul that burned within it. No clearer illustration could be found of the command which the spirit may exercise over matter.

But here was not merely a great soul; it was sweet, gentle, saintly. She loved her race. She hated no man or woman. She was generous to a fault. She had a gift, a very genius for friendship. If all the old students whose hearts she has cheer-ned could be with us to-day, no room in Alfred would contain a tithe of them. In sickness and in health they were her dear friends. In her great motherly heart loved them as her own. No wonder that they call her Mother Allen. Sometimes it seemed to a timid, obscure student that it was impossible Mrs. Allen could take a genuine interest in him, but when he had passed through college, and became an alumnus, and had been absent from old Alfred in the thick of the world’s struggles, he would find that he was still remembered. I doubt if Mrs. Allen ever forgot an old student.

And they in turn have not forgotten her. She lives again in many a life. There was one noticeable thing about Mrs. Allen’s friendship for young people — she always treated them as capable of great and noble things. That was because she felt that we are all God’s children. She spoke directly to the best that is in us. She assumed, that we than in the case of this great and saintly soul, whose body lies here to-day. That body was but the bars that kept her spirit from the stars. And now the bird has been let loose in eastern skies, and when we think of this gladsome release, we cannot, at first, help fancying the strong, unfeathered, upward flight of one who was so long a prisoner of this clay. Yet there is another side to that picture. Mother Allen was never known to leave any person lonely if she could help it. Whom knows but that she still lingers near us, "the sweet presence of all our hearts! I remember how, two years after President Allen’s death, I said to her, “You must be very lonely.” Her face, which was always so serious, even and, in repose, looked up at me in surprise. “Why,” she said, “he is here with me all the time, every hour,” and there dawned upon her face that rare smile which we all know so well. And we may be sure that her spirit will not cease to be a joy of heaven, she does not forget her children nor those many others who loved to call her mother.

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Nov. 3, 1902.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

She has been welcomed by the outstretched, transfigured hands of her husband. We shall never know how much President Allen owed to her cheerful optimism that never failed him in those long, hard years of labor. We cannot know yet what their new, united life will be in that Beyond; but we know that it will be a happier life, one without worry, care, and toil; a life, we believe, that will help to sway the growing life of man. One thing we may be sure of—her thirst for beauty will be assuaged; she will study art at the feet of the great masters who shaped the parapets of those white flowers laid here by loving hands, and may we share her faith in God's goodness and look forward to our death as joyfully as she!

*Sunset and evening star And one clear call for me; And may there be no morning of the bar When I put out to sea.*

*But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep. Too full for sound and loan, When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.*

*Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark and deep I hope to see my Pilot, face to face, When I reach the distant shore.*

L. C. R.

THE NEED OF RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

During recent years the average religious journal has had a hard row to hoe. There has been a noteworthy and generally acknowledged decline in the fervor of church life—a temporary decline, but still one not to be denied; and this has meant a withdrawal of support from the pages of a religious paper.

Secular affairs have pressed upon men with unexamined force and attractiveness. Never before was the world so interesting. Especially, secular magazines have multiplied at an amazing rate, and newspapers and other periodicals have been able to capture their resources and have gained a fascination which they never before exhibited. Secular books, and especially the novel, have sold in astonishing numbers. All this has had an unfavorable effect upon the prosperity of the religious journal.

Outdoors sports have made tremendous strides in popularity. Mammon has such a hold on men's affections as it never has gained before. Wars among the nations and struggles between labor and capital have absorbed men's attention. All this has been proving disastrous to religious journals.

Our readers know that the editors of this paper are indomitable optimists; and yet there is no sense in shutting one's eyes to facts. We are not discouraged for the church; our faith is not even depressed; a good time is coming, this is not a good time.

Now the very causes that have rendered the case of the religious journal a hard one have made the religious journal a greater necessity than ever before. If the world is so attractive, there is double need of presenting the attractiveness of heaven. If mammon presse, the more urgently should we press

the claims of unselfishness. With the world running mad on the one hand for soul-hardening toil and on the other hand for soul-destroying sport, there is most urgent need for the presentation of same views of life, for reminiscence of eternity.

The secular press is trying to take the place of the religious journals, but it is never done. Every Sunday paper has its pious page, but it also has thirty pages that are the opposite of pious. Every Monday newspaper prints reports of Sunday's sermons, but only when they treat the Picayune or the labors of some other secular or sensational theme. Not once a year could any earnest Christian find a morsel of soul food in the reports of Sunday sermons that appear in most papers.

We cannot depend upon the editors and reporters of secular papers being religious men. We have ourselves known editors of religious papers in important newspapers who were themselves better infidels, sneering at all religious literature. Their task is to en- gage in the absorbing details of politics, social scandal, crime and sports to be well-informed about the temperance, denominational positions, theological principles, and the real progress and condition of the church. The most grotesque misrepresentations regarding religious matters are constantly made by secular papers, misrep- resentations that would not be permitted for a moment in regard to politics or society.

There is great need for Christians everywhere to consider this matter, and rally to the support of religious journalism. Several important religious papers have died within the past year. We know of others that are in a dying condition. Our own paper, The Christian Endeavor World, though it holds its own and a little more all the time, is far below the position of influence it ought to hold. We are inclined to think that there are too many religious journals, and that the cause of Christianity is weakened by consolida- tion of several struggling organs in each denomination into one strong paper. But even this convention is daunted by the question, If three papers should be united, would the re- sulting journal receive three times the patronage of the other three? Would it be as well supported as it should be supported, so as worthy to represent a great division of Christ's kingdom? We fear it would not.

After all, though the Baptists may have a dozen denominational papers, and the Meth- odists as many more, and the Presbyterians and Congregationalists almost as many, and the Lutherans and Disciples and all the rest be equally well represented—what is that compared with the great flood of secular papers and magazines, the thirty-five-cent monthly, the twenty-five-cent monthly, the ten and five-cent monthlies, the secular weeklies (political, humorous, social), the newspapers by the score in all the cities, while every town and county must have three or four?

The problem is only rendered more difficult and complex by the move toward secularization made by some powerful religious papers, a move which in some cases has practically transferred them to the secular field, while they still retain the title and prestige of re- ligious periodicals.

We rejoice in Christian discussions of the Philippines, of Toletoi, and of the tariff.

But these are merely applications of religion, at the most; they are not fundamentals.

We call upon all of the readers of this paper to use their influence toward the pros- perity of the religious press. Pastors, especi- ally, can do much to turn their people in this direction. Christian Endeavor Societies should have as one permanent aim the win- ning of their members from this passion for secular reading, that, while not neglecting the best secular books and periodicals, they may read more of those books and papers that will set them to thinking for Christ and his kingdom.

If Christians everywhere would do this, the religious press, instead of being crippled as it is now, handicapped in a thousand ways by lack of resources, would be able to take a stand where it belongs, in advance of the secular press, as representing the power and intelligence and beauty of religion. May that day speedily come.—Christian Endeavor World.

ACHIEVEMENT THROUGH SELF-MASTERY.

We rise by the things that are under foot. By what we have mastered of good and gain, the pride depends, temperance, and the vanquished life that we hourly meet.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound, but by building on the ladder, one rung at a time. From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, and we mount to its summit by slow rule.

—J. G. Holland.

DON'T HURRY.

Anyone can hold out a dumm-bell for a few seconds; but in a few more seconds the arm sags; it is only the trained athlete who can endure even to the minute's end. For Hawthorne to hold the people of "The Scarlet Letter" steadily in focus from November to February, to say nothing of six years' preliminary work; for the realist painter in "The Cloister and the Hearth" to finish the monumental scene by which he is distinguished, he must wait. "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry," says Mr. Ruskin, and "Flemish art in Flanders"; and "But time and art never come without a struggle, ... in art, artists are driven back by war and peril into a narrow path and a narrow line." But in the world of letters, time and art effect the leading of the men, who are the artists, and we must have the "hurry," as the towel says, but we must not hurry our work. "Hurry," says Mr. Ruskin, "is the enemy of art in every possible way, and the more we hurry, the more we are driven back by war and peril into a narrow path and a narrow line.

—The Atlantic.

GOT IT DONE.

An intelligent-looking boy walked into a grocer's shop the other day, and, reading from a paper, said:

"I want six pounds of sugar, at 6½ cents a pound."

"Yes," said the shopman; "that will be 39 cents."

"Eleven pounds of rice, at 6 cents a pound."

"Sixty-six cents."

"Four pounds of tea, at 50 cents a pound."

"Two dollars." And so he continued: "Five pounds of coffee, 25 cents; some sardines, at 10 cents; four tins of tomatoes, at 9 cents, and eight tins of sardines, at 15 cents."

The shopman made out the bill and handed it to the lad, saying: "Did your mother send you, or does she want them entered?"

"My mother didn't send me at all," said the boy, seizing hold of the bill. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow.—New Orleans Picayune."
Missions.

By O. U. Whitford, CQ, Secretary, Western R. I.

LETTER FROM DR. PALMBORG.

Luu-cho, China, Sept. 14, 1902.

Rev. O. U. Whitford:

Dear Friend—Having returned from my vacation at the hills, and feeling grateful for the renewed strength of body and mind received there, I think I can do no better than to give you the friends at home a chance to enjoy my gratitude with me by writing you a letter.

The summer has been a trying one. We have been at our pleasant resort on the mountain there was a good deal of sickness, which was a trial to many. But we were so much more fortunate than those who had to remain on the plain in the midst of the cholera, that we had great cause for gratitude. The weather was extremely hot in many places, and the people died by thousands by that terrible scourge. One of our neighboring missionary friends succumbed to it, and another in the same mission suffered severely.

It may be interesting for you to read an extract from a letter written to us by my old teacher, Dean Sung-chung, while we were in the hills:

"This year, because the pestilence is so great, the Taoist and Buddhist priests are in great demand to repeat their incantations and beat gongs, etc., to drive away the evil. Idols are often taken out of the temples and carried through the streets, as they think it will drive away the pestilence devil. Even some of the officials with their soldiers escort the idols through the streets. The people are calling the sixth month the first month—trying to drive away the evil spirit and make him think it is winter, so he will go away, for cholera never comes in the winter. But they do not at all think how all power is in the hands of God, nor worship him, the true God. What a pity that they so deceived themselves! May God have mercy upon them and enlighten their hearts. Our people, in God’s great mercy, are all well. This may comfort your hearts."

The great heat and the dreadful epidemic are now over about, although, as I write, the temperature in my room is 86 degrees Fahrenheit.

I enjoyed a delightful visit in Shanghai with our nearest neighbors there, who are missionary physicians, and have a fine hospital. I was detained longer than I intended to stay by a severe storm, called a "typhoon," which lasted three days. The next day I came out here by boat, my already-mentioned old teacher coming with me for company, as he had nothing important to do. He remained over the Sabbath, to my great pleasure, and I asked him to conduct a service here Sabbath morning. At first I thought we would hold it in room at the street, and let the passers-by come in as we would, but later I decided to hold it in an inner room, and send out to invite in the acquaintances and friends who would be more apt to understand—at least to listen. About twenty came in, and to these the service was presented as "The Unknown Gospel." They gave close attention, and I pray that to some heart may have come some understanding of the truth.

Yesterday afternoon we had another service here at the house, with a slightly smaller attendance, at which I tried to show them that Jesus is the light of the world. We expect to have our Sabbath afternoon meetings here once in the term; but all the private Sabbath schools holding it at Mrs. Ng’s country home, as before. I feel very inefficient for such work, and could wish I had had a theological course, but I have to do the best I can, and I am going to try to work in my young school teacher, Mrs. Ng, is a nice young man, and an earnest Christian, I am sure. Our little school has opened with about the same number of pupils as last term, but with a promise of more. I do not put too much faith in promises, however. The people seem to have no idea of the Sabbath, so my patients have been few, but are gradually increasing in numbers. It gives me a greater chance to talk personally with the different ones, however, which is something gained.

The other day I went on my bicycle to a town about one and a half miles distant, to visit a family in connection with our school. It is a nice family—that is, they are well-to-do and very respectable. I had a chance to talk to the women about the gospel, and preach a little sermon. I never heard it before. I felt rather amused when they told me they supposed the reason I had come here to live was because China was a better place to live in than America. I have hardly reached that point yet. On the way back from the meeting, I passed through a little village composed of boat people, where they are very rough and often insulting. One old woman came running after me and begged me to come and see her daughter-in-law, which I did. Although she was suffering from scurvy, which I told her, when I came out of the miserable hut the crowd that had gathered were quiet and respectful, and every day since then I have had some patient from that village. Perhaps they will treat me better hereafter.

As I look ahead to the year before me and see the great need, I feel very insufficient, and can only pray for God’s grace and help to make me faithful.

R. S. WILSON

FROM R. S. WILSON.

I have a good deal to report this time, if I can think of it all. I have done more preaching the past quarter than I have in any one quarter since I have been in the work, notwithstanding my wife, my baby and my daughter have all been sick so much; I was kept at home three weeks when my daughter had the fever. We had the doctor here once a day for twelve days, and my expenses were so high, but praise the Lord, they are all about once more. I have to some extent neglected our own church, which I told them, when I came out of the miserable but the crowd that had gathered were quiet and respectful, and every day since then I have had some patient from that village. Perhaps they will treat me better hereafter.

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probable that he will succeed, as his price is very reasonable.

We held services Sabbath morning, the night after Sabbath, Sunday morning, and also at 3:30 P. M. Sunday. The congregations were not large, averaging only about thirty, but we had precious good meetings. If there is such a thing as there is very little we can do here except to encourage the few faithful ones, unless we make a long seige. It is even doubtful about the propriety of such an effort. If our people were not scattering so much, we ought to do something of that kind. But I think the system of courting teachers was to build up central points; of course not to the detriment of the cause among the isolated ones.

Brother Pearse's people have not been up to the meetings at all. I hope to see them though before leaving.

I will leave here Wednesday morning for Hydrick, to meet the quartet. If I get favorable word from Hardy I may stop off there for a few hours with a Bro. Clarke, an uncle of D. Witter's. If not, I will push right on to Hydrick.

Boaz, Mo., Oct. 20, 1902.

**The Sign and the Substance.**

Within the past few years there has been a marked change in matters educational, especially in our colleges. The haste to "begin work," of which the collegians have more or less to say, and the consequent haste to complete college years and to enter upon professional or business training, have had a reflex influence upon the colleges themselves, and the up-to-date college president has been seeking for some way to satisfy this desire for a short road to knowledge, or at least a short road to what is accepted as a sign of knowledge. The result is a movement to reduce the length of college courses and to otherwise make it possible for the hurrying student to "begin work" a little earlier than those whom he follows.

For a great many years the colleges of the country have given to their graduates degrees which were to be like the tags on bundles—marks of what was to be found within. Naturally, there was a variety in what the same degree-marked, just as there was a variety in what the several institutions could confer. Harvard, for instance, would give to one who had labored faithfully through four years of hard work, using to his full limit the wonderful opportunities which that ancient institution possessed to give a liberal education, the same degree that some little institution of short life and few opportunities would give to one who has passed in each of the degrees very little of equal size; but that for which it stood was vastly different. This fact has resulted, in this age of haste, in causing many a well-meaning person to ask if too much time was not taken to secure these degrees, just as if the degree itself was the thing of value rather than that for which the degree stood. As a consequence there is to-day hardly a college of note which does not offer a short road to a degree, if not a short road to learning. And the latest proposition comes from Columbia, whose motto is "Learn and serve" and who has suggested the advisability of conferring for two years' study the degree which has heretofore represented four years' study.

The hurry to "begin work" may be unavoidable. It certainly must be recognized as a hard fact. But that is no reason why the signs of a liberal education should be tucked upon a partial education. If those young men who are in too much of a hurry to drink deep at the spring of learning must have some sign that they have sipped from the spring, the authorities should invent some new sign. But it hardly seems a fair thing to attach to them the same insignia which for many years has been used to honor those whose desire or thoroughness was greater than their desire to "begin work." To give for two years' study a degree which has heretofore stood for four years' work would be a great dishonor and a fifty-cent-worth of silver coin for a dollar—it might pass among those who knew no better, but when it came to the final place of exchange there would be a serious loss for the one presenting either.—Westerly Sun.

**Hints for the Hostess.**

The successful hostess is she who brings out the good points of her guests, substituting her own gifts or only using them to draw out those of others. Often the best way to bring out a bright one yourself is, if you want to get the talk upon music or art, or literature or home affairs, or any other subject, it is easy to steer the talk in an appropriate way, but when once the talk is well under way, let the hostess not attempt to shine overmuch herself. Always she should have in mind the pleasure and recognition by her guests of what is best in one another.

People like to go places where they feel at home, and it does not conduct to one's comfort if she feels that the whole household has been turned upside down because of her coming. —Woman's Home Companion.

**Do not plan too much for a guest's amuse­ment.** A chance to choose one's diversion is often more appreciated than a constant round of gayeties. Especially if your visitor be a busy housewife she will enjoy a day in which there is no "must do."

Make no attempt to vary your usual bill of fare. Your guest will usually prefer the newness of your dishes to an imitation of her own. If you live in the country the home-made bacon and fresh roasted ham, is a real treat; and a fresh, clean, fresh from the river, will be a revelation to one who has only eaten fish after it has been packed in ice. If you live in the city do not attempt to serve spring chicken to your country guest. But the juicy steaks and roasts you are so tired of are a treat she can seldom enjoy at her distance from the market.—What to Eat.

**The Life is the Test.**

To examine its evidence is not to try Christianity; to admire its martyrs is not to try Christianity; to compare and estimate its teachers is not to try Christianity; to attend its services in a more thorough than Mohammedan punctuality, is not to try or know Christianity. But for one day to have lived in the pure atmosphere of faith and love to God, of tenderness to man; to have beheld earth annihilated and heaven opened to the prophetic gaze; to hope; to have seen even more than the complicated troubles of this strange, mysterious life, the unchangeable smile of an eternal Friend, and everything that is difficult to reason solved by that relying trust which is higher and better than that—how can I say it? I will not say not for a life, but for a single blessed hour, that, indeed, is to have made experiment of Christianity.—William Archer Butler.
the suffering in the families of the soldiers. The work of this organization extended throughout the Union and was the means of much good.

In connection with Miss Anthony and others, she did different times edited papers and magazines that presented the principles for which she stood. She was known as the author of several books, and a regular contributor to many magazines. Her name also appears in connection with the Woman's Bible, published a few years ago, a book consisting of a compilation of all the references to women in the Bible, with comments by Mrs. Stanton. Although she will always be best known because of her connection with Woman Suffrage, it should also be remembered that she was a ready writer and speaker on other subjects, and was a strong advocate of temperance.

She made several journeys abroad to lecture on Suffrage. In 1868 she ran for Congress, but was defeated.

"Here was a long life devoted to doing what she believed was her duty, and doing it with her whole heart. She gave of her life to resist the various tyrannies against woman, and for over half a century was known as a strong advocate and staunch supporter of the Suffrage question."

REPORT OF WOMAN'S SOCIETY FOR CHRISTIAN WORK, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

This Society held its Annual Meeting in the church parlor October 8, 1902. Officers for the past year were re-elected. Mrs. George B. Babcock, President; Mrs. D. E. Tooker, Vice-President; Mrs. A. T. Maxson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. T. B. Titsworth, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. F. A. Dunham, Treasurer. A summary of the year's work was read by the Secretary and reports were received from the various committees. The Tract Committee reported the presentation of most excellent papers, one upon the Sacrifices and Loyalty of our Enemy Sabbath-keepers, and the other the History of the Seventh-day Churches in New Jersey. These papers were read at our Friday evening missionary service.

The Treasurer reported receipts of $402.44 and expenditures of $425.67. Of this, $54.00 was paid to the Missionary Society; $274.75 to Tract Society, ($220.75 of ward. The, Society, $374.75 to Tract Society, ($220.75 of ward.

"The Treasurer reported receipts having been raised by a special effort of What, my boy! do you want to join the church to-day, and then you were to slip aside, it would bring discredit upon this church and do great injury to the cause of Christ. I shall be coming this way again about the time of your twelfth birthday."

"No socond was this said than all the people rose to their feet, and some, speaking for the rest, said, "Why, he is the one that has taught us all we know about Jesus Christ." And so it turned out to be. This was the little minister of the little church; the honored instrument in the hand of God of saving all the rest for Jesus Christ.—Forward.

"Money and poor relations are the roots of many evils."

T. B. Titsworth, Treasurer.

PUBLIC SERVICES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

October 23, 1892.

"Our Reading Room."

"Tisn't then as we have opportunity, let us be workmen. "We are good safe, good, goodly, towards our families."—1 Cor. 7:10. "It is good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 10:16.

DEBUTYER, N. Y.—The new memorial windows for our church are being placed in position. They have received the commendations of those who have seen them for their beauty and appropriateness. They are double windows and arranged for two inscriptions. These windows have been generously provided by the relatives of the various families named in them to express their love and deep admiration for the present pastor, who is a gift from the Junior Endeavor Society, and the one in memory of Dr. Ella Sinney, which is provided for by "Loving Friends." The names on the windows are here given in gratitude to the contributors, and to show what a list of ministers and deacons the DeBryuter church has had. Beginning at the right of the entrance, north-east corner, the first window is in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Barton G. Stillman. The second is in memory of Rev. Charles M. Lewis and Deacon J. B. Babcock. This is in memory of Rev. Joshua Clarke and his brother, Dr. S. S. Clarke. The fourth is in memory of Deacon J. B. Wells and his brother, Deacon D. Deles Wells. On the west end of the church the right-hand window is inscribed to the memory of Deacon John Maxson and Deacon Willard D. Wilcox. The left window is in memory of Rev. Alexander Campbell and Deacon Henry Crandall. On the south side, at the west end, the first window is in memory of Deacon and Mrs. A. C. Stillman and Mrs. Sarah D. Babcock. The second is in memory of Rev. J. R. Irish and Rev. James Bailey. The third window is in memory of Rev. L. R. Swinney and his sister, Ella F. Sinney. The fourth window is in memory of Rev. G. E. Tomlinson.

The gallery windows are in the same style, but without inscriptions. The front windows, up stairs, have large letters in opal glass, which can be read across the street: "The Seventh-day Baptist Church of DeBryuter; Constituted 1806; Erected 1885."

L. R. S.

OTEULIC, N. Y.—The Quarterly Meeting at Otseic was not attended by many from a distance, but by a large number near the church. The meetings were very spiritual and profitable, and will be long remembered as precious sessions to the little church without a pastor.

L. R. S.

WESTERLY, R. L.—Pastor Davis and family returned from Watch Hill about the first of October, and are boarding this winter at Mr. Walter Stillman’s, on Grove Avenue. For a number of Sundays past Mr. Davis has been out of town, in the interest of the Anti-Saloon League. He has visited various places in Massachusetts, delivering one or two addresses each Sunday.

The choir, under the leadership of J. H. Tannen, Jr., have completed arrangements for another lecture course to be given in the church during the coming winter. The first entertainment was given on the evening of October 23, by Silas G. Pratt of New York, and was well attended. It was entitled, "The Soul of a Song," and consisted of music, a descriptive address and stereopticon views. Mr. Pratt’s purpose was to show by use of these three helps how a simple harmony could..."
be developed into a musical masterpiece. To illustrate this thought he used "My Old Kentucky Home," which was sung by Miss Emma S. Langworthy. The other entertainments are as follows:

Nov. 6.—The Damon Instrumental Quartet.
Nov. 10.—Ed. Packard, the cartoonist.
Feb. 3.—The Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra.

HENRY VAIL DUNHAM.

At the Regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Foundation, the following minute was ordered agreed upon the records of the Board:

On August 37, Henry Vail Dunham, one of our honored fellow-members and co-laborers, was called away from earth’s activities, and we shall never more have the benefit of his cordial greeting, his genial friendship and wise counsel.

He was elected a member of this Board in 1855, and was treasurer from 1889.

During all these years he has given to its important duties and to our denominational interests his faithful service. He brought to this Board a devoted spirit, a trained business mind, and a conscientious faithfulness, which endeared him to his associates.

We gratefully inscribe in our Minutes this testimonial of our appreciation of our friend and our sense of loss in his death. To the stricken family we tender our heartfelt sympathy, commending them to the loving care of our Heavenly Father, whom he loved and served.

D. E. Trowbridge, Sec.

FISHING IN WISCONSIN LAKES.

The Easterner or the Westerner goes in summer to the mountains or the sea, but whither turn the dwellers in the Mississippi states? The names they love are Mackinac—Northwest Pointe, Little Mackinaw, La Salle, Petoskey, Algonac, Manistow, steeped in Indian legend. They go to the Great Lakes or the big North Woods. If they go house-boat-ifying, they go well up the Mississippi. Some go a-vo-yaging; it is not so far from Buffalo to Dubuque as from Chicago to York.

They like the lake-life better than the boat-etry that plays between those Great Lake ports are fully as big as ocean liners and their trips take fully as long; and many people spend a summer week steaming through the vast expanse of three of the inland seas. They secure the detachment of everyday life in an ocean traveler luxurates. Others go a-fishing—for a man’s fish, the king of all fishes, the muskallonge. Others find hammock and veranda joys along a thousand miles of coast from Pointe aux Barques to Marquette. Or sail on frigid Lake Superior. Or frolic their toilsome way up beyond Itasca into the pine slashes of the wilderness. Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are summer resorts by virtue of ozone distinct from the rarified mountain stimulant in Colorado and from the balsam-laden breezes of New Hampshire and the Adirondacks, but as different from twice-breathed city air as either; by virtue of long, white beaches with fresh-water surf creaming in from blue deeps; by virtue of big fish to which most New Hampshire trout are minnows; by virtue of opportunities for every outdoor pleasure except mountain-climbing.

Families from St. Louis or Chicago spend the summer at Traverse Bay or Thunder Bay or Mackinac as Philadelphia families stay at Atlantic City or Boston families at Mount Desert. Their amusements, too, are similar, even to the bathing, though bathing in the Lakes is as different from salt-water bathing as forlorn as bluefish from casting for trout. The ocean along our northeast shore is cold, very cold, but it shocks the red blood to the surface, where it stays. How cold lake water is was shown by tests in Lake Superior which proved that a hundred feet below the surface the temperature was not more than a degree throughout the year.

Once, on a sultry August day, a party of campers anchored their catboat off a rock on the Canadian shore of Superior. One of them, hastily undressing, dove with a shout and a splash into the thirty feet of clear, brilliant water, and it took the united efforts of the rest of the party to pull him out and revive him; the cold had simply struck him numb. Tempered a little when it reaches the southern peninsula of Michigan, and even warmer in the sunshine on shallow sand-flats, the Lake water is still insinuatingly cold with a chill that does not create a swift electrical reaction. The bathing is pleasant; it is not excellent—no freshwater bathing is.

Mackinac is the beauty-spot of the region. Once a holy of holies for the Indians, supposed to be a dwelling place of the great Manitou, later an American fort—the old block-house is still standing—the island with its picturesque scenery of dark woods and freakish rocks is hallowed with memories of La Salle and Marquette and all the early history of the Old Northwest. It has the wild beauty, the pleasant drives, the romantic suggestion that makes cozy honeymoon sorties. It has the sufficiency of quiet enjoyment that women love in cool summer places. The air is lovely, the beaches are giving.

And though Mackinac is the gem, the whole Lake coast is well enough supplied with natural charms like those of Mackinac to make it all a vast-children-visited, woman-satisfying play-place.

But men go to the Lake country to fish. Many a lawyer, banker and weary professional man of other vocation, and business men by the score, toil industriously through the year in little Illinois and Iowa and Kansas towns, content in the anticipation of a few summer weeks with a rod on the big lakes that have made Northern Wisconsin and a broad strip of Minnesota a veritable piscatorial paradise. There is, probably, no better kind of man in whom God praises, and whose life brightens the world, than that real good-deed has brightened and strengthened his life. We often speak of the weakness that follows the wrong deed, of the peril of the first cowardice and mean-spirited that woman loves in cool summer places. Again, this episode shows us how a suggestion may ring true.

The idea of a young man's life, after the wrong deed, of the peril of the first cowardice and mean-spirited that woman loves in cool summer places. Again, this episode shows us how a suggestion may ring true.

Lesions From Caleb.

The few references in the Scriptures to what Caleb said and said suggest that he must have been a most wholesome and attractive personality—not brilliant and compelling, perhaps, but sound, sweet, sensible and strong.

People often refer to good men as though piety was a detraction from the sum of human power, or as though the type of character is pleasing to God. It is, very attractive to men. Perhaps such notions arise from the exclusiveness and lack of human sympathy which those who profess to be religious persons often show. They apparently seek to be so unworlthy that they cease to be men and women. Now, there is nothing of this in the Bible. The men whom God praises, as he praised Caleb, are not angels, but men; and men whose manly, noble and winsome qualities anyone with an eye for excellence of character would recognize. Men like Moses or Joshua or David or Caleb would be admired in any civilization worthy of the name. Perhaps there is no more timely lesson to be impressed upon young men than that real religion does not make a man less, but more of a man. God wants to see human nature bring his highest perfection. It is not walking in God’s ways but departure from them which robs life of its strength, efficiency and charm. Caleb, cheerful, honest, courageous and single-hearted, is the kind of man in whom both God and men delight.

Again, this episode shows us how a single bold and decisive action may brighten life. It had been a long process for Caleb and Joshua, forty years before, to speak what was in their hearts, against the conclusions of their companions in arms. It is vastly more difficult to withstand your intimates and your compatriots than to take firm ground against your enemies. Many a fine deed has been undone because of fear of offending those with whom you are working. When Caleb spoke those ringing sentences in favor of going up at once to possess the land, he knew that he was destroying friendships and setting himself apart from those who would rather take his stand. And in this episode we see, as through a glass, how the memory of that good deed had brightened and strengthened his life. We often speak of the weakness that follows the wrong deed, of the peril of the first cowardice and mean-spirited that woman loves in cool summer places. Again, this episode shows us how a suggestion may ring true.

The explanation of many a noble life is the influence and bent of a true, fine thing done away with. It had been a long process for Caleb and Joshua, forty years before, to speak what was in their hearts, against the conclusions of their companions in arms. It is vastly more difficult to withstand your intimates and your compatriots than to take firm ground against your enemies. Many a fine deed has been undone because of fear of offending those with whom you are working. When Caleb spoke those ringing sentences in favor of going up at once to possess the land, he knew that he was destroying friendships and setting himself apart from those who would rather take his stand. And in this episode we see, as through a glass, how the memory of that good deed had brightened and strengthened his life. We often speak of the weakness that follows the wrong deed, of the peril of the first cowardice and mean-spirited that woman loves in cool summer places. Again, this episode shows us how a suggestion may ring true.

Still further, this story gives us a noble illustration of the reward of a choice spirit craves. It is not easy to come to, nor security from peril, but a chance to render more service and to occupy a harder field. For reward Caleb craved the mountain, which it was most difficult to take. The request perfectly illustrates the Christian spirit. It is the best in us that repines when burdens multiply and the call is to a hard service. The characteristic Christian spirit understands that promise of "the open door" to those who have served faithfully. That is just what they want—not release, but a larger opportunity to do more.
Young People's Work.

Letter C. Randolph, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

Critical Year.

There is an incoming tide of young people in our schools. Many are entering upon a new life. How much it means for them! How much it means to the homes from which they have come forth! In some of these homes I have been. In some of them I have known. I have heard the steady voice of the father raised in earnest prayer for the one who was gone. I have heard the mother's voice suddenly choke and fail, as she thought of her absent boy. These are critical years upon which you are entering, young people. Many of you are near the point of decision regarding the vital question of life or one that relates to it. God help you.

The Power Which Cannot Fail.

A great bridge was to be built across a certain river. The piles were being driven to rest the foundation upon. One day the workmen found they could make no headway, and examination showed that they had struck an old, forgotten, unused water main in the river bed. The design was laid a temporary track and harnessed a locomotive to the old main by immense cables. All in vain. They brought tug boats, which whistled and puffed and churned the water, but nothing came. As they were in despair, and the city authorities were seriously considering changing the location of the bridge, a quiet man appeared who said, "I can lift it out." The contract was at once his. He brought two old mud secoas and anchored them above the old main. The cables were tightly lashed to huge beams laid from one scow to another. Then he took his place on the bank, folded his arms and said, "I have finished." He waited while the tide came up, lifting higher and higher. The voice of God himself, through the great natural forces said to the old water main, "Come, come." There was a mighty upheaval which shook the river from bank to bank, and the work was done.

O, man, link yourself with God by prayer, beginning the day with him and the communion unbroken; by living in the atmosphere of his word, by Christian associaions and church fellowships, by church service and work. Link yourself with God, and the things which were impossible in your own unaided strength shall become possible. The ruined, sunken life, down in the mire of sin, whose auction is ever pulling you back, shall be lifted by power which cannot fail.

Question Box.

Question.—Was there any action at Conference making the Associational Secretaries of the Young People's Societies Field Secretaries of their respective Associations? It seems to me that there was such action, but I am not sure. I favor the idea and think that such an officer could be used to good advantage.

Answer.—Line upon line, and precept upon precept. Yes, indeed! O, busy generation, if ye had read last week's column, ye would have seen it down there in black and white, from the Young People's Editor's pen. Geta long pole and gently stir up your Field Secretary, and while you are thinking of it read carefully the Young People's Page of the last three Recorder.
The Missionary Jackknife.

Little Boy Blue had "blows his horn," had slept under the traditional haystack for the space of three minutes, his eyes wide open part of the time and the other part winking and blinking as a true Little Boy Blue's eyes should; had marched around the house on his broom; stick horse very bravely. More like his broom, stick horse very bravely.

"If I don't, its because the boys do not do right by me," he said. They open the door and shout at me, and sometimes they throw things at me. I don't think anybody would like that.

"But I didn't do such a thing, did I? Nor I never will. I just thought I would, come over and visit you a little while. Seemed to me you must have been all day alone. But I'mn't ask many questions. I don't know just what I shall talk about."

A sigh. It was hard to visit and not ask questions.

"Guess I'll tell you about the missionary folks. They live 'way off somewhere. It's ever and ever so far. I don't just know where; but it's an awful place—a hole in the ground, I guess. And they have such a hard time! We're going to send them some things in a box. I'm going to send my blocks, because I want you to have all the things I have any more, mamma says; but I do like to get them down some days when there isn't any other little boy to play with. And I would like to send the little boy out there—there is a missionary boy, you know—a missionary jackknife, if I could. But it would cost me so much I don't know just how I am going to get the money. Because he has not got any knife to whittle things."

The hardship of the situation impressed itself upon the sympathizing heart of Little Boy very deeply.

"How much do you think such a missionary knife would cost?" The shoemaker man was becoming interested.

"Oh, I expect as much as forty dollars."

The shoemaker man laughed now quite audibly. "I should think that would buy a splendid knife!"

"Well, that's the kind I want to send him."

Then they talked for a long time about the possibilities of missionary jackknives in general and the one Little Boy had in mind in particular. From being a dull day, into the heart of the shoemaker man a shed of sunshine became lighter. It became easier and easier for Little Boy to talk, and before he knew it he had forgotten and was asking so many questions, all in his own quaint way, that the shoemaker just laid down his tools and gave himself up to the charming visitor from over the way.

And when at last, what with the visit and the warm air of the shop, Little Boy's curvy head drooped and he leaned back in the comfortable chair fast asleep, the shoemaker man gathered him up in his arms and carried him the way. After mamma had taken him and placed him in the little bed in her own room, the shoemaker man, who had seemed so gloomy and still at his work, took out a round silver dollar and handed it to Little Boy's mother.

"The little fellow has done me more good than the whortleberries of the money," he said, with a queer sound in his voice. "I want him to have that to buy the missionary boy out yonder a jackknife. He told me all about the squeal and rub his nose with his paw: He

BOBBY BEAR'S FIRST SHOW.

Bobby was a fat little bear away up in the mountains. He had a sister just his age, as fat as he was, and had a great big mamma bear. Bobby used to wonder if he would be as big as his mother, able to make his voice to rumble in his throat like thunder and to recite poetry up on the rocks to stretch his mark. Once he asked her what she did that for. She told Bobby how all that part of the mountain was her very own, and other bears had better stay away, so she put her sign up so high that everybody could see it.

In the long summer days Bobby and his sister used to stand up on their little hind legs and scratch their marks on the trees to show other little bears that this was their own playground, and Bobby soon found that he could scratch his mark just a little bit higher than his sister's. But his sister would just push him over and away and hide among the rocks.

One morning in September mamma awoke them very early and told them to look outside the warm cave that was their home. What do you think they saw? All the brown leaves of the day before had disappeared. All the old lumps and bare bushes had gone also. Instead were beautiful things all in white, and the ground was all white, too. It was the first snow, coming very early because their home was so high up on the mountains.

Bobby put one foot out and then pulled it back quickly and shook it, for it was cold and wet. But mamma told him it wouldn't hurt, and pretty soon he and his sister were having a great frolic. When mamma called them for a walk their little brown coats had become so full of the beautiful soft snow that they were two little white bears. By and by Mamma Bear stopped at a big tree all dead at the top and sat up on her haunches and sniffed and sniffed. Then Bobby and his sister sat up just as mamma did, and they sniffed up and down and sniffed, and said, "I smell honey," and they knew from the way she said it that honey must be something nice. So they watched her climb and climb, and danced with joy, but they didn't mind her when she told them to go away back in the bushes. Then what do you think happened? Down came a big limb with a crash. It frightened them so they turned and ran as fast as they could run. By and by they heard mamma calling them back. There stood mamma on the big limb, which was broken open and all full of something which made mamma run her long, red tongue out and lick her jaws as if it was very good to eat. They heard a funny humming noise and noticed that the air was full of little black specks. Mamma kept brushing off her head with her great paws, and growing deep grows.

All of a sudden Bobby felt a sharp pain on the end of his nose. It made him jump and squeal and rub his nose with his paw. He ran to his mother just as a little boy does who is tumbling down and hurts himself. But over there he got a whole lot of sharp pains that made him squeal harder than ever.
His sister was squealing, too. Memnon Bear laughed at them and told them to taste the glistening liquid stuff in the tree and they would forget all about their sting and hurts. Sure enough, they did, for never had they tasted anything half so good.

So Bobby, who lives in a park now and knows lots of little boys and girls, has never forgotten that day when he saw his first snow and tasted his first honey, and was stung the first time by bees.—Good Housekeeping.

A TRAMP IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

We had just arrived, but at the noise of voices on the porch we sprang from the hasty lunch they had prepared. Outside in the rain were several big lanterns, half a dozen men in neatly fitting corduroys and hip-boots were grouped about a portly, clerical-looking gentleman, similarly attired. All were talking at once of the string of undersized trout the Doctor, as they called him, held high. A dozen sticks of the day's luck and individual feats were hurled in confused succession at the admiring wives and daughters who faced them, until the Doctor's wife, complacent and patronizing, addressed herself to a slouchy great loge.

The scene was of ignorance and his quaint speech let in the clean them fish for ye, Doctor. I wondered and respect... He was one of those certainly, the Doctor's clean tired me out.”

"Saw old Ceph," he said as he munched at the leavings of the luncheon and emptied his pouch of some berries he had picked. "Shook hands with him and said 'Howdy.' Folks as says trees like him ain't bunon don't know any more about it 'an that fancy pill-man do about curin' folks. Ceph he sat right down wi' me an' told me about young Ceph dyin' in the winter, and sighed and looked on terrible. But he don't quit, old Ceph, he keeps right to his work.'

"What is his work, Zeko?"

"Grown'j jest growin'," he said meditatively.

"Old Ceph's a durned sight nearer heaven 'an you an' me for the strugglin' on a big shelving rock with a little lonesome bird perched on his knee. At our coming the bird whirled away into the air. Zeko looked after it mournfully.

"That bird's had a heap of trouble," he said. "That's why he's up there all alone or else," more cheerfully, "she come up to see the sun set."
That was reason enough. Floating iridescent islands of faded verdure swam in a yellow sea, sparkling at its center and dulling away till it met itself in a dingy, shadowy pool in the east. With each breath it changed; now brightening with glaring white caps of light, now mellowly the water, its waves visible. Below, silent, reflective, immobile stood the hills. Then slowly the islands sank, the night drank in the yellow food, while still out from the shadows the hills lifted themselves unchanged.

The next morning Washington stood out against a sky of crimson. Off to the west the valley was bid by billows of pure white cloud tinged a faint rose color at their edges. Somewhere down the eastern slope, lost in its green, a bird chanted a quaint new call.

"Thet's Nellie," said Zeke eagerly. "No," he said in answer to our question, "don't know what the Professor calls her. But she's Nellie. She's the only one up here 'at recognize me."

Then he called to her so perfectly that we had to watch him to be sure it was he. And again came the clear mellow notes from below, weird, insistent.

Soon we were started down the "Valley way," slipping on pine needles, jumping from trunks to gnarled roots, through cities upon cities of trees—the forest run riot—past loudly boozing, high leaping rills and broader more placid streams, over tilling, single-plank bridges, down, down, always down, until after four hours, we emerged at the clearing around the old Ravine House. After breakfast we tramped to Carter's Notch.

"You call it a Notch," remarked Zeke, as we tilled along. "Ye work fit to split all winter, then ye come up hereabouts an' work fit to split all summer and yit," he added thoughtfully. "ye don't somehow split."

Later, as we were threading through the swampy thicket of the Notch, he remarked: "Do ye heap o' good if ye'd jest once, jest once, set down quiet-like an' chew grass fer' hour. Rose, that's my cow—does that kind o' exercise all day, and Rose alluz does her work perfect, an' I don' notice it afterward among the Southern law students who were then numerous at Cambridge, Mass., where my birthplace and home were. In those days you could tell in fallibly by this one shibboleth the Northern or Southern origin of any one. This was the case until the American Civil War. Almost all wars lead to some interchange of words between the two parties; there was an influx of Spanish words after the Mexican War and again after the Cuban War. And I have never observed that any Southern word except "gotten" traveled northward after the Civil War ended. For myself I wish it had never migrated, regarding it as a step backward, not forward, in the simplification and invigoration of our common tongue. Even the sweet voices of Virginia women cannot quite justify it.—New York Times.

How CAN WE FOLLOW CHRIST?—Wherever Christ went he carried joy with him; he was a joy-distributor. To follow him is to make others happy. We cannot give sight to the blind, but we can help a blind man across the street. We cannot give hearing to the deaf, but we can give him assistance. We cannot feed five thousand, but we can contribute something to feeding the hungry. We cannot call the dead to life, but we can carry the life of our own faith into the home that is darkened by death. We can carry comfort, peace, joy, into other lives as Christ carried them into other lives.—Christian Work and Evangelist.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Thomas Carlyle.

COMPROMISE.

One of the secrets of good fortune and happiness consists in knowing when to give up, if a matter of vital principle and honor is not at stake; then, of course, a true man will contend to the end. But in other affairs "the last ditch" does not come within the purview of sensible people. Most people are convinced that they cannot secure their point, they compromise, getting as good terms as they can. But a far wiser thing is skilfully to avoid the raising of the direct issue whenever it can be shunned. A good diplomatist always seeks to avoid getting his fellow negotiator in a position where he must choose between backing down and fighting. He always leaves a wide and generous avenue of retreat. And in the humbler matters of home and social life it is well to be careful not to raise too many issues, with the alternative of humiliation or a positive break of friendly relations. You can quarrel with your closest and dearest friends if you present that alternative rather frequently. Concession, compromise, the disposition to meet others half-way, and to concede to them even more than their full right, is a wonderful lubricant of all human relations. Whereas your relations and friends will have to be angels not to respect a too constant display of the opposite temper.—The Watchman.

"GOTTEN."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

I am glad to join in the protest of your correspondent, May Caroline Hyde, against the re-introduction into American speech and literature of the word "gotten." She is right and obvious in her objection to remember its history. I first heard it so long ago as 1841 on a plantation in Virginia from my cousins there, whom I visited one winter. I noticed it afterward among the Southern law students who were then numerous at Cambridge, Mass., where my birthplace and home were. In those days you could tell in fallibly by this one shibboleth the Northern or Southern origin of any one. This was the case until the American Civil War. Almost all wars lead to some interchange of words between the two parties; there was an influx of Spanish words after the Mexican War and again after the Cuban War. And I have never observed that any Southern word except "gotten" traveled northward after the Civil War ended. For myself I wish it had never migrated, regarding it as a step backward, not forward, in the simplification and invigoration of our common tongue. Even the sweet voices of Virginia women cannot quite justify it.—New York Times.

Popular Science.

Six wealthy gentlemen of New York have been organized into a company, with a paid-up capital of one million dollars, to provide against drought and assist the farmers in the Southern States by promoting the cultivation of rice of the best quality, or water variety. The only drawback heretofore to the successful and remuneration has been that of a drouth of a week or more duration, while the kernel was growing, which would either blast it entirely or cause it to shrivel, and thus diminish its value so as not to pay the cost of cultivation. The drouths were of such frequency as to deter the farmers from engaging in any large extent in growing of rice.

Rice has been cultivated in Georgia and in Florida to some extent, especially the upland variety. In Louisiana and other places a success has been but sparsely realized on account of a want of rain.

These six gentlemen in New York took into consideration this well-adopted field for rice cultivation and its dangers, and decided to undertake and secure the crops of those farmers against a drought that would cause them to fail.

To accomplish this they have had surveyed a line of canal, running through the central part of the rice-producing lands in those several parishes mentioned. This canal, as at present surveyed, reaches sixty-four miles, and is to be fed by the Atchafalaya River. The canal is to have a depth of ten feet, and a width sufficient to allow small steamers and barges to pass each other.

These boats are for transporting the rice to the mills for hulling, and also to the Mississippi River through the Bayou of Courtablou. From this point there is also water transportation southward to New Orleans and New York, and northward to Cincinnati, St. Louis and the west.

These gentlemen propose at the same time to construct a trolley road along the canal, and at intervals to run aprons to the right and left to the outer edge of the farms, and gather up the crop for the farmers and take it to the places where it is to be prepared for market.

But the great scientific point to be gained is in being prepared at all times to flood any or all of the fields with water, and quench the thirst of the little plants and secure their full fruit.

This is strictly a private enterprise; no bonds are to be issued. Mr. George Thompson of New York, is President, and they have Mr. Benjamin H. Goodspeed of Bradford, Me., as general manager. He will take charge of this noble improvement. May it never suffer the calamity that has overtaken the coal-fields of Pennsylvania.

Many a man's haste to get ahead in the world results only in his getting a headstone before it is due.
7. And the people served Jehovah all the days of Joshua.

8. And when Joshua was dead the children of Israel served their gods.

9. And Israel forgot Jehovah their God, and they served Baals and worshiped images.

10. And Jehovah was angry with Israel, and he sold them into the hand of their enemies, so that they suffered oppression.

11. Whereupon they cried to Jehovah, and Jehovah delivered them out of the hand of their enemies.

12. And Jehovah raised up judges, who delivered them out of the hand of their enemies.

13. Yet Jehovah turned not from his own sight from doing good and guarding his servants, according to the life they led, because they observed his commandments, not departing from his sight.

14. But when Israel served Jehovah with all their heart.

15. Nevertheless the people served Jehovah with their gods, with whom they served in the land of Egypt.

16. And Jehovah raised up judges, who delivered them out of the hand of their enemies.

17. Yet Jehovah had regard to the people through their affliction, and from the hand of his enemies delivered them.

18. And Jehovah raised up judges, who delivered them out of the hand of their enemies.

19. Yet Jehovah hardened the heart of Pharaoh king of Egypt, and he dealt magnificently and mulcted the people.

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100. And Jehovah hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he dealt magnificently and mulcted the people.
DEATHS.

MRS. ALFRED M. MOYLAN. — At her home, in Westfield, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1902, Mrs. Alfred M. Moylan, in the 79th year of her age. A sincere, good-natured and pious lady. The door to her house is open to all. Interment in Westfield Cemetery.

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WANTED.

We can understand this as theworld's most expensive coffee, which is sold at a high price due to the rare and precious nature of the beans used.
ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1899. This year of jubilee it is the purpose of the Board, that its Endowment and Property will be augmented by a Million Dollars by that time. To aid in securing this result, a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund has already started. It is a popular subscription fund to be made as liberal as possible. The fund is to be kept in trust, and only the interest used by the University.

The Trustees insist on each subscriber of one dollar or more contributing a certificate with the name of the University, certifying that the person in a contributor to the fund. The names of subscribers are published in this column from week to week, as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Grindall, Texas, Alfred, N. Y.

Every friend of Higher Education and of Alfred University should have his name appear as a contributor to this fund.

Proposed Centennial Fund. $100,000.00

Amount needed, June 1, 1898. $27,670.00

Henrietta L. Maxson, N. J.


Henry H. Williams, M. D.

F. A. Clarkson, D. D. S.

O. W. Whitfield, D. D. S.

D. E. S. Woodlief, D. D. S.

A. N. T. Woodfiek, D. D. S.

J. S. Austin, M. D.

J. E. A. Lanfier, M. D.

A. D. H. de L. Whistler, M. D.

D. F. Jacobs.

A. A. Miller, M. D.

C. D. Smith, M. D.

F. D. Randolph, M. D.

L. F. S. P. S. S. J. S. H. M. D.

Amount needed to complete fund. $16,860.00

Autumn Term

Milton College...

This Term opens WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16, 1898, and continues until the day preceding Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1898.

Instruction is given to both young men and young women, and in English and Chinese. The School, besides the usual courses, is conducted to the highest English and Chinese, besides the usual courses, is conducted to the highest

The School in Music four courses are taught: Elementary and Chorus Singing, Voice Culture and Harmony, Elementary and Chorus Singing, Voice Culture and Harmony, and Personal Training. There are also three courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in English, Greek, and Latin.

In the School of Music four courses are taught: Elementary and Chorus Singing, Voice Culture and Harmony, and in English courses in addition, fitting students for ordinary business.

Club boarding, $1.40 per week; boarding in local families, $2 per week, including room rent and use of furniture.

For further information, address the Secretary, W. C. BALD, B. A., or Prof. A. E. SHERWOOD, A. M., Registrar, Milton, Rock County, Wis.

Salem College...

Situated in the thriving town of Salem, 14 miles south of St. Louis.

This school takes FRANK STREET as the schoolhouse, and is an efficient and well-equipped institution, in all respects, to do its work in the best possible manner.

The school is conducted by the Salem Union School, and is under the direction of a Board of Trustees, consisting of the following:


For information, address the Trustees, Salem, Illinois.

Fall Term opens September 2.
Winter Term opens December 2.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue to Theo. L. Gardiner, President, Salem, W. VA. W. C. DAVIS.

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A MERCANTILE SABBATH TRUST SOCIETY.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

A. H. HUBBARD, President, J. P. HURLEY, Texas.

L. E. WYSPER, Sec., Plainsfield, N. J.

Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainsfield, N. J., on the second-Monday of each month, at 7 P.M. for the purpose of transacting business.

The Board will not obstruct information, help or advice upon such questions, but give, when willing, and when the first three persons named to the Board will be given, being located near each other.

The Board of Trustees of the School of Music will be held at Salem, Va., on November 8th, 1898.

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W. J. WHITFOOT, President, Alfred, N. Y.

J. R. WILLIS, Corresponding Secretary, Alfred, N. Y.

W. M. STILLMAN, Counselor at Law, Counselor at Law, Counselor at Law.

TISWORTH, Treasurer.

S. B. WHITE, Corresponding Secretary, Cooperative Secretary, Cooperative Secretary;

P. W. STRICKLAND, Corresponding Secretary, Cooperative Secretary, Cooperative Secretary.

In the School of Music four courses are taught: Elementary and Chorus Singing, Voice Culture and Harmony, and Personal Training. There are also three courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in English courses in addition, fitting students for ordinary business.

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