THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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LABOR ON: REST COMETH.

Finish thy work, the time is short; The sun is in the west. The night is coming down; till then Think not of rest. Rest? Finish all thy work, then rest; Till then, rest never. The rest prepared for thee by God is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow, The burden is too heavy. Take breath, and from such weary limp Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down On some celestial hill; And hear the Lamb's everlasting bliss Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace, Life's battle fought and won. Hear from the throne the Master's voice, And say, Well done! Well done!!

Finish thy work, then take thy rest From each weary limp; For their rest prepared from God To take and keep.

Finish thy work, then take thy rest, And the appeal made to the churches in its behalf are steps forward in our larger work.

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The Sabbath question as it comes to Seventh-day Baptists includes the question of the authority of the Bible, the perpetuity of the Ten Commandments, the example of Christ and the practice of an un-Paganean Christianity in earlier years. From such a highland view the broader and longer look must be taken whenever the work of the Seventh-day Baptists is considered. This consideration must be more than abstract and theoretical. He who is to bear any part in this must seek fitness for it as a larger and enlarging work. He must study it as a whole and in detail. He must seek a longer and deeper vision, that points beyond present range may be more clearly seen.

Plans must be adopted which cover the larger field. It is not a question of local and temporary campaigning. It is not a question of our generation, but rather of all generations. Changing methods and enlarging plans are essential features of all such reformers. Truths do not change, but the methods which men adopt to obscure and evade truth do change, and these changes the wise reformer must anticipate and meet. Nothing is needed by Seventh-day Baptists to-day more than the larger look and the larger preparation which that look demands. It means much, very much, to be a Seventh-day Baptist, or it means little, very little. No one who takes the larger look can doubt that it means much—though he cannot tell how much.

The publication of The Sabbath of Christ and the appeal made to the churches in its behalf are steps forward in our larger work.

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What Can You Do?
Wherever there is right to defend, or wrong to put down, truth to pronounce, and untruth to oppose, strong ones to be encouraged or weak ones to be strengthened, there is something for each child of God to do. The best work...
is done by those who are willing to do faithfully, that which is at hand, whether it be a great work, or a seemingly insignificant one. Unfound pearls are hidden among the pebbles in our every-day path. The richest mines of gold are the least looked for, and the most precious truths lie that are most easily passed over. The best means of accomplishing this revival of denominational faith and life may not be catalogued here, but an underlying truth which must be closely inwoven with all our thought is that we are called to a specific mission which is yet to be accomplished, and which cannot be accomplished unless we exalt the importance of it, and make greater and more consistent efforts to attain it. One cannot do good work for a failing enterprise. Faithfulness does not mean to advance when we see only defeat ahead. To expect success is an unmeasured help toward attaining it.

AII. history shows that crimes increase in proportion as men lose faith in God and the consciousness of accountability to him. Science may not be able to explain this, but it is easy for the soul to understand that when the restraints of faith in a divine law which is in complete harmony with the soul's own nature are removed, the soul falls into temptation. When no power outside one's life forbids covetousness, or adultery, or theft, or blasphemy, it is the most natural thing to fall into disobedience. The heists of the tempted soul are too weak to keep that soul from yielding when left to itself alone. It is an universal fact that the divine beth is the most powerful motive to obedience. If one were to close his eyes and look with his fingers, he would fail to see. No less unwise do these men act who insist on seeing God and truth with the fingers of the intellect, or the short-sighted vision of physical science. The heart, obedient and believing, is the eye that discerns truth and sees God. It is above all science in its appointed realm. If the skeptic, vainly trying to learn of God through the agency of cerebral exercises and scales and re-agents would yield his will in loving obedience, the problem would be solved. The laboratory can reveal the wonders of the physical universe, and thus much of God. But God and truth are found only in the heart. Truths are veritable entities. They exist as distinct elements of the moral and religious universe as much as the stars do in the firmament. When your soul goes out searching for God it finds him through his thoughts, i.e., truth. These meet you, speak to you, warn you, encourage you, like so many servants sent forth from him. There is nothing mystical or uncertain in the realm of truth. Fancies are shadows of real thoughts; they are partial or imperfect truths. If you want to know more of God and truth and duty, go into the realms of revealed truth, seeking the companionship and guidance of his Spirit, and you will find richer gems than the diamond fields of Africa gold or the gold mines of the mountains.

The Sabbath Recorder has no doubt. This need involves a larger development in spiritual life, a higher conception of the value of Sabbath-observance, more conscientious and devout Sabbath-observance in our churches, and a much larger congestion of the moral universe. The real work of God is wholly beyond the natural laws of self-assertion. The real work of God is that of a foolish minority, made up of many little efforts; men and women who, unaided, can do nothing. These facts have direct application to the wish of Seventh-day Baptists as Sabbath Reformers, i.e., to your individual work, each one of you.

Denomination-side our denominational lines are intensely active against all Sabbath-keeping, it is evident that we cannot remain unaffected. The important question to be considered is how we may secure ourselves from injurious influences and gain strength for better things and higher attainments. With the general decay of regard for Sunday and the growth of the idea that no day is sacred, we must shun in that decay unless the denominational heart be kept pre-eminently healthful and strong. That it has not been kept as healthful and strong as our best interests require is undeniable. We do not mean to exalt the duty of securing strength for merely denominational ends. Our existence is the result of adherence to a great truth, and the healthfulness of our denominational life is important because of that truth and of what is demanded of us in behalf of that truth. We must not measure denominational strength or weakness by ordinary standards. Our position is that of a foolish minority, making an unjustifiable protest, or it is that of a majority, because allied with God and truth, but a majority waiting for recognition. The paragraph is here referred to was timely and ought to be repeated in every circle. Aside from those results which come from the law of heredity—such as the envy of the weak, the envy of those whose conceptions of parental care and development of the child, through food and education, are the envy of the weak, the envy of those whose conceptions of parental care and development of the child, through food and education, is a seemingly insignificant factor in the life of the average parent, is a seemingly insignificant factor in the life of the average parent. It is impossible to delude the children. Whether these women had in mind their own husbands or those of their neighbors does not matter; it is too sadly true that a large number of men are not ideal fathers. Nevertheless, the discussion referred to was timely and ought to be repeated in every circle.

The progress of mankind has not been a continuous flow, but a succession of ground-swells. History may run apparently on a dead level for decades—even centuries—and then revolutionary events crowd thick and fast upon each other in the formation of a new nation or a new society. In the long years which stretch between the movement, new life has germinated, gathered sustenance and grown toward maturity; but in fullness of growth has then it springs forth living and breathing, or dies because the influences of which it was begotten are too weak to bring it forth. Many a noble cause has been slain before its birth because people to whom it was offered were too cowardly to endure the pain and bear the responsibility.

L. C. RANDOLPH.

The Ideal Father.

At a Meeting of the Society for the Study of Life, held in New York City on the 15th of February, Mrs. Mary Hastings charged that children should be taught to reverence their fathers as ideals. Mrs. Hastings also made a pertinent criticism upon our system of education when she said: 'There is a chair in the college for everything except for the study of the deepest problem that awaits the young man: and woman—that of parental responsibility. There is no wonder that many women in the meeting were anxious to know what should be done when the fathers are not worthy;' and one remarked, 'that wives might try to deceive themselves into the belief that their husbands were ideal beings, but it was impossible to delude the children.' Whether these women had in mind their own husbands or those of their neighbors does not matter; it is too sadly true that a large number of men are not ideal fathers. Nevertheless, the discussion referred to was timely and ought to be repeated in every circle.
The wages paid to our work in the world is quite a different thing from what we get for our life. The wages paid to us for the various kinds of labor that we perform can be reckoned in shillings, or dollars, or francs, or marks. But the wages of life, the reward that we get for simply living, is something that cannot be computed in any coin. It is just this—more life.

This thought has come home to me in the reading of a remarkable book called "A Child of Nature," by Hamilton W. Mabie. The book is a poem, and in it is in many way sentimental, but because it narrates with such singular cheerfulness, simplicity and charm the life-history of a human soul. It begins at the funeral of John Foster, a New England farmer, whose work had not been very well done, whose family was poor and obscure, and who died at sixty, a rather lonely, poor and obscure man. But he was not an unsatisfied man. His hard-handed and hard-minded neighbors saw in his countenance, as they filed into the shadowed room to look for the last time at one of whom they had been used to think with something of pity and something of contempt, an expression of contented calm, which rested on John Foster's face like a decisive judgment on his life."

They saw this, and half wondered at it, half resented it. It seemed to them as if he, the failure, had won something which they, the successful men, had missed. Like the first-hour laborers, in the Parable of the Vineyard, they felt injured because an eleventh-hour laborer, one who had done little work according to their standard, had received full pay. And this pay, of which John Foster's peaceful face, with its tranquil lips half-smiling, seemed to say such beautiful and grateful things—what was it? Doubtless the hard-minded neighbors could never quite understand what it was; but to those who have the sympathetic mind and the thoughtful heart the book makes the secret an open one. The signature of peace on John Foster's face was his receipt in full for the wages of life.

The story goes back to his boyhood, and shows the shy, solitary lad growing up among the hills, and coming into harmony with them. Patient, expectant, sensitive, he looked and listened his way through his little world.

"Earth and the common face of nature spake To him rememberable things."

"His body was often at work while his mind was at play; for the song over the meadows as he did his chores, and over the harvest field there was always the arch of the sky, with room enough for a boy's soul to range in and a boy's heart to make its home."

This fellowship with nature wrought its graces into his outward form. Something of the transformation which Hawthorne, in his story of "The Great Stone Face," describes, in the countenance of Ernest, was accomplished in John Foster. The things that he saw and heard in the great world of everyday, the values of the light and shade of which he lived, added to the intrinsic worth of our efforts as the feeding of the five thousand was greater than the original supply the bare-footed boy carried.

THE WAGES OF LIFE.
HENRY VAN DYKE.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Lunney Bill which has been before the Legislature of New York became a law during the past week. It makes radical changes in the management of the hospitals for the insane in that state. There are now 22,654 insane patients in the state, distributed in eleven hospitals. Serious charges have been made by Governor Odell, and others, against the local boards which have managed these hospitals hitherto. The new law has attracted much attention, and the question involved will probably contribute to the higher standard of settlement. The opponents of the law claim that it is a vicious measure in the interest of political patronage.

Direct discussion concerning the Sunday saloon question in the city of New York has disappeared from the public prints of that city, but the serious questions involved continue to interest thoughtful people. A suggestive article appeared in the New York Tribune for February 19, touching the decay of Protestant Christianity in the city of New York because of the decay of regard for Sunday.

A severe storm of snow amounting to a moderate blizzard visited the Atlantic Coast the first of the week. All traffic was greatly impeded by it. Fortunately the temperature was only moderately low.

On the 18th of February Rev. Dr. Newman Hall died in London, England. He was one of the leading Congregational ministers in Europe, and was well known in America. As preacher and author he had a wide influence among English-speaking people. Many of us remember with great pleasure his visit to America soon after the Civil War, and the enjoyment which his sermons and addresses gave to all who were fortunate enough to hear him. He was born in Malden, Eng., May 22, 1816.

At a W. C. T. U. Convention held in New York City on the 18th of February, facts were presented showing that the increase on insanity and of “Juvenile Crime” in the United States is largely due to alcoholic heredity. While other causes enter into these results, we think there is no ground to doubt that alcoholism is a prominent connected with the case.

We find many opportunities to let the Christ-light which is within us shine, not only in our immediate home circle, but as we go from place to place. A sister, who is now a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, when Lowesther sent her home on her ward trip from Conference, entered a crowded car. Finding no vacant seat, she sat down by a man whose seat was reversed so that he could face a man and his woman. The woman immediately gave herself a little shake, colored, and remained silent. She said, of “sugar” gone, ruffling her feathers,” and scornfully said something about the ‘Baptist Camp Meeting’! At the next station another seat was vacated, and the despised “Baptist” proceeded to take it, first turning to thank the man for allowing her half of his seat. “I could not think of anything to say to the woman to help her, but I could not refrain from praying for her; for I felt sure she was not a Christian, and was sorry for her,” the sister said, afterwards.

One young sister, at a depot, taking leave of some of her friends, noticed some would-be-young ladies lounging about a door as though viewing some strange sight, at which they laughed. Glancing at the corner behind the door, she saw a man and his wife, very poorly clad, the wife’s coat and hat being at least ten years behind the time. She seemed endeavoring to keep a little boy of three quietly sitting upon the seat. The mother held a tiny baby wrapped in a piece of faded shawl. Both parents looked so utterly hopeless and discouraged that the sister’s heart was touched. She noticed that the babe had large, beautiful blue eyes. Indignant that the thoughtless girls should make sport of such unfortunate but apparently honest people, she crossed the room and spoke kindly to the mother, and asked permission to hold the babe. The mother smiled, and granted her request. She sat down by the mother, not far from the girls, who looked as though they had been chastised. After a time the oldist girl seemed to recover from the shock, and began to play with the babe. From this the conversation was transformed to friends, and were chatting to the mother, whose face illuminated with interest, exhibited much less of its woe-begone expression. When last seen, they were boarding the train, and our sister hoped that these bright young lives would make the journey less tedious for the disheartened parents. In relating the incident some time later, she said: “It was very hard at first to approach these poor strangers; but I am so glad that God gave me this little duty! It filled my heart with peace and gladness all the rest of that day, and for the times that followed.”

Another sister assisted a woman with three children to make the “change of cars,” sat with her, and cared for one of the children the rest of the journey. One task, not the least, was to hold the heavy child in her arms while it slept.

Many other incidents might be given from personal observation of the unselfish, heroic acts of our Seventh-day Baptist young people, who seem always to take the lead in kindly doing, while others look on, surprised. We thank God that there is so much unselfishness in our Church, and let us “press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Phil. 3: 14.

ANGELIE ARBERRY.
SPUTTERING CHRISTIANS.

An arc light hangs near the entrance of our home, and for several weeks we were amused—and somewhat annoyed—by the unsteady burning of the lamp. Instead of its wonted clear light, it sputtered, blinked, winked, sometimes went out, save for a dull red spark which had no illuminating power. One day I spoke to the man who came to replenish the burned carbons.

"What is the matter with that lamp?" I asked.

"It needs a steady light we could rely on for some time." "I rather think there has been a bad lot of carbons." "How bad?"

"Well, you see, the carbons ought to be perfect; sometimes they are made to be cheap, and there are impurities in them—little specks of nonconductive matter which intercept the electric flow. Sometimes when I am this way I will bring two carbons for you to see—one of the best make—pure and smooth, and one of the others. He kind of remembered his primes. I could easily tell which was the best carbon by the feel; it was as smooth as fine slate to the touch, while the cheaper grade was coarse and gritty.

"You see, ma'am, there's all the difference between carbons that there is between folks. Some are steady, serene-like; and others again are uncertain—bright one minute and then dark the next."

In a quiet hour the comparison returned to my thoughts in even fuller force. Sputtering Christians! How awful to have the steady light of the lamp, all the power of the dynamos, cannot result in a clear light when these carbons are used.

Such are hearts not wholly cleansed from the taint of sin. There is a measure of righteousness, but also the presence of that foreign substance, sin, hindering a perfect work of grace and the result of steady shining of life.

There is nothing to be done with an imperfect carbon but to discard it, or put up with the sputter and the blinking and the uncertainty. But, thank God, hearts can be cleansed. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven!" For "ye were redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ."

Until my understanding was enlightened touching the failure of the arc light, I was putting the blame upon the central power in the "point of view." Is it not thus that the unconsecrated people blame the church, and even blame God, for the intermittent life of Christians? How awful to have a "form of godliness" without the Godly "power!" Not all the glory of heaven, not all the power of God, not all the machinery of the church, can use a sinful heart for the steady flow of the electric current of righteousness! Sin is a non-conductor of spiritual life. Perfect love is the fulfilling of the law; a heart cleansed from impurities is a pure carbon, letting through of God shine steadily in the world of darkness.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ keep our hearts from sin! So shall the light shine, and so shall men see the light, and glorify him in whom is no darkness at all.—Exchange.

FOURTEEN RULES FOR BACKSLIDING.

W. L. DAY.


2. Do not bow your head reverently when old songs are sung. "3: 13.


5. Take a buck seat at prayer-meetings and other religious services. Heb. 4: 16 and 12: 6.


7. Do not pray in public. Hosea 14: 1, 2, 4-6.

8. Do not listen reverently to the preaching when the elders speak to the man sometimes went out, save for a dull red spark which had no illuminating power. One day I spoke to the man who came to replenish the burned carbons.


10. Fill all your leisure time with trifling amusements. Matt. 5: 16.


13. Refuse to take up work or assume responsibilities for the cause of Christ. James 5: 20.


May God forbid that any one of us should do any of these things. Always be thinking, and remember that God's Word reveals his thought and will to us, and that by it we are "made wise unto salvation." Butterworth, Pa., Feb. 19, 1902.

THE UNSPOKEN WORD.

It was the hour when the street was full of weary workers returning from the day's labor. A little girl stood at the entrance of an alley, looking down the street, with a show of expectancy in her bright young face. Somebody was coming, surely, and in a few moments a man wearing the garb of a day laborer came in sight. Instantly the little girl came to his side and looked up into his face with a loving expression. How glad she was to see her father coming home.

The man glanced at the child, but did not say, or take the little hand that evidently had hoped to be placed in his. The alley was the short cut to the home in the tenement building, two blocks away. They walked side by side, not a word being spoken, the child evidently too timid to speak if the father did not. The person who had been interested in this meeting followed on and could not help saying in a cheery voice to the father, "Why don't you speak to the little girl, and tell her you are glad she came to meet you, and take her hand?" "Oh, she knows it without saying it," he replied in an avuncular voice. Yes, that is the way so much cheer that would make life so much happier and easier for others is lost, the words are not spoken. We make it our dear ones know the unsaid words we ought to speak. We do not say them when we should. In our homes with our loved ones how often we forget to say the words of commendation—that is due them for kindness and self-sacrifice made in our behalf! How many there are in the world who have unsatisfily tried to do their best for us, to whom no words of commendation have been given!

A little boy, not long since, came rushing into the house with a bunch of flowers which he had gathered for mother. He was only a mite of a boy, and did not know that a bit of hairdye and a bunch of "dash and eggs," covered with the dust, and blinded by the adverse circumstances of growing in a city's vacant lot, could not have much value. But to him they were flowers, and it was getting cold weather, and there would not be many more to go for mother. But mother was out and the thoughtless sister laughed and said, "Mother won't care for those things. They are horrid." The child's enthusiasm was chilled, and he threw his precious offering away. It is the motive, not the value of the offering, that counts with our loved ones when they give the best they can.

Thank God, there are many true, good souls who speak the words of cheer and appreciation even to the little child; and how our hearts sing to them! What joy they are to us when the duty is heavy. The burdens heavy to bear? We may not have many of this world's goods to give to our friends, but we can always give them kind words and loving ministrations at times when they need them. How often have weeping friends stood by the silent forms of those they loved and vainly wished they had spoken the words of love and appreciation that the dear ones merited in life! Let us be more thoughtful in our homes to speak words that will make the atmosphere of the home "sweet and pleasant." We must not be so careless that the dear ones are still spared to us. Let us all try to dwell daily in the light of love and cheer, and not think of our own disappointments and troubles, but be always on the lookout to make "hospices of rest" and cheer for others.

In the words of poor Jeanie Jeans, "When the hour of trouble comes, as come it must to high and low, it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly."—Christian Work.

THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

Simply to be a Christian is enough to turn the world upside down. It turns the night to day, sorrow to joy, discord to harmony. To be a Christian is not simply to save yourself, but to become part of an organization. And to be loyal to your Divine Lord you are to suffer and serve with it to save the world. You begin your new and never-ending record this night. Do not delude yourself by waiting for the so-called great opportunity. Measured by its results, any opportunity may be great. A poor artist may refuse to play till he has a perfect violin, but a Pagan musician will write the one string across an old shoe. An indifferent writer may hesitate waiting for some great theme, but a Burns touches you with his sweet story of the "wee mousey" turned by the farmer's plowshare. We must not forget that we are to "forget the things behind," but that we also are to press forward.—M. E. Harlan, D. D.
Missions.

By O. U. Whitford, Cor. Secretary, Westerly, R.I.

We as a people have a grand mission to accomplish in the world. It is to bring men to the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and loving and loyal obedience to the entire law of God. It is to teach an entire and not a mutilated Bible, and preach a complete gospel. To fulfill that mission we must be alive to it individually, in our homes, in our churches, in both pulpit and pew. Indifference is a bane to the progress of any good cause. The chief hindrance to the extension of Christ's kingdom in the earth to-day, and the most marked and advancing type of this, is the cold and stolid indifference. 

To fulfill God-given sacrifice to God, those who hold to-day the Baptist principles, and have a mind, yes even those who are students at college, for the gospel ministry to Snyder's Hospital. The parents were quite excited, as added to the interest of the usual treat for the children and services. Parents, send your little girl, daughter of the teacher of our school at Loo-ka-wee, was taken home after a few days of terrible suffering. On going to the school one Sabbath morning I found the child very ill, and not knowing the nature of the disease suggested taking her to Dr. Belfry's Hospital. The parents were quite willing, so the mother came with her (I first thought of her, (as in the story of Jael, then thought it might not be prudent) and I accompanied them to the hospital. As soon as the Doctor examined the throat she pronounced it a very bad case of diphtheria. They have, at the hospital, a mongoose for the bad cases, so there was nothing to do, after receiving the medicine, but for the poor mother to take the child home again. She did not live many days. The little girl was a bright, interesting child, and the parents had given her to me to enter the Boarding School as soon as she reached the proper age. But our Heavenly Father had other plans for her. When I now go to the school it seems lonely and sad without her bright face and cheery greeting; but we have a great many other throng of happy children who are forever "safe in the arms of Jesus." This is the fourth little child these parents have lost since the father became teacher of the school, some four or five years ago.

The Boys' Day School, in the city, has been supported by the Baptist principles, and not to those schools that will educate them from us, and then when it is too late you take up the lament that they have forsaken the Sabbath of the Bible and shipwrecked their faith.

It is one of the paradoxes—and yet the commonplaces—of life, that only by seeking the happiness of others can we truly find any for ourselves.

FROM MRS. SARA G. DAVIS.

The last home mail brought us a letter from Dr. Palmberg, written at West Hallock, N.Y., where she was on her journey toward the Pacific Coast, and we rejoice to think she is probably now within a week of Yokohama, and in another seven days we shall have the privilege of welcoming her back into our mission home. After fourteen months' absence, we hope she may return to her work greatly refreshed both in mind and body. We know from her letters she has immensely appreciated the association with so many of our dear Christian workers in the home-land, and has received new inspiration for her work, and are encouraged at the prospect of her return.

These few days our schools are reviewing for their final examination before the China New Year holidays. The Day Schools will close the last week in January, and the Girls' Boarding School the week following. This will give a little over four and a half months of school work since the summer holidays. In the Boarding School there has been much cause for thankfulness in the general improvement of the girls, and also for unusual good health of all the pupils. The Day Schools have been the cause of more anxiety, as during the past few weeks there has been so much sickness among the Chinese—scarlet fever and diphtheria. Some of the school-children have fallen victims to these diseases. They have not only been very prevalent in the Chinese, but in the foreign community as well. Two European children have died with scarlet fever during the past week. One dear little girl, daughter of the teacher of our school at Loo-ka-see, was taken home after a few days of terrible suffering. On going to the school one Sabbath morning I found the child very ill, and not knowing the nature of the disease suggested taking her to Dr. Belfry's Hospital. The parents were quite willing, so the mother came with her (I first thought of her, (as in the story of Jael, then thought it might not be prudent) and I accompanied them to the hospital. As soon as the Doctor examined the throat she pronounced it a very bad case of diphtheria. They have, at the hospital, a mongoose for the bad cases, so there was nothing to do, after receiving the medicine, but for the poor mother to take the child home again. She did not live many days. The little girl was a bright, interesting child, and the parents had given her to me to enter the Boarding School as soon as she reached the proper age. But our Heavenly Father had other plans for her. When I now go to the school it seems lonely and sad without her bright face and cheery greeting; but we have a great many other throng of happy children who are forever "safe in the arms of Jesus." This is the fourth little child these parents have lost since the father became teacher of the school, some four or five years ago.

The Boys' Day School, in the city, has been supported by the Baptist principles, and not to those schools that will educate them from us, and then when it is too late you take up the lament that they have forsaken the Sabbath of the Bible and shipwrecked their faith.

It is one of the paradoxes—and yet the commonplaces—of life, that only by seeking the happiness of others can we truly find any for ourselves.
As Americans, and especially those who have met Dr. Martin, you may feel interested in the following notice which appeared in one of our recent Shanghai papers. Speaking of the Doctor's recent book, "The Lore of Cathay," the writer remarks: "I regard this as one of three books on China that should be in every man's library. The others are Bible and the 'Travels in Tartar, Tibet, and China,' by the Abbe Huc, and William's 'Middle Kingdom.'" Speaking of Dr. Martin, he says: "Of all the men I have known in China or out of it, Dr. Martin had the greatest capacity for the conscientious effort. He lectured during the day and he burned the lamp of the student far into the night, yet he never seemed weary nor to lose delight in the free play of his remarkable powers. He knew many languages, ancient and modern, and his conversation was rich in classical allusions. His memory was prodigious. He was not at all an inductive philosopher, but the 'Lore of Cathay' would give suggestions for study to a whole college of inductive philosophers. He was a missionary who taught that the work of a missionary should be sympathetic. His literary faculty could be likened for its grace to the fountain of sunshine over the landscape. His manners were those of a courtier. His temperament was that of a poet. It should be a ground of pride to every American to know that these three great writers on China were Americans, and that their lives were beneficial to a great people who have suffered much, and who need interpreters to the world in an unequalled measure."

May we not only take pride, but have true thanksgiving in our hearts to him who rules over all nations, that our own America has them to Christ, and bloody wars were the much for the enlightenment and Christianization of this great land.

May our Heavenly Father make us quick to do evil by learning to do well. But if there are those that do not wish to be religious, that do not wish to do well, that are held to belief in God solely by the reports of epiphanies to men who died those dangers of a liberal creed, for they far underlie the froth of the Christian spirit and the Christian purpose are utterly independent of the belief, for they far underlie the froth of the Christian spirit and the Christian purpose are utterly independent of the belief, for they far underlie the froth of the Christian spirit and the Christian purpose are utterly independent of the belief, for they far underlie the froth of the Christian spirit and the Christian purpose are utterly independent of the belief, for they far underlie the froth of the Christian spirit and the Christian purpose are utterly independent of the belief, for they far underlie the froth of the Christian spirit and the Christian purpose are utterly independent of the belief, for they far underlie the froth of the Christian spirit and the 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**Woman's Work.**

**Mrs. Henry M. Maxon, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.**

**THE RED DAYS FAR EXCEED THE BLACK.**

AMELIA B. BARR.

I said one day last winter:

"I wonder, if I truly kept

A list of days when life bustled low—

Of days I now dial, of days I wept—

If good or bad would highest mount

When I turn up the year's account.

I took a ledger fair and fine,

And now, I see, when days are glad

I'll write with black where ink is lined.

And with white when black are bad.

So there we'll stand before by night,

As clean apart as day and night.

I will not mind the changing skies,

Nor if it shines, nor if it rain,

For it may come some sweet surprise

Or friendship, love, or honest gain.

Where does it stand my ledger?—

That day is written down as good.

And if to any one I love

A message, I must set it on the way,

That will a double pleasure prove,

So shall it be a happy day.

And if some day I've come to dread

False harmesse by—I'll write it red.

When hands and brains stand labor's test

And I can do the thing I would,

Those days when I am at my best,

Shall all the world as very good.

And in red letters, too, I'll write

Those more rare in hours, when right is might.

When first I meet in some grand book

A noble soul that touches mine,

And I would read of that I see

Through some "Gate beautiful" of time;

That day such happiness will shed,

That god of woe will seem the red.

And when pure thoughts have power

To touch my heart and dim my eyes,

And in some divine usher hour,

Can hold sweet converse with the skies,

Oh, I must write it, and I'll write

"This day hath been most good and bright."

What do I see on looking back?

A red line marked before me lies,

With here and there a thread of black,

That like a passing shadow flies;

A shield is this, I must be confessed,

That often rose in my own breast.

And I have found "tis good to note

The blessings that are mine each day,

For happiness is vainly sought

In some dim future far away.

Just try my ledger for a year;

Then look with grateful wonder back

And see how the red—there is no fear—

The red days far exceed the black.

—The Pinehurst Outlook.

**THE POINT OF VIEW.**

The train, laden with a merry party, crept slowly over the high trestle, and all were intent on the natural beauty spread out before them. Far below, the mountain stream plunged headlong over a cliff in a mass of foam and then hurried and dashed and plunged between the wooded banks on its journey to the sea. Suddenly, while we were admiring the grandeur of the scene, the massive rocks, the trees, the falling water and the blue sky over all, there came one thing more to make the picture complete, God's emblem of promise, the rainbow, that reached in all its beauty from shore to shore. We gazed entranced at the unexpected beauty of the scene, when just as suddenly as it came the bow had disappeared. The water was just as beautiful in its foaming whiteness, the trees tall and stately in their majesty, the sun still shone in all his glory, the bow only was missing. Gone to us, though still there to gladden the eye and cheer the heart of the next come. The onward sweep of the train had taken us beyond the point where the bow was visible to us. The rainbow was all there was left through our point of view.

Do you ever stop to think what a difference it makes how we look at a thing or person?

It is the story of the two sides of the shield all over again, where one man said it was made of gold and the other of silver; and still each was right, for each saw a different side.

Speaking of a well-known writer, one woman wrote in his praise, "He is a Unitarian." (He wasn't, by the way.) Another who heard the remark made reply, "He has helped me to see the strength and beauty and helpfulness of the religion of Christ: more than any other writer I know." Just a different point of view, but one had been greatly helped, while the other had missed the blessing and had in the heart only distrust and dissatisfaction with the man who in his own way had tried to help his fel­low­men.

We are not always the only one who fails to receive help. We often deprive others of the aid due them because we persist in looking at only one side of a question. A woman at the head of a large establishment had in her employ a young woman, a stranger, who had been recently married. When the time of probation was over, the manager said the young woman was not fitted for the place, so she did not receive a perma­nent position there. Not long after, the woman learned something of the life of this girl, however, and against great odds she had made a great struggle for an education, till at length the battle was won and she was ready for work. Alone, a stranger, homesick and standing in awe of her superior, she had naturally failed to do her best work. When told her story, the older woman said in sorrow, "Why didn't I know of this before; why didn't I guess the poor girl was homesick? I could have helped her, comforted her and made her work much easier. Perhaps she might have done our work after all, had I given her a little encouragement." The point of view was changed.

On your own account, as well as for others, see all sides of a question. In the home, in the school-room or the world, try to put yourself in your friend's place and look at the matter from his point of view.

**SUSAN B. ANTHONY** is one of the women who has kept young. She presided at one of the meetings of the Suffrage Association in Washington last week, and that date was also her eighty-second birthday. One who listened to her said, "Her hearers miss none of the quaint turns of speech and unexpected flashes of humor which delighted them in the past. Her demure fun will be alive as long as she is. Age cannot wither it, and nobody ever gets too much of it, that custom may stale. The most alluring thing about her humor is the absence of any cut and dried element. Things come into her head and she says them, and only the twinkle in her eyes shows that she sees the fun of it as clearly as anybody else. She is alive and alert, with the quickness which an active life bequeaths to a strong old age. She can be as interested in all that the workers of to-day are doing as if she herself were at the helm, and what is considerably more rare in a looker on, she can learn to be fitted for trying to help or hinder. The spirit of Susan B. Anthony is still a motive power of the Su­frage Association, because it is a force, and there is no way of making it anything else."

**COMMIT a sin twice and it will not seem to thee a sin.—Tralma.**

**CURE FOR FORGETFULNESS.**

A successful business man said that there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen years old, and which were ever afterward of great use to him, namely: "Never to put off doing anything," and "Never to forget anything." The story of this lesson is printed in the Country Gentleman:

An old lawyer sent the young man with an important paper, giving him definite instructions as to what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose that I should happen to lose it; what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence. You must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it.

He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything.

He found this equally true about forgetting.

If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, and wrote it down there, and made it stay. He used to declare:

"When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said: 'I did not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again.'" Once he had an intelligent young man in his employ who deemed it sufficient excuse for having neglected an important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth.

"He worked for me three years, and during the last year of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, had been a lazy and careless habit of mind, and he cured it.

**ONE STEP AT A TIME.**

George Manning had almost decided to become a Christian. One doubt held back him.

"How can I know," he said to himself, "that even if I do begin a religious life, I shall continue faithful, and finally reach heaven?"

He wanted to see the whole way there before taking the first step. With this state of indecision and unhappiness, he one evening sought the house of his favorite professor, for he was a college student at the time, and they talked for several hours upon the absorbing topic. But the conversation ended without dispelling his fears or bringing him any nearer the point of view.

When he was about to go home the professor accompanied him to the door, and observing how dark the night was, prepared a lantern, and handing it to his young friend, said:

"George, this little light may not show you the whole way to your room, but only one step at a time; but take that step, and you will reach your home in safety."

It proved the word in season. As George walked securely along in the path brightened by his lantern, the truth flashed through his mind, dispelling the last shadow of doubt.

"Why can I not trust my heavenly Father?"

[Vol. LVIII. No: S.]
new glimpses into the unknown.

J. B. Kellogg, M. D.

The remarkable discoveries in physics that have been made within the last few years are a great shock to the self-complacency of those philosophers who have imagined that their art was the Darwinian hypothesis solved all the mysteries of matter, dead and living. The atomic theory, though serving the chemist a useful purpose as a working hypothesis, has for many years been growing weaker in its knees as a lucid explanation of phenomena. The discoveries made in relation to light and electricity have shown clearly enough that there must be something associated with matter quite different from ordinary atoms and molecules as understood by the atomic theory. The ether hypothesis has broken out, but, thank God, has fallen short. Now the X-ray and the Becquerel ray, and other phenomena are brought forward with an array of phenomena which quite unsettle things for the chemist and physicist, and leave us at sea respecting the ultimate constitution of things.

The discovery of a light that could penetrate such opaque objects as a hard-wood plank, two or three inches thick, and even thin sheets of metal, was sufficiently startling; but, then the X-ray was produced by the electrical current, and we have become accustomed to look upon electricity as a sort of scientific wizard, and to expect new and startling things from those engaged in the study of this agent. It was not long, however, before the discovery was made that the X-ray, while opening to us the most obscure recesses of the body, even penetrating the largest bones, and revealing the movements of the heart and lungs, and thus rendering the greatest service to surgeons and physicians, was at the same time a powerful agent for mischief, causing deep sloughs where too long applied, which showed great obstinacy in healing. But then this very baneful property was soon turned to good account in the treatment of certain parasitic skin diseases, particularly lupus, or tubercular disease of the skin.

But now comes the surprising discovery that the result of any human invention, that it is not dependent upon electrical machines nor electricians, but that it is widely produced in nature, that the aurora borealis may be a manifestation of this marvelous force emanating from the sun.

The discovery has been made that there are earthly substances closely resembling lime or chalk in appearance, which as found in nature, and without manipulation of any sort, are constantly giving off X-rays in great quantities. Two of the substances, barium and uranium, have been long known to chemists; but a new substance, radium, has recently been discovered, which possesses this property to an extent ninety times as great as any previously known.

The new element possesses light in itself. It seems to be, in fact, a sort of crystallized or solidified light. A few grains of it shut up in a closed glass tube give off a light of sufficient intensity to enable one to read a book. A mass as big as an apple would serve as a table lamp; and a ceiling covered with it would secure perpetual daylight in a room.

Professor Thompson and others have shown that these luminous earths give off minute corpuscles which are less than one-thousandth part as large as the molecules of hydrogen, heretofore supposed to be the smallest of all existing atoms. These corpuscles, or particles, are continually flying off into space at a speed almost equal to that of light, or nearly 100,000 miles a second. So small are these particles, however, that the ceiling of a room twenty feet square would, according to Professor Becquerel, give off only one-twentieth of a grain of radium in one thousand years. Supposing the amount required to cover such a ceiling to be one hundred thousand grains, the supply of light would not cease or diminish in less than one hundred million years.

A wonderful property of this light is that, while it is given off by the rays, it is incapable of heating the objects on which it falls. The writer has seen a piece of platinum glowing at a white heat under these wonderful rays. They produce chemical effects as do the sun’s rays. Many other astonishing properties have been pointed out.

These observations throw a new light upon the constitution of things. We no longer need think of the sun as a big bonfire, likely to burn out some day, and leave the solar system to freeze up. The sun may be a vast mass of radium corpuscles, or of some similar material. It has been noted that the sun is in a state of oxidation; it gives off nothing on the earth, but fly away into space. Who knows that this luminous matter is not being continually given back to the sun as fast as it is given out? At all events, the slow rate at which the supply is exhausted makes it difficult for scientific authorities to revise their estimates of the length of time the sun will last.

The spectacle of light and heat coming out of a cold, opaque body like chalk, opens a field for scientific speculation not likely to be soon exhausted. It is thought that the scientific world will discover at last that the Inspired Word which declares, “God is light,” is a simple statement of a profound and fundamental scientific fact. The discoveries of Becquerel, Currie and Sequin in relation to the emanations from metals, open new and most wonderfully interesting fields for thought, and give the matter discoveries, whole new fields of discovery, yet to follow. At last we may all be able to see clearly the deep philosophy in Paul’s declaration, “In him we live, and move, and have our being.”—Good Health.

Health Habits of Young Men.

A very curious and interesting table might be made by a thoughtful physician and experimenter, showing what power with his strength goes, and I am not sure that a young man could do a better service for himself than seek counsel of some wise physician, tell him frankly all his habits, and have such a table prepared, not only to guard him against excess, but to show him his weak places, and point out where he will be most likely to fail. Some of these tables would no doubt read very much as follows:

Spent in digesting a big dinner, which the body did not need, force sufficient to raise thirty tons one foot high.

Spend in getting rid of several drinks of liquor, force sufficient to raise twenty tons one foot high.

Spend in smoking cigars, force sufficient to raise ten tons one foot high.

Spend in breathing bad air, force sufficient to raise fifteen tons one foot high.

Spend in cheating a neighbor out of $30 in a business transaction, force sufficient to raise fifteen tons one foot high.

Spend in reading worthless books and newspapers, force sufficient to raise five tons one foot high.

Spend in hesitation, doubt and uncertainty, force sufficient to raise five tons one foot high.

Total—120 tons one foot high.

Left for practical and useful labor only enough to raise fifty-five tons one foot high, or to do less than one-third of a day’s work.

Sometimes there would be a draft on the original capital of considerable force, so there would not be enough to keep the body warm, or the food well digested, or the muscles plump and full, or the hearing acute, or the teeth strong and bright, or the brain thoughtful and active.

Very often a single debauch would use up the entire available power of the whole system for a week or a month.

Sensible money waste is expensive in the long run, but there is no end to the multitudinous ways in which we not only spend our work capital, but draw on the original stock that ought not to be touched, and the result is imperfect lives, rickety bodies, no ability to think, no useful relation to others, and a life unaccomplished. How sad is all this! How terrible to be born into this world and leave it without adding something to its wealth, its virtue, and progress!—Herald of Health.
Young People's Work.
Lester C. Randolph, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

"The Fox of Past Sin."

Let me share with you a letter which has just come to me from a young man of my acquaintance. Well do I remember the night we sat for three hours by the fire at the church while we fought out the great question. We both felt that it was a decisive point in his life, and now it seems good to read such words as these:

"Let me thank you in the beginning for the blessings you have shown me the way to possess. You taught me the lessons and reasoned with me till I began to see the light which has since grown more bright and blessed from day to day.

"There were two things, Pastor, which kept me back so long from accepting Christ as my Saviour and owning him before the world; and these things I am going to tell you. The first was the belief in self-righteousness. This failed me. When this failed, the belief then arose that past sins and sorrow could not be shaken off, but must be carried. This made me refuse to accept the Word. I felt that it was not for me to be able to say and feel that past sins are forgiven, and that henceforth I was not for me to be able to say and feel that past sins are forgiven, and that henceforth one walks as a free man, if he walks in the path of righteousness.

"But now I know and have the assurance that God did not intend man to wrap the fox of past sin within his mantle to tear out his soul and destroy his benefit to the world; but that he should cast it from him and let the claw-marks be the warning for the future to beware of Satan and sin.

"I am trusting in God for my guidance and in Jesus Christ for my redemption. What little distance along the pathway of life I have traveled since the first step has been more blessed and joyous from day to day."

Laying the Foundations of Life.
Perhaps it may not be amiss to add here a brief extract from the above letter to drive another nail into the doctrine which I would like to preach from one year's end to another—that our Seventh-day Baptist schools lead the world for the character-forming years of life. Hear this:

"I must say that Alfred is the best place I have found for a young man to lay the foundations of life. A large University like this—and I know this is no exception—is certainly not the best place in the world in which to cultivate religion and morals."

Next Week.

My dear young people, every Tuesday I say to myself, "Well, this is pretty small copy this evening; we are sending this week—or none at all—but next week you shall see." Next week and next week comes—and you know how it has been; but just wait till next week. There are lots of things I want to talk to you about. It is like a visit long deferred, and all the sweeter when we get together. I am watching you, individually and severally, with deep interest. You are the hope of the future. These theologues who are now working for an education, and doing their own washing, will one day be our denominational leaders. These boys and girls pegging quietly away are the strong men and women of tomorrow.

The Successful Christian Endeavor Worker.

In gentle.
Is strong.
Is thorough.
Is teachable.
Avoids sin.
Has no hobby.
Is an optimist.
Is enthusiastic.
Is business-like.
Never criticizes.
Avoids laziness.
Exacts principles.
Has faith in God.
Stands by the Cross.
Encourages the timid.
Is not easily offended.
Speaks without guile.
Is hopeful and joyful.
Is not worried by trifles.
Tenderly talks to triflers.
Makes no long speeches.
Seeks no earthly reward.
Stands strong for the pledge.
Is sensible, but not sensitive.
Is powerful because prayerful.
Has strong action for week-days.
Welcomes others to the society.
Is a good-citizenship enthusiast.
Is zealous for the missionary cause.
Bears the Word hidden in his heart.
Is sanctified, but not sanctimonious.
Has a silent time with God each day.

CITIZENSHIP.

Secretary John D. Long says of good citizenship in the Christian Endeavor World, "These are the essentials of good citizenship. Personal integrity of character, honest dealing, a clean private life, a constant regard for the wholesome and wide-spread society to which one lives, and loyalty to one's country. I look hopefully to this large Society of Christian Endeavor for the citizenship of the future. It has an opportunity no other organization has."

DEATH IN DISH TOWELS.

Dish towels are an important item in most families. One may have cheap and woolly hand towels, very ordinary sheets and pillow cases, and many other things of inferior quality put out the general do's, to her sorrow, what cheap dish towels mean. Their use entails double the labor required if one has those of poor quality. The lint and dust from cheap goods cover the china and glass, and lodge in every nook and corner of her belongings. Russian crash is far and away and always the best dish toweling that one can use. It absorbs water almost instantly, and can be used a long time before becoming unavailable because too wet. Who has not worried with the ordinary checked-glass toweling in common use, rubbing and twisting and blotting, trying to make it absorb the water from the dishes, while it is yet new? This sort of goods acquires value when it begins to grow old. Russian crash is in perfect condition after the second or third time of using. Dish towels which are thoroughly boiled when they are washed, where scalding does not answer the purpose. The intense heat of boiling is absolutely necessary if one would have health and cleanliness in the kitchen. A merely scalded dish towel is unfit for the use of any woman. It takes more than just hot water to remove the disease germs and impurities that may lodge in these domestic necessities. Because a dish cloth looks clean, it does not in any sense follow that it is clean. Many a family has had its number reduced by disease because of the persistent refusal of the maid to boil the dish towels as they should be done and remove the incipient causes of disease.—United Presbyterian.

The entire nature of the man is the garden which is given him to cultivate.—Gladsome.
Children's Page.

PAS' AWFUL IGNORANCE.

Most every day when I'm at school
The teacher tells us things
About animals
And Presidents and Kings.

And then at night, when I set pen
If what she says is so,
He reads his paper right along
And says: "Oh, I didn't!"

One day she told us that the world
Was round, just as a ball.
And that there's nothing down below
It's standing on at all.

I put pen to told the truth.
He read his paper through,
And put his feet upon a chair,
And said: "Oh, I didn't!"

I used to kind of think, somehow,
That I was kind of a lot.
But that was wrong, or, if he did,
I guess that he's forgot.

Since I've started into school,
Most every day or so
I hear about a hundred things
Pa doesn't seem to know.

"Chicago Record-Herald.

TWO HEROES.

A diminutive specimen of the genus "small boy," very ragged and far from clean, was meandering along 119th Street, near Eighth Avenue, when, whistling through his fingers from time to time to a dinky little car that nuzzled the doorways for some dainty dropping from the morning's garbage can. The boy carried a huge parcel of old clothing, and did not look as if the picking of a bone or two on his own account could go amiss. Every now and then the dog would trot back to his master long enough to sniff his bare legs reassuringly in acknowledgment of the periodic whistling. Presently a great mastiff, wild with the thought of an hour's freedom, leaped the steps of an apartment house into disastrous collision with small boy and bundle, knocking one flat and rolling the other into the gutter. Quick as a flash the cur was at the great dog's throat. He was hardly half the size of the mastiff's head, but for ten seconds he did battle not unwisely his big enemy, putting all the love and loyalty of his homeless little heart into this attack upon the giant that had assailed his master. Instantly, however, the boy was on his feet, calling him off, and the mastiff walked soberly on. Evidently he had understood, probably appreciated, the cause of the little contrepet, and let it pass after the manner of his magnanimous kind.

"Good doggie," said the boy, releasing one grimy hand from the bundle long enough to put the head of the breathless little dog, who greeted this acknowledgment of his services with ecstatic waggings of his sandy stump.

But there was a sequel. It chanced that this particular pugnacious cur had some time since been bereft of one eye; and now, essaying to cross the avenue, the oncoming-can was at his blind side, and the "L" overhead wiped out all surface sounds. Boy and bundle were half the street's width in his rear when a swerve of the motorman's hand gave the car a head-long plunge. The fender was hardly a foot from the unconscious dog when his master, quick as a flash, dropping his load, with one spring seized the dog round his flank bone and bounded on the fender, clinging like a crab to the springing steel bands. Then, as the car slowed up with a screech and growl, the poor little dog, no longer a sight to boast of, was seen to scale the back of the bundle and raced back for the bundle again. Neither seemed to regard the incident as any thing unusual; it was all in the day's work of outwitting a fate that kept both at their wits' keenest to stand off starvation and other shapes of death. A man in the car had risen breathlessly in his seat; two or three of the evening paper fraternity had cheered, and a pedestrian or two turned inquiringly at the sound. The motorman probably thanked his stars that he had not ground the foolishly, hardy light imp to powder—and that was all. Yet to at least one onlooker afterward it seemed a thing more worth while just because of this dog's loyalty and this boy's love—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE BABY'S NURSE.

"Yes," said Mr. Hillier, as he carefully dug around my pansy bed; "oh, yeem, I've seen elephants in India many a time. I was stationed at one point with the English army, you know, where I saw one who used to take care of the children."

"Take care of the children! How could it be? What? What do you mean?"

"Well, he did, ma'am. It was wonderful what that elephant knew. The first time I made his acquaintance he gave me a blow that I had hard enough to remember. I was guard and duty in the yard, and the Colonel's little child was playing about; and she kept running house, deposited her on the porch, and the hoy carried a flash, and the cur was at the great dog's throat. He charge. I have amiss. Every this attack upon the giant that had assailed her arms. and what did she do but lav his master. Instantly, however, the boy was the master, and the onlooker life afterward alighted, he scurried away so rapidly that he seemed a thing richer, 'finer and infinitely looked more worth while just because of this dog's loyalty and this boy's love—New York Commercial Advertiser.
Mr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois has lately finished his series of advisory lectures to the Negroes. Just now our poor black brother is the most advised man in Christendom. First of all, he has as an explanation Booker T. Washington, whom God has sent to pull him out of the slough as surely as he sent Moses to bring his people to the Promised Land. The next generation may appreciate the common sense, the piercing acumen, the most lucid black leader; but his race do not appreciate it now. Each man among them who has achieved any kind of an education shunts out a differing order to the struggling dumb hosts below him. 

"Aim at the highest," cries one. "Get a college education; get Greek, mathematics, logic, though you have to earn your bread as a barber or a baker."

"Learn a trade," commands another.

"Go to the North."

"Stay in the South."

"Tell friends of your old masters. To him, and women and made his establishment an argument to bring the American will sit calmly and lips with arms."

A doctor who gravely assured us that as Boon as the logic, though you who has achieved any kind of an education was perplexed by this multitude of counsel, as a barber common sense, the liberal education was the most advised man in Christendom.

"I will stay a while, and lips with arms."

"Stay in the South."

"Tell friends of your old masters.

Mr. DuBois in the papers lately finished takes his usual pessimistic views of the fortunes of his race, but his advice to them is good, except, as it seems to me, when, after acknowledging that the Negro can find work in the South, which he cannot find in the North, he intimates that he must not for that reason remain there. "A certain sort of soul," he says, "a certain kind of spirit finds the narrow repression, the provincialism of the South almost unbearable."

This may be true of the young educated Negro who was longing to show him for—he scarcely knows what—although Booker T. Washington and my friend, the venerable Dr. Crummles, and many other black men whom I am proud to call friends, who are doing stent, rigorous work for their race in the South, are apparently not tormented by any such vague discontent.

These sentimental objections to the provincialism of the South fade into nothingness in face of the great fact that the Negro to live must find work, and that his old masters will give him work, and his new friends in the North will not. But there is not a town in the South to-day where a black mason or carpenter or blacksmith cannot find work and wages. The real difficulty there is his way is that, as a rule, he will not work steadily. Every capitalist who has Negroes or Southern white that tell the same story of the Negroes who would work for a week, and as soon as they were paid would lay off to rest up for a fortnight. It is this unconquerable habit of the Negro workman that has closed factories and phosphite works from Carolina to the Gulf.

On the other hand, you will scarcely find a town or village in the South that has not its industrious, shrewd, successful Negro—a mechanic, a trader; an employer of other men, self-respecting and respected by his white neighbors.

The sum of the whole matter is, that both the white and black leaders of the race have fallen too much into the habit of considering it as a unit, of urging it here and there, and of prophesying defeat or victory of it as a whole nation.

The fact is that the defeat or success of the Negro, as of the white, depends upon himself as an individual. He has, it is true, to contend against an absurd and cruel prejudices. But every man has to contend against some difficulty—a dull brain, or deafness, or a tendency bequeathed by his grandparents to drink, or to lie, or to steal. Whoever he is, be sure that he has his fight to make.

The Negro, almost without a fight, has achieved any kind of an education—now he wants work and has difficulty in getting it, just as women had thirty years ago. They have it now.

In spite of this difficulty, I should like to show him that he can succeed, if he keeps his eye on the true purpose, true purpose, true purpose in God, and deserves success.

I have now in mind a freed slave who came to Philadelphia in the sixties. He had only learned to read and write, he had not a dollar nor a friend in the city. But he was honest, he had keen mother wit, unflagging capacity for work, and that fine natural courtesy in which his race so far surpasses ours. He began work as a waiter, then became a caterer; then employed other men and women and made his establishment an universal aid to housekeepers. He laid your carpets, he draped your curtains, he cooked and served your meals, he took charge of your moving and carried you from one house to the other as quietly as if you were on a magic carpet. In word and work he never was known to be slack. His business increased rapidly. He took enormous buildings into his care, his huge vans were seen in every street. When the town fell to sleep in summer, he went to a seaside resort and opened a great café. When he died he left a comfortable fortune to his children and an honorable memory to everybody. That Philadelphia had lost one of her most useful and worthy citizens.

What one man has done others may do. It is a significant fact, however, that there was not an educated young Negro in Philadelphia ready or willing to take the good will of this man's business or to carry it on when he died.

I have known other freed slaves in the same town who, unaided, made their way to comfort, even luxury, as purveyors, coal-dealers, even brokers. Success waits for the black or white man who works for it. No man is the slave of any god. The Negro in Philadelphia had lost one of her most useful and worthy citizens.

A CHILD'S DEATH.

In his autobiography the late W. J. Stillman has told us the story of his crippled boy, loved best of all for his very helplessness, and how the last hour came upon the child suddenly, and far from home. The father carried the boy in his arms from the railway to a cottage, laid him tenderly upon a couch, and tried to prepare him for the solemn change that was so near. But there were few words to say, not much of faith or of hope for father or child. The father went to the faith long before, and the son had never known much about any love but his father's, the love that held him close and warm and safe in all his pain. So they clung together until the little fingers were loosened and the frightened eyes closed. And when the last long breath was drawn, and the limp, deserted body was all that was left to me of my thirteen years of passionate
devotion, my pride and hope, and the nursing care of so many years, I walked out into the midnight and left my boy to Death. It was only a child's death, a common thing, altogether merciful, and altogether happy. The mother and the last child were taken home, and it gave a new color to my life, establishing forever a sympathy with the common grief, and a community of sorrow with all bereft fathers and mothers in the premature dissipation of the hopes of their future, and the lapse of a dear companionship into the eternal void. This is the human brotherhood of sorrow, sacred, ennobling, sanctifying where it abides, the deepest lesson of the school of life. My feet have wandered far, and my thoughts still further from the places and beliefs of my childhood; but whatever and wherever I may be, this grief at times catches me and holds me in a pause of dumb tears. I have never been able to find a consolation for that loss, for it carried with it the future and its best dreams.

Heaven is full of children. God takes so many to be with him before they have even learned who he is. Oh, the vast multitude that have breathed their little lives away in mother's arms! From every land, and from every clime, they have passed so easily to the Saviour's arms. And how it changes our thought of heaven to remember how large a part of the human race dies in infancy or childhood. Devout minds have pondered on the question, whether the children of this world helpless, nurtured and unformed are nurtured in the perfect pedagogy of the skies and so developed into men-souls and women-souls as the years go by; or whether the mother, when she goes to meet her baby, will find him still a child, still needing her ministry and care as well as her love. These mysteries we cannot fathom, nor is it best that we should. But it is a new heaven that we possess when we first come to grasp this great thought: That those who earlier left us went freely from earth's oases and so fittest for the heavenly molding. Native citizens of the city that is above, they merely return after a brief absence to be with God, who sent them forth. And how far beyond us, who have struggled with sin and doubt these many years, however manly, by heavenly strength, they must have gone in knowledge of things divine; ready to guide our faltering feet into the way of peace here while we journey still, if we will let them; ready to welcome us when we are past all wandering; and to make us feel at home in heaven.

This is the thought that comes to us finally, after the death of a child: Heaven is so full. "Are there few that be saved?" Millions upon millions who never heard of Jesus upon the earth sing his praises there; and so fittest for the heavenly spaces with childlike joys. And they have been redeemed by One who himself glorified childhood and made the child-spirit the law of his kingdom. No; we cannot now hear the one little note that longs to the one that celestially we cannot cause to long for the human touch, and the bodily presence that can never return. But so thin is the veil that parts us from the earth, the visions and dreams sometimes in hours of vision—that the lost one is lost no longer, the gleams of the present and the future brighten a gloomy mans: and we know that our citizenship, too, is in heaven.—The Standard.

### Popular Science.

**BY H. B. BAKER.**

**Science is Worshipping God.**

"Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come before him; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Psalm 29:2.

"Exalt ye the Lord our God and worship at his footstool for he is holy."—Psalm 100:4.

We will go into his tabernacles; we will worship at his footstool... And Cornelius said, Four days ago I was fasting until this hour; and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and beheld a man stand before me in bright clothing and said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alone are had in remembrance in the sight of God.

O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker, for he is God: and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand.

The happiest man is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship.—Emerson.

Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is mine, and the earth is my footstool.—Isaiah.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers.—Tennyson.

**Peary in the Arctic Region.**

Our latest news from Mr. Peary is down to August 29, 1901. Since having heard from him previous to that date he had spent two full seasons of Arctic work, and a year had passed since Mrs. Peary, with her daughter, had sailed north to meet her husband. No news had arrived from him since parting with his convoys in August, 1899. The Arctic ship Erik was sent to carry supplies and find Peary. She sailed on July 14 last, and had the good fortune to cast anchor beside the Windward in the harbor of Etah. On the Windward were found Mr. and Mrs. Peary, their daughter, the family surgeon and Capt. Bartlett, to whom the ship's crew were all in perfect health.

During the two years Mr. Peary had rounded the northern coast of Greenland and found the farthest point of land to be in 85 degrees and 27 minutes.

Mrs. Peary, on the Windward, became icebound at Cape Sabine, and for eight months the party were imprisoned in the ship. The party attempted to reach Fort Conger and join Mr. Peary, but were unsuccessful. Mr. Peary coming south met the party at Cape Hays and reached his ship, 30, 1901, when they all returned to the ship Windward, which they reached on the 5th of May.

Mr. Peary reports having made excellent progress in exploration, and as having good luck, so to speak, in securing a larger number of dogs than ever before, and in capturing a plenty of walrus and musk oxen; that he had plenty of food for the dogs and that they were in excellent condition. His intention is to start as soon as it is day-light and strike a "bee-line" for the Pole. We wish him bon voyage.

**The Longest Bridge in the World.**

The Southern Pacific Railroad in connection with the Union Pacific is commencing to bridge the Great Salt Lake in Utah, which will be of great importance to the Union Pacific, but the bridge is to be made on the central lines.

From the time of the survey of the Union Pacific a bridge over Salt Lake has been lowered upon every avenue of thought, and yet not feasible, for the want of means. This bridge will be twenty-three miles long, and twelve miles of the distance will be through deep water, which will require permanent trestling; the balance will be over shallow and dirty embankment, faced with stone. It is estimated to cost $25,000,000. Work will commence immediately.

A New Way to Use Light for Signaling.

The electric light now on the Light-Ship on Diamond Shoal can only be seen at a distance of thirteen miles. It is now proposed to erect a search-light between the masts, and throw a thirteen-inch stream of light from the ship to the sky, which can be seen forty miles away, and, as the ship naturally has a rolling motion, the light on the sky will show a vibratory motion, by which it will be known as coming from the Light-Ship.

A New Spectograph.

An American, naturalized in France, claims to have invented a spectograph by which any person using a telephone can see the person with whom he is conversing and all the things with which he may be surrounded. If this is a fact, the question naturally arises, cannot sound and time be annihilated? When sight and hearing are instantaneous, what is there between?

**PARENTAL DUTY TOWARD CHILDREN.**

MIN. H. E. KELLOGG.

All parents owe it to the children intrusted to their charge not only to give them proper physical care, but also to educate them in regard to the body and its requirements that they may be able to render intelligent obedience to nature's laws. Every child should be taught to look upon his body as something lent to him by his Creator for use in his service, and that he has the right in any way to cripple or abbreviate its usefulness through lack of proper care of it. He should understand that a headache is one of nature's reminders of some transgressed laws, and that the discomfort experienced might well arouse within him a sense of shame akin to the consciousness of guilt which ought to follow the transgression of moral laws. He should be taught that his body, so fearfully and wonderfully made, was created in the image of God, and that it is his duty to preserve it as nearly as possible in conformity with the original pattern; that he should in no wise defile or deform it; that by every means within his power he should cultivate it, seeking if possible to improve its faculties and its vigor, that it may become more like the perfect pattern. He should be taught that God has made man upright; that for this reason he should try always to stand erect, to look up, to strive for the best things. He should be encouraged to aim to possess a good physique, a good digestion, a countenance aglow with health, strength of sinews, and grace of movement, that he may the better fulfill the purpose of his Maker, and the more fittingly represent him before the world.—Review and Herald.
Sabbath School.  
CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD. 
Edited by REV. WILLIAM C. BURGESS, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1902.

SABBATH RECORDER.

LESSON XIV.—THE DISCIPLES SCATTERED.

For Sabbath-day, March 8, 1902.


GOLDEN TEXT.—Therefore they that were scattered abroad everywhere preaching the word...—Acts 8: 1.

INTRODUCTION.

One of the foremost disciples of Jesus was slain and the others were scattered. Truly here appears a great triumph for the enemies of our Lord. But “the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.” The disciples were scattered, but their message was scattered with them. They were like the leaves hidden in three measures of meal. The history of the Christian church is now no longer the history of the doing of the disciples in Jerusalem. We come to the second stage of the witnessing referred to in Acts 1: 8. Here is the logical beginning of the second part of the Book of Acts.

The Samaritans were not altogether of an alien race from the Jews. There was a foreign mixture in their blood and some elements of their religion; but they traced their ancestry back to Jacob, and claimed the Pentateuch as their Holy Scripture. In spite of blood relationship and similarity of religion, the Jews and the Samaritans were never on friendly terms, and cordially hated one another.

Philip’s journey is, on the one hand, not to be regarded as a foreign missionary enterprise, and on the other hand is to be counted as a striking example of brotherly kindness. Not yet has the time come for carrying the gospel to those outside of the Jewish nation—the chosen people: but already are the barriers being broken down so that the law of love may assert itself.

Placement.—After last week’s lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, and the city of Samaria.

PERSONS.—Saul, the persecutor; Philip, the evangelist; many people of Samaria, Simon in particular.

OVERVIEW.

1. Paul Perseveres the Christians. v. 3.


3. Simon is Attracted by the Teaching of Philip and is Baptized with the Rest. v. 9-13.

NOTES.

1. He made havoc of the church. This verb is used only here in the New Testament. It expresses very vigorously the zeal and cruelty of the great persecutor. He raved against the church. Hating. This word is now at most obsolete; it means, literally, hating. Saul’s zeal and carried him to the persecution of women as well as men. Commited them to prison. It seems that the death penalty was not usually inflicted. Saul showed great earnestness and thoroughness in this persecution.

2. And the one mentioned in chapter 6: 5, and also in chapter 21: 8, where he is called “the evangelist.” Perhaps he gained this title from the work mentioned in the eighth chapter. The city of Samaria. By this expression probably is meant the chief city of the province of Samaria, Bethsaida, being the site of the ancient city Samaria. [Some manuscripts read “a city of Samaria.”] And preached Christ unto them. It is a mistake to omit the article the before “Christ.” It is for it was not yet used as the proper name of our Saviour. Literally, “And proclaimed the Messiah unto them.” He told them about the prophecies of the Messiah, fulfilled in Jesus.

6. And the people with one accord gave heed, etc. Philip’s preaching was of great power and attraction. It appears more than probable that some of his hearers remembered the teaching of Jesus when he stopped in Samaria a little while or a few years before this. And seeing the miracles which he performed, the faith of the people was strongly affected by the miracles. The word translated “miracle” is more accurately rendered sign. Our author views the miracles as marks of the Divine approval of the teaching.

7. For unclean spirits, etc. His miracles were very much like those wrought by Jesus. By unclean spirits we are to understand actual evil spirits who had gained almost complete control of the mind and body of those whom they affected. The writers of the Biblical narratives sometimes speak of those possessed of demons as if the demons had really usurped the personality of the man, whose mind and will are represented by the literal translation of the first clause in this verse. In many of those who had unclean spirits crying loud with a voice, were coming out. The grammatical subject in “many of those who had unclean spirits” is “they,” the unclean spirits themselves. The verb “cry” means to cry out and indicates a loud voice. This verb is used of the “unclean spirits” and with this subject the participle “crying” agrees in gender and number. Compare Luke 11: 19: “And they cried out in a loud voice.”


9. Simon. There are many traditions in regard to this man and to the chief of all his disciples, Herod. Beforetime. He was already in the city and was well known before Philip came. Used sorcery. That is, practiced magic. He doubted Philip’s words, and by sight of hand and juggler deceived the people. Bewitched the people of Samaria. That is, amnosed them. He was really a man of great ability and power, and continued to practice his sorcery day after day, giving out that himself was some great prophet. Thus also do modern quacks flourish. The greater pretense they make, the more he will be believed.

10. To whom they all gave heed, etc. His popularity was great with all classes. This man is the great power of God. Much better, “This man is the power of God which is called great.” There are various explanations. Perhaps they meant no more than Simon was one of the angels of God—that is, a messenger, and that among these messengers or powers of God he had a prominent place.

11. And Philip began at the city. He entered the city and was great. The verb which is translated “gave heed,” in verses 6 and 10.

12. But when they believed, etc. In spite of their former error, some of them were convinced by the sound teachings of Philip, and accepted the gospel, and were at once baptized.

13. They were baptized with Philip also. He may not have been wholly insincere, but his belief rested upon the signs and wonders wrought by Philip rather than upon the truths of the gospel. It is to be noted that the word gospel is used sometimes in the gospels, not of true, deep-seated faith, but of a passing enthusiasm without forethought.

14. And the name of Philip was continued. It was the same name as that translated “baptized” by the Authorized Version in verses 9 and 10, and by the American Version, “amnosed,” in all three places.

15. And Philip was near to the city mentioned in verse 5, or possibly to the region. In the latter case there may have elapsed some time in which the gospel had spread from the city near to the region, Peter and John. Very likely for the express purpose of imparting the Holy Spirit—perhaps for completing the work of Philip and making the church of Samaria united with the church in Jerusalem.

16. Might receive the Holy Ghost. Some say that those baptized had already received the Holy Spirit, and that Philip was giving them the power of the Holy Spirit to be manifested by speaking with tongues or in some such external and obvious manner. He had already received it (for that is evidently what attracted Simon’s attention), it seems hardly possible that our author does not intend by the word mentioned here the power of the Holy Spirit by which a man enters the new life of holiness and is sustained and directed in the path of duty.

17. Only they were baptized, etc. This action of the apostles does not show that the baptism of Philip was invalid.
Light Biscuit
Delicious Cake
Dainty Pastries
Fine Puddings
Flaky Crusts

connected. Nine years ago she was seized with an attack somewhat similar to the one that caused her death, which followed nine days after the stroke. Funeral services were held at her home Feb. 14, 1902, conducted by her pastor, assisted by the Rev. M. E. Deedler, pastor of the M. E. church. Interment in the cemetery at Lebanon, N. Y.

GREENMAN—Ellen Lucy Fock Greenman was born at Waterville, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1835, and entered into rest at the home of her son, 3129 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill., Feb. 9, 1902.

When sixteen years of age she came to Ashaway, R. I., where she was converted under the ministry of Elder Thas. M. Lewis, by whom she was also married to the late Capt. Silas B. Greenman of Westerly, in January, 1856. On coming to Westerly she united with the Poorfork Seventh-day Baptist Church where she held her membership until called home. She was a woman of positive character and strong personality, a faithful and earnest worker in the church, a charter member of the Ladies' Aid Society and one of its efficient supporters. She was brought to Westerly for burial, and the funeral services were conducted at the church by the pastor. Her only son, Earl Cantid Greenman, survives her.

The calling from earth of such Christians as sister Greenman suggests that word picture of the poet:

"Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

s. h. p.

SHERMAN—Albert Bowen Sherman, son of Josiah and Sarah Sherman, was born in New London, Conn., N. Y., Feb. 9, 1834, and died Feb. 8, 1902.

The family moved to Alfred in January, 1837. Alfred was the old-time home of children, of whom only one sister, Mrs. James R. Crandall, now survives. Mr. Sherman was married Oct. 17, 1857, to Jemima R. Ennis, of Richmond Switch, R. I. She died April 18, 1890. Two of the three children born to them remain, living in Alfred. He was married Jan. 1, 1891, to Elizabeth Hemp hill Beckwith, who survives him. He was baptized when a young man of about seventeen by Eld. N. V. Hull, and joined the First Alfred church. He was for some time a clerk of the church. He subsequently became a member of a church at Cowanesque, Pa., where he moved. His love for his old home seemed to grow with advancing years. There was no place for him like Alfred. It was his eager desire to be back there to live and to die. He loved the cause of God. There were regrets; but he went into the eternity with his trust in an un failing Saviour. He loved Christian people, especially the Seventh-day Baptists, and was deeply interested in the advancement of the cause. The Sabbath Recorder was always a prized visitor to his home, and there was scarcely an attendant at the last Confer where he was more absorbed in its missives than he. Services were conducted in the First Alfred church Sabbath school by Pastor Randolph, assisted by Principal Saunders. Text Par. 29: 4.

GOOD SAYINGS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The husks of emptiness rustle in every wind, the full corn in the ear, and up its golden fruit noiselessly to the Lord of the harvest. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

“When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up; and he shall save the humble person." The Apostle Paul knew what it was to be let down in a basket as well as to be caught up to the third heaven. When we are passing through the storms of life with the wind in our sails, we shall find that pride, policy, and power are the three principal ingredients in all the disturbance of churches.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and a smooth rolling. If men would but hate themselves as they do their neighbors, it would be a good step toward loving their neighbors as they do themselves. During distress God comes; and when he comes it is no more distress.

Endeavor to take your work quietly. Anxiety and over-action are always the cause of sickness and restlessness. We must use our judgment to control our excitement, or our bodily strength will break down. We must remember that our battle is to be won by strength not our own. It is a battle that does not depend upon the swift and strong.

There are four kinds of pride of which we should beware: Race pride, pride in our ancestors. Face pride, pride in our beauty. Grace pride in our religion. There is more bitterness following from sin's ending, than ever there was sweetness from sin's acting. You that see nothing but weal in its condemnation will suffer nothing but woe in its conclusion. You that sin for your profit will never profit by your sins. Nothing can be plainer than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of free-thinkers, who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all.

The less a person knows the more certain he is that he is right.

Lack whiskers; labor whines.

TAKING LIES YET FALL.

There are times for plain utterances of God's truth. Are we of the Christian ministry wholly guiltless in regard to widespread collapses of character? Have we all lived up to the Bible standard? Have we preached Sina as well as Calvary? Let us not forget that God speaks from both mountains. Has there not been too much rose-water preaching about "God's love," and "developing the manhood within us," and an easy, velvety-footed religion which ignores the sinfulness of sin, and the certainty of hell? This is no time for letting down bars either in Christian doctrine or Christian practice. From that dust of humiliation and sorrow in which many fallen ones are lying, comes a solemn voice of adumnation to every pastor and every preacher of the Word, that minister of Christ who thinketh he standeth on the sure rock of divine truth take heed he fall into compromise with error, or concealment of God's just threatening, or into connivance with soul-ensuring sins!—Cayler.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

A full supply of the publications of the American Val tract Society can be found at the office of Wm. F. West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.

MILL YARD Seventh-day Baptist Church, London.

Address of Church Secretary, 26 Valmar Road, Denmark Hill, London, S. E.

SABBATH-keepers in Utica, N. Y., meet the third Sabbath in each month at 2 P. M., at the home of Dr. C. G. Maxson, 29 Grant St. Other Sabbathists, the Bible class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the La Mothe Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kelly, 235 Jackson Park Terrace.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in their new church, cor. West Essex Street and Preston Avenue. Preaching at 2:30 P. M. Sabbath-school services in the preceding evening. An invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath, to come in and worship with us.

I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor.

29 Ransom St.

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

Geo. B. Shaw, Pastor.

1208 Union Avenue.

African Ret-patriation Society.

Object of the Society.

To aid spiritually and industrially qualified American Negroes to form Christian settlements in Africa on Self-supporting lines.

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$10.00 or upward yearly.

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ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1902. The University desires that its Endowment and Property will reach a Million Dollars before that date. In order to assure this result, a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund is already started. It is a popular subscription to be made up of many small contributions. The fund is to be kept intact, and only the interest need be yielded by the University. The names of subscribers of one dollar or more shall be given in the University catalog by the President and Treasurer of the University, certifying that the person is a contributor to the University. Full particulars are published in this column from week to week, as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Crandall, Treasurer, Alfred, N. Y.

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

Amount needed, June 1, 1902, $95,000.00

Amount needed, June 1, 1903, $128,000.00

Proposed Centennial Fund, $190,000.00

A. R. Crandall, Alfred, N. Y.

Amount needed to complete fund, 187.00

Winter Term

Milton College.

This Term opens THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1902, and continues twelve weeks, closing Wednesday, March 24. The work of the college is followed by a vacation of one week.

Instruction to both young men and young ladies in the Preparatory studies, as well as in the College, of the principal courses, as follows: The Ancient History, Modern History, Geography, English, and the Scientific. Two teachers added to the Faculty—all the old members being re-elected.

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For further information, address

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