

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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GLORIA IN EXCELSIS: A CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

REV. CHARLES W. STUBBS, D. D. Dean of Ely. I. O blessed town of Bethlehem Within thy gray-green shade, Ringed round with terraced vineyard And depth of olive glade: There on thy high green pastures The shepherds watch their sheep, The low large moon shines glimmering O'er all the upland steep. II. What music of the heavens— What magic song of bliss— What vision of the night-tide— What mystic light is this? The silly sheep are blinded, The shepherds in amazement Stand awestruck, all the hillside With glory in ablaze! III. The angels' joyous chorus Rings out into the night, O Gloria in Excelsis! Sing praises in the height, Sing praises, men of Bethlehem, Sing praises here below, For peace on earth and good-will He doth on you bestow. IV. For on this day is born there Within your little town A child who Christ the Lord is Yet wears no earthly crown: He bringeth joy and gladness To you and all mankind, Yea, peace on earth and good-will To men of equal mind. V. O blessed town of Bethlehem, How happy is thy state! How blest above all palaces The stable at thy gate! For there in manger-cradle (Oh true the angel word!) As King enthroned of all the worlds Reigns Jesus Christ the Lord. —The Outlook.

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temptation and struggle. His nights were spent in pleading prayer. His holiness was not a spectacular thing lived apart from men, as the monks lived in selfish and un-

beautiful negative purity, putting stone walls between themselves and the breath of the world. The holiness of Jesus was seen in the crowded street when one said, "I am not worthy that you should enter under my roof," in the fisherman's boat when one cried, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." If men were living as Christ did, with God and in God, to-day, here in America, holiness would be seen in our commercial centers, in the executive offices of our railroads, the counting-rooms of our merchants, the fields of our farmers, the homes of our people. The holiness of Jesus had enough strength to be lived. It did not need to seek protection by seclusion. It was the natural, spontaneous, outflowing life of purity and infinite love, a life with God and in God. Such a life God seeks for you and in you.

WE lose the deeper meaning of Christ's words to Nicodemus when we translate them "Ye must be born again." What he said was, "Ye must be born from above." That is the source of the life with God and in God. It is oneness with God; it is communion with God as with one closer to us than father or mother, closer than the air we breathe, close as thought. It is peace. Tradition tells that St. Augustine was walking one evening on the seashore, sad and despondent. He asked his soul: Why art thou so sad to-night? And a voice which seemed to come over the waters said to him: Seek for an answer above thee. Meanwhile, the darkness crept over the earth and the stars came out in the sky. St. Augustine lifted up his eyes and said: God, thou who didst poise all these stars in the sky above me, thou who knowest, tell me why is my soul so sad to-night? And from the stars came the answer: Seek above us. Augustine then took another flight to the angelic sphere, and, as he listened to the songs of angels and archangels, he said: O ye angels of His that do His pleasure, tell me why is my soul so sad to-night? And the angels answered, Seek above us. Then Augustine stood in perfect submission before the throne of God. Here he found satisfaction and rest from the fretting cares of life. Then he exclaimed: Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is

stayed on Thee. This tradition—concerning Augustine, most devout of the men of his time, ought to be fully realized and expressed in us. Earthly experiences do much for us, but the source of spiritual life is above earth and the stars. Nevertheless, it is not far away. There is no distance between the soul that seeks honestly and obediently to come into life with God and in God. Time and space cannot separate human lives when two souls beat as one, much less can there be time or distance between God and those who find the glory of a life with Him and in Him. EARLY in the month of December it was announced that the Christmas mails for foreign countries were unprecedentedly large, notably those going to Italy. This suggests many facts, the most satisfactory of which is the interest and regard of friends for friends, though the Atlantic Ocean lies between them. The expression of this regard at Christmas time is also commendable. It indicates how largely the Christmas idea of helpfulness and good-will has permeated all classes of society. It is within the memory of the writer that Christmas has come to have any special meaning among Protestants in general, and especially among the descendants of New England Puritans. Christmas trees in churches, and Christmas entertainments, are a thing of the last fifty years, or less. The prevalence of such entertainments, and the improved character which they have taken on is one of the helpful and hopeful signs of our times. Perhaps we ought to find comfort in view of this growth of the Christmas idea, as over against the decline of other forms of interest in Christianity. Not that such a growth can take the place of things more vital, but it may strengthen our hope that things more vital will in time receive just consideration because of the spirit of regard for Christmas as a representative time.

OUR readers belong to that class of men and women who ought to rise easily to the higher conceptions of Christmas and the Christmas time. That higher conception should be first, personal. It should include the relation of the individual to the Christmas time, and to the Christ, since from this standpoint Christmas, more than any period of the year, should be a time for personal examination as to one's life, religious state, and general purpose. At a time when the

The Sabbath Recorder.

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Growing Interest in Christmas.

It is Little From Above. We lose the deeper meaning of Christ's words to Nicodemus when we translate them "Ye must be born again." What he said was, "Ye must be born from above." That is the source of the life with God and in God. It is oneness with God; it is communion with God as with one closer to us than father or mother, closer than the air we breathe, close as thought. It is peace. Tradition tells that St. Augustine was walking one evening on the seashore, sad and despondent. He asked his soul: Why art thou so sad to-night? And a voice which seemed to come over the waters said to him: Seek for an answer above thee. Meanwhile, the darkness crept over the earth and the stars came out in the sky. St. Augustine lifted up his eyes and said: God, thou who didst poise all these stars in the sky above me, thou who knowest, tell me why is my soul so sad to-night? And from the stars came the answer: Seek above us. Augustine then took another flight to the angelic sphere, and, as he listened to the songs of angels and archangels, he said: O ye angels of His that do His pleasure, tell me why is my soul so sad to-night? And the angels answered, Seek above us. Then Augustine stood in perfect submission before the throne of God. Here he found satisfaction and rest from the fretting cares of life. Then he exclaimed: Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is

The Higher Meaning of Christmas.

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memory of Christ as the Babe of Bethlehem naturally enlarges into the idea of Christ as the world's Helper and Redeemer, and as the greatest power in the world's history for the last two thousand years, the lives of personal believers in Christ should rise and expand with corresponding conceptions of duty and devotion. This higher conception will include the Church of Christ and the relation of each member of that church to it and to the larger Kingdom of Christ on earth, of which the organized church is a distinct part and a definite representative. In this way, both logically and morally, Christmas should be a time when all the best interests of the church find strength and enlargement. It is well that the church should recognize the valuable elements of gift-giving, care for the poor, and care for childhood. It should also seek by every means to strengthen the bonds of love and good fellowship, not only through the giving of presents, but through a union of lives and of purposes in the Master's service. In this way, the least of the many blessings connected with Christmas time will lead to the higher, if not to the highest, blessings and attainments which that time ought to secure. This number of the RECORDER seeks to contribute suggestions and helps toward the higher conceptions of Christmas time, and of highest Christian life and hope. We would gladly carry our readers from Christmas the pleasant to "Jerusalem the Golden."

On another page will be found two bits from "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens. The reader will recall that between the time described in the first bit and that in the second, Scrooge had passed several hours in company with the Ghost of Christmas Past, that experience had transformed him from Scrooge the cruel and miserly, to Scrooge the repentant. His better self had been resurrected, and he hastened to do its bidding. He began at once to undo the evil he had done, and to live life anew. If the coming of these bits before your eyes shall secure a re-reading of the whole carol—that choicest gem from the world's best writer on Christmas themes—you will thank the RECORDER, and be ready to say with Tiny Tim: "God Bless Us, Every One."

ACCORDING to the Westerly Sun, the following is a verbatim copy of the record as found in the book of record of the town council meetings in Westerly. It seems that at that early time Westerly was wrestling with the question of the sale of intoxicants. A member of the Council at that time was a petitioner for leave to sell wine under peculiar circumstances:

"At a Town Council meeting held at ye Dwelling House of Mr. Thompson in Westerly the 8th day of february, 1713-14, upon A Journment, etc.

"Then and there appeared Justice Peter Crandall, Capt. Jno. Babcock, Capt. Joseph Stanton, Mr. Isaac Tompson, Mr. Christopher Champlin, Lieut. Saml Clark, etc.

"Voted, Capt. Jno. Babcock chosen clerk to ye Council for ye day, etc.

"Voted, Whereas Mr. Christopher Champlin, late Tavern Keeper, his Licence being up,

desireth the Liberty to sell by Retail the one-half Barrel of Wine within the Limits of Two Months from ye date here of and to sell or retail noe maner of strong Drink for the futner without Order from this Town and this present Council gives Lebarty accordingly.

"This Town's Council is Dissolved, per me John Babcock, Clerk for ye Day."

WHY DO SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS EXIST?  
A. H. LEWIS.  
(Continued from last week.)  
CHAPTER NINTH.

WHAT SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS STAND FOR.

In the first place they stand for a full return to the position which Christ occupied concerning the Bible and fundamental questions of religious duty. Their position with reference to Christ and His work, and to the New Testament, is identical with the position of Protestants in general. What they do stand for, and what they believe is a fundamental requisite in Sabbath Reform, is a reconsideration of the attitude of Christ, and therefore of His followers, toward the Old Testament, the fundamental truths and principles laid down therein, and the historical and logical relation which primitive Christianity sustained to the Old Testament Scriptures. By primitive Christianity we mean that which Christ taught, in essence, and what His more immediate followers taught and practiced before the perversions which Greek and Roman paganism introduced.

2. Seventh-day Baptists stand for Sabbath Reform as a religious issue, and upon religious grounds alone. They believe that the introduction of the State-Church idea from pagan Rome was, and is yet, a prominent element of perversion, and is fundamentally opposed to the true conception of Christ's Kingdom, as laid down by Him. They discard the possibility of such an institution as that which is popularly called "the civil Sabbath." They accept the fact that civil legislation has been a powerful element in making Sunday a holiday, and prominent cause in the decline of Puritan sentiment, and in the destruction of the Puritan Sunday. This decline has been made certain through the influence of Sunday legislation, because Christians and non-Christians have thus accepted the low standard of civil law, rather than the higher standard of divine law and Biblical authority, as the ground of Sabbath observance.

3. At no time in their history have Seventh-day Baptists desired any support for the Sabbath or its observance from the civil law. They demanded freedom from the requirements of the Sunday law, and deny the logic of those exemptions which have been granted them, by some States. They say that to grant permission to a Seventh-day Baptist to disregard the Sunday law, while other men are required to obey, because he has religiously observed the Sabbath, is to set up a religious test and make a wholly unjustifiable standard which permits a certain class of men to disobey the Sunday law, because, to a prescribed degree, they have expressed religious regard for the Sabbath. They therefore stand for the abrogation of all legislation which forbids the doing of things right within themselves and legitimate on other days on Sunday, because of the character of

the day. They also stand for such permissive rest, rather than mandatory, as will give to every employed person who desires it, one day of rest in each week. Among the many reasons for this position is the fact that Sunday laws which associate the liquor traffic with legitimate forms of business, enables the liquor interest to prevent the execution of these laws, and to fortify its evil work behind them. The present laws which compel idleness on the part of all classes where neither religious interests nor conscience have any place, also cultivate holidayism, thus preventing the ends for which the law is designed.

4. Seventh-day Baptists stand for Sabbath Reform as primarily and always a religious question, to be settled on the broadest grounds, in accordance with the interpretation of the Fourth Commandment by Christ, and with His example in the observance of the Sabbath. They stand for this principle as demanded at the present time, in the light of all experience and with the changed circumstances which the Twentieth Century presents, when compared with the time of Christ.

5. These positions involve the idea that genuine Sabbath Reform, in connection with any day of the week, must be secured by radical revolution in public opinion. Men outside the Christian churches care little for any of these issues. The interest which working men and various classes of artisans have in the enforcement of Sunday laws is purely selfish, based upon business rivalry, and in no small degree that interest is a product of the tyranny which marks the history of modern labor organizations. Nothing which such organizations have done, or are likely to do, fosters genuine Sabbath Reform. Religious men are widely divided upon almost all questions connected with Sabbath Reform, and most of them doubt whether anything practical can be attained. They are in despair concerning experiments that have been tried, and in confusion as to any practical basis for Sabbath Reform.

It is under these circumstances that the denominational life and history of the Seventh-day Baptists take on new meaning, great significance, and such importance as they themselves scarcely appreciate. Kept, almost without any choice of their own, guided and protected in spite of opposition and mistakes, they, and their representatives during the Roman Catholic period, are in direct touch with the church of the Apostolic Age, which all agree was a Sabbath-keeping church. Therefore it is that under the fundamental principles which appear in the history of Christianity, their denominational existence has been continued through a constant need growing out of an unending struggle on the part of primitive Christianity to sustain itself in spite of the perversion of paganism, and to secure full return to the position which Christ occupied. Thus, while their history has not been because of their option, and while it has brought to them opposition, persecution and martyrdom, that position has never been other than of the utmost importance because of its connection with the great fundamental truth involved in the Sabbath law and in Sabbath observance.

There can be no question as to the duty of continuing their denominational efforts and of standing firm for sake of the truth which they are commissioned to defend, until, through repeated experiments, other Chris-

tians shall learn the futility of attempting to compromise with the law of God, or of ignoring fundamental principles and practices, according to Christ. For these things the Seventh-day Baptists have existed through all the Christian centuries. For sake of these high standards they now exist. Toward the dissemination of Sabbath truth and the attainment of Sabbath Reform according to the Bible and the example of Christ, their efforts are directed and must be continued.

In all this there is nothing of antagonism toward other Christians, in the usual sense of that word. Whatever differences appear, or apparent antagonism, come from the requirements of truth and the demands of duty, under a consciousness that the Law of God is the only standard of right, and the Word of God is the supreme arbiter of all religious questions. From the human standpoint, the Seventh-day Baptists would have been glad if God had seen fit to relieve them from a position in which they have been much misunderstood and often misrepresented. But in view of the importance of the truths involved, of the practical evils which have come upon the Christian church, through no Sabbathism, in view of the growth of holidayism and the decline of regard for Sunday, in view of the inroads of the liquor power and its associate evils, and of the futile efforts of the friends of Sunday to secure relief through civil law, Seventh-day Baptists have no option as to the position they shall occupy, and they rejoice in the high place to which they have been called, and the work for which they have been kept.

[To be Continued.]

BITS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly

wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say St. Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door, Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as a flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind-men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal; and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the paving stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and key-hole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring

everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!" He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come then," returned the nephew, gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew. "What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchen of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistresses. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the foot-stool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when he came. So did the plump sister when she came. So did every one when they came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are!" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge. "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And, therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again: "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year. I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did

it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind any way, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

#### TRACT SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2:15 P. M., President J. Frank Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: J. F. Hubbard, Stephen Babcock, D. E. Titsworth, L. E. Livermore, A. H. Lewis, W. M. Stillman, J. D. Spicer, Corliss F. Randolph, Esle F. Randolph, J. M. Titsworth, E. F. Loofboro, G. B. Shaw, J. A. Hubbard, F. S. Wells, C. C. Chipman, W. C. Hubbard, O. S. Rogers, H. M. Maxson, Mrs. H. M. Maxson, Mrs. Geo. H. Babcock, A. L. Titsworth, and Business Manager John Hiscox.

Prayer was offered by Rev. L. E. Livermore.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Recording Secretary reported having written Dr. A. E. Main a letter of condolence, as requested at the last meeting, and having received from him an expression of his appreciation of the same.

Secretary Lewis reported that he visited Philadelphia Nov. 9, but there proved to be no public hearing, yet he was able to secure the publication in the Philadelphia papers of the matter as he would have presented it had there been a hearing. As an outgrowth of this visit the Secretary addressed a meeting in Philadelphia, Dec. 10, called to consider certain phases of Sunday desecration, and the availing of both of these opportunities to present our views we trust may be productive of much good.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported progress in the preparation of the Seventh-day Baptist souvenir.

Correspondence was received from Rev. A. P. Ashurst, Thomas Wiseman, Rev. George Seeley, Dr. A. E. Main and Chas. D. Coon. The latter wrote concerning the pastorate of the church at Riverside, Cal., and on motion it was voted that the request of the church to designate Rev. J. T. Davis as their pastor be granted.

Correspondence was received from Ira J. Ordway in relation to denominational work in the West.

On motion it was voted that Secretary Lewis be requested to attend a conference to

be held in Chicago, Dec. 20, with Secretary O. U. Whitford and representatives of the Chicago church.

*Voted*, That the censors on advertising matter for the RECORDER be the Supervisory Committee with power.

*Voted*, That electro plates be made of the matter to be prepared for the Helping Hand by Dr. A. E. Main in a series of denominational lessons.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,  
Rec. Sec'y.

#### THE CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

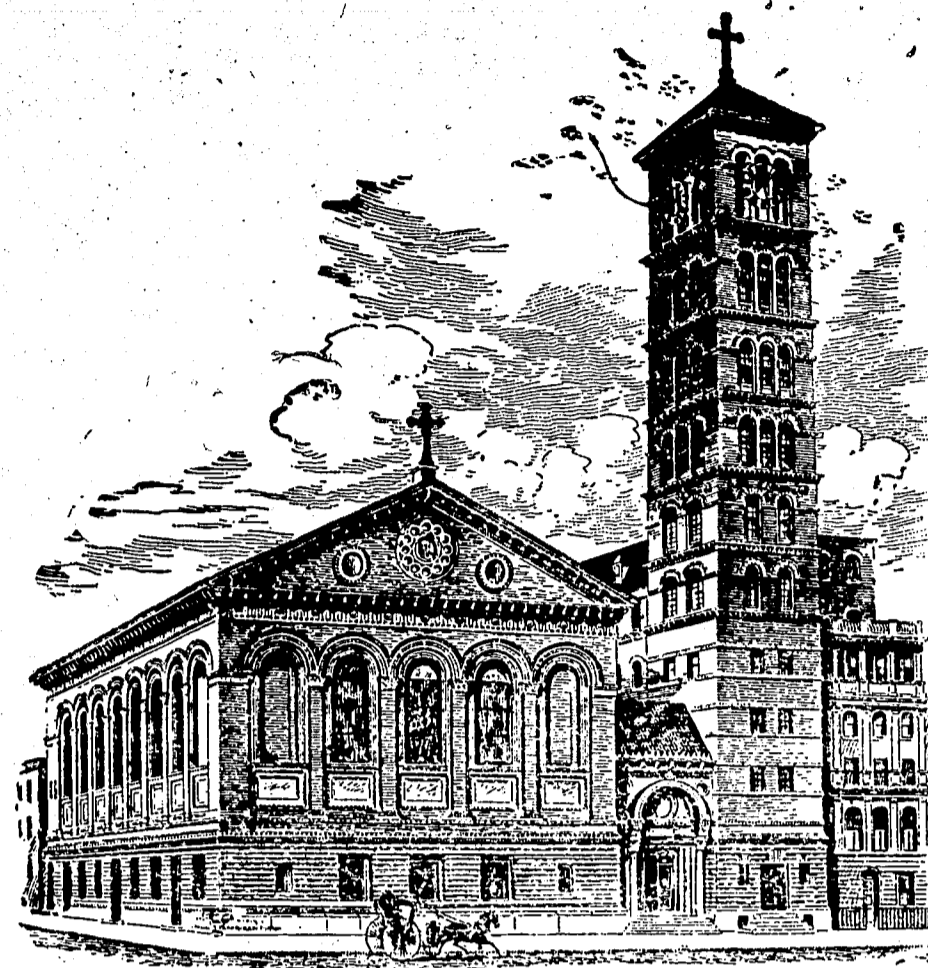
What Paul saw in the spirit, the man of Macedonia, who called to him for help for his country, we have before us in the flesh. The suffering and destitution, resulting from insurrection in Macedonia, are extreme. Twenty-five thousand Macedonians have managed to cross the border into Bulgaria. Several times that number remain in Macedonia, homeless, their herds and crops destroyed, perishing of cold and starvation. Everyone is familiar to some extent with the conditions which have prevailed in that unhappy country for the last two years and more, the active agitation of the Macedonian revolutionists, the rising in rebellion of a portion of the Macedonian people, the attempt of the Turkish authorities to suppress the revolution with the utmost severity by overwhelming force. With the rights and wrongs of the Macedonians we are not now concerned, but we cannot help being concerned with the relief of fellow human beings and fellow Christians, of innocent women and children, who are perishing by the hundred and will perish by the thousand, most cruelly, unless Christian Europe and Christian America come to the rescue.

At this Christmas season, with its thought of peace and good will, of joy and merry-making, tens of thousands of villagers, stripped of everything but the clothes on their backs, are facing the winter cold without food. We appeal to you for contributions to aid the destitute and suffering Macedonians in Bulgaria and Macedonia. For some months, not less, certainly, than \$1,000 a day are required to relieve the most pressing wants—clothing, food, fuel. Ten times that sum could be used to advantage. All contributions sent to the Trust Company of America, 149 Broadway, New York, or Kidder, Peabody & Co., Boston, will be forwarded without expense. American missionaries in the field will superintend wisely and economically the distribution of all sums thus forwarded for purposes of relief to all sufferers without regard to race or religion.

Signed,

HON. SETH LOW, Mayor of New York,  
RE. R-V. H. C. POTTER, D. D. LL. D.,  
BISHOP EDWARD S. ANDREWS, D. D., LL. D.,  
C. C. CREEGAN, D. D.,  
HENRY O. DWIGHT, LL. D.,  
CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D. D.,  
JOHN P. PETERS, D. D.,  
WM. HAYES WARD, D. D., LL. D.,  
DAVID J. BURRELL, D. D.,  
J. ROSS STEVENSON, D. D.,  
MORRIS K. JESUP,  
ROBERT S. MAC ARTHUR, D. D.,  
JOHN S. KENNEDY,  
GEO. W. WICKERSHAM,  
EVERETT P. WHEELER.

## THE NEW YORK CHURCH. Installation of Rev. Eli Forsythe Loofboro as Pastor.



THE JUDSON MEMORIAL.

After more than a year's faithful service as acting pastor of the First Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City, on Nov. 15, 1903, the Rev. Eli Forsythe Loofboro accepted the call of that church to its full pastorate, and arrangements were made for his installation on Sabbath day, Dec. 5, 1903.

The Plainfield and New Market churches were invited to attend the service, and their respective pastors were requested to participate in the service. The Rev. A. H. Lewis, editor of the SABBATH RECORDER; the Rev. A. E. Main, Dean of the Theological Seminary of Alfred University; the Rev. David A. MacMurray, assistant pastor of the Judson Memorial church of New York City; and the Rev. S. H. Davis, late pastor of the Pawtucket church at Westerly, R. I., now engaged in temperance work with his headquarters in New York City, were likewise invited to be present and participate in the installation service. These invitations were all accepted except by Rev. S. H. Davis, who found himself obliged to be absent from the city at the time.

The services were conducted by the Rev. George B. Shaw, formerly pastor of the New York City church, but now pastor of the church at Plainfield.

At half-past eleven o'clock, the service was opened by singing the Coronation, followed by the Invocation by the Rev. George B. Shaw. This in turn was followed by the responsive reading of the 19th and 20th Psalms, after which the congregation sang, "Christ is My Corner Stone."

The Rev. Arthur E. Main, D. D., read portions of I Corinthians, 3d chapter; I Peter, 2d chapter.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis.

Mrs. Ralph W. Babcock then sang "The Lord is My Shepherd" by Gounod.

The Rev. Arthur E. Main, D. D., preached the installation sermon, using as his text a part of the 9th verse of the 3d chapter of I Corinthians, "Ye are God's Builders," a Bible study in spiritual architecture. The speaker first cited about a dozen different names by which the spiritual blessing was

known, pointing out the peculiar significance of each. For the foundations of the structure, the materials are God's own truth; men—His disciples, whether they be men, women, or children, all of whom are living stones; together with Jesus and his mighty personality as the Christ, being the corner stone.

The builders are we ourselves who work together with Jesus Christ our Lord and Master. Its use is for a high and spiritual purpose—for spiritual sacrifice.

Three truths must never be forgotten: The spiritual building is of continuous growth. It is immortal, and it leads to glory indescribable. We should never forget that we are God's workers—His fellow workers.

The Rev. George B. Shaw, pastor of the Plainfield church, commended the new pastor to the care of the church after speaking briefly of his pastorate of five years in the New York church, and bespoke for his successor the same support accorded him, both moral and financial. Careful friendly criticism he conceived to be most useful aid to a young pastor.

Mr. Harry W. Prentice, the precentor of the New York church, then sang a solo entitled "Light of the Better Morning," by Dudley Buck.

The Rev. Leander E. Livermore read a letter from the Rev. Judson G. Burdick, pastor of the church at Jackson Centre, Ohio, in which he referred in a sympathetic way to his pastorate of ten years in the New York church, and regretted his inability to attend the installation services. He expressed the greatest confidence in the new pastor, and anticipated a most successful term of service for him.

Mr. Livermore then addressed the new pastor, committing the church to his care in the same spirit in which the Master in His last hours upon the cross committed his mother to the faithful watch care of the beloved disciple.

Mr. Stephen Babcock, the wise counselor for several decades of the New York church, taking his pastor by the hand, welcomed him in behalf of his brethren and sisters to his new relationship with the church, pointing out to him the dignity of his position, the difficulties and arduous labor involved, but assuring him of the support, both moral and financial, the sympathy, the good wishes, and the prayers of his chosen people. Mr. Babcock, although totally blind, is always a commanding and impressive speaker, and on this occasion, reading from his notes in "New York Pointprint for the Blind," his dignified and well chosen utterances delivered with a voice full of feeling, were doubly impressive.

The Rev. David A. MacMurray, assistant pastor of the Judson Memorial Baptist church, in whose house of worship the New York church meets, in speaking of the relations existing between the two churches brought a most cordial message of greeting and welcome from the pastor of his church,

the Rev. Edward Judson, D. D., who was absent from the city, and also from the trustees of the church. He expressed a very warm personal regard for the New York church, which he had served as a supply for several weeks at a time, on different occasions. In speaking of sermons, he pleaded for gospel sermons of high spiritual character.

The congregation sang, "'Tis Not a Cause of Small Import," etc.

The Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis, D. D., editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, spoke of the relation of the church to the denomination. He first reviewed briefly the history of Seventh-day Baptists from John the Baptist to the present day and then addressed himself to the question of denominational identity based alone upon the Sabbath of the Master, and pleaded with pastor and church alike to be loyal to the faith of their forefathers. He spoke for about twenty minutes in his most spirited and eloquent manner and made a profound impression upon all his hearers. His address was a fitting climax to a most profoundly impressive service.

The congregation then sang, "With Heavenly Powers, O Lord, Defend," etc., after which the Rev. Eli Forsythe Loofboro pronounced the benediction. The service was about two hours in length. At its close the members of the church present, together with their guests, largely from Plainfield and New Market, repaired to the Mills Hotel, two or three blocks distant, where dinner was served to upwards of one hundred people. The service was one of unusual strength and profit to the New York church. The committee in charge of the service consisted of Esle F. Randolph, Alfred C. Prentice, and John B. Cottrell. The music was in the hands of the precentor and organist of the church, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Prentice, respectively.

THE FIRST SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH OF  
NEW YORK CITY.

The first Sabbatarian church of New York City was organized at the home of Thomas B. Stillman in New York City Nov. 9, 1845, with twenty-three constituent members, of whom but one, Eliza L. Rogers, now of Newport, R. I., is still living. She has remained a member of the New York church up to the present time.

(Continued on page 813.)



REV. ELI FORSYTHE LOOFBORO.

## Missions.

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

EVANGELIST J. G. BURDICK is now settled as pastor over the Jackson Centre and Stokes churches, Ohio, with the privilege of laboring at least three months in the year as an evangelist.

EVANGELIST M. B. KELLY has closed his evangelistic labors with the Cartwright church, Wis., and has been holding meetings for several weeks with the Dodge Centre church, Minn. The meetings at Cartwright were fairly well attended. People would attend and come under conviction and then stay away for fear of being converted. There were some converts and a few added to the church. The members of the church were revived and strengthened. The meetings at Dodge Centre are increasing in attendance and interest. Some have already given their hearts to the Saviour and others are seeking him. Back-sliders are also returning to Christ and his service. Pray for a widespread and thorough work of grace at Dodge Centre. After some needed rest, Bro. Kelly, when through at Dodge Centre, will probably go to Farina, Ill.

How can one be denominational?

1. By being imbued with the spirit, purpose and mission of the denomination. Every denomination has its own spirit, purpose and mission in the world. The Seventh-day Baptist denomination has its mission in the world to accomplish. A Seventh-day Baptist that is alive to that mission, interested in it, imbued with its spirit and purpose, and is doing what he can to advance its interests and accomplish its work, is denominational.

2. Loyalty to the principles and the truths which make the denomination is an evidence that one is denominational. A Seventh-day Baptist who is loyal to Seventh-day Baptist principles and doctrines in his faith and practice is denominational. The chief truth that makes us a distinct denomination in the world is that of the Sabbath. If one is ashamed to be known as a Sabbath-keeper, does not keep the Sabbath in spirit and in letter, is loose and inconsistent in its observance, does not like to have the Sabbath truth preached and promulgated, he is not denominational.

3. He is denominational so far as that makes him so, who takes and reads the publications of the denomination. If one goes into a Methodist home he will find Methodist publications; if into a Seventh-day Adventist home he will find the denominational papers and publications, not only enough for the home use but some to pass out to others. The real Seventh-day Baptist, if able, will take the SABBATH RECORDER and our other publications. Our denominational paper is the exponent of our views and doctrines. It expresses to the world how we stand and what we are doing. Its purpose is not only to set forth the truths which make us a distinct people but to instruct, strengthen and indoctrinate our own people. It also keeps us posted in regard to our fields of labor, our enterprises and the condition of our beloved Zion. It is also as good as a letter each week from different portions of our denomination. Are we thoroughly denominational in taking, reading and supporting our denominational paper and publications?

FROM MRS. TOWNSEND.

DECATUR, ILL., en route for West Hallock.

DEAR RECORDER:

I left Milton, Wis., the middle of October, with leaves fallen and autumn weather well set in, and in a few days landed among flowers, fruit and green leaves, in Stone Fort, southern Illinois. Brother Oliver Lewis welcomed me and his house, over which his sister Cora presides, together with Dr. Johnson's, were my headquarters while in the Southland. I remained there over four weeks trying to find where I could encourage and help our own people and show Christ to those who did not know him, and to build up his kingdom on the basis of a complete obedience and the full decalogue. I found our own people active and hopeful in Sabbath-school, Christian Endeavor, and preaching services, Dr. Johnson and Elder Lewis alternating. As we would gather evening after evening, I could not tell from where the crowds came, but the interest became so apparent that Bro. Seager, from Farina, was sent for to hold special services for a few days. I preached at Flat Rock school-house to overflowing houses, perhaps because it was a woman preacher, for some of them were very much opposed to women as preachers; but when I read, for the encouragement of the women, the 16th chapter of Romans, this opposition disappeared, while voluntary contributions were given, together with urgent requests for me to speak more. Dea. Bracewell and his son, who also is a deacon, see that preaching is given there once a month, and if others in our denomination had to ride up and down the hills and through the gullies, as do our people here to their church privileges, I believe the services would seem much more precious. I preached three times in the village of Stone Fort, twice in the Methodist and once in the Baptist church. I delivered an address on Christian fellowship, and was requested to speak on The Sabbath in the Methodist church; but in the afternoon preceding the evening on which I was to speak, the local preacher announced that he would, upon request of the regular pastor, fill the pulpit. Dr. Johnson and myself were at Bethel church that day and did not return until late in the evening; the church was already well filled and the local minister was leading the singing. Not knowing anything was irregular I laid off my wraps and entered the pulpit; the minister turned to explain the situation, and I told him to go on with the service according to his instructions, but he insisted that I should speak, which I did, telling the audience first of my ignorance of the changed situation, and that I had been requested to speak on The Sabbath and came prepared to do so, supposing it was fully understood. I asked an expression from the audience as to whether I should proceed, and announced that any one could retire without offense. Nearly every hand went up and no one retired. God honored the effort, as many testified on the following days while I remained in the village. Still the objection seemed to be against a woman preacher, but when I told them I had filled every place officially in the Methodist church except presiding elder and ordained minister, they manifested their acceptance of my work by hearty handshakes and expressions of interest.

The Stone Fort church has thirty members and every family takes the RECORDER. All are in comfortable circumstances, and among them are physicians and druggists, and suc-

cessful farmers and business men. The wife of Elder Lewis buried her mother at the advanced age of 91 years while I was there. At Bethel we found but three active members, but a house full of very attentive listeners at each service. Erasmus Joyner, who was converted under T. J. VanHorn's pastorate, has been holding prayer and conference meetings for a long time and expects to continue to do so. A large company of young people are round about the neighborhood, and some of them already know Christ and many others would give themselves to him if there was a shepherd to hold them. The Bethel church is more at one side, and needs attention often when roads are passable. Bidding good-bye to the beloved ones in the church, and hosts of friends in the village (for I had visited every house, nearly, and given literature that I thought would be most helpful) I started for Farina, but was delayed nine hours in a wreck, having to stay all night in Centralia, Brother Seager and Dr. West's family waiting in the meanwhile for a tardy telegram telling them of my delay. I reached Farina on the second day and found a home at Doctor West's. I spoke every night but one, made twenty calls a day, and rode many miles over the beautiful country around Farina. The Farina church feels somewhat the depletion of strength in the loss of its "strong men of valor," but with each removal they gather themselves closer together and in God's presence feel the supplemental power of grace and faith which verifies the promise that all things shall work together for good. Good audiences, an interesting Sabbath-school and C. E.s, with a growing attendance at the Sabbath evening praise and prayer service, are encouraging features. Leaving Farina on our way to West Hallock, I visited Vandalia, the home of Bro. Irish and one or two more of our people, and also some very dear friends, formerly of Holgate, Ohio. I found in Bro. Irish's family two of their children ill with scarlet fever, so was deprived of the pleasure of meeting with them. I had many long and earnest talks with the friends from Ohio about the Sabbath. They conceded its authority, but three stove factories, in as many States, with half a thousand employees, were the great hindrance to obedience. Oh, how important that we be not entangled with the yoke of this world's bondage.

WEST HALLOCK, Nov. 28.

Had a long and tedious delay of 23 hours at Peoria, from an abandoned train. I occupied the time in visiting the Public Library, where I left four sets of Dr. Lewis' series on the Sabbath, some RECORDERS, a few copies of the Sabbath of Christ, and one Seventh-day Baptist Hand Book. I also visited the Women's Christian Union rooms which is a beautiful place of rest, supported by the Christian women of all denominations; and in the afternoon the Florence Crittendon Home for friendless and homeless girls. I gave a short talk to them as they met for their regular talk given by their matron.

Bro. Peterson met me at Akron, and I was very glad to reach his home and receive its hearty welcome. I began calling the next afternoon. We visited nearly every member of the church, holding fireside devotions with many as well as public services and a talk to the Sabbath-school, all of which was very enjoyable and I trust profitable. I presented the claims of the Tract, Missionary and

Woman's Boards; this was supplemented by Pastor Peterson and followed with an offering. This was also done at all the other places. While all hearts are saddened at the loss of the dear brethren, by death, who have been the strong and wise counselors at West Hallock, the church under the leadership of their devoted pastor and his beloved wife, are trying to "rise higher and find their strength in Him who never makes any mistakes." With large acreage in the most fertile part of America, they can compass any financial interest. Corn picking was the order of the day and far into both ends of the night, but spiritual interest was not waning, and the Sabbath seemed indeed a delight, as many came for miles. The one thing most needful, perceptibly, at all the places, was a clearer and well-defined perception of what we as a denomination stand for before the world; the honored position it is ours to fill as loving, loyal children of our Heavenly Father's plainly-written commands, the keeping of which brings to us peace and strong confidence, making life much more abundant in this world and in the world to come one of everlasting endurance.

CHICAGO, December 10.

Arrived at Pastor Wilcox's home last evening on the way to my home from which I have been eight weeks. While talking over the needs, possibilities and opportunities of our cause, our hearts burn to do more and be more, until the Master says, "It is enough, come up higher." The coming ordination of Bro. Wilcox means much to the church and more to him; adding one more to the list of noble young men who are ready to go and do and be as God in His providences and by his Holy Spirit may lead and direct warriors against the deceptive and alluring power of the evil one, especially over the young and inexperienced. Many stars shall shine in the crowns of those who are won unto Christ. May God's blessings and benediction rest on all the dear workers everywhere, and quicken them to greater alacrity and knowledge through faith.

### THE LESSON OF THE CHICAGO RIVER.

It was indicative of the lively imagination of our visiting brother, Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London, that in his first sermon in Chicago he turned an unsavory fact into a sweet, spiritual lesson. Referring to the Drainage Canal, which had been shown him, and which he justly considered one of the marvels of the age, he saw in it a sovereign reversal of the natural flow of a foul and sluggish river in order to carry out purposes of sanitation; and in the distribution of the tainted waters through the vast waters of the Gulf and the vaster waters of the Atlantic, where they were washed clean of their pollution, he found a fit figure by which to set forth that infinite love of God which substitutes, by divine grace, atonement for justice, makes "whiter than snow" the once guilty soul and dissipates sin in the depths of redemption. The lesson suggests Moody; the form, Beecher. The illustration will bring comfort to many a man who would have shaken his head doubtfully over givenness as a metaphysical or legal problem. "Without a parable spake he not unto them," is the evangelist's testimony to the Saviour's manner of presenting needed truth. —Interior.

## Woman's Work.

MRS. HENRY M. MAXSON, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all; No palace too great and no cottage too small. The angels who welcome him sing from the height, In the "city of David" a king in his might; Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within, Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin, Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right, Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light; Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE December number of the Helping Hand published in Boston by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, is an almost ideal Christmas number. The cover is printed in colors, wreaths of holly surrounding two little heathen girls on the front page, while the back contains an appeal, in large letters, to the women and girls of the Baptist societies to aid in the support of the twenty-five hundred pupils in the six hundred schools that they are supporting.

The inside of this little magazine is as attractive as the outside, and it is just as good to read as to look at. The contents relates almost entirely to the children of the various missions, and the articles are fully illustrated by good pictures. The pictures of African, Hindu, Telugu, Chinese, Japanese, Burmese, and Filipino children, are most interesting and give us quite an insight into the habits of living in these countries.

The magazine has many suggestive Christmas thoughts. One seems particularly good and the power of fulfillment within the reach of us all. "Address an envelope to the loneliest, farthest away missionary you know. Inside the envelope place the brightest, newest letter you can write. Cut jokes and funny stories from the papers and magazines and slip them in too, but be sure the postage is fully prepaid."

Can we not show our appreciation of those whom we have sent to do our work in foreign lands and feel it a privilege to send to them a word of cheer and encouragement at this season?

A correspondent sometime ago asked that a suggestion for Christmas giving be made on this page. This was the substance of the suggestion. In view of the fact that there is so much destitution about us, that so many people are hungry and cold, would it not be better to refrain from the friendly interchange of gifts at Christmas and use the money to relieve the needs of the unfortunate? A note of tender remembrance and appreciation would furnish ample explanation among friends for the change, and a real burden might thus be lifted from some sad heart. The matter is one worthy of our careful consideration.

### REPORT OF WOMAN'S BOARD.

The Woman's Board met in regular session Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 1. 1903. Members present: Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Platts, Mrs. Whitford, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Daland and Mrs. Babcock.

The meeting was opened with Scripture reading by Mrs. Clarke and prayer by Mrs. Platts. Treasurer's report for November was presented and adopted. The monthly statement of Mrs. Townsend was presented.

The corresponding secretary, being unable to be present, reported completing the issuing of Board stationery, and enclosed a letter from the Plainfield ladies, asking for advice

from the Board in regard to applications made to their Ladies' Society of Christian Work for clothing and special supplies.

The salary of Mrs. Townsend was reported paid, and the secretary was instructed to write to the Plainfield ladies giving suggestions of the Board in regard to their communication.

The subject of providing a suitable helper for Dr. Palmborg in her mission work has for a long time been anxiously talked of and prayerfully considered by the Board in an indefinite way, and was again brought up at this meeting. After learning of Mrs. Davis' proposed return to the home land, which will necessarily cause the removal of the doctor to Shanghai, and will consequently put her again in association with other missionaries, it was thought best to defer, for the present, any action looking toward sending her an associate. Board adjourned.

Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Pres.

Mrs. J. H. Babcock, R.-c. Sec.

### AUNT SEREPTA'S SELF-DENIAL OFFERING.

LULU LINTON.

"No, I didn't enjoy the meetin' a mite. Lois, I went feelin' like it would rest me and give me strength, but I come away clear disheartened. Mis' Doctor Bromley led the meetin', and she told us that we must observe a self-denial week just before Easter, and bring our offerin' to the Easter service. She said we must deny ourselves somethin' that we really cared for, and bring the price of it to the Lord. I just got to wonderin' if she knowed the meanin' of self-denial, she who never denied herself anything she really wanted all her pampered life. They wasn't a soul at that meetin' only me that ever give up a thing they cared for, unless it was with the certainty of gettin' somethin' better a little further on.

"Now, for my part, I know the meanin' of it. I never knowed nothin' else; but they ain't another single thing I could deny myself.

"When I was a girl I had to work hard to help my father and mother along, and I denied myself the pleasure of havin' a home of my own while they needed me. There! you needn't open them big brown eyes of yours so wide. I wasn't always the plain old Serepta Slocum that you see now, and had my chance same as ever' other girl, but I put him off from time to time.

"Father and mother both died, but Jack was left, and mother's last words was 'take care of Jack,' so I denied myself again, and sent my lover away, and he never come back.

"I've tried to take care of Jack, but it's been a hard, thankless job. He was wayward and headstrong, and didn't want anybody takin' care of him, and in spite of all I could do he went in wild company and took to drinkin'. I couldn't leave Jack if he was bad, and he's out of work so often I have to work awful hard to keep both of us.

"I've denied myself a home, I've denied myself clothes; I've even denied myself what I really wanted to eat so's Jack could have plenty, and often and often I've gone without my coffee so's Jack could have a good strong cup and maybe stop his cravin' for drink. I've never had pleasures like other folks. When other folks goes away a summer I have to stay here and earn money, carin' for their plants and pets. When fall comes with its beauty, I have to be cleanin'

house for ever'body and never see any of the beauty of it. I can't read like other folks to fill my mind with anything sweet and nice, for I have to work in daytime, and I can't see by lamplight. I never had a full allowance of anything in my life. When I cut my dresses I have to fold the pattern under and cut skimpy; when I cook I have to use just half the recipe calls for. My whole life has been folded under and measured by half cups, instead of being a full pattern, and the cup heaped up like other folks."

And Serepta paused for a moment, and the judge's pretty, only daughter, drew a long quivering breath as she turned toward the window. Lois Lindlay had heard the same pitiful complaint over and over, but it never failed to bring the tears to her beautiful eyes. As she stood by the window she saw through her tears that Jack Slocum was coming up the walk. She knew by his slow, shambling gait, that he had been drinking, but not drinking hard, as he sometimes did. She had known him from her childhood and had learned to read from his walk just how freely he had indulged in drink.

He paused by the door that stood slightly ajar, but Aunt Serepta, bitter with her own bitter thoughts, did not see or hear him. She continued, "I never even had a decent name like other folks. I wish they'd called me Sarah Ann, so's folks would know how to say it. Over to Bromley's they call me Serepta, and when I work at Burton's they call me Serepta, and ol' Mis' Brown always says 'Sripta' so high and keen it scares me."

She did not mention the one variation of her homely name that she liked. When Jack came home sober and in a good humor he called her Seppy, and Lois, hearing the name when a tiny child, had learned to say Aunt Seppy, and still clung to the name for the queer, sour old woman, who had nursed her through many a sickness, and had cared for the motherless girl with a tenderness never shown to others.

"They's nothin' more that I could deny myself," she went on. "No pleasure or anything that I ain't already denied myself, so I guess I wont try to keep their self-denial week."

She started at the sound of Jack's footsteps. He looked into the room as he passed, and said with a drunken leer:

"There's one thing you've never denied yourself, Serepta, and that's the pleasure of grumbling all the time over your self denials. Try to stop complaining for a week and see if that won't be the hardest self-denial you ever tried."

Aunt Serepta caught her breath with a gasp of surprise and sat quite still. Lois was thinking of her talk with Mrs. Bromley only yesterday. She had been defending her old friend against something that had been said of her, and Mrs. Bromley had said:

"Some people who have a hard lot in life appeal to our sympathy, but Aunt Serepta just stalks forth like a highwayman and demands sympathy, and my heart always shuts with a click when she begins her complaints, and I feel like hurrying on."

Aunt Serepta turned toward Lois after a little silence, and said in a queer, choked voice:

"Lois, mebbe Jack is right. I'll try it."

Lois stooped and kissed the faded old face

with its lines of care and worry, and then went away.

It was a hard week for Aunt Serepta. She had not realized how the habit of fretful complaining had grown on her until she tried to give it up. The bitter words would rise so quickly to her lips, and she felt a sense of relief when the week drew to a close. She had only promised to try it a week.

Jack came home sober on Saturday night, an unusual thing for Jack to do. Drawing his chair close to hers, he said:

"Seppy, are you feeling bad? Seems like you haven't acted just like yourself for awhile."

She laughed nervously as she answered, "I been takin' your advice, Jack, and keepin' self-denial week, and it's like you said. It's been the hardest week's work I ever done."

Jack was silent for a moment; then he said in a skeptical way, "There's not much in your religion, Seppy. That's the reason I don't take any stock in it. You can be good once in a while, but you couldn't hold out this way all the time, and it don't pay to try to be a Christian just by spells, so I won't try it."

The awful thought came to Aunt Serepta that all these years of toil and self-denial that she had believed would count so strongly in her favor in the last great day were lost because of her grumbling and complaining, and it seemed to her now that she had been a stumbling block in Jack's way when she had thought she was trying to guide him aright.

That night she knelt and prayed as she had never prayed before; prayed God to help her live the religion that she believed in so firmly; live it so that Jack might see the light and come to the Christ, as his mother had prayed that he might.

The year that followed was a hard trial. Fifty-two weeks of self-denial. Only the strength that comes from above helped Aunt Serepta to deny herself the relief that she had found in complaining of her hardships, but the reward came to her slowly.

Little by little Jack gave up his old companions; he came home sober oftener; he found steady work, and the little home grew pleasanter. He found Aunt Serepta good company, and finally all his evenings were spent at home reading aloud the good books that Lois brought in and enjoying his sister's bright comments on them. People noted the change in Aunt Serepta, and she had more friends than ever before, but only Lois knew the secret.

The week before Easter rolled around, and Aunt Serepta smiled as she thought of her self-denial year. She rejoiced in the fact that not only happiness but modest prosperity had come to her as the fruit of her effort, and that this year her mite-box was not empty.

Easter came, and Jack sat beside her at church, and in response to the earnest invitation, he walked down the aisle, straight and manly, to confess Christ before men.

Aunt Serepta sat with bowed head, glad tears coursing down her sunken cheeks, and Lois, reaching over to clasp one of the rough, toil-worn hands, heard her whisper brokenly: "O Lord, accept my self-denial offerin'."

—Missionary Tidings.

"AND now once more comes Christmas! Lift yourselves to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity

as something so sublimely precious that it is worthy of being made an offering to God.

"Count it a privilege to make that offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been truly born anew into his divinity as he was born into our humanity on Christmas Day.

—Phillips Brooks.

## Young People's Work.

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

Extracts from J. T. Davis.

I assure you it was a pleasure to know that the young people of Alfred are interested in my work. Nothing, I think, can give a worker more courage to meet trial, than to feel that he has the sympathy and prayers of his brethren and sisters.

As to the field, it extends from the northern line of Washington to the southern of California.

We are planning here at Riverside to build a church and already have a lot and some work done.

When I first came on the field I felt that in some way our people must be united and so we undertook the organization of what we term the Pacific Coast Seventh-day Baptist Association.

This movement has created an interest along the whole line, that I think has been, and will be, of great benefit, if the work is sustained.

What we need on the field is a tent and a corps of workers to be kept steadily at work.

No country, of which I know, offers such opportunity for tent work.

There is little, if any, prejudice against it, and it can be followed practically the year through. If we could have one of your quartets and they were willing to do colportage work to help defray expenses, I believe a great deal of good might be done. The people all along the line seem to be interested, have responded liberally and most of the pledges have been met. The most of the work done has been organization and tract distribution.

Let me thank you again for this manifest interest, for it is truly cheering to know that we are remembered. I only wish I could place more clearly, the needs and importance of the field before you, for certainly I feel, if the people knew the opportunity this coast offers for Seventh-day Baptists, and what we have lost by neglect, more would be done.

Junior Anniversary.

On October tenth the Christian Endeavor and Junior Societies prepared a special program in honor of the tenth anniversary of the Junior Society. There were eleven boys and girls received into the Senior Society from the Junior, on that day.

The exercises were much enjoyed by all, especially the excellent address by the Rev. W. C. Daland of Milton College.

The Juniors received many messages of love and good will from former superintendents, also a letter from our Denominational Superintendent, Mrs. H. M. Maxson. These we enjoyed very much.

Weary Junior Superintendent, do you wish to interest others in, and revive your own Society, try a birthday anniversary.

Our program was as follows:

Singing, congregation.  
Prayer, Pastor.  
23d Psalm, led by Linda Buten.  
Singing, congregation.  
Message from Mrs. H. M. Maxson.  
History of Society, Mrs. N. M. West.  
Message from Mrs. Geo. B. Shaw.  
Message from Jennie Tenquest.  
Message from Mrs. McClafferty.  
Paper, Mrs. B. Munroe.  
Song, Howard and Helen Cottrell.  
Message from Mrs. Lura Johnson.  
Message from Mrs. B. rtha Burdick.  
Paper, Miss Alice Kelly.  
Words of congratulation and welcome, by pastor, Rev. Geo. J. Crandall.  
Address to Juniors, Rev. W. C. Daland.  
Song, Carl Grey.  
Welcome to graduates in behalf of the Senior Society, by the president, Mr. H. M. Burdick.  
Benediction by the pastor.  
Mrs. MATIE FRINK, Superintendent.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis.

## History and Biography.

Conducted by the Committee on Denominational History of the General Conference.

GENERAL CONFERENCE—THIRD SESSION, 1803.  
UNION, COMMUNION, AND EVANGELISM.

The third session of the General Conference, held at Petersburg, September 23-27, 1803, was organized by the appointment of Eld. Abraham Coon, Moderator, and Joseph Potter, Clerk.

The following extracts from the letters of the churches this year show the spirit animating them.

The letter from the Hopkinton Church is given nearly in full, as a typical representation, in its beautiful spirit and devout faith, of the church letters of that period:

"The Sabbatarian Church of Christ at Westley, Hopkinton, and places adjacent, in the State of Rhode Island, to the elders and brethren from the several churches of our Constitution, in Conference assembled at Petersburg, State of New York, and to the brethren composing the Church at said Petersburg, to whom we send our Christian salutations, praying that grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied among you abundantly, through the knowledge of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and dominion throughout all the churches. Amen.

"Beloved elders and brethren, when we consider the many blessings and privileges we enjoy from God, the many opportunities put into our hands of reading and meditating on his Word, and of conversing and working together, and the many other comforts we receive from divine goodness, both temporal and spiritual, we acknowledge ourselves laid under the greatest obligation of thanksgiving to his name. And especially at this time, when we have the opportunity of addressing a number as beloveds in the Lord, believers in Christ, and partakers of the heavenly calling, who have met to confer on the great and important things that belong to the Church of Christ.

"We have to lament the declension of religion among us, that we do not experience that love and zeal as in times past, when we were illuminated by the quickening influence of the divine Spirit; yet we believe if we improve the means of grace and the privileges afforded us aright, we shall, at last, come off conquerors, and more than conquerors, through him who hath loved us; and we would endeavor, according to the measure of grace bestowed on

us, to walk worthy of that vocation to which we are called, endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. We desire, brethren, that you may be abundantly blessed with the incomes of God's grace and of the Holy Spirit, to guide you in the way that leads to life, that you may experience much of his love shed abroad in your hearts, to quicken your zeal for his cause, and to support and strengthen you at all times, and especially in every time of need, when affliction and adversity prevail. And may we all bear our desires to the throne of God's grace for aid and direction in this, our trying day, while error, superstition, and iniquity is prevailing, and the love of many waxing cold, and the blessed truths of the gospel and the kingdom of the Redeemer is set at naught by many. May we endeavor to maintain the truths of the gospel, and have our conversation in the world as becomes the children of God.

"Brethren, we hope that you who have assembled, from different parts of our land, in Conference, to confer on things that pertain to the Church of God and the good of society, and adopt measures respecting these interests, may be directed aright, that God may have the glory, and our souls the comfort. As fellow helpers may we pursue together the purpose intended by our meeting, and thus build up the cause of true religion, propagate truth and suppress error, cherish love and unity, and every other Christian virtue, promulgate the everlasting gospel of Christ, that peace, pardon and reconciliation with God, through the merits of a Saviour may be displayed to the world, that the Churches of Christ may be enlarged, and the disciples multiplied. To that end may the Lord of the harvest send forth faithful ministers and laborers into his vineyard, whose endeavors shall be crowned with his blessing.

"Brethren, may our united desires be raised to God, our heavenly Father, that he would graciously bestow of his grace on the Churches of Christ, that they may be preserved from all error and delusion incident to this frail state of nature, and be firmly established in the most holy faith, founded upon the apostles and the prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, the rock of ages which never shall be moved. May we be enabled, brethren, to glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are his. Let us raise a tribute of thanksgiving to him for that manifestation of love and good will towards a guilty world, in that glorious plan of salvation revealed to us in the volume of sacred truth, and that he has been pleased to reveal himself to us by the influence of his Spirit operating on our hearts, by which we are enabled to do his will, being made willing, as we humbly trust, according to the measure of grace bestowed on us, to conform our lives thereto; whereby we have reason to hope in the mercy of God; and that he has not left himself without witness, but has been pleased to call on the children of men from the earliest ages of the world down to the present time, and we have faith to believe, will so continue, till he shall see fit, in his infinite wisdom, to call his church militant on earth to join the church triumphant in glory.

"Brethren, we beseech you, pray for us that our faith fail not; that we may be blessed with a growth in grace and the knowledge of God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ; that

we may be kept from delusion, and from him who goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. And we pray God may visit you, brethren, in the several situations and circumstances in which he has placed you, in the churches, neighborhoods, and families where you respectively belong, with all needed grace; that the blessings of God may attend you in all your labor and endeavors which are consistent with his will. And we would, brethren, returning thanksgiving for the unmerited favors we have received from an indulgent Providence, raise our united desires to God that he would once more visit us with his grace and the outpouring of his Spirit, for the renewal of our spirits and daily additions to the Churches of Christ, of such as shall be saved; and that it may be the dawning of that day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the deeps, when the glorious Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healings in his wings. May those clouds of darkness and indifference which so often overshadow us, be dispelled, and our understandings enlightened; and may we, at last, be enabled to finish our course with joy, rejoicing in hope of a glorious resurrection to immortality and eternal life.

"Brethren, we would inform you that the Sixth-day before the last Sabbath in August being a day of church meeting, a large number of brethren and sisters convened, and unanimously called Eld. Abram Coon to take the pastoral charge over us. We have not yet received his answer. We likewise called brethren Elisha and Matthew Stillman to the work of the ministry, as evangelists, to receive ordination at some future season.

"Signed per order and in behalf of the Church,

JOSEPH POTTER, Church Clerk.

WESTERLY, August 28th, 1803."

This Church has made provision for sending out missionaries.

The Cohansey (Shiloh) Church respond that "with respect to your views of sending out missionaries, we have, towards supporting it, raised a small donation, at your request, which, if no messengers should come, will be at your service when you call for it, in the hands of our deacon, David Ayars. The brethren present requested assistance from sister churches of preaching gifts."

(To be Continued.)

## JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

JOHN M. NEALE.

(Translated from the Latin.)

Jerusalem, the golden,  
With milk and honey blest!  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed;  
I know not, Oh, I know not,  
What joys await me there,  
What radiance of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;  
And there, from rare released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast;  
And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

INCLUDING ALL SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST PUBLICATIONS AND SABBATH REFORM WORK.

Prepared by Arthur L. Titsworth, Recording Secretary, and presented at the Annual Meeting of the Society at Ashaway, R. I., August 24, 1902.

(Continued from last week)

CHANGE IN LOCATION OF PUBLISHING HOUSE FROM ALFRED CENTER, N. Y., TO PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Owing to the difficulties and inconveniences of carrying on the work of the society with the Board at Plainfield, four hundred miles from the Publishing House at Alfred Center, the Board suggested in its annual report in 1885, the propriety and advisability of changing one or the other, so that the two might be in closer proximity. Each succeeding year revealed the necessity more forcibly of securing this advantage, and at the Annual Session in 1890, at Salem, W. Va., the following action was taken:

Your committee appointed to consider the question of the removal of the Publishing House would report as follows:

WHEREAS, The Executive Board have in their annual reports repeatedly expressed the embarrassments under which they labor in regard to the location of the Publishing House; therefore

Resolved, 1st, That there ought to be made such a change in the location of the Publishing House as would bring it under the immediate supervision of the Executive Board and in close proximity thereto; and 2d, That this question be brought before the Denominational Council, expected to be held in Chicago in October, for their consideration, and before the next session of the Society, for definite and final action.

- W. C. DALAND, S. L. MAXSON, T. R. WILLIAMS, W. C. WHITFORD, T. L. GARDINER, Com.

In accordance with this action the Denominational Council adopted the following:

Your Committee on the Location of Publishing House would respectfully present the following report:

We believe that the success of our publications, both for ourselves as a denomination and for Sabbath reform, rises far above any question of persons or places, and that the location of the Publishing House should be decided entirely from that standpoint. And trusting the wisdom of the American Sabbath Tract Society, that they will act with due discretion in this matter, we do recommend the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Council that the American Sabbath Tract Society should instruct its Board to remove the Publishing House to some great commercial center, conveniently located for our denomination, as soon as it can be done without serious embarrassment, or loss to the interests involved.

- B. F. ROGERS, A. McL. AHN, OSCAR BARCOCK, A. G. CROFOOT, A. B. PRENTICE, W. H. H. COON, Com.

In pursuance of this action of the Council, and the foregoing action of the Society, and in view of the fact that New York and Chicago had been informally considered by the people as desirable points for a new location, reports on the advantages of each of these centers were embodied in the annual report of the society in 1891, and this portion of the report was referred to a special committee who presented the following:

Your Committee to whom was referred that portion of the report of the Board relating to the removal of the Publishing House, begs leave to report. We recommend that the Society accept the advice of the Denominational Council held at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22-29, 1890, viz:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Council that the American Sabbath Tract Society should instruct its Board to remove the Publishing House to some great commercial center, conveniently located for our denomination, as soon as it can be done without serious embarrassment or loss to the interest involved.

nation, as soon as it can be done without serious embarrassment or loss to the interest involved.

- THOS. R. WILLIAMS, B. F. ROGERS, G. J. CRANDALL, G. W. HILLS, N. WARDNER, T. L. GARDINER, W. C. WHITFORD, A. B. PRENTICE, B. P. LANGWORTHY, 2d, Com.

As this report did not name a location, a substitute for it was adopted at the evening session, as follows:

In pursuance of the re-consideration, as voted at the afternoon session, of the report of the committee on the removal of the Publishing House, A. H. Lewis offered the following resolution as a substitute for the report of the special committee on that matter.

Resolved, That we hereby instruct the Executive Board of this Society to move the Publishing House from Alfred Center to the city of New York, as soon as it can be done in accordance with the best interest of the work of the Society, and we do hereby pledge to the Board all necessary support in carrying out this instruction.

The first step toward carrying out the instructions of this resolution, was taken by the establishment in 1892, of a New York office at 100 Bible House, for use as editorial rooms for the Outlook and Sabbath Reform literature, and for a general tract depository. The office was maintained largely through the generosity of Calvert B. Cottrell until the close of 1894, when it was merged in the Publishing House.

At the Annual Session, held Aug. 19, 1894, at Brookfield, N. Y., the Committee on Resolutions presented as the first item of their report, the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Executive Board be hereby instructed and empowered to make such changes in the publishing department as they shall find to be most conducive to economy and success in our publishing work.

The Board in their efforts to carry out these instructions, appointed at their meeting held Sept. 9, 1894, the following committee to examine and report as to what action may be advisable—Chas. Potter, Jr., J. Frank Hubbard, David E. Titsworth, A. Herbert Lewis, Chas. C. Chipman and Stephen Babcock. By conference and correspondence with members of the society at large, careful examinations into the business conditions, expense of maintenance, and advantages to be gained, the committee at the meeting Dec. 9, 1894, recommended that the Publishing House be removed to Plainfield, New Jersey, at the earliest practicable date, believing it to be in the interests of our publications and economy. The report was unanimously adopted, and arrangements completed, whereby the Publishing House began operations in Plainfield, Jan. 1, 1895, in commodious quarters, conveniently arranged for the systematic production of our work. New type, material and machinery were added, making a thoroughly equipped and modern office, which was inventoried at a net value of about \$8,000. Our publishing plant has been located there since that time.

(To be continued.)

MAN'S IMMORTAL PART.

For the most part we are immersed in the affairs pertaining to our material being. We are anxious for the body as to wherewith it shall be clothed, and with what it shall be fed, and by what it shall be entertained. Indeed the material part of us moves our energies far and away beyond what it ought to do. But when we come to think about it, the material part is the very smallest portion of us. Love, patriotism, integrity,

spiritual grip, these are all immaterial, but they form the bulk of the man. Love is that power of the soul by which we reach out and draw objects to ourselves. It takes hold of nature. It takes hold of music and art; it takes hold of companionship and of home. It is the major portion of the man. Patriotism is the love of country. It leads a man to think and work for native land, and to lay down his life for it if it need be on its behalf. Integrity is that granitic fibre of the soul that takes hold of the principles of purity and honesty and honor and uprightness. Spiritual grip is that by the means of which the nature itself thrusts into the unseen and appropriates things which are, although they do not appear. These qualities make up the man. It is not the bodily nature. It is not the material functions. These are but the servants of the inner man; avenues by the means of which the man puts himself into communion with things outside of himself.

Manifestly, then, in claiming so much of our time and so much of our energy, our bodily nature demands that which is out of due proportion to its importance. We can readily see, too, the evil effects of this method. The better part of a man shrivels and shrinks because of non-use. That which he has not to profit thereby, is taken away from him. Love grows less; patriotism is diminished; integrity loses its high aims; spiritual grip becomes paralyzed. The man is atrophied on the side of his better nature, and grows smaller day by day. We see that on every side of us. There are men who, instead of growing upward, are growing downward. Lower aims are beckoning them and ignoble motives are prompting them. They are living for the body. They are sowing to the flesh and of the flesh will reap corruption. It is only as we consider the higher part of man, his immortal nature, that we can meet the demands that are laid upon him and can attain to the high destiny for which he was formed.—Baptist Commonwealth.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

RUGENE FIELD. I count my treasures o'er with care: The little toy that baby knew, A little sock of faded hue, A little lock of golden hair. Long years ago this Christmas time My little one, my all to me, Sat robed in white upon my knee, And heard the merry Christmas chime. "Tell me, my little golden-head, If Santa Claus should come to-night, What shall he bring my baby bright, What treasure for my boy?" I said. And then he named the little toy. While in his honest, mournful eyes There came a look of sweet surprise That spoke his quiet, trustful joy. And as he lisped his evening prayer, He asked the boon with childish grace, Then, toddling to the chimney place, He hung his little stocking there. That night, as lengthening shadows crept, I saw the white-winged angels come With heavenly music to our home, And kiss my darling as he slept. They must have heard this baby prayer, For in the morn, with smiling face, He toddled to the chimney-place, And found the little treasure there. Then came again one Christmas Tide, That angel host so fair and white, And, singing all the Christmas night, They lured my darling from my side. A little sock, a little toy, A little lock of golden hair, The Christmas music on the air, A watching for my baby boy. But if again that angel train And golden head come back to me To hear me to eternity, My watching will not be in vain.

Children's Page.

SOLILQUY.

ETHEL M. KELLY.

Now I lay me down to sleep— D. n't want to sleep: I want to think. I didn't mean to spill that ink: I only meant to softly creep Under the desk an' be a bear— 'Tain't 'bout the spanking that I care.

'F she'd only let me 'plain an' tell Just how it was an accident, An' that I never truly meant, An' never saw it till it fell, I feel a whole lot worse'n her; I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I 'pose if I'd just cried a lot An' choked all up like sister does, An' acted surder than I wuz, An' sobbed about the "naughty spot," She'd said, "He sha'n't be whipped, he sha'n't," An' kissed me—but, somehow, I can't.

But I don't think it's fair a bit That when she talks an' talks at you, An' you wait patient till she's through, An' start to tell your side of it, She says, "Now that'll do, my son; I've heard enough," fore you've begun.

'F I should die before I wake— Maybe I ain't got any soul; Maybe there's only just a hole Where't ought to be—there's such an ache Down there somewhere! She seemed to think That I just loved to spill that ink!

—The Century.

ALL ABOUT KRIS KINDEL.

The jolly old fellow in whose name Christmas presents come, has several names. We usually call him Santa Claus, or Klaus. This comes from his Dutch name which is Sant Nickolaas. His German name is spelled in different ways, but it always means "The Little Christ-child." Sometimes this is written Christ Kindel, Christ-Kindlein, Christ-Kindchen, Christ-Kind. A corrupted form of this is Criss Kingle or Kris-Kingle. Clara H. Willing, who wrote this story, calls him by both names. So let the little folks remember that Santa Claus is his Dutch name, and Kris Kingle, or Kindel, is his German name.

There was an awful big noise before day-break in Kris Kindel's home. It was Kris Kindel's mother suddenly remembering that it was getting near Christmas; and in her hurry to waken her lazy boy—the great Santa Claus of the world—she stumbled over everything in the way.

It was this terrible bumping noise which aroused him so quickly that he kicked out and kicked the Haas—the Easter rabbit, his boon companion whom he carries with him wherever he goes—kicked him so hard that Haas squealed and cried out pitifully.

Then Kris Kindel, with his great, big, tender heart, felt so sorry for what he had done that he picked poor Haas up and stroked him gently and said:

"Did I hurt you so badly, dear Haas?" And he, in a whimpering, sobbing voice, said: "Yes, you hurt me awfully."

"Then," said Kris Kindel, "you shall ride in my big pocket all day to-day, and I will give you some nice little nuts to eat."

And so the little Easter rabbit, who always lies hidden in Kris Kindel's pocket until Easter time, was appeased.

At this minute the mother came into the room, still scolding. But the mischief was done, for with this big kick Kris Kindel had given, he had put his foot through the feather bed, and the feathers were flying all over the room. She quickly threw open the windows to let the feathers out, and so they flew all over the country and came down in a soft fall of snow.

"Off with you! Off to New York!" said she. "Here is a piano box full of money to buy up things for the dear little children. Come back a day after to-morrow and go to work. If I had not a few dolls and playthings left from last year, what would I do?"

"No more fun for us, poor Haas—for now we have to work until Christmas is over," said Kris Kindel.

Do you know, children, why there is so little said about Santa Claus all during the Summer, and why nothing is seen or heard of him for so many long months during the year?

It is because old mother Kris Kindel locks her jolly boy up, and puts him away for a long, long sleep after his hard work at Christmas time. If she did not give him this good rest he would not be this jolly, rollicking Kris Kindel whom we all look for so eagerly to visit our homes.

For a long time, until he gets quite rested, he does not mind being shut in; but after a while he gets impatient, and wants to stretch his limbs and get them limbered up.

And just as he is crafty in finding out what all little folks want for Christmas, just so he is cunning in trying to escape and get away from his mother's apron strings, and get out for a jolly lark.

And thus it was that he and the Haas made out to elude the strict old lady and go a nutting one day in the Fall. He took the Haas in his pocket, and when they got into the woods the Kindel said:

"Let us pick up enough of all kinds of nuts—hickory, walnuts, filberts, and so forth—to fill the bag for the old lady so she will have enough for Christmas, and after that we will gather chestnuts and roast them, and that will make me feel like a boy again. Why, Haas, I feel like throwing you up in the air!"

So they gathered lots of chestnuts, and Kris Kindel told the Haas to make a fire. But he began to whimper and say he could not make one.

"Haas," said Kris Kindel, "I will show you how. Go over into that stubble field and carry corn husks, as many as you can, and I will carry cones, and we will soon have a good blaze."

So the Haas went five or six times, returning each time with his mouth as full of husks as he could carry, making in all quite a little pile.

Then Kris Kindel came with his cones and pretty soon they had a good fire and the chestnuts were roasting lustily.

When they were through nutting and it came time to go home it began to dawn on them how hard it would be to face the old lady, if she had discovered that they had run away instead of going straight to New York.

"Oh, how we will catch it!" said the Haas, "and how she will box my long ears. Oh, oh!"

"Never mind," said the Kindel, "I will stand by you. I have a good excuse ready. I'll tell her 'if we had not gone nutting you would have scolded at Christmas time!'"

Then they started for New York.

Jolly Santa Claus laughed merrily when he thought how old mother Kris Kindel had expected him to be home in two days, and he had already been gone two long weeks.

"Well, Haas, my dear," said he as he fondly patted the little rabbit in his pocket, "if the

old lady" (no disrespect for years, for this is what he always called her when she was cross) "thinks a fellow can do up New York in a day and a half, guess we will let her try it next time. Eh!"

"I haven't a doubt but that she will have a welcome ready for us anyhow and forget all about our disobedience when she sees all the new things we have brought from New York. And I won't blame her if she does give us a round scolding. So now we must hustle and catch our train."

And the Haas immediately asked: "Are we going to ride on the cow-catcher, as usual?"

"Yes, my dear Haas. I could not do otherwise, for to take a ride inside the car would be to be questioned by everybody, and all the Christmas secrets would be out. And then you see, anyway, the cow-catcher is my observation car, for as we fly along through the woods I can spy out all the beautiful Christmas trees and note all the little huts where poor children, whom no one else thinks of, live. For these poor creatures look for Santa Claus more eagerly, and I take more pleasure in surprising them—crawling down the rickety old chimneys and filling their poor little ragged stockings—than in visiting the homes of the rich."

Old Lady Kris Kindel was so afraid that her boy would come home with an automobile, which he was bent on getting to make his rounds this Christmas, and which she had pleaded so with him not to get, and by so doing rob Christmas of its old custom, and spoil the legend of Santa Claus and his reindeer, that when he at length arrived and confessed to her that he had bought a new pair of reindeer, and when she saw the spyglass that he had brought with him from New York to help him spy out all the poor little children in the world, and find them more readily than it had been possible before, and when he pulled out of his pocket an enormous book in which the account of every one, good and bad, was kept; when she saw all this the old lady was wild with excitement and gave him a pat of approval.

Seeing this the little rabbit ventured out, and she kindly stroked his ears instead of boxing them, and he hopped around contentedly while they sat down by the big, open fireplace and talked over what he had seen, the millions of things he had brought with him and how they must work now for Christmas.

It was a week before Christmas, and Kris Kindel was sitting tailor-fashion on his great big table, drawing out his needle and thread so fast that he was panting for breath. He was working so hard that the sweat was pouring down his face, and his mother, standing behind him, was fanning him vigorously and encouraging him to go on, for soon all would be over.

The shop was littered with tinsel, spangles, unfinished toys, dolls that had to be dressed, lambs which needed fleece, dogs that needed tails, and elephants that needed trunks; besides horns, drums, carts, and wagons; everything was in such confusion that it looked as if a cyclone had struck the room, scattering everything about.

And every little while the big hock had to be referred to and Mother Kris Kindel would read out good and bad accounts of all the children, and when the toys were finished, check them off accordingly, not forgetting to

replenish Kindel's pipe every little while to keep him in good spirits. Finally she said to him: "If the room gets much bluer, we will have to cut a hole in the ceiling to let the smoke out."

At which Kris Kindel laughed merrily, while the little rabbit, thinking her tone sounded somewhat severe again, scampered all the quicker, picking-up needles and thread which had been dropped, and in his hurry backing into the glue pot.

And then the Kindel shook so with laughter that he was unfit to go on. It had now become twilight, anyway, the hour when he goes spying and snooking about; so, shouldering his big spyglass, with an eloquence worthy of an orator, he said:

"Haas, lend me your ears since you cannot go along."

Then out of doors he flew, with those long ears to assist him.

"For all I know, Santa Claus may be listening at the walls now," said Mother Mutt to her little folks, as she was undressing them for bed, "so you had better be as good as you can be."

It was Christmas eve, and regular Winter weather, and the snow was flying thick and fast. Poor old Granny, with tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks, stood poking at the smouldering fire, which would not be coaxed into a blaze, just as Karl entered and threw down an armful of chips.

"Couldn't you find drier ones? These wet ones make the fire smoke so that it makes Sonny cough worse. But never mind, do not start out for them now, for your poor little hands are stiff and blue with cold; and, anyhow, Sonny is crying for you."

Poor Sonny, on his miserable straw bed! Little did he know how it was breaking old Granny's heart when he kept asking her if she thought Santa Claus was coming this year to fill the little torn boot he had insisted upon her placing by the chimney piece, when she hadn't enough covering to keep his poor little sick shivering body warm, and was racking her body how to get nourishment for him.

"Say, Granny," said Karl, after he had heard Sonny whimpering and crying, and been asked the question: "Had he seen anything of Santa Claus while picking up chips?" "Say, Granny, I don't believe Santa Claus knows where we live, do you? You have always told us how good and kind he is; and if he knew how Sonny wants him, and where we live, I'm sure he would come down the chimney to-night. Don't believe he knows where we live."

And Granny shook her head and said sorrowfully:

"I'm afraid that's it, my boy."

Just then the deep-toned bell of St. Mark's rang out for the children's Christmas festival.

The idea struck Karl to go and sneak in to see if he could catch a glimpse of Santa Claus, for he was bent on showing him where he lived.

There was a lump in Granny's throat, and before she could regain her composure he had grabbed his cap and was gone.

"Oh, well," thought she, "let him go. Perhaps he will get a sight of the wonderful tree, at any rate."

When Karl got there he crept into the entry and peeped in. The organ was pealing forth, and the children were singing at the tops of their voices that all-inspiring carol:

There's a wonderful tree, a wonderful tree,  
The happy children rejoice to see  
Spreading its branches year by year,  
It comes from the forest to flourish here.

It was just about time for the distribution of gifts, and Miss Courtright, who was on the tree committee had occasion to come out into the vestibule to get a basket, when she spied his ragged little figure. Miss Courtright had the most gracious, winning smile. No creature would ever shrink from her.

"Oh, wont you come in," said she, "and look at the pretty tree?"

"Don't want to see no tree," said Karl. "Ain't Santa Claus in there?" I'm looking for him—want to speak to him."

Kindly she bent down and drew the little shivering form gently to her.

"Won't you tell me what you want to say to Santa Claus? He was so busy that he could not even get around to our festival to-night."

Disappointment was written in every feature of his little face as he said:

"Oh, pshaw! I wanted to tell him where we live, 'cause he never seems to find our house, and Sonny is so sick and wants him so badly."

"Poor little credulous creature!" thought Miss Courtright, as she listened to the childish words, after obtaining from him the street and number of his home, which she promised to give to Santa Claus that night when she got home, for she was sure that she would find him there trimming the tree for little Margaret, she told him.

Just then the children were singing:

Then spread thy branches, beautiful tree,  
And bring some dainty gifts to me;

and she remembered that the time for the distribution of gifts was approaching. Being unable to coax him inside she hastened to pick some of the goodies from the tree for the little fellow, but when she came back he was gone.

"Well," thought Miss Courtright, "I'll see that a Santa Claus in full rigging goes to that house to-night, or I'll not enjoy Christmas myself."

And while she was hurrying about giving pails of candy and nuts to the well-provided-for children she thought out the little scheme of how she would go to Mr. Lowry, the organist, who was just the one to enter heart and soul into anything of this kind.

And not an hour had elapsed before her plan was on foot. Mr. Lowry was hurrying down town, buying up toys to add to Santa's pack, and Miss Courtright was gathering up warm shoes and clothing of all descriptions for the boys and dear old Granny, while Dinah, the cook, was hurrying about, packing a basket full of turkey, pie, cake, pudding, nuts, candies, and every thing else that's nice.

While all this was in progress dear old Granny had tucked Karl in for the night as best she could and sat watching poor Sonny tossing restlessly and trying to still his fretful yearnings for Santa Claus to come. At length he fell into a quiet sleep, and dreamed a little dream.

He thought he heard a sudden noise, which there really was, for Miss Courtright's sleigh full of boxes and bundles, Santa Claus and all, had just drawn up at the door. He heard nothing of their entering, but went on dreaming. He thought he heard the sound of a horn and jingle bells, the shuffling of heavy boots, and looking up, saw coming down the rickety back stairs, Santa Claus with a big

pack on his back and bearing a tree in his arm.

And Santa Claus motioned in frantic dumb show that they should file around and place their presents on the bed. Just then he awoke, calling out:

"He has come! He has come, Granny, ain't he?"

"Yes, my child, he has come," said Miss Courtright—bending over him and stroking the sunny curls from his hot brow. "Yes, he has come, and he will never go by your house again. Don't you see him fussing around the fireplace, filling that little boot?"

While little Sonny and Karl were watching the bustling about of Santa Claus, placing drums, rocking horses, tops, and all kinds of things that delight a boy's heart, about the tree, Miss Courtright's maid was giving her attention to making Granny comfortable, while Miss Courtright herself was piling more fuel on the fire and unpacking baskets and boxes and loading the old table with good Christmas cheer.

And there was a nice new warm shoulder shawl for Granny, which Miss Courtright put tenderly about her bent form, while she quietly slipped a roll of money into the thin old withered hand; a soft lace cap, which gave the old lady a sense of dignity which she had not experienced for years; a woolen dress, and warm shoes.

And so Sonny's dream was realized and Miss Courtright never spent a happier Christmas.—New York Times.

#### WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

The reputation of the firm of G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., has been firmly established by its publication of the series of Dictionaries that bear the name of Webster. To them has devolved the arduous task of keeping these household necessities up to the high standard, and that they have succeeded is evident from the fact that Webster's Dictionary is the authority on all matters pertaining to the English language. The firm has just issued a new edition of the International Dictionary, printed from new plates, and containing a supplement of 25,000 additional words, phrases and definitions prepared under the direct supervision of W. T. Harris, Ph. D., LL. D. In making this edition its publishers have held steadily to their ideal—the maximum of accurate information compatible with the maximum of practical convenience to the average consulter. For this purpose it is not enough to multiply words and to pile up facts. To exclude as well as to include, to sift the chaff from the wheat, is almost the hardest task of the lexicographer. And, further, in making a serviceable everyday dictionary there must be constant regard to the size and handiness of the volume, the clearness of type, the lucidity of arrangement, the compactness of statement. There must be not only due fullness of information, but ease and convenience for hand, eye and mind. Readers of the RECORDER in need of such a work will do well to write the publishers for sample sheets, etc.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked the reporter. "My which?" queried the oldest inhabitant. "Your longevity," repeated the reporter. "Never had it. As far as I can remember I ain't never had no sech complaint."—Puck.

#### THE NEW YORK CHURCH.

(Continued from page 805.)

In 1872, the name was changed to that of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City. A few months after the organization, a house of worship, newly new, on Eleventh Street was purchased of the Baptists. Here the church worshiped for sixteen years. This building was then leased to the Board of Education of the city of New York, who used it for educational purposes, and for twenty-three years the hall of the Historical Society was rented for a place of worship. In October, 1885, this hall was abandoned, and for a few Sabbaths the church held services in the parlor of Stephen Babcock, at No. 344 West Thirty-third Street, when a room was engaged in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. Here the church remained until March, 1900, when arrangements were made to use the house of worship of the Judson Memorial Baptist church, on Washington Square, South, the present home of the church.

The membership of the church, although never large, has grown steadily for several years, and to-day numbers upwards of fifty. A pastor is employed who gives his entire time to the work of the church, whose resident membership is scattered over a large area, embracing not only New York City proper, but Brooklyn, New Rochelle, Yonkers, Staten Island and Newark, N. J., as well. A Sabbath-school is maintained for the upwards of thirty children in the church and society. The members of the church are for the most part professional, mainly teachers in public schools.

The church has had six pastors: The Reverends Thomas B. Brown, William B. Maxson, Abram Herbert Lewis, Judson G. Burdick, George B. Shaw and Eli Forsythe Loofboro. Among those who have served as pastoral supplies the following may be mentioned: Lucius Crandall, Lucius R. Swinney, Wardner C. Titworth, Darwin E. Maxson, William C. Diland, Clayton A. Burdick, Boothe C. Davis, et al. Rev. David A. MacMurray, assistant pastor of the Judson Memorial church, has also filled the pulpit most acceptably several months at a time.

The New York church has always been very closely identified with denominational work. It was the home of the New York Sabbath Tract Society during its existence, and its members have always taken a very active interest in the work of the Missionary and Tract Societies. Other denominational interests have always received due attention also. The church recognizes that it is its duty to contribute to the general religious needs of the great city in which it is located, and uses the machinery of the Judson Memorial church for that purpose, contributing funds to the treasury of that organization to be used in that manner.

Nor does the church lose sight of its civic obligations. Thomas B. Stillman, in his lifetime, was once Police Commissioner of the city of New York. He was also very prominent during the latter part of his life in his capacity as a private citizen, occupying very much such a position in New York City as the late Abram S. Hewitt occupied during the latter part of his life. Although since the death of Thomas B. Stillman, no member of

the church has been so prominent in civil life as he was, the resident members of the church without exception have been deeply interested in municipal affairs.

#### THE JUDSON MEMORIAL.

The Judson Memorial, the edifice of the Memorial Baptist church of New York City, stands on the south side of Washington Square, almost within a stone's throw of the Washington Memorial arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue, and near to the graduate department of the New York University.

It was built almost wholly through the efforts of Rev. Edward Judson, D. D., as a fitting memorial to his father, Rev. Adoniram Judson, the celebrated Baptist pioneer missionary to India.

The Judson Memorial church may properly be called an institutional church. It has established a dispensary for the poor of the neighborhood in which it is located. It maintains sewing and kindergarten classes, a gymnasium with baths, and free lectures to the public.

A mission is conducted every night, the year round.

A fresh-air home is maintained at Somerville, N. J. The materials for the decoration of the interior of the church were gathered from the four quarters of the globe. The background of the marble pulpit and baptistry exemplifies some of the finest carving in this country.

#### THE REVEREND ELI FORSYTHE LOOFBORO.

Eli Forsythe Loofboro was born December 2, 1870, at Welton, Iowa. His parents are John Wade and Susan Forsythe Loofboro. His elementary education was attained in a district school near Welton. He obtained his preparatory and college education at Milton College, from which he was graduated in June, 1897, with the degree of Bachelor of Literature.

During the next two years, he labored among the smaller Seventh-day Baptist churches of Wisconsin. He then entered the Theological School of Chicago University, where he remained for a little more than two years, when the Theological Seminary of Alfred University was reorganized. Mr. Loofboro left Chicago for Alfred for the purpose of completing his course in theology. He graduated from Alfred with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in June, 1902, at the same time, Milton College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Literature, "in course." During his vacations while taking his College and Theological courses, Mr. Loofboro engaged in quartet work. Before his graduation from Alfred, he had accepted a call to become the acting pastor of the New York church, and entered upon his duties there in September, 1902. A few months later at the request of that church, he was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry. On the 15th of November, 1903, he accepted a call to the full pastorate of the New York church, and was formally installed as pastor of that church, Sabbath-day, December 5, 1903.

The great Light, which is Christ, is like the star that hung over the Magi—fit to blaze in the heavens, and yet stooping to the lowly task of guiding three poor men along a muddy road on earth.—A. M'Laren.

Lord, make my heart a place where angels sing!—John Kimble.

#### THE SO-CALLED WEAK BROTHER.

He is the abnormal brother, and needs hospital treatment. But he is the last man to take medicine, or treatment, when he needs it. He usually does the prescribing for others, and seems eager to handle them. He seems to think that his mission is to look after others, and set things right in the world. His weakness is his strength. He certainly should not be allowed to set the standard of conduct in any community. Consideration for him which leads the strong to conform to his peculiar notions, only strengthens him in his opinions, and sends him forth triumphant because he thinks he has made a convert of a representative man, and he is seven-fold worse than before.

He needs education and discipline. He should be made to understand early, that his life is to be regulated by principles developed within himself, and not by practices observed in others. He should be taught that it is quite as possible for him to be in error respecting religious views and Christian conduct as others. He should listen to his Master saying unto him, as he said unto Peter, who was watching John: "What is that to thee, follow thou me." He should also hear the same Paul, whose words have been misinterpreted concerning the weak brother, when he says: "Be not busy-bodies in other men's matters."

It is an injustice to despise the weak brother who often seems an overgrown child, wanting to be humored. It is as great an injustice to give in to him. Let him know that he must learn to stand alone, and measure up to the standard of life for himself, and that he had no more right to be flattered and misguided than to offend and misguide.—Charles C. Earle in The Watchman.

#### MARRIAGES.

MAXON—WILCOX—At the home of the bride's sister, Bolivar, N. Y., Friday, Nov. 27, 1903, by the Rev. H. C. VanHorn, Mr. Braton Maxon and Miss Bertha Belle Wilcox, both of Main, N. Y.

VANHORN—WHITNEY—At the Seventh-day Baptist church in Genery, Arkansas, Nov. 11, 1903, by Rev. J. H. Hurley, assisted by the Rev. D. B. Coon and Rev. G. W. Burdick, Mr. C. C. VanHorn and Miss Laura M. Whitney.

#### DEATHS.

ALLEN—Marie Coon Allen, daughter of William N. and Marie Coon, was born in Cuba, N. Y., March 12, 1871, and died at Alfred, Oct. 28, 1903.

With her twin sister Mary, she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Allen when six years old, their mother dying at their birth. In early years she learned to love the Saviour, was baptized and entered into the fellowship of the First Alfred church, in whose fellowship she has since remained. She graduated from Alfred University in 1892. Soon after she entered the State Normal school at Geneseo, graduating in 1894. She taught school in different places, including about six years in Alfred. She was almost an ideal teacher, awakening the minds of her pupils, teaching them habits of study, discipline and good behavior. She was interested in each child's moral and spiritual development, and won their loyal love. She was a popular superintendent of the Primary Sabbath-school and of the Junior C. E. While she had many talents of ability, she had only one of strength, but this was used to the full extent. A year ago last June she left the school-room for the last time. She made a brave fight against the consumption which had fastened itself upon her, but when the end drew nigh, she waited calmly for the release, which came Oct. 28, 1903. It is said by one who knew her intimately, "She was the most pure, angelic character that I have ever known." To live with no discouraging word spoken, no corrupting influence going out from one's life, no unkind deeds done—to fill one's hours with thoughts and acts which are pure and noble and helpful—that is success. A large congregation gathered at the church to pay the tribute of love. Pres. Davis and Dr. Gamble assisted in the services. The pastor's text was Matt. 25: 23.

# Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by  
Rev. WILLIAM C. WATFORD, Professor of Biblical  
Languages and Literature in Alfred  
University.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1904.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 2. The Boyhood of Jesus.....	Luke 2: 40-52
Jan. 9. The Preaching of John the Baptist.....	Matt. 3: 1-12
Jan. 16. Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.....	Matt. 3: 13-14; 1: 11
Jan. 23. Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.....	Luke 4: 16-30
Jan. 30. Jesus Calls Four Disciples.....	Luke 5: 1-11
Feb. 6. A Sabbath in Capernaum.....	Mark 1: 21-34
Feb. 13. Jesus Forgets Sinners.....	Mark 2: 1-12
Feb. 20. Jesus and the Sabbath.....	Matt. 12: 1-13
Feb. 27. Hearers and Doers of the Word.....	Matt. 7: 21-29
Mar. 5. Jesus Calms the Storm.....	Mark 4: 35-41
Mar. 12. Death of John the Baptist.....	Matt. 14: 1-12
Mar. 19. Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand.....	Matt. 14: 13-23
Mar. 26. Review.....	

## LESSON I.—THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

LESSON TEXT.—*Luke 2: 40-51.*

For Sabbath-day, January 2, 1904.

Golden Text.—And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. *Luke 2: 52.*

### INTRODUCTION.

The greater part of the Gospel narrative is concerning the public life of Jesus during his active ministry. There are, however, a few verses in the Gospels according to Matthew and Luke concerning the birth and infancy of our Redeemer. These are especially precious to us, not only because of the natural interest that we have in the birth and early life of the Holy Child, but also because they help to make most certain the fact of our Saviour's true humanity.

We have a divine Saviour, the Son of God, very God himself, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. He was also just as certainly a living human being with human nature—a babe, a child, a man.

Our present lesson is from the record of the one incident that we have from the thirty years of the private life of our Lord. We are grateful that the veil is lifted, if but for a moment, and that we know something of the boyhood of Jesus.

TIME.—Probably in the year A. D. 8. At pass-over time; that is in the early part of April.

PLACE.—Jerusalem and Nazareth.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his parents; the teachers in the temple, the traveling companions of the Holy Family.

### OUTLINE:

- 1. The growth of the Holy Child. v. 40, 52.
- 2. The Boy Jesus Travels in Jerusalem. v. 41-43.
- 3. His Parents Seek and Find Jesus. v. 44-48.
- 4. Jesus Explains His Conduct and is Subject to His Parents. v. 49-51.

### NOTES.

40. *And the child grew, etc.* This verse emphasizes the naturalness of the life of Mary's child and his real humanity. *And waxed strong*. That is, increased in strength—just as any healthy, growing child. "In spirit" of King James' version is omitted by the best authorities. *Filled with wisdom*. There was an intellectual development along with the physical. We are not to think of Jesus as having a human body, and not a human soul. *And the grace of God was upon him*. He was especially endowed with divine blessings. This probably means that he was amiable and happy, bringing sunshine into the lives of those about him, and delighting in the service of God. It is not at all necessary for us to suppose that the Child Jesus was conscious that he was the Saviour of the world or that he realized that he was distinctly better than all other children.

41. *And his parents went every year, etc.* The law required that every man of Israel should go up to Jerusalem three times a year to attend the three feasts—passover, pentecost and tabernacles. Deut. 16: 16. This law was not, of course, universally obeyed. We may infer that Joseph and Mary were very careful of their obligations to God, since they went every year. Women were not required to go.

42. *And when he was twelve years old, etc.* At the age of twelve years an Israelite boy, so far as his religious life was concerned, assumed the responsibilities of a full-grown man. From that time he was called a son of the law.

43. *And when they had fulfilled the days.* That is, the seven days of the feast, or possibly, the first three days, after which, according to Eidersheim, it was per-

mitted for any one who wished to return home. *The boy Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem.* Not that he wilfully avoided the notice of his parents and so left away when they were packing up. Rather, his mind was filled with what he was learning, and he went to the temple without thought of other duties. The translation "boy" is much better than "child" of King James' Version. A Jewish boy of twelve was much more mature than one of the same age in America.

44. *Supposing him to be in the company.* From this we are not to infer that the parents of Jesus were very careless as to his safety. If a boy were old enough to look out for himself, his parents would not be worrying if they did not see him every minute, especially as they were traveling with a large party. *A day's journey.* According to the Oriental custom the first day's journey of a large party would be short—perhaps no more than six miles. *They sought for him among their kinsfolk, etc.* They did not at first suspect that he might be left behind in Jerusalem, but thought that he must be somewhere among the company encamped for the first night of their journey home.

46. *After three days.* This is, doubtless to be interpreted as equivalent to. On the third day—counting the day that they began the journey and missed the boy Jesus, as the first day, the day that they returned and began their search in Jerusalem as the second, and the day that they found him as the third. *Sitting in the midst of the teachers.* These were probably some of the most learned rabbis of the age, who were giving public instruction at the time of the feast. We are not to assume that the boy Jesus took a place among them as an instructor, but rather as a learner. *Hearing them.* That is, listening with intelligent attention. *Asking them questions.* Some have thought that he was asking them puzzling questions, but it is almost certain that he was asking questions for information about the law.

47. *Amazed at his understanding and his answers.* We are not to infer that the teachers questioned Jesus, or that Jesus was giving instruction. The word "answers" refers in general to joining in a conversation and not explicitly replying to questions. They were amazed that one so young should show by his words such a comprehension of the matters under discussion. Very likely they were talking about the purpose and value of the passover feast. We can only guess.

48. *They were astonished.* Joseph and Mary were greatly surprised to find him in this company and engaged as he was. If they had known where to look for him they would have found him much sooner. *Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us?* The first word of this line should have been translated "child." To the mother's heart he is yet a child. Her reproving question suggests the great anxiety with which they had been searching for the lost boy. *Thy father and I.* During the life time of Jesus it would seem that Joseph was universally recognized as his father.

49. *How is it that ye sought me? Knew ye not that I must be in my Father's house?* Jesus is not justifying himself for having given them anxiety on the ground that it was necessary, but rather expressing surprise that they had spent time in searching for him when they might have known just where he would be. The boy who was so deeply interested in the things of God would naturally, now that he had come to Jerusalem, spend every available moment in the temple taking advantage of the, to him, unusual opportunities. That he had at the early age of twelve a deeper religious experience than many even of the prophets is shown by his recognition of God as his Father. We are not to infer that Jesus thus used the word "Father" to reply to Mary's use of the word as applying to Joseph, but because he habitually thought of God as thus closely related to him. The translation "about my Father's business" is not a bad rendering of the Greek words, but it does not make as good sense; for Jesus had not yet begun the work of his ministry, and we may not be sure that he had as yet a consciousness of the great work that he was to do for the world.

50. *And they understood not the saying.* In spite of this and other intimations of the true character of their son, they could not comprehend the deep import of his words.

51. *And he went down with them.* Jerusalem was on a lofty elevation. One would go down from the city no matter in what direction he went. *And he was subject unto them.* Jesus' reply to Mary was in no sense a rebellion against her authority. His consciousness of oneness with God did not present an obstacle to his reverence for his earthly parents. *And his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.* Compare v. 19. Although she did not understand her son, she treasured these sayings that suggested his nearness to God.

52. *And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature.* This verse is not closely connected with the preceding, and is rightly placed by the Revisers in a separate paragraph. There was in him physical and mental progress as in the case of other children. Compare v. 40. *And in favor with God and men.* There was also moral development. Not that he became less and less inclined to evil, for he was sinless from the beginning. His fellow-men could not help but love him; for his life testified of him.

### HELPS TO LONG LIFE.

We have it on the testimony of physicians that the pride of man obstinately refuses to believe that he at all times carries within himself the possibilities of all diseases, for that while he is well fitted to enjoy life, he is at all times liable to die; that death is a foe always within our fortress, ever ready to manifest himself and take possession. To fight this foe our weapons are less those of offense than of defense. It is not what we do, but what we refrain from doing, that will help us best. Sorrowful excitements, anger, jealousy, chagrin, enmity and worry are all auxiliaries of our hidden foe. Actual pain, we are assured, is less perilous than enmity while the gaity inspired by moderate work, by innocent pleasures coming after work, by pleasing events of unexpected sights which awake and at the same time soothe our curiosity, such gaiety is a moral necessity for every one. To employ one's time usefully, to repair fatigue by pleasant emotions and abundant sleep, to give to the muscles, the affections, the intellect, each their proper proportion and amount of use—these are the great helps to a long and happy life.

Barring accidents, the life of an artisan is more likely to be long than that of those classes who work close at desks and behind counters, though those who labor moderately with their brains, like most clergymen, taking a fair amount of exercise the while, average the longest lives. Bodily exertion in the open air, up to but not exceeding the limit of fatigue, is the best digester in the world; but the greatest and best brain workers have not been men who habitually excelled in feats of physical strength, though the power to do so is often accompanied by great mental force. As a rule, the world's master workers realize the truth of the apothegm, "a sound mind in a sound body." Napoleon the Great, Washington, Webster, Lincoln, were all men of great physical endurance, but none of them wasted his powers in useless feats of strength, though Napoleon pushed his to the uttermost.—Evanglist.

### WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

C. H. G.

Do you know the wondrous meaning  
Of this Christmas time, so near?  
Have you seen the wondrous gleaming  
Of the Star of hope and cheer?  
Of the star that shone in brightness  
O'er the plains of Bethlehem,  
While the angels sang in witness  
To a world redeemed from sin?

Would you voice the wondrous beauty  
That is shining all around?  
Will you stand by truth and duty,  
Even though you stand alone?  
In the shock of fiercest battle  
Listen for the voice that sings:  
"Be not like dumb driven cattle,"  
That's the meaning Christmas brings.

ALFRED, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1903.

### A CHRISTMAS CAMP ON THE SAN GABRIEL.

AMELIA BARR.

Lamar and his Rangers camped at dawn on the banks of the San Gabriel. Under the mossy live-oaks, in the heart of a lonely dell; With the cloudless Texas sky above, and the musquite grass below. And all the prairie lying still, in a misty, silvery glow. The sound of the horses cropping grass, the fall of a nut, full ripe. The stir of a weary soldier, or the tap of a smoked-out pipe. Fell only as sounds in a dream may fall upon a drowsy ear. Till the Captain said, "'Tis Christmas Day! so, boys, we'll spend it here; " For the sake of our homes and our childhood, we'll give the day its due." Then some leaped up to prepare the feast, and some sat still to muse. And some pulled scarlet yupon-berries and wax-white mistle-toe. To guard the stand-up rifles,—for Christmas has no foe. And every heart had a pleasant thought or a tender memory. Of a forgotten Christmas Tides that nevermore might be: They felt the thrill of a mother's kiss, they heard the happy psalm. And the men grew still, and all the camp was full of a gracious calm. "Halt!" cried the sentinel, and lo! from out of the brushwood near There came, with weary, fainting step, a man in mortal fear.— A brutal man, with a tiger's heart, and yet he made this plea: "I am dying of hunger and thirst, so do what you will with me." They knew him well, who did not know the cruel San Sabatan.— The robber of the Rio Grande, who spared not any man? In low, fierce tones, they spoke his name, and looked at a coil of rope; And the man crouched down in abject fear—how could he dare to hope? The captain had just been thinking of the book his mother read. Of a Saviour born on Christmas Day, who bowed on the cross his head; Blending the thought of his mother's tears with the holy mother's grief.— And when he saw San Sabatan, he thought of the dying thief. He spoke to the men in whispers, and they heeded the words he said. And brought to the perishing robber, water and meat and bread. He ate and drank like a famished wolf, and then lay down to rest. And the camp, perchance, had a stiller feast for its strange Christmas guest. But, ere ever the morning dawned again, the Captain touched his hand: "Here is a horse, and some meat and bread; fly to the Rio Grande! Fly for your life! We follow hard; touch nothing on your way. Your life was only spared because 't was Jesus Christ's birthday."

### Our Reading Room.

SCIO, N. Y. — Scio is located on the Erie Railroad, in a very fertile section of the Genesee Valley. The Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad Company are extending their line through the town, giving a direct route to Buffalo, also making accessible the rich coal fields of Northern Pennsylvania. Several oil wells have recently been sunk, which increase the value of property to some extent. It has now been six months since the Alfred Quartet labored on this field and the new pastor began his work. As a result of the quartet work, four new members were added to the church, two of whom were Mr. and Mrs. Sorter, converts to the Sabbath. They have a family of four bright little girls, who make a fine addition to the Sabbath-school.

The Scio church, two years ago, paid fifty dollars for the service of a minister, but at the present time is paying one hundred and fifty, and is making some contributions aside from the pastor's salary.

The Ladies' Aid Society is a strong factor in church work. This society, consisting of only ten or twelve members, meets twice each month for work. During the last year, the ladies have paid the Association and Conference assessments, one-half the expense of gas fixtures for the church, and have recently put at interest fifty dollars, until a wise disposal shall be made of the same. They aid also in the care of destitute people in their own vicinity.

The loyal manner in which the members are supporting the church service and Sabbath-school is evidence of spiritual growth and development; and the cordial, happy way in which the homes are thrown open to the pastor and his wife, makes them feel that nothing in the way of service or sacrifice is too much for such a church.

In a small church like this, where each member depends not upon others to do, but upon God, to give strength to do, the thermometer of spiritual life goes high, and we can expect young people to come forth to active service with that burning zeal and love that will touch and make the world better.

E. D. V. H.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.—The Women's Benevolent Society served a Thanksgiving dinner in the church parlor. It was not only a financial success, but a social one. On Dec. 16, there will be held a sale of handkerchiefs and aprons in the church parlors, under the auspices of the same society. Last Sabbath Pastor Cottrell preached at Preston. The desk at Leonardsville was filled by the Rev. Mr. Mansfield, of Unadilla Forks. Our school is having a vacation, as the teachers have gone to Hamilton to attend the "Teachers' Institute." Mrs. Fred. Babcock has been chosen Superintendent of Junior Work in the C. E. Society. We have had an old-fashioned snowstorm; roads are blocked in the country, and the youngsters, who have enjoyed the good coasting of the past week, are now using their snow shovels and making snow forts, etc.

How often I wish that some hand like the snow  
Would lay a white palm on our faults here below!  
Instead of the stain and the blackness I ken,  
Our lives would bloom out into whiteness again."

W.

DECEMBER 11, 1903.

### ANTI-SALOON LEGISLATION.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 10, 1903.

To our Temperance Friends Throughout the Country:

No more important general legislation affecting the temperance question has been proposed for over a decade than the Hepburn (H. R. 4,072)—Dolliver Bill (Senate 1,390). This measure is simply designed to make state legislation on the liquor question effective by allowing the laws of the state to have complete jurisdiction over liquor shipped into the state both before and after delivery. Prohibition, whether state-wide or local, and all forms of local option legislation, will not have a fair test without this law. The bill is before the Judiciary Committee in both houses of Congress. We have determined to concentrate our energies upon this measure—and in this we have the full co-operation of the legislative department of the W. C. T. U.

—until it shall be passed. We shall give careful attention and reliable information in ample time in every emergency in this contest. We again urge our friends to be prompt and effective in carrying out our plans.

The special thing desired now is short, courteous appeals to Senators and Congressmen on the Committees and your own Congressmen, to do everything in their power to secure the prompt and favorable consideration of the measure by the Committees and its early passage in both branches. For this purpose the names of Committees in Senate and House are herewith appended.

Very sincerely and fraternally yours,  
EDWIN C. DINWIDDIE,

Legislative Superintendent  
American Anti-Saloon League.  
Senate Judiciary Committee: George F. Hoar, Massachusetts; O. W. Platt, Connecticut; Carena D. Clark, Wyoming; Charles W. Fairbanks, Indiana; Knute Nelson, Minnesota; Louis E. McCumas, Maryland; Chauncey M. Depew, New York; John H. Mitchell, Oregon; Augustus O. Bacon, Georgia; Edmund W. Pettus, Alabama; Charles A. Culberson, Texas; Joseph C. S. Blackburn, Kentucky; Thomas H. Patterson, Colorado.

House Judiciary Committee: John J. Jenkins, Wisconsin; Richard W. Parker, New Jersey; De Alva S. Alexander, New York; Vespasian Warner, Illinois; Charles E. Littlefield, Maine; Lot Thomas, Iowa; Samuel L. Powers, Massachusetts; Robert M. Nevins, Ohio; Henry W. Palmer, Pennsylvania; George A. Pearce, Maryland; James N. Gillell, California; David A. DeArmond, Missouri; David H. Smith, Kentucky; Henry D. Clayton, Alabama; Robert L. Henry, Texas; John S. Little, Arkansas; William C. Bentley, Georgia.

### Special Notices.

SEVENTH-DAY Baptists in Syracuse, N. Y., hold Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock, in the hall on the second floor of the Lynch building, No. 120 South Salina street. All are cordially invited.

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

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST SERVICES are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville N. Y., holds regular services in their new church, corner West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue. Preaching at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school at 3.30. Prayer-meeting 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.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. W. D. Wilcox, Pastor, 516 W. Monroe 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. Preaching service at 11.30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. ELI FORBES THE LORBERG, Pastor, 821 W. 26th Street.



THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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WHOLE No. 3070.

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ALFRED UNIVERSITY. First Semester, 65th Year, Begins Sept. 15, 1903. For catalogue and information, address Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph.D., D. D., Pres.

The voice of Christ, like the sound of church bells, rings through all the valleys of our sorrow, saying: "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

Every storm and stress and sting Is God's way of bettering. —Herrick Johnson.

Faith is not a blind, irrational assent, but an intelligent reception of the truth on adequate grounds.—Charles Hodge.

The Sabbath Recorder. A. H. Lewis, D. D., LL. D., Editor. JOHN HISCOX, Business Manager.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY. One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund. Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1936.

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THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE. Next Session to be held at Nortonville, Kans., August 24-29, 1904.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE. President, Mrs. S. J. CLARKE, Milton, Wis.

BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Room 711 Continental Nat'l Bank Bldg.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERMANENT COMMITTEE. M. B. Kelly, President, Milton, Wis.

TURNING OVER THE NEW LEAF. The year begins. I turn the leaf. All over writ with good resolves: Each to fulfill will be in chief.

Why should the road that leads to heaven Be all one reach of sterile sand? Why not, just here and there, be given A rose to deck the dreary land?

Things which are common, and the experiences of every day are likely to be little appreciated, even when they are of the highest worth.

THE PASSING OF TIME, SEEN FROM ONE POINT, IS SCARCELY PERCEPTIBLE, and from one point there is no difference in days.

When souls awoken to a new consciousness of that truth, everything good seems within reach. Dead hopes rise from their ashes.

DEEPER still is the philosophy, and more satisfactory the facts, which come with new spiritual experiences.

Redemption and forgiveness belong to the realm of new things. Disheartened by failure, goaded by the consciousness of sin and half-blinded by doubt,

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