

THE SABBATH RECORDER

A Seventh-day Baptist Weekly. Published By The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOLUME 62. No. 49.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 3, 1906.

WHOLE No. 3,223.

AN IDEAL CHURCH.

There are a good many Seventh-day Baptist churches without pastors. Many of these pastorless churches are so small that they feel unable to support pastors, while there are others able to support pastors that cannot find a man for the place. To all of these churches comes the problem of the "pastorless church"—that is, how to keep the members together, interested, and loyal, and consecrated, with no regular pastor to take general charge of the work. The consideration of this question is worth a few minutes' time, even if you are not in a pastorless church; and it is worth serious thought and study if you are in one of the churches that lack a pastor.

Is there not a feeling on the part of many of us that a pastorless church is a weak church? We think of the two as almost synonymous, yet it is not really the case that a church without a settled pastor is always weak and in need of care. That frequently is the case, but it is not necessarily so. Such a church may be, and I believe should be, a strong church—strong from the very fact that it must depend on itself.

A church is made up of members, and the pastor himself is no more than one member set apart for his office. Why, then, should not every member be a pastor, so to speak, to the extent at least of thinking and planning, working and praying for the church he is in?

Let us imagine a pastorless church of small membership. They meet on the eve of the Sabbath for prayer and preparation of the Sabbath services to follow. Because they know there is no one paid to be there and take charge of the meeting while the rest sit passive, each one who comes will feel the responsibility resting on himself and will come ready to do even more than his share if necessary. Such a person will be apt to say and do things that will be helpful and encouraging to the rest. And as all will feel that way, what a rousing, inspiring meeting results!

Probably they will appoint, at the close of the meeting, some one to present some topic at the next meeting, so passing through the members in turn. Yet each one will still feel that there is a great deal depending on himself, and so will think and pray about the coming meeting during the week.

Sabbath day we will find much the same thing occurring. The feeling of responsibility will be resting on each member, and he will be in his place. There is certain to be some one who has

the gift of speaking. He may not be able, for some good cause, to devote his gifts entirely to the ministry, but he can speak to the congregation on some vital topic. He won't need to preach—it will be better not to—but he will have thoughts on his subject and will present them in some such edifying manner as he is able. Possibly two speakers may occupy the time. Maybe a devotional program has been arranged in which a number take part. It may even be that the meeting is entirely given up to Christian sociability and testimony. At any rate, whatever form of service may be used, it is sure to be good and beneficial, because all have united in planning for it, praying for it, and performing it.

It is not necessary to speak of the Sabbath school. That is a service in which all take part, as a matter of course. It would not be a Sabbath school if they did not.

But this is only the Sabbath services. How about the rest of the week? Why, it is all just the same. Mr. A. noticed that his neighbor—not his next-door one, but the one who lives on the other side of the village—was absent, and fears he is sick. Having no pastor to leave the duty to, he goes himself to inquire, and to carry a helpful report of the meeting. The others each think of some little duty that would usually be left for the pastor, and do it themselves. They keep their eyes open for anything and everything that they can do that is helpful and Christlike. They will do more, all working in this way, in one week, than one pastor could do in a year.

Well, you can imagine the rest yourself. It is merely putting yourself into the pastor's place and doing the work of the church gladly and willingly, each one striving to do just a little more than is really necessary for him to do, and wishing he could do still more. Such a church would be an ideal church, whether pastorless or not. And it would be a strong church, whether large in numbers or not.

You may think, as you imagine such a church as I have tried to picture, "Why, that would make the church the central and most important feature in our lives." Well, why not? Why should not all our activities and interests, both social and religious, both of business and pleasure, be grouped around the church as a center? Not that the church itself should control all our activities, but that its influence should be felt in them all, to elevate and refine, and to keep out the degrading and worthless. Let the church members, already united in their Christian relation, use their united efforts in setting before the

whole community things that will tend to purify and elevate the moral atmosphere. If a lecture course is to be arranged, leave out the worthless and provide that which is beneficial. Instead of fighting degrading or immoral amusements, anticipate the need by providing innocent means of entertainment. Establish a reading room instead of waiting to drive out a gambling den. Occupy the field first and the enemy will have to go elsewhere. And if all fields are occupied, he will be beaten.

"JUST A SAMPLE."

Your attention is called to the Woman's Page and to the article headed "Just a Sample." Every Sabbath-keeper ought to take pleasure in the accompanying music and the words of the song by Miss Mary A. Stillman. It is a song written by Sabbath-keepers for Sabbath-keepers, and it ought to receive a warm welcome among our churches.

There are other songs that were written by Sabbath-keepers, which have come into such general use that it is almost forgotten that they were written by Seventh-day Baptists. One is "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned," and "Another six days' work is done." It is hard to comprehend how anyone to whom the claims of the Sabbath have been presented can sing the latter song and think of Sunday at the same time.

KEEPING AT IT.

Everybody knows that the way to get a thing done is to keep at it; that the way to spread new ideas and doctrines is to keep at it. Even truth does not always take root and grow without great care and effort on the part of the believer. Modern advertising, the foundation of many a success in business, is itself based on the principle of keeping everlastingly at it. This is illustrated in the RECORDER, which three months ago began publishing an offer calculated to appeal to its subscribers. The offer has appeared regularly in each issue, and has brought results, but the results have increased directly in proportion to the length of time spent in spreading the offer, and the attention directed to it.

We Seventh-day Baptists have spent a good many years in living the Sabbath truth, and preaching it. Let us keep at it. And at the same time let us intensify our efforts on that one particular thing—the keeping of the Fourth Commandment. We have tried perseverance—now let's unite intensity of effort with perseverance and endurance.

The four qualifications for patriotism are honor, obligation, power and hope, whether it be in the kingdom of men or the kingdom of heaven.

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The Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. Lewis, D. D., LL. D., Editor.
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--- The Editor Out West ---

ABOUT NORTH LOUP, NEB.

He who has not seen North Loup at any time, or he who has not seen it within ten years, will be surprised at the development of its agricultural interests. The Loup valleys—North, South and Middle Loup—are part of the great "high prairie" region which lies between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, reaching from the far Northwest to Texas and the Gulf of Mexico. The formation is wholly "Alluvial," the Loup section being of the latter portions of a great inland sea bed, to become dry land. The soil is pre-eminently fitted for corn and alfalfa raising, and the native grass is fine summer food for cattle. Alfalfa and corn form the ideal food for cattle. Alfalfa produces from three to five cuttings a year, this giving almost fabulous amounts of food per acre, when compared with other grasses. It is more than poetic speech when alfalfa is called "queen," as corn is "king" of the West.

Ordinary corn is the representative grain of the Loup valley, although winter wheat has come to the front rapidly within the last few years, wholly displacing spring wheat, which flourished when the country was settled first. The average corn crop which would be shipped from the station at North Loup, were it not used at home, amounts to a million bushels. All this is fed where it grows, so that two hundred carloads or more of hogs and cattle are shipped from North Loup each year. Commercial corn is now worth 30 cents a bushel, but the price of hogs and cattle keeps in touch with the corn markets, so that farmers continue to feed it, and on extra demand bring in corn if the home supply is not adequate. Such a policy in agriculture brings first-class results, financially, and in the permanent improvement of the farms and ranches which cover all this land. Drive in any direction from North Loup today and you will find a sea of cornfields, dotted with islands of winter wheat just coming into autumn green, and islands of brown pasturage. The surface is "rolling" or sharply bluffly, an ideal stock and grain-raising section.

North Loup has developed two phases of agriculture quite unique and extensive: Seed corn and popcorn. The autumns are usually long and free from wet or "lowering" weather. As a result the germinating quality of corn is much above the average of corn grown east of the Mississippi. The result is that twenty-five or thirty varieties of "sugar corn" are cultivated for the seed markets of the United States. One hundred and fifty car loads of such seed corn are shipped from North Loup each year—an hundred thousand bushels, at least.

Yet more interesting is the popcorn story. Parched corn, popped, and toasted cornflakes are both poetic and historic from the days of our Puritan fathers to the modern era of "breakfast foods." About ten years ago the growing of popcorn was begun on one farm in North Loup. The superior "corn soil" and the favorable autumn weather produced grain of fine quality, which was ready for shipment and use much earlier in the season than popcorn raised elsewhere. The industry has increased rapidly, un-

til it is one of the prominent and profitable features of agriculture here. The average shipment from North Loup is one hundred and fifty carloads a year. This equals six million seven hundred thousand pounds. There is no "bushel" measure for popcorn. Even the husking is done by a measure which represents a hundred pounds; that is, an "inch" of space in a wagon-box of standard size. Young men become almost professional corn huskers here, earning four dollars a day and more. Such men will not "husk" by the day or the month. Considered from the agricultural and financial standpoint, North Loup is highly favored and successful.

The sugar beet industry deserves mention here. Beet sugar is manufactured extensively at Grand Island, fifty miles east of North Loup. The beets are cultivated by "foreigners" largely and on lower lands which are not first-class for grain raising. They grow well on the higher lands, however. About seventy-five acres are in hand at North Loup this year, averaging eleven tons to the acre. These are planted and dug by machinery, although considerable hard work is demanded in the early stage of their growth. The most unskilled labor is made available for this purpose. A Seventh-day Baptist of North Loup—Clement—is the inventor of an elevator for unloading beets from wagons into the cars. It lifts the entire load from the wagon, empties it into the car and replaces the wagon-box in a couple of minutes. Labor-saving machinery abounds. Grass is cut, raked and stacked by machinery. But with all these appliances, "farm labor" is scarce and prices are high.

W. G. Rood, editor of the North Loup *Loyalist*, and our Denominational Superintendent of Junior Work, has favored the RECORDER with the following paragraphs touching the Sabbath school and Christian Endeavor work:

"The Christian Endeavor Society was organized in July, 1886, the constitution adopted being modeled after one sent us by the Alfred Society. Previous to this time, however, we had met on Sabbath afternoons as we do now—met at the home of our pastor, Rev. G. J. Crandall, and held meetings which were very similar to the ones we now hold. Since its organization the society has had no vacations and has always had an uninterrupted existence, sometimes enjoying a mountain-top experience and again wallowing in the Slough of Despond. The society has furnished more than fifteen members of the various quartets which have gone out from Milton or Alfred in the Students' Quartet work. One of our number has been ordained to the gospel ministry, two are theological students at Alfred, two are at Milton preparing themselves for the ministry, and one other will go to Milton next year for the same purpose. Each of the two students in Alfred has offered himself for work on the China field; namely, Eugene Davis and Jesse Hutchins.

"We have assisted in holding meetings in country schoolhouses, done our part in holding meetings when we were without a pastor, and have tried to do faithfully and well whatever we have found to do. We never raise money by giving socials, pink teas, or fairs, but when we want money for any purpose we simply 'dig

up." The following summary of the report of the secretary for the term ending July 1, 1906, will give some idea as to our attendance at the meetings, and as to how well we keep our pledge. Average attendance, 44; average number of prayers, 7; average number of testimonials, 17. About one-third of the average attendance were visitors, such as Juniors and older ones.

The Junior Society will be sixteen years old Jan. 17, 1907. It has never had a vacation, and only once has it failed to meet at the regular hour, because of bad weather. The average attendance for the year ending July 1, 1906, was a fraction over eighty, including teachers, visitors, etc. Its work is so different from that of other Junior societies it is hard to describe it. It has eight classes, and each teacher assigns the lesson and is responsible for the work done in the class. To the teachers is due all the credit for the good work done in the class and in the general work of the society. For nearly a year they have maintained, with an excellent attendance and a good degree of interest, a prayer meeting, held Tuesday night of each week.

Our Sabbath school, of which Dr. W. J. Hemphill is the efficient superintendent, is well attended, the average attendance for the year being nearly one hundred and forty. Since sixteen classes (all there are) have to meet in one room, we are not as well organized as we would like to be, but despite the noise and confusion we get along very nicely and think we are doing fairly good work. The financial needs are fairly well looked after, and once each quarter we take an offering for the Sabbath School Board. A Sabbath school class of boys sent \$20.00 to Dr. Palmberg a few weeks since, and a "Junior class" of girls sent a bed quilt to the doctor, which was the product of their own hands.

The editor saw the "Juniors" in session on Sabbath afternoon, Nov. 24, 1906. It was much the largest Junior Society he has ever seen in any church. The attendance at the services on Sixth-day evening and on Sabbath were surprisingly large. It was but little above the usual standards; some families came ten miles, as they are in the habit of doing. Dr. Gardiner, who had been seriously ill with appendicitis, was able to be at church that day and conduct the introductory services. His work has opened auspiciously. Overflowing audiences welcome him. North Loup has a noble record of loyalty to its pastors, and it is evident that Dr. Gardiner is to know the help and inspiration which an intelligent, appreciative and loyal church always brings to its leader. The list of those who have preceded him is made short by the stars that tell of those who have "gone home," but the pioneer pastor and man of God, Elder Oscar Babcock, although considerably broken in health, remains to welcome and co-operate with the last leader. He has been the "reserve corps," who has "stayed by" and upheld the banner from the day when he conducted the first Sabbath services in Nebraska, in the shade of the willows, with a travel-worn chair for a pulpit and the soft grass of springtime for a carpet, while the heavens canopied that first altar of our faith before even a home of sods had been builded.

This strong and devoted church of today, crowded with the children and grandchildren of those pioneers, tells what manner of men and women who sought first to worship God, and second to find homes and bread in a land where the wild children of the plains, both men and animals, had held undisputed possession up to that time. Most of the pioneers have gone home,

but they builded better than they hoped, because they built with God, and gloriously "their works do follow them." Brethren of today, you who are tempted to roam or be restless, *colonize and stay*. Dr. Charles Badger and Elder Benjamin Clement, both of whom are in the "eighties," are yet watching in hope, their home-coming.

NORTONVILLE, KAN.

No one can visit Nortonville without being impressed with the wisdom of those who first, in an informal way, founded the Seventh-day Baptist Colony at Pardee, Kan., as early as 1857. Six families from Illinois formed that pioneer colony west of the Mississippi, in a locality then famous as the scene of the "raids," the social and political disturbances which preceded the Civil War. The colony located about fifteen miles west of Atchinson, which is on the Missouri River. Rev. A. A. F. Randolph was the first missionary and missionary pastor of the colony. He began his work in 1861. The Pardee Church was organized Aug. 14, 1863. Rev. George W. Hills, the present pastor, has prepared an excellent history of the church, now called Nortonville, instead of Pardee, from which we quote the following significant sentence: "The constituent members of the church all came to stay. Not one moved 'out West.' Those who have gone on to enjoy the beauties and joys of the Eternities said their last farewell to earth and earth friends in this place."

The result of these "staying qualities" of the first colonists is a vigorous church, a beautiful house of worship, a strong Sabbath school, a flourishing Christian Endeavor Society, with all the unwritten but definite influences for good, for God and His Sabbath, and for righteousness and purity among men, which such a church insures in a community. These staying qualities of those who begin an enterprise are a fundamental element of success and permanency. All experience demonstrates the fact that Seventh-day Baptists seeking new homes must colonize, and stay, if they do the work God demands of them. This conclusion is not an abstract theory, but a fixed record of history. It is quite as true in point of business, education and social culture as it is in religion. Churches, schools, social advancements and money-making come only when permanency is secured by staying. He who makes the most and best of that which is already in hand secures highest success in the end.

Two colonies or at least two movements toward colonizing have taken place from Nortonville within the last year. About twelve families have gone to Cosmos, Okla., which is about four hundred miles southwest of Nortonville. These have taken up homes on a high prairie land in what is said to be a fine farming country. It is hoped that this settlement will result in a permanent Seventh-day Baptist community. A Sabbath school and other services—a sermon from *The Seventh-day Baptist Pulpit*, etc.—have been established. We cannot speak in detail about that place, but we hasten to urge those who are there to place their religious obligations and duties first on the list of things to be considered. Godless and Sabbathless homes in a "new country" are gravest of failures. To go from good, wholesome and helpful church life into surroundings whence religion is ignored or held lightly is moral and social suicide, unless people who go out thus begin at once to plan for obedience to God and His law.

Persons desiring to know more of Cosmos may write C. D. Stillman, The Recorder ventures

this statement on the authority of Mr. Stillman's friends in Nortonville.

A second point to which at least four families from Nortonville have gone is Sheridan Lake, in eastern Colorado. This place is on the line of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. (Cosmos is forty-five miles from Hooker on the Rock Island Railroad.) The type of country at Sheridan Lake is much like that at Cosmos, high prairie, four to five thousand feet above sea level. We venture to suggest that any one seeking information from Sheridan Lake will do well to write D. E. Hummel. The purpose of this is not to advertise these places, but to urge every one who thinks of leaving a home among Seventh-day Baptists for a new home not to go alone. Seek a home with others of like faith or go to some place where Seventh-day Baptist interests are already established. Kipling has said, "East of Suez there are no Ten Commandments." There has been too much reason to say that "the West is a great cemetery of Seventh-day Baptists." Brethren, get together; keep together; build together. Material prosperity and eternal spiritual interests center around these ideas.

NORTONVILLE, KAN., Nov. 18, 1906.

HOW PREACHERS ARE DEVELOPED.

"DEAR BROTHER:

That the readers of the RECORDER may have something more than general opinions concerning the influences by which men are brought into the ministry, I venture to ask the following questions:

1. Do you think that you inherited from your parents, or from other ancestors, a definite tendency to enter the ministry?
2. Under the influence of what church or churches did you determine to enter the ministry?
3. Were you first licensed to preach, if so, how long before you were ordained?
4. How far had you advanced in school work when you were ordained? What work have you done in school or seminary since your ordination?
5. Speaking in general, what was the strongest influence that brought you into the ministry?
6. What is the present state of the church under the influence of which you were first led toward the ministry?
7. Please add any other items not called for by the foregoing questions that will throw light on the causes and influences that have brought you into the place you now occupy."

In reply to these questions the Rev. Eli F. Loofboro says:

1. I do not think so.
2. The Seventh-day Baptist Churches at Welton, Iowa, and Milton, Wisconsin.
3. I was licensed to preach before attending the Theological School.
4. I had completed my seminary course, having spent a little over two years in Chicago and one in Alfred in study. Spent six months in Union Theological Seminary.
5. The many opportunities to perform Christian work during my college days.
6. It is producing devoted Christians.
7. I had praying parents who were always active in Christian work. I had no idea of becoming a minister of the Gospel when I began in college. I did believe that every Christian ought to be an active one. Because of my desire to carry out some of my ideals along these lines, Prof. Albert Whitford attempted more than once to give me free tuition the same as he did other young men preparing for the ministry, and the late Prof. Whitford would call me to his desk and say, "Now, Eli, I think you ought to study for the ministry." "Twas they, and Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Ed. Saunders and others who encouraged and inspired me. I grew into the ministry. The time came when I couldn't step out of it.

From the Rev. W. W. Leath, Attala, Ala.:

"I inherited no tendency in the direction of the ministry and the influences around me were adverse to such a course. My mother was an Old Baptist (Primitive), but died when I was eleven. My father

was not a Christian and I never heard of any of my relatives who were preachers. I was going to Milan College, Tennessee, to prepare myself for a business life, when the Lord converted my soul in a revival, and I united with the M. E. Church, South, at that place. In a few months after I was converted I felt strangely exercised over becoming a preacher. I felt unfitted for the ministry, and did not want to be a preacher, but longed and prayed to be a better Christian. It occurred to me the only way I could be a better Christian, was to be a minister. I was thus exercised for some months taking the matter to God in prayer. I felt that he required me to become a preacher. I settled the whole matter with God in prayer and asked him to leave me in no doubt about it, and the call from God was so strong and decided that I never afterwards doubted it, and the devil has never tempted me on that, nor my conversion. I promised the Lord I would prepare for the ministry, then I obtained relief of mind. I settled this with God alone, not wanting to take this honor unto myself, but sure I was called of God, and was Aaron. I had united by letter with the Methodists at Rienzi, Mississippi. I applied to the Society for a recommendation to the quarterly conference for license to preach. As I expressed myself in the presence of some ministers, as an unbeliever in infant baptism, I was advised not to apply for license to preach but to get "Binney's Theological Compend," and settle myself on infant baptism first, I was called on afterward to preach a trial sermon and in that I stated that faith is the gift of God, and a local preacher, the same day took me to task for preaching heresy. The church refused to recommend me, but the pastor gave me the privilege to "exhort." Years after this I heard a bishop preach the very things they objected to when I preached my trial sermon. It was something like two years after this that I was licensed, and it was on another circuit in the same district. I remained in the Methodist Church four years and a half, was a licentiate two years, and was on two circuits. All this time I studied their doctrines, more or less, and on my first circuit, Cassidy, in Tallahatchie County, Mississippi, I was studying Clarke's Commentaries on Baptism. His comment on 1 Cor. 15: 29, "Else what shall they do which are baptised for the dead," etc.; did more to destroy my faith in affusion than anything I had ever read. Clarke says, "As they received baptism as an emblem of death in voluntarily going under the water, so they received it as an emblem of the resurrection unto eternal life in coming up out of the water; thus they were baptized for the dead in perfect faith of the resurrection." I exclaimed, "If Clarke is right I am unbaptized, and Methodist has no baptism." On my second circuit I saw that Wesley substantially agreed with Clarke, for on Rom. 6: 4, he says, "buried with him," alluding to the ancient manner of baptizing by immersion." By this time I was greatly distressed in my conscience, which was much intensified by prayer. The Lord showed me the way out of trouble, and when I prayed through me, I was a Baptist, strong enough to stand alone, I united with the Baptist Church at Baldwin, Mississippi, was liberated to preach and attended Mississippi College at Clinton. I had some senior studies, but did not complete the course.

After leaving school, I was called to ordination by the Clover Creek Church in Madison County, Tennessee. I was licensed nearly six years before I was ordained. I preached to churches in Tennessee, Texas, and was a missionary of the "Eastern Association of California and Oregon." I was afterwards a missionary in Washington, when the Sabbath question came to me for an investigation and decision. After ten weeks' investigation, I settled the matter between myself and God alone, once for all.

The Lord called me from Washington to Texas, where I preached two years as an independent evangelist, and did missionary work in San Antonio, preaching on the Alamo and Hay Plazas. Though I held a letter from the Baptist Church of Orting, Washington, on account of the Sabbath the Baptists disowned me and closed churches against me. In time I became tired of such work, and placed my case into the hands of the Lord, and he definitely called me to Chicago, to unite with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of that place. I went, not knowing what the Lord would give me to do after that. The church there, without my solicitation, by the help of the Evangelistic Committee, put me into the field, which I recognized as of the Lord. Another thing remarkable about this, the pastor of the Chicago Church had written me to come to Chicago and act in his place while he held a few weeks' meeting at West Hallock. His letter I did not receive, till it was forwarded to me in Chicago. I had no intimation of the pastor's wanting me. I have changed my church rela-

tions twice, but both times under conviction of duty to God.

I had a definite call of God from Oregon to Washington, and from Washington to Texas, and from Tennessee to Chicago; also to the West Virginia field, and from Pennsylvania to Tennessee. I believe that I am here by divine appointment, and when I leave the state I shall expect the Lord to call me away. I give the glory to God for my conversion, my call to the ministry, my sanctification and the great information he has given me concerning his will. Though it has often been through the furnace he has taught me, and purified me, and corrected me by the rod, but I found the Lord came more strongly into my heart-life as a personality. After thirty-six years of converted life my prospects are brighter than for years, and God is leading me out into a large place, with leadings of the present and promises of the future, which are astonishing. I give God the glory for it all.

The Rev. J. F. Shaw, of Fouke, Ark., writes:

1. So far as I have the history of my father's ancestry, there were no preachers. They were English nonconformist stock, and immigrated to America chiefly from a desire for greater religious liberty. On my mother's side, I come from Huguenot ancestry who fled out of France from the papal persecutions and are descended from old Protestant stock. After settlement in South Carolina, they followed the pioneer movement westward with Boone, Shelby, Levier and Robinson. Under these circumstances they were trained in Indian fighting, and had but little time for church matters, and so produced no preachers, unless one uncle, younger than my mother, be mentioned, an itinerant Methodist preacher. Among the present generation of both the Shaws and Hardins (original Huguenot, Harduoin) there are a number of ministers.

2. My parents were members of the Baptist Church at LaFayette, Ga., and their faithful attendance at the services, and the ministry of the pastor, Eld. Edwin Dyer, a consecrated man of God, no doubt gave me the first inclination to the ministry. I fully gave my heart to the Lord at the age of thirteen, and was baptized into the fellowship of the same church with my parents. When I was being baptized one of the deacons prophesied that a minister was being baptized. Learning of this may have led my mind more in that direction. At the close of the Civil War the Harmony Baptist Church at Pleasant Site, Ala., to which my father had removed just before its beginning, invited me to preach to it, and voted me a license for that purpose.

3. I was licensed to preach in 1865, and was ordained in October of the next year.

4. I completed an academy course, and designed to take a higher course from which I was hindered by the war. My course of studies since entering the ministry were carried on by home application and the assistance of private teachers. In these I was greatly assisted by teaching and editorial work, and by the acquirement of an excellent theological library.

5. The strongest influence in bringing me into the ministry was the piety of my parents. My mother especially, was a devout Bible reader, and was often called upon to defend her Baptist faith against Universalist doctrines and the Thomas Paine style of infidelity. Her ability to meet these things successfully produced a profound respect for her and a deep concern in the principles she advocated and defended.

Next to this was the sacred awe which Pastor Dyer, Elds. Zachery Gordon, father of Gen. J. B. Gordon, William Newton, N. M. Crawford, Rambart and other worthy Georgia ministers inspired in me for the pulpit. To me these men were holy, in a sense divine, and the pulpit a holy place too sacred to be trodden by the feet of the sinful. The strongest wish was that I might be fitted to become like these men, and to preach the Gospel with the same power and zeal as they did. I was a born student, and have no recollection of a time when I could not read. Living in a new country where books were scarce, I read all in my father's small library, and borrowed all I could from our neighbor's libraries, and when nothing new could be obtained, I filled up the time studying the Bible. I never read a book of fiction until I was nearly grown, the books to which I had access being theological, historical, biographical and school books. I formed the habit of looking out every reference to the Bible cited in other books and marking them with a pencil dot until the old family Bible was characterized by the dotting.

But the final and greatest inducement to the ministry, was my army experience. I carried through my army life a small brass rimmed Bible, a daily companion. It was often the only Bible in the regiment, being some-

times loaned to the chaplain for Sunday services. While I read it to satisfy a hungering for the knowledge of divine things, I sometimes read it for pastime and because there were no other books at hand. It was in the army I saw and was so convinced of the desperate depravity of men. I saw sin as, perhaps, it is to be seen no where else. In the last year of that awful conflict, when a few Godly chaplains joined in one grand effort to save men's souls, and an era of glorious and wide spread revivals sprung up among the soldiers, in which work it was my happy privilege to aid. The impromptu preaching and work of this period brought the decision to enter the ministry.

Forty years have passed since my ordination, most of them filled with hardships, but they have been full of pleasures, save the last seven, when the relegation away from opportunity has brought me the greatest trial of all my life.

The Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Welton, Iowa, writes as follows:

1. It is possible that I inherited a tendency to enter the ministry, though I am hardly prepared to say that I think I did. It may be that my very early impressions of the nobility of that calling, and the fact that in my childish planings for future life work, that calling was usually in mind, might indicate an inherited tendency. I think, however, that my early impressions, and planings were inspired more by my reverence for my noble father in the sacred office of the ministry—his consecrated life in that work; and my respect for such men as my uncle, Rev. Alexander Campbell, and Rev. James R. Irish, than by inherited tendency.

2. I had never mentioned the subject, and had about given up the thought of entering the ministry, because the financial condition, and ill health of my father seemed to, and actually did, forestall any hope of acquiring an education demanded by the time. My father not being able to perform continuously, farm work, it became my duty to relieve him of that burden, when Rev. A. B. Prentice, during the last year of his pastorate of the Utica Church, came to me and asked if I had not thought of entering the ministry. I responded that I had, but had given it up. To his question, "Why?" I replied, "Because I do not think that I have either the natural or acquired ability." He said, "The church is a better judge of that than you are." A few days after that the church, in regular business meeting, unanimously voted a resolution licensing me to preach. At that time I had never attempted to preach. For about two years during my licentiate I supplied the pulpit, alternating with my father part of the time, and part of the time with my cousin, Rev. F. O. Burdick, who was licensed after I was. At that time I decided to try to take a college course at Milton College, and entered that school for the purpose. I had only been in attendance about six weeks when my father was taken severely ill and I had to leave school. His physician said that he must be relieved from all responsibility if his life was prolonged. At about this time the Utica Church called Rev. Wm. B. Maxson to the pastorate, but in about six months after his settlement his pastorate was terminated by his death. The church soon took action by unanimous vote calling me to ordination and the permanent pastorate of the church. I had the encouragement of every member of the Utica Church, so far as I know. I had lived in the community from the time I was nine years of age. At the age of seventeen I was baptized into the fellowship of the church, though for two years previously I had been trying to live the Christian life.

3. The above answers the third question in part. I was licensed about four years before I was ordained.

4. My school work, after the common school, was at Albion Academy. I entered that school the winter term of 1864-5. I attended the winter terms for three winters working on the farm during the working season. I afterward attended two fall and two spring terms, and taught winters. While in the Academy my studies were elective with the purpose of preparing for common school teaching. I passed the senior year in some branches, and the junior year in some others in the academic course of four years. That was the extent of my schooling at the time of my ordination. I had taught common schools nine winters. After my ordination and during the time of Dr. T. R. Williams' connection with Milton College, for several months I went to Milton once a week to recite to him in systematic theology. In 1880-81 I took some correspondence work in Hebrew of Dr. Harper. In 1883 I entered the theological department of Alfred University, containing two years.

5. Though neither of my parents ever mentioned to

me the subject of entering the ministry previous to the time of my being licensed, I was confident that if circumstances had been favorable it would accord with their wishes. They had thought, as I had, that the lack of opportunity to acquire an education requisite to success would preclude my engaging in that work, besides they believed in the Divine call, rather than the human.

The influence of my parents and older sisters in the home. The influence of Rev. A. B. Prentice, first as my teacher in the common school, then at Albion Academy, then as my pastor for five years, and the influence of a live church, the members of which gave personal encouragement, were the most potent.

The Utica Church is extinct, caused by deaths and removals, but a number of its former members are occupying leading positions in different communities of our denomination. Nearly all the survivors are loyal to the truths for which we stand.

The Rev. R. G. Davis, Scott, N. Y., writes as follows:

1. There are indications that the tendency was inherited, but I am not sure. My great grandfather, Eld. Peter Davis, is probably the nearest relative that was ever ordained to the Gospel ministry. Zebulon Maxson, who was also my great grandfather, was a licensed minister; and became actively engaged in the work, but evidently, he was never ordained. From a child it was my desire to become a minister, although for a number of years such an attempt was not even contemplated. This was largely due to hindrances which apparently could not be overcome. I was brought up in the bounds of the Greenbrier Church, where in early life I was almost constantly associated with the good people of that community. It was during these years that many lasting impressions concerning religious obligation were made.

2. I am sure it was not the immediate influence of any church, that brought me to a decision. So far as I remember the subject was never mentioned to me, until after the question was settled.

3. I was licensed by the Greenbrier Church as soon as it became generally known that I was a candidate for the ministry. A little over seven years from that date (March 25, 1892), I was ordained at Berea, W. Va., where at that time I was engaged in pastoral duties.

4. I spent four years in school work at Salem College before my ordination, but I have not been in school since. As a means of advancement, I have constantly sought the aid of books and periodicals.

5. Aside from the direct influence of the Holy Spirit, I believe it was my unsuccessful efforts, religiously, and financially, that caused me to consider, and finally to enter the ministry. This thought came to me, that if God wanted me to be a minister, He would provide a way, that the difficulties which to me seemed almost too great to surmount, would somehow be removed. I take pleasure in saying, that in this respect, to a measure at least, my expectation has been realized.

6. I suppose the present state of the church where I was brought up is not as flourishing as it once was, yet I have no doubt that a goodly number of those who constitute the Greenbrier Church at present are just as loyal and devoted, as those who composed the membership in earlier years.

7. As to causes and influences that have helped to open the way, I wish to say that in particular, it was the splendid opportunity offered to students at Salem College that made it possible for me to carry out my plans. It was largely the personal attention of Pres. Gardiner, as well as that of the faculty in general, devoted to the individual needs of each student, that placed me in a position to go on with the work.

OBITUARY.

Dr. Ormond Elroy Burdick was born in Little Genesee, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1850, and died at the same place Nov. 16, 1906. During his boyhood and early manhood he worked in his father's planing mill in Little Genesee. The mill burned down in February, 1872, and until it was rebuilt he was engaged in other lines of work. With the exception of one winter in Alfred University and a part of a year in Plainfield, N. J., he was employed in the new mill until the summer of 1885, when for some two years he was associated with his brother in house building in Alfred, N. Y. Soon after this he began the study of medicine under Dr. H. A. Place of Ceres, and in the

fall of 1889 he entered the Medical University of New York, from which he graduated in the spring of 1892. After his graduation he practiced medicine for two years in Ceres, N. Y., and then returned to Little Genesee, where the remainder of his life was spent.

In March, 1866, he was baptized by Eld. Thos. B. Brown and united with the First Genesee Seventh-day Baptist Church, and was ever afterward one of her most faithful and devoted supporters, identifying himself with every movement which had for its object the upbuilding and strengthening of the Master's kingdom. He possessed more than usual musical ability, and for more than thirty years was the accepted and efficient leader of the church choir, of the singing at the church prayer meeting, and much of the time at the Sabbath school and Young People's meetings. Nov. 21, 1905, he was ordained as deacon of the church and rendered acceptable service in that capacity. He was also identified with the business interests of the church, being at the time of his death President of the Board of Trustees, and had given much of his time and labor to secure needed repairs and improvement of the church property. He served the church as sexton for a considerable length of time. There was no call that the best interests of the church or community demanded but Dr. Burdick was among the first to respond. He was the pastor's helper, the church's servant, the children's friend, a welcome guest, a competent physician, an honored citizen.

He was a man of high ideals and no one more than he disliked anything unmanly, insincere, or hypocritical. A good man has gone to his reward. Few will be missed so much as he. The very large audience of sympathizing friends and neighbors who were present at his funeral, which was held in the church Sunday afternoon, Nov. 18, was a silent but eloquent tribute of respect to his memory. Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, who spoke from the words of the Psalmist, "Mark the perfect Man, and behold the Upright, for the end of that man is peace." Ps. 37: 37. He leaves an aged father, one brother, Albern H., of New Market, N. J., and one sister, Agnes, of Little Genesee, to mourn their loss.

The following poem, written by a lifelong friend of Dr. Burdick, was read as a fitting conclusion of the service.

S. H. B.

In sorrow every heart is bowed.
A friend each loved has gone;
"And how," 'tis asked, "without him, shall
The Master's work go on?"
We know how faithfully and well
In all good work he wrought;
And that no service he could give
Was e'er a burden thought.
Yet while we deeply mourn our loss,
For him we may rejoice
That even at life's noon, has come
The Saviour's loving voice,
Saying, "Well done, thou faithful one;
Thou hast obeyed my word
And faithful been. Now enter thou
The joy of Christ thy Lord."
For this pure life, let every heart
To God give grateful praise,
And let us strive to emulate
Through our remaining days,
The loving, cheerful service, which
Was freely, gladly given
By him whose voice, now silent here,
Still sings God's praise in Heaven.

A RIDE.

People in Kansas do not openly praise their winds, neither do they exactly apologize for them. Sometimes these winds are born in Nebraska. One of them struck North Loup about

midnight, Nov. 25, 1906. An exact description of a Nebraska-Kansas wind is not an easy task. Such a wind jumps and rushes; it shouts and slaps things; it lulls into silence for a moment that it may howl and scurry and annoy with renewed ugliness. It seems angry sometimes; it is certainly sarcastic. It fills you with dust—eyes, ears, mouth and nostrils. It penetrates your clothing and makes work for your laundry. If you are forced to face it when you turn a corner it pounces on you like a hungry lion on a helpless kid, grabs your hat just when you are blinded with dust, and makes smithereens of your temper—"Smithereens" is modern Gaelic, equivalent to splintered ends, or something of that sort; students in philology please take notice. When the wind now under consideration is in the smithereen-making mood, men who are accustomed to soft skies and summer zephyrs have new impulses toward emphatic words.

What has this to do with "A Ride." Nothing except by way of exodium. When the sun came up that morning it was "red as blood," whether from anger or chagrin I do not know, for the rollicking wind covered him with clouds at once, and when the ride began at 8 a. m. the crowds on the ice-covered pond edges seemed to be disgusted. And one lonely prairie hen took wing and went off "before the wind," much as Tam O'Shanter's mare did when the witches chased him past "Auld Kirk Alloway" and across the brig O'Doon. Our train tried to race with the wind; tried in vain, gave it up and jiggled on regardless: a mild train which stopped like a peddler's horse at every opportunity.

It is fifty miles from North Loup to Grand Island, where the Ord Branch of the Union Pacific joins the main line from Denver to Omaha. We follow the North Loup River valley, skirting the banks for many miles. Farms, fields, pastures and ranches stretch away on either hand. Corn fields are everywhere; wheat fields and alfalfa meadows lie between. Herds of cattle and great "bunches" of hogs abound, gathering breakfast from the ungathered corn or from the loads of corn and alfalfa which are dealt out to them at wholesale, in great winrows and heaps. Everything is on a huge scale, including the appetite and digestion of the herds. Beeves and pigs gorge themselves, heedless of the sacrifice toward which they hasten, and unmindful of packing houses, sausage mills, canning factories, and government inspectors. In this they are quite like men—quite human.

Grand Island is wind-swept and dust covered. Trains are late, but we get away for Omaha about 12.30 p. m. The clouds of the morning have fled. The sun is bright and the country is more beautiful as the train glides eastward. The train conductor says: "it is the finest country on the face of the earth," and I dare not dispute him. The farms and ranches are larger than those in the Loup valley. Wild grass meadows are more frequent. To say that thousands on thousands of haystacks and twice thousands and thousands of cattle and hogs are in sight from the car windows is to put it mild. At one point a lusty hog herder appears, riding furiously that he may "round up" some hogs that are playing truant. They are pig-headed and fleet-footed. He is persistent and his horse is tireless. Victory for the man was in sight as the train carried us out of sight; and I fell to dreaming whether some men could be "rounded up" for higher living if good agencies on horseback should give chase to them. There are moral lessons in the tactics of

a swine herder, if you know how to find them. Some men need the sting of a quirt to keep them in line and prevent them from straying: to be thrown by a lariat may be a means of grace.

We are nearing Omaha. The sun is about to retire. He slides behind a bluff and flames, sky and bluff, crests all aglow with a halo of triumph, as if he said: "It takes more than one, Nebraska wind to blow me out of line." Nevertheless, he looked a little chilled and weary and as though a warm bath in the Pacific Ocean would freshen him up a little—the task of "enlightening" Japan and China. Just as the sun disappeared, a slatternly woman came out from a shack of a home in the suburbs of South Omaha to interview two forlorn cows. They looked like candidates for a good but improbable supper, rather than a source of supply for dairy products. There is something pathetic and out-of-place when a woman must lead such a life. This one recalled that line in Hood's "Song of the Shirt":

"A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread."

This one strode with unwomanly strides and looked as though she might fling both swear words and clubs at the cows on slight provocation—"Omaha, Union Depot."

"A Ride" was two hundred miles in point of distance, and nine and one half hours in point of time. The wind, weary by over-exertion, slept with the sun, while darkness dropped her curtain and pinned it with an hundred stars.—*Lower Berth, No. 10, in the Chicago Sleeper.*

MISFITS.

Turkeys never came from Turkey. They are natives of America. Nor did the Turkish bath originate in Turkey, but in Russia. Camel's-hair brushes are seldom made from the hair of the humpbacked quadruped. They are mostly of the bushy hair from squirrel's tails. German silver not only is not silver at all, but was invented in China centuries ago. It is an alloy of some of the inferior metals. Porpoise hide is not made from porpoise at all. It is taken from the white whale. Cork legs are not made of cork, nor do they come from Cork. The willow tree usually furnishes material for them. Cleopatra's needle, that wonderful obelisk of Egypt, was made one thousand years before Cleopatra was born, and really has nothing to do with her. Irish stew is an English dish, and turtle soup seldom has any real turtle in it. Prussian blue, the beautiful color, is not a special product of Prussia, but of England. Thus we see that our language frequently has names for things that are "misfits."

That gifted man of science and earnest thinker upon religion, the late Dr. George J. Romanes, in his "Thought on Religion" has a paragraph that deserves the consideration of thoughtful Christians as an evidence of the superiority of Jesus to men. "It is the absence from the biography of Christ of any doctrines which the subsequent growth of human knowledge—whether in natural science, ethics, political economy or elsewhere—has had to discount. This negative argument is really almost as strong as is the positive one from what Christ did teach. For when we consider what a large number of sayings are recorded of—or at least attributed to—him, it becomes most remarkable that in literal truth there is no reason why any of his words should ever pass away in the sense of becoming obsolete. Contrast Jesus Christ in this respect with other thinkers of like antiquity.

Woman's Work.

ETHEL A. HAVEN, Leonardville, N. Y.

Sabbath. 10s.

WILLIAM C. DALAND.



SABBATH INVOCATION.

God of the Sabbath, unto Thee we raise
Our grateful hearts in song of love and praise.
Maker, Preserver, all to Thee we owe;
Smile on Thy children, waiting here below.

Christ, Thou art Lord e'en of the Sabbath-day;
Darkness and error Thou canst sweep away.
From sordid bondage bring us sweet release,
Light of the World and glorious Prince of Peace.

Spirit divine, Oh, shed abroad Thy love!
Quicken our souls with power from above.
Father and Son and Spirit, mighty Three,
Grant us a blessing, holy Trinity!

—Mary A. Stillman.

JUST A SAMPLE.

There has long been a conviction on the part of some, that there is an amount of undiscovered or unused talent among us that has been waiting for some demand to call it out into active service. Believing that such talent may have been already secretly consecrated to God, there was a movement made among our women at the late Conference to enlist it at the present time. Among the several opportunities offered for such exercise there was a call for Sabbath hymns, both words and music. In answer to this request, the above hymn was written. The words are dignified, lofty in theme, orthodox, wholly uplifting and devotional, and entirely worthy. The music is simple, majestic in movement and appropriate. Try it in the church service.

The suggestion has been made that enough extra copies be printed so that churches may order in quantities sufficient to paste one in each of the church hymn books. The cost will be small, 25 cents per 100. Orders are already booked.

H. C. V. H.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. SUSAN DAVIS.

WHEREAS, it hath seemed best to our Heavenly Father to remove from the church and from the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Verona Seventh-day Baptist Church our sister and co-worker, Mrs. Susan Davis, mother of Rev. D. H. Davis, of Shanghai, China,

Resolved, That in the death of this devoted Christian sister, we mourn one whose heart and hand were ever ready to respond to the call of duty in all Christian work, one whose loyalty and unwavering stand for the right are worthy our imitation.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of her sons, to the RECORDER for publication, and be spread upon the records of the Society.

Mrs. A. L. DAVIS,
Mrs. A. B. PRENTICE,
Mrs. J. H. STARK,
Committee from the Aid Society.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.—John Ruskin.

KNOW WHEN YOU'RE RIGHT.

"There is nothing like sticking to a thing until you see it dead and buried," remarked an elderly gentleman who was speaking of his start in life. "When I was an apprentice in a printing office it was one of my duties to help make the matrix-paper for stereotyping. That paper was made by pasting several sheets of tissue-paper together with a specially prepared paste, and altogether it was quite a tedious job, requiring care in preparing and handling the materials.

"Each day we had to prepare a new supply of the matrix-paper for that day's use, and there occurred to me a method of making this paper in large quantities and in such a manner that it could be put away for an indefinite length of time. Then, whenever a piece was needed, the desired size could be cut off, soaked for a moment in water to make it pliable, and so be ready for use.

"I mentioned the subject to my employer. He was of good old Puritan stock and did not believe in innovations, but he listened patiently to me, and, when I had finished, he laughed and said: "Any man who is too lazy to make his own "stereo" paper is too lazy to stereotype after you make it for him."

"He laughed the idea out of my head, but two years afterward I had my revenge by showing him whole pages in trade publications advertising what he had ridiculed. The enterprise made for its promoters thousands of dollars—and it taught me to depend less on the opinion of others, and to hesitate less about backing my own judgment."—Saturday Evening Post.

JUSTICE IN TURKEY.

Secretary Root relates the following queer case of legal jurisprudence that was told him by a Turkish diplomat:

It appears that a mechanic fell from a roof into the street upon a wealthy old Turk and killed him. The son of the deceased caused the

arrest of the workman, who was uninjured, and had him taken before the Cadi, with whom he used all his influence to have the prisoner condemned.

But the man's innocence was clearly established, and nothing could satisfy the dead man's son save the law of retaliation. Thereupon the venerable Cadi gravely directed that the workman be placed upon the exact spot where the victim of the accident had stood. When this was done the Cadi turned to the son and said:

"Now you may go up the roof of the house, fall down upon this man, and kill him, if you can."

PRINCETON ANNIVERSARY.

In commemoration of the 160th anniversary of the founding of Princeton University, the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke delivered a sermon dealing with the spiritual indifference due to prosperity. His text was Ezekiel 27: 26: "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters." He said, in part:

"Success in material things brings with it secret and incalculable perils. Prosperity and riches are neither blessings nor curses in themselves, but conditions which try the vital character of a nation and of a man. It is impossible to pass that trial in safety and honor without a deeper wisdom than the precepts of commerce, a surer strength than the balance of trade and a higher aim than the getting and spending of money. The true wealth is wisdom and love; the true prosperity is the growth of manhood; the true success is the attainment of that righteousness which is peace and of that knowledge of God and man which is power. This is the last day of a hundred and sixty years that have passed since the founding of Princeton as an academic institution. I conceive that this college stands in evidence of the indomitable faith of its founders in these truths of which I have just spoken."

Missions.

REV. EDWARD B. SAUNDERS, Corresponding Secretary
Ashaway, R. I.

THE DEBT.

You will see in the list of the churches when it is published that Brother Velthuysen's church at Haarlem leads in the list. He was the first man on his feet to subscribe for five of the \$5.00 shares, on the night that this movement started in the church at Milton. Of all the fifty and more churches, which have now contributed I think this is the largest gift according to their means. Yet some of them have given more than we should have thought of asking of them. This throws light on a question which was asked Bro. Velthuysen in the meeting of the Missionary Board: If the Haarlem church could finally come to be self-supporting? He replied: "I think so. I do not know just how. Whenever the \$300.00 which you are appropriating to our support is more needed for other fields, and will do more good, we shall be sustained. God has kept us all these years. I do not know where it will come from. It may be from Africa. You owe us nothing, we owe you everything. You did not send us out to work, you found us. What we are, we owe to you." The money will not be lacking to help churches which have this spirit. I wish we all possessed it, both great and small.

More than \$4,400 is now pledged for the debt of the Missionary Society.

OBSERVATIONS IN KANSAS.

J. W. CROFOOT.

This is not just the time of year one would choose for a journey from Fouke, in southern Ark., to Nortonville, Kan., and then to Iowa and Wisconsin. If I keep on adding more covers to my bed I may not be able to turn over by the time I reach Milton. Snow is quite in evidence at Nortonville.

I had occasion to ask a question at the Information Bureau in the Union Depot at Kansas City the other day as Dr. Lewis and I were passing there. Several telephone lines were near the head of a question answerer. A companion asked him:

"Who have you got on this line?"

"That's what I am working at now," was the answer. "It's a woman who wants to know how to get to Trenton, N. J., in time for a football game Saturday afternoon."

Why do I write this? Simply to contrast people's enthusiasm for football with what they show for religion.

There must have been nearly three hundred people present at the church Sabbath morning to hear me speak on our China mission, and fully as many, perhaps more, listened with great interest to Dr. Lewis in the afternoon. The pastor says they are the best congregation on the face of the earth, and, of course, I did not contradict him. There seemed to be an excellent interest in missionary matters. The collection was more than twenty dollars.

There is a fine class of young people, and of older people too. One class in the Sabbath school organized, I believe, in 1862, still contains five of the original members. It reminded me of Ashaway, R. I., where, they tell me, there is one man who has been a faithful member of the church and attendant at Sabbath school for seventy-eight years.

S. D. B. are letters familiar to us all, but it was at Nortonville that I learned to interpret S. D. B. Church as Stillman, Davis, and Babcock Church.

Land is, much of it, worth \$100 per acre, and all of it fit for cultivation. Crops have been unusually good this season, some corn yielding seventy-five bushels to the acre and some wheat more than fifty. It has also been a great fruit year.

The people are worth one hundred cents on the dollar and are good, substantial people. There has been some loss by emigration lately, which lessens the numbers and troubles some for the future growth of the church. Cheap land in Beaver County, Okla., and elsewhere is the lure that calls them away. If our people must move, why not move where some small church needs their help?

Let's check up! Formerly when the Missionary Board wanted to send out foreign missionaries it approached half a dozen or more men before securing one to go. Now, theological students offer to go, and at one place I heard of a woman over fifty years of age who would like to go, and at another place of a girl of eighteen who hopes to go.

UNION DEPOT, ST. JOSEPH, MO., NOV. 20.

REV. F. H. BAKKER.

(The Continuation of His Work in Denmark.)

On Sunday, June 1, we held a meeting at the farm called Tårdenhede; notwithstanding the cold storm there were nineteen in attendance. According to the promise of the Lord, it shall not be in vain. We stayed at Horby with the dear Sisters Moller until July 5. Before we parted we held a prayer meeting and love feast, observing the Lord's Supper. We hope our parting was not forever. Praised be our Lord. We next took the train for Aalborg on our way home. Here we visited two married daughters of Brother and Sister Christensen, of Asaa. The youngest, Lydia, is a very devoted Christian, who, with her husband, was very glad to see us, as we were them. A few splendid hours we had together. The next day, Friday, July 6, we again took the train for Jhast, a distance of 280 kilometers from Horby, where we arrived at 5 p. m. Our dear Sister K. Troelstruys met us at the station, which gave us great joy and gladness. The next day was Sabbath, when an old brother seventy-eight years of age, who is poor and works very hard, walked six miles to see us. In the afternoon we had a meeting six miles from Jhast, in a little building formerly used by the Adventists for school. About twenty persons were present. The next day was spent visiting, and at 9.27 in the evening we started from Jhast, Denmark, for Germany. In the morning at 10.30 we came to Harburg, at the home of Bro. Hart, who was formerly pastor of a First-day Baptist church in Poland and Russia. He, his wife Mary, and an old brother are the only Seventh-day Baptists here. We were here two days. The first evening we held a prayer meeting. Nine persons were present, one a Pole and Romanist. July 11 we came again to our Fatherland, where we were both born and lived until we came to Rotterdam. Here was where we came to be Baptists and later became Sabbath-keepers in 1885. There are some Sabbath-keepers who live here, formerly Adventists. We had a good time, remaining three days. On the Sabbath, at the home of one of them at Vriescheloo,

the place we formerly lived and worked for the Lord eleven years, we held two meetings, with seventeen people present. There was peace and harmony. Here we spent a few days with our relatives. On Friday we took the train for Harlinger and farther on to an isle in the North Sea by the name of Terschelling, on the Frisian Coast. On this island live seven Sabbath-keepers. Here we spent three days and held a prayer meeting on Sabbath evening and two services during the day. Though this was our first visit we became very much attached. July 24 we left them to visit an old lone Sabbath-keeping brother and sister, eighty-two and seventy-seven years of age. July 25 we returned home at 6 o'clock in the evening safe and well. God be praised for our safe return, and that we found our loved ones well. We were gone fifty days; made ninety-four visits and calls, and held eighteen meetings in all; wrote 121 letters and cards, traveled 2,600 kilometers by train and many miles by carriage. During the quarter before leaving home I made 113 visits, held 34 meetings, distributed 1,400 tracts and 500 copies of the *Boodschapper*. During the year: 720 visits, 283 meetings, 1,575 copies of the *Boodschapper*, 11,000 tracts, 1,000 Sabbath tracts, 400 letters.

FROM MRS. DAVIS.

Dear Mr. Saunders: I am glad to write you that about 7 o'clock this morning our good ship cast anchor in Yokohama Harbor. We have had a very comfortable passage from Honolulu, some heavy seas, but no severe storms. There have been about twice the usual number on board, so we are somewhat crowded. Our captain says we have been an unusually peaceable and pleasant company, but we all realize the secret of our good behavior has been in the great kindness and tact exhibited by all the officers. When I came out from breakfast this morning two letters were handed me from Shanghai. They were written on the 17th, so have been in Yokohama more than a week. When written Mr. Davis was still hoping that the "Mongolia" would make its schedule time. He must know before this of my delay, and will be looking for me on this steamer. About 9 o'clock I went on shore with the large party of missionaries. We were met by one of the gentlemen from the Baptist Mission in this place. He took us up to visit the theological seminary in the girls' school; on the way we passed a large government school, where they have about two thousand pupils. They were just having recess in a playground fitted up exclusively for them. The teachers were scattered around in their midst. When the signal came for them to enter the school building, they quickly formed in line, four abreast, and quietly marched into the various buildings. The older boys, remained on the ground for military drill. It is wonderful what advancement the Japanese have made alone this line during the last twenty-five years. After visiting the mission school I went over to the Woman's Union Mission to see some friends from Shanghai. You may remember this mission has a large work near ours in Shanghai. They invited me to remain for lunch, after which one of the ladies escorted me through some of the Japanese shops, and about 4 o'clock I found my way back to the steamer. It seems very quiet here tonight, for most of the passengers are on shore. The two young ladies, tourists, who have been occupying the room with me, leave the steamer here to travel through Japan by rail, so I have the promise of the lower berth

the remainder of the way, which I count pretty good luck.

Tomorrow some of the missionaries are going by rail to Tokio, the capital of this island empire. I may possibly go with them. Day after tomorrow at 10 a. m. we sail from this port. We will stop one day in Kobi, another in Nagasaki, arriving in Shanghai about one week from this time, when I will again write—it may be from our "Mission Home."

Yours sincerely,

SARA G. DAVIS.

YOKOHAMA, OCT. 30, 1906.

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD.

"But, lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—I have been used to bear the load so long;

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road . . .
"Yet," said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood.

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"
Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wandering question lay:
"Was I not always here, then, as today?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:
"Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied: "but this I understand—
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:
"Lord of the Land, but men have named me Death."
—*McClure's.*

OUR MISSION TO CHILDREN.

BY O. D. SHERMAN.

(Read at the Semi-annual Meeting of Western Association.)

"For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given."

In these graphic words does the prophet Isaiah predict the greatest gift that ever was bestowed upon this world. When in the fullness of time the Christ child was born, the heavens o'er Bethlehem's plain were radiant with celestial light, and vocal with the song of angels praising God in the highest for his wondrous gift of the infant Redeemer. What was true of the babe of Bethlehem is also true in a restricted sense of every child born into this world. Every mother feels (unless she be wholly depraved) when she holds her new-born babe to her heart that Heaven has sent a direct message to her. How this feeling is expressed by a Christian mother and poet, I quote from lines written by Mrs. Emily C. Judson, wife of the pioneer missionary, Adoniram Judson, on the birth of her own child. The poem commences:

"Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest
And folded, oh so lovingly
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

"This beautiful mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, thy hand hath given.

"A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear,
The future with its light and gloom,—
Time and eternity are here."

Here is also from T. B. Aldrich, in his *Babie Bell*:

"Have you not heard the poets tell,
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?"

"The gates of Heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
Wandering out of Paradise
She saw this planet like a star;—
Hung in the glistening depths of even,
It's bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to Heaven:
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,—
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels:
They fell like dew upon the flowers;
Then all the air grew strangely sweet;
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours."

Thus sanctified by our heavenly Father, glorified in Christ, and beautified in poetry, a child presents the most intense, solemn, beautiful, real, and ideal problem of human society. We may divest the advent of a child into this world of all poetic surroundings or mystic interpretations, we may have just the bare, bald fact before us, the child, born in the hovel or the palace, cradled in love or coming unbidden and unwelcome, yet the truth will remain that all the world's weal or woe, its salvation, or its ruin, are all wrapped up in the child. What, then, is our mission to the child? The church's mission? The Christian's mission? Everybody's mission to the child—to every child? We could say in a general way that our mission is to develop, to encourage, and to perfect as far as is in our power all that is good, noble, and Christlike in the child. To shield him from harm—physical, mental and spiritual. To protect him from evil, especially from evil men, and from the counsels of the ungodly. To pray not only that he be not led into temptation, but by the power of influence, example, and the law, remove temptation far from him. It is the right of the child to command by the very fact of his being that every rum shop be demolished, every cigar and cigarette factory be employed otherwise, every haunt of vice and unholy dissipation be eradicated from the land, and all the paths of life be made straight. Our mission to the child is to do as much as in us lies for the accomplishment of these objects. Christ said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." That was Peter's mission to the children. So to the church, to the Christian workers, is emphatically the mission to feed the lambs, and by influence, by example, by teaching, by personal contact gather them into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

To come more into details: We would say our mission to the child is to give to every child a fair and equal chance in the fight for success in life. To overcome as far as we may, the inequalities of class and condition into which the child is born. We will not speak now of the schools which both the church and the state have provided with open doors for this end, but more of direct personal work. The first thing that a child needs to be taught is self-respect, and regard for the rights of others; in other words, he needs to come into harmonious relation with the world and the people that dwell in it. Too often the child is treated as a joke, a toy, an undesirable adjunct; something to be either repressed or indulged at the inclination or whim of the elder person, the thought never occurring that the child is the future man or woman. The apostle Peter says: "As brethren be pitiful, be courteous." Christian courtesy is the foundation of true politeness and it has its foundation in self-respect and regard for the rights of others. We often hear it said that children in

this day have lost their respect for parents, for age, for the church and sacred things. In part, it is true, although not to the extent that we are prone to think. One part, and a very important part of our mission to children is to teach them to be courteous to all men. Teach it by example, teach it by our treatment of them. I was on a railroad train a while ago. A man came in with a boy, one of the irresponsible kind of boys. Evidently he'd been governed only by repression. The boy commenced his clamor as soon as he came in. He wanted "a seat by the window, so he could look out." I had a seat by the window—the rest of the seat was vacant. The father seated the boy beside me, and told him to "sit there and keep quiet," and left him. I let the boy take his medicine for a little while, and then turning to him, said: "Wouldn't you like to change seats with me, so you can look out of the window; I am taller than you and can look over your head?" I shall never forget the wondering look that came into the boy's face as I said these words to him; first he looked a little frightened, and then a glad smile of grateful thanks, as he said he would, and for the rest of the ride he was as nice a seat companion as one could wish.

It occurred to me that it was a new experience to that boy to be treated with Christian courtesy in small matters, and at first he hardly knew what to make of it.

As a last point I would say our mission to children is to provide good food for them, and I would not except even material food. I think it is to the honor of our Seventh-day Advent brethren that they have laid so much emphasis on hygienic food and living, for "whether ye eat or drink, do all for the glory of God." But the child needs above all good nourishing intellectual and spiritual food, that he may grow thereby; good reading is what I mean—every home should have it. Many of our homes do have it, and in abundance; but many, yes, many, as I know from personal knowledge, do not have it. Our children ought to have, and be instructed in our denominational literature and also in the best current literature of the period. Good, solid, instructive reading. The memory faculty is at the best from eight to sixteen years of age. What is thoroughly learned then will rarely be forgotten. This is the formative period of life. Now will be laid the foundations of a character that seldom is changed, only modified in the future. It behooves parents, teachers, pastors, and the church to watch and provide well for this critical period in child life. Culture, culture for our children, that they may be as olive trees in the garden of our Lord and as polished stones in the temple of our God.

TENNYSON AND THE BIBLE.

"That my father was a student of the Bible, those who have read In Memoriam know. He also eagerly read all notable works within his reach relating to the Bible, and traced with deep interest such fundamental truths as underlie the great religions of the world. He hoped that the Bible would be more and more studied by all ranks of people and expounded simply by their teachers; for he maintained that the religion of a people could never be founded on mere moral philosophy; and that it could only come home to them in the simple, noble thoughts and facts of a Scripture like ours."—*Hallam, Lord Tennyson.*

Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God, before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begin to oppress us.—*Spurgeon.*

OBEDIENCE IN A ROYAL NURSERY.

The Princess of Wales, according to *The Youth's Companion*, has trained her children so carefully in habits of obedience and veracity that they are nearly models of what children should be in those particulars. As an illustration of what the royal mother has done in the training of these youth the *Companion* prints the following:

"Before her royal highness started on her trip round the world with her husband she drew up a list of rules to be observed in the nursery, and added a series of light tasks to be fulfilled by each one of the youngsters before the date set for her return.

"The rules were to be enforced by the nurses. The performance of the tasks was left to the honor of the children, and in addition there was a list of things they must not do.

"There were occasional lapses of memory as regards the forbidden things, and some carelessness in carrying out the tasks, for royal children, despite the severity of their training, are children still. But in the main they respected their mother's wishes and commands, and took no advantage of her absence. Upon one occasion, however, they were sorely tempted. This was when their loving and beloved grandmother, Queen Alexandria, brought them a big box of bonbons. But when the sweets were offered to them, one child after another reluctantly but firmly declined to take any.

"We like them, but mother has forbidden us to eat them," explained the eldest prince.

"You can have the sugar-plums if I say you may," said the indulgent queen. "I will tell mamma all about it when she returns."

"Prince Eddie wavered momentarily, then reiterated his refusal.

"We'd like them," he sighed, "but that's what mother said."

"The queen was slightly annoyed by this opposition.

"But if I say you may—" she said.

Prince Eddie stood his ground, a hero between two fires—the wishes of his adored mother and those of his almost equally adored grandmother. His sister and his brothers followed his lead. When the queen went away she put the bonbons on the nursery table and there they stayed for months untouched, a handsome monument to the thoroughness of the princess's training and the respectful love and devotion of her children."

A THREE-STORY HOME BUILT IN A TREE.

The Mosquito reservation—a narrow belt of land struck off the east coast of Nicaragua, in Central America—derives its name from the Mosco or Mosquito Indians inhabiting it and not from their winged namesakes, as might be supposed, albeit for abundance of the latter the coast in question would indeed be hard to beat. In fact, in one locality thereabouts—to wit, on a tributary of the Blue-fields or Escondido river, known as the Rama, mosquitoes and other malarial influences are so plentiful that, in order to avoid them, the owner of at least one plantation has deemed it prudent to abandon the ordinary kind of dwelling and build himself a nest high up in a tree.

The plantation in question is known as the Rapose and the "nest" consists of a bungalow erected upon an ibo tree seventy feet above the ground. The tree is of a very hard and lasting species and the bungalow is in every sense as

comfortable and substantial as any structure upon terra firma. It is three-storied and erected round the trunk of the tree, which passes through the center of each story in much the same fashion as a ship's mast penetrates the saloon, and in addition to the tree trunk the edifice is further secured by means of four props and the same number of guy ropes, which, like so many long legs, give the building something of the appearance of a huge spider. The owner gains access to his strange dwelling by means of a primitive yet perfectly safe and effective elevator.

The dwelling is excellently furnished and there is absolutely nothing inside, beyond the cleverly disguised tree trunk in the center of each apartment, to remind the visitor of the fact that he is once in his life really "up a tree." Having "locked" the lift so that it cannot be drawn down, and shut himself in for the night, the inventive builder of this unique dwelling presumably enjoys that repose and security which are the portion of few of his neighbors, and which suggested the name of his plantation, for besides being above the malarial zone he is likewise above the reach of mosquitoes, wild beasts, scorpions, centipedes and many other pests he would have to face were his dwelling upon the ground. Not least among the advantages of such a "nest" must be counted the absolute freedom from snakes, for serpents, poisonous and otherwise, abound in those regions and are not infrequently given to trespassing.—*Wide World Magazine.*

LET IT GO.

Has a neighbor done you wrong?

Let it go.

Let his weakness make you strong.

Help to cheer the world with song,
Hatred never rights a wrong.

Let it go.

Have you missed your heart's desire?

Let it go.

Don't lose courage, still aspire;

Gold, you know, is tried by fire;

Moaning ne'er will lift you higher.

Let it go.

Do you differ with a friend?

Let it go.

Argue not, lest friendships end;

Better far good-will to lend,

Time the trouble soon will mend.

Let it go.

In your past is there a stain?

Let it go.

If its memory gives you pain,

Drive it out—it will be your gain,

Cheerful thoughts will banish pain.

Let it go.

—*Robert S. Denham, in Suggestion.*

A DOG AND A PIG.

Here is a true tale of a dog and a pig. They were both passengers on the same ship and became warm friends. They used to eat their cold potatoes off the same plate, and but for one thing would never have had any trouble. This was the fact that the dog had a kennel, and the pig had none. Somehow the pig got it into his head that the kennel belonged to whichever could get into it first; so every night there was a race.

One rainy afternoon the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about on deck, and made up its mind to retire early. But when it reached the kennel it found the dog inside.

Suddenly an idea flashed upon it, and trudging off to where their dinner plate was lying it carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, and turning its back to the kennel began rattling the plate and munching as though at a feast. This was too much for Toby. A good dinner, and he not there! Piggy kept on until Toby had come round in front of him and pushed his nose into the empty plate. Then, like a shot, it turned and ran and was safe in the kennel before the dog knew whether there was any dinner on the plate or not.

GRAIN AS FOODSTUFF.

To most people of our present time, says Dr. A. E. Gibson in the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, the necessity of bread consumption for the maintenance of bodily existence stands as a central, unquestionable fact. That such a high regard for grain as foodstuff, however, is overdrawn, is evident from the circumstance that entire races of men have been and are yet found to sustain a magnificent physical health and strength on a diet wholly exempt from bread.

The great majority of African and Australian aborigines are enjoying physical health and strength though in perfect ignorance of a nourishment prepared from our familiar grains, and the entire Mongolian race finds in rice a substitute for bread.

In tropical countries fruits and nuts were always found to supply the natives with an ideal diet, while the various species of grass served the roaming herbivorous animals as a means of subsistence. This grass diet, originally a purely animal diet, has, under the influence of cultural incidents and a misguided palate, been turned into a diet for man. For grain, even including the "king of grains"—wheat—is botanically a grass gone to seed.

BIG THOUGHTS IN LITTLE SPACE.

It is a firm foundation on which the Christian has built his faith. There is naught in heaven or on earth so stable as the Rock on which rests the hope of the believer. For his trust is in God, the great and supreme Lord, whose word cannot fail and whose goodness is from everlasting to everlasting.

Jesus is "here" to every man—everywhere. He is present like the atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being. He is present like the sun with his diffused warmth and light and power. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," he said, "there am I in the midst." As the rays of the sun may by a lens be brought into a burning focus at the will of a child, so by faith, resolve and desire may Christ be revealed in spiritual power to believing and obedient souls.—*John H. Vincent.*

It is not the rare gifts, the possessions of the few; it is not great wealth, great learning, great genius, or great power—it is not these things that make the possessors happy. It is health, it is friendship, it is love at home; it is the voices of children; it is sunshine. It is the blessings that are commonest, not those that are rarest; it is the gifts that God has scattered everywhere.—*G. H. Morrison.*

Duty done today is better than duty planned for tomorrow. The man who thinks most of tomorrow's accomplishments is not likely to take care of tomorrow when it comes. The man who gives himself unreservedly to the doing of today's task is the better fitted to do as well for tomorrow's when they are at hand.

Children's Page.

RAIN FAIRIES.

BY EVA C. ROGERS.

Pitter! patter! Drops of rain
Fall upon the window pane,
From the clouds each fairy floats,
For the rain-drops are their boats.

Pitter! patter! Through the air
Swift they hasten here and there,
For they have a lot to do
Ere the sky again is blue.

Pitter! patter! Now they fly
O'er the meadow lands so dry,
To refresh the earth they strive,
And the drooping flowers revive.

Pitter! patter! Next they meet
On the pavements in the street,
Driving all the dust away
That has lain there through the day.

Pitter! patter! Through the town
They go dancing up and down
Not a speck of dirt is seen,
Every roof and gutter's clean.

Pitter! patter! Fairy feet
Soon have made the country sweet;
Then they beckon to the sun,
Telling him their work is done.

—Little Folks.

THE CIRCUS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Supposing that you were a little boy, say about twelve years old, and supposing that you could not walk and had been taken to the Children's Hospital to be operated upon; and then supposing that after the operation they had put you in a stiff, uncomfortable plaster cast and strapped you to the bed so that you could not move; and then supposing that somehow or other it came to your ears that the circus was coming to town.

Don't you think you would sort of hanker to see it? Don't you think that at night when you were lying awake with the pain you would imagine just how grand the elephants must look, how you would laugh at the clowns and how good the peanuts would taste? Wouldn't you wish and wish and wish that you could get just a little peek at that circus?

It was some such feeling as this that prompted little Louis Wald to write a letter to the manager of the Barnum and Bailey circus and ask him if he wouldn't send down just one clown to "act funny" on the sidewalk in front of the hospital so that he and the other boys—and girls too—might get a glimpse of the show.

And it must have been an understanding of the feelings of that little chap that prompted the managing director of the circus to send down not one, but a whole dozen clowns—and a band and acrobats, too, to "act funny" in front of the hospital on Huntington avenue, Boston, as a free show for the children.

It happened last summer, and, to quote one tot who looked with big wondering eyes from her bed in a window, "It all seemed just like a dream and most too good to be true."

The superintendent entered heartily into the scheme and had instructed her nurses to do all that they could to make the occasion bright and cheery. The three tiers of balconies on the Gainsboro Street wing of the hospital were selected as the place from which the show should be viewed. The iron railings were entwined with garlands of gayly colored paper flowers from end to end and the flags of all nations fluttered in the breeze.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Out on these balconies along toward four o'clock were wheeled the cots and chairs, each with its little sufferer; little boys with pallid cheeks and some limb bound up in bandages; little girls with thin faces drawn with suffering; smaller children lying still in the arms of nurses. Not only were the balconies filled, but each window in this wing of the building acted as a frame for some pathetic little figure stretched out in bed.

Everywhere was bustle and expectancy. Pretty nurses moved about softly tucking in a blanket here, bolstering up a little head there, and spreading comfort everywhere.

The minutes seemed hours.

Would it ever come?

Away off in the distance—wasn't that the sound of music?

A little fellow on crutches on the top balcony heard it and pressed his face against the iron railing.

Yes, it is quite distinct now—it's the band, and only minutes, long, long minutes, remain before the clowns will arrive.

Ah, here they come; first the band, resplendent in blue uniforms and blowing away as only a circus band can. Little invalids forget their suffering, tired little faces grow bright, little cripples clap their hands in glee. Close behind the band is one of the biggest circus wagons loaded with clowns—clowns and clowns and more clowns. Never was childish happiness more complete. At last the circus is at hand.

A dozen stout policemen push the crowd of outsiders back to a respectful distance—this show is for the children in the hospital and the outsiders must not get in the way. Into the space in front of the hospital drives the big wagon, and out of it pile the clowns helter skelter, while the children in the balconies fairly crow with joy.

And then the show commences. First the band plays a rousing, circusy tune.

"My, this is like two years ago I went to the circus," exclaims a little fellow with his arm in a sling. "I'd a gone this year, too, if I hadn't bust my arm."

The show moves rapidly and smoothly. A clown dressed as an old woman with a rag baby that drinks gallons and gallons of milk made the little girls laugh, while three other clowns that played baseball without any ball struck the boys as about right. A little Jap with a still smaller boy did some acrobatic tricks that kept the children breathless. Another clown had a dog that did just about what his master told him. Then there was a big fat clown that everyone hit and two other clowns who carried a gigantic monkey on a stick. Finally two of the clowns had a funny fight which ended with the arrival of a patrol wagon which carried them all off.

So much for the show—it was a good one, a first-class one and a very generous one, too. While it was going on, in order that the joy might be complete, the circus people sent a man with a hundred bags of peanuts into the hospital. Of course, only a few of the children could eat peanuts, but the idea of having the peanuts around was pretty nearly as good as eating them.

It was one of the most enthusiastic audiences that the clowns ever played to. Every action brought a laugh and every act applause. One poor little chap who was stretched out so flat that he could not even raise his head or hands, patted the side of his bed with his free hand by way of applause.

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After it was all over there was a tremendous chatter as the children were wheeled back to their wards. There was so much to talk about, so much to think about and laugh at again and again. That free show is going to be something to talk about for weeks to come at the hospital.—*Boston Globe.*

IN POPPY FIELDS.

Here the poppy hosts assemble;
How they startle, how they tremble!
All their royal hoods unpinned
Blow out lightly in the wind,
Here is gold to labor for;
Here is pillage worth a war.
Men that in the cities grind,
Come! before the heart is blind.

—Edwin Markham.

TWO LITTLE MEXICAN SWALLOWS.

Today and yesterday two little Mexican swallows have been hunting a place for a nest right in our office. One chirps to the other, "Come on in here, Jennie, it's fine! Don't mind those big black animals with white faces; they won't hurt you. Why, I flew quite close to one a while ago, and it never even moved! Come! Come! Come! It's lovely! Come! Come! Come! It's fine!"

"No, no, Dickey dear! I'm afraid! I'm afraid!"

"Oh! Sweetie, sweetie, sweetie! Do, do, do, do, come! See, I'm going to fly right close up to that big black animal over there!"

He gives a dart straight over to me, and a swoop, and slips silently out the door after Jennie.

Then they come back together. But Jennie gets timid again, and flies toward the door. Dickey jumps down behind the clock.

"Oh! See, see, see, Jennie! What I've found! What I've found! Something nice and white! And good to eat! Good to eat! Good to eat!"

Then he flew after her with a cracker crumb in his bill. He didn't eat it. He carried it to her and coaxed her to eat it, chirping. "Let's go back! There's lots more! There's lots more! Lots more!"

"No, no! No, no! No, no!"

"I'll take care of you, of you, of you! My sweet, my sweet, my sweet! My sweetie-etie-etie!"

Then they dart back again. She flutters around frightenedly, but he perches on the clock and sings to her.

"Come here! right here! over here! Dearie-dearie-dearie-dear! Come-to-me-and-take-a-rest! Here's-the-place-to-build-a-nest! Why not eat the pretty white? Take a bite! Take a bite! Take a bite!"

Just for one moment she perches on the clock beside him and then flies away.

He stays on the clock awhile and calls after her so sweetly and persistently. He never gives up, but keeps on trying and trying and trying; and some day he'll succeed. And then she'll stay with him on the clock and they'll eat the cracker crumbs together.

It's tomorrow night now, and I just must tell you this: Dickey did succeed. And Jennie likes to be in the office now just as he does. At this very minute they are both fast asleep on the clock.—*Housekeeper.*

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground; but a kind word is never thrown away.—*Arthur Helps.*

Young People's Work.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Many of our societies have not sent in their funds for last year and others have sent less than usual. We are back on evangelistic work about \$150.00 and almost \$200.00 on the Dr. Palmberg salary. Will you please bring this matter before your C. E. Society at once? The work for the present Conference year is also upon us and demands our attention.

A word to the corresponding secretaries: our plan for obtaining news is to send for it just before we print, so that the news will be fresh, but we are unable always to print on the same day of the month. If, therefore, you will please gather up items as the month goes by you will be ready to send them to us immediately after hearing from us. Some of our corresponding secretaries never answer us, some are very good about it.

A. C. DAVIS, JR.

THE MISSION OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

REV. A. J. C. BOND.

(An address delivered before the Semi-annual Convention of the Western Association at Independence, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1906, and requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.)

"Our Mission" is a theme that has been prominently before our people for several months. The RECORDER has given much space to its discussion, both through editorials and contributed articles. And some phase of the theme has furnished the subject for many air anniversary sermon, paper or address.

The mission of Seventh-day Baptists is a timely and vital theme, one worthy of our deliberate and prayerful consideration. If this be true, then is our theme today a most vital one. The "mission of our young people" means all that we include in the "mission of the denomination" and more. Why, in the face of the recognized importance of the mission of our people as prosecuted today by our able leaders and their loyal constituency, do I dare say that the mission of our young people is greater? Because the specific mission of a people is determined not only by the importance of the peculiar truth they hold, but by the opportunity also of bringing that truth to the favorable acceptance of those who have not hitherto recognized its claims. The way is opening up for the spread of Sabbath truth as never before in our history. You say, "That is quite a sweeping statement; give us your evidence." Very well, I have just two reasons for believing this, and here they are: First, Sunday as a Sabbath is going to pieces, like a sinking ship, and those who believe in a religious rest day are being strangled in the waves of worldly holidayism. It would seem strange if in this life and death struggle many consecrated Christian men and women did not find their way to the solid rock of truth. Second, The independent research of modern Bible students and the emphasis laid upon the teachings of Jesus as over against creeds and confessions is doing much to strip Christianity of a burdensome traditionalism, and is leading to a re-discovery of the Scriptures, both Hebrew and Christian. When the Christian world finds its way back to Christ and interprets all Scripture in the light of this supreme revelation of the Father, then will the Sabbath of Christ and of the Bible come in on the ground floor.

These evident tendencies of the times auger well for the future of the Sabbath cause, and serve to enlarge the opportunity of our young people in the years that are just ahead. Do I seem to distinguish today between the mission of our young people and the mission of the denomination? They are one, and in all our work the enthusiasm of the young must be linked with the mature judgment of their elders. What I wish to emphasize at this point is, that the opportunity and consequent responsibility of our young people are going to be greater than those of any previous generation.

Thus far I have taken it for granted that we all understand what our specific mission is, and I shall not attempt a definition here. While we might express it differently, this is a matter upon which we are agreed. The burden of my message is, What ought our young people do and be in view of present opportunities and the greater obligations of the future?

First of all, let me say our young people should actively engage in such lines of Sabbath reform work as may be taken up by the local Endeavor Society or the church. The young person who gives no time to day-dreaming will not amount to a great deal, perhaps; at the same time, not all things can be dreamed out. There is work to do. Take time to create ideals; but do not neglect the task at hand. You may never be able to realize your cherished hopes, but if you are sowing as you go along, your life will not be in vain. And, too, the best preparation for greater service is honest effort in your present sphere. "We learn to do by doing" is a principle whose application is pertinent here. Less than two years ago agitation was begun in the *Seventh-day Baptist Endeavorer* concerning Sabbath Reform Committees in our Christian Endeavor Societies. Today, most of the societies have such a committee, and much work has been accomplished through it. This committee should keep the whole society informed as to the latest developments in the work of Sabbath reform, and should plan some work that shall engage the whole society. Informing and performing, you shall become successful in the work of reforming.

Our young people need to be educated. Not that I believe it possible or necessary that all our young people shall complete a college course, although I believe in college training. What I mean is that all our young people need to have their faculties so developed and their powers so trained as to be able to secure a broad outlook upon life, and to execute well whatever work they undertake.

We are just beginning to learn the educational value of the Bible. This may be due partly to the fact that we are just beginning to appreciate the Bible; but largely, I think, to a new and better definition of education. President Faunce, of Brown University, says: "The three R's alone will never save America from its foes. Some of our life insurance presidents and our Senators are not deficient in the three R's. No whetting of the intellect can be a substitute for the creation of Christian character. Religion cries to all the teachers of America, 'They reckon ill who leave me out.' Profoundly we believe that all religious effort, if it is to produce permanent results, must aim at making disciples; that is, learners. To appeal to the emotions is legitimate; but after all we are to value no feeling which is not the child of truth and the parent of duty." Wherever the church has gone it has planted schools; wherever the Bible has been carried it has created a literature. The obligation to make disciples always involves the obligation to train them.

I plead for that kind of education for our

young people which means training—training for discipleship. Back of conduct are ideals always. The nobler human faculties cannot be successfully trained without the inspiration of high ideals. Since the ideals of the Bible are the sublimest, its teachings are indispensable in the education of our young people. I wish I could say that loud enough to be heard by all our people. I wish I could say it with such force that it would take firm grip upon the young people present here today. Neglect no opportunity to make yourself familiar with the Book of books. Study its literature, examine its style, but, above all, learn the truths it would teach, for they are life.

It is because I believe this most profoundly that I can ask the young people of my own church to join our Bible study class, and can say most conscientiously, "If your work in the high school is so heavy that you cannot give some time to this study, then you are carrying too much work in school." If our young people are to accomplish the mission to which they have been called, the Bible must be to them not only their source of religious doctrine, but their book of ethics as well, for no education is worth anything that does not find expression in character and conduct.

Our young people need to be more familiar with our own history. If they have no natural liking for it, they should be encouraged to take it up as a matter of duty. Here I may be intruding on some one else, for I see that the subject of the children has been assigned to others, but let me say that parents can do a great deal to interest the children in the men and women of the past. Teach them to love and honor the leaders of the present, who will be the men of the past when these children are carrying the burdens. I am thankful that I was reared in a home where there was no whining about the inconveniences of Sabbath-keeping. How is the atmosphere in which your children are being reared? Do your children count it a privilege to keep the Sabbath? They will if you do.

There often comes to my mind a scene before the open wood fire in the old hewed log house in which I was born. The family had just returned from the meeting of the literary society that held its sessions in the schoolhouse of the district. I was not old enough to attend school, but had been to the meeting at the schoolhouse that night with my parents. Some one had given a reading in which, in a less serious strain than I then thought, the Methodists were compared to a squirrel. It was up and down, now at the top of the tree and now on the ground. The Baptists were like a possum in a persimmon tree. You could hardly pull him loose. If you got three of his feet loose he would hang by the fourth, and when forced to let go with the fourth he would wrap his tail around and hold fast with that. Now, I was familiar with squirrels and opossums and persimmon trees; consequently I appreciated the force of the analogy. I remember how I thought of that. It is the one thing I remember of the session. I did not forget that we were Seventh-day Baptists, but I wondered if those who heard it included us when the reference was made to Baptists. I thought we were included, but I wanted to be sure. What does a boy of that age do when he wants to be sure a thing is true? He asks mother. So I questioned up to my mother's side and this is the question I asked her: "Ma, are we Baptists?" She laughed. I was afraid she would. But she saw what I was trying to get at, and I thought she showed some

pride as she answered: "Yes, my boy, we are Baptists; we are *Seventh-day Baptists*." I caught the emphasis, and felt that it meant more to be a Seventh-day Baptist than to be just a Baptist. I stop with the story, for the moral is plain.

Our young people who desire to look into the past history of our people may be at a loss to know where to find such history. It is expected now that the centennial volume will be out in time for use by the present generation. In fact, we have good reason to believe that it will be published before many months. No Seventh-day Baptist home should be without a copy. It should serve as a text-book for a course in denominational history, and classes for its study should be organized in all our churches.

The industrial problem is a large one for our people. It is one of the problems our young people will have to meet and work out if they accomplish their mission. There are some employments, otherwise legitimate, upon which our people cannot enter under present industrial conditions on account of the Sabbath.

One week ago tonight I led the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting in our church. The topic was: "Objections to Keeping the Seventh-day Sabbath Answered." I had asked the members to bring in for consideration objections they had heard given. One of them was this: A young man who believed the Seventh day was the Sabbath learned typewriting. As a typewriter he failed to find employment among Sabbath-keepers; therefore he could not keep the Sabbath. Now, if there are any of our young people here who are confronted with this same problem, let me say to you: Go dig in the earth and plant some seeds, and God by his rain and sunshine will provide you something to eat. What do I mean? I mean to exalt the occupation of farming. Land is cheap in this country now; but it will not always be so. The time is coming when farms cannot be picked up every day as now. The increased congestion of city life can end only in a reaction; if, indeed, the reaction has not already set in. Many city people are seeking suburban homes and country residences. The last number of *Suburban Life* compares, by illustrations, city and suburban homes, and it is the city that suffers in the comparison. Let that young couple then who are contented on the farm feel that their occupation is beneath no other in dignity; that its opportunities for domestic enjoyment are superior, and that the farm is the ideal place to rear children.

But some of our young people have special qualifications for other lines of work, and grow restive under the restraint of farm life. Here I am coming to the main point of this phase of the question. As strongly as I have spoken in favor of farm life for our people, and I mean every word of it, the thing I wish to urge here is that not all our young people ought to be farmers. Indeed, the very success of our mission depends in no small degree upon the men and women who take their place in the diversified affairs of the world, and who remain true to their convictions regarding the Sabbath and conscientiously keeping it. Within the last year we have tried advertisements in religious papers as a means of promoting the Sabbath cause. Personally, I am sorry it was discontinued, but the best advertisement is the living witness—the man who takes his place by the side of the best in any business or profession and at the same time jealously guards every encroachment upon his proper religious observance of the Bible Sabbath.

I know of a growing town, in a prosperous farming country, which was early settled by Seventh-day Baptists. So far as I know, there are but two business places in that town today controlled by our people. Why? Not because the Seventh-day Baptist young people were inferior; but because they were taught that farming was the only occupation open to Sabbath-keepers.

Friends, such teaching is disastrous to our cause. Young men, so taught, leave the Sabbath to engage in that line of work which is to their liking; when, if rightly taught, they could have succeeded as well oftentimes in the same work, and at the same time they would have been saved to the Sabbath and would have added to our strength as a people. I gave expression to such sentiments as these once when a good brother expressed his fears lest I might encourage young people to enter occupations that would lead them away from the Sabbath.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. You cannot misunderstand me if you will kindly bear in mind the fact that the whole point I am trying to make is lost except those who enter these various fields of service remain loyal to the Sabbath. The young man of worldly ambition who cannot withstand the temptation to leave the Sabbath which comes with success in business or professional life had better settle down in some small corner of the world, and there, hemmed in by his own limited powers of resistance, do what good he may in his narrower sphere, but remain loyal to the Sabbath. Keep the Sabbath first, then enter upon any legitimate occupation in life of which you are capable.

I wish to quote from George Adam Smith words which serve to illustrate what I would say. In reference to the times of Elijah he says: "It is Jezebel who is the missionary, and not Elijah; and the paradox is perfectly intelligible. The zeal of Jezebel proceeded from these two conceptions of religion: that among the same people several gods might be worshiped side by side; and that religion was largely a matter of politics. But it is better not to be a missionary religion at all than to be one on such principles; and Israel's task just then was to prove that Jehovah was the one and only God for her own life. If she first proved this on the only true ground—that He was the God of justice and purity—then the time would certainly come when He would appear, for the same reasons, the God of the whole earth."

The first task of Sabbath-keepers is to prove the value of the Sabbath in their own religious life. This is its first and best recommendation to the world. I have heard of young men who left the Sabbath because they thought they could do more good in the world by joining a larger denomination and working with its membership to promote the common good. Keeping the Sabbath made them seem narrow and crippled their usefulness by limiting their influence. This is one of Satan's favorite methods of deception. He even took the Saviour of the world into an exceeding high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the earth and promised Him dominion over them all if He would only bow down and serve him. This means that Jesus, while alone in the desert meditating upon the method of accomplishing His mission, thought for a moment that it lay along the line of the Roman empire. Perceiving his own power he realized that he might become the head of the world-wide Roman empire and win dominion over it. But what was his reply to the sugges-

tion? "Get thee behind me, Satan." To have become the head of the world-empire would have been to fail; for men's hearts would not have been won, and their lives would have remained unchanged. So, instead of the flowery way, the Son of man chose the path that was stony and steep—the way of the cross, and today the kingdom which he established numbers its glad subjects by millions.

Oh, young man, the value of your influence is not measured by the number of lives you touch, but by the worth of the thing you bring them; no power of popularity can compensate for the loss which follows a compromise of truth.

One day this week while sitting in the waiting room at Alfred Station I overheard a conversation between two men. One man has a good old Seventh-day Baptist name and ought to be a Sabbath-keeper naturally, but is not; the other was a stranger in Alfred. The stranger was asking about the business done in Alfred on Saturdays, about the post office, and the land, etc. In response to some remark the man who ought to have been a Seventh-day Baptist said, "I guess it doesn't make much difference." "No," replied the stranger, "but if there is a Sabbath, they are in the right." "They think they are," was the response, and I could not help noticing the emphasis on the "they." He wanted it understood that he was not one of them. I pity him. The stranger then told when he became convinced that the Seventh day was the Sabbath, and said that, although he did not keep it, he was of the same opinion still.

Young people, it is a poor time to forsake the ship when others, feeling their insecurity, wish themselves on board, but hesitate to make the transfer. Sell not the truth, but cherish it, and it will bless thy life and make thee a blessing to the world.

THE READING AND STUDY COURSE IN BIBLE HISTORY.

You may begin this course any time and anywhere. Do it now. Send your name and address to Mrs. Walter L. Greene, Dunellen, N. J., and so identify yourself more fully with the movement and give inspiration to others who are following the course.

Total enrollment, 188.

EIGHTY-SIXTH WEEK'S READING.

(Note these questions and answer them as you follow each day's reading. We suggest that you keep a permanent note book and answer them in writing at the close of the week's work.)

1. What was the secret of Job's strength of character?
2. What is the argument of Eliphaz? Job's answer?
3. Does Bildad give Job any comfort? State the substance of his remarks.
Tell briefly Job's answer.
Job (continued).
First-day. Job curseth the day of his birth; he complaineth of life. 3: 1-26.
Second-day. Eliphaz reproveth Job; his vision. 4: 1-21.
Third-day. The vision of Eliphaz (continued). 5: 1-27.
Fourth-day. Job showeth that his complaints have cause; he wisheth for death; he reproveth his friends for unkindness. 6: 1-30.
Fifth-day. Job excuseth his desire for death. 7: 1-21.
Sixth-day. Bildad showeth God's justice. 8: 1-22.
Sabbath. Job acknowledged God's perfections; he expostulateth with God; he beggeth for ease before his death. 9: 1-10: 22.

Do not grieve too much because you have faults. Everyone has faults. The time to grieve is when you discover you are not trying to mend them. Then stop grieving and try hard to do better.

Home News

EPHRATA, PA. Our pastor preached a special Thanksgiving sermon on Sabbath eve, Nov. 23, to a large audience in the historic Saal here. A series of meetings is being arranged here for some time during the winter months. Rev. S. G. Zeffass was recently elected editor-in-chief of Sabbath School Quarterlies and other church literature. Our Sabbath school now meets every Sabbath at 2 p. m., instead of 1:30 p. m., the time heretofore. Sister Hannah Schreiner has charge of the Primary Department and does splendid work. Sister Lizzie Wisner, who is the well-known guide for Cloister, was quite sick for several days. All Sabbath-keepers are always welcome. The RECORDER is more eagerly read here now than ever before.

Nov. 26, 1906.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. On November 17 the Rev. Alva L. Davis preached for us here in Syracuse and administered the Lord's Supper. On this occasion, also, our people very much enjoyed the presence of Mrs. A. L. Davis, who accompanied her husband. It is a great pleasure to have at our services Sabbath-keepers who may be stopping in the city with friends. We are very glad, indeed, to have located in Syracuse Dr. L. C. Lewis, a member of the Second Alfred Church, and a graduate from the Medical Department of the University of Michigan. Dr. Lewis is a help to our work here and is also actively interested in the Young Men's Christian Association.

E. S. MAXSON.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y. November has given us a decided change. The first ten days were of that mild, delectable

"beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants
All Saints,"

followed by days of storm, cold and snow. Sabbath morning, the 17th, the mercury registered 10 above zero, and the sleigh bells rang out cheerily on the frosty air; Sunday morning 40 degrees above zero; at night 56, and the snow had disappeared.

Our school, the pride of the town, with its efficient corps of six teachers, is moving on smoothly, to the gratification of all.

The first number in the lecture course was a success, enjoyed and appreciated by the large audience.

Although our church is still without a pastor, we have been supplied by the Rev. Messrs. Colgrove and Miller, of the Baptist and Methodist churches, who have given us helpful, uplifting sermons. Prayer meetings are well attended and interesting. Rev. I. L. Cottrell preached for us Sabbath, Nov. 10, and administered communion. The Woman's Missionary Aid Society held the first dinner of the season the first Wednesday of the month, at the home of Mrs. E. B. Whitford; forty-eight people and children were served. The church has lost another of its oldest, most faithful members, Mrs. Michael Sanders. One by one they pass to the Land of Silence. L.

MILTON, WIS. The Week of Prayer for Young Men, appointed by the Y. M. C. A., from Nov. 11 to Nov. 17, was, in part, observed by us in Milton. There were no extra appointments, but the subject was considered in all the regular prayer meetings of the week, both of the church and of the college. At the prayer meeting of the church, on Sabbath eve, after the opening of the

meeting by the pastor, four young men opened the discussion, respectively, upon the following topics: "Why is it specially important that young men should be Christians?" "By what motives should a young man be moved in choosing his life work?" "Some temptations which a young man must meet," and "The dangers to young men from the haste to be rich." The meeting was very helpful and encouraging. The pastor has been preaching a series of sermons on the fundamental principles of the Kingdom of Heaven, which have been rich in thought and inspiration. The "Whitford Memorial Hall" is practically finished. Classes in the departments of chemistry, physics and biology are at work in their several rooms, and the library has just been moved into the elegant room provided for it, so that students are now at work in it. Pledges made for this addition to the facilities of the college are not yet sufficient to meet the expenses of the erection and equipment of the building, and those made have not yet all been paid, but they are coming in, and the college has faith in its friends. The people of Milton and vicinity, besides contributing liberally to the erection of the Hall, have put in a steam heating plant at a cost of \$3,500, of sufficient capacity to heat both the new and the old buildings. Snow is flying today in sufficient amount to whiten the ground for the first time this fall. The year has been a bountiful one, for which we give grateful thanks to the gracious Giver.

Nov. 21, 1906.

ALBION, WIS. We wish to acknowledge through the RECORDER the many good things we have enjoyed since we last appeared in these columns. There was the usual exhilaration experienced from the return of students from their schools for the few weeks of summer vacation. Among these was our Bro. A. E. Webster, in whom we feel a just pride as one who will help to fill the depleted ranks of our ministry. He supplied, very acceptably, the Albion pulpit during the pastor's absence to attend Convocation and Conference. It was a great privilege to have an extended visit from the former pastor, Eld. S. H. Babcock, who delivered during the time, three very able and interesting sermons. Two extended terms in the pastorate of the Albion church have given him a large place in the hearts of this people. It was a rare treat we enjoyed in the visit of our beloved brother, Pastor Velthuysen, of Holland, and Secretary Saunders, of the Missionary Society, in September. The denominational spirit of this church was deeply stirred by the presence of these representative men. The relation of Sabbath-keeping to a normal and healthy religious experience was strongly emphasized in the message of our brother from across the sea. He captivated our hearts by his warmth of spirit and simple, earnest manner. We are rejoicing in the success of our corresponding secretary in liquidating the debt of the Missionary Society. The visits of these brethren have added impetus to the religious work of the society. The Christian Endeavor Society are earnestly asking for the help of an evangelist. Pray that the yearning of these hearts for a revival of God's work may be abundantly answered. The Sabbath school is growing in efficiency under the wise leadership of our superintendent, D. L. Babcock, with its adjunct, the Home Department, superintended by his wife. By means of an interesting and instructive missionary program, presented to an appreciative audience, the Junior Endeavor Society

were able to make a liberal contribution to Miss Rosa Palmberg's work at Lieu-oo. The Missionary Committee of this society, by the products of land they cultivated during the summer, will give substantial aid to Mr. Randolph's school at Fouke. We are fortunate in having for our Junior work the devoted service of Superintendent Miss Lillian Babcock.

The Pastor's Training Class is now in successful operation, following the outline of our Convocation Committee. The ladies auxiliary societies are showing unusual interest in their respective departments. They are jointly assuming responsibility for interior repair and decoration of the church, while more extensive repairs, including a new basement, are projected under the management of the Board of Trustees. We are not insensible to the Lord's goodness to us during these months of unprecedented fine weather and abundant crops. We pray that this prosperity may be devoted to the kingdom of God and the glory of His Name. T. J. V.

PLEASE NOTICE.

The Treasurer of Conference would call special attention to page 122 of the Minutes for this year, just published. Address,

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD,
Alfred, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

BURDICK-KNAPP.—In New Hope, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1906, by the Rev. G. M. Perkins, at the residence of the bride, Mr. Ellery H. Burdick, of Milton, Wis., and Miss Minerva Knapp, of New Hope.

STOUT-BERRY.—At the residence of the bride's brother, Lewis A. Berry, in Independence, N. Y., by Rev. A. G. Crofoot, on Nov. 25, 1906, John Gordon Stout, of Independence, to Luna Viola Berry, of Nunda, N. Y.

DEATHS.

DAVIS.—In Albion, Wis., Oct. 30, 1906, Harriet Alice, infant daughter of Albino and Ethel Jeffrey Davis, aged 9 days.

The fragrance of the little blossom of purity will never fade from the home. T. J. V.

DAVIS.—Mrs. Martha Eliza Davis, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Carlisle, was born at West Hall, Ill., Sept. 18, 1863, and died at her home in Farina, Ill., Nov. 2, 1906.

Her parents came to Farina when she was three years old. For eleven years she taught in the public schools. Oct. 21, 1890, she was united in marriage to Carroll A. Davis. To this union was born one daughter. At the age of eighteen she was baptized by Eld. C. M. Lewis, and united with the Farina Church. Her cheerful disposition and gladness to serve others won for her many friends, who now unite in sympathy with the bereaved husband and daughter and other relatives. Farewell services were held on Sabbath afternoon, conducted by her pastor. Rev. C. A. Burdick offered prayer, and Rev. L. D. Seager spoke of the life work of Mrs. Davis. W. D. B.

GILES.—Oct. 4, 1906, Frank A., the infant son, and only child, of Leon M. and Elsie C. Giles, of Leonardsville, N. Y., aged 4 months, 20 days.

Our loving Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. * * * And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them." It is not so hard to part with our little ones when we know they go to be with Him, who said, "Of such is the kingdom of God."

"He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no deliver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word—evermore!" I. L. C.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1906.

Dec. 15. Jesus Risen from the Dead.....Matt. 28: 1-15
Dec. 22. Jesus Ascends Into Heaven.....Luke 24: 36-53
Dec. 29. Review.

LESSON XI.—JESUS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

For Sabbath-day, December 15, 1906.

LESSON TEXT.—Matt. 28: 1-15.

Golden Text.—"He is risen even as he said." Matt. 28: 6.

INTRODUCTION.

After the death of Jesus, a secret disciple, Joseph of Arimathea, grew bold and went and asked of Pilate the body. The request was readily granted, and the body was speedily placed in a new tomb. The next day the chief priests, remembering the prediction of Jesus in regard to his resurrection on the third day, asked Pilate to make sure that Jesus' body should not be stolen away. Accordingly Pilate had his official seal placed on the stone that closed the tomb and stationed a guard of soldiers to see that no one interfered with the seal.

Since all these precautions were taken the theory that the disciples came and stole the body of Jesus away is absurd. They could not have done it, and if it had been possible they had no heart for such an enterprise. They were disappointed and discouraged.

This state of mind of the disciples gives the refutation of another theory in regard to the resurrection, namely, that the imaginations and longings of the disciples helped them to confuse fact, and vision, and fancy, and that thus they came to believe that Jesus arose from the dead. It is incredible, however, that a delusion should serve as the foundation of the mightiest religious movement of all the ages. The disciples were in just the frame of mind to require the strongest evidence to restore their confidence in the power of Jesus' kingdom.

According to the traditional view, Jesus was buried on Friday afternoon just before sunset, and arose from the grave on Sunday morning long before sunrise. The chief objection to this theory is that it does not give room for three whole days and three whole nights in the tomb. That is not, however, a very weighty objection. The precise length of time is not the essential part of the prediction in regard to his resurrection. It is very evident that Jesus did not mean seventy-two hours when he said three days and three nights; for he often used the expression "on the third day" as equivalent to "after three days." Portions of three days no matter how brief are sufficient for all requirements. We must remember that Jews in that age would not use language precisely as we would in the twentieth century, when time is measured with such accuracy.

But the precise time of the resurrection is of no great importance. It certainly can have no bearing upon the validity of the commandment in regard to the Sabbath.

TIME.—According to the traditional view upon the 17th of Nisan in the year 30, early in the morning of the first day of the week. This may have been on April 9th.

PLACE.—In Jerusalem. The tomb of Jesus was in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, just outside the walls of the city.

PERSONS.—Jesus; the angel; the women who came to the tomb; the soldiers, and chief priests and elders.

- OUTLINE:
1. The Women Find an Angel at the Empty Tomb. v. 1-4.
 2. The Angel Sends the Women With a Message. v. 5-8.
 3. Jesus Appears to the Women. v. 9, 10.
 4. The Chief Priests Bribe the Guard. v. 11-15.

NOTES.

1. Now late on the Sabbath. If these words are taken in their usual significance there is a contradiction between this phrase and the next, but it is reasonable to suppose that Matthew did not intend to contradict himself. It is possible that he reckoned the night after the Sabbath along with the Sabbath, and so means just before daybreak of the day after the Sabbath. As it began to dawn. That is, before the sun could be seen; yet the light of the day was coming on. In the parallel passages Mark speaks of the sun as risen, but he also

says that it was "very early." It does not seem very likely that the visit recorded by Matthew is an earlier one than that mentioned by Mark and Luke. The first day of the week. The word translated "week" is literally "Sabbath;" but the translation is good, for the day of the week is numbered from its relation to the Sabbath. Mary Magdalene and the other Mary. John mentions Mary Magdalene alone. Mark and Luke mention the two Marys; Mark adds Salome, while Luke adds Joanna and several unnamed ones. The "other Mary" is said to be of James. Doubtless the word "mother" is the one to be inserted, and the James is probably James the Less, one of the Twelve. To see the sepulchre. Luke says they brought the spices that they had prepared for the embalming of the body. They seem not to have known of the hundred pounds' weight that Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus had used at the burial.

2. And behold there was a great earthquake. It is not necessary to suppose that this took place in the presence of the women. Jesus was already risen before they came. This verse is probably a poetical description of that which is beyond literal language. Rolled away the stone. Not to allow Jesus to escape, but that the disciples might look in.

3. His appearance was as lightning. Compare the appearance of Jesus at his transfiguration.

4. And became as dead men. That is, so far as any ability to act was concerned. It seems that the guards had withdrawn already a little from the tomb before the women came.

5. Fear not ye. The women were naturally afraid at the appearance of the angel.

6. For he is risen, even as he said. The angel reminds them of a repeated prediction that Jesus had made,—a prediction that was not at all understood till it came to pass. Come see the place where the Lord lay. Or as the best manuscripts read, Where he lay. The sight of the empty tomb was to be for them evidence of the resurrection.

7. And tell his disciples. The blessed news was not to be treasured up but given quickly to the disheartened disciples. And lo, he goeth before you into Galilee. It is difficult to understand why the attention of the disciples is thus especially called to an appearance of Jesus in Galilee when he was to appear to them in Jerusalem that very evening. We are to remember that Matthew gives us an exceedingly abbreviated account of the appearance of Jesus after his resurrection. The reference here is doubtless to an appearance to a great number of the disciples of whom nearly all were Galileans. Jesus was seen in Jerusalem only to a few beside the eleven. From this account in Matthew we would know of no appearances of Jesus except to the women and to his disciples in Galilee.

8. With fear and great joy. With fear because of the angel, and joy because of the news that he brought.

9. And behold, Jesus met them. If we are to harmonize this account with that of John we must conclude that the women went to carry word to the disciples and then returned to the vicinity of the tomb, or else that John speaks especially of Mary Magdalene when there were other women present whom he does not mention. The former view is to be preferred. We should not feel obliged, however, to bring the four accounts into absolute harmony. All hail. We should understand that this is an ordinary form of salutation. The root idea of the verb is rejoice. And took hold of his feet and worshipped him. There was no question as to his identity. They receive him as their Master and Lord. There is, however, a difference, and they are not back to the old-time familiarity.

10. Go tell my brethren. It is noteworthy that Jesus calls his disciples brothers. He would have them understand that he is still on intimate terms with them. Compare John 16: 15. The message is the same as that given by the angel.

11. While they were going. Evidently soon after the women had left the tomb as bidden by the angel. And told the chief priests. They understood that they were posted at the request of the leaders of the Sanhedrin, and so some of the guard went to report to them. Possibly they had an idea that the chief priests would help them to make a satisfactory report to their own superiors. All the things that were come to pass. That is, so far as they knew. They did not know of the appearance of Jesus to the women, and perhaps had not seen the angel or heard his message.

12. And when they were assembled with the elders. This was for the members of the Sanhedrin a very important matter. They consider the reports and make their plans with great care. They gave much money unto the soldiers. A great bribe because the soldiers would have to incur a considerable personal risk to

say nothing of telling a story greatly to their discredit. Guards were liable to be executed for sleeping at their posts. Compare Acts 12: 18.

13. His disciples came by night and stole him away. As if indeed they could know what happened while they slept. If the disciples had had the courage of fanaticism they might have dared to break the seal of Pilate, but they were completely discouraged and were in no frame of mind to undertake such an enterprise even if they had thought it wise.

14. We will persuade him and rid you of care. They thought that they were influential enough with Pilate to save these guards from the anger of Pilate for their neglect of duty,—at least they wanted the guards to believe that they had this influence.

15. And this saying was spread abroad among the Jews. Justin Martyr mentions it as current in his day, about the year 150.

OVERFLOW FROM S. D. B. ENDEAVORER.

Chicago.—The Aid Society met with Mrs. Langworthy at a luncheon, Nov. 15th.—Our regular church social met at Dr. Post's, 1987 Washington Bvd., Nov. 21.

Marlboro, N. J.—Born to Leslie and Julia Tomlinson, Nov. 2, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davis, a daughter, Nov. 3.—A committee has been appointed to distribute denominational literature.

Milton, Wis.—Mr. Loyal Hull and Miss Rena Greene were married at the home of the bride in Milton, Nov. 21.

North Loup, Neb.—The pastor has been quite sick with appendicitis. Is now much better.—Rev. A. H. Lewis was with us Nov. 24th.

Pawcatuck, R. I.—Ladies' Aid held their annual Harvest Supper in Oct. Large attendance. Proceeds amounted to over \$25.—Rev. Jay Crofoot spoke to us on "China and the Mission Work."—Rally Day of the Sabbath School, Oct. 13th. The classes have been noticeably larger since that day.

Ritchie, W. Va.—Death, Emza Souther, age 82 years.—Rev. Strictler, a temperance lecturer, gave a lecture one Sabbath Day.

Rockville, R. I.—Chicken Supper at Lottie Burdick's. Proceeds, \$28.95, for church.—Miss Marguerite Ferguson and John Edwin Burdick were married Nov. 16th.

Salem, W. Va.—One member added to church by letter.—Pastor gave two lectures on Palestine at Jackson Centre, O. He is now having extra meetings at Buckeye.—We have a Teachers' Meeting and a Teachers' Training Class organized.

Shiloh, N. J.—C. E. held social and business meeting at parsonage.—Ladies' Aid held supper and cleared \$45.—Death, Grace Horner, age 12, from diphtheria.

Second Alfred, N. Y.—Entertainment given by C. E. Proceeds, \$8.60.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Whitford, a daughter.

Hartsville, N. Y.—Ladies' Aid Social at Mrs. J. S. Clarke's. Proceeds, \$1.60.—C. E. Masquerade Social at Dr. Whitford's. Proceeds, \$6.00.—Death, Earl Eells, age 20.—Hallowe'en Social at Geo. Grows. Proceeds, \$5.09.

Wahworth, Wis.—Ten cent tea given at Marshall Coon's, Nov. 24th.—H. E. Walters and Stella Maxson were married by the Rev. A. McLearn, the grandfather of the bride.—Officers of the Y. P. S. C. E. elected Nov. 1, 1906, for six months: President, Ruby Carr; Vice President, Miss Maxson, Recording Secretary; Bernice Ayers; Corresponding Secretary, Josie Higbee; Treasurer, Alta Leach.

West Edmeston, N. Y.—C. E. Social was given Oct. 25th. Proceeds, \$6.00.—Mrs. J. C. Babcock united with the church, Nov. 17th.—Death, Mrs. Louisa Maxson, Nov. 20, age 76.—Rev. E. B. Saunders was here Nov. 22, in the interest of the Missionary Society.

Berlin, N. Y.—C. E. Society has been pursuing systematic study of the Bible, spending one-half of the Endeavor meeting time in the study. They have recently been selling pictures of the church, parsonage and pastor, giving the proceeds to evangelistic work.

Fouke, Ark. writes: "We are having real good Endeavor meetings. The topic for the meetings are good, and that is what helps the leaders. All take an active interest in the work."

How much better and nobler our lives would be if we each did the best we knew how! How many of us fall short of our whole duty! And if we come short of that which is merely duty, how can we expect a reward hereafter? Only through the righteousness of the Son of God.

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The world has its sin and its sorrow,
A burden so heavy to bear,
It gladly would some comfort borrow,
Of those who could lend, did they care.

We, who are abiding in pleasure,
With blessings enough and to spare,
We know there is want beyond measure,
But truly, how much do we care?

Our homes are envired with beauty,
With comfort and wealth a full share,
We give, for we know it is duty,
But knowing, how much do we care?

Does sacrifice mingle with giving,
Sufficient to make it compare
With the widow, who cast in her living,
So much for God's work did she care?

We know of Christ's gift of salvation,
His gospel of love we declare,
But heathen abound in all nations,
For heathen how much do we care?

Oh! Father! who from the beginning,
With tender compassion didst bear
On Thy heart, all the wretched and sinning,
Teach us by Thy pity to care.

A REMARKABLE CHARITY.

The famous Bowery Mission Bread Line, now in its fourth year, at which every morning, at one o'clock, during the winter months, one thousand homeless and destitute men and boys are provided with a breakfast of hot coffee and rolls, will resume operations at Thanksgiving, midnight, and continue to Easter morning, 1907. Last year 144,000 were thus assisted, and altogether over half a million have had a weary night's tramp agreeably interrupted by this inexpensive, yet very welcome refreshment.

The Directors of the Bowery Mission have appointed Mr. John C. Earl, of 222 Bible House, New York City, Financial Secretary, succeeding Dr. Simon Trenwith, lately deceased.

WAS A VEGETABLE ANYHOW.

An irate mother went to one of the public schools several days ago and asked to see the principal. "See here," said the parent, "what kind of questions does the teacher of music ask? My little girl told me that the music teacher

asked the class yesterday how many turnips there are in a peck. Why, no one could answer a question like that."

The principal of the school summoned the teacher. "This lady says you asked her girl how many turnips there are in a peck." The teacher seemed puzzled. Then a light burst upon her and she smiled.

"I remember now," she said, "I asked them how many beats are there in a measure?"—*Ex.*

Mark Twain has always been conspicuously lazy—in fact, rather prides himself on his pronounced indisposition to physical effort. When at school in Hannibal, Mo., he and his classmates were instructed to write a composition on "The Effects of Laziness."—Young Clemens at the end of half an hour's deliberation handed in as his contribution a blank slate.—*Ex.*

SHADOWED HOMES.

Never dawns a bright anniversary that has not its shadowed side. Never is there a home to which sooner or later grief does not come. At the Thanksgiving boards this year, as in other years, there will be vacant chairs, and the household of the sorrowing continually is recruited by those to whom has come the pang of loss. It is not easy to understand why trials so often come to those who seem to need no harsh discipline, and from our limited experience we cannot tell why it is that one is taken and another left. One thing we may do, and that is trust. We may safely trust a love that is greater than ours, and may safely leave our vanished dear ones in the care of Him who gave them to us.

If our hearts were but more simple,
We should take Him at His Word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

While Mr. Richard Henry Dana, an active National Municipal League member, was praising the Massachusetts ballot system at a recent dinner, one of the diners asked:

"Is it a good one?"

"I'll reply," he said, "by giving the answer of the girl who received a proposal of marriage by wire.

"How many words can I send for twenty-five cents?" she asked the operator.

"Ten," he replied. Then she wrote out: 'Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!'"—*School Journal*.

Special Notices.

The address of all Seventh-day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is the same as domestic rates.

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.

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,
5606 Ellis Ave.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist church, Washington Square South. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. Preaching service at 11.30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors.

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Sabbath Recorder

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

A Seventh-day Baptist Weekly. Published By The American Sabbath Tract Society. Plainfield, N. J.

VOLUME 62. No. 50.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 10, 1906.

WHOLE No. 3,224.

THE editor reached his desk about noon on December 6, after an absence of seven weeks. We have just time to congratulate the readers of the RECORDER on the successful manner in which the business manager, Mr. Moore, acting as editor, has conducted the paper during the editor's absence.

THE absorbing item of interest since the opening of Congress on December 3 has been the President's message. Like all Mr. Roosevelt's state papers, his message ignores conventional lines, covers a large field in its discussions, and touches almost every question of national interest at the present time.

A FEW weeks since a correspondent published a facetious article concerning the Seventh-day Baptists of Southern Wisconsin, especially those residing near Edgerton. The article was so notably incorrect, and so extravagant that few readers, even those unacquainted with Seventh-day Baptists, would think of taking it in a literal sense.

above the ordinary problems involved in the death penalty. The traveling public as well as the railroads will be much interested in another recommendation, which is "the general introduction of an eight-hour law" for railroad employees. Child labor and labor of women in factories and elsewhere are fully considered in the message. Scandals in connection with the sales of public lands in the West which are just now at the front call forth a recommendation for the withdrawal from sale or entry "of all public lands containing or supposed to contain deposits of coal."

one of the items in our belief and practice, but there is more than one rock upon which our creed is built, "being founded upon the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone."

touching off that blast of dynamite about the "Sabbatarians near Edgerton, Wis." in your issue of August 9. Much might have been said then in reply to that sally. But we "Sabbatarians" quietly smiled, for, as a class, we enjoy a joke too well not to participate in the laugh even when it is on us.

Your Plainfield (N. J.) correspondent, in a recent issue, answers Mr. Kiser in a serious defense of Seventh-day Baptists in general. Perhaps the man whose duty it is to "protect and defend the flock" now under criticism, ought to take seriously the charges brought against us in "Alternating Currents" and say a few words in our own behalf.

Permit me to say, then, that after the way which Mr. Kiser and the world call "queer," we do worship God on the day His Word calls the Sabbath. We do gladly acknowledge that "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" is one of the items in our belief and practice, but there is more than one rock upon which our creed is built, "being founded upon the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone."

There have been in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association movement of this country two national organizations, The International Board of Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations, which has had

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Rev. E. B. SAUNDERS, Corresponding Secretary, Ashaway, R. I. The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesday in January, April, July, and October.

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