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DEFIANT FAITH.

A. H. L.

Although the swiftly circling sun Pursues the days of hastening years, Although life's tasks are scarce begun, Mid wavering hopes and threatening fears, I will not doubt.

Although my feet have stumbled oft, Along the way where duty led; Although for gold I've gained but dross, And hunger, starved, on want has fed; I will not doubt.

Although I've dreamed of sun-kissed heights, And struggling hard, have slowly climbed Until the raven-winged night Slew sun and star, and made me blind, I will not doubt.

The days that come and haste away Are sent from Him, to bring us home; And stumbling steps on rugged ways Teach us we cannot walk alone. I will not doubt.

The radiant hills seen in my dreams Are mine, although the shadows hide; And I shall gain those heights serene, Through love divine that still abides, I will not doubt.

Take heart and shout exultant songs; Nor failures sad, nor darkness deep, Nor threatening fears can triumph long O'er those He loves and lives to keep. I will not doubt.

December 31, 1906.

Thank, Try

As the New Year comes every man ought to thank God for the chance to try again. Each time we review the past, the imperfections of life appear so prominently, and so much unfinished work confronts us, that we ought to consider the privilege of trying again among the greatest of blessings. Comparative perfection is all that we can hope to attain in this life. Nevertheless, our standards of action and attainment must be kept at the highest possible point if we secure anything like adequate success. All this must be for the best, indeed it could not be otherwise, since our lives have just begun and God's plan for us is that of growth and attainment by repeated trying and progressive development. A great value of the New Year appears in connection with this fact. The creation of calendars and permanent methods of measuring time are not fortuitous, but are a prime necessity. While the world may not be wholly conscious of the benefit that comes from the periods which mark the passing of time—the week, the month, and the year—the value of these divisions is beyond computation. Not least among the values connected with Sabbath-keeping is that it closes the week and leads men into higher

power for good. You are not worthy of new opportunities if you do not really desire and earnestly determine to give more light to the world, to bring it more help, and to lift it higher and nearer to God, with each succeeding New Year. Perhaps you cannot make definite plans for 1907 that will change the order of life in any great degree, but this you can do and ought to do: determine that within the sphere of your life and influence everything shall tend more strongly toward God and good, even if no new forms of work are not undertaken, and no new place is occupied. None of us makes as much of the places in which we are as ought to be made. No one accomplishes all that he ought to accomplish, either for himself or for others. If you feel that life is already overburdened, that the duties and obligations resting upon you are now "almost unbearable," you may still gain by determining to do what you have in hand with greater fidelity and patience during the year now beginning. Whatever you do you must not leave God out of account. You cannot try again as you ought to try without His help. All that is best in life is attained when God works with us and we work with him. Make it your motto for 1907: To thank God and try again.

We are wise when we do not forget our duties to ourselves in our anxiety to fulfill obligations toward others. First among the questions pertinent to the New Year are personal inquiries, deep and earnest, concerning yourself. What you may accomplish depends upon what you are. What one is depends largely upon what he determines to be. Self-forgetfulness is a noble attainment, but not more so than self-remembrance. The push and rush of life are so great, all existence is so strenuous in these days that we are in danger of forgetting those requirements which self puts upon self, for the sake of larger results and our work for others. A careful review of your own life as to its purposes, methods of action and lines of endeavor ought to be made at the New Year. If you shrink from such inquiries as reveal yourself to yourself, weakness will result. The average man is too much unacquainted with himself. He finds himself in a given place, with immediate and pressing duties. It is comparatively easy to keep in that place without inquiring whether he cannot add to himself, to his powers, attainments, accomplishments, character, by more or less of change in his purposes and aims. Good comes to men, mainly, by changes from within, changes in themselves. Changes from without are of comparatively little account and often these work injury rather than benefit. It is not

where a man is, nor what he does, but what he is and what he determines to do that decides his standing with God and his real success in the work of life. It will be well if each of you, not only on New Year's Day but during the first three months of the opening year, shall study himself with greater care and persistency than he is wont to do. Of course, we will find much to regret. We shall find that our mistakes have been many, and happy is he who is not also forced to say, "and the sins of my heart, have been more." If that be true, repentance, self-examination and the consideration of what one ought to be as compared with what he is, are prerequisites to higher attainments. Therefore the RECORDER pleads with you to consider well and long the personal equation at the opening of the year 1907.

Cost of a New Habit

MEN know something about how habits are formed, but not much. They recognize the power of habit, the blessedness of good habits and the curse of bad habits. We are conscious of being carried along the tides of habit as driftwood is swept upon the islands of a river, or as a wrecked vessel is hurled upon the rocks by resistless ocean currents. We philosophize about the psychology of habits. We talk of "paths of thought through the brain." In all these ways we recognize the fact of habit, the power of habit, and the necessity of cultivating the best habits. When we struggle with evil habits we feel that the force of habit is a terrible misfortune. On the other hand, when we are able to stand against temptation, to rise above the power of evil because of good habits, we rejoice in the power of habit. Accepting habit as an "involuntary tendency or aptitude to perform certain actions, which tendency is acquired by frequent repetition," we gain a larger view of both the power and the worth of good habits. Involuntary action! doing, without thinking, doing because you have been accustomed to do. Habit is likely to do, without questioning whether an act is right or wrong. Ethical distinctions disappear under the power of habit. Men go wrong, and wrong, and yet still farther wrong, because the power of habit silences the voice of conscience, obscures ethical issues and makes life oblivious to all except the demands of habit. Thus evil habits bring ruin, while good habits bring salvation. Ruin and salvation are indefinable words, but they are sufficient for this case. What, then, shall we do? Determine by the highest standards what is right, what ought to be done. Make repeated efforts, effort upon effort, trial upon trial, until the thing that ought to be done becomes a fixed habit of life. Do not forget that thinking is the primary habit. Action is secondary and comparatively unimportant. A bad habit may be lessened by ceasing to act badly because this helps to force one's thoughts into right channels. These things are said to show the cost of forming new habits whether for good or for evil. He who begins to go wrong, pays a terrible price. He must first murder his knowledge of what is right. He must bury the murdered lest, like a returning ghost, it lash him with the consciousness that he is turning away from God and righteousness. He who would break away from evil must pay a corresponding price. It ought to be easier to break away from evil than it is to break away from good. You do not believe this? You ought to. God is the greatest good and it is only because we are more prone to yield to the power

of evil than we are to appreciate the blessedness of righteousness that bad habits seem to have greater power than good habits. We have said enough to suggest to you that any change of habit means a corresponding cost.

"All good has common price; exceeding good, exceeding,
Christ bought the keys of Paradise with cruel bleeding;
And every soul that finds a place upon its hills of pleasure
Must give its all, and beg for grace
To fill the measure."

Highest living is within your reach if you will pay the price.

....

The Power of Hopefulness is familiar with them. We seldom attempt a new path where some difficulty does not lie in wait to trip

our feet. Discouragement is born quickly. It is likely to be vociferous with complaint, and vigorous in denouncing further efforts. It is a nightmare which puts weights upon the lungs, burdens the heart, and clutches the throat with strangling fingers. Discouragement is brother to despair. Doubt is darkness. It says, "There is neither hope nor deliverance." It declares that this path cannot be followed, or that it ends in a morass. Despair means that God has forgotten the world; that we are a freak of chance; that blind fate gambles with our interests and determines our destiny. Such thoughts have no place at the New Year. Hope is more than the opposite of despair. Hope is the voice of life. Hope is always set to music, triumphant music; even if there be minor strains, the dominant chord is one of victory. Every life, looking Godward, finds hope; looking earthward only, finds despair. Life is power, the first and the greatest power; therefore, hope is supremely helpful. When, at this New Year time, you review what has gone before, no matter how much you find on which despair might build, put it aside and look up. Determine that you will hope, that you will believe, that you will be strong "in the strength which God supplies." You ought to do this. You can do this. Will you do this? It rests with you to answer these questions. Not only the year 1907, but your entire existence will be affected by the answer you make at this time. We have spoken of the power of habit. The habit of hopefulness is among the first and best habits of the soul. "Hope thou in God" is a refrain that runs through the Bible like a thread of gold, bursting out here and there with the glory of new-born sunshine. No matter what the past has been. Repent of the evil you have done, believe in God and begin anew in hope. If you do not gain all that you might, you will gain an hundred times more if you hope than if you doubt. If you do not accomplish all you ought to accomplish, you will accomplish much if hopefulness leads you, while you will only add to failure if despair drives you. Do you fear that you will be weak again, as you have been weak? Let it be so; but hopefulness will bring you strength. Do you fear that you will stumble as you have stumbled before? Let it be so; but hopefulness will hold your hand and you will not go wholly down. If with the coming of this New Year, the song of hope finds new place in your life, and the foundations of hope are rebuilt underneath your purposes, and the strength which hope brings shall permeate your being with new currents of life, you will be glad indeed that the New Year taught you something of the power of hopefulness.

Annual Opportunity PERHAPS we cannot say that every new opportunity, such as those that come at the opening of the year, is eternal, but we are justified in saying that our choices carry eternal interest. The present pushes into the future, is so absolutely a part of the future, that we cannot wholly appreciate how far everything earthly projects into the next life. The limits of our knowledge compel us to mark duration as past, present and future. Actually these three are one. Whatever may lie behind these as we come "out from the shore of the dark Unknown," there can be no question that this life is more than a preparation for the next; it is part of it. In estimating the value of any new opportunity, of any new purpose, or of any new efforts toward higher and better attainments, we must not leave the future out of the consideration. The tendency to do this is a prominent cause of the low estimate which men place upon the value of opportunities or the results of action. The eternity of everything connected with intellectual and spiritual existence ought to be a constant thought at the opening of the New Year. However much we may make of the one day which marks the New Year, very little actual change takes place in the relations of life or in its work. We pause for a few hours while the rest and gaiety of New Year's Day is here, but the duties of yesterday are taken up tomorrow with comparatively slight changes, much less any great change in the general course of life. In the same way existence will go on after the momentary change which we call death, when we pass from the yesterday of earth into the tomorrow of Heaven. The fact that we cannot know what that tomorrow will bring, so far as details and methods are concerned, does not make it unlike the tomorrow of earth. While in general we expect that the duties and circumstances of tomorrow will be like all similar experiences, men are so impressed with the probability of change that we are continually saying, "The unexpected always happens." The practical thought we seek to unfold and urge upon your attention is that whatever choices and determinations come with each recurring opportunity, must go far beyond the time when you make them, and beyond the period when opportunity appears. In this lies one of the great values of new impulses and new promises, made to one's self or to God, at the New Year. He is more than foolish who refuses to try again; to repeat promises though he has failed, though aspirations have not been realized and the contract made between himself and God has been broken. Try again because you have failed. That is the reason why new opportunities come, and new hopes are born.

Incomplete but Finished Do you think that heading contradictory? If it appears to be it is because words are weak. Since all life is progressive and cannot be completed on earth, we must think of it as being in a sense complete at each successive stage. The tree of ten years has neither the proportions nor the qualities of one which is an hundred years of age. On the other hand, it is complete as a tree of ten years. This illustration will aid in grasping the idea that our lives, guided by divine wisdom and in the paths of righteousness, have an on-going completeness, year by year. He who passed the last year, true to his knowledge and light, and guided by divine wisdom—asking forgiveness and help each day—leaves the year 1906 complete thus far. On the other hand, his life

is not finished, but that completed stage marked by the close of last year is the prophecy and promise of larger and greater attainments in the progress toward absolute completion. What we seek to impress upon the reader is the fact that no life that rises to its best ideals and lives as it ought to, in the presence of God, is to be looked upon as either a failure or a success, according to final standards. Unfinishedness must attend all human life, even our best efforts. This is a blessing, for he who deems his work done, who feels that his highest ideals have been attained begins to sink from that moment. Such views of life are sadly incomplete when compared with the Divine ideal as presented by Jesus, as taught in the Bible and as realized to some extent by each one, at least in his better moments. The brevity of the life of Jesus, the exceeding brevity of his public life as a teacher, and the supreme estimate which he placed upon the Life to come, reveal the true standard by which our own lives are to be measured. At the best, earth life is short! At the best, our work is incomplete. More is always to be done, and what remains to be done is a necessary result of what has been done. Do not let this truth escape you and do not turn aside from the consideration of it, as the new year begins. Few things can help you more in securing higher and better attainments during the next year than this consciousness that your life is on-going, unfolding, developing, out-reaching toward a far-off end. It is of little value to speculate concerning whether there can be an end of existence. It is enough to know, and it is highest glory to realize the truth that God's love for us is never failing in all that makes life good or better, thus pushing on toward the best and the final, whatever that final may be. Passing years take on new meaning, and endeavors marked by success or failure bring richer results when this view of life is grasped and held.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today."

Thus does Bryant paint one part of the picture of real living. It is a picture most appropriate to the New Year. It brings inspiration for renewed effort. It gives comfort in view of comparative failure. There is a ring of joyousness in it, and the certainty of final compensation for that which, as yet, we have failed to secure. Write it in the note-book of your memory, learn it by heart, make your lips familiar with it, this truth, that though incomplete in the largest view, each successful and obedient life with God is on-going, completed step by step and year by year.

Full Tide to the Finish GATHERING up the thoughts which have been suggested above, we are prepared to see that God's plan of life for men is to keep up full tide of mental and spiritual activity and growth to what we call the end of life. That is only an accommodative phrase. Life does not end. Those lives are noblest and best which flow on with rising tide until they pass from the life of the present into the larger life that lies beyond. The tabernacle in which you dwell will serve its purpose. It will fail in physical power, gradually or suddenly, so that your real self may find release into the life beyond this material sphere. In a sense far higher than we can measure, life projects itself into the future because the spiritual and intellectual side is kept at full tide, up

to the last. Spirit and intellect do not grow old, unless men are untrue to themselves and to God. That bodies grow old is not cause for great regret. From the highest standpoint, there is no cause for regret. When spiritual and intellectual life are kept at full tide because purposes are high, hopes are strong and faith is restful, because we are living as God would have us, with Him and in Him, we must pass into the future life at infinitely greater advantage than can be possible if, with the passing of years, we grow unhelpful, fall into disobedience, or dream falsely that life is finished. Righteousness and obedience bring to the soul a wondrous and measureless dynamic force, a resistless on-going, a spiritual triumph that strengthens failing feet, faltering speech, or hardening arteries. This higher view of living, of being and doing, of accomplishing and attaining, the RECORDER is eager to crowd upon your attention in these opening days of 1907. Rejoice that a new century has come and that another quickly passing year of that century has begun. Be grateful for its new opportunities. Be thankful for deeper consciousness of forgiveness and of the Divine Presence in your life. Rejoice in the glory of new hope. Be confident in the repeated promises of the Father above. Be restful, though conscious of work unfinished, and above all, be absolutely confident in the faith which passeth understanding or analysis, that each life which welcomes Divine guidance and the leading of Him who is the Way, Truth, Life, is a constant success and must be a final victory. So live, and make 1907 a triumphant year in your history.

Alfred University Monthly THE *Alfred University Monthly* for December, 1906, is at hand. It is attractive in appearance and contents. "The Price of Truth" is the opening article, it being the summary of a chapel talk by Prof. C. B. Clarke, delivered November 13. The following extract from that talk will indicate the excellence of thought which it contains: "Philosophy asks, and can do for us little more than to insist, that our approach to any question shall be with an open mind; that we shall be careful to ascertain all the facts; that these facts shall be received just as they are, without bias, prejudice, or preconception; that no halfway solution shall be accepted as adequate; and that the truth when found shall be followed trustfully and resolutely. . . . Truth must be found afresh for every mind. Truth is in apprehension not verbalism. Philosophy offers no short cut. It answers something like the small boy who upon being interrogated by a stranger as to the whereabouts of a certain place, replied, 'I don't know, Mister, but there is the road to it.' . . . There stands the noblest man in history. He is accused of spiritual and political treason, and is on trial for his life. The judge is Pilate. Before him crowd the accusers. They are religious leaders, honest, earnest, but narrow, bigoted and self-confident. They have moral enthusiasm but no vision. Purity, reason and righteousness they interpret as impiety, misbelief and blasphemy. The accused spoke. His plea for truth was so simple, so just, so earnest that it moved even the hardened old Roman judge to ask in his embarrassment, 'What is truth?' But Pilate was a man of the world. He was educated and intellectually alert. He had vision. He saw in the accused depth of manhood and character. He saw through the shallowness of Jewish fanaticism, but he himself

lacked moral purpose and integrity, so he yielded to the insistent but malevolent demands of the Pharisees." The editorial notes are breezy and incisive. There is a little too much effort made to make slang classical. Here are two sentences which might be improved as to elegance, though they are undoubtedly pungent as they now stand: "Some of our critics are doing this, but it is up to the rest of you to get in line. If you are not willing to help make the paper better don't knock on it in its present form." "Up to the rest of you" and "don't knock on it" do not exactly represent the purest English of the Elizabethan period. The Scribe, whoever he may be, seems infected with a similar type of English. To the uninitiated the following sentence would need both a glossary and an interpreter: "The main squeezes of the bunch are so steeped in the High Moral Atmosphere that they have nearly forgotten the fact that Non-conformity is one of the first stations on the road of Progress, and that Alfred is on a siding several miles back of this station, which must be passed if progress is made." "Squeezes of the bunch?" Simplified spelling?

Against Child Labor THE work of the National Child-Labor Committee is agitating the evils connected with prevalent practices connected with child-labor. This reform has been undertaken none too early. In a late meeting of that committee, Arthur Vance, editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*, discussed the value of publicity in reform work, with especial reference to the question of child-labor. The following general view of the question, presented by Mr. Vance, will be read with interest. The position which President Roosevelt has taken concerning the question of child-labor cannot fail to be productive of good results. "Publicity in reform is merely the application of modern business methods to reform work. The manufacturer who has a product in which he believes, spends thousands of dollars in buying publicity in the newspapers and magazines to tell the people of the country about the virtues of his product. We who are interested in reform, do precisely the same thing when we take steps to interest the newspapers and magazines in our pet theories, and if our reform is a good thing, the people of the country will stand by and back us up. In other words, advertising publicity and reform publicity both accomplish the same thing. They arouse public interest and public sentiment in favor of the object which they have in view. Not long ago a certain state passed a child-labor law, not a very good one, but better than nothing, and among the inspectors appointed was a man who liked to sit on the fence until public opinion directed him on which side he should flop. He went among his neighbors, dropping a question here and a hint there to see if strict attention to the law would be required of him. He speedily discovered that rigid enforcement was expected, and without delay. Public sentiment against child-labor was rampant in that state, and the law just passed was a law demanded by the women and mothers of the community. Publicity brought about the downfall of the Louisiana Lottery. Publicity prepared the way for the present investigations into Standard Oil. It was a magazine article that stirred up all this talk about the conditions in Panama, that finally led to the President going down there himself to investigate. Legitimate printers' ink has been foremost in the fight for pure food, and for the regu-

lation of patent medicines. It can be safely said that publicity today is the greatest power for public good in the country."

....

"A Victory for Liberalism"

THE *Jewish Exponent* refers to the adoption of the constitution for the new state of Oklahoma under the heading here quoted. Strong efforts were made to secure the adoption of a constitution for the new state in accordance with the general view of religious legislation with which our readers have already been made familiar by the work of the National Reform Association. The following is the statement which was incorporated in the constitution of the new state, in place of that which was sought: "All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences; no man can of right be compelled to attend, erect or support any place of worship or to maintain any ministry against his consent. No human authority can in any case whatever control or interfere with the rights of conscience, and no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishments or modes of worship." The *Exponent* comments as follows: "The attempt made to give Christianity direct recognition in the fundamental law of the new state was a startling indication of the strength and aggressiveness of the rising tide of sectarianism. It was resisted by the Jewish citizens as it should have been. Fortunately the majority of their fellow-citizens were liberal minded enough to prevent the incorporation of a provision which would have negated the pretense of religious liberty, and Oklahoma will therefore begin its statehood in line with the other liberal and progressive states." The constitution which has been adopted is not only just toward Jews, but equally just toward all classes of men. However desirable it may be that all men should be made religious according to the highest standards of Christianity, that purpose is best served when the Christian Church relies upon the teaching of truth and the development of actual Christianity in the lives of men. Christianity is injured, made narrow, and in a sense made unchristian, when it attempts by civil law to invade religious rights or legalize any form of religious faith, in either constitutional or statute law. It is, therefore, both wise and Christian for the state of Oklahoma to decide that "no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship." Even this does not enunciate the doctrine of religious liberty as fully as it was enunciated by the words and example of Jesus. Oklahoma should be made a Christian state, as every other state should be; but the method by which it is to be made Christian is the development of Christianity in the hearts of its citizens and the embodiment of the practical requirements of Christianity in its legislation. We can safely be content with God's way and with the teachings of Jesus in such matters.

THE CONGO ATROCITIES.

The civilized world has been deeply interested in the treatment of the people of the Congo Free State, Africa, for the last few years. A statement made by Cardinal Gibbons that the charges of cruelty against the natives, made by Protestants, are due to religious prejudice, has appeared. Dr. Sanford, Secretary of the Inter-Church Conference, speaking in Baltimore, Dec. 17, reviewed the situation and the charge of

Cardinal Gibbons. Among other things, Dr. Sanford said:

"In a dispatch in the *New York Tribune*, dated Baltimore, Dec. 14, it is reported that Cardinal Gibbons, when his attention was called to the present discussion regarding conditions in the Congo State, said: 'I consider the present agitation due to two things: the desire of a certain nation or nations to grab it and to religious prejudice.' As to the ulterior purposes of one or more nations in this matter, Cardinal Gibbons may have information to warrant this assertion. I certainly have no knowledge of such purposes. I venture, however, to take issue with the venerable representative of the Vatican in his statement that this discussion is due to religious prejudice. On good and, as I believe, sufficient grounds the Protestant Christian churches of our country and the world have been deeply interested in conditions in the Congo and have been glad to aid in every legitimate way efforts seeking to secure 'international action with a view to full disclosure of conditions in the Congo State and authoritative adjudication of the issues to which these conditions are related.'

"At the great Inter-Church Conference held in New York in November, 1905, a conference representing thirty Protestant evangelical bodies with an aggregate membership of over seventeen millions, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted and transmitted to the President and Secretary of State:

"WHEREAS, This Inter-Church Conference, composed of delegates appointed by different denominations comprising a vast majority of Christian communicants in America, recalls that profound satisfaction was awakened twenty years ago in all Christian hearts by the announcement that, with the solemn sanction of a Congress of Nations, a great work in the interests of humanity had been entered upon in the Congo River Basin of Africa, under the leadership of King Leopold II, of Belgium; and,

"WHEREAS, In some way contrary to the original purpose, as announced to the world, great and terrible wrongs have transpired and have at last become evident beyond doubt in the mind of the whole civilized world:

"Resolved, (a) That we earnestly insist, in the name of Christ and of the human race for which He sacrificed His life, that nothing less than the immediate, thorough-going and permanent righting of these tragic wrongs can satisfy the common conscience of Christendom;

(b) That we urge that the facts of the existing situation should be investigated by a tribunal beyond suspicion of partiality, created by the powers through whose action the Congo State has its being;

(c) That in view of the prominent part borne by the United States in the recognition of the Congo State, we urge that our government should take action for the promotion of this international inquiry.

"The representative Executive Committee charged with the conduct of matters placed in their care by the Inter-Church Conference, have given special attention to what they have conceived was their duty in view of the fact that an increasing amount of testimony has impressed them with a sense of the crime against humanity and a helpless and dependent people, perpetrated under the administration of King Leopold in the Congo. While having no direct connection with the Congo Reform Association, the Executive Committee of the Inter-Church Conference, of which I have the honor of being secretary, has welcomed the information given to them by the association, and gladly sought to aid them in bringing to the attention of the government the facts upon which they have based their appeal that the United States, the first nation to recognize the flag of the Congo Independent State, should ask for international action in view of conditions that to them appeared intolerable."

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES.

A remarkable case of prolonged life where death seemed unavoidable occurred in the case of Lindsey B. Hicks, who was released on Dec. 22, after being entombed fifteen days in a caved-in tunnel at Bakersfield, Cal. Five companions who were in the mine with him lost their lives. Hicks remained strong enough to assist in scraping away the last barrier of earth when the rescuing party reached him, and he crawled out with very little assistance. The walls of the deep cut where Hicks and his fellow workmen were engaged caved in on Dec. 7, and it was thought that all the company were instantly killed. Three days later the sound of tapping on the iron rail of the tramway which runs into the tunnel showed that someone was still alive in the debris. A two inch pipe, seventy feet in length, was immediately forced into the debris and reached the spot where Hicks was entombed under a heavy dirt cart which was wedged in such a way as to prevent the rocks and earth from resting upon him. He was able to communicate with the men outside, through the pipe, and a large quantity of milk was poured into the pipe each day, which gave the man sustenance for nearly two weeks. For the two or three days before the milk reached him Hicks declares that he lived upon a plug of tobacco which he had just exhausted when the pipe reached him. If the report were not well authenticated, one would think it the idle dream of a romancer. The fact that his comrades worked unceasingly day and night to relieve Hicks, that they sent both food and good cheer to him down the pipe, indicate a helpful and tender regard for human life on the part of great business corporations, which people are likely to overlook. After he was rescued the superintendent of the mine, who led the rescuers, announced to Hicks: "You have been a most faithful man, Hicks; you have been on duty for fifteen days and nights and never asked for a day off; you have drawn pay all the time."

President Roosevelt issued a call on Dec. 22 to the people of the United States asking funds for the relief of famine sufferers in China. He announced that he would ask Congress for authority to use government vessels in carrying food to the stricken ones. The closing paragraph of the President's message is as follows: "I recommend that contributions for the purchase of such food and for other appropriate relief be sent to the American National Red Cross, which will take care of the expenditures. Such contributions may be made either through the local Red Cross treasury or through the Department of State, or may be sent directly to Mr. Charles Hallam Keep, Red Cross treasurer, United States Treasury Department, Washington, D. C."

A serious railroad wreck occurred on the "Soo" line at Enderlin, N. D., Dec. 23. At least ten persons were killed, several others fatally injured, and twenty-five others hurt in the wreck.

A serious epidemic of typhoid fever exists in several places in Pennsylvania. Pittsburg and Scranton are special sufferers. The use of water from the Ohio River seems to be the prominent cause of the epidemic at Pittsburg. The source of the trouble at Scranton is less clearly defined. Over five thousand five hundred cases have been reported from Pittsburg during the year.

The burning of a passenger steamer, the *Strathcona*, a coasting vessel from Halifax, northward, has been reported during the week

She was heavily laden with passengers and freight, much of which was Christmas supplies. The bravery of the crew enabled the steamer to reach shore, where three hundred and ninety-three persons were landed. The steamer was burned to the water's edge after beaching, but, strange to say, no lives were lost.

It is reported by the Isthmian Canal Commission that the West India negro workman has not proved either desirable or successful in the canal zone. Although apparently strong and capable, so that many looked upon them as ideal laborers for that field, the West India negroes have proved incapable, physically and mentally. On the other hand, Spaniards have proved to be efficient, trustworthy and ambitious, and they seem to suffer less from the effects of climate than the negroes do.

In a speech before the People's Institute in Cooper Union, New York, last week, Dr. Lyman Abbott discussed "The Coming Age," which he declared will be one "of fraternalism in religion, industry and in government." After his address many questions were propounded to Dr. Abbott by persons in the audience, who wanted him to explain his ideas of the difference between fraternalism and socialism. He said that if Lowell's kind of socialism were to prevail—the kind that brought a better reward for the work of one's hands—he would favor it, but never "state socialism," meaning that kind in which the government controls the tools and implements of industry. Another question was whether he thought it would be dangerous to have a boss if the people elected or controlled that boss. He said he thought it would be dangerous to concentrate all financial and political power in one organization.

The question of selling liquor promises to be well at the front in the state of Pennsylvania, in the immediate future. It is reported that a prominent Senator, Penrose, has pledged his influence to the Hotelkeepers' Protective Association to secure an amendment of the present high license law, so that hotelkeepers can sell liquor to their patrons on Sundays. If there were no other influence than the liquor question connected with Sunday legislation that would be sufficient to keep the question well before the public mind.

The warm, moist weather of the last week suddenly gave place to the "coldest day yet," which made its advent just before Christmas. The cold was severe and in many places suffering was intensified by a fierce wind. The thermometer dropped far below zero in many places. The cold still continues.

The Pure Food Law, which will go into effect on Jan. 1, 1907, while it may be crippled somewhat at first by new administrative machinery, promises to bring about several needed reforms. The law was enacted last June. The inspectors under the law will have duties quite different from any now performed by employees of the government. They are to travel throughout the country, purchase food products in the open market, and watch for suspicious food and other violations of the law. A large force of chemists will be employed in the Department of Agriculture who will scientifically examine all suspected foods reported to them. The purpose of the law as stated in the title is as follows: "For preventing the manufacture, sale or transportation of adulterated, or misbranded, or poisonous, or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines and liquors,

and for regulating traffic therein." The law is both needful and timely, and every good citizen will rejoice in its execution.

The Arctic steamer, "Roosevelt," in which Commander Peary recently made the most nearly successful effort ever made to reach the North Pole, sailed into New York on Dec. 24. She was considerably disabled, and was finally towed to her resting place in New York Harbor. She will go out of commission, for repairs, and be put into condition for another "dash for the Pole" at some future time.

Twenty-four hotels in Boston have been granted the privilege of selling liquor in their public dining rooms until midnight every night, except Sunday, according to a law enacted last summer.

The drowning season has begun. Thin ice and too venturesome skaters combine to make a sad list of accidents and deaths. Both parents and children will do well to heed this item. Great care is desirable when by it a tragedy and unavailing sorrow may be kept from your door.

Judging from the reports from many localities the observance of Christmas was marked by unusual liberality in providing for the poor and unfortunate. While folly is still associated with Christmas observance in some cases, there is evidently a great improvement on the better side of Christmas observance. The world is learning more and more the value of practical Christianity in connection with that season of the year when the story of the Christ-child and of Divine love for the world is told and sung in so many ways.

Hydrophobia panics have been unusually common during the autumn and winter. These have been prominent in both Connecticut and Rhode Island. While there may be much needless fear in connection with such periods, they serve a good purpose in compelling attention to the danger of a deadly disease, and to the necessity of protecting society by carefully supervising dogs and other animals in which rabies appear.

A destructive earthquake was reported from Arica, Chili, Dec. 26. Arica is in Torna, the northernmost province of Chili, near the Peru line. It is well within the earthquake zone and for that reason the place has deteriorated within the last few years from a population of thirty thousand to three thousand.

Reports from London say that the Christmas of 1906 has been marked by the "heaviest snow-storm which the United Kingdom has experienced in many years." Scotland was also involved in the storm. The cold weather and extent of snow made locomotion of all kinds very difficult, and caused both inconvenience and suffering in connection with the holiday. There were also many wrecks among coasting vessels. Germany has also shared in the widespread storm.

A special commission has been at work for six months studying postal conditions in the United States. As a result the commission will ask Congress for power to make yet more extended investigation. Meanwhile, it will positively reject the recommendation of Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden, who has proposed that the rate on "second-class matter" be raised to four cents a pound. The commission reports that as the accounts are now kept it is very difficult to decide concerning the cost of carrying the different classes of mail matter, or the exact cost in any department of the post office work.

At the opening of the Indian National Congress in Calcutta, Dec. 26, Dadabhi Naoroji, formerly a member of the British Parliament, delivered an address, insisting upon the rights of the Indians, as British subjects, to govern themselves. The speaker pointed out that the Boers, whom the Indians helped to subjugate, had been given self-government, and urged the raising of a large fund to educate the Indians as to their rights, and for the carrying on of the campaign in England. There were upwards of 10,000 delegates present, and the speech was received with a tumult of applause.

The extent of the "divorce evil" is seen in the fact that during the first eleven months of 1906 1,548 marriage licenses had been issued in Omaha, and in the same period 484 divorce suits were filed in the District Court, nearly every application being granted. Many of the applicants were residents of Eastern states, and the laxity of the law which allows legal residence to be established in six months had much to do with the divorce court. An effort will be made at the next session of the Legislature to secure a revision of the law on the basis of the model law recommended by the Divorce Congress, which met in Philadelphia last fall.

The intrenchment of the liquor traffic is shown by the fact that there are nearly 11,000 places in Pennsylvania licensed to sell intoxicants, and nearly half of these saloons are in four counties. Philadelphia leads, with 1,879; Allegheny County has 1,270; Luzerne has 1,038, and there are 995 saloons in Schuylkill. The average number of male inhabitants to each saloon runs from 1,741 in Forest County to 52 in Schuylkill County, which holds the record for drinking places in proportion to its inhabitants.

The last week of the year has witnessed several important meetings in the interests of science, history, sociology, etc. About seven hundred scientists gathered in the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Columbia University, New York. This association is divided into the sections of mathematics and astronomy, physics, chemistry, mechanical science and engineering, geology and geography, zoology, botany, anthropology, social and economic science and physiology and experimental medicine. Besides this there were nineteen affiliated societies represented, making altogether representatives of every known branch of science.

The meeting of the American Historical Association was held at Sayles Hall, Providence, R. I., Dec. 27 and 28. Important papers were presented discussing various departments of history. Sociological questions were also considered, including a discussion of the method of settling disputes between capital and labor. The American Political Science Association, the American Sociological Society, and the American Bibliographical Society also held meetings at the same time and place. The various educational associations of the state of New York held sessions at Syracuse on Dec. 27. At all these meetings papers of unusual merit and of permanent value to science, education, history and sociology were presented. The American Society of Church History which was incorporated with the American Historical Association a few years since, was reorganized as an independent association, at a meeting in New York on the 27th and 28th of December. All in all, the closing days of the year have been crowded with important discussion of widespread and permanent value touching the higher interests of humanity.

Missions.

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

THE MINISTRY.

One of our successful godly business men, in speaking of the ministry as a profession, said in a letter to me: "The standard is being raised each year, and the critic is more exacting." I had written to this young man, asking him to favorably consider a call to the missionary field or pastorate of one of our churches. The letter was a very kind and frank reply. He feels that his early education was not sufficient to warrant his success. I have no doubt if others were to put their reasons in writing most of them would be very much the same. Of course, one who does not recognize the greatness of this high calling is not fit for it. Some of us were very slow to enter it because we did realize something of its demands. I think most of us had to learn the lesson that God could use, if He chose, a very poor tool, and if He called us, rejoice to be counted worthy. Some of the greatest soul winners the world has ever known have been men called at middle life to the gospel work. We cannot change the past, but if God calls a man at thirty, or even forty years of age, He knows what He is doing. If any mistake is made it will be the man's, and not God's. The only safe thing is to yield. My trouble was I looked to men too much to settle this matter. I am now thankful that they did not settle it. It was a walk by faith and the way of the cross. I am afraid that too much confidence is now put in the armor and not enough in the great commander who never lost a battle. The church wants men who can bring things to pass. It is not enough to simply know how, and prepare elaborate treatises on even the living questions. In all occupations the demand is the same. Why should it not be so? Why not in the ministry, with all respect to the best of preparation? The point at which most men fail is not that of scholarship. The facts prove this. The men who are out of the pastorate in our own denomination as well as in the others are usually the ones who have had the regular courses of preparation which the ministry is supposed to require. This is not the point at which they have failed, if they have failed. More of us have failed at the point of humble and entire consecration to be crucified with Christ. It is a question of spirit more than wisdom; action more than knowledge. There are a score of other points at which men fail, any one of which is just as prolific of failure as this, and yet we nearly always hide behind this one—lack of preparation. I am not saying that we are not honest in it, but I do suspect that we are laying too much stress on this one reason for not entering the ministry.

The student is he who realizes how little he knows as compared with what is to be known, and has the teachable spirit. Who knows where to go or dig for the needed information and is willing to do it, cost what it will. This information may not be in books, though it is usually in the Bible. There is many a washwoman who could tell a minister, if he would take it, wherein he had failed in his great calling. A walking encyclopedia is not what the pastorless church is looking for. But a humble servant of Jesus Christ, who is willing to share the struggles and sorrows of everyday life. The man who believes that God will do great things, with very feeble church members, Sabbath school teachers

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

and ministers. A man who will give God a chance so to speak in his own life and get others to do the same. No great message can come from God through a man until Christ and His Word are all in him. It is a great thing to be educated in books, but it will not make a minister. If a young man thinks it will he is doomed to be disappointed. But he will need a good education as one of the means to success. We need half a dozen more men who are willing to let God take the reins of their lives, touch their lips with the coal from off the altar and say, "Send me."

A CORRECTION CORRECTED.

The following letter, written from Boston, Mass., was addressed to Dr. Lewis and by him forwarded to me, since the article referred to was written by me and published in my department of the RECORDER. While the letter is written to make corrections to my article, I wish to correct this by saying that there is no organized Seventh-day Baptist church in Boston so far as I know. I wish that more of the Sabbath-keepers there were of such a sweet and teachable spirit that we could safely organize a church there:

BOSTON, MASS., 84 Charles St.,
December 4, 1906.

Dr. A. H. Lewis, Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER,
Plainfield, N. J.

Dear Sir: On Page 758, November 26th, 1906, I find mistakes which I hope you will rectify in the next issue of the RECORDER, with reference to the First Seventh-day Baptist Church in Boston. We did not close during the summer in Boston, but have had preaching every Sabbath since April last and we have felt a deep spiritual influence pervading all of our meetings. Our preacher, Minister James Albert DeoJay, was licensed by the Tremont Temple Baptist Church, of Boston, July 22, 1903. I see you refer to him as the young man who embraced the Sabbath last summer. Why not state all the facts and say that he was a licensed preacher of the Baptists of the First-day, so as to be clear? I have to say the reference made to him and the work in Boston was very disappointing.

Very truly yours,

W. B. CHILDS.

OBSERVATIONS IN ILLINOIS.

JAY W. CROFOOT.

It was at Farina that some one said to me: "Don't you put us too far south. I see you say in the RECORDER that the farther north you go the greater the prosperity of the farmers." Though this was said at Farina, West Hallock was the place, if any, that should have reason to complain, for certainly I did not see more prosperous farmers anywhere than there. Perhaps the material prosperity is a reason for the lessening size of the church, for not many Seventh-day Baptist young men can afford to pay \$175 per acre for a farm, and buy eight or ten horses with which to work it.

It was on the evening of Dec. 11 that I spoke at West Hallock, and there was a good attendance considering the darkness of the night and the state of the roads. West Hallock is famous, or infamous, for its mud, but I was assured that it was "not very bad" when I was there.

On Sabbath, Dec. 15, I spoke to the Chicago church. It was a pleasure to me to meet several old friends and acquaintances there, and to be a visitor in a Sabbath school class of thinking young men. The attendance was less than is usual at the Sabbath services I was told. I believe Chicago is the only place where my coming had been announced two weeks in advance! It seems unfortunate that it is not possible to spend a Sabbath at each church. In order to be

at Farina Sunday night, which is perhaps the next best thing, I left Chicago the evening after the Sabbath, reaching Farina at five Sunday morning. That evening I spoke at the church to perhaps one hundred and fifty people, of whom I suppose two-thirds were of our own church and society. Both Monday and Tuesday afternoons some people who could not well get out in the evenings came to the parsonage to see me. Monday evening I spoke informally and answered questions for an hour and a half at the church. Tuesday afternoon about twenty-five of the Juniors and Intermediate Christian Endeavor members came to the parsonage and looked at my pictures and listened to me. In the evening about the same number of people came to the parsonage, and I inflicted another monologue upon them. While the Farina people reminded me of the man in "Little Dorritt" who "wanted to know, you know," it is gratifying to find so much interest displayed.

Poultry is as much the topic of conversation at Farina as land is at Gentry. And their \$30 cockerells are certainly fine birds. Wednesday morning when I left for Jackson Center, about a dozen Farina people took the same train, bound for a poultry show. I heard of a man going ten miles through mud and darkness to attend meetings of the poultry association. But I didn't hear of any cases of such enthusiasm in attending religious meetings.

As I think I've said before, the more I travel the more I wonder why, if our people must move, they don't go to some of the places where we have churches.

QUINCY, O., DEC. 20, 1906.

CAT REFUSED TO DIE.

Students of one of the big universities in this city have a cat that has utterly refused to become a martyr to science. Its history is another instance of the refining elevating influence of science.

Professor Blank asked J. P. Morgan, the janitor, to get a cat for him, as he wished to illustrate his lecture on "Respiration" by experiments upon the animal. Mr. Morgan succeeded in getting one with the aid of some small boys. When his students had assembled, the professor put the cat into the glass receiver of the air-pump and began to pump out the air. Before the piston had time to move more than once or twice the cat began to feel very uncomfortable, and discovering the aperture through which the air was escaping, put her foot on it, and thus corked the pipe and stopped the removal of air.

Several subsequent attempts to carry on the experiments were alike ineffectual, for as soon as the glass cover was put over her and she felt the removal of the air, the cat would put her feet over the pipe and keep them pressed there.

The students struck by the remarkable intelligence shown by the cat, asked the professor to liberate the animal, and loudly cheered her self-possession, when the cat, after coolly cleaning her self and smoothing her ruffled fur, jumped down and rubbed itself against the legs of the students sitting on the front bench. She is now permanently annexed to the college and an object of interest to all visitors.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Insomnia has lost its dread since I learned the meaning of the Psalmist's declaration: "My mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips when I remember thee upon my bed and meditate on thee in the night watches." The man who spends his sleepless hours in such remembrance makes them joyful hours.—Lyman Abbott.

If we have cast all our cares for the day following upon God, we may then lay us down in peace. . . . Let us, therefore, ease ourselves of this burden by casting it on Him who careth for us; what need He care and we care too?—Matthew Henry.

Much might be said on the wisdom of taking a constantly fresh view of life. It is one of the moral uses of the night that it gives the world anew to us every morning, and of sleep that it makes life a daily recreation. . . . God is thus all the while presenting the cup of life afresh to our lips.—T. T. Manger.

Woman's Work.

ETHEL A. HAYES, Leonardville, N. Y.

MOTHERHOOD.

BY EDITH BROWNELL.

Gray gloomed the hillside. Through the solemn hush
Of dole, the third dark hour—reluctant, shamed—
Slow yielded to its close:

Below the dross

The Holy Mother knelt in quivering calm,
Her waiting arms in anguish upward reached
To take again her Son, her little boy—
Her baby—while, pale through the mystic dusk,
Her lifted face in adoration dwelt
Upon her Lord!

Then, near at hand, there broke

A woman's sobbing, low and wrenched and fierce,
The cry of one whose hurt is worse than death;
And Mary, bending sweet within her veil,
Laid her high grief aside, to pray, "Dear God!
Ah, comfort Thou the mother of the thief!"

—From The Independent.

PRAYER FOR OUR MISSIONARIES.

Gracious Father, who sendest forth messengers of divine salvation, graciously grant, according to thy promise, to guard those journeying on land and sea, to deliver from sickness and weariness, to preserve in persecution and disappointment; to keep in perfect peace with minds stayed on thee. Anoint them with thy Holy Spirit, giving fulness of joy and greatly prospering their work for thee. Raise up for them at home and abroad, according to their great need, faithful and earnest laborers. Grant unto them a rich harvest in their fields, and a blessed reward here and hereafter. For the glory of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.—The Christian Missionary.

A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF CHINA'S FIRST MISSIONARY.

MRS. MAGDALENA W. BEAN.

Just off the narrow Chinese street is an open court, flanked on one side by an old Catholic nunnery; on another by a high wall with an entrance to the cameo gardens, built in honor of an exiled Portuguese poet; and a third side has an entrance to the Morrison Memorial Chapel.

Our thoughts are turning much to those early days, now that the centennial is so near; for 1907 marks just one hundred years since the entrance of Robert Morrison to China with the gospel.

Our feet naturally sought the little English chapel on coming to Macao and one felt impelled to worship at sight of the neat church under the shade of the tall banyan trees, with the moss-grown tombs at the rear of the enclosure.

Three low, flat tombs comprise the Morrison group, and the inscriptions are carved on top from end to end.

Mr. Bean and Miss Myers read them out and copied the following:

Sacred
To
THE MEMORY
of

ROBERT MORRISON, D. D.

The First Protestant Missionary to China
Where after a service of twenty-seven years,
cheerfully spent in extending the kingdom of
the blessed Redeemer, during which period he
completed and published a dictionary of the
Chinese language, founded the Anglo-Chinese
College at Malacca, and for several years labored

alone on a Chinese version of the Holy Scriptures which he was spared to see completed and widely circulated among those for whom it was destined, he sweetly slept in Jesus.

He was born at Morpeth in Northumberland, January 5, 1782. Was sent to China by the London Missionary Society in 1807. Was for twenty-five years Chinese translator in the employ of the East India Company, and died at Canton, August 1, 1834. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth.

Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

On the tomb of his wife was the following:

Sacred to the memory of

MARY

WIFE OF ROBERT MORRISON, D. D.,

Who erewhile anticipating a living mother's joy,
suddenly, but with a pious resignation, departed
this life after a short illness of fourteen hours,
bearing with her to the grave, her hoped-for
child.

Mary was born in Dublin, October 24, 1791,
and died at Macao, June 10, 1821.

In a moment,—at the last trump the dead
shall be raised incorruptible.

O Death where is thy sting!

O Grave where is thy victory!

Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory
through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Hallelujah!

On the tomb of his son was simply the name. Robert Morrison touched only a few of the coast cities, finding safety for no length of time in either Canton, Macao, or Malacca. Now the missionaries who surround his tomb each Sabbath evening, having come from the far interior for a rest at the seaside, testify in a remarkable way to the spread of the gospel in the past centennial.

Where Morrison tunneled his way through goods boxes to the loft of one of the East India tea shops, fearful of his life if discovered, now the Chinese preach freely even upon the streets. While it was then a criminal offense for a Chinaman to teach a foreigner, now all classes from the student to the coolie are athirst for western learning.

A centennial celebration is to be held at Shanghai in May of 1907 of representatives of all missions.

Mr. Ward will be the delegate from the United Brethren mission.

To that meeting will be presented a request for the united interest and gifts of all denominations for the erection of a Morrison Memorial hall in Canton.

The Y. M. C. A. had intended opening work and will unite with this movement, and have control of the work. The Chinese Christians have contributed generously.

How we hope the centennial year will bring the spiritual awakening for which we have longed and prayed! We read of the special outpourings upon Wales, Norway, India, and some cities in the United States. Oh, will you join us in the petition that this may mark a new era in the spiritual life of this old empire!

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

The Woman's Society for Christian Work of Plainfield, N. J., is allied through its members with almost every charitable organization in the city. This winter it is planned to hear of the work of each of these associations through some representative intimately connected with them.

It was with much pleasure, therefore, that our society listened, on Nov. 14, to a very interesting and informal talk from Mrs. Chas. A. Reel, President of the City Union of King's Daughters.

The City Union is composed of thirteen circles of King's Daughters, with a membership of over three hundred. Their work is wholly charitable and is carried on under two divisions, the City Nurses' work and the Day Nursery. For some years, they have supported a trained nurse who may be had upon application to the "Nurse Committee" for any case among the sick poor. Her work consists of visiting and caring for these patients, making them comfortable for the day, dressing wounds, oftentimes making the bedroom sanitary as far as possible with the means at hand, and, if necessary, providing from the "Nurse's Closet" at the dispensary bedding and garments as well as nourishing broths and delicacies. In case the patient is able to pay a little something for these attentions he may do so, but no help is ever withheld from inability to do so. The services of the nurse are gratuitous, and her days are one busy round of visits from morning till night all over the city.

In the summer her work is transferred to the Baby Camp on the mountain where, assisted by a matron and a second nurse, sick children are cared for. One hundred and twenty children and seventeen mothers, without whom it was considered unwise to send their children, were given a week's respite from the heat and brought back to health by means of a nourishing diet and plenty of fresh air and sunshine during the months of July and August.

Growing out of this work, the Day Nursery is a new development. Feeling that many mothers could support their families if some means of caring for them during the day could be provided, the City Union decided to open a Day Nursery on Jan. 27 of this year. A suitable house was secured in the heart of the tenement district of Plainfield. Any child may be left at the Nursery from 6.30 in the morning till 6.30 at night for the nominal charge of five cents per day. Three good meals are served to them and clean clothes put on them for the day. Their youngest applicant was six weeks of age, the oldest nine, and since the opening day (excepting during August when the house was closed and the matron given a vacation) over four thousand children have been cared for. The matron is a woman of rare tact and wisdom, else to keep twenty or thirty children in a contented frame of mind, soothe their griefs and settle their squabbles would drive any ordinary woman frantic. She has one assistant to help with the work.

The moral effect of this household is beginning to tell in the homes of the parents, for when one Irish woman came to get her child at night recently, she said: "Shure, it's none of us can be eatin' our supper any more till Mickey has said grace, just like you'se do here." And many other testimonies to the worth of the institution gladden the hearts of those whose time and money are given to the work.

The city nurse makes a daily visit here to attend to the minor ailments of the children, and to watch for any sign of contagious disease, and one of our physicians graciously responds to any call for his services.

We were glad to be represented in this Union of busy workers and to feel that a contribution

from our treasury had helped further the work from the mountain and in the city.

At the close of the address, our hospitable Refreshment Committee served tea and wafers.

Mrs. W. C. HUBBARD, Cor. Sec.

A PRAYER.

BY MRS. H. L. HULETT.

Grant to us quiet hearts, dear Lord,
Hearts all-obedient to Thy will,
Amid the turmoil of life's strife
Submissive—still.

If from the path of right we stray
And cast reproach upon Thy name,
With humbled hearts lead us into
The fold again.

When doubt-clouds thickly round us lower,
Veiling Faith's clear blue sky above,
Pierce Thou the gloom with beams of Thy
Unchanging love.

If pain's relentless waves we know
Or by grief's passion—waves are tossed,
Bring to our minds Thy pain and grief
On Calvary's Cross.

And Father, last for this we plead,
That through Thy grace, when death is past,
We may in joy behold Thy face
Safe home at last.

REPORT OF WOMAN'S BOARD.

The Woman's Board met at the home of Mrs. L. A. Platts, Milton, Wis., Dec. 6, 1906, at 1.30 p. m.

Members present: Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Platts, Mrs. Boss, Mrs. Van Horn, Mrs. West, Mrs. Babcock. Visitor: Mrs. O. U. Whitford.

Mrs. Clarke read Psalm 36, and Mrs. Whitford offered prayer.

The minutes of the last meeting were read. The treasurer's report was read and adopted. Bill of \$3.50 for printing and sending out the circular letter was presented, allowed, and ordered paid.

Dr. Main, President of Conference, notified the Board that the evening after the Sabbath of Conference week will be given to the Woman's Hour, and suggested as subject for the address: "Power in the Home, Its Nature and Scope, Sources and Ends."

Mrs. Van Horn reported correspondence with SABBATH RECORDER, concerning the printing of the Missionary Program, parts of which will appear in RECORDER from week to week until the entire program has been given on Woman's Page. Mrs. Van Horn was instructed to order printed programs in leaflet form also, which societies may order of her.

Subjects of general interest were discussed. Adjourned.

Mrs. S. J. CLARKE, Pres.

Mrs. J. H. BABCOCK, Rec. Sec.

DR. CHARLES BADGER.

Life Sketch Read at His Funeral by His Pastor.

Dr. Charles Badger was born in the town of Kingsbury, Washington County, N. Y.; on June 21, 1824, and died in North Loup, Neb., on June 19, 1906. Had he lived until his next birthday he would have been eighty-three years old.

When a young man, about nineteen years of age, he started for Oberlin, O., expecting to take a theological course in the university and to enter the ministry among the First-day Baptists, of which denomination he was then a member.

While on the boat en route he passed through a severe mental struggle, owing to the opposition

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of his friends to his plan for entering the ministry. And when he reached the place where he had expected to land and go to Oberlin, he was so distracted over the matter that he could not decide to go ashore. He seemed to be overwhelmed with such an unaccountable hesitancy, which he could not throw off, until the boat sailed from port with him still on board.

He finally landed in Milwaukee, and made his way to Fulton, near Edgerton, Wis. Moved by the opposition of his friends to his plans for entering the ministry, he gave away his theological books, and secured medical works with which to study for a physician.

But it was a long time before he could completely abandon his cherished hope of entering the ministry, and although he tried to study medicine, yet he often found himself buried in the study of commentaries and theological books instead.

Thus for some years he seemed to waver in his purposes, with mind and heart divided, and made rather unsatisfactory progress in preparing for his life work. But finally he settled the question fully in favor of the medical profession, in which he felt sure of the encouragement of his friends.

In this he had success, and came to feel that possibly he might be mistaken in his call to the ministry. He had labored under the confusion of a divided mind until life had come to be a burden, and it was a great relief at last to have the question fully settled.

During these years he met Miss Samantha L. Maxson, the daughter of Charles Maxson, and a cousin of Rev. Darwin E. Maxson. Their friendship soon ripened into love, and he found in her a companion and helpmeet who for more than forty-five years shared with him in life's burdens and presided over his home. It was under her influence that he made a thorough study of the claims of the Sabbath upon him, and thereby he became a Seventh-day Baptist.

After a hard struggle of years, in which he strove to establish a practice among people of that faith in Wisconsin, he found himself in great straits financially, and put to his wits' ends to know what to do. Every new move had proved to be a losing one for him, and he finally decided to start out and make a place for himself in some new country. By the dint of hard work he had some years before secured a diploma from the University of Chicago, and was fully equipped for the work of a physician in the new field, whenever he should find one open to him for practice.

Thereupon, in 1872, thirty-four years ago, he came to North Loup, where a few pioneers had preceded him in search of homes. When those who came with him found it necessary to return to Wisconsin for their families, he remained alone and built his dug-out home near by the present village of North Loup. There were then but few white people in the North Loup country, and he endured such hardships as only you people who came as pioneers to the new land can understand.

After months of privation, his money was nearly gone and he had no provisions. He therefore decided to go to Minnesota, and made his way on foot to Omaha, with just enough money to pay fare from that town to Minnesota. After buying his ticket and placing his valise in the train, which was there waiting for the express from the East to arrive, something impressed him to just run through the incoming train and see if it contained any Wisconsin friends whom

he might know. What was his surprise upon opening the door of the first car to see there his wife and two daughters, about to leave the car and take the train for Grand Island, en route for North Loup. Quickly he ran to the Minnesota train and secured his baggage just as the train began to move; and joining his family they together came to North Loup and began living in the dug-out home which the doctor had prepared.

The family having brought sufficient means to meet their immediate necessities, he began life here with renewed courage and brighter hopes. For years he was the pioneer physician for all this country. He rode over these prairies day and night, in summer and winter, sometimes fording the swollen streams till thoroughly drenched, in order to minister unto the sick among the new settlers of this country.

Times were hard, and his patients were as hard pressed for cash as was himself, and for some years the doctor had a hard uphill struggle in order to live.

In conversation with his pastor a few weeks before his death, he spoke with some feeling of the desire that filled his heart in those early struggles to make the medical profession in some sense take the place of the ministry in doing good to his fellows.

After the shadow of sorrow's cross had darkened his home by the death of his wife, he was married to Mrs. Mary B. S. Spalding, the widow of the late A. B. Spalding, who became his companion, and has been his comforter for the last nine years of his life. Faithfully has she ministered unto him in his declining years, and today she sits under the shadow of a great grief, in which she has the sympathy of this entire community.

Dr. Badger was a man of exceptionally strong characteristics. He stood very strongly for the things he approved, and just as strongly against the things he disapproved. He was a man of indomitable will, and everybody knew without any doubt just where he stood. Yet, over and above all his eccentricities of character, he possessed many excellent qualities which made him helpful to all who met his approval. He was a friend to education, and did what he could for his denominational college in the Northwestern Association. Since I came to North Loup he has been a constant attendant upon church services. To his pastor he expressed deep regret for the mistakes and shortcomings of his life, saying over and over again: "It is all with the Lord. I am in his hands. He knows my heart." During his last sickness, no expression came to his lips, as long as he could speak, oftener than this: "Oh, I am so thankful. Oh, God is good." Thus he fell asleep after a long life of more than fourscore years.

THEO. L. GARDNER.

NORTH LOUP, NEB., DEC. 20, 1906.

AFTER GLOWS FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

WALTER L. GREENE.

West Virginia is one of the "driest" states in the Union, except when it rains. Speaking of rain and mud reminds me of a story that is going the rounds, that the pastor of the Lost Creek church said an affectionate good-bye to his faithful steed, "Bob," before starting through the streets of Salem. It is going to be different though at Salem. A Seventh-day Baptist administration has given a "dry" town, and soon will give the city dry streets on a pavement a mile or more in length.

DECEMBER 31, 1906.

It was on the way to Long Run, on the last mile stretch, to catch a train for Roanoke. "Uncle Franklin" and the Field Secretary were clinging desperately to the rear seat of the stout spring wagon as it bounced over the boulders and into the chuck holes. The seriousness of the occasion was relieved by "Uncle Franklin" who sagely remarked, "If it weren't for the looks of the thing I'd get out and walk."

The story is told by some West Virginian, for the truthfulness of which I cannot vouch, that a gentleman saw a silk hat floating on a mud puddle. Thinking to do some one a kindness, he stepped out to pick up the hat, but as he did so he was surprised to find it resting upon the head of a smiling, well-to-do gentleman. Our friend, the good Samaritan, looked his surprise as he said, "Well, you are in pretty deep!" "Oh, no," was the cheerful reply; "not near so deep as the omnibus on which I'm riding." No comparisons were made by our West Virginia friend. After all, comparisons are odious.

We have ten Sabbath schools and eight Home Departments in the South Eastern Association. Eight of these schools are evergreen and are doing good work; doing as best they can to meet the conditions under which they labor. We shall expect to see still greater results and higher attainments in the coming months.

We had been talking about whether it pays to keep the Sabbath, and our friend gave this little bit of experience, in about these words: "A few years ago I was teaming in the oil country. One Friday night I had a telephone call, and a man told me if I wanted to have a certain job to come over the next day and he would make out a contract. I wanted the job, for there was big money in it and I needed the money. So putting aside conscience for a day I went over and signed the contract. I made good money—three hundred dollars for about ten days' work. Within a few months I had lost two horses that cost me exactly three hundred dollars to replace. I have come to the conclusion that God does not permanently bless a man, even financially, if he disregards his Sabbath." I wonder if he is not right. What do you think?

SMOKING.

From American Motherhood.

We claim no private and personal right to criticize the private and personal habits of anybody, so long as those habits remain in fact and influence strictly personal and private. A man may eat onions and smoke leather without giving his neighbor a right to protest, so long as he keeps his indulgence, his breath, and his smoke strictly a private matter. But the moment he indulges his habit in public or allows his breath or his smoke to come in the way of his neighbor, the case is altered entirely. Then he confers on every man the right to criticize his habit. The influence of the smoker's example, as well as his breath and smoke, become a matter of common concern.

When the smoker is a teacher, or a principal, or a superintendent, or a preacher, the case becomes still stronger. They are paid from a common fund, collected from those who object to the habit as well as from those who indulge in it. The silent but potent influence of their example is a part of the personality which is hired and paid for by the common fund, and that person-

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ality has no right to exhibit a habit with an ethical quality to which a portion of the contributors object; any more than it would have the right to obtrude religious and political opinions to which a portion of the contributors objected.

But this is holding the question to a narrow and comparatively weak ground. The invincible argument against smoking is that it is a habit which the moral sense of the great mass of our people—in fact, of all whose moral sense is not blunted, including smokers—finds it necessary to apologize for. It is purely an indulgence, an indulgence which is not harmless and innocent, but which in the main has a distinctly noxious and demoralizing complexion, even if the term immoral tendency may not justly be used.

We do not believe we have a smoker-reader, who in his heart approves his habit and will say, solemnly and deliberately, that he is glad he acquired it. We have never known an intelligent and cultivated father-smoker who did not hope his son would keep clear of the habit. Many such a father has offered his boy a reward if he would not learn to smoke. How invariably the mother, even in the lower classes, dreads to see her son begin the habit. In all typical American communities, wherever culture and refinement and good morals are respected, how invariably do a boy's best friends and neighbors, and the friends and neighbors of his family, note with regret when he begins to smoke. The event is never one of compliment and congratulation, even among the smokers who are his father's associates. Always the whole set of the boy's best and worthiest friends mark his taking to the pipe or cigar and his taking up with companions who are already addicted, with sadness and forebodings.

These are facts, significant facts, which no one can deny. What do they mean? They mean that the superintendent, the principal, or the teacher who smokes, sets at defiance the best sentiment of the community; sets at defiance the sentiment of his own better self, of himself as he would be if freed from the demoralizing effects of the habit. As the head of the school or schools in a community, his example exerts a strong influence. He does not belong to himself. In a very real sense he is his brother's keeper; at least, the keeper of his brother's son. Can he go clear as a man or a brother if, in that office of vantage, he helps to break down a boy's moral sense, to weaken his sensitiveness to the standards and sentiments of the most worthy portion of the community, a portion in which are many smokers, as we all know? The evil is not merely in the smoking and its concomitants. It is a very serious thing, a real menace to a young man's moral fiber, when he concludes to ignore his father's advice, although he does so but to follow that father's example; when he allows his mother's fears and entreaties to go for nothing; when, against the wishes of both father and mother, he deliberately takes himself out of alignment with the best sentiment of the community. Can any man occupying the sacred and influential office of teacher feel conscience clear who allows himself by his example to encourage any young man to take this perilous position?

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—Abraham Lincoln.

A good book is like a vision from a mountain top. From it you can see not only more of the earth, but more of heaven. It means a widened horizon, whether you look out or up.

Home News

VERONA, N. Y. Thanksgiving Day was appropriately observed by the members of our churches, gathered at the First Verona Church, where we listened to an excellent address by Pastor A. L. Davis which, by request, will be printed in the *Utica Press*.

The choir sang two anthems and a male quartet composed of Pastor Davis, O. J. Davis, Ira Newey and Stuart Smith rendered three selections, which were appreciated and enjoyed by all. The church was prettily decorated with evergreens, bitter-sweet berries, potted plants, fruit and vegetables. The committee having this in charge consisted of Mrs. A. L. Davis, Mrs. O. J. Davis and Mrs. Rhodes, who spared no effort in making the interior of the church as beautiful and attractive as possible. Following the exercise the ladies served one of their inviting dinners in the church parlors, but owing to bad roads and cold weather the attendance of visitors was not as large as usual, though nearly the entire membership of the church was present. All enjoyed a pleasant social hour and returned home feeling that the day had been well and profitably spent.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS.

How on Earth did the fiction grow
That Santa Claus is a man? Ho, ho!
Santa Claus is a woman. There!
I make the assertion fair and square
And you can blazon it everywhere.

How do I know that the thing is true?
'Tis simple enough. I'll leave it to you.
Who knows what you want for Christmas? Say!
Is it a man who goes away
Right after breakfast and stays all day?

Or is it a woman who's always by
With the light of love in her watching eye?
Why, a Santa Claus man would bring white rats,
To a girl whose chief delight was cats,
And books to a boy who wanted bats!

And the Christmas stocking—can you dream
That a man conceived that clever scheme?
A man would have got a clumsy box
And bothered with nails and screws and locks,
Or, at the best, would have hung up socks.

And then the name. Who ever heard
Of a man named "Santy"? It's absurd.
But every one knows how little folks name
A dear friend "Auntie," just the same
As though they really had kinship's claim.

And so it happened that people came
To think 'twas really her given name;
And this, by a natural error was
Altered into "Santie" just because
She was known as "Mrs. Auntie Claus."

THE BEST FOR MOTHER.

When Harry and Will were walking on the street, they met Harry's mother. Off came Harry's hat.

"Ho!" said Will. "Do you take off your hat to your mother? I do it only to other ladies."

"Well," said Harry, "I think my mother the best lady I know, so I don't see why I shouldn't let her have my best manners."

It set Will to thinking.

Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and prevent us becoming wearisome to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.—Collier.

Children's Page.

THE REASON WHY.

I know a little boy—
His name begins with C—
Who, when he's busy playing,
Is as strong as strong can be.

He can lug a heavy box,
Roll a barrel big as he,
He's as nimble as a fox,
When a bon-fire there's to be.

He can pull his great big Flyer—
He is feeling well, you see;
It's astonishing how very strong
That little boy can be!

But when father wants the snow-drifts
Cleared away before the door
Or mother wants a package
From the corner grocery store,

That tired feeling comes apace—
He is not well, you see;
It's astonishing how very weak
This little boy can be!

—Unidentified.

"TELL ME A STORY."

BRUNO'S TAIL.

When Robbie Gray came home from school, the day he was ten years old, he found a present from his Uncle Robert waiting for him. What do you suppose it was? A dear little Scotch collie puppy. Robbie was delighted! He took the puppy up in his arms and hugged it—and I shouldn't wonder if he kissed it, too, right on the top of its cunning head.

"Oh, mamma," he cried. "See how pretty he is. His hair is all yellow, except right here in front. Why, he has a white shirt front—and four white paws—and oh! see the funny white spot on the end of his tail. I think he's just the dearest doggie that ever was, and I'm going to call him Bruno."

Many happy times did Bruno and his little master enjoy, tumbling about on the grass together, chasing each other in a merry game of tag, or lying down for a nap in the shade of the old apple tree that grew beside the house.

Robbie taught Bruno to sit up and beg, to stand on his hind legs, and to be a well-behaved dog always. Bruno was a clever dog, and taught himself a number of things besides.

When Robbie was twelve years old his uncle gave him a bicycle, and then his happiness was complete. He could ride the two miles to town "in less than no time," as he said, and many were the errands he ran for mamma.

Bruno wasn't quite so pleased over the wheel as Robbie, for, like all boys, Robbie wanted to ride just as rapidly as he could, and that was a little too fast for Bruno's comfort. He would run along at his very best pace for awhile, but he would finally get so tired he would just have to sit down and rest; and when he was ready to start on again, Robbie would be out of sight, and that would discourage Bruno so that he would turn around and go home.

Bruno didn't enjoy being left behind in this way, and finally he learned how to make Robbie go at a speed to suit him. The bicycle path was narrow, sometimes bordered with trees, and sometimes with a ditch on either side. Once on the path, there was no way to leave it and no other place where there was good riding. So, when Robbie started out to ride to town, Bruno would run ahead of him. Then, when he began to get tired, Bruno would slacken his pace until Robbie would be so afraid of running over him that he would have to ride a little more slowly. Sometimes Robbie would run into Bruno and

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give him a gentle push with his front wheel. Bruno would start up and run a little faster for a minute or two, but he soon would begin to lag again, and Robbie would have to slacken his speed, and this, you see, was just what Bruno wanted.

One night, when Robbie was almost thirteen, his mamma came to his bedside and wakened him, saying: "Robbie! Robbie! Wake up! Papa's very sick, and somebody must go for the doctor. There's no one here to send but you. Do you think you could go?"

Robbie was wide awake just as soon as he heard that his dear papa was sick. He sat up in bed and looked around.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Twelve o'clock," said mamma.

"Is it dark outside?" By this time Robbie was getting into his clothes, for he must be ready to do all he could for papa.

"Yes, it's very dark, dear. I'm almost afraid to have you go, but what can I do? We must have the doctor," and Robbie could tell from her voice that mamma was crying.

"Don't cry, mamma," he said, swallowing a lump in his own throat. "I'll go after the doctor right away. I'm not afraid—if I can only see the path."

Robbie was dressed by this time, and ran for his wheel. When he got the door open, he looked out. Oh, but the night was dark! So dark he could see nothing but inky blackness. He almost hesitated at the thought of the steep ditches on either side of the path, and then of the trees in other places that he might run into.

Mamma came to the door to kiss him goodbye.

"My brave boy!" she said. "Be careful of yourself—but get the doctor here as soon as you can."

Robbie nodded and jumped on his wheel. Just as he did so, he saw Bruno come bounding toward him. It was a queer time of night for Robbie to be going out for a ride, but Bruno was ready to go with him. So off he dashed down the path, his plummy tail waving above his back, the white standing out in plain view against the blackness of the night.

Bruno didn't know how the sight of that white spot cheered his little master's heart. With his eyes firmly fixed upon that beacon, Robbie rode steadily ahead just as rapidly as Bruno would travel.

Sooner than mamma had dared to expect, Robbie was back in her arms with the good news that the doctor was already on the road.

"Were you afraid, my darling?" she asked.

"Oh, no, mamma," Robbie replied. "Bruno ran ahead all the way. I knew he would keep in the path, so all I had to do was to follow his white tail. Good Bruno! good doggie!" patting his head that rested on his knee.

"But just suppose his tail had been black, mamma. What would I have done then?"—*American Motherhood.*

POPPING THE CORN.

This is the way we drop the corn.
Drop the corn to pop the corn:
Shower the tiny lumps of gold,
All that our heaping hands can hold;
Listen awhile, and blithe and bold—
Hip hop! Pop corn!

This is the way we shake the corn.
Shake the corn to wake the corn:
Rattle the pan and then behold!
What are the tiny lumps of gold?
Pretty wee white lambs in the fold!
Tip-top pop corn!

Young People's Work.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

The letter below on "Tithing" leads us to ask if there are not others who belong to the "Tenth Legion." I think the editor of the Young People's Page at that time was the Rev. L. C. Randolph. Why not start up the Legion again? If you are willing to join send in your name. We want all of you to do just as this writer and others are doing—tell us frankly how you look at this matter of tithing. Who next?

A. C. DAVIS, JR.

Dear Mr. Editor: Perhaps I do not understand Farmer F's reasoning in the RECORDER of Dec. 10. If I do, I cannot agree with him. Does he mean that he provides the entire living expenses for himself and his wife before he begins to count his income which he is to tithe? Then, too, I take exceptions to the way in which he spends the Lord's money. Perhaps the \$2.00 for the SABBATH RECORDER might come out of that fund. I know of one person who pays for the RECORDER for a poor old lady; that money, I think, comes legitimately out of the one-tenth. But as for the *Review of Reviews* and the farming paper, why should they be paid for out of the Lord's money?

I admit that Farmer F., by giving eight dollars to the church and societies, does better than many of our church members do. I know a number of men, earning from three to five dollars a day, who give five dollars a year for church expenses and think they have canceled all their obligations. They cannot know the real pleasure of giving.

A minister's wife of my acquaintance has a little basket in which she keeps her tithe money. One day, when there was a special call for missionary money, she found her basket empty. She said, "Little basket, I shall tell the Lord about you, and if He pleases, He will send you some money." Within a week the lady had a present of thirty dollars from a most unexpected source, and three dollars of it went to the missionary society.

Many people who tithe have similar experiences. If no extra money comes to them, the nine-tenths seem to have a greater purchasing power than the whole amount had before.

If any one thinks he will try tithing for the sake of increasing his own income, he should remember the fable of the honest woodman. This woodman had lost his axe-head in the river; when the river fairy brought up a gold and a silver axe he said, "That is not my axe." So she rewarded him for his honesty by giving him his own axe and the gold and silver one also. When his rich neighbor heard of this good fortune, he took his axe down and threw it into the river. When the river fairy brought up a gold axe, he said, "That is my axe," and was about to seize it, when she disappeared and left him to dive for his own property.

How long ago was it that the editor of the Young People's Page proposed a Tenth Legion? I became a charter member. In fact, my certificate, beautifully printed in red ink by the editor's own hand, is numbered 1. I never heard of any other members, which has sometimes made me feel inclined to say, "My name is legion." I didn't do it, though, for I was afraid it would put me into bad company, according to the Bible record. I still have the certificate, however, and I can still sign myself,

MEMBER OF THE TENTH LEGION.

Dec. 17, 1906.

THE READING AND STUDY COURSE IN BIBLE HISTORY.

You may begin this course any time and anywhere. Send your name and address to Mrs. Walter L. Greene, Dunellen, N. J., and so identify yourself fully with the movement and give inspiration to those who are following the course. Total enrollment, 188.

NINETIETH 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. In what way does God answer Job?
2. How does Job show his faithfulness unto God?
3. What is Job's final reward?

Job (Continued).

First-day. Elihu showeth the justice of God's ways; that Job's sins hinder God's blessings; that God's works are to be magnified. 36: 1-33.

Second-day. Elihu declareth that God's wisdom is unsearchable. 27: 1-24.

Third-day. God speaketh to Job out of the whirlwind and convinceth him of ignorance. 38: 1-41.

Fourth-day. God inquireth Job's knowledge of birds and animals. 29: 1-30.

Fifth-day. Job humbleth himself to God; God stirreth him up to show his greatness; God's power in the behemoth. 40: 1-24.

Sixth-day. God's power in the leviathan. 41: 1-34. Sabbath. Job submitteth himself unto God; God accepteth and blesseth Job. 42: 1-17. The happiness of the godly and the unhappiness of the ungodly; the kingdom of Christ; the security of God's protection. Psalms 1: 1-3: 8.

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."

H. D. Clarke, of Dodge Center, Minn., replies as follows:

While claiming to be in the line of Dr. John Clarke, first Baptist preacher in Rhode Island, and Rev. Henry Clarke, first pastor of the First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Church, and other Clarke's of our faith, I do not think they ever had any influence upon my life. I am more of a believer in environment than inheritance. I remember that my mother said to me when I was a little child, "You will be a minister of the Gospel." How much she may have prayed for this I cannot say. It impressed me very much. Other early influences that led me to think of this were the Christian hymns my mother and father were constantly singing. My mother church was the First Brookfield. There I was greatly encouraged by many godly men and women and often approached upon the subject of the ministry. Sometimes when I would say to such, "I am too unworthy and too little educated with little prospect of completing a full college course to enter the ministry," I would get this reply: "Your brethren and the church are best judges and you should feel that their impression of you is God's call." For ten years after the Spirit seemed to call, I resisted and decided to enter some other calling. Those were

years of indecision and trouble, but of preparation, as I now view them. My schooling was in DeRuyter Institute, Winfield Academy, Lyons Musical Academy, and Alfred University. In theology I studied books alone but not in a seminary. Prof. T. R. Williams was a great help and inspiration as was also Pres. Allen in their private talks with me, though all unsolicited by me. Help was offered me in taking a course of study but I positively declined it. Health failed me in school and I turned aside at last, giving up the struggle, as I supposed. My pastor, Rev. Stephen Burdick, and the Rev. J. M. Todd, of Second Brookfield, did not give me up, and the Rev. Charles M. Lewis, who I learned afterwards had often especially prayed for me, induced me to preach my first sermon at West Winfield in a hall, after the tent meetings there. I labored four years with our Gospel tent, Rev. L. C. Rogers leading in the preaching services and I the singing, and occasionally speaking on the Sabbath question. This did much to lead me into the ministry. Under the influence of Charles M. Lewis I was given a call from the First and Second Verona Churches which call I accepted; after preaching there a few months the First Brookfield Church sent a license to preach and then the two churches called me to ordination.

No school work was done after ordination but my library furnished the sources of instruction. During eighteen years of pastoral work in four churches I have never sought the field nor fixed the salary, and the present field of labor seemed to be forced upon me. I did not leave the pastorate from wish, but circumstances, and no doubt the will of God led me into this wider field of labor. My heart still goes out in love for the cause of Seventh-day Baptists, and it is great pleasure in all my travels and among all denominations to testify to the great truths we hold.

Possibly I have said more than the subject calls for but I wanted to assure my brethren of loyalty to every branch of work in which they are engaged, and many prayers for the blessing of God upon them. I hope many an orphan child whom I have placed in a home will remember that a Seventh-day Baptist was their helper and in the future be led to think on these things. Concerning the spiritual condition of "my mother church" I am not able to write. It is years since I attended a service there and I have few communications from that community.

Rev. H. H. Hinman, of Oberlin, O., writes:

Yours of the fifth instant is received and I will endeavor to comply with your request to give the reasons that led me to adopt the work of the ministry. But first, I wish to make some explanatory statements. I was not of original Seventh-day Baptist stock, but became one by adoption, rather late in life. I was, as I trust, converted to Christ in 1845, when I was twenty-three years old. I was at that time a medical student, having had a previous high school education. In 1846 I was graduated from a medical college, and for some time practiced my profession. I did not feel called to the ministry till 1850, when I found myself in a frontier settlement in Illinois where there was great destitution of religious privileges. I organized a Sunday School, and after a time commenced preaching to such congregations as would listen; and have continued to do so until old age and infirmity have laid me aside. I thought then, and think still, that the Great Commission came from our Lord, and not through the intervention of apostolic authority. "Let him that heareth say, Come."

I was licensed to preach by the Central Illinois Congregational Association in 1855, and was a home missionary under the American Missionary Association. In 1860, I was accepted as a missionary to the Mendi Mission, West Africa, and was ordained by a Congregational council. In the fall of that year, together with my wife, I sailed for West Africa, from which we returned because of failure of health in the spring of 1866.

I labored for some years as a Congregational pastor. I had not investigated the Sabbath question until 1892, when after careful study and prayer, I became convinced that I ought to keep the holy day of the Lord. In 1893 I united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago, where my membership still remains. I did some work as a Seventh-day Baptist minister in Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas; but for a few years past I am but waiting for the end.

In reply to your queries, then, I answer, that I do not think that I inherited any tendency to the ministry. Neither my father nor my grandfathers were ministers; but I am satisfied that my two sons, one of whom is a missionary in China and one a Congregational pastor in

Iowa, did inherit such tendency. I was a Presbyterian and a Congregationalist until I became a Seventh-day Baptist. I was licensed in 1855 and ordained August 10, 1860. I had no special seminary training. The strongest influence that led me into the ministry was the desire to do good. I spent eighteen years of my ministry as agent for the National Christian Association, opposed to secret societies, in which work I labored in thirty-one different states and in Washington, D. C. I felt clearly called of God to that work. I was able to preach and lecture in the pulpits of nearly all the orthodox churches and to all the leading colored schools of the South. I was greatly blessed and sustained in that work. Quite conscious of many failures and shortcomings, I am still truly thankful for what I have been permitted to do, and commit my whole life to divine mercy.

Rev. Dr. Gamble writes:

I no doubt owe something to my ancestry; how much, I cannot exactly estimate. I have been told that two of my remote paternal ancestors were elders of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. A paternal uncle spent a long life in the Methodist ministry. My maternal grandfather was a Methodist local preacher, and so also was my father; both did a great deal of preaching, sometimes supplying for the regular circuit preacher, but more frequently in neglected localities. I have been told that my father in his younger days felt that he had a divine call to preach the Gospel; but, happening to find a suitable companion, he married and thus was excluded from the regular ministry—for in those days only single men were received into the Conference, and were required to remain unmarried until they had completed four years of conference work. The reason for this was that the circuits were very large, requiring sometimes three or four preachers, and the people were generally poor and unable to support so many families. The preacher in charge of a circuit was usually a married man, but his assistants must be single and live for the most part among the people whom they served, and for whom they were kept preaching almost daily as they went the rounds of a four or six weeks' circuit. It seems that my father, failing thus to enter the itinerant ministry, asked the Lord to accept instead his first born son. Just how much all this had to do with my choice of the ministry, I cannot tell. I am inclined to believe that this influence was indirect and unconscious, so far as I am concerned.

The Methodist church of my boyhood was in a small village, and was never very strong; the church of my college life was large and flourishing, and remains so to this day. The first, I think, had but little influence upon my choice of the ministry; the latter very soon made me one of its class leaders, and later gave me license as an exhorter. However, all this did not affect my choice of life work to any great degree.

I was licensed as a Methodist local preacher, Feb. 26, 1872; admitted on trial to the New York Conference, April 7, 1873; ordained deacon, April 11, 1875, and elder April 8, 1877. In the M. E. church there are three orders of ministry—Deacon, Elder, Bishop. Two years of trial in the itinerancy are required before ordination to the first order; one can then baptize, marry, and assist the elder in the administration of the Lord's Supper. Two more years in Conference are required before ordination as elder is granted.

My college course was completed, and I taught school several years, before entering Hartford Theological Seminary. Before completing my middle year in Union Seminary, a very desirable Methodist pastorate was offered me, and I accepted it, fully intending to return and complete my theological course; but I never seemed able to find time or place to do so. I would advise all candidates for the ministry resolutely to pursue their seminary course till completed, no matter how pressing or flattering an offer may present itself. I corresponded with my seminary professors, procured some books, and carried on my studies as best I could at home. The New York Conference to which I was admitted requires of every one entering its ranks a full four years' course of prescribed studies, examinations being held twice a year; and this course must be satisfactorily completed before one can be admitted to orders. No matter how many diplomas one may have, he must pursue and finish this full and admirable course of studies. This, of course, I had to do, and it was of very great value to me.

And now as to the strongest influence that brought me into the Gospel ministry. I am sure I can never estimate the value to me of the prayers of my parents.

(Continued on page 846.)

SUNNY KANSAS.

BY GEO. W. HILLS.

That peculiarly favored spot of green earth, blue sky, balmy breezes, bright sunshine, and prosperity we call Kansas, lies spread out on the great plains, reaching two hundred miles by four hundred, in the midst of the wide area known to our grandfathers as "The Great American Desert." We revere the memory of our grandfathers, but smile at their credulity and their geography, while we entertain a feeling of profound gratitude for being permitted to live in that imaginary desert, which the smiles of heaven and the intelligent labors of an industrious and thrifty populace have made to "blossom as the rose."

It is difficult for strangers to understand the marvelous productiveness of Kansas soil and the immensity of her crops, but she has at last succeeded in convincing the reluctant world that she produces much besides cyclones, blizzards, dust storms, hot winds, and unheard-of political surprises. The present fullness of the measure of her material prosperity has never before been equaled. Today she stands in the front rank of the most prosperous states.

Her gas and oil developments have attracted widespread attention, and have caused the eyes of the business world to turn this way. As a producer of zinc she ranks first among the states, while her salt deposits appear to be inexhaustible and her annual output of coal is surprising.

Notwithstanding the vast wealth represented in her mineral products, her basis of financial prosperity is, and must continue to be, agriculture. Dairying, poultry raising, sugar beet culture, and gardening are all prominent factors in securing her prosperity, while her great herds of sleek steers reveal to the Easterner the source of his beef supply, and her fruit crop of 1906 was the greatest in her history.

In the western part of the state she has a sugar-beet factory costing nearly a million dollars. She is thickly dotted over with cheese factories and creameries. The largest creamery in the world is located at Topeka, her capitol city.

Kansas wheat is known the world over. In the production of that cereal she has no peer. According to the report of the United States Department of Agriculture, in the year 1901 she produced only a trifle less than a hundred million (99,079,304) bushels of wheat—the largest crop ever produced by a single state. In the first five years of this century her wheat yield aggregated 381,344,039 bushels, worth \$237,448,228—a record without a parallel. Her wheat crop for 1906 was probably between ninety and one hundred million bushels, though exact figures are yet unavailable. The total valuation of farm produce for 1905, including live stock, was \$408,639,822.

Although the amount of wheat produced in Kansas is so enormous, her greatest wealth-producing crop is corn. Corn is king. It is the foundation product of the immense stock feeding, and beef and pork producing industries. In 1905 the value of food animals, poultry, eggs, milk, butter and cheese amounted to about \$70,000,000. A great percentage of Kansas corn is fed to its food animals and thus "marketed on foot," giving the farmer two profits. The 1905 corn crop was over 190,000,000 bushels, worth more than \$68,000,000. In the past five years her corn crop aggregated 735,873,910 bushels, \$81,344,039 bushels, worth \$237,448,228—a worth \$276,563,547. In 1905 the three items of

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wheat, corn and hay raised in Kansas were worth \$138,112,327.

Providence appears to be extremely smiling and partial to Kansas in showering prosperity upon her with lavish prodigality. This, with her wide diversity of farming and her inexhaustible mineral resources, together with a climate that closely approaches the ideal, has attracted 140,000 from the best classes of citizens to her borders within the last five years, and they continue to come.

Kansas has \$140,000,000 deposited in her banks, which is equivalent to \$87 for every man, woman and child in the state. In 1905 her farm products were worth \$154 for every person in the state, old and young.

Probably no state or country in the world has so small a percentage of inhabitants who wish to "move on" or "go somewhere" as this sunny recipient of Heaven's bounties. They have the sanity to know when they are "well off," and that they have the best of about all there is worth having. Many of those who do "go somewhere" are glad to get back to Kansas again where "their wife's relatives" have an abundance.

The story is simple. The Kansas farmer has a full granary, fat steers, sleek cows, fine horses and mules, a full corn crib, a well stored cellar, and a bulging pocket. Can you wonder that, in addition to his good clothes, he wears a broad "smile that will not rub off?"

HUMAN NATURE DISCOVERED BY A HUNTER.

Down in Missouri recently, I found myself upon a certain noon in the midst of a great wood all ablaze with autumnal glories of red and gold. The midday hour was indisputably proclaimed by the sun's position and by my own distinct—not to say painful—consciousness that it had been a long, long time since breakfast. I had gone out for a half-day's shooting, and had intended to catch a train at a little country station in time to be home for luncheon. But the shooting had been good; the temptation to scour that bit of stubble and then that bit of woods beyond it, had been too strong to resist; and here I was, miles from anywhere—worst of all, apparently as far from even a sandwich as Sydney Smith's Yorkshire living was from the famous lemon.

There was nothing for it, however, but to "hit the trail," as they say in the mountains, and I made for the nearest path, hoping desperately that it would point the way toward some hospitable appearing farmhouse at the least. And what amazing thing should happen in that fair but hungry landscape but that, just as I swung a leg over the old rail fence by the roadside, there in the road stood a farm wagon, the unhitched horses contentedly munching their oats over the tailboard, and in the very road beside it the rustic driver himself, squatting before a little fire upon which he was frying pork chops and boiling coffee!

I thought of Elijah and the ravens! Then, as I caught a whiff of the aroma from the scene before me—well, I understood just how Esau felt in that affair of the mess of pottage! I was in the same fix precisely, barring only that I had neither birthright nor anything else salable upon my person. It remained to be seen what diplomacy would do.

"Stranger," I said in the vernacular of rural Missouri, "what would you take for a cup of that coffee?"

The proprietor of the outfit was obviously of much deliberation and few words. He deliber-

ately turned a sizzling pork chop over in the pan, squinted into the steaming coffee pot, and at last looked up at me sidewise, and spoke:

"Air you a Democrat?" he said. "I—well, to tell the truth, I "dissembled," as Shakespeare says. I would try the effect of a cautious "Scotch answer." "Do I have to be?" I asked.

He of the wagon—and of the savory temptation as well—meditated. He blew upon his fire. Finally, "You bet you don't hev to be!" he exclaimed. "Ef you air a Democrat—well, I ain't sayin'! But ef you ain't, why you jest set on the wagon tongue there, an' in about a minute I'll show you how good vittles an old man kin cook!"

I approached with alacrity, joyfully conscious that I had voted for Theodore Roosevelt at the last presidential election. Confident that my "calling" was now safe and that I could pass muster on the question of "elections" also, I affirmed the required political credentials and took the designated seat upon the wagon tongue. Seeing which way my host's mind ran, I thought to cater to his fancy—as he to my famine. "Wouldn't you give a Democrat a cup of coffee?" I asked.

Reflectively he produced plates and cups from the wagon. "Well," he said, weighing the matter slowly in mind, "ef he was starvin' I might let him hev a bite, but"—with much emphasis—"even so, I wouldn't urge him none!"

It was obviously no place for any mention of "scratched tickets" or of the many good Democrats I had voted for in days gone by, so I devoted myself for the next delightful moments to putting my share of the pork chops and coffee where they would do the most good. That happy operation accomplished, I thought to learn my host's religious attitude. "What church do you belong to?" I inquired, in a phraseology born of experience that the question was in many rural districts equivalent to asking whether one was a "professor."

"Don't belong to none!" was the prompt answer.

"Well, what church do you sometimes go to?" I asked.

"Don't go!" was the unhesitating and laconic reply.

"But," I protested, "you must have some idea about religion, just the same. You must feel more kindly toward some church than toward the others, at any rate. That's true of nearly everybody, isn't it?"

The old man produced a corn-cob pipe, filled it slowly, and dexterously flipped a coal upon it from the fire. "Well, stranger," he said, reflectively, stroking with a finger while he puffed thoughtfully, "I'll tell ye jest how 'tis. It's this-a-way. Down deep, I reckon mebbe I kinder lean towards the Baptists—but I'll tell ye, stranger, it ain't a turrible slant in any di-rection!"

Many a time since then, amid most opposite scenes and circumstances, that quaint roadside meal has suddenly risen in memory as I have been talking with some man or woman of whose religious (or irreligious) attitude the only accurate definition has been that for which I mentally thanked the old Missourian, with his homely acknowledgment that spiritually his soul might "kinder lean," but that such inclination was in truth no "turrible slant in any di-rection!"

Another and a happier manifestation of spiritual insight came to my notice in a still more rural portion of the same state only recently.

The fall meeting of Presbytery occurring in a town in one of the backwoods counties, I found myself there with a whole afternoon to spare before the first evening's session. So I unpacked from my grip a most companionable little rifle, and set out for the heavily timbered hills for an afternoon of exploration and reflection. A wooded glade far from any highway afforded seclusion; and, ah! the rare fortune of that single chance for a shot that I had—and did not miss! That, however, must remain, to quote Mr. Kipling's immortal phrase, "another story."

Late in the afternoon I discovered that all my woods-lore would not tell me where I was. But I spied a man plowing in a distant valley and sought his guidance. He pointed the way "to town," congratulated me on my game, and I was starting on when he spoke again.

"Wait a minute, stranger," he said. "Where might your home be, and what's your business when you're there?"

I told him. "A preacher from the city, eh?" he said. "Let's shake hands on that—I'm a Christian myself. I'm a Baptist—that's our little white church on the hill yonder. But I reckon we all look alike to 'em up in heaven—hope so, anyhow. I never heard but one preacher in your city, but he was an awful smart feller, an' stranger, he hed the grace o' God in his heart, too, ef he didn't hev no gray hairs. It's an awful fine thing to hev the grace o' God in your heart before you git old-like."

"How'd I know he hed it? Well, preacher, it's like this. How'd you know I growed corn in this here field this year—you c'n see it, can't you? Now it's just like that; when a man's got the grace o' God in his heart, there ain't no doubt about it bein' there. You c'n just see it, an' God he can too, an' that's all there is to it. Good-bye, preacher—if we don't never run 'cross each other again down here, I reckon we will up yonder, one o' these days."

God grant that prayer—for all of us who "look alike" to him!—Rev. Paul B. Jenkins, in *The Interior*.

A NEW CONCEPTION OF HONESTY.

I was one of the campaign speakers, and in going around among the people and talking to them I was strongly impressed with the fact that we need a new code of political morals. We need a new conception of honesty. We want the inspiration to teach children that it is just as wrong to pick the pocket of the city and state as it is to pick a private pocket. You have no idea, unless you come to analyze it, how much depends upon the father and mother to start children right. If you think of your acquaintances, you may recall a father or mother who, perhaps, boasts in the presence of their child that they have enjoyed a free ride on a trolley car, and they justify themselves by saying, "Well, they are swindlers anyhow; they charge too much fare, and I am just glad to get ahead of them." Now that makes a scar on the child's conscience, and when he is a man his early training may lead him to think that it is a smart thing to get ahead in the world by following, on a large scale, what his parents taught him on a five-cent track.

We should have a decided change in our public school work, especially in the manner of teaching civic duty and responsibility. Our children ought to thoroughly understand the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and the duties of citizenship. Why not put that responsibility upon the mothers

and teachers of our country, so that they may see that the children have the proper kind of instruction in the matter of civic government and the right conception of the duty of true citizenship?—Mrs. Lucretia L. Blankenburg, at the Atlantic City Meeting of the National Municipal League.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

There never was a time when man was more willing to help man bear his burden. Never more willing to lift the fallen traveler and put him on his own beast, or furnish a beast for him; and not only a beast for transportation, but a hospital for his illness until he shall be well again. Today there are thousands of fraternities and organizations which are based upon the principle of sharing each other's burdens in the time of distress. The schools of all sorts for a man's training, the libraries and art galleries for a man's culture, the social settlement and church for his religious development, are only so many evidences of man's desire and effort to help the weaker brother bear his burden. There are two ways to help a man bear his burden; first, share it with him; secondly, impart to him in some way the additional strength that will enable him to carry it with ease himself, and believe me, the latter way is by far the best for him. It is nice to have my neighbors help me bear my burden, but it is ten thousand times nobler and better to possess the strength to be able to bear it myself.—Henry B. Williams, D. D.

QUICKENING.

"Sow in the morn thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." The Australian country districts are oft in the summer season devastated by fierce bush fires extending over vast areas. When the autumn rain falls after such a visitation there is frequently seen a marvelous growth of wattles, and other trees, quite foreign to the neighborhood. The seeds of these trees have been sleeping in the ground for very many years, waiting for the quickening influence of the fire to spring into active life. So the seeds of faith and godliness sown in infancy, or in the Sabbath school, may sleep in darkness, unheeded and forgotten, to be awakened into activity in after years by the passing flame of the Holy Spirit.—Exchange.

IN NORTH AFRICA.

The British and Foreign Bible Society have been long upon the ground, and are steadily advancing their sales. During the last three years 55,000 Bibles and portions of Bibles have been circulated in Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli and Morocco. About one-half of these sales have been of books in the various languages of the country, but 23,000 were in those European languages which are extensively used all along the coast. Arabic, Hebrew, Tunisian and Spanish are the most widely distributed.

"In some of the cathedrals of Europe, on Christmas Eve, two small lights, typifying the divine and human nature, are gradually made to approach one another until they meet and blend, forming a bright flame. Thus, in Christ, we have the light of two worlds thrown upon human destiny. Death cannot be associated with Him. He is life, its fullness and perfection; and perfect life must be stronger than death.—Munger's *Freedom of Faith*."

Our headstrong passions shut the door of our souls against God.—Confucius.

DEATHS.

CULVER.—Joseph Warren Culver was born in Collins, Erie County, New York, Oct. 23, 1834, and died at his home in Nortonville, Kansas, Dec. 6, 1906.

He was a descendent of one of three Culver brothers who came to this country from Wales in 1740. At the age of ten years, his parents settled near Akron, Ohio. Ten years later they made their home at Farmington, Ill. In 1863, Mr. Culver married Miss Rebecca P. Sherman, of North Collins, New York. With an interval of two years spent at Oil Creek, Pa., their home was at Farmington, until 1869, when they came to Kansas. In 1880 Mrs. Culver died, leaving three children. Maude, the baby, was adopted by Deacon and Mrs. O. W. Babcock. She is now Mrs. Almond P. Burdick, of Nortonville. The sons, George and William, are also residents of Nortonville. In 1883 Mr. Culver married Mrs. C. S. Burdick, of Nortonville, the widow of Elno Burdick, whose maiden name was Reynolds, originally of Potter county, Pa. The second Mrs. Culver is a very worthy member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Nortonville. Mr. Culver was a man of strong individuality and a highly respected citizen. The funeral was conducted at the M. E. Church, by its pastor, the Rev. C. E. Taylor, assisted by the Rev. Isaac Maris. G. W. H.

DAVIS.—In Berlin, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1906, Arnold Davis, aged 82 years.

Mr. Davis was born in the town of Berlin, Feb. 10, 1824. His father, Arnold Davis, with his brother, Robert, were elected the first choristers of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Berlin, April 14, 1806. For many years Arnold was superintendent of the Bible school and chorister of the church. He professed faith in Christ when nineteen years old, was baptized by Eld. H. H. Baker and united with the church of which he had been a member more than sixty-three years. In 1850, Sept. 14, he was united in marriage with Lucinda D. Danforth, who died March 11, 1858. To them one child, Louise, was born who died in early life. In 1862 he was again married to Roxanna Sweet who died in 1883 leaving one child, Louise. Funeral services were held in the church, Dec. 24. Sermon by the pastor founded on the twenty-third Psalm. This was his favorite Scripture and by request it was used. J. G. B.

MOSHER.—At Plainfield, N. J., Dec. 14, 1906, Joseph Elias Mosher.

Brother Mosher was the son of Pinkham and Ann Eliza Mosher and was born at New Market, N. J., June 23, 1832. In 1853 he married Frances Loring, who died in 1887, leaving two sons, Edward M. and William R. In 1888 he married Elizabeth Loring, a sister of his first wife, who died in 1902. Mr. Mosher has three brothers and two sisters still living, Henry C. and John M., of Plainfield; Edward A., of Rutherford, N. J.; Mrs. Mary J. Hawkins, of Plainfield, and Mrs. Sarah Burdick, of Westerly, R. I. Practically all of his long life was lived in or near Plainfield, where he was well known and respected. He had been a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Plainfield for more than fifty-two years. As his health failed he made his home with his son, William, where he had every care that love could give and where he died with perfect confidence in God. G. B. S.

LEWIS.—In Norwich, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1906, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Callie L. Satterlee, Frances Almada Lewis.

She was born in Norwich, May 16, 1823. Her parents, David and Keturah Harris, were pioneer settlers in that town, coming from Rhode Island. Mr. Harris was one of the first to "clear a farm" near Norwich, which is still known as the "Harris farm." Six of their daughters are still living, together with twenty-two grandchildren and twenty-one great grandchildren. "Mother Lewis" embrace the Bible Sabbath when Rev. L. C. Rogers and Herman D. Clarke were holding Gospel tent meetings in Norwich. At the time of her death she was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Norwich. Mother Lewis had a host of friends and wherever she went her presence was like a benediction to those who knew her best. She was a great student of the Bible and especially loved to gather the children around her and teach them verses from the sacred Word. Her finished life-work has been well done. Funeral services were held on the afternoon of Dec. 13, at which time Rev. Wilson Treible, pastor of the M. E. Church, spoke words of comfort from the text, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Just before the sun went down that night, amid flowers watered by our tears, we laid her to rest, waiting the summons of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. C. M. S.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD. Edited by REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1907.

- Jan. 12. Man Made in the Image of God. Gen. 1: 26-31. Jan. 19. Man's Sin and God's Promise. Gen. 3: 1-6, 13-15. Jan. 26. The Story of Cain and Abel. Gen. 4: 3-15. Feb. 2. Noah Saved in the Ark. Gen. 8: 1-16. Feb. 9. Abraham Called to be a Blessing. Gen. 12: 1-8. Feb. 16. Lot's Choice. Gen. 13: 1-13. Feb. 23. God's Covenant With Abraham. Gen. 15: 1, 5-16. Mar. 2. Abraham Pleading for Sodom. Gen. 18: 18-33. Mar. 9. Isaac a Lover of Peace. Gen. 26: 12-25. Mar. 16. Jacob and Esau. Gen. 27: 15-23, 41-45. Mar. 23. The Woes of Drunkenness. Isa. 28: 7-13. Mar. 30. Review.

LESSON II.—MAN MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

For Sabbath-day, January 12, 1907.

LESSON TEXT.—GEN. I: 26-2: 3.

Golden Text.—"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Gen. 1: 27.

INTRODUCTION.

The crowning work of creation is man. He above all other creatures approaches the likeness of his Maker. The ideal man is to have control of all animate and inanimate created things. The early verses of our lesson are to be regarded as a Messianic prophecy since they picture in brief outline that ideal state of harmony with God which man lost by the Fall, and to which in all these ages the loving Creator has been striving to bring him back. The Messianic redemption will be completed when the ideal of these verses is restored. Compare the Daily Readings for third, fifth, and sixth days.

It is not without significance that along with the picture of the ideal of mankind is the record of the institution of the Sabbath. The Sabbath is a means whereby man may draw near to God, and so fulfill his destiny.

The section that follows our lesson, ch. 2: 4-25, is not a continuation of chapter 1, but another story of Creation from a slightly different point of view. The most striking difference in the second account is that the human race springs from a single individual.

TIME AND PLACE.—Same as in last week's lesson.

PERSONS.—God, the Creator, and mankind the foremost of all his creatures.

OUTLINE:

- 1. The Creation of Man. v. 26, 27. 2. The High Destiny of Man. v. 28-31. 3. The Sanctification of the Sabbath. v. 1-3.

NOTES.

26. Let us make man. The creation of man is grouped in the same day with the land animals, thus possibly suggesting that he is to be classed with them from a zoological point of view; but this item in the creation is given special prominence. Man may be only an insignificant particle in the universe, yet all things have their relation to him, and God has chosen him to be next to himself. The use of the plural number in God's words of deliberation has been variously explained. Some think that there is a reference to the Trinity but although God is the same from the Beginning, the revelation of the Trinity did not come to man till New Testament times. Others suggest that the Almighty is referring to the members of his celestial court, the angels or other heavenly beings. But the most plausible view is that we here have a rather unusual use of the plural of majesty. The employment of a plural noun to refer in an emphatic way to one person is not very uncommon in Hebrew. Why should we not expect upon sufficient occasion the use of plural pronouns to refer to the singular? The creation of man is the crowning work of God. In our image, after our likeness. Many commentators have thought that there is a wide distinction in the reference of these two words. They

say that the first concerns the outward or physical nature of man, and the second the ethical side, and that by the Fall the "likeness" to God was lost. But this differentiation is a mistake; the two words as used here are practically synonymous. Both refer in other connections to outer resemblance, and are here used figuratively of the inner and real likeness of man to his Maker. This is what distinguishes us from the brute creation. The possession of the image of God implies self-consciousness, and the power to apprehend ideals, to distinguish between right and wrong, and to respond to the love of our Creator. And let them have dominion. The human race is blessed with the control of all the animal creation. It is to be noted that the pronoun is in the plural. There is no implication here that the human species sprung from a single individual. And over all the earth. Some authorities give this line, "and over all the beasts of the earth." It is evident that this is the true reading, and that the omission of the word "beasts" is accidental. It would hardly be appropriate to name the earth in the midst of a list of animals. This is not to say however that God did not give man dominion over all the earth; for this is expressly stated in v. 28.

27. Male and female created he them. Not first the man and then the woman, as in the next chapter.

28. Be fruitful and multiply, etc. A blessing in many respects similar to that in v. 22, but it is broader than that given to the beasts. Man is to be master of all.

29. I have given you every herb yielding seed, etc. Ample provision is made for the food of man and of the animals. Many writers have inferred that originally man although he was master of the animals was not allowed to kill any of them for food, neither were the wild beasts allowed to prey upon one another. Upon this hypothesis the lion was eating straw like the ox as in the ideal picture of Isa. 11. While it is no doubt true that man can subsist upon a vegetable diet it should be noted that in the passage before us our author is intent on showing what the plants were good for, rather than attempting to state indirectly the restrictions that were put upon man's lordship over creation.

31. And God saw everything that he had made, etc. Instead of the usual blessing upon the completed day's work, we have here a general statement of God's approval of all that he had created in the six days. The labor of creation is now finished. Everything is right and as it should be.

2: 1. The first three verses of ch. 2, and a part of the fourth verse belong with ch. 1, as the concluding stanza of that great creation poem. And all the host of them. That is, all the creatures that belonged to the earth or air, and also by a figure all the component parts of the heavens and earth, as the stars or the rocks.

2. And on the seventh day God finished his work. Not that God did the last portion of the work on this day, but that now he has left it complete. Some ancient authorities read in this clause, "the sixth day." It is not improbable that this is the true reading, and that some copyist realizing that he was copying the seventh stanza used the word "seventh." And he rested on the seventh day. These words emphasize not the rest of complete relaxation, but rather that of desisting, ceasing from some activity. God did not quit because he was tired, but because his work was finished. In another and true sense God is ever active through his providence in maintaining the right relations of all his universe, and this activity stops for no Sabbath. Compare John 5: 17. The seventh day of the creation week is not to be understood as all succeeding time, but is a particular day like the others. It is the type of our weekly Sabbath.

3. And God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it. He gave it especial honor, and separated it from the number of common days and made it holy, bearing forever a unique relation to himself. Compare Isa. 58: 13 where God calls it, "my holy day." The blessing of the day doubtless implies special blessings for the observers of it, such for example as are promised in Jer. 17: 24.

HOW MINISTERS ARE DEVELOPED

(Continued from page 843.)

and of their godly lives; but aside from all this there were two sources of influence which greatly affected me—as I view them today:

First, The preachers of my boyhood—not in their church relations and pulpit performances so much as in their lives in my father's home. My father kept open house for all itinerant preachers, and as they went the rounds of their large circuits they made "Brother Gamble's home" their headquarters; and they were often with us for days and even weeks. As I remember them, they were a noble lot of men, taken as a whole. They attracted the children instead of repelling them. How they could pray! and their conversation at table and everywhere was interesting and instructive. They impressed me as men that really enjoyed their religion. They were happy in God. Some of them were scholarly men, and seeing that I had a taste for learning they gave me many a cherished lesson. Their whole bearing was that of heavenly messengers; and when they entered the sacred desk, a peculiar feeling of awe came over me, and I felt somehow or other a drawing to them and to their sacred calling. The entertainment of godly ministers in a home is a benediction. I think it did much to bring me into the Gospel ministry.

Second, I cannot speak too highly of the influence of my teachers and classmates in my college life. Of my class of twelve, all were earnest Christians, and five of the twelve became preachers of the Gospel. Our teachers were all very active and devoted Christians; and they seemed to take it for granted that I was to enter the ministry: therefore all the themes assigned me for class and public literary exercises were along lines that would be helpful in this direction. After giving large credit to the godly instructions and life of my parents, and the influence of my early pastors, the deciding influence with me (as I believe) was due to my college classmates and teachers.

Rev. S. R. Wheeler, Marlboro, N. J., writes:

Yes, I certainly inherited from my parents a definite tendency to enter the ministry. Moreover, I am inclined to the belief that nearly all, if not all Seventh-day Baptist ministers have inherited a tendency to that profession. Neither of my parents had an ancestor in the ministry, that I ever heard of. My father preached more or less from early manhood till death, at eighty-two and a half years. But his life work was not the ministry. From boyhood through all the years, his work was with watches, as maker and repairer. But my mother, like Hannah, the mother of Samuel, the prophet, prayed for a son to "give him unto the Lord all the days of his life." Many other mothers, not always named Hannah, joined with their husbands, have thus prayed. No doubt in most cases the heart-desire for a son to become a minister, or for a daughter to become a minister's wife remains a secret with the parents. But God knows and answers the prayers all the same, and the law of heredity does its regular work. Should we not expect that religious impressions, so deep as to change the whole current of thought and purpose in life will be transmitted to our offspring? My thought is that ministers, more so than poets, are born not made. Yes, the supply of ministers depends more upon the religious state of mind and the prayers of parents before children are born, than upon any fortuitous circumstances after birth. If some of us had been as anxious and prayerful before birth of a son, as we have been during the years of his life, no doubt we should now see and hear that son preaching the blessed Gospel. What great joy this would bring into our lives. Dear Christian parents, you who are now giving birth to the next generation, ponder these thoughts in your hearts. After the consecrated child has been early converted, there still remains to him much to overcome. He is asked to turn his back upon worldly ambitions, surrender his life to the holy calling and exert himself to prepare to do that work well. This will not be without a struggle more or less severe. In some cases so severe it has almost caused insanity before surrender. In some cases surrender has been refused and insanity has really resulted, while in other cases it has brought a blasted life.

With me the definite battle began when about sixteen years of age. It came occasionally for some years with increasing force until one Sabbath morning, in that upper chamber in Hopkinton City, R. I., God conquered. Then and there upon my knees I promised God that I would preach if He wanted me to and would lead the way. I was then at rest, never retreating from the posi-

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tion taken. Circumstances and impressions of duty were watched with keen interest. There came a strong desire for an education and courage to make the effort to secure it. Sept. 1857, found me at Milton Academy, after a year's work in Illinois to earn the money. April 1, 1861, I started for Minnesota to work for the season on a farm. Had I remained in Milton two weeks longer, when vigorous war cries filled the air, because Fort Sumter was fired upon by hostile guns, most likely I should have gone with many other students to the defense of the government and the downfall of slavery. But during all those four years of that terrible war, no particular pressure came to me to enlist, and I concluded God did not want me on that kind of a battle field. But when Deacon Nathan M. Burdick of the Wasioja Church—now Dodge Centre—Minn., came and said, "Brother Wheeler, you have had good school opportunities, who can you not preach for us?" I then felt assured God did want me in the ministry. The next Sabbath, June 8, 1861, I preached my first sermon in Brother Joel Tappan's log house, using as a text, Matt. 20: 4, "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, I will give you." In 1863, while a student at Alfred, that church licensed me to preach. In the next year or two, both the First and the Second Hopkinton Churches in turn, as I became a member of each, endorsed this license. I said nothing to anyone about my promise to God, but for years before that license came, churches and individuals, talked and acted as though it was settled that I was to be a minister. The winter I was twenty years old a district school teacher gave me a small Bible, saying that he selected it because he thought it might come in use when I went out to preach. I interpreted these things as God's way of leading me into the work.

It was a long journey from English grammar and arithmetic, at twenty, to the end of the college course eleven years and a half later. A depressing circumstance at one time, broken health for months at another, and limited finances always, took me away from school at three different times. Once I was out for five consecutive terms and it seemed as though I never should get back again. But July 4, 1866, I received my diploma, stating that the regular classical course had been completed at Alfred University. I have done very little regular school work since. A few months after graduation I was ordained.

Now a word to encourage any youth who feels himself called of God to the Gospel ministry. It is a great comfort to feel that the divine Father has taken such special notice of you. The preparation may be long and trying, but it gives pleasure all the way. The new knowledge constantly coming to one makes the world look broader and grander. The associations during preparation are interesting and cheering. Contact with the best cultured men and women, listening to their wise words and drinking in their ripest thoughts, expands, stimulates, elevates, and gives an insight to life's work which always remains, while the friendships formed are a lifetime strength, comfort and joy. As to the work of the ministry, one feels akin to the Apostle Paul when he said to Timothy in his first letter, "And I thank Christ Jesus, our Lord, who hath enabled me for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry." "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life" is a promise sufficient to cheer us through the longest earth-life, when engaged in the service of God.

Rev. J. F. Skaggs, Boaz, Mo., writes:

No, I do not think I inherited a tendency to the ministry. The first influence which led me in this direction was the impression of the Holy Spirit, at the time of my conversion, at the age of twenty-one years. A secondary influence was that of the pastor of the First-day Baptist Church, of Aurora, Mo., of which I was a member, when he invited me to open and close the services. I was licensed to preach one year before my ordination. I had a very limited schooling in the district schools. I had read the Bible through two or three times. I have not attended school since my ordination. I have a small library which I have tried to make good use of. The impressions of the Holy Spirit and my early training to read the Bible, and the custom of pastors to encourage young men who seemed to have a gift, by calling on them to open and close the services and to lead the prayer meetings. I refused to enter the ministry for six years, because I was not educated and during these years I was a backslider. I did not enjoy religion until I was willing to do God's will, then my soul was filled with light and love.

Rev. O. S. Mills writes:

No, I never have supposed that I have inherited a tendency to the ministry. My nearest ancestor in the ministry was a great uncle. My brother, Nathan, followed me, after nine years. The giving of myself to the Gospel ministry was the result of God's dealing with me. The thought came to me as a possible duty, soon after my conversion in my fifteenth year. The thought made me unhappy and so, from time to time, I put it away, as I had the public acknowledgment of Jesus as my Saviour. About the time I became of age, this question of the ministry came up so frequently and with such force that I was in deep trouble. Just why I rebelled so fiercely I have never been able to see. But I knew I was very incompetent and could not see how I was to acquire the knowledge I believed every man should have before attempting to preach the Gospel. I had no means and my people were poor. I told no one of my trouble, until one evening Brother Eugene Ellis, (of blessed memory) for whom I was working, discovered me in the barn praying and weeping. He insisted on knowing the cause of my trouble. He was so kind and sympathizing that I told him, and when he prayed for me aid urged me to trust the Lord, I felt better. From that evening we were as David and Jonathan. We were members of the Dodge Centre Church, of which Rev. G. M. Cottrell was then pastor. After some time I talked with him of my conviction and received much encouragement. I also told my parents and received their blessing. Many of my friends also urged me forward. At twenty-three years of age, and with only about \$175, I entered Milton College. After five terms I went on to Alfred University because our Theological Seminary was there. About this time I was licensed to preach by the Dodge Centre Church. I soon transferred my membership to the First Alfred Church and was there ordained soon after receiving my B. D. from the university. I had been given the degree Ph. B. two years before. Since that time my study has been limited, chiefly to my Bible and the problems pertaining to the welfare of our missionary churches. The strongest influence on my life has been the consciousness of God's goodness and power, and my greatest weakness the lack of implicit trust in God, and of a willingness to seek the counsel of my friends. The Dodge Centre Church is, I trust, in a fairly good condition, spiritually, and we hope will furnish her sixth candidate for the ministry in the near future.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS TAKE NOTICE.

Battle Creek, Michigan, is a good place to locate. There are many opportunities for those who want to keep the Sabbath. The conditions are right. The many Baptists who have recently arrived, are well pleased. Will answer any questions. Address, C. Franklin Davis, Battle Creek, Michigan.

The Woman's Benevolent Society of De Ruyter, after a period of disorganization, has reorganized with renewed interest. Among the first of the activities was the pledging of \$20.00 to the Woman's Board, \$10.00 of which is to apply on the missionary debt. Let us give them a hearty God-speed in their labors.

Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—Bunyan.

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.

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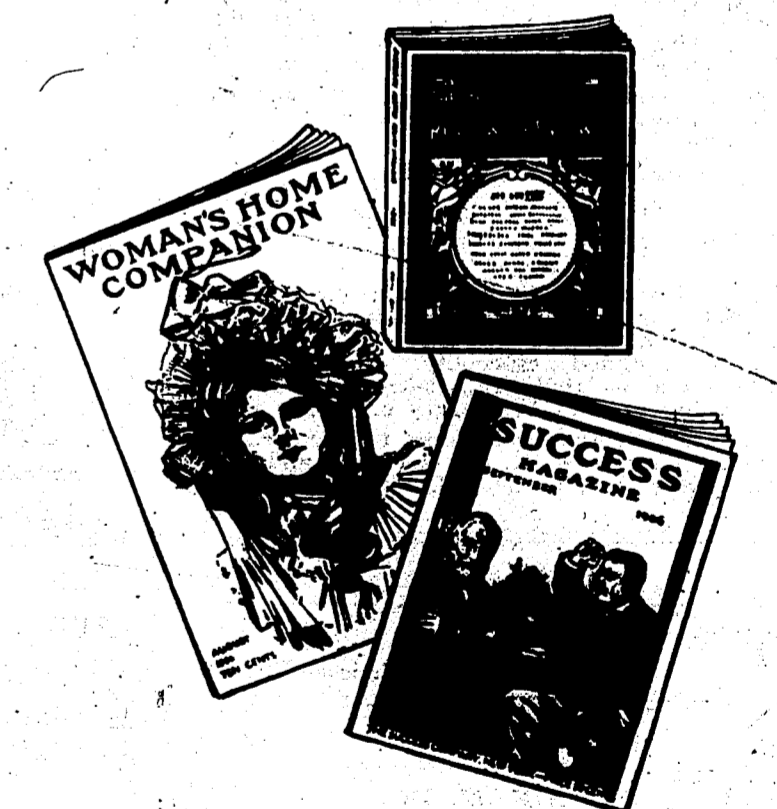
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