

The Sabbath Recorder

There may be spirits living and dying unaffected by the Son of Man, but when we seek for an influence that is molding deeply the heart, we find it here in Nazareth. Whether Mr. Lincoln repeats his poem,

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Whether Macauley, dying, wishes to take the sacrament, whether Payson prays, or Bunyan dreams, whether a child commits itself to God at night, or a Cranmer sees Heaven through the light of the fagot, it is all one scene—that of Jesus Christ affecting deeply the inmost spirit of man.

—David Swing.

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EDITORIAL

"Let Us Go Even Now Unto Bethlehem."

As Christmas day approaches, all eyes turn toward Bethlehem.

It was a beautiful day in early spring, when we took the carriage from Hotel du Parc, Jerusalem, for a ride to Bethlehem. We had spent two happy nights in Nazareth, ten days before, and followed the ancient road on which Jesus journeyed over the hills of Galilee and mountains of Samaria to Jerusalem; and now for several days we had followed the guides and listened to their incredible stories about the "sacred places" in the modern city, until we hailed with joy the prospect of another ride through the country.

It was in the country that we seemed to come nearest the heart of Him who made all that land memorable. We knew that the houses and traditional places of interest in town and city could not have known the Son of Man in the days of his earth life. These were all too modern, and the traditions were too far-fetched and unlikely to have happened. But when we stood by that wonderful spring at Nazareth, where the crystal fountain bursts in a great stream from under the rock-based mountain; or when we walked over the shoulder of the Mount of Olives and looked upon the hills about Jerusalem and the fields stretching away toward Bethlehem, we knew that all these were here and practically the same in the days of Jesus as they are today. It seemed like a dream too good to be true, when we first looked upon the hills of Pal-

estine from the Celtic in the Bay of Acre, and time and again in different parts of the country, as we stood amid the natural scenes that must have greeted the eyes of the Saviour, did we ask ourselves the question, "Can it all be true? Are we really in the land of Judah? Is this really the sea of Galilee, and is this truly the Jordan?"

Often there would come an overwhelming sense of the historic past, and sometimes such an uplift of soul as to make the Bible story seem more real than ever before. And as days went by and the "dream" grew more and more to be a reality, there came an indescribable pleasure in studying this wonderful land of the Book.

Never were these joyous feelings more real than on this memorable day at Bethlehem. The broad macadamized road passes through the most fruitful fields we have yet seen in Palestine. Turning abruptly to the right near the Joppa gate, down the steep incline to the valley of Hinnom, we soon find ourselves surrounded by terraced slopes looking down the valley, covered with vineyards, gardens and grain-fields. The desire of so many to be buried near Jerusalem has caused the slopes near the walls to be crowded with tombs, and on either side of the valley the ruins of ancient sepulchers are everywhere in evidence.

This ancient valley soon turns to the left and, bearing around the southern end of Jerusalem, joins the valley of the Kedron. Every foot of the way is historic ground, and every moment is crowded with sacred memories. How fast one lives in a time like this! Dreams of years are fulfilled and crowded into a few moments of time.

How can pen describe these scenes so as to make them real to others! Would that I could enable RECORDER readers to see them in the light of a Syrian sky, softened by the fresh green of early spring, and yet tinged with the atmosphere of ancient days. Every nook and corner of this land has some story to tell of Israel's ancient heroes, and of the life and deeds of the world's

Redeemer. We have traced his pathway through the land, and now we shall see the spot where he was born. There is an influence from this very fact that covers all this land with a halo and intensifies our feelings as we set out for the town of Bethlehem. Yonder is Gethsemane with its ancient olive trees. Here is the vale Hinnom that was called Tophet and illustrated the fire that is never quenched; and there to our right, as we pass, is the valley of Rephaim, where David twice conquered the Philistines, being aided by the sounds of "going in the tops of the mulberry trees."

Behind us the walls of Jerusalem rise from the hillside to nearly 500 feet above the bottom of the valley; close by the roadside on our left we pass the tomb of Absalom, broken and marred by centuries of weathering, at which the Jews hurl rocks and curses as they pass. From an eminence near the ancient convent of Elijah, the panorama stretching away on every side is one of beauty in the nearby fields, and of unspakable desolation in the far-away hazy perspective of barren, rock-covered hilltops toward the land of Moab. There are hills beyond hills, sinking far down to the depths of the Jordan valley, with glimpses of the Dead Sea between the nearby ones, making the Creator's own conception of desolation. This is the "Wilderness of Judea," where Jesus was tempted of the devil. We do not know that a single building or sacred place in Jerusalem was ever looked upon by our Saviour, but we do know that all these scenes in nature were here, and that they have not changed much in 2,000 years. Those rocky hillsides yonder were honeycombed with tombs in the time of Christ just as they are today. And this must always have been the road for caravans to Egypt and footmen to Bethlehem and Hebron. Just a little to the south from this elevation we can see, close by the roadside, a little plain mosque-shaped structure, in which every one seems interested. It is the tomb of Rachel and is one of the best identified spots in all this country. It is held in reverence by Mohammedan and Jew alike and during thousands of years great care has been taken to preserve it. The mausoleum itself is not so very ancient, but there is little doubt that it covers the real tomb of Jacob's beloved wife. Here on each

Thursday Moslem women come to mourn and here they desire to be buried. Thousands of graves are round about the sacred spot. It is easy enough to imagine this ancient road thronged again with the great company that came with Jacob back from the land of Laban, as he traveled toward Hebron to meet his aged father from whose tents he had fled forty years before. Only a little time had passed since Jacob had become "Israel" in that night struggle by the Jabbok, and now he must pass under the rod in a bereavement that took the light out of the years, and saddened his heart to the end of his life. The great caravan of flocks and herds was halted right here. The hubbub and confusion of pitching the tents and arranging the camp were soon over, and the weary cattle and sheep strolled over these fields just as they do today.

Great anxiety came upon Jacob for the life of his loved one; and just as God gave him another son, "Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." Gen. 35:19, 20. When Israel was an old man in Egypt and about to die, he spoke to Joseph in most tender terms about this sad death and burial of Rachel.

Two thousand years later there came to Bethlehem another day of mourning, "Rachel weeping for her children" after the slaughter which followed the birth of Christ.

But I did not mean to tarry so long at the tomb of Rachel. There was another company journeying over this same road and by this tomb, late in the evening, nineteen hundred years ago, toward which the eyes of the world have ever turned with the greatest interest. And then, a few days later, wise men from the East came this way, led by heavenly light, in search of the new-born King.

And yonder is Bethlehem, only a mile away, compactly built on a crescent-shaped ridge, and standing out as conspicuously as does Jerusalem itself. It makes a fine appearance, crowning a hilltop of little greater elevation than Jerusalem, with the sloping hillsides beautifully terraced and descending in great steps to the fertile valleys below. Vineyards, and orchards of

olives and figs, with fields of growing grain, stretch away on every hand, while just beyond these begin those deep-cut ravines that break the country into the rough and barren wilderness of Judea. This, in turn, with its rocky, treeless ridges and peaks, looks as if a mighty storm-tossed ocean had been suddenly frozen solid and so held in grand confusion for ages. Then, still farther down toward the very depths of the earth, lies the Dead Sea with the mountains of Moab rising like a purple wall in the background—all combining to make a picture the like of which can be found nowhere else on earth. What memories crowd upon us as we stand amid these scenes! Here upon the historic ground made sacred by Jacob's bereavement; surrounded by the very fields of Boaz in which Ruth gleaned; in the midst of scenes where David the son of Jesse watched his flocks, studied the starry heavens and sang his matchless songs; upon the very road which Samuel trod when he came to Bethlehem to anoint the ruddy-faced shepherd boy to be king over all Israel; close beside that matchless spring "by the gate," for the waters of which David in exile so longed and thirsted that three of his faithful men risked their lives to secure for him one refreshing draught; and greatest of all, here in this "city of David," where shepherds, watching flocks by night, heard the angelic song announcing the Prince of Peace, when David's greater Son was born, and where wise men from the East, persuaded that the longing prayer of all the ages for God to come down to men was being answered, came to pay homage to the new child King;—here all these memories combine to make this spring day at Bethlehem one of the brightest in our lives.

There is great probability that the grotto shown us under the church of the nativity on the brow of the hill yonder is the real birthplace of the Christ. We are interested in the stories told, and in the traditional spots pointed out. The elaborate services of priests and children going on inside are also full of interest. But connected with all these there is something of uncertainty. They are somewhat spoiled by the superstitious traditions added, and by the fanaticism of Greek and Latin priests. But when one frees himself from the stuffy atmosphere of priest and burning, smoky lamps

within those walls, and stands in the open air on the brow of Bethlehem's hill, everything seems changed. We know that all these fields and hills and the spring were here in those memorable days of old. Jesus was born in this town, and the greatest heroes of Bible story lived and labored here. This is enough. With all these we are satisfied, and so long as life shall last, the memory of these will help us to make real the Bible lessons connected therewith.

"Fear Not."

These were the first words spoken by the angel in announcing the birth of Christ at Bethlehem. No words could be more suggestive and none more opportune. When Adam found himself a sinner, the first thing recorded of him was his fear. He was afraid and hid himself from God. From that day to this, fear has haunted sinful men. Having imitated the example of their first parents, men seem to have inherited their fears. Right or wrong, the fact remains, that men of all nations had clothed their deities in garbs of terror until there was no motive stronger in man than that of fear. This is the power by which kings have been fought and conquered, and by this universal sense of fear priests and fanatics have lashed their followers to do their bidding.

The moment darkened souls awake to their sinfulness in sight of a just God, that moment fear predominates. And it is impossible for the Divine to appear unto sinful men even in the form of a singing angel, without filling them with consternation.

It was so in the fields about Bethlehem when, on that wonderful night, "The angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid." Thus would it ever be, if God were to make direct communications to self-condemned, sin-smitten men through angel or spirit or the glory of God shining round about them. There must, in the nature of the case, be some other and more human way by which Jehovah shall speak to man. It must be by the medium of human speech, through a channel common to man, and one that will allay his fears.

There were no words in the universe that

man needed so much to hear as these very words, "Fear not." And when we pause to think of all they meant and of what they ushered in, we must regard them as the key-note of all the songs of redemption. On that night the heart-yearning prayer of all the ages, for God to come down to men, was being answered.

A common origin—the promise of a Saviour, made "In the beginning"—had given rise, among all nations, to myths, more or less distinct though often vague, of a coming One who should dwell as God among men. Every heathen deity, imagined in human form and worshiped, as were the gods of Olympus, was but the result of a crude effort of man to answer this age-long prayer for God manifest in the flesh. And now the fullness of time has come, and in this divine Child of Bethlehem God is coming to man in a way that will remove all fears. Through him God can communicate with his children without their being "sore afraid" and fleeing from his face.

If God was ever to come to men and talk with them and teach them how to live, what way could be more natural or more reasonable than through this divine-human birth and the wonderful sinless life of Jesus the Son of God? From the cradle to the grave man needs just these words of cheer. Life is filled with vicissitudes and with unrest, and untold discouragements meet him on every hand. His enemy is subtle and strong, and man is short-sighted and weak; and it was especially fitting that the first words spoken upon ushering in the Saviour should be words of comfort and of hope.

We find this same Saviour, when going about his mission among men, using the same words, "Fear not, little flock," and assuring them that it was their Father's good pleasure to give them the kingdom. His lips were ever dropping words of comfort and his hands were active in deeds of help. He supplied the wants of human hearts and answered the prayer of ages by bringing God down to men as their supreme helper and ever present Friend. The angel on that birth-night at Bethlehem did indeed bring "good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people;" tidings that should dispel human fears and which were to put new hope into the hearts of men and transform the world. Whoever finds himself amid the storms on life's

rough sea, and ready to sink, may henceforth hear the voice of Him whose swift feet are walking the waves, as he says, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Again, when, standing by the tomb that had contained their dearest and best, the women were overcome with fear and all but distracted with trouble, it was His voice that said "Fear not," and then assured them of the resurrection from the tomb. Thus, in all his messages to men, they are bidden to banish all fears of One whose love is deeper and tenderer than mother's love; and whether he comes to the soul born again, to be its Redeemer; or in the midst of life's struggles on what seems to be a tempestuous sea, to bring succor and salvation; or whether he stands with the broken-hearted beside the tomb that seems to hold earth's dearest treasures, with life bereft of its light and joy,—the message is just the same, "Fear not." "Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid."

Thus the angel song of good will to men is ringing around the world today. It started on the fields of Bethlehem, when the angels filled the hearts of men with the glory of the Lord; and the Christ-child exemplified the love-message to earth, and kindled the zeal born of the song in the hearts of his followers. These, in turn, have kept the message fresh through all the ages. And today, wherever human woes are to be relieved and human fears are to be quieted and peace and hope enthroned, it is the same old story. The glad tidings are carried from heart to heart, by the faithful ones who have tested their truths, and the fears are dispelled, hope springs up and the way grows bright.

Thank God for the millions upon millions of earth who have been blessed by this comforting message from Heaven.

Under its sustaining power men have been transformed and made strong. They have found the Lord their "light and salvation" and been enabled to say, "Whom shall I fear?" even when dangerous foes confronted them. And under its sustaining grace and full assurance of hope, multitudes have said, "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Oh, how much better it would be for us all, if in the midst of anxious days and hours, when our hearts are filled

with misgivings and everything seems to go wrong, we could stop and listen to the angel's song, "Fear not!"

"For We Have Seen His Star in the East."

These are the words of the wise men who came from far countries to search for the new-born king. They could not realize in their day all that we now know about the reign of the Prince of Peace, even though angels had announced the glad tidings of great joy that were to be unto all peoples. The prophets had foretold, in beautiful language something of the transformations that were to come through him when "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad" and "the desert shall blossom as the rose." "For the Lord shall comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like a garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

While the conditions in the East today do not seem like a realization of this beautiful prophecy, still one who sees aright will find evidences even in that benighted land of the star of Bethlehem. Go with me to the land of the Christ today, where the Crescent has supplanted the Cross, where Mohammedanism has done its best for man, and you cannot fail to see the inevitable fruits of rejecting him. This casting out the Christ is the curse of Palestine today. Were he again enthroned in his homeland, "the wilderness" would indeed "blossom as the rose" and joy and gladness would fill the hearts of the people. The land itself is fruitful and fair. I have seen the flowers blooming in profusion on the hills and in the vales of Galilee; have watched the flocks peacefully grazing over the fair fields of Bethlehem; have noted the luxuriant grain fields and fruitful orchards in the plains of Esdrælon and Sharon; have ridden in the fisherman's boat over the blue waves of Gennesaret; have slept in tents under the fair Syrian sky, where the heavens still "declare the glory of God;" and I can testify that earth and sky and air are just as ready to bless that people today as they were in the days of the Son of Man. But alas! the multitudes there are under a curse. They still wander as sheep without a shepherd in the land where the Good

Shepherd went about seeking his lost sheep. Where the Saviour lived, pitying and loving men, and where he died to save them, they are still under a blight, their cities in ruins, their land in the hands of robbers. It is all easily explained. They rejected and crucified the Saviour, and from that day their downfall began. Even in the churches of Bethlehem and Jerusalem, where they make some pretension to Christianity, it requires the presence of Turkish bayonets to keep warring factions from fighting like fiends, so little do they know about real Christianity! They profess to revere His tomb, and yet curse and fight each other like demons! No wonder Moslems despise such religion. It is not Christianity at all.

But I started to tell you that we had seen his star in the East, notwithstanding all these adverse conditions. Wherever a country has sunk to the depths of degradation, the spirit of the rejected Christ puts it into some loyal hearts to carry his love and light back to those in darkness; and so the star of Bethlehem still leads to the Christ.

So it comes about that, in the midst of these abominations, there shines out today, as the true star of hope in the East, the self-sacrificing work of Protestant Christianity. There is the mission school in Nazareth, and a charming institution for boys and young men in Jerusalem, where they are being carefully trained in the principles of Christianity. There is the home for lepers, where the light of the Christ-life is demonstrated by loving hearts who take life in their hands, cut loose from home and friends, in order to carry comfort and blessing to those desolate and pitiful beings smitten with leprosy. Christian missions to destitute Jews, though not very fruitful in converts, still show beautiful, consecrated lives willing to sacrifice all for Christ. Even in Shechem, where the natives are more hostile than in any other town, one will find good mission work being done. So it is all over that land. One is surprised to see mission schools in almost every village from Nazareth to Bethlehem where the work of the Good Samaritan is faithfully and lovingly performed. Those who have visited Damascus and Beirut, tell us of the same blessed work being done in the northern country.

So then, the "star in the east" may still be seen, even though many who go there do not discern it. If, however, we should take out of Palestine today the light of the Protestant missionary, this star would disappear and darkness would prevail.

I cannot close this article without some mention of the blessed Christlike spirit of some Christian Arabs we met. I remember a great provocation that came to one of them at Tiberias by the bitter threats of an American. Insult upon insult was heaped upon him by a man from Christian America, who shook his clenched fist close to the Arab's nose and threatened to smash the poor man's face. I knew the circumstances and knew the American alone was to blame. I saw the Arab curb his temper and gain the mastery over himself, and beheld the light of a Christian spirit shine from his face as he quietly reminded his abuser that such talk was not like that of Christ, and that his own love for his Lord would not allow him to use such language. I never saw clearer evidences of a genuine Christian character than in this dark-skinned man of Palestine. Yes, in this benighted land we have seen "his star in the east."

"Cometh the Christmas-tide with holy cheer;
Across the echoing ages, sweet and clear,
The music of the angel's song I hear.

"Oh, heavy-laden one, the Heavenly Guest
Would find thy heart a place of rest—
A Bethlehem by His sweet presence blest.

"For still across the ages, sweet and clear,
That angel chorus falls upon mine ear.
And life grows fair and sweet with Christmas cheer."

All Sweden Mourns.

The venerable King Oscar II, of Sweden, who died December 8, was like a father to his people. They loved him with genuine affection, and the entire country is bowed down with grief. When the flag on the royal palace was lowered to half-mast, the people recognized it as the announcement that the king had breathed his last. Great throngs of schoolboys, King Oscar's most devoted friends; many old men and women in rags, such as the king had always stopped to comfort with kind words and generous gifts, had gathered about the palace, awaiting the end. When suddenly the flag was lowered, a great wail of sorrow arose

from the throng and rolled along the streets. The old people clasped their hands and prayed and sobbed aloud, and the lamentations of the schoolboys were heartrending. This good king had been more than a ruler to his people; he had enthroned himself in their affections as a loving personal friend. All through the town and harbor flags dropped to half-mast, the people thronged the streets and open places, and everybody spoke in subdued whispers words of love and affection. The venerable monarch had been failing for many months, so his death was not unexpected; and yet when it did come, the people could not refrain from giving expression to the deepest grief as many of them exclaimed, "Our dear old king is dead." His able son, Oscar Gustave, becomes his successor.

King Oscar was a man of gigantic stature; while his connection with several great European families, and his being a descendant from Napoleon's great field marshal Bernadotte, made him a picturesque and conspicuous figure among the royalty of the Old World. He was exceedingly democratic in his feelings and character, a fact which accounts for his being so idolized by his people.

He never ceased to grieve deeply over the withdrawing of Norway from under his rule, and many people believe that grief over this shortened his days.

Had the king lived until January he would have been 78 years old.

The new king is 48 years old, and resembles his father in many ways. He is wise and considerate and has had much experience in helping his father to rule during these last years. The new queen is granddaughter of Emperor William of Germany.

The Tract Society's Debt.

It is now two weeks since we reported receipts on the debt. Of course you all understand that we only mention here the items that are specified as being "for the debt." All other gifts go into the regular fund for Tract Society expenses. If these regular gifts are sufficient to meet the weekly bills as they have to be paid, then the money for debt is so much clear gain towards making it smaller. But the gain will be counteracted every time the treas-

urer has to borrow money to meet the expenses. It seems to me that if the people fully realized the distress the Board is in, and could see this discouraged company of men giving their time and bowing down under the perplexing problems growing out of the apparent indifference of the people, every one who wants to see the work go forward would awake to the necessity of prompt action and put every dollar of this debt burden away before the new year begins. It is too bad for the work to be so crippled by debt. But the debt is not the worst feature of it after all. It is the apparent indifference of our people to the Tract Society's interests that disheartens more than the mere debt. I feel sure that this indifference is only apparent; and hope the people will soon prove to the Board that I am correct in this opinion.

Receipts to date, Dec. 19, are as follows:

Previously reported	\$338 50
H. A. Place, Ceres, N. Y.	15 00
O. A. Barber, Ceres, N. Y.	5 00
Rena Randall, Coudersport, Pa.	1 00
Anna Randall, Coudersport, Pa.	25
D. H. Taylor, Westerly, R. I.	5 00
I. B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I.	10 00
H. D. Clarke, Dodge Centre, Minn.	5 00
Mrs. S. E. Potter, Alfred Station, N. Y.	5 00
M. M. Church, Greeley, Colo.	10 00
Riverside, Cal., C. E. Society	5 00
Mr. I. B. Clarke	3 75
Mrs. F. O. Burdick	2 50
E. F. Randolph, Farina, Ill.	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Crandall, Milton, Wis.	4 00
"From Providence," R. I.	10 00
First Brookfield Church and Society ...	101 50
"A Member," DeRuyter, N. Y.	5 00
Mrs. D. B. Coon, Auburndale, Wis.	5 00
Wardner Williams, Denver, Colo.	5 00
Total	\$541 50

Thanksgiving Sermon.

REV. ALVA L. DAVIS.

Preached at Verona, N. Y., November 28, 1907, and requested for publication.

Text, Ps. 50: 14, Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High.

It has been nearly 287 years since that "band of Pilgrims moored their bark on the wild New England shores." It was a small company, just 102 strong, which landed on that "stern and rock-bound coast," and, amid a hostile foe, in a strange land, began the first New England colony. The historian tells us that before a log was

placed in the cabin, or even a blow was struck toward the new settlement, they assembled under the great canopy of heaven to offer thanks to God for a safe journey and to invoke his blessing upon the colony they were about to plant.

The records of a Thanksgiving service in the Plymouth Colony, Dec. 22, 1636, contain the following: "In ye meting house, beginning some half hour before nine and continuing till after twelve o'clock, ye day being very cold, beginning with a short prayer; then a Psalme sang; then more large in prayer; after that another Psalme; and then the Word taught; after that prayer, and then a Psalme. Then making merry to the creatures, the poor sort being invited by the richer."

The story of that early Pilgrim settlement with its early Thanksgiving service reads like a romance. Yet we must remember that these far-away people and customs gave birth to our national Thanksgiving day. No longer are we a few hundred people, but a mighty nation, ninety millions strong, covering a domain vaster than that over which the Roman eagle ever floated; a domain, under the blessing of God, richer in natural and material resources than any other nation on the globe.

The Psalmist said, "Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High." Why give thanks? For what should we be thankful?

We ought to be thankful to God that such strong men and women were among those who laid the foundation of this great nation. Ah, no weaklings were they; but men and women of strong convictions, of great faith, filled with the spirit of devotion and religious liberty. Such were the people who laid the foundation of our Republic. That we live in this great Republic, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," ought to be a cause for special thanksgiving for every American citizen. The right of the people to govern themselves seems so self-evident to us that we wonder how it could have ever been disputed. Yet for these privileges which we enjoy today—the privileges of sharing in the government and of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own consciences—millions have given their lives; and these blessings to tens of millions are yet denied.

Although the world looked upon the launching of our Republic as a piece of folly and prophesied that its life would be short, it has lived to glorify its founders and to demonstrate to the world that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Today we have a government whose influence and power is world-wide. Considering the fact that it has been but three hundred years since the first English colony was planted on American soil, the rise of our government in influence and power among the nations of the world is the most wonderful in the annals of history. With supreme gratification and delight we watch the triumphant march of our republican ideas of government around the world. We have beheld their triumphs across the mountains and plains of South America; we see their transforming power in Cuba and the Philippines. Few, indeed, are the countries that have not in some measure appropriated the fundamental principles of our government. The majority of the countries of Europe have constitutional governments, and gradually the power of the monarch is being broken, gradually the will of the people is being obtained. Even despotic Russia is now in the throes of a political revolution which bids fair to banish despotism forever.

No, no, we can never be thankful enough for the wisdom of the founders of our beloved country. The foundation has been laid so broad and so deep that we shall never outgrow it, for it is as well adapted to a nation of three hundred millions as three millions of people. We can never be thankful enough for our national heroes and defenders, both past and present. Call the illustrious roll. Washington—that "Virginia gentleman," whom Lee pronounced to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" Lincoln—"honest Abe," of whom Secretary Stanton said as he looked upon his lifeless body: "There lies the most perfect ruler of men that ever lived;" McKinley—so kind in spirit and yet so firm, whose sweet and tender devotion to wife and home must forever endear him to American hearts. Roosevelt—that independent and fearless champion of national and civic righteousness. Hughes, Folk, Hoch, and scores of others—who are consecrating themselves to the cause of righteousness,

and thus contributing to our national strength and greatness. Thank God for our nation, our national preservers and defenders.

But some one says: "There is evil and corruption and wickedness; what of these?" Yes, there is much that is evil; much we would like to see purged away. And while we cannot thank God for the evils that exist, we can thank him for the grand work accomplished, and now in progress, in purging and cleansing national life; we can thank him for the awakened public conscience, and for the glorious results thus far achieved. We are demanding that our officials shall be clean, and honest and upright; and that national, state and local governments shall be administered for the highest good of all, and these demands are being heeded. The saloon that has stood for a century, blasting hopes, wrecking homes, and damning souls, is tottering. No longer is it considered a necessary evil—one that must be tolerated. There has been an outburst of an enraged and outraged public conscience, and wonderful victories for temperance, for God and civic righteousness are being won. The news from Georgia, Alabama, and Oklahoma is refreshing. In fact the entire South is in arms against this monster evil. Here is the voice of the South on this question: Whole number of counties, 1,256; dry, 883; wet, 275; mixed, 98. In the wet counties, the sale of liquor is confined almost wholly to a few cities. Eight states now have prohibitory laws, while a dozen others will doubtless so declare when an opportunity is given. Nearly one-half the territory of the United States is under prohibitory law, either state, county, town, or ward. The temperance element is now a power to be reckoned with. "Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth * * * * * Babylon is fallen, is fallen." And we thank God and take fresh courage.

One million foreign emigrants are annually coming to our shores. While these may add to our material prosperity, they bring with them their problems. In New York City alone, we are told, sixty-six different languages are spoken. One of the greatest problems for the United States, greater than naturalizing these foreigners, is to educate their children in American habits, temper and speech. Let us thank

God for our public school system that is striving to work this foreign material into American citizens. Let us thank him for that great army of noble men and women, in city, town and village who are teaching our children how to live and how to serve their country best.

For what shall we render thanks? "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." Thanks be to him for the Christian religion. Steadily and surely the gospel of Jesus Christ is making its triumphs abroad. And the motto, "The world for Christ in this generation," seems not an impossibility. Already the Christian religion is enshrined in most of the countries of Europe. It is making inroads into China, India and Japan, though still less than one per cent of the Orientals are Christians. Living as we do in the full light of the gospel of Christ, we are apt to underestimate its worth and superiority. Let us briefly compare it with four of the world's great religions. Brahmanism is a sort of pantheism. Brahma is the One First Cause, from which gods and nature and men emanate. To work one's way back to Brahma is the great end and hope of life. To do so man must be born again and again into lower forms of animal life, the number of times depending upon his position or caste. Christianity rests upon a belief in one God, who is to be worshipped in spirit and truth.

Buddhism, which numbers among its adherents one-third of the human race, recognizes the worship of many gods. It teaches that all life is but affliction and misery, from which the only escape is the loss of self, being absorbed on arriving at Nirvana. There is no soul, no personal immortality. Christianity recognizes but one God, who has endowed us with immortal souls. It regards all life here as a great opportunity to prepare for a greater and more happy existence hereafter.

Confucianism is termed a religion, but in reality is but a system of moral and political codes, in which the only worship is that of ancestry, and in which justice is the highest virtue taught. Under such a system there can be no progress, for man lives in the past. Christianity purifies and cleanses the heart; vitalizes and invigorates human life wherever it is accepted. It not only promises a blessed life hereafter, but makes life worth living now. Our God is

not only a God of justice, but of mercy and love and compassion.

Mohammedanism is destructive to human liberty, progress and improvement. It permits slavery, and therefore fosters despotism; it inspires race hatred; and thus pays no recognition to the brotherhood of man; it allows polygamy, hence degrades woman and destroys the sanctity of the home. Christianity opposes despotism and slavery in every form; it is founded on the brotherhood of man; it recognizes woman's rightful place by the side of man, and thus makes sacred the home. On the banner of King Jesus is inscribed, "God is love, God is love."

Yes, "offer unto God thanksgiving." And when we compare the Christian religion with other religions we can but exclaim with Paul, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."

But there are other more personal blessings. "Offer unto God thanksgiving." For what? For health. Let those this morning who have strong bodies and sound minds thank God for them. Let us thank him for strength, for ability to work; for minds, and the ability to think and to use them.

Let us be thankful for friends. The world is full of good things—full of people, and birds, and flowers and trees, full of love and sympathy. These are all for you—meant to be your friends. There is no one so lowly but that he can have friends, if only he will be a friend. Let us thank God for friends, for those who love and trust us, for those who have confidence in us.

For home? Ah, yes. Thank God for that most sacred and blessed of all human institutions—the home. Let us thank him for the ties that bind husband and wife, parents and children. True, death may enter and sadden for a time; sickness may discourage; misfortunes and poverty distress; but, under the blessing of God, these are not only endured, but may prove to be the golden cords which bind the family more firmly together. The home ties are broken for some of you, and all that remains of the old home, lingers now on memory's wall. But thank God for the memories that cluster there. That dear old home, "be it ever so humble," you would not exchange for a palace. All that

once made it dear to you may be gone, yet thank God for the influence of the home and the memories that linger there.

Yes, "offer unto God thanksgiving." May it not be even for his denials? Dr. Hoyt tells the story of a little boy of eight, who was asked to write out a bill of fare for a Thanksgiving dinner. This is the bill of fare: "Furst corse, mince pie; sekund corse, pumpkin pie and turkey; third corse, lemon pie, turkey, cranberries; fourth corse, custard pie, apple pie, mince pie, chocolate cake, ice cream, plum-pudding. Desert, pie." And we wonder, what of the boy? Denial was certainly best for him. And so it is with us. We are but children of short vision, not knowing what is best for us; often craving the sweets of this life when the bitter is best for us. But God knows what is best, so he prunes, and shapes, and trains, and denies. Yes, thank God, even, for what his hand withholds.

But poor indeed will our thanksgiving be if it does not find expression in our conduct. For true thanksgiving is thanksgiving; it is doing rather than saying. If we consider our citizenship of such priceless heritage, it is our duty to see that these blessings which we enjoy are transmitted to the next generation, not only unimpaired, but improved. If we believe that "righteousness exalteth a nation," let us not only pray God to give us clean and pure rulers, but let us rise above blind partisanship and vote as we pray. If our educational system is such a blessing to us and our children, let us register an oath that we will allow neither narrow sectarianism nor political chicanery to blight this sacred institution. If our Christian religion is of such superior qualities and of such untold blessings to us, let us promise here before God to give more freely of our substance and our lives to carry the blessed gospel to others. If we are blessed with health and the love and comfort of home and friends, let us resolve from this day forward to consecrate all these God-given blessings to his service, and thus glorify our Father which art in heaven.

"I thank thee, Lord, for the blue of the sky,
For the green of the woods and fields;
For the river that ripples and sparkles by,
And the harvest the brown earth yields.
For the birds that sing and the flowers that bloom,

And the breath of the cooling breeze—
Thou hast made them all so beautiful,
I thank thee, Lord, for these!

"I thank thee, Lord, for a brain to think,
And a will to dare and do;
For a heart which may give my fellow man
A love that is strong and true;
For a spirit that is but the breath of God
And is new when the world is old—
I yield them all to thyself, dear Lord,
They are thine to have and to hold.

"Only use them, Lord, in thy shaping hand
For an end that thine eye can see,
As day by day thou art fashioning
Thy child to be more like thee.
Let thine image shine from my faithful heart
As a light over life's rough way,
That others may find it an easier path,
And be led to a perfect day."

Denominational News.

We were misinformed as to the time when Elder Seager is to begin his work in West Virginia.

A card from Brother Witter says, "Seager is not to begin work here till January first, and his family will not come here until spring."

The plea of unbelief which people are so fond of putting forward to excuse themselves from the duties of a religious life is to a large extent disingenuous. They really believe more than they are willing to avow. Pretending to despise theology, they have a theology of their own—a theology which embraces the main points of truth in reference to the soul, and human responsibility, and righteousness, and judgment, and salvation. God has not left himself without a witness. Men may be far from churches, and Bibles, and ministers of religion; but enough has been impressed upon their own hearts to leave them without excuse. Naturally man is a believer in God and duty. He makes himself an unbeliever only by fighting against those deep convictions with which every man is born, and which can never be wholly obliterated.

Possibly the Society for Psychical Research may think it worth while by and by to issue a "Theological Naturalis" to go along with the celebrated treatise of Puley, and to keep company with Dwight, and Hodge, and Strong, in telling us "what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man."—*Christian Work.*

Missions

To the many dear friends of missions:

I have just returned to my home from an eight weeks' campaign in the great Southwest. I wish to say to the kind friends who have written me and not received reply, that the delay in the mail service and the distance which some of it is carried overland by stage, is very unusual to us of the North. Some letters have followed, but failed to reach me; others have not been forwarded on account of the many uncertainties. All money will be receipted and letters answered. Please excuse this necessary delay; if you do not receive reply drop me a card that we may know if any letters have been lost. Some mail has reached me after being carried seventy miles by stage among the mountain roads of Missouri, with the envelopes worn nearly off. I hope soon to write and tell you of the work and interest in the South.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST PULPIT.

The removal of Brother Geo. B. Shaw from Plainfield, N. J., necessitates a change in the editorship of the *Pulpit*. We greatly regret being deprived of his future service. We are deeply indebted both to him and to those who have so kindly contributed sermons. All of this work has been done without money consideration.

Rev. Henry N. Jordan, of New Market, N. J., has kindly consented to assume this work and edit the *Pulpit*. We ask of our ministers and laymen who feel they have a message, the same faithful support which they have given in the past. We hope the list of contributors will be increased. Please respond to Brother Jordan's requests.

There are very few First-day ministers who ever have the opportunity of seeing their sermons in print and thus speaking to other congregations than their own and of preaching after they are gone. Some of our men are now doing this through the *Pulpit*. It is an excellent opportunity to become known to our own widely scattered people and to other people as well. It obviates the necessity of the wretched practice of "candidating." Have a message. Give it to lost men through the columns of the *Pul-*

pit. A strong sermon will not return void. A lone Sabbath keeper has just sent fifty cents to pay for twelve copies of the November *Pulpit* for distribution among his friends. The cost of printing this publication is more than \$400.00 per year. The number issued monthly is less than four hundred copies. While the subscription price is fifty cents a year, we receive less than one hundred dollars. It is sent to any who wish it even though they do not feel able to pay. You see by the figures that less than half the subscribers are paying. We all know that not all of these are poor people. As a rule those in moderate circumstances are the most careful to contribute; also the lone Sabbath keepers. Some pay for several copies. I trust that all are interested sufficiently to either read it, distribute to those who will, ask its discontinuance, or pay for one or more copies in case they are financially able to do so. The subscription list is kept in the office of the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Board, and all money for the *Pulpit* should be sent to him. The good sermons go to Rev. H. N. Jordan, Dunellen, N. J. Again we thank you all for your hearty support. Yours in Christ.

E. B. SAUNDERS, *Cor. Sec.*
Ashaway, R. I., Dec. 13, 1907.

Days in Japan.

It is over three weeks since our arrival in this country, and our meeting with the friends here. Already we have come to feel quite at home among the new surroundings, although that which is like home is not usual enough to be unnoticeable.

When Mr. Davis wrote to the *RECORDER*, I think we were just nearing Yokohama. Our days in Japan were delightful ones. Anticipations of finding the "Sunrise Kingdom" interesting and attractive were more than fulfilled, although we realized that there is great need in that land for Christian teaching and the influence of Christian civilization.

Only he who has for many days been removed from sight of land and the familiar scenes of busy, active life thereon, can appreciate how eagerly we watched preparations for coming into port. The first faint outline, through the mist, of the Japan shore, the snow-capped peak of Fuji just appearing through the clouds, the pur-

ple hills, the nearer and nearer view of the harbor, on board the preparation for quarantine inspection, the reception of the quarantine officers, the inspection, the final dropping of anchor, and then one's foot on terra firma—how good it all seemed!

We walked through the queer little streets, interested in the quaint shops, and the markets, and the costumes of the people, as well as the faces of the men and women and little children. The foreign buildings and people seemed like a suggestion of home set in the midst of that great Japanese city. On Sabbath-day, October nineteenth, we all went for a long walk along the Bluff where are many of the foreign homes with their fine gardens. From one point, there was an excellent view of the harbor. Mr. Davis and I went later to visit a friend at Ferris Seminary, where, for many years, a beautiful work has been carried on among Japanese girls. Going into the Seminary chapel, we listened with delight while a young Japanese woman sang with great sweetness and expression, and in excellent English, some Christian songs—"Callest Thou Thus, O Master?" and "A Dream of Paradise."

The day following, the Crofoot family and ourselves had a very interesting trip by rail to Kamakura. There we visited the Hachiman Shrine and the famous Diabutsu, sacred to the great Buddha. This immense idol is of hollow bronze structure, forty-nine feet in height. The temples once near the Diabutsu have long since been destroyed, but the fine gardens still surround it, and the quiet, peaceful atmosphere of the place seems appropriate to the home of the gods.

Three days completed our stay in Yokohama. From there the "Shinano Maru" made her way to Kobe where she lay in harbor three days more. Kobe was even more attractive than Yokohama. The finer shops, many better streets, and the further signs of progress in civilization were interesting and hopeful.

From Kobe, we sailed to Moji where the good ship coaled for several hours. Moji is a growing little city, owing to its great value as a coaling station. There is no wharf in the harbor at Moji, and consequently we did not go ashore there. That is also true at Kobe, but there a launch runs at stated intervals between the ships in harbor and the shore.

On October twenty-ninth, we found ourselves within sight of the China shore, and coming into the mouth of the Yangtse River. Anchor was dropped, and in a couple of hours a launch came for the Shanghai passengers. Our baggage, the mail, and eighteen or twenty passengers were transferred from the "Shinano," and soon we found ourselves steaming up the Wampoo toward Shanghai.

We are grateful for so safe and good a journey, for the companionship of Mr. and Mrs. Crofoot and the children during the long voyage, the cordial greetings and warm hospitality of the friends here. Dr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Burdick, and Dr. Palmborg—all had gone to meet us upon arrival. Through some misinformation, they missed us, and consequently Mrs. Crofoot and I were here at the Mission home to greet them upon their return. The men of our party were more fortunate, as Dr. and Mrs. Davis found them, while looking after the baggage. The reunion, when it was possible, was all the more warm and hearty.

Of the experiences during the weeks since coming, I will leave it for others to write.

MARY ROSS DAVIS.

West Gate, Shanghai, China.

November 22, 1907.

Treasurer's Report.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer,
In account with
THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
DR.

Cash in treasury, Nov. 1, 1907	\$4,295 38
Church at:	
Plainfield, N. J.	96 83
Chicago, Ill.	16 00
Hebron, Pa.	4 00
Salem, W. Va.	8 27
New Market, N. J.	15 00
Westerly, R. I.	76 73
Albion, Wis.	22 64
Rockville, R. I.	5 50
Alfred Station, N. Y.	15 25
Sabbath School at:	
Ashaway, R. I.	10 00
Rockville, R. I.	10 00
Nile, N. Y.—Chinese schools	20 00
Mrs. C. D. Potter, Belmont, N. Y.	20 00
Mrs. A. P. Harris, Cambridge Springs, Pa.	10 00
Collection at Southwestern Association	9 31

Woman's Executive Board:	
General Fund	\$13 12
Education in Chinese school	50 00
China mission	7 00
Home Mission	5 00
Collection at Semi-annual Meeting of Minnesota churches	75 12
One-half collection at Yearly Meeting of New Jersey churches	5 96
G. W. Witter, Wausau, Wis.	6 21
	5 00
	<u>4,727 20</u>

CR.

D. H. Davis, by order from Smith's Cash Store	85 30
Church at Riverside, Cal., Quarter ending Sept. 30, 1907	37 50
E. B. Saunders, salary and expenses in October, 1907	124 52
Cash in treasury:	
Available	\$2,153 57
Lieu-oo Mission	226 31
Shanghai Chapel	2,100 00
	<u>4,479 88</u>
	<u>4,727 20</u>

E. & O. E. GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

Tract Society Executive Board Meeting.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, December 8, 1907, at 2.00 P. M., President Stephen Babcock in the chair.

Members present: Stephen Babcock, J. A. Hubbard, C. C. Chipman, A. H. Lewis, W. M. Stillman, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, E. B. Saunders, G. B. Shaw, Asa F. Randolph, T. L. Gardiner, W. H. Rogers, H. M. Maxson, W. C. Hubbard, Corliss F. Randolph, M. L. Clawson, A. L. Titsworth, and Business Manager N. O. Moore.

Visitors: William E. Witter, Theo. G. Davis, Arthur C. Hunting, Elmer Hunting.

Prayer was offered by Rev. E. B. Saunders. Minutes of last meeting read. The Supervisory Committee reported that matter set up for the Seventh-day Baptist Booklet and the Seventh-day Baptist Souvenir is held in abeyance for various reasons, and recommended that the same be hastened to completion for the benefit of the Publishing House.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature presented the following report:

The Committee on the Distribution of Literature begs leave to report that at a meeting held this day, action was taken

and ordered reported to this Board as follows:

Voted, That the Secretary of the Committee be requested to prepare a list of 1,000 libraries to which the Monthly Edition of the RECORDER shall be sent, including the 500 libraries already selected, a circular letter to be sent to the second 500, similar to that sent to the first 500.

Voted, That beginning with December, 1907, aside from the library and Y. M. C. A. lists provided by the action of this committee today and a month ago, the Monthly Edition of the RECORDER shall be sent to a new list, consisting of the members of faculties of theological seminaries, and daily and weekly newspapers (trade and technical journals not included), this list to continue at the pleasure of the committee.

Upon the presentation of a report that the tract entitled "The Sabbath and Seventh-day Baptists" was almost ready for printing, it was

Voted, That an edition of 5,000 copies be printed.

Voted, That we recommend to the Board that beginning with Jan. 1, 1908, a volume of the SABBATH RECORDER consist of 26 numbers, instead of 52 numbers as heretofore, thereby making two volumes in each year.

Report adopted.

The Committee on Denominational Files reported that volumes of the SABBATH RECORDER for 1904, 1905, and 1906 had been bound and forwarded to the various repositories.

The Treasurer presented statement of receipts and disbursements since the last meeting and stated that the present indebtedness of the society is \$4,000.00.

On motion it was voted that funds given to this society to become a part of the Permanent Fund, shall not be used as collateral security in obtaining loans.

Voted, That F. J. Hubbard and A. L. Titsworth be appointed a committee to investigate the conditions under which the funds held by this society were given and to report to this Board as soon as practicable.

Voted, That the President and Treasurer be authorized to use securities belonging to that part of the Permanent Fund which

was given to the society without conditions, as collateral in securing loans as

needed, reporting to the Board such use at the next following meeting.

Corresponding Secretary Lewis reported on his visit to Battle Creek, Michigan, a fuller account of which will appear in the issue of the SABBATH RECORDER of Dec. 9, 1907, a copy of which will be entered in our record book.

A communication was received from Rev. H. N. Jordan, reporting on his attendance as delegate at the Southwestern Association, at which he also represented this society, and his visit to the churches at Fouke and Gentry in our interest. He expressed his deep impression of the great possibilities for educational, religious and especially Sabbath reform work in the Southwest.

Secretary Saunders of the Missionary Society being present, spoke earnestly and hopefully of the same field and bespoke our earnest support of the work there, and besought our special support of the school at Fouke in charge of Brother Randolph.

Secretary Lewis having received word of the death of Mrs. George Seeley of Pettitcodiac, N. B., by vote, the Recording Secretary was requested to express to Brother Seeley the heartfelt sympathy of the Board in his bereavement.

Minutes read and approved.
Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Rec. Sec.

American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasurer's Report for November, 1907.

CONTRIBUTIONS, GENERAL FUND.

H. D. Clarke, Dodge Centre, Minn.	\$ 5 00
Mrs. C. D. Potter, Belmont, N. Y.	80 00
L. M. Babcock, Jackson Centre, O.	12 90
Enoch Colton, Adams Centre, N. Y.	1 10
James R. Dunham, New Market, N. J.	1 00
Mrs. Rebecca T. Rogers, Providence, R. I. (annual membership)	10 00
E. H. Lewis, Oak Park, Ill.	50 00
Mrs. J. D. Washburn, Earlville, N. Y.	1 00

Churches:

Rockville, R. I., Y. P. S. C. E.	2 50
Plainfield, N. J.	95 81
Welton, Iowa	10 00
Independence, N. Y.	20 00
Marlboro, N. J. (Through Mr. and Mrs. Luther S. Davis)	50 00

Chicago, Ill.	16 00
First Hopkinton, (Ashaway) R. I.	10 00
Salem, W. Va.	7 67
New Market, N. J.	15 00
Gentry, Ark.	4 30
Pawcatuck (Westerly) R. I.	52 42
Rockville, R. I.	5 50
New Market, N. J., Sabbath School	5 00
Albion, Wis.	19 48
Collections:	
Southwestern Association	9 31
Gentry, Ark., Church, Special Collection	12 50
Annual Meeting N. Y. and N. J. Churches	6 21—\$502 70

CONTRIBUTIONS ON DEBT.

Clarence Beebe, Brookfield, N. Y. \$	5 00
R. G. Thorngate, North Loup, Nebr.	5 00
Timon Swenson, Centerville, S. D.	5 00
J. A. Inglis, Marquette, Wis. ...	5 00
Rockville, R. I., Sabbath School	10 00
Mrs. H. Vine Clarke, Milton, Wis.	5 00
T. L. Gardiner, Stereopticon Lectures at Shiloh, N. J. ...	75 25
W. R. Rood, Iron River, Wis.	5 00
S. C. Maxson, M. D., Utica, N. Y.	5 00
Mrs. F. W. Hamilton, Alfred Station, N. Y.	15 00
Mrs. Geo. W. Post, Chicago, Ill.	5 00
Dr. C. H. West, Farina, Ill. ...	20 00
C. Allen Davis, Milton Junction, Wis.	5 00
North Loup, Nebr., Woman's Missionary Society	25 00
"A Friend," Lowville, N. Y. ...	5 00
Mrs. Eliza Stillman, East Boston, Mass.	5 00
Mary A. Stillman, East Boston, Mass.	10 00
Mrs. J. D. Washburn, Earlville, N. Y.	1 00
Rev. B. C. Davis, Alfred, N. Y., Life Membership	20 00—231 25
H. N. Jordan, Exp. Southwestern Association, returned	3 92
G. M. Cottrell, Life Membership, James L. Cottrell, Topeka, Kan.	22 00
Publishing House Receipts:	
RECORDER	\$174 00
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E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.	
Plainfield, N. J.	
Dec. 10, 1907.	

The higher a man looks the farther he sees. The man who lifts his face to God in heaven is he whose eyes sweep simultaneously the farthest prospect of earth and bring to him a sense of the proportion of things.—George Adam Smith, D. D.

Woman's Work

ETHEL A. HAVEN, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Contributing Editor.

Not less than our best.

The Voice of the Christ-Child.

The earth has grown cold with its burden of care;

But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the Angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming tonight,
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ-child fall gently and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope which he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

—Phillips Brooks.

A Baby Leader.

The baby was alive although its mother died. The Lushai tribes (Eastern Bengal) in such cases put the baby into a little pot and bury it alive with its dead mother. But Mr. and Mrs. Savide, of the English Baptist Mission, said that was wicked. The Lushais answered, "Wicked or not, there is nothing else to do." The missionaries tried to coax a Lushai woman to nurse the poor little thing. But the woman shuddered at the mere thought of nursing a dead woman's baby. They tried to persuade the people to feed cow's milk to it, and got for an answer a roar of laughter. Only an Englishman could invent the disgusting idea of using cow's milk for the child. Then the missionaries took to their home the little bag of skin and bones and gave it a feeding bottle full of warm milk. In due time the baby grew fat on the bottle. This was a miracle in the Lushai hills. The baby is a wonder because, although his mother is dead, he lives. More than a year has passed since his thin lips first laid hold on the bottle, and he has already taught his

kinsmen of the hills a welcome lesson; for they bury babies through ignorance rather than stony heartedness. He has also become a living link between the Lushais and the missionaries. At 14 months the baby is a leader of public opinion and is doing the work of an evangelist to prepare the way of the missionary who would teach the people the love of a Heavenly Father.

—The Missionary Helper.

The Best of All Christmas Plans.

The question "What is the best practical Christmas work to help or to uplift mankind?" has never had any other answer to me than this: Be brother and neighbor. All our troubles, all the thousand misfits that burden our world, come about through forgetting that in truth we are brothers, being children of one God, by whatever name we were taught to call upon Him. All the specifics, the cure-alls, that are offered for our social ills, each warranted to make a brand new race out of the same old faulty material, are human-efforts, honest for the most part, to find a human substitute for the prescription that we "love one another." They will all alike fail, because they are substitutes, "something just as good" in the belief of the champions. There is nothing just as good.

Therefore, my scheme for Christmas charity is to be neighborly; to cry quits on all fights and quarrels as the Holy Eve draws near; not only to forgive your enemies—that is easy—but to square yourself with yourself and own when you did the wrong.

That first—sweep before your own door. Then out to the neighbor to find him. He is somewhere around; and the harder he is to find, the more the blame for your letting him get so far away, out of your sight. My plan is ever for each one to find his own neighbor. If he can find two, three, or a dozen, so much the better; but the thing is that he must find them, or go to them anyway. So only does he fill the Christmas ideal. Doing good by squads is better than nothing; but the one who does it misses the Christmas feeling of it for himself—the glow that comes of seeking and finding your brother and owning him as such.

Don't you see that if every family in the land that has would take by the hand one

family that has not, in the Christmas season, the other half would be cared for in full by the half that owes the care? And, what is more, once having taken the neighbor by the hand under the Christmas impulse, we shall find it mighty hard to let go. And so Christmas charity which no one needs be afraid of—it never corrupts because of the love that inspires it—shall be transmuted in the days after into neighborly helpfulness that goes alongside the needy one, the weak one, the erring one, with counsel and advice and friendship. And then we shall be home pretty soon.

Now, that is the long and the short of it, and it is really what we are all aiming at with our abundant Christmas benevolence. Only we fall into the error, through indolence, of farming out the loving impulse; and then it spoils—the divine breath upon it is gone.

Let every man, every woman, go look for his, for her, own neighbor right now, whether he lives in a tenement slum, or in a cold hall-room with no Yuletide cheer in it. Perhaps he works in your shop, your store, and you see him every day without knowing the least thing about his life, though in very truth he is your neighbor. Find out, then, and you shall have found not only your brother, but the true and only Christmas joy here on earth. The bells on Christmas morning will ring for you as they never rang since you were a child and heard the angels' words in them.

—*Jacob A. Riis, in the World's Work.*

Worthy Christmas Gifts.

CORA A. LEWIS.

Honey, do n't you dah to reckin,
Kase yo' cash am low,—
Yo' kaint sen' no Chris'mas gifses
Dat am fit to go.
Fo' dah's heaps ob things wuth gibin',
Dough yo' ship done sink,
Dat w'u'd 'pear too awnry triffin',
'Less yo' stop to think.

Stretch a han' to aid de w'ary
On his toilsome road,
Trablin' up Life's slipp'ry mountain,
Wid a monst'rous load.
S'posin' dat yo' load's too heavy,
Den jes' gib a smile,
Somehow it will ease his bu'den,
An' help him eb'ry mile.

Red de house up fo' a neighbor,
Bake her pone o' bread,
When her foots lags wid deir achin',
An' a tawmint's in her haid.
Shake de pillow fo' a sick one,

Smooove hisa sperit, too;
Wid sweet wu'ds ob hope n' comfort;—
Dat's whut yo' kin do!

Do n't yo' b'lieve whut some will 'sure you;—
"Talkin' ain' no good;"
Why, a dog w'u'd tell yo' betteh,
Ef you understood.
Dat's de way our Mahster make us,—
Souls kin love an' trus'—
Show dey's sated by Chris'like fren'ship,
When deir shells am dus'!

—*From Missionary Tidings.*

Breaking Her Idols.

A pretty story is told of Dr. Anandabai Joshee, the first unconverted high-caste Hindu woman who left her country. She came to America in 1883, and three years later was graduated from the Woman's Medical College, of Philadelphia. Then she returned to her own country, and was elected physician in charge of the female ward of the Albert Edward Hospital, at Kulpahar, but died shortly after her arrival.

Yamuna, as Dr. Joshee was called in her childhood, was the daughter of a wealthy and cultured Hindu. Her father owned many villages, and for the benefit of servants and peasantry, kept a household priest to offer sacrifices, instruct the people, and keep clean the shrines and sacred images.

One day, when Yamuna was very young, she was playing with her dolls near the priest, who was setting in order a shrine. The little girl watched the old man as he washed the little images of jade or metal, oiled them carefully and set them back in their places. Suddenly it flashed across her mind there was no difference between those images and her dolls. They did not move, neither did they cry out when they were rubbed so hard. She questioned her father about it.

"Father, how can a god bear to have his face washed by a man?" she asked.

"Those images are not gods," he replied. "They are made to hold the thoughts of men to God when they pray. Some represent love, some the justice of God. My little daughter, can you pray to God without looking at any of these images?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Yamuna.

"Then they will be of no use to you. You need never think of them again."

"And I never did," said Anandabai Joshee, in telling the story.—*Selected.*

We Thank Thee

Rev. A. J. C. Bond.

Mrs. Gardner Davis.

We Thank Thee for the spring-time, When sun and gentle showers
O'er meadow, field and wood-land Change buds to opening flowers,
For youth, O Lord, we thank Thee, When aspir-a-tions rise,
When hopeful hearts dream bravely Of fame that never dies.

WE THANK THEE.

We thank Thee for the springtime,
When sun and gentle showers
O'er meadow, field and woodland
Change buds to opening flowers.
For youth, O Lord, we thank Thee,
When aspirations rise;
When hopeful hearts dream bravely
Of fame that never dies.

For summer, too, we thank Thee—
Long hours we spend afield:
Gay songsters lighten labor
As they glad anthems yield.
For manhood's tasks we thank Thee,
When stoutest hearts are tried;
Fond parents for fond children
Toil bravely side by side.

No less for fading autumn
We lift a voice of praise,
When earth and sky are grayest—
The time of shortening days.
For ripe old age we thank Thee,
With slow and slackening pace:
A hope born but in heaven
Shines from the furrowed face.

So thus in every season,
In every time of life,
We bring a glad thanksgiving
For blessings rich and rife;
For sunshine and for shadow,
For toil and Sabbath rest,
For sorrow if Thou send it,
For what Thou givest is best.

A. J. C. BOND, Pastor.

Nile, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1906.

Christmas Night.

At last thou art come, little Saviour!
And thine angels fill midnight with song;
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator;
Whom thy creatures have sighed for so long.

Thou art come to thy beautiful mother;
She hath looked on thy marvelous face;
Thou art come to us, maker of Mary!
And she was thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!
With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for thee, Saviour!
Art thou come to us, dearest, at last?
Oh, bless thee, dear Joy of thy Mother;
This is worth all the wearisome past.

Thou art come, thou art come, Child of Mary!
Yet we hardly believe thou art come:—
It seems such a wonder to have thee,
New Brother! With us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore:
We will play with thee, beautiful Brother!
On eternity's jubilant shore.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

Another Famine in India.

As we go to press we are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, reporting the arrival of cablegrams and letters from India, stating that that

unhappy land is again face to face with the horrors of another famine, and making an appeal for funds.

At this early date we ask all our readers who can assist in the work of famine relief in India to send to us as soon as possible their contributions, which we will gladly forward to the famine sufferers.—*Record of Christian Work.*

This is the eightieth year of the organization known as the American Seamen's Friend Society. During the last twelve months, it has made rapid advances through the efforts of efficient officers and the aid of many friends. The total receipts from donations and legacies have been \$21,653.06.

A generous gift from Mrs. Russell Sage has made it possible for the society to begin the erection of the Sailors' Home and Institute in New York City. The building, located opposite the Cunard line's pier is within easy access of thousands of seamen. Here they will find not only material comforts, but social, moral and religious, as well. The total cost of the building and furnishings will be about \$325,000, of which all but \$75,000 has already been raised.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Hear, O Daughters of Israel.

Daughters of Israel,
I bring a word; I pray ye harken well.
God's tabernacle, by his pattern made,
Shall fail of finish, though in order laid,
Unless ye women lift your hands to aid.

Yours is the very skill for which I call,
So bring your cunning needlework; tho' small
Your gifts may seem, the Lord hath need of all.

O Christian women! For the temples set
Throughout earth's desert lands, do you forget
The sanctuary curtains need your 'broidery yet?
—H. O. M.

The Two Ages.

On great cathedral windows I have seen
A summer sunset swoon and sink away,
Lost in the splendors of immortal art.
Angels and saints and all the heavenly hosts,
With smiles undimmed by half a thousand years,
From wall and niche have met my lifted gaze.
Sculpture and carving and illumined page,
And the fair, lofty dreams of architects,
That speak of beauty to the centuries—
All these have fed me with divine repasts.
Yet in my mouth is left a bitter taste,
The taste of blood that stained that age of art.

Those glorious windows shine upon the black
And hideous structure of the guillotine;

Beside the haloed countenance of saints
There hangs the multiple and knotted lash.
The Christ of love, benign and beautiful,
Looks at the torture-rack, by hate conceived
And bigotry sustained. The prison cell,
With blood-stained walls, where starving men
went mad,
Lies under turrets matchless in their grace.

God, what an age! How was it that you let
Colossal genius and colossal crime
Walk for a hundred years across the earth,
Like giant twins? How was it then that men,
Conceiving such vast beauty for the world,
And such large hopes of heaven, could entertain
Such hellish projects for their fellow-men?
How could the hand that with consummate skill
And loving patience limned the luminous page
Drop pen and brush, and seize the branding-rod,
To scourge a brother for his differing faith?

Not great this age, in beauty or in art.
Nothing is wrought today that shall endure,
For earth's adornment, through long centuries.
Not ours the fervid worship of a God
That wastes its splendid opulence on glass,
Leaving but hate to give its mortal kin.
Yet great this age: its mighty work is man
Knowing himself the universal life.
And great our faith, which shows itself in works
For human freedom and for racial good.
The true religion lies in being kind.
No age is greater than its faith is broad.
Through liberty and love men mount to God.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Resolutions of Respect.

Inasmuch as our Heavenly Father has taken to her eternal home our sister, Mrs. Ruth Jane Whitford, who has been a member of our Benevolent Society for so many years, therefore,

Resolved, That while we miss her we know it is her gain and we submit to the divine will, knowing "He doeth all things well."

Resolved, That we strive to emulate her example and faithfulness to the Master's work, and pray that her mantle may rest on one with as willing heart and hands as were hers till her long illness took her from active work.

Resolved, That we express our loving sympathy to the family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the RECORDER and also be placed on the records of the society.

E. D. BROWN.

A. L. CRANDALL.

Are you satisfied with being yourself safe upon the Rock of Ages, and still doing nothing to help others out of the shipwreck to the same place of safety?

Young People's Work

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN, Alfred Station, N. Y.
Contributing Editor.

Christmas Dreaming.

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

Slowly in its radiant splendor
Sinks the sun behind the hill,
And its beams so brightly tender
With their glow my chamber fill.
And I smile amid the gleaming,
As I sit so idly dreaming.

Now the darkness falls apace
And a solemn stillness reigns,
But the firelight on my face
Like an afterglow remains;
Flick'ring, dancing, gaily beaming,
As I sit in pleasant dreaming.

Now, the star of promise seeking,
Far I gaze into the night.
Patiently my vigil keeping,
Till I see its tender light,
And into my heart is streaming
Peace and love amid my dreaming.

And methinks I hear the singing
Of that wondrous angel throng.
Peace on earth, good will they're bringing,
In their never-failing song.
Oh, the Christmas love now beaming
In my heart as I sit dreaming.

Then I whisper, lowly kneeling,
"Heav'nly Father, hear my prayer.
When the Christmas joy is stealing
O'er the wide earth ev'rywhere,
Fire each heart with love a-gleaming,
From all selfishness redeeming."

"'Twas thy love that brought the blessing
Of a Saviour to mankind.
May the love our hearts possessing,
On this joyful Christmas time,
With thine own love set a-gleaming,
Light the world with love a-beaming."

May love ever be the watchword
Of our precious Christmas time,
While our reverent eyes turn starward
And love rings our Christmas chime,
All the world with love redeeming.
Think you that is idle dreaming?

The editor of this department has recently sent out a large number of letters asking certain consecrated young people throughout the denomination to act as reporters for Young People's Work from their church or society. These young people have been asked to send regularly, each

month, news and religious notes, questions or suggestions, and short articles of general interest. Such copy is to be limited in amount and to the point. The object of this move is to make the Young People's Work in the RECORDER not only for but by the young people of the denomination and of mutual interest and helpfulness to all. All matter for publication is to be sent to the editor and is subject to his correction and approval. Those societies which have not already been reached by personal letters are hereby invited to join in this effort to secure a closer touch and acquaintance among our young people. The following items of interest are among the first fruits of this effort.

FARINA.

A union service of the various churches was held in the Presbyterian church on Thanksgiving morning. The weather was pleasant and the attendance good. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Schlinkmann, pastor of the German Evangelical church. Besides congregational singing, there were anthems by a union choir, and a solo by Miss Honor Davis.

On Thanksgiving night the Christian Endeavor Society held a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crandall.

The Sabbath School have commenced work on a children's cantata, to be given Christmas eve.

Dr. George Crosley and wife, of Albion, and Dr. Vel Burdick and family of Janesville, Wisconsin, are visiting Pastor Burdick and family for a few days.

Elder C. A. Burdick, whose shoulder was injured by a fall several weeks ago, and his wife, who has been ill for some time, are both slowly recovering.

FLORA E. ZINN.

MILTON.

With the arrival of a large number of young men in the Milton Sabbath school at the beginning of this school year, it was thought wise to organize a Baraca class as the best means of promoting the religious interest of these young men. Accordingly, such a class was organized with its own officers and Prof. A. E. Whitford as teacher. The class numbers forty-three and it is expected that it will grow. The needs and size of the class made it necessary for them to meet in a separate building three doors from the church, though it is, in every

respect, a part of the regular Sabbath school, and adjourns to meet in its closing exercises. Under the leadership of Prof. Whitford the young men are doing good work in Bible study and are being made stronger in the ties of Christian fellowship. The fine enthusiasm, loyalty, and devotion of the young men to things which make for righteousness and a higher type of manhood are characteristic of Milton young men.

JOHN N. DALAND.

The spirit breathed in the foregoing poem is the spirit which should possess all our young people at the coming Christmas time. From every heart should go up the prayer,

Come, Spirit, come, with light divine,
Descend, O heavenly Dove,
Shine in until this heart of mine
Is all aglow with Love.

Then with the infilling with this spirit would come "peace on earth and good will to men." Let us all open our hearts at this time for a special infilling. If we do this, peace will not only flood our own souls but those of others and we shall hasten the time of peace on earth and good will to men.

Industrial Work Among the Seventh-Day Baptists.

REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS.

A thought was suggested to me at the entertainment given by the Ladies' Evangelical Society at Alfred on Thanksgiving night. I have asked permission to write upon this for the Young People's Department, but I trust that it will be of interest to all. The program of the entertainment mentioned above was upon different phases in general for the help of the unfortunate in the slums of our large cities. The thought which came to me was, Why do not we as a denomination carry on some work of this kind? We have churches in several of our large cities, but what are they doing? It is with difficulty that they are holding their own; some of them are not even doing that. I fear this is their condition because it is all they are trying to do. It is the lament of our churches in the cities and those near them, especially in the East, that we have no children to keep up the increase of membership; we are falling into national error of

"race suicide." Why not take up some settlement work, or industrial work of this kind? Several of our strongest churches are in easy access to a large city where countless children are suffering for want of rational charity. Some of these churches are in rich farming districts; others are where a small industrial establishment could be successfully operated. The sugar-beet industry of Southern Wisconsin, for example, would afford an excellent opportunity for many a homeless boy. Other philanthropic societies are doing a great amount of good in such ways, which should be an added incentive to us. But another and perhaps the strongest incentive is that there are so many among us who are interested in this kind of work. For a number of years students from Alfred University have been spending their summer vacations in this way. Some have continued in it after leaving school. And now in New York City, Boston, Chicago, and in other places there are to be found quite a large working force of our most earnest young men and women. Some of these we had hoped to see in the gospel ministry, and they are even now being encouraged to enter this field; but philanthropic work attracts them more strongly, for which some of them are peculiarly adapted and these are meeting with great success. After spending one short summer in the work, I feel that there is an abundant opportunity for service; and to one who is interested there is a fascination which cannot be readily explained unless it comes from sympathy for the unfortunate and the discovery of the possibilities that lie within some of these plastic young lives, but which in so many cases will never be developed because of their wretched environment. Is it not possible for us as a denomination to furnish a place where we can use this talent which is going out from us? Thus we will be able to hold our own young people by giving them employment in their chosen work, and in strengthening ourselves by "ministering unto some of the least of these."

Alfred, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1907.

Alfred Endeavorers Graduate and Receive the Banner.

The Union rally last Sabbath was the largest Christian Endeavor meeting that has been held in this church for years.

It was full of interest and enthusiasm. Miss Ruth Rogers, the Superintendent, addressed the graduating Juniors, response being made by Miss Helen Gardiner and Victor Randolph (read by Ned Green). A welcome to the Intermediate Society was given by the president, Miss Margaret Place. Elverson Babcock, assistant superintendent of the Intermediate Christian Endeavor, spoke to the members who have passed up, response being made by Miss Inez Williams and Carl Merritt. A welcome was given to the Senior Society by the president, Miss Agnes Rogers. Pastor E. D. Van Horn of Alfred Station presented the banner to the Junior Christian Endeavor in an address which lacked nothing except the banner itself, that having not arrived. When Miss Rogers rose to make response, she was greeted with the Chautauqua salute. The sea of white handkerchiefs fluttering in the audience was a heartfelt tribute to the splendid work of the Juniors under the leadership of Mrs. Hutchins last year and Miss Rogers now. Miss Rogers said the society would work hard to keep the banner this year.

Twenty-seven J. B. C. Boys did full justice to the first annual banquet last Thursday night. An excellent program followed. The newly elected officers are: Allen Witter, *President*; Murry Maxson, *Vice President*; Stanton Davis, *Financial Secretary*; Elwin Clarke, *Assistant Financial Secretary*. An enthusiastic vote of thanks was given the mothers who had so kindly furnished the supper.—*Alfred Sun*.

Ruth and the Babe of Bethlehem.

A Love Story for Christmas, written for a child for the Christmas eve entertainment, 1907.

Yes, a real love story, a true one, a Bible story. We learned of it in the Bible School two or three weeks ago. It is the most beautiful love story in the world. There is not an evil person in it, and it leads to the most wonderful story of love ever told. We celebrate that story of love tonight, as others do and have done for many hundred years.

The story begins with love for a mother; and love for mother and mother's love for me is the dearest that I have ever known for any one on earth.

The story is of Ruth and it opens in the land of Moab. The mother—Ruth's

mother-in-law—had told her of the true God and had taught her to love Him and to love His people. Ruth loved the mother so dearly that she would leave the people and home of her childhood and go with the mother and live with her people in the land of Israel. With all the tenderness of a woman's love, she pleads with the mother, "Intreat me not to leave thee. * * * Whither thou goest I will go. * * * Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God." Love and religion! the strongest ties that bind the human heart. So they two went until they came to Bethlehem.

They were poor and Ruth gleaned in the harvest fields for their bread. It was in fields of Boaz. He had heard the story of Ruth's love and devotion to the bereaved mother and his heart was touched with her kindness. He loved her and she became his wife, a devoted wife. The mother's people had become, indeed, her people.

They, Boaz and Ruth, were to each other all that husband and wife should be—kind, loving, devoted, faithful. Theirs was a happy home, a heaven here below, fit place and parents to train for the heaven above. Their children, through many generations, became "famous in Israel." Among these were David, the shepherd king and a long line of kings; then, finally, Joseph and Mary, and the Babe of Bethlehem whose birth we celebrate tonight.

Joseph and Mary were true children of Boaz and Ruth, inheriting their noble traits of character. Joseph, like Boaz, was kind and loving, just and considerate. Mary, too, resembled Ruth in lowliness, purity, faith and devotion.

The Bethlehem to which Ruth came was the same Bethlehem to which Joseph and Mary came.

The home in which Boaz and Ruth lived, had, in the change of years, become "the inn" at Bethlehem to which Joseph and Mary came when there was no room for them and in which the shepherds found the Babe lying in a manger.

The fields of Boaz where Ruth had gleaned and the shepherd king had kept his father's sheep, were the same fields in which, on that first Christmas night, the shepherds heard the angels' song for the new-born Babe and came in haste to find it.

That Babe of Bethlehem is the Prince of the house of David, our Saviour. The

story of his love shall never end. He loved little children, and He loves them yet tonight and will love them still when time shall be no longer.

Children, shall our love for mother be like Ruth's? Shall we, like her, be gentle, kind and faithful? Shall our voices swell the angelic song of grateful praise and we go quickly to find Him and, like the wise men, bring for Him our precious gifts? Shall we make the love story of our lives like His? "More like Jesus would I be."

(As the last line is spoken, the children all rise and with the speaker sing the song.)

P. F. RANDOLPH.

Salem, West Virginia.

The Issues of Life.

Perhaps the sacred writers had no clear idea of psychology, as they certainly had no clear knowledge of astronomy; but when they wrote of the things of nature, they used language according to the thought of their time. We know that there are not within us three or four separate departments which may be called heart, mind, soul, and spirit, each having its definite and separate office and function. The inner life is one. This one inner self operates in a great variety of ways. But the terms used to express the inner life often overlap and are sometimes interchangeable. The word "heart," especially in the book of Proverbs, often refers to the entire inner life. When the wise man says, "Keep thy heart with all diligence," he means, "Keep thy mind, soul, and spirit with all diligence."

This is the fountain from which the springs of life flow. Buckle, a brilliant young English philosopher who died a generation ago, taught that our life is produced by the things that act upon us from without, such as food, drink, and atmosphere. He held that we may easily predict with mathematical accuracy the number of deaths, births, marriages, murders, thefts, suicides, and cases of insanity which will occur next year in a given community, provided we may know beforehand the climate, soil and food products of the country. He brought to bear a tremendous array of facts to support his contention, but his philosophy never took a deep hold on the minds of men, for they did not believe

it, and recent research has overthrown his doctrine.

Jesus, another young teacher, who lived in Palestine 1,900 years ago, and who knew more about the depths of the heart and the mystery of life than any poet, philosopher or sage, said, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness and revilings," and the doctrine of Jesus has not been overthrown by modern thought. The heart is the fountain of life. Make the heart good and the life will be good; let the heart be bad and the life will be bad also.

The heart is the fountain of our thoughts and imaginations, our feelings, passions and affections. All joy and sorrow, all grief and shame, all anger and hate, all covetousness and selfishness, all sympathy, pity, charity, and love proceed from the heart. The heart is the source of all speech and action. All profanity and indecent conversation, all railing and bitter cursing, and words of comfort and encouragement are formed within before they are uttered by the tongue. All murders, thefts, conspiracies, rebellions, all deeds of heroism and patriotism, all business transactions, all declarations of war and freedom, proceed from the dark and silent depths of the heart. All the inventions of genius, all the masterpieces of great artists, all the compositions of great musicians, all the works of great poets, were conceived and framed in the depths of the heart.

All we have felt and thought and said and done sprang from the secret recesses of the heart, and all we shall feel and think and say so long as we shall live will proceed from the same source. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." How exceedingly important the admonition of the wise man, "Keep thy heart with all diligence."

There are parents whose hearts ache over children who have forgotten them. After all the toils and cross-bearings endured to educate the children, after the infinite cares and tribulations to rear them and make them comfortable through all the years of helplessness, all too many fail to honor their father and their mother, if indeed they do not treat them with out and out disrespect.

Children's Page

The First Christmas

ANGELINA W. WRAY.

(The following beautiful Christmas story is one which I have read to the children of the Sabbath School of which I am superintendent, every Christmas service that I have been with them for several years, and for the past two or three years numerous requests have come to me, literally from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for copies of it, so that, thinking the readers of the RECORDER generally might be interested in it, I offer it for publication in these columns. The story may be found in *Jean Mitchell's School*, by Angelina W. Wray, published by the Public School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Ill., 1902. CORLISS F. RANDOLPH.)

It's an old, old story. You've all heard it many times, but you will be glad to hear it again, for no one ever tires of listening to it—the beautiful true story of Christmas.

It is just getting dark in the fields near the little town of Bethlehem. There are shepherds out there watching over their flocks. The white sheep and lambs are lying on the ground, huddled close together, while the stars begin to glimmer up in the sky.

After a while the air grows chilly. Then the men build watch-fires and sit down in front of them talking quietly to one another. The moon comes up, and they can see the white roofs of the houses, and the little lights that twinkle here and there through the shadows.

"See! there is that beautiful star again," one shepherd says. His companions look up at the sky. There, through the soft darkness shines a star brighter and lovelier than all the others. It is the Christmas star, but the shepherds do not know that, for there has never been a Christmas before.

Oh! how quiet it is up there on the hillside as the hours pass by. The men can hear nothing but the low rustle of the wind among the olive trees, the faint tinkling of bells when one of the sheep moves in its sleep, or perhaps the flutter of some night-bird's wings overhead.

They talk softly of the star and their flocks. Suddenly one of them cries, "Look! Look!"

The most beautiful light glows in the sky. It lights up the green hillside and the little town of Bethlehem with a wonderful radiance. The shepherds wonder if they can be dreaming. Year after year they have watched their flocks, but never before have they seen anything like this. And then all at once a shining white-robed angel stands beside them. The shepherds are afraid. They fall down on their faces on the waving grass, but the angel says gently:

"Do not be afraid! For behold! I bring you tidings of great joy, for you and for all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord. And this is the way you may find Him. He is a little baby wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

Then in a moment they see a great throng of other angels singing together. Their voices are sweeter than the sweetest music, and the song they sing is the happiest the world has ever heard:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men!"

Then the lovely light fades, the shining angels go away into heaven, and the shepherds are alone on the hillside with only the sleeping flock and the silent night around them.

"Let us go and find the Baby," they say. So they leave their sheep in the care of one or two of the men and start away in the starlight for the town nearby. The little town is very quiet. Everyone seems to be asleep. The blind beggar is asleep by the roadside. The rich ruler slumbers in his home. No one except themselves has seen the light or heard the wonderful music.

At last they come to a humble inn. There is a cave back of it where cattle are sheltered. The inn is crowded with people, and the stable itself is full of sheep and camels.

The shepherds go in hastily, for they know the child they seek must be here in this poor place. Yes, there in one of the mangers from which the cattle eat, they see a little Baby, dimpled and fair and sweet, and nearby is His mother, a sweet-faced woman whose name is Mary. She is looking tenderly at the tiny Boy, dreaming of what He may grow to be by and by, just as your mothers did when you were wee babies. She kisses the rosy hands and the wee feet, and loves the little Stranger

with all her warm mother love; but she does not know that in the years to come those kind hands will be quick to heal the sick, and those feet, that are so small and dimpled now, will some day go wearily up and down the narrow streets of that old land on errands for others, carrying help and comfort wherever they go; for this is the little Christ Child who has just come from heaven.

The shepherds fall down and worship Him, and then they go away, telling the wonderful story of what they have seen and heard. As long as they live they will remember this first Christmas Day, and will love to tell their children of the angel chorus they heard once in the stillness of the night on the hills of Bethlehem.

And so each year at this time we ring the Christmas bells and sing the Christmas songs, for on Christmas Day, long, long ago, the beautiful Christ Child came to love us all, and to help even little children to be good and true and gentle.

Making Toys for Christmas.

The following facts gleaned from an article in the *Review of Reviews*, by Edward T. Heyn, ought to be interesting to our little folks at this Christmas season, when so many toy pussies and dogs and cows and lambs, dolls and Teddy bears are making their first visits to the children.

Mr. Heyn tells about Sonneberg, a German town, in the heart of which toy-making is done. He describes the many little streets, or alleys, "extending up the slopes of the mountains, with rickety old houses on either side, so narrow that people pass each other with difficulty." Through the windows one can see "whole families busily engaged in making toys, sewing dolls and dolls' dresses, fashioning animals, etc. * * * In these narrow streets are crowds of children, some only three or four years old, with baskets on their backs or in their hands. The amount of toys made in the homes of Sonneberg is enormous. There is hardly a family among the working classes of Sonneberg and of the neighboring towns and villages, of which several or all of its members are not busy making toys from early dawn till night."

"Probably there are few places where children are so numerous as in Sonneberg. One entire family group, representing four

generations, is engaged in making tiny lambs. This family consists of a great-grandmother, great-grandfather, father, son, and sister; the grandmother being ninety years old and the grandfather five years older. The grandmother has been sitting in this one room engaged in this same work ever since she was a girl of six. This aged couple has sat at this work for sixty years and, perhaps, will sit for some time to come. This family of five, the father of which has worked for well-nigh a century, produce every week from 250 to 300 dozen of lambkins, netting them 12 cents a dozen, or from \$2.98 to \$3.57 a week! In another little village in the mountains we find a family consisting of father, mother and six little children; the parents making little Santa Clauses. Some of the larger children assist in the work. This family, working eleven hours a day, earns from \$2.38 to \$3.57 a week."

"Many young women are at work sewing dolls' dresses, which latter are generally cut out at the factories, carried home, and made up into the infinite varieties and styles which so delight the hearts of our little girls. Can you imagine at what wages such dresses are produced? For sewing ten dozen under-garments (shirts, petticoats, and drawers), 35.7 cents or three-tenths of a cent per set, is paid! * * * If a girl works twelve hours for six days in a week, she can earn no more than \$1.43 to \$1.67 a week."

Near the close of his article, Mr. Heyn tells us that "the toy industry in Sonneberg has received quite a boom by the craze for Teddy bears, over 10,000 going every week to the United States and also to England and France." A.

A religion that has nothing to offer beyond the grave, can never satisfy the deepest desires of the heart. Each day hearts are bowing down under the crushing load of sorrow that death brings. If, by the side of the death angel, the angel of the resurrection cannot come with his comfort and words of hope, we are of all beings the most miserable.

Opening for a Physician.

There is a fine opening for a Homeopathic physician in Nortonville, Kansas. This may be of interest to some Seventh-day Baptist.

HOME NEWS

Explanation.

The following report of the Iowa yearly meeting was received among the first papers that came after the new editor entered upon the work, and should have appeared in his first issue of the RECORDER.

It was carefully prepared for the printer, and we had not discovered its failure to appear, until a letter of inquiry startled us and set us to thinking. We remembered having seen such a manuscript as the letter described and having made it ready for the press, but the question why it had not shown up in the RECORDER we could not answer. Something in the recollections of those chaotic days when we were trying to get straightened out in the new work, haunted us with misgivings but gave no solution of the problem. Finally we took up the old pen that had served us so well before, expecting to make a clean breast of our inability to answer, and to plead for mercy. But somehow the pen seemed reluctant to write, and finally as a last resort, we began searching through a pile of manuscripts which we had copied for our typos, laying away the originals for future reference.

Here the missing paper was found! By some mishap it had been gathered up with the other papers and buried away out of sight. It was certainly a close call. I am so glad it was discovered in time to save my hesitating pen the humiliation of writing that apology to Brother Babcock.

I know the people of the Iowa meeting will appreciate the situation and forgive the editor without being asked to do so.

WELTON, IOWA.—The annual meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Iowa convened with the Welton church, Sept. 6, 1907, at 11 o'clock A. M. The introductory sermon was preached by Rev. John T. Davis, of Garwin. Following the sermon, necessary business was attended to, and all visiting friends were invited to take part in the deliberations of this meeting. At 2.30 P. M., Rev. Charles S. Sayre, delegate from the Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin semi-annual meeting, preached. On the eve of the Sabbath, at 7.30, letters were read

from the following churches: the Church of God, of Marion (by request), the Carlton church of Garwin, and the Welton church. An essay by Mrs. Ella Mitchell, of Marion, was read by Miss Ethelyn Davis. At 8 o'clock, there was preaching by Rev. Charles S. Sayre, with conference following.

Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock, came Sabbath school and, at 11, sermon by Secretary Saunders, of the Missionary Board, followed by administration of the Lord's supper, Rev. John T. Davis and Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, officiating. At 2.30 P. M., Christian Endeavor meeting was led by Miss Ethelyn Davis; topic, "God's Omnipresence." Talks on the following thoughts were full of interest: "How God's omnipresence makes faithfulness easier," Prof. Harvey Burdick, of Ellwood; "Helps to realizing God's presence," Rev. John T. Davis; "What God's presence means in our weakness," Rev. Geo. W. Burdick. General conference followed. At 7.30, praise service, led by Rev. Charles S. Sayre; sermon at 8, by Secretary Saunders; after-meeting by Rev. John T. Davis. First-day morning—at 10.30, sermon by Rev. Mr. Davis; essay by Miss Ethelyn Davis. At 2.30, Rev. Mr. Sayre preached, and Cora Van Horn of Garwin read an essay. At 7.30, song service, led by Ethelyn Davis; at 8, Secretary Saunders gave a talk on his visit to the Holy Land; Miss Davis sang a solo, entitled "The New Jerusalem." Meeting closed with a farewell conference.

Adjourned to meet with the Carlton church at Garwin, at 10 o'clock, on Sixth-day, before the first Sabbath in September, 1908.

A. E. FORSYTHE, Mod.

J. O. BABCOCK, Sec. pro tem.

DODGE CENTER, MINNESOTA.—Have had beautiful November weather. Whooping-cough has diminished attendance at church for several weeks. No special matters of importance to report. We send, however, fraternal greetings to all Home News readers.—The RECORDER of November 25 was very valuable and deacons ought now to rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer reproach as "standard bearers" for the church. Seventh-day Baptists have had a noble army of faithful servants in that office.—Jesse Hutchins has admirers here at

Dodge Center. His statements of belief are inspiring and the RECORDER is indebted to him for a written statement. He did not tell us his idea of a Devil. So many Christians have placed that old cunning demon in the catalogue of things imaginary. But it would seem as though he were yet a personality from what we see and hear and feel and do ourselves. But Home News does not discuss theology.—The Annual Thanksgiving Dinner had to be postponed on account of whooping-cough.—The Annual Thanksgiving sermon was preached in the Congregational church by our pastor Sayre from Psalm 107: 21, 22.—Attendants at Sabbath school and prayer meetings greatly miss Elder W. H. Ernst, for he was always faithful and helpful. We know the Gentry church will be blessed with his help and counsel.—Our students at Milton College will know that homes here are longing for their holiday-coming and the church will rejoice to see them in their old places if only for a short time. We have more young people that will in time cast longing eyes toward Milton but we fear that after being trained there for a more useful life they will seek homes and work elsewhere. "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" may be all right, but we feel a little selfish this way about it.—Another excellent family has left us lonesome; W. H. Crandall, wife and children have moved to Milton. Possibly this may be their gain, but not ours.—Election of Sabbath school officers will soon take place and the nominating committee is disappointed as is the school in the refusal of Anna Wells to serve the coming year as Superintendent. She has been a most efficient and faithful worker. "There are others," but just now they seem unwilling to assume the great responsibility. This has always been a most flourishing Sabbath school.—Mrs. Sayre takes the Junior work this term.—Brother Arthur Ellis and family have moved to St. Anthony Park, St. Paul, Minn., where he becomes a foreman in the live stock experimenting station at the State Agricultural School. He first had a good understanding about keeping the Sabbath and the authorities seemed to like a man of principle. However, "Birds of a feather ought to flock together" and keep the children under right influences.

COR., *pro tem.*

December 2, 1907.

WALWORTH, WIS.—A private letter from Brother M. G. Stillman informs us of quite extensive repairs being made to the audience room of the Walworth church by way of paint, paper and carpets. This work was pushed by the Ladies' Benevolent Society, and the pastor and his wife came in for a fair share of it. Twenty rods of cement walk have also been put in before the church property, which makes a great outside improvement. A Home Department for the Sabbath school has been recently organized, and promises to do good work.

ADAMS CENTER.—We think a great deal of the Home News department of the RECORDER, since from it we get the items of general interest among our churches and become better acquainted with one another, which results in a deeper mutual interest. There is nothing of special interest to write from here and yet there may be some items that will be of interest to some.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Langworthy have sold their home and gone to Salt Lake City. We are all sorry to part with these worthy young people.—Philo Greene is spending several days at North Loup.—Mrs. Joseph Hull has found it necessary to go to a hospital in Syracuse for treatment.—The state contractor was busy during the summer with a large number of men building a macadam road from our village out on the main Watertown road. His contract is for three miles of road, for which he is paid \$24,000. The road is now open for use and will be completed next summer.—Our union Thanksgiving service was held with the State Road Baptist Church, Pastor Socwell preaching the annual sermon.—D. S. Gurlley and Sherman Trowbridge have been at North Loup for some time engaged in locating creameries; and recently Joseph Williams has gone there to build one or more creameries.—Miss Helen Whitford is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

ANON.

ALBION, WIS.—The RECORDER, unusually rich in good things, arrived in the Albion parsonage about two hours ago. My failure to find the familiar Home News reminds me of the failure of some one to report from this church to that department of our denominational paper. We might have reported earlier some things that have been

of special interest to us here since Conference. The first was the visit of Pastor Burdick of Boulder, to whose church all eyes are turned as the next meeting place of Conference. He preached an excellent sermon here Sabbath, September 7. Two Sabbaths later we were highly edified and instructed by the visit of our Shanghai missionary, Rev. J. W. Crofoot, and we shall certainly think more of our work in that far land after listening to his address that Sabbath morning.

We shall not soon forget the recent visit of our own Doctor Lewis, who in two notable addresses, "The Waiting Minority," and "The Bible Exalted," brought us to see more clearly the importance of the place we hold in the history of the Christian church and to appreciate as never before "How firm a foundation is laid for our faith in His excellent Word." "Tell Doctor Lewis that his visit here has not only been a great pleasure, but has also been of permanent good to us," was heard at the end of the wire in the parsonage just before he left for the train. This from a representative home expresses the general feeling of the people of this place. It is worth while to consider whether it would not be a great advantage to our people to see these denominational leaders more frequently in our local churches as over against a very small percentage of us seeing them every year at our great meetings. At any rate, Albion has been greatly blessed by coming into personal contact with these men during the last year. The enterprising Young Men's Club of Albion has projected a course of lectures for the autumn and winter. The Milton College Quartet has been here under its auspices and furnished the first number, to the great delight of a good-sized audience. Other good things are in store for us from the Rev. E. G. Updike, of Madison; Mrs. Sylvester, of Milwaukee; and President Daland, of Milton College.

The annual meeting of the church and society accompanied by the annual dinner in the new basement of the church was an event in which unusual interest was manifested. All the four auxiliary societies of the church were represented by reports which were ordered engrossed in the records of the church.

At a recent meeting of the Advisory

Committee of the church, attended by an unusual number, the following answers were given to the question, "What more can this church do to promote the interest of the kingdom?" "Show greater zeal in the Lord's work;" "The cultivation of more religion in the home with the SABBATH RECORDER as one of the means;" "The adding to our strength numerically;" "More consecrated money;" "The working of the church in sectional divisions to secure a larger list of RECORDER subscribers;" "More love for one another and for those that are without: a love that manifests itself in practical deeds of charity and in trying to comfort the lonely and forsaken ones." "Let each of the adult male members of the church adopt as his special protegee, without proclaiming the fact, some lad who needs the help and inspiration of the example of a wise and loving elder brother."

Autumn visitors to this village included Floyd Burdick, wife and daughter, of the Salvation Army. They sang for us at a Sabbath morning service and conducted a gospel meeting on Sunday night in their army uniform before a large and appreciative audience. All hearts were moved by the simple rehearsal of what Christ had done for them in restoring them after years of wandering from the Father's love and care. Interest in their work was accentuated by the fact that Brother and Sister Burdick were in former years Albion young people and have many relatives and friends in this place.

The church granted the pastor leave of absence to visit the community of Sabbath keepers in Adams county. The interests on this field will be the topic of a later article. The Christian Endeavor Society very acceptably conducted the service on the Sabbath of the pastor's absence on his missionary trip.

Death has claimed another of our aged members—Brother Wescott. Sickness is prevalent but the general health is improving at this writing. Many are praying that the spiritual health of this people may be renewed and that the "Son of righteousness may arise with healing in his wings." Will you all join in this prayer for us?

T. J. V.

Dec. 12, 1907.

MARRIAGES

BABCOCK-MOSER—At the home of the groom near Jackson Centre, Ohio, October 10, 1907, by Rev. Darwin C. Lippincott, Mr. Ira T. Babcock of Jackson Centre, and Miss Hattie B. Moser of Pennsylvania.

BOESSE-BOESSE—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Berlin, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1907, by the Rev. J. G. Burdick, Mr. Elmer James Boesse and Miss Edna A. Boesse.

ROBINSON-HILL—At the home of the bride's parents, Hon. and Mrs. Frank Hill, Nov. 27, 1907, by Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, Mr. Earle Judson Robinson and Miss Evelyn Irene Hill, all of Ashaway, R. I.

GUINN-MAXSON—In Westerly, R. I., Nov. 28, 1907, by the Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Mr. Howard Lee Guinn of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Ethel May Maxson, of Westerly.

STEIGER-LACER—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Boulder, Colo., on Dec. 9, 1907, by Rev. F. O. Burdick, Dr. Harry E. Steiger of Denver, Colo., and Miss Katherine Vernon of Colorado Springs, Colo.

DEATHS

MAXSON—Mrs. Henrietta Ackley Maxson was born in Leavenworth county, Kansas, November 17, 1870, and died at her home at Cunningham, Kansas, November 11, 1907. She became a Christian in childhood, and in 1893 joined the Seventh-day Baptist church at Nortonville, Kansas. She was married to Dr. Ira Maxson on July 5, 1893. They lived in Nortonville for several years, during which time her husband studied medicine in Kansas City. On his becoming a practitioner they located at Cunningham.

At dinner, on November 9, in apparently her usual health and vigor, she was stricken by the hand of disease in the form of apoplexy. She was possessor of a cheerful and sympathetic disposition, and distributed smiles and kind words to those about her.

She leaves her husband, two children, father, three brothers, other relatives and a wide circle of friends in bereavement. Her remains were brought to Nortonville for funeral and interment.

G. W. H.

BAILEY—In the town of Lorraine, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1907, Caleb Bailey, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

Bro. Bailey was born in the town of Lorraine, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1821, and spent his entire

life in the vicinity of his birth. Jan. 17, 1846, he was united in marriage with Sophronia A. Stillman of Lorraine, who departed this life June 27, 1900. June 5, 1886 he united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Adams Centre and continued in its fellowship till the time of his death.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor E. H. Socwell at the home of the deceased's grandson, Carl Bailey, Nov. 13. E. H. S.

WESCOTT—At his home in Albion, Wisconsin, in the early morning of December 3, 1907, Franklin R. Wescott, in the 81st year of his age.

He was the son of Rial and Mercy Shaw Wescott, born in Berlin, Rensselaer County, N. Y., August 6, 1827. In early childhood his parents moved to Oneida Co., thence, after a year or so, to Alfred, N. Y. Here he grew to manhood, joining the Second Alfred Seventh-day Baptist Church, at 16 years of age. He was married to Miss Harriet Langworthy, Oct. 18, 1851. Four years afterward, joining the tide of emigration westward, he settled in Albion, in the month of June, 1855. Since that year he has held his membership in the Albion Seventh-day Baptist Church. Four children came to bless the home of brother and sister Wescott. Their son William died two years ago. The three daughters, Mrs. Sarah Conway of Chicago, Mrs. Louise Babcock of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and Mrs. Maria Davis of Albion, have had the privilege of ministering to him during the days of his long and painful sickness. These, with the faithful companion who has been the joy and inspiration of his life for more than 56 years and has patiently, bravely, and tenderly cared for him during these months of helplessness, are left to mourn his departure. A large circle of relatives and friends gathered at the home on the afternoon of the 6th to pay their last tribute of love and respect. T. J. V.

GREENE—In the village of Adams, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1907, Mrs. Mary A. Greene, in the seventy-first year of her age.

Sister Greene was born in Verona, April 6, 1837; but with the exception of a few years she spent her whole life in the vicinity of Adams Centre.

Jan. 1, 1861, she was united in marriage with Wm. M. Greene, the marriage being solemnized at Watson, N. Y., which for a short time had been her home.

This union resulted in the birth of three sons and one daughter, two of the sons dying in infancy. Since the death of her husband, July 17, 1894, she made her home for the greater part of the time with her daughter, Mrs. T. F. Saunders, of Adams. In early life she was converted and baptized into the fellowship of the Watson Seventh-day Baptist Church and the remainder of her life was that of a plain and true Christian woman. She was highly spoken of by all who knew her.

Funeral services were conducted at the home of her daughter by E. H. Socwell. She leaves to mourn their loss her daughter, her son, Whitford Greene, a sister and a wide circle of warm friends. E. H. S.

Sabbath School

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

Jan. 11. Jesus and John the Baptist,	John 1: 19-34.
Jan. 18. Jesus and His First Disciples,	John 1: 35-51.
Jan. 25. Jesus Cleanses the Temple,	John 2: 13-22.
Feb. 1. Jesus the Savior of the World,	John 3: 1-21.
Feb. 8. Jesus and the Woman of Samaria,	John 4: 1-42.
Feb. 15. Jesus Heals the Nobleman's Son,	John 4: 43-54.
Feb. 22. Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda,	John 5: 1-18.
Feb. 29. Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand,	John 6: 1-21.
Mar. 7. Jesus the Bread of Life,	John 6: 22-51.
Mar. 14. Jesus Heals the Man Born Blind,	John 9.
Mar. 21. Review.	
Mar. 28. Temperance Lesson,	Prov. 23: 29-35.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 4, 1908.

THE WORD MADE FLESH.

John 1: 1-14.

Golden Text.—"The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." John 1: 14.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Col. 1: 9-29.

Second-day, Eph. 1: 3-23.

Third-day, Prov. 8: 12-31.

Fourth-day, Isa. 9: 1-7.

Fifth-day, Phil. 1: 27-2: 11.

Sixth-day, 2 Cor. 5: 11-6: 10.

Sabbath-day, John 1: 1-18.

INTRODUCTION.

The Gospel according to John belongs distinctly in another class when compared with the first three Gospels. They present Jesus as the man of action, teaching by miracles and parables, and keeping his own personality in the background. John shows Jesus asserting himself in argument with the leaders of the people and establishing his claims to their recognition. Matthew, Mark and Luke tell of Jesus' activity in Galilee; John points out that Jesus was frequently in Jerusalem. The earlier writers give the impression that the Lord's ministry was only a little more than a year in length, while John shows that it was more than two years, and probably more than three.

These differences need, however, give us no uneasiness. The views of the Evangelists are not contradictory, but complementary. We can find in Matthew, Mark and Luke several expressions that show that Jesus was just such a man as John represents.

The second and third Gospels were not writ-

ten by eye-witnesses. Matthew also does not write like an eye-witness, and gives no hint in regard to himself, but the fourth Gospel has numerous marks of the intimate knowledge of the author concerning the incidents that he portrays. John does not directly name himself as author, but the allusions to the disciple whom Jesus loved are so pointed as to give the reader ample evidence concerning the authorship of the book.

Our present lesson is often spoken of as the prologue of this Gospel. These verses suggest the choice and arrangement of materials in the following chapters. John is going to show the Christ as the Word of God. He is going to tell how this Christ was presented to the world by evidence that ought to have been conclusive, but was rejected. Then he is going to show the Saviour manifested to his disciples by his teachings, and accepted by them, and finally triumphant over his opposers in spite of his death.

TIME—John's Gospel was written near the close of his life in the last decade of the first century of our era.

PLACE—This Gospel was probably written at Ephesus where, according to tradition, John spent the last thirty years of his life.

PERSONS—The Incarnate Word; John the Baptist, the witness-bearer.

OUTLINE:

1. The Word Revealed. v. 1-4.
2. The Word Rejected. v. 5-11.
3. The Word Accepted. v. 12-14.
4. The Word Described. v. 15-18.

NOTES.

1. *In the beginning.* It is evident that John intentionally begins his Gospel with the same sublime expression that stands at the opening of the first chapter of Genesis. Compare Prov. 8: 23. *Was.* The Word did not come into being at the beginning, but was already existing. He is before all time. Compare the phrase, "before the foundation of the world" in Eph. 1: 4 and elsewhere. *Word.* The word thus translated is evidently used here in a technical sense. This word had been used before John's time by both heathen and Jewish writers to express a manifestation of the power of Absolute Divinity; but their idea was of something impersonal and abstract, an intermediary between unapproachable God and contaminating matter. John corrects their erroneous theology, and uses the same term to describe the personal Divine One, The Revealer of God, the incarnate Son of God, the man Christ Jesus. We have in this verse the most sublime truth expressed in the

simplest language. *And the word was with God.* Closely and intimately associated with him. *And the Word was God.* This line does not assert the identity of our Lord with the Father, but that he is divine in the same sense that the Father is Divine. Here John combats the position of the Jewish and heathen philosophers who thought of the "word" as a mere intermediary, and asserts the foundation principle of the doctrine of the trinity.

2. *The same was in the beginning with God.* This verse in part repeats what has already been said; but John wishes to emphasize the fact that the same one who was in the beginning with God was later manifest among men.

3. *All things were made through him.* The Word was not inactive with God, but a positive Agent in creation. "Were made" is literally "became." This verb is in vivid contrast with the "was" of vv. 1, 2.

4. *In him was life.* He is the source and fountain head of real existence. *And the life was the light of men.* The Word gives the life-principle to all things, but for mankind he has an especial blessing. It is that spark of the Divine which kindles in the human breast high ideals and lofty aspirations. This "light" lifts us above the level of the brutes and makes us capable of the eternal life.

5. *And the light shineth in the darkness.* The beneficent life-giving principle must inevitably come into contact and contest with all which opposes it. This darkness is in great measure the depravity of human nature. *And the darkness apprehendeth it not.* The greatest curse of darkness is the inability to appreciate light. It is possible that there is also in this line the thought suggested by the margin of the Revised Version—that the darkness was unable to triumph over the light.

6. *There came a man.* Our author now turns from his general statements in regard to the Word to speak more specifically of his manifestation in time, and alludes first to the coming of his forerunner. *Sent from God.* The coming of this man was no accident, but according to the definite purpose of God. *Whose name was John.* It is worthy of notice that in this Gospel the forerunner of Jesus is never called "the Baptist," but simply "John," and that John the son of Zebedee is never mentioned by name. This fact serves as one of the indirect proofs that the Apostle John is the writer of this Gospel.

7. *The same came for witness.* His life mission was to bear testimony. *That all might believe through him.* That is, through the Christ. Compare ch. 20:31 where the purpose of the book is specifically stated.

8. *He was not the light.* This statement is added for clearness. It seems that some imagined that John himself was the coming Messiah. Compare vv. 19, 20.

9. *Coming into the world.* This phrase is probably to be taken as referring to the light rather than to man.

10. *He was in the world,* etc. It is worth while to notice that the word "world" is used in three senses in this verse.

11. *He came unto his own.* That is, his own country, Israel. It would seem natural and appropriate that his own countrymen who had the testimony of the prophets and the records of God's dealing with their fathers should accept him as Saviour; but this they did not do.

12. *But as many as received him.* Although the Christ was rejected by the leaders of the nation and the people in general, there were a certain few who were exceptions to the rule. *To them that believe on his name.* They showed their acceptance by their belief in him. This was not mere intellectual assent to the teachings of Jesus, but an appropriating faith that accepted the Teacher as Master and Lord. These received the blessed privilege of coming into that intimate relation of sonship with God for which mankind was created.

13. *Who were born not of blood,* etc. This sacred relationship with God is not attained by any physical or human means: it is the direct gift of God.

14. *And the Word became flesh.* The Word whose divinity has been so expressly stated, who was in the beginning and from the beginning, at length came into the world as a man. The translation "became" of the Revised Version very aptly expresses the sense. The Word did not assume human form alone, but human nature as well. He did not lose his personal identity as the Word, nor altogether lay aside his divinity, but he did become a human being with the ordinary limitations connected with frail flesh, both as regards body and soul. Compare Phil. 2:5-8. *And dwelt among us.* The word translated "dwelt" suggests temporary rather than permanent habitation. *And we beheld his glory.* That is the revealed glory of the man Jesus Christ, manifest in his wonderful teachings and his perfect life. *Full of grace and truth.* This expression refers directly to the Word rather than his glory.

15. *John beareth witness of him.* Compare v. 30 and elsewhere. *He that cometh after me is become before me.* Coming after John the Baptist in point of time Jesus easily shows himself to be John's superior. *For he was before me.*

This preeminence of Jesus is not something attained through popularity nor by the skillful use of the material of his teaching. By his very nature Jesus ranks far beyond his forerunner.

16. *For of his fulness we all received.* That the Master is full of grace is manifest from the fact that all Christians are blessed with graces that come from him, and that they can make progress from one grace to another.

17. *For the law was given through Moses,* etc. There was indeed a revelation of what was right and true in the old dispensation, but it was under the new that there came the positive force that helped men to be better.

18. *No man hath seen God at any time.* It would seem therefore that man would not be very apt to be influenced by him. There has been revealed, however, a very competent Witness, namely, the One most intimately connected with him—so infinitely, in fact, that he may be truly said to be in the bosom of the Father, even while he dwelt upon the earth and went about among men. *Only begotten Son.* The best Greek manuscripts read "only begotten God," and there is endless discussion as to which is the true reading. The practical difference is, however, very slight; for the reference is to Jesus Christ in any case, and we are well assured from the context and elsewhere of his essential divinity.

SUGGESTIONS.

It is the person of the Divine Man that gives Christianity its power. The religion which we profess is no abstract theory. Jesus Christ is the manifestation of that which is true and right and noble in humanity. We render personal allegiance to him, and so devote ourselves to that which is true and right and noble. Thus it is that we have real life.

Witness-bearing is the true function of believers. If we believe on Jesus Christ we are to tell of him. We are to testify in order that others may believe, and come to the truth and to life.

The true light lighteth every man. It is for each man to decide whether he will let that light come into his life. You are to show whether you are a child of the light or a child of darkness.

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

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Here is the proposition: *Profitable Poultry* is published by the Davis Publishing Co., incorporated; capital stock, \$3,000, of which \$1,500 has been subscribed. The publication is a year and a half old. It is not yet on a paying basis and will not be until money is furnished to push the business. Patronage is not difficult to obtain, but it must be solicited—and that costs money. Shares are \$5.00 each. I believe that the selling of this stock in small blocks in various parts of the denomination will be of more value than to sell to a few. I therefore ask readers of the SABBATH RECORDER if they will help. I do not ask this as a contribution. It is a business proposition. I am satisfied that it will pay good dividends on every cent invested. At the same time the business will grow rapidly and will furnish employment to a number of our people. To be sure this is a small enterprise. I believe it stands a better chance for success because it is small. But it promises to become large.

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