

The Sabbath Recorder

"For, lo, the winter is past . . . the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."—Song 2:11-13.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing."—Psalm 65:11-13.

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EDITORIAL

Voices of Springtime.

"Thou renewest the face of the earth," and we behold the marvelous resurrection of buried life. All nature, in joyous life-throbbings, is responding to the divine behest, and in the unlettered poetry and eloquence of spring, she pours forth her sweetest strains. Who can look upon the face of earth today, without feeling the thrill of a new life, and catching inspirations from the glad voices of nature that speak to the soul?

The very hills clap their hands in exuberant joy, while they fling out showy banners of welcome to this auspicious vernal season. Bud and leaf and flower join in offerings of sweetest incense to Him who calls them forth; the clouds drop baptismal blessings upon the reviving earth, and all the world gives outward expression of God's infinite heart of love. The bliss of the Divine Mind is overflowing in these cheerful creations of his hand; while countless voices from each grove, and mountain, and plain, and from the very galaxies of heaven join in the chorus: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

I pity the man whose ear cannot catch the strains of this heavenly music, and whose eye is blind to the love-tints of the Divine Artist. Such a one misses the uplift of soul that comes to him whose ear is attuned to the harmonies of the universe, and whose eye is trained to catch the glories of nature's open canvas.

I love the heavenly music of vale and

hill, of ocean and stream, of mountain and glen, of cloud and sky,—harmonies of diviner cadence than ever fell from human lips, and second only to the angelic song proclaiming the Prince of Peace. Why should not the earth, like Bunyan's land of Beulah, become the gateway to heaven for him who sees God's ideals of beauty in sculptured hills and painted valleys, and in all the glorious scenes of earth.

In every form of beauty, in every passing zephyr, in all the lovely things of land or sea, the soul may recognize things that existed as patterns in God's mind before they were brought into being. Thus God speaks to the trusting soul "who, in the love of Nature, holds communion with her visible forms," until all these springtime renewals of life and beauty seem like the poetry of earth set to heavenly music.

Thus the soul, attuned to nature's harmonies, is simply listening to the voice of God. He will be able to say with the poet:

"A spirit of beauty walks the hills,
A spirit of love the plains;
The shadows are bright, and the sunshine fills
The air with a diamond rain.

"Is it the spring that shines as never before,
The tremulous hills above,—
Or the heart within me awake once more
To the dawning light of love?"

They Are Consecrated Preachers.

Men go around the world on pilgrimages to holy places, and love to linger where saints of old spoke of heavenly things and stood for God and truth. But there is no holy shrine to which I would rather make a pilgrimage than to the home of the birds and flowers. They speak more eloquently of the pure and the good than the most deeply cherished memorial of canonized saint or cloistered monk. No pilgrimage to the world's Meccas of religious antiquity could be more ennobling than to approach the shrines of nature, amid "God's first temples," with a spirit of true devotion to Him whose ideals they represent.

I am not alone in the thought that nature's voices speak of heavenly things. At almost every turn in the Master's work,

we find him referring to the scenes about him, to illustrate principles of his kingdom, and to teach the duties of life; and he stands exemplary through all times as the teacher sent from God. Whenever he felt the need of special communion with the Father, he withdrew from the multitudes, and from the haunts of men, into the mountains and fields and gardens, where alone with nature and nature's God he found special help. And when he taught the multitudes, he made vines and trees and birds preach sermons; the lily of the field, the grass that is cast into the oven, grain fields and the mustard seed,—everything in nature was made to speak forth truths of love, contentment, and hope.

Again, I can the more confidently "go forth under the open sky and list to nature's teachings," when I remember that most of the life-scenes in the Book of books were enacted in the open country. There its precious teachings were thought, felt, and spoken; there its commandments were given and there its writings were made. The reader of our Bible is called to go forth in the open country to dwell with prophets and patriarchs in tabernacles and in deserts; and to walk with Jesus and the Apostles through the wheat-fields and by the seashore, over hills and on mountain sides, where they communed with God, and taught by symbols from nature. The Bible poets also communed with the earth and sky, until they felt that "the heavens declare the glory of God," and that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." In nature, all these teachers found their imagery and much of their inspiration.

Now I insist that he who would most fully enter into the spirit of those men, and drink most deeply of the life-giving teachings of Jesus, must either literally or in imagination follow them afield, and listen to their sermons by the seaside and on the mountain; behold men scattering seed by the wayside, and witness in open air, amid thronging men, the glorious miracles of healing and the tears of compassion. Let your Bible studies "smell of the dew of herbs and of the breath of morning," if you would correspond more closely with the great teachers of old, and see truths in the same light and circumstances under which they were given.

Connecting Links With the Sacred Past.

As we listen to these "Voices of Springtime," I am sure the devout soul will find many things that make connecting links between himself and the dearest associations in sacred history, as well as revelations of divine ideals. I trust it will not be considered extravagant to think of the heavens and the earth as filled with reminders of the glorious men of old, and even of the scenes in Eden. The same sun gladdens our hearts these spring days that gave joy to those in Paradise. We look upon the same moon that regulated the wilderness festivals of Moses and his followers, and that lighted the tabernacle homes of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The star that peeps through your own window tonight shone over the home of Jesus and must have lighted his midnight solitudes. The breezes of this springtime fan your cheeks exactly as they did the cheeks of David, as he watched his flocks by Bethlehem, and the heavens speak to you of God's glory as certainly and as clearly as they spoke to him. Thus, if we listen to nature's voices with hearts open to catch the messages, we must feel that there is a bond of union between us and holy men who have lived before us, that should strengthen their teachings and unite us all to God.

Again, there is no tradition more sacredly cherished than that of Eden. And there is no heart-yearning more universal and which men are more reluctant to give up, than the yearning for *Paradise restored*.

What can be more suggestive of Eden's beauty than this vernal season? What can more surely point us to the paradise which John saw, and which was foreshadowed in Eden,—earth's first springtime? If we hope to gain the paradise by the "river of the water of life," we must learn well the lessons that come to us in these passing days.

It is only through the realization of the hopes of spring, when promising blossom-days shall have given place to days of fruitage, that the real glory of the year is reached. So our blossom-days are filled with hopes and promises of fruitful days to come. In our springtime, visions of Eden's joys fill us with confidence that blessings await us further on. But we need to learn that life's glory, like that of the year, is to

be found only in perfected fruit; and that paradise is never restored to him who wastes his springtime.

There is not a fruit-bud in all the rounds of nature but that suggests God's purpose to look for fruit therefrom, and he will surely expect fruit and substantial growths by and by, as the outcome of our springtime buddings. There is not a golden opportunity, not a God-given talent, not a ray of celestial sunshine, that does not suggest some future good expected of us.

Again, in these days of advancing spring, as we watch the tender shoots, and see how near they are to biting frosts and blighting winds, we cannot avoid a feeling of anxiety lest they be destroyed. We guard carefully our tender plants while the lingering breath of winter is so near. This is natural, so long as we know how easily they are destroyed.

If these are matters of so much solicitude, how much more should we guard the fruit-promises of tender years, where the blighting frosts of sin threaten destruction to budding souls! If these are ruined, they must go barren and fruitless toward an eternal winter, where spring can never come.

The saddest lessons of earth come from the blasted hopes and fruitless lives of those who have wasted their springtime.

Spring's Call to Seed Sowing.

The farmer realizes that spring's opportunity for seed-sowing must be improved before he can even hope for a harvest. Spring teaches, in well-known language, that fields left bare will bring weeds and thorns. These grow without any sowing. But good seed must be sown if grain and fruits shall replace the troublesome growths, and yield a desirable harvest. How suggestive to all who are now in life's springtime! Nature gives them gracious hints of duties that are inevitable before their hopes can be realized in growths of godly character and useful lives. The "fallow ground" must be broken up, good seed must be sown, and watchful care attend, if souls are to be garnered for the skies.

Youth is God's own appointed time for seed-sowing. Eternal interests are at stake. Weeds of sin and vice are sure to grow in hearts left fallow and uncared for.

A Reminder of God's Promises.

This wonderful renewal of earth is an annual voucher for the certainty of God's promises. "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." He who "renews the face of the earth," and makes "the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice," has never left "himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons."

This perpetual renewal of earth is the evidence of a present guiding hand and controlling mind as certainly as was the creation itself. I do not see how any man can walk thoughtfully amid such evidences without a deep sense of the nearness of God and the wisdom of his plans. Outward nature cannot be regarded as something separate from his all-controlling mind. And this progressive march of spring, God-sent to bless us, should so quicken our spiritual vision as to reveal the presence of angel hosts, come to minister unto human wants. God's hand is seen in every tree clothed in beauty and laden with promises of fruit to supply our needs. Indeed, the face of the whole earth today seems like a faithful Father's hand in love extended with gifts for his children. Morning and evening are his messengers, assuring us that his promises cannot fail.

He "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," is able to fulfil all his promises. "The Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary." "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

This covenant-keeping God is pledged to uphold the righteous while the earth shall stand, and to be with them to comfort in the valley and the shadow of death. He assures them that they have another and better home beyond this vale of tears, the glories of which are only foreshadowed by this beautiful springtime.

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

Teaches God's Love for the Beautiful.

If visible forms are the expressions of God's invisible thoughts, then as he turns this vernal page in nature's open book, we must see that the one who "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," who hath painted the scenery of earth, and studded the sky with golden gems, and who hath spanned the clouds with his bow of promise, must be a supreme lover of the beautiful.

If this be true, he must admire the same qualities in those created in his image. Every glance at his handiwork shows that God designed that his children should cultivate this divine characteristic. If this be not so, why has he shown his love for beauty as unmistakably as he has shown his solicitude for men? Why has he implanted within us that quality of mind and soul that responds to the beautiful in form, tone, and color? And why has he surrounded us by every object calculated to awaken and develop such qualities?

Indeed, love of the beautiful must be a godlike virtue and an important ally of piety. It is always a refiner of the faculties, an intensifier of the affections, and should help us to be arrayed in "the beauty of holiness."

Thus, the voices of these spring days, filling our souls with adoration, ought to teach us the value of the beautiful in the culture of our children. It is one of the surest safeguards against vice, an emphatic protest against the low and the sensual, and a magnet-like power to draw them toward God.

Make your homes as beautiful for your children as you possibly can. Surround them with those gems of art and means of music that call out the better qualities of soul, and you will thus aid them in their efforts to develop the beautiful in character.

Spring's Lesson on Charity.

These blossom-days, casting their beautiful mantle over the sharp rugged mountain sides, softening the severity of earth's outlines, and concealing its ugly forms, are teaching God's own lesson of Christian charity.

I have watched from my high window every step in this wonderful transformation. Only a little time ago, the face of

nature was marred by the unpleasant outcroppings of cold, rugged rocks along the mountain bluffs. These remind me always of scenes about my New England home years ago, where the rocks were so conspicuous as to attract attention, and cause more remarks than all the beauties of the landscape. It would seem that all eyes were fixed upon the defects. So it has been here during the days of winter. Nature, stripped of her mantle, showed all her defects. If we walked in the woodlands the angular stiffness of naked trees was conspicuous. Every crooked deformity attracted attention. Every old wall or dilapidated barn or rickety fence or ragged field became an object of remark.

But look again! Spring has come. There is a revival in nature; and she has thrown this beautiful mantle of leaves and flowers over all these blemishes. They are softened and modified by this new life, and many of them have entirely disappeared. Blossom-days have filled the orchards with beauty and sent forth the sweet incense of flowers, until all ugly growths are hidden, and it seems as if some of the fleecy clouds had fallen to earth in patches of bloom! The once bare landscape seems as full as it can be of beauty. It is a goodly sight, and all the cold rigidity of winter is now forgotten.

O that a blossom-day of revival might come to God's spiritual heritage! Then, too, would many of the cold asperities of life give place to the spirit of love. Charity's mantle would hide the blemishes and imperfections which now cause criticisms and coldness. The spirit of Christian kindness would drive out the spirit of fault-finding which so magnifies the failings of others. And just as today the spring beauty and sunshine soften our hearts and fill us with satisfaction over nature's loveliness, enabling us to forget her blemishes, so would springtime in the soul, if it were God's revival, cast a glory over all our fellows, and cover with the mantle of charity all their faults. May our heavenly Father send such a renewal to all the churches.

Who is Unwise?

We clip the following item from the *Christian Endeavor World*:

"The Jews will be indeed unwise if they push the bill which is before the New York

legislature permitting those whose religion requires them to observe another day than Sunday to work on that day. The best interests of the Jew would lead him to adopt the Sabbath of the Christian majority, and not persist in a harmful isolation."

The *Endeavor World* is a union paper to all intents and purposes. It has among its patrons many Christian people who are as much interested in the Sabbath of the Bible as are the Jews. Many Seventh-day Endeavor societies own allegiance to the United Society of Christian Endeavor, whose "religion requires them to keep another day than Sunday."

We are all as anxious to avoid oppressive laws that interfere with conscience as are the Jews, and we also object to laws compelling us to observe a day which we cannot recognize as the Sabbath. The Constitution of our Government recognizes full freedom of conscience in matters of religion. Under it, both Christians and Jews have as good a right to keep the Sabbath as other Christians have to keep Sunday, which was established by the Roman Church. Under the Constitution we all have a right to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences, and the state should not interfere in pure cases of conscience such as Sabbath-keeping.

Now, who are "unwise;" those who deliberately scheme to pass laws against those who keep the Bible Sabbath, and fill the lobbies to push them through, or the ones who petition governments not to pass such laws? Is it more unwise for either the Jew or the Seventh-day Christian to petition Congress or state governments for relief from unjust laws, than it was for First-day people to petition for their enactment?

Again, what would the *Christian Endeavor World* think of the principles advocated in this item, if pressed to their ultimate conclusions? It says, "The best interests of the Jew would lead him to adopt the Sabbath of the majority." Then, of course, the best interests of all Christian Sabbath-keepers would lead them to adopt the Sabbath of the majority.

Pray, what has the majority to do with cases of conscience? Should all minorities be governed by their "interest" and yield convictions upon truths to please the majority? How would this principle have worked in the days of the Apostles? Would

it not have been for their interests to adopt the beliefs of the majority? Upon this line of policy, the Pilgrim Fathers would never have come out from the Church of England, the Protestants would never have resisted the Roman Church; and the Baptists today would yield to the larger denominations.

If the majority is to decide what shall be done in cases of conscience, then the Christian world should respect the Mohammedans! Indeed, if this majority-plea had been enforced throughout the ages, there would never have been any progress toward Christianity.

Jesus and his followers, and the leaders in every advance along the lines of God's eternal truth, have all of them "persisted in this harmful (?) isolation." And all who love the foundation truths of Jehovah, can still afford to resist the majorities that would coerce them to violate conscience and disobey God.

The Debt.

In the RECORDER of April 27, the \$5.00 credited to Mrs. F. J. Hubbard, should have been credited to Mrs. J. Frank Hubbard! The credit was made correctly in the treasurer's book, but the initial letters got mixed in the proof.

Several kind replies to the circular letter sent to the churches have been received, and we feel quite encouraged about the debt. One pastor in the East says: "The church here at its last session voted to take up the matter of the Society's debt and push it vigorously, with the hope that your largest expectations may be realized."

Another pastor writes: "I am happy to say that the trustees have already commenced a canvass of our church for funds to apply on the Tract Society's debt. I assure you of our support, and hope that the debt may soon be wiped out."

Another writes: "I am sorry for you men who are trying to carry this load, made far heavier by the debt." These are all good words from the East; and the following messages come from the West: "We have been working slowly for weeks on the Tract Society's debt. Great bodies move slowly, but — will be heard from in some humble way. Take courage; others will do the same, and the debt will be lifted."

A lone Sabbath-keeper and his wife, in

Oklahoma, who cannot claim much of this world's goods, and who are making a struggle for a home on the frontier, write as follows: "Enclosed find check for \$10 for Tract Society's debt. I wish we could make it ten times as much; and you must excuse us for being so slow. We were waiting for our hogs to get fat enough to sell, to get the money. I do not understand why our wealthy members and churches do not respond to this call in such time of need; but we hope and pray that it may all be paid. It would be easy to pay the balance if all would pay a little. May God put it into the heart of each Seventh-day Baptist to pay what he can, is the prayer of your brother and sister in Christ."

These are all good words from friends in the East, and friends in the great West. Thus do the East and the West join in helping to lift our burden. All through this effort, the great interest taken by the "lone Sabbath-keepers," has been remarkable. Among the churches thus far heard from, the church and people of North Loup, Nebraska, stand first, as having given the largest amount; with Nortonville, Kansas, second, and the two Brookfield churches, each giving equal amounts, third. These churches were among the first to respond.

Several of the churches have had special burdens of their own to bear, which had to be disposed of before they could do their best for the debt. These felt that they could make a more satisfactory effort to help the Tract Society, after first completing the work at home, and it was therefore postponed for the time being.

They thus hope to do better in the end by working one thing at a time. This is undoubtedly the best way. And their seeming delay is not due to indifference, but comes from a desire to do the most they are able to do. These churches will all be heard from in due time, and we believe it will all come out right in the end.

We have not many weeks now before the annual reports must be made up, but the money will surely come. We cannot believe our people will allow their Board to report a debt at Conference this year.

The account now stands as follows:

Total received to April 30\$2,293 30
 Received this week:
 Loyd and Emma Bond, Tiawah, Oklahoma 10 00

Wm. M. Stillman, Plainfield, New Jersey 25 00
 Mrs. C. H. West, Farina, Illinois ... 4 00
 Church, Wellsville, N. Y. 16 00
 Mrs. W. K. B. Sunderland, Wickford, R. I. 1 00
 Total received\$2,349 30
 Still unpaid 1,650 70

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Elder James Hurley is going to work on the Southwestern field under the direction of the Missionary Board, with Gentry as a centre. This will be a great help to the Gentry church even though he can be with them only a part of the time.

We are glad indeed that Brother Hurley is so rapidly regaining his health, and hope he may be able to do good work on that needy field.

Dr. A. H. Lewis spent the last Sabbath of April with the church in New Market, and the first Sabbath in May he visited the churches at Shiloh and Marlboro, preaching twice in the Shiloh church, where a union service filled the house full with people from both churches.

The Stone at the Door of the Tomb.*

Matthew 27:60. And he rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb, and departed.

Everybody thought it was all over. The incredible and impossible had happened. The Messiah who was to redeem Israel was dead. He who would not taste of death, but would come in the clouds of heaven, was a corpse. The robbers who were crucified with him had sarcastically suggested that if he were the Son of God, he had better step down from the cross. But the man did not step down. His constitution was not like theirs; it was not full of brutal physical vigor; it was not an animal type. His nervous organization was so exquisitely delicate that once, when a woman merely touched the hem of his garment, he had turned in the crowd and asked who touched him. And so, instead of performing a spectacular miracle, he had simply died. He had died sooner than the other two. He was apparently more mortal than the rob-

*Delivered before the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago, April 18, 1908, by E. H. Lewis, and requested by the Sabbath School for publication.

bers. There it hung, white and still as ever a murderer's body hung on the gallows. The women stood afar off, straining their eyes to see. The disciples—we do not know where they were. But whether in sight of the cross or clustered together in some room, they were suffering from spiritual and physical shock. They were desperately struggling to regain their self-control. They were trying to escape from the awful daze and amazement. They were trying to believe that God is good.

There were two men who were less affected—two friends of Jesus who were not among the twelve, but who had perhaps united certain doubts with their earnest desire to see the kingdom of God. These were Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. Nicodemus, doctor of laws, had gone his way with a heavy heart. Once he had visited Jesus by night, and asked him concerning the secret of eternal life. The young man had given him an answer that was too high for him, an answer to whose meaning he could not attain. And now the young man was dead, a martyr to conscience. All his transcendental talk about eternal life had availed him nothing. Jesus had gone to sleep with his fathers. And in the old doctor's heart there stirred a sense of personal loss. He slowly wended his way to the bazaar and gave an order. He asked for a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pounds' weight. That much he could do for his dead friend.

Along towards evening another distinguished man, the counselor Joseph, made up his mind to do something for the love of this Jesus. He went to the Roman procurator, and agreed to see that the body received proper interment. It took some courage to ask for the "revolutionist's" body. Very likely Joseph would be accused of being a conspirator. But he went, saying nothing to his Jewish friends. He bought a great roll of linen for a swathing band, and with the women wended his way in the evening to the hill of execution. At the cross he met Nicodemus, who had brought the bale of aloes and myrrh. We do not know who else were there, except Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus. But Joseph was the man in charge. He had received Pilate's consent, and he proceeded to prepare the body for the grave and to lay it in his own new tomb near by.

And then Joseph rolled a great stone against the door of the tomb. He meant well. He had acted promptly, saving, as he thought, a great deal of anxiety for the heart-broken mother. He and Nicodemus represented the wisest Jews of the day. They were men of the ripest theoretical and practical judgment. And to them it seemed the only thing to do; to bury the mistaken young idealist, the dreamer of divine dreams, and roll a great stone against the door of his tomb.

Such is the story. Such were the literal facts of history. But it is only as a parable that I call your attention to them today. There is a spiritual sense in which Counselor Joseph and Dr. Nicodemus are alive today, and with the best intentions in the world are engaged in rolling a great stone against the door of the tomb. The new Josephs are those scientific men who have abandoned their faith in the immortality of the soul. The new Josephs are, men like Professor Haeckel. It would be mere pedantry to give a list of the men who agree with Haeckel that a belief in personal immortality is impossible, but such a list would include many of eminent names from various fields of thought. It would, for example, include the great chemist Ostwald, the physiologist Loeb, the reformer Tolstoi,* the poet Swinburne, the sociologist Frederic Harrison, and the philosopher-poet Santayana. It would include many eminent physicians. I could name several who live in Chicago. It would include all Marxian socialists who accept the teachings of Kautzky and Dietzgen. It would include many distinguished Jews. It would include many leaders of thought in China, India, Japan, and Ceylon, as well as in Europe and America.

I do not know how many of you are familiar with the writings of such men, but I do know that every medical and philosophical student sooner or later comes sharply in contact with them. Professor Haeckel says: "Among thoughtful physicians the conviction that the existence of the soul came to an end at death has been common for centuries. Generally, however, they have refrained from giving expression to this conviction." If Professor Haeckel is right, or only half right, it behooves

*A despatch from Paris since April 19 makes it unlikely that Tolstoi is leaning again toward his childhood faith.

young men who expect to study medicine or philosophy to be prepared to meet such views. Not only is this true, but every young man and woman who attends a university must expect to encounter them.

I tell you, dear friends, that we little dream of the amount of sad scepticism that there is on this matter among intellectual leaders. We little dream how strong their arguments are. And for the next few minutes I will place before you a few facts which prove this assertion. I will sketch the outlines, the shape, the weight of the great stone which materialistic science is attempting, with the very best intentions and with a sad heart, to roll before the door of the tomb.

Some of the arguments are as follows:

1. "Every known physical fact," Ostwald says, "leads to the conclusion that diffusion of energy is the general aim of all happenings. No change whatever seems to have occurred, and probably none ever will occur, resulting in a concentration greater than the dissipation of energy." From this Ostwald argues that nothing individual and personal can be eternal. The only thing that is eternal is change. "The most individualized thing imaginable is the present moment: it is quite unique, and never will return." What we call the individuality of a man consists only in the continuity of his changes. So far as science can see, this continuity of changes is dependent entirely on the body, and when the body is dissolved, all continuity of living changes ceases.

2. Life is merely the sum total, as Spencer would say, of those forces that resist death. So far as science can judge, the forces involved are chemical, and at death life ceases for chemical reasons. Physical science cannot imagine life distinct from the body, for to physical science life is merely the sum of the functions of protein. Even psychology, the science of the soul, no longer has much use for the word "soul," since in the proportion as it becomes an exact science it uses the formulas of physiology, and these in turn reduce theoretically to the mechanics of the atom.

3. Future life cannot be imagined in any way that is dignified. The Indian expects heaven to be a hunting ground; the Eskimo expects it to be like the arctic region; the Cingalese looks forward to an eternity of

idleness and rice and curry; the Mohammedan believes that it will be a garden where dark-eyed girls will bring him cooling drinks.

4. We cannot logically look forward to meeting the beloved dead unless we also look forward to meeting all the disagreeable people we ever knew. If heaven were to mean this, would it be worth having?

5. We can imagine no noble action for ourselves disjoined from the body. All the righteousness we have attained has come by struggle with earthly conditions. Remove these and the possibility of righteousness is removed at a single stroke.

6. The more unselfish men become, the less they desire to be immortal. Even a nation like China has no belief in immortality. The Buddhists—who outnumber Christians overwhelmingly—long for extinction. They believe that reincarnation is the penalty they pay for sin. But apart from the Chinese and the Buddhists, it is argued that the truly spiritual man does not care for personal continuance. Professor Santayana, of Harvard College, has drawn a beautiful picture of the man who has overcome the selfish longing to be immortal, and who contemplates his approaching extinction with heroic calm.

7. If immortality is granted to men, it must be granted to all life. Biology no longer makes any fundamental distinction between the life of man and that of an ape, or dog, or fish, or tree. Therefore Paradise would have to include not merely immortal trees of life, but the immortal soul of every fish, mollusc, reptile, and insect that has appeared upon the earth in the past million years.

Such are some of the arguments. Doubtless every one of them has crossed the mind of every one of us. The more important of them have been the subject of elaborate discussion, and are being debated more and more openly. Even a man like Dr. Osler, one of the most admirable and learned of physicians, the professor of medicine at Oxford, has recently expressed himself as very doubtful. He says that he would rather be mistaken with Plato than be right with those who deny life after death, but his argument is only half-hearted. He says, "It makes us falter where we firmly trod to feel that man comes within the sweep of these profound and inviolate

human laws, but it explains why nature is so lavish with the human beads, and so haphazard in their manufacture, snapping them and cracking them at her will, caring nothing if the precious cord on which they are strung remains unbroken—i. e., caring nothing for the individual so long as the race, the germ-plasm, continues. Science minimizes to the vanishing point the importance of the individual man, and claims that the cosmic laws which control his destiny are wholly inconsistent with the special-providence view in which we were educated—that beneficent, fatherly providence which cares for the sparrow."

In these words of Dr. Osler we have the issue fairly before us. Science, he says, contradicts the notion of a providence which cares for the sparrows. It is a sentence to give us pause. Here is a great physician, who uses science to alleviate human ills, telling us that science minimizes the individual life to the vanishing point. Think what we owe to science: anti-toxin; the antiseptics which make modern surgery possible; a thousand things for which we must rise up and call science blessed. It has saved the lives of our children for us, and yet now we are told that it minimizes the individual life to the vanishing point. There is some mistake here. There are two different things masking under the name of science.

We have here science as a method of investigation and science as a means of human service. What is more, we have the first kind of science elevated into a philosophy. Dr. Osler is apparently speaking of pure physical science as an interpretation of the place of life in the universe. But if he means this he should go one step further. Instead of merely declaring that pure physical science reduces the importance of the individual man to the vanishing point, he should declare that it utterly eliminates the idea of importance from the world. To a purely physical or mechanical view of the world, the race is of no more importance than the individual. Pure physical science can recognize no "importance," no values, no worth; it has nothing to do with these things. It looks with equal interest on food and poison, death and life. Its field is strictly impersonal.

But will pure physical science be arrogant enough to deny that there floats above

the material world a world of needs, hungers, aspirations, ideals? Every act, every word, takes us out of the realm of physical science into a realm quite incommensurable with the physical. We are on difficult ground here, the debatable ground of all philosophy, and it would be childish to try to enter into technical phases of the question at this time. The true relation of ideals to physical law is the subject which divides thinkers into two great schools. But one thing is certain. Whenever a moral science has allowed itself to be guided by the categories of pure physical science there has always been trouble. The distinction between right and wrong, good and bad, has evaporated. The distinction between God and the world has disappeared. That is the trouble with the great Hindoo religions. Hindoo thinkers have tried to make a religion out of physics. They are so philosophical that they have turned their religion into a sort of poetic natural science—not a very good one, but a sort of natural science. They see God in what is bad as easily as in what is good. They are pantheists, and pantheism is merely a beautiful name for pure physical science treated as a philosophy.

Contrast all this with the Christian point of view. To the Christian the most valuable thing in the world is the individual. The true Christian physician makes use of the indifferent laws of chemistry to help the individual. Those laws are neither good nor bad, but he uses them in such a way as to make them good. In his use of these means he creates value where there was none. What was it that Jesus of Nazareth came preaching? Was it not the infinite worth of the individual?

Our scientific friends will never see life steadily and see it whole till they grasp the scale of values that Jesus died for. For many of them that will mean a complete change of basis, a complete regeneration. I tell you that a single cry of a wounded child, a single groan uttered under the slaver's lash, is of more importance in the universe than all the gold in earth's mountains, or all the suns in the wheeling sky.

The unbeliever would answer that no heaven could make amends for the sorrows of earth. If a man has suffered here, he has suffered, and the damage is done. And there are times when we feel the force of

the argument. There are people who have endured such torture, undeserved and unmitigated, that we can imagine no consolation great enough for them, and besides we can see no reason in their having to suffer before they are consoled.

But it is a righteous instinct which makes us desire to see the unfortunate get justice, if not in this world, then in another. And it is human and sweet to receive and give consolation. There is a sentence in the Apocalypse of John that rings true to every human hope. It is this: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." It would be a sorry world if we were forced to make that read, "Death and extinction shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Of all possible unreasonable worlds, that would seem to me the most unreasonable.

Speaking of what is reasonable, I received the other day from Europe a recent address delivered by Professor Haeckel at the University of Berlin. One sentence I will translate: "Considered impartially, in the light of pure reason, this belief in immortality is manifestly irreconcilable with the facts of evolution and of physiology." When I read that I laughed. "Considered impartially, in the light of pure reason." Does Professor Haeckel expect an animal like man to be capable of "pure" reason? a hopelessly biased animal like man, of whose blind and groping instincts Professor Haeckel thinks so badly? Put the question fairly. Let us suppose ourselves to be creatures of pure reasonableness, looking at human life impartially. Suppose we were not on earth at all, but enthroned somewhere near the earth, where we could look down on it and see it as it really is. Then suppose some angel came and told us that on that earth there existed a creature like man. Would it seem reasonable? Would it seem credible that the dust of the planet had gathered itself into such creatures as men, filled with science and poetry, and dreams of God and destiny? No, the proposition would be beyond belief. If man did not exist, he would be incredible and inconceivable from the point of view of "pure" reason. Suppose then that the angel informed us that on this planet there were thousands of children working in factories like slaves, and that as these children walked home at night they could look off into space and see blazing suns so far away

that their light had been traveling for 10,000 years at the rate of 186,000 miles a second before it reached the eyes of those poor drudges. Would such a thing be credible? Could we believe that the eyes of such unfortunates could see such infinite glory? And then suppose that the angel had from Professor Haeckel the news that these innocents, these longing children, were mere configurations of atoms, soulless today and soulless tomorrow; that all this pathos was chemical and illusory. I think "pure" reason would reject such a system of values. I think it would turn to the remark of Jesus about "eternal mansions in his Father's house." The sweet reasonableness of the words of Jesus about heaven springs from the divine scale of values which they embody. And in that scale the highest value is that of the individual.

Doubtless we may easily misunderstand what is meant by individuality. It certainly does not mean eccentricity or selfishness. Jesus found his true self by sacrificing himself. On the cross he came to his own; he made himself one with all men; his individuality became as wide as human nature. The love of Jesus for his disciples is in a sense impersonal, for he does not love all that is little and petty and selfishly peculiar in them. Yet such is the mystery of personality that the more impersonal it becomes the deeper is its joy.

Shall we know our friends in heaven? How often that old childish question has been asked. How deep it strikes into all the problems of science and philosophy. If our friends change and grow in the eternal life, shall we not miss the old familiar individuality? Was it not just the little touches of imperfection that made them dear to us? When General Grant became president, Mrs. Grant wanted to go to a surgeon and have certain muscles of her eye cut, that a slight cast in the left eye might be removed. But the President said no; he preferred her just as she was. Well, I have great difficulty in picturing heaven at all, in any way. Sometimes I think that the most foolish thing in the world is to try to imagine heaven, except that a still more foolish thing is to deny heaven. But it shows very little faith and very little modesty in man to doubt that we shall know our friends. God has ways enough of keep-

ing the faces of his saints recognizable while they grow fairer and brighter in the sunshine of his face. Know our friends? Of course we shall know them. And we need not flatter ourselves that we shall escape serving them either. More remains for us to do for others in heaven than we ever could do on earth. Your boy there will need you as much as ever he needed you here, and you shall yet help to guide him into the joys of the blessed. Those to whom you ministered on earth you shall minister unto in heaven. Have we ever said to ourselves, beside an open grave: "It is all over"? Let us rather say: "It has all just begun."

My dear friends, do we realize what a change was wrought in the world's thought when Jesus announced that heaven is a home? Up to that time heaven had been a glimmering field or a dusty cave, the place of pale and unhappy shades. It was Jesus who turned heaven into home, and the graveyard into the cemetery, or "sleeping chamber." And on this Passover Sabbath, this Easter Sabbath, let us believe that science will in due time see this fact, and cease its sad and sincere attempts to imprison the Lord of life. Let us hope that science will cease attempting to make the universe an alien void, and render man homeless in it. In proportion as physical science seeks to save that which was lost, seeks to save and develop the individual, it will be coming to its own glorious function, and be doing the will of God.

But we must not ask or tempt science to give answers that she is unable to give. For answers to our tenderest ideals we must turn to religion. We must learn what it is to be spiritually minded. The RECORDER has lately been full of articles appealing for the need of greater spirituality. It is not an easy word to define. It does not mean greater attention to what is merely formal in religion. It does not mean "redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aim." That is not spirituality, but, as an acquaintance of mine has said, that is fanaticism. Spirituality is the capacity for solemn thought and solemn joy. Spirituality is the capacity for seeing the eternally valuable as distinct from the worthless. Spirituality is faith that what is excellent cannot be lost. It is hope that we may serve God eternally. It is charity toward all men,

charity based on the eternal destiny and eternal value of every man. Spirituality keeps us from appealing to what is physical in proof of what is spiritual. It keeps men from asking for a sign, and teaches them to look within. Spirituality does not take men out of the world, but teaches them to live the eternal life in it. It does not cut the nerve of endeavor, but it does cut the nerve of foolish endeavor. It cures us of fever and fret. It removes the desire to be rich and powerful and makes us willing to be servants. It is possible for a person to be spiritually minded in some of these senses and still not believe in personal immortality. But, in general, the more spiritually minded we are, the more natural and beautiful we shall find it to regard heaven as our home. We shall not shrink from that thought because it is in a sense poetry, in a sense metaphorical. Spirituality finds in the poetic language of Jesus the highest truth. God may be something better than our Father, heaven something better than our home, but we may rest assured that God is nothing less than our Father, heaven nothing less than our home.

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We too are waiting together;
And oft as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me:
"It is night! Are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago."
And I sing in my quavering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—but my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother-heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears.

He is only back with the children
In the dear and peaceful years.
And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Come trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear, they are all at home!"

Systematic Giving.

As a means of assisting some of our churches in the matter of systematic giving in their churches so that the church may be kept clear of debt, and at the same time to acquaint them with various methods by which to reach that end, I am presenting the following method, which has been in use in Salem, West Virginia, for nearly three years.

The church was finding itself in debt more or less at the close of each quarter. This did not seem to be businesslike, so a committee was appointed to prepare a scheme by which such a condition could be obviated. The chairman of that committee was Jesse F. Randolph who had studied much the matter of finances, and the following scheme is the fruit of his ripened mind. As will be seen this scheme incorporates the card system of the Board of Systematic Finance:

We, the undersigned, agree to pay an equal proportionate amount of any unpaid debt of the Salem Seventh-day Baptist Church, to and including the regular business meeting of said church in November, 1908, at the following times and under the following conditions: that is to say, that the said church appoint a committee to canvass the entire membership of the church, so far as practical, and get from each member, in writing, the weekly amount he is willing to promise to pay. Said amount may be paid weekly, or monthly, but is to be paid at least one week before each quarterly business meeting.

Said committee to report at the next regular business meeting of this church. After crediting all money received as above, or otherwise contributed for church expenses, not including any money paid by subscribers hereto, the church treasurer shall subtract such amount so received, from the entire amount of the church debt, and divide the remainder equally among the persons whose names are subscribed hereto, crediting each subscriber for any amount he may have paid during the quarter, and notify each subscriber, in person, through the mail or otherwise, of the amount he is due to pay. Such notice shall be given at least three days before each quarterly business meeting, and the money paid to the treasurer in due time for him to make up his quarterly report for such meeting.

Since the adoption of this scheme the church has been practically out of debt and they feel it is a great improvement on any method of the past. For and in behalf of the Board of Systematic Finance.

E. ADELBERT WITTER.

A Drawn Battle.

TO THE SABBATH RECORDER:

It may be interesting to some of the readers of the RECORDER to know of the new conditions among the people in and around Summerville, Missouri, relative to church and denominational matters. We have four denominations in this vicinity, and for several years have had a perpetual denominational warfare, each party claiming priority and predominance. When regular church-meeting days came, or special appointments were announced, the few hearers who attended, expected to hear other ministers accused of false doctrine or some erroneous practices. But the "war" being ended, each party has evacuated the battle-field, and the leaders have gone to parts "beyond." The leader of the Christian (Campbellite) order has gone somewhere, three of the Missionary Baptist leaders have gone West and South, and another is selling out to leave here. There will remain only two of the lieutenants. A Methodist minister has evacuated the field, and the chief man among the Free-will Baptists died a short time ago. Thus the long-fought battle has ended,—and each party withdrawn from the field, *with no victory for any.*

Now, I hope I may be excused for representing this in some military style; but it is true, however, and I wish to say that the field is now ready to be occupied by others who may choose, and it seems to me that Seventh-day Baptists never had a more favorable opportunity than they now have to take possession of this portion of the harvest field. Elders Randolph and Hurley won the confidence of many of the people who heard them, and Secretary Saunders increased this confidence. It appears that Providence has cleared the way for his chosen reapers to garner in the sheaves. Why not send some laborers to this field? God has opened the door, why not walk in?

T. G. HELM.

April 29, 1908.

Missions

Treasurer's Report.

For the month of April, 1908.

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

Available cash in the treasury, April 1, 1908	\$2,646 49
Church at	
Farina, Ill.	14 93
Shingle House, Pa.	7 00
Brookfield, N. Y.	11 57
Leonardsville, N. Y.	8 00
Riverside, Cal.	7 38
Milton Junction, Wis.,	
General Fund	\$10 15
Bakker salary	19 00—
Plainfield, N. J.	23 50
Alfred, N. Y.	21 86
Richburg, N. Y.	4 62
Attalla, Ala.	4 00
Marlboro, N. J.	2 30
Hammond, La.	4 50
North Loup, Nebr.	20 00
Gentry, Ark.	2 50
Seventh-day Baptist Mission, Syracuse, N. Y.	1 52
Francis Davis, Pira, Cal., Shanghai Chapel	3 00
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund, Income Missionary Society funds	\$25 82
One-half D. C. Burdick bequest	96 47—
Young People's Executive Board.	122 29
General Fund	\$3 00
Dr. Palmberg's salary	2 00—
Julius Theus, Belinger, N. C.	5 00
Theodore L. Gardiner, Plainfield, N. J.	5 00
I. H. Coon, Milton, Wis.	10 00
Sabbath School at Farina, Ill.	8 72
R. G. Davis, Scott, N. Y.	2 50
A friend, Canonchet, R. I.	1 00
Mrs. Emma Lewis	15 00
Mrs. D. B. Babcock, Edgerton, N. Y., <i>Pulbit</i> expenses	5 00
O. M. Witter, Tampa, Florida	2 00
Subscription for <i>Pulbit</i>	1 00
Income from Permanent Fund	355 89
	<u>\$3,347 22</u>

CR.

E. R. Saunders.	
Salary for April, 1908	\$75 00
Expenses in April, 1908	18 05—
R. S. Wilson, Attalla, Ala., Salary quarter ending March 31, 1908	90 00
Quarter ending March 31, 1908, Church at	
Niantic, R. I.	18 75
Salemville, Pa.	25 00
Marlboro, N. J.	25 00
Shingle House, Pa.	25 00

Scott, N. Y.	25 00
Second Verona, N. Y.	12 50
Richburg, N. Y.	18 75
Hartsville, N. Y.	12 50
Cumberland, N. C.	6 25
Welton, Iowa	25 00
Garwin, Iowa	25 00
Boulder, Colo.	37 50
Farnam, Nebr.	12 50
Hammond, La.	25 00
Riverside, Cal.	37 50
Alfred C. Davis, Alfred, N. Y., account of salary D. H. Davis	50 00
Benjamin F. Langworthy, Chicago, Ill., Fees and expenses, Wardner will case	184 13
Cash to Shanghai Mission Chapel Fund	3 00
J. H. Hurley, traveling expenses, account, per E. B. Saunders	100 00
Available cash in treasury, April 30, 1908	2,495 79
	<u>\$3,347 22</u>

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

DEAR SECRETARY SAUNDERS:

Some time ago you asked me to write you with reference to financial matters in the schools under my care. You wished me to show more in detail than is possible in the regular annual report to what extent a willingness to help themselves, on the part of the Chinese, is taking the place of the dependence of former days.

One hesitates a little to take up the subject, because conditions in China are not settled and the pendulum often seems on the point of swinging back. One must believe, however, that there is some progress all the time, and that we will never quite revert to the old ways.

You will remember that in former days, in the girls' boarding school, we furnished everything, bedding, clothing, food, books, ricksha fares and all, the girls even coming for a few cash to put in the basket whenever a collection was to be taken. This was not as bad as it might have been, for in schools under the Chinese Government pupils were, and still are, not only furnished everything but also paid a monthly stipend, called "candle money," sometimes amounting to several dollars. Some missions gave the children in the day schools a few cash a day for attending but in our Mission that custom was never practised. It would have seemed a wild idea to expect the children to pay even a small school fee.

All this has been gradually changing. You will not care to have me take up these changes, step by step,

but tell you of present conditions.

Last semester there were, in the girls' boarding school, sixteen boarders and one day-pupil. Of this number all furnished their own clothing but three little girls who were altogether dependent upon us, two of them being supported by friends in America. A few of the girls brought their bedding. The girls also bring their own rice-bowl, chopsticks, wash-basins, towels, most of their books, pay their rickshas both going and coming, and put their own money in the contribution box.

Seven of the sixteen paid nothing for their board. Of the other nine, five paid the full fee of twenty-four dollars a semester, while four paid less and the one day-pupil gave two dollars a month. To this number three have been added this year, all paying the full twenty-four dollars. Since sending our annual report to the end of May, 1907, we have taken in \$473.00. This includes nearly all the income for this six months, as most of the girls pay in advance. I think it is safe to say this will pay half of the expenses for the year.

This improvement in our finances is certainly gratifying, but it introduces an unpleasant feature of uncertainty as to the length of time the girls remain in the boarding school. I am convinced that it will be better to take in some girls who come for definitely longer periods, even if they are more dependent upon us. It is advisable to take some provident thought for the teachers in days to come.

The day schools have shown improvement, too. The children in the school here at Zia Jaw, made up of country boys, and the boys in one of the city schools have for some time been paying ten cents each a month. During the last semester Mr. Me, who has taught the latter school for several years, became practically blind and was obliged to retire. We were able to open this term with one of the boys from the boarding school as teacher, and to introduce a new order of things. Better instruction is offered and the boys pay two dollars a semester, with a little reduction where more than one pupil is from the same family. Mr. Li, the teacher, has already handed me forty-four dollars which is not quite all that is due.

The other city school has for two or three years been run on more advanced

lines and with better school fees, but the number has kept small. Last August new life appeared and this year there are thirty-three pupils, twenty-two girls and eleven little brothers. All of these children have paid in advance. Miss Su, the teacher, has given me sixty dollars and that will pay the wages in that school for a little more than five out of the six months. That is the best record we have ever made.

All of these schools are held in buildings belonging to the Mission, so are rent free. There is, from time to time, some expense for window glass, whitewashing and other slight repairs. The children furnish their own books save the Christian books. The teacher at Zia Jaw is paid eight dollars a month; Miss Su, who is one of the boarding-school girls, also has eight dollars, but we also pay an amah in that school three dollars a month. Mr. Li has twelve dollars and lives in the boys' school where he does a little teaching in the evening. If he were to remain in this school another year we would have to increase his wages. Even then we might not be able to compete successfully with what he could do in a mercantile position.

We have been much pleased with the manner in which these schools have been opening up. They are full now—ninety-seven children and, adding to this the twenty in the girls' boarding school and Mr. Crofoot's something more than forty, we have in all about one hundred and sixty in the schools and that is not including Dr. Palmberg's school. We have never done so well financially. Last semester we had from the day schools \$76.60. This semester we already have \$104 with some \$25 more due. In other ways the schools seem to be doing well, and we have been greatly cheered by it all as we do not doubt that it is in answer to prayer and an evidence of God's favor, his seal upon that line of work. Of course we long to see results in Christian lives and additions to the church. Just now we are hoping that we are to have a new church building which will be large enough to allow of our welcoming these children to come to the Sabbath services if they are inclined to do so, and many of them are often so inclined.

Very sincerely yours,

SUSIE M. BURDICK.

West Gate, Shanghai, China,
March 13, 1908.

Our Church in its Organized Work.

In place of separate reports from the various departments of our church work this year, it has been decided to present a summary without going into the details which will appear in other places in our records.

First, what is our church? It is an incorporated body of Christian believers, organized in February, 1838, to carry on the work of the Master and to uphold the tenets of the Seventh-day Baptist faith and doctrine. It had originally 57 members, all of whom save one have gone to their reward: this one, our beloved sister, Mary Ann Rogers, still retains her membership with us though her residence is elsewhere.

Inasmuch as this is a summary of the work of the year just closed, and is not in any way a historical paper, we shall not deal with the church in the seventy years of its past, but look at it as it is today. We have a membership of 237, of which 198 are resident and 39 non-resident. 92 are male and 145 are female.

The directorate of the church is as follows:

Pastor Elect, Rev. Edwin Shaw, pastorate begins July 1, 1908.

Deacons: Joseph Denison Spicer, Thos. Henry Tomlinson, M. D., Nathan H. Randolph, and Franklin S. Wells, D. D. S.

Clerk, Asa F. Randolph.

Treasurer, Wm. M. Stillman.

Asst. Treasurer, Geo. E. Stillman.

Trustees: Joseph A. Hubbard, President, Henry M. Maxson, Secretary, Wm. M. Stillman, David E. Titsworth, Geo. E. Stillman.

Organist, Miss Jessie M. Utter.

Chorister, David E. Titsworth.

Chairman of Ushers, Arthur J. Spicer.

The pastorate of our former pastor, Geo. B. Shaw, ended December 31, 1907, since which time our pulpit has been filled by the following ministers: Rev. Dr. A. H. Lewis (4 times), Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner (3 times), and by Henry N. Jordan, E. B. Saunders, S. R. Wheeler, Walter Green, and Dr. Coultas, each one Sabbath. Dr. Lewis and Dr. Gardiner have been especially helpful in presiding over our Friday evening service.

The membership of the church comprises those in many walks of life, and we can truthfully say that we have reason for justifi-

able pride in our standing in the community as Christian workers, as citizens, and as those called to places of honor and trust by their fellows.

DEPARTMENTS OF CHURCH WORK.

1. Sabbath School. This is subdivided into the main school, primary department, and home department, having a membership as follows:

Officers 8, Teachers 9.

Main School, 96.

Primary Dept., 19.

Associate, 11.

Home Dept., 53.

A total of 187, counting but once those who serve in double capacity.

The officers of the school for the year were:

Supt., Orra S. Rogers.

Asst. Supts., Henry M. Maxson, Asa F. Randolph.

Secretary, Nathan S. Wardner.

Treasurer, Ernestine C. Smith.

Librarian, Rollin Williams.

Pianist, Eva Rogers.

Chorister, David E. Titsworth.

Miss Ida L. Spicer is Superintendent of Primary Department, and Miss Nancy Randolph of the Home Department, both of whom are doing splendid work.

The expenses of the school are borne by the church.

2. Woman's Society for Christian Work: This is composed of the women of the church, and is a most efficient organization, full of good work and of wide-spreading influence. It numbers 67 members. Its officers are:

Pres., Mrs. Jas. Everett Kimball.

Vice Pres., Mrs. Sarah Wardner.

Secretary, Mrs. Orra S. Rogers.

Treasurer, Mrs. F. A. Dunham.

The warm hearts and willing hands of this body of consecrated Christian workers find many avenues of usefulness in tender sympathy and helpfulness.

3. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor:

This society, with two branches, the Senior and Junior Departments, is now in its 17th year and unites the younger members of the church in organized effort. It now has a membership of 120 including both active and honorary members. The society, while striving by study and contributions to keep alive active interest in

our denominational work, is interested in local and outside charities. Five of the Juniors have this year united with the church.

4. Men's Club.

This is a comparatively new branch of our work, and was organized December, 1906, its object being to "act as an auxiliary of the church in developing and using the powers and influence of its members for Christ and the Church."

It now has 45 active members. Dues are nominal. All men of the church and congregation over 17 years of age are eligible and welcome. Meetings are held the third Sunday night in each month, from October to May.

The club has five committees, whose duties are indicated by their names: membership, program, reception, refreshment, and religious work. Starr A. Burdick was the first president. Dr. O. B. Whitford is the present incumbent.

Becoming better acquainted and emphasizing the social side, we are endeavoring to work together for good. For entertainment it is not necessary to go outside its membership. A little search developed the fact that many are expert in professional and business lines, able and willing to give the club a delightful and profitable evening.

RECEIPTS.

Church, from all sources other than principal of investments	\$5,527 70
Sabbath School, outside of church appropriation	312 92
Woman's Society for Christian Work ..	422 01
Endeavor Society, Senior and Junior ..	204 29
	<hr/> \$6,466 92

The amount expended for the regular church work is itemized in the report of the Treasurer of the church, and inasmuch as the fiscal years of the various societies are not coincident with that of the church, the summary will deal only with the amounts contributed to denominational and other objects for one year, and are taken from the annual reports of the societies. Any attempt to make them exactly harmonize and balance would be futile, and yet by presenting the aggregate it gives a fair view of one year's work.

The sums expended outside of regular church work are as follows:

EXPENDITURES.

Conference and Associations	\$ 91 48
Denominational objects	1,582 38
Outside objects	369 07
	<hr/> \$2,042 93

The objects to which we have given money outside of our church and denominational work are:

Muhlenberg Hospital, Children's Home, Day Nursery, State & County S. S. Work, Loyal Temperance Legion, Chinese Famine Fund, Fresh Air Camp, Mrs. Steele's Home, Scholarships in Alfred, Milton, and Salem, and assisting a young lady to go through Salem College.

The church has an income producing investment of \$9,800.00, besides two apartment houses which were devised to the church, having a value of about \$15,000.

The church is represented in the following lines of work in our city:

Muhlenberg Hospital Board, Charity Organization Society, Children's Home, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, McAll Auxiliary, Young Men's Christian Association, Y. M. C. A. Auxiliary, Young Woman's Christian Association, King's Daughters, Needlework Guild, etc.

Thus we have tried briefly to set before us a comprehensive view of our church in its activities.

What we have done should encourage us to greater effort, and this church is worthy of our profoundest love, our highest endeavor.

We are hoping excellent things from our new pastor and all should cooperate with him in lifting our beloved church to a higher plane than we have yet reached.

On behalf of the Committee,

D. E. TITSWORTH,
Chairman.

From Alfred to Chicago.

If any of our ministers are expecting to go from Alfred to Chicago after the meeting of the Western Association, and have made no other arrangements, the undersigned can be of service to them in the matter of reduced railroad rates if informed in good time as to what is desired.

A. E. MAIN.

Alfred, N. Y.

Woman's Work

ETHEL A. HAYEN, Leonardsville, N. Y.
Contributing Editor.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

Canst thou not suffer then, one hour—or two? If He should call thee from thy cross today, Saying, "It is finished! that hard cross of thine From which thou prayest for deliverance," Thinkest thou not some passion of regret Would overcome thee? Thou wouldst say, "So soon?"

Let me go back, and suffer yet awhile More patiently;—I have not yet praised God." And He might answer to thee,—"Never more, All pain is done with." Whensoever it comes, That summons that we look for, it will seem Soon, yea, too soon. Let us take heed in time That God may now be glorified in us; And while we suffer, let us set our souls To suffer perfectly; since this alone, The suffering, which is this world's special grace, May here be perfected and left behind.
—Ugo Bassi.

The woman's page this week is filled with clippings—some longer, some shorter, but each with a kernel of helpful or suggestive thought. May each of you, as you read, find just the word that shall cheer, encourage, illuminate or fortify your heart for your daily living.

Too many of our members think that their responsibility ceases when they have paid their dollar dues. To each one of such comes the message, "It is not only your gifts the Master wants, but *you*"—your time, thought, and talent. This includes you busy mothers who are so shut in with the daily routine of life. Is not yours the greatest opportunity, as you minister to the little ones, mold and direct their thoughts and character? They will be the leaders—the workers in a few years. From among them the future missionaries will be chosen. The Church of to-morrow will go out from your firesides. What its conception of its relation to God and the world will be, depends upon you. Each family should be a missionary society in itself. The needs of the world, the progress of the kingdom, and each one's personal relation to it, should be

discussed just as freely among its members, guests, and neighbors, as are other subjects. Prayer for the work should be heard daily at the family altar, and proportionate giving to the Lord's work should be practiced and taught by that example. Whatever will be our opportunity this year in giving this work a larger place in the hearts of others, let it be grasped with great earnestness, for if this work is worth doing at all, it is worth doing with all our might. Then let each woman give this work a larger place in prayer. We must each one first come in touch with God before we may expect to touch others, and the woman who will spend much time in prayer before she attempts to work, will have in her life that resistless power of God which will break down all barriers, and accomplish that which appeared impossible. This evil spirit of indifference in the Church today "can come out by nothing save by prayer." And now, having stood for a great advance this year, and for more earnest work on the part of each woman, let us expect great things from God. A great many of the failures in our lives and work are due to a lack of faith in God. Let each woman be sure she is in the place where God wants her to be, that she is obedient to all his commands, and then go forward, believing that he will lead to victory,—and he will.—*Woman's Evangel.*

The touch of a master hand may not be possible to every one. To be an executive is often the combination of native gift and opportunity. But what we are is infinitely more than anything we can do; and being God's noblewoman through grace is possible to any soul. The exhalation of the most fragrant flower is not more permeating, more full of suggestiveness, than simply living the God-life in everyday walks.
—*Mary Jewett Telford.*

To know one's self is the true; to strive with one's self is the good; to conquer one's self is the beautiful.—*Joseph Roux.*

It is easier to embody fine thinking, or delicate sentiment, or lofty aspiration in a book, than in a life.—*Lowell.*

Love cannot be hid any more than light, and least of all when it shines forth in action.—*John Wesley.*

Above the city of Munich, above its hall of glory where the great men of the nation are honored by memorial portraits, stands a statue. It is the heroic statue of "Mother Country." A marvelous form and face it has, and a truly marvelous history stands back of the molding of that form and face of exquisite beauty. It was the result of an earnest, life-giving, self-sacrificing research. The mold in which the mighty work should be cast required greater masses of metal than foundry fires had ever yet subdued and held obedient to one design. Day after day, the master applied the fires, watching the melting and the relapses into hardness of the more remote portions. Still he devised new distribution of the heat, and greater fires to overcome the disturbing resistance. After several days of anxious working came the weariness which compels sleep. His wife sat ready to awake him if any new question should come from the foundry. As, from his bedside she watched the glare of the fires, she saw them join against the darkness and mount swiftly upward. The foundry was burning. For the great event, the great spirit arose in instant readiness. Now or never the metal must flow into the mold. His own hand opened wide the vents, the glowing stream rushed forth; there was no stopping it now. The old foundry in which so many noble forms had been cast, burned and fell above the mold. And when at last the molding was completed beneath the hot ruins, and the day of the uplifting came, the nation saw the face of "Mother Country" as it had been the face of an angel.—*Selected.*

Would that the soul could gratefully recognize her own rainy days; could droop, like Nature, with patient acquiescence, with wise passivity, till the wells of strength and freshness are stored!—*A. C. Benson.*

"God put me among these scenes, these people, these opportunities, these duties. He is neither absent-minded nor incompetent. This is exactly the place He means me to be in, the place I am capable of filling; there is no mistake. My life is in the proper setting."

"The richest experiences of life never come to those who try to win them selfishly, but all blessings are in the way of

him who, forgetful of self, tries to be helpful to the world, and who spends his life in loving deeds."

Few persons realize how much of their happiness, such as it is, is dependent upon their work, upon the fact that they are kept busy and not left to feed upon themselves. Happiness comes most to persons who seek her least, and think least about her. It is not an object to be sought; it is a state to be induced. It must follow, and not lead. It must overtake you, and not you it. How important is health to happiness, yet the best promoter of health is something to do.—*Burroughs' Literary Values (Houghton-Mifflin).*

"Somehow, I never feel like good things b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else."

When some one said to Lincoln, "Well, God is on our side," he replied that his anxiety was to be sure he was on God's side. That need be our only anxiety.

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love.—*Henry Drummond.*

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—*Kingsley.*

"For good ye are, and bad, and like to coins, some true, some bad, but all of ye stamped with the image of the King."

It is a beautiful art—the art of living well in poverty. It calls for an alert intelligence, and a cultivated taste, and a ready invention. It is not the vocation of a dullard. Brains must be mixed with it. One who takes it up with courage and good will, finds in it culture for all the finer faculties.—*Washington Gladden.*

The power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another is one of God's best gifts.—*Thomas Hughes.*

"When one is growing in grace he will be found trying to be gracious."

Three Gates.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next,
Is the last and narrowest—"Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.
—*The Pilgrim.*

"It hain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice,
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y rain's my choice."

"The highest duties oft are found
Living on the lowest ground,
In hidden and unnoticed ways,
In household work on common days;
Whate'er is done for God alone,
Thy God acceptable will own."

"There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble
And into the waters of Lethe depart;
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart."

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining.
—*Maltby Babcock.*

Sabbath Study.

REV. L. M. COTTRELL.

The effort of some leaders in Washington to commit the National Government to the defense of the Sunday Festival makes the Sabbath a subject of more than common interest.

It seems that it would be well for the young people to study the origin of Sabbath observance, and be familiar with the arguments used in the defense of the Sunday Festival.

It is a subject for study. The Sabbath was given to the human family in the garden of Eden, before man's fall by reason of transgression. God rested from his work.—*Gen. 2:2.* God sanctified and blessed the Sabbath, and made it holy. We cannot make a Sabbath. He did for it all that was necessary to make it a day of rest

and worship for all men, in all conditions of society.

It is not for Jew or Greek, for saints or sinners, but for the human race as scattered among the nations of the earth.

We cannot change the day; if we do, we change the divine order. We rob God of his authority as the Creator of the heavens and the earth. We change the reason for Sabbath observance. This reason will stand the test of time. For four thousand years it was the dividing line between the idolatrous practices of the world and the worship of the true God.

It will stand as the divinely appointed Sabbath while the world stands. But, it is said, we live under a new dispensation. True, indeed, but does this new dispensation change the law of God? Certainly not. Under the gospel we have the same God, the same Christ, the same Holy Spirit, and the same Sabbath.

The new dispensation is not a change of the law, but a change in the administration. The Sabbath precept is the central thought in the law of God. Like a golden cord it binds in beautiful harmony the two dispensations together, giving us the experiences of past ages and a rule of duty for the families of the earth. The gospel law is more persuasive, more affectionate, and appeals to our spiritual nature. It secures obedience by the power of divine love. We love the Sabbath and observe it as a standing memorial of God's creative power. Our weekly observance draws us near to God. Under the Cross we lay hold of the hope set before us, and rejoice in redeeming love.

The teaching that we honor Christ by observing the Sunday Festival is a popular error of tremendous magnitude. It puts the teaching of Christ and his disciples in conflict with the teachings of God, our Heavenly Father.

A devout study of the Sabbath will give our young people dignity, independence, and a noble character among their fellow men. The Lord will bless them.

A Helpful Example.

In the lesson for Sabbath day, April 25, the Saviour said to the disciples, "For I have given you an example." At the quarterly meeting held at Albion, Brother Hurley gave us some most impressive thoughts

upon the text, "Gather up the fragments that remain." These thoughts were warm from the anvil of prayerful devotion, and they were dripping with the juice of divine life. We were all made thoughtful and to wonder about this kind of gathering up in our own lives. I presume it is safe to say that every one thought of some way in which he might help to carry out the Master's command. To help in some way to answer the question, How may I help to gather up of the fragments that remain? I wish to relate the following story:

It is said that a Japanese, who was traveling, had procured a portion of the Bible. He read it eagerly, and when it was finished he said, "That is a fine thing in theory, but I wonder how it would work in practice." He was told that a certain lady on the train with him was a Christian. He watched closely to see how she would act, and said, "If I can see anything in her conduct like this book I will believe it." Before the day was over he had seen so many little acts of kindness and thoughtful attention to the comfort of others, that it deeply impressed him and he went home determined to make the Bible the guide of his whole life. "Ye are epistles, known and read of all men." The thing that is most needed to help the world to God is for his children to live more than to profess.

E. A. WITTER.

The Help We Need.

A good lady of unusual intelligence once said to me, "I seldom get what I need when I go to church. I hear good sermons, telling me my duties, and urging me to engage in Christian service. But I know my duties well enough. They are so many and so hard, that I often get discouraged. What I need more than anything else in the world is to feel that there is a divine power which I may call upon to help me, to give me strength and enthusiasm for the daily round. And this the preacher seldom gives me." If this testimony be true, surely religion is not yet obsolete. To enable men to find the living God is to render them the greatest possible service.

When I was a small boy on the farm, my father used to set me the task of weeding long rows of vegetables in the garden. How slowly and painfully the work went! Occasionally, however, father would come

back from his work, and seeing me drudging away without spirit, would set to work himself, saying cheerily, "Come on, now, let's see how soon we can both do this." What a power was lent to me by the presence of father! To know that he was interested in what I was doing, nay, more, was actually working at it himself, saying, "Come on with me"—this utterly transformed the task. Have we a cosmic Father who is toiling with us at our tasks, who cares whether purity and truth and honor and love prevail here on earth? The man who believes this with all his heart has a power for spiritual achievement which nothing else can supply.—*Gerald B. Smith.*

Sabbath Song.

REV. L. M. COTTRELL

In Eden's pure and sacred shade
The holy Sabbath day was given,
The first highway divinely made
To lead our souls from earth to heaven.

By Sinai's high and holy hill
We bowed before our Father's face;
We learned in peace to do his will
And bind in one the human race.

The day was sanctified and blest
With hymn and prayer and reverent praise,
And truly made a day of rest,
Like that of saints in endless days.

The blest from earth have gone before;
We long to reach that happy place,
To praise with angels evermore,
And see our Saviour's blessed face.

The Great Revival in Philadelphia.

The Chapman-Alexander revival campaign is arousing and stirring Philadelphia in a remarkable manner. Probably never before in the city's history have so many people been converted night after night as is now the case. It is estimated that 25,000 to 40,000 attend the meetings daily, and hundreds daily confess Christ in the churches, in theatres, factories, workshops, and on the streets. In addition to the interior meetings, numerous open-air services are being conducted by Rev. William Wilkinson in the City Hall plaza, before Independence Hall, or in some public thoroughfare in the heart of the city. This afternoon his meeting is held on the steps of the United States Mint.

Beside the public meetings, the city is being honeycombed with personal workers, who are pleading with people on street cars,

in the homes, and everywhere, to accept Christ; and no one can estimate how many are won daily by this personal hand to hand method. In a week, two street car conductors on one line told one worker that they would accept Christ, and two waiters in a hotel were led clearly into the Light by the same worker. Such cases are simply an indication of the universal concern in the minds of the people for their eternal welfare.

The whole city seems to be filled with the revival fervor. Even in districts of the city where meetings have not been held, Christians have caught the revival fire and the harvest is being reaped. I was recently given a striking example of this fact. In a part of the city where no Chapman-Alexander meetings had been held, they recently held a communion service. The people were present in such great numbers there was not sufficient of the Sacraments to give to all, and the pastor and deacons had to go without. The church is 150 years old, and it is the first time in its history that such a thing has occurred.

That the movement is proving to be a genuine revival is shown by the fact that public confession of wrongdoing and restitution of stolen money is being made by the converts. Yesterday Dr. Chapman received a letter from a banker, in which he told how a year ago they found their accounts \$250 short. The theft was so cleverly covered up that they could not in any manner discover the guilty person. Yesterday the \$250 was returned with a letter from the man who had taken it, confessing his wrongdoing, and saying that he had been converted in the revival meetings. One of the largest firms in the city recently received the following letter from a young man who had once been in their employ:

"About three or four years ago I was employed in your establishment and while there I used four or five small pieces of leather to make a card case; I also took a small machine which had been discarded. I do not think this machine was of any value to you, as I worked there for nearly a year afterward, but it was never missed. At that time I was fifteen years of age, and was greatly interested in motors and wanted something to run. I have since become a Christian, and these things come up before me, and I want to make them

right. I enclose a money order for a dollar fifty, which will more than pay for the articles. If you desire further particulars, write me and I will call."

Many touching scenes are being witnessed at the great meetings conducted by Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander at the Baptist Temple, the largest church in the city, which accommodates over 3,000 people. Last Sunday night in the after-meeting at the close of the services, a beautiful scene was presented when two men and their wives stood with those at the front who were accepting and confessing Christ as their Saviour. At the same service, Dr. Chapman called upon a tall, fine looking, well dressed man to give his testimony. Before he spoke, the evangelist told how his wife and two children had been converted in their recent Providence meetings. The father was in Philadelphia on business, and had attended the theatre meetings for men only that afternoon. Dr. Chapman's attention was drawn to him when he saw him in the audience weeping. The newly saved man told how his heart had been stirred by a meeting the night previous, and how at the theatre he had definitely surrendered to God. After his conversion, he went out and sent the following telegram to his wife and children in Providence:

"Re-united in Christ. Saved this afternoon."

The case is the more remarkable, as the man was formerly an evangelist singer, and had been superintendent of a Sunday school.

The following night Dr. Chapman preached a powerful sermon on the Unpardonable Sin. In the course of it, he portrayed in a deeply impressive manner the sufferings and death of Christ on the cross. At the conclusion of the meeting among those who went to the front was a blind boy who had been living under Unitarian influences, but had been brought to the meetings in the hope that he might find salvation. Dr. Chapman called upon him to give a brief testimony, and the sightless young man said, "I never saw Jesus till tonight. Now my eyes have been opened and I am going to tell everybody." Many eyes were wet with tears as they heard the testimony of the blind young man, and saw his enthusiasm for his new found Saviour.

Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander are

sparing no pains to have the revival permeate the entire city. On one occasion at a noonday theatre meeting for business people, \$100 was collected to be distributed among the poorest and neediest families in the slums. The evangelists did not delegate the task of distribution to someone else, but the next afternoon they set forth to do the task themselves. In the party were Dr. Chapman and his daughter, Bertha Chapman; Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Alexander; Colonel Damon and an adjutant of the Salvation Army; a famous editor, and some newspaper men. They were accompanied in their trip through the slums by two wagons, one carrying twenty-four baskets heaped with provisions, and the other carrying twenty-four baskets of coal. During the afternoon they visited fully sixteen of the most destitute families in the city, and each one a deserving case, as they had been investigated by the Salvation Army. Everywhere they went they left a trail of joy and gladness. In some cases not only provisions, but substantial financial aid was given. One Jewish family had been ordered out into the streets because they could not pay their rent, and the visit of the evangelists came just in time to save them from this pitiful fate.

The most touching scene of the afternoon occurred in connection with an old woe-begone man, living in a garret in almost unspeakable squalor. The room was filled with scraps of wood and iron and pieces of old garments of all sorts. A bundle of rags on a broken bedstead showed where the poor man slept. Dr. Chapman asked whether he was a Christian, and he stated that he was not. When questioned further, he stated his mother had been a good Christian woman and was in heaven. Finally in response to the evangelist's pleading, he declared he would then and there accept Christ. We all knelt while Dr. Chapman prayed for him. As we arose from our knees, Mr. Alexander started up "Memories of Mother," and followed that with "Tell Mother I'll Be There," and the room was flooded with joys as another soul was born into the kingdom.

One of the most notable events of the mission was the "Day of Rejoicing," when people were requested to bring flowers to the various churches, and from there they were carried by the workers to hospitals, infirmaries, prisons, reformatories, and pub-

lic institutions of all kinds. It is estimated that nearly 150,000 were brought in and distributed to the poor and sick. No one can estimate the amount of joy and gladness carried to sad hearts throughout the city by this Christlike action on the part of thousands of quickened Christians. Commander Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, was the speaker at a great afternoon meeting in the Academy of Music.

Those attending the service at the Baptist Temple were given a delightful surprise last night when they saw Dr. R. A. Torrey enter the building and take a seat upon the platform. He had just returned to Philadelphia from his recent campaign in Detroit. Dr. Chapman, before beginning his sermon, called upon Dr. Torrey to tell the people something of his recent work in Detroit. The former co-worker with Mr. Alexander spoke briefly, saying that his experience in Detroit was the usual one everywhere, that God answers prayer. He said, "I have done there simply what I have done everywhere. I have learned that God does answer prayer. I learned that years ago. If we look to God, he never disappoints us. If we look to man they fail us." At the conclusion of the service, a crowd of people gathered around Dr. Torrey eager to grasp the hand of the distinguished evangelist, who had been used of God to lead tens of thousands to Christ throughout the world.—*Geo. T. B. Davis, in Christian Work and Evangelist.*

The Advantages of Yesterday.

Memory is a granary, holding seed for tomorrow's sowing; memory is an armory, holding weapons for tomorrow's battles; memory is a medicine chest, with balms for tomorrow's hurts; memory is a library, with wisdom for tomorrow's emergency. Yesterday holds the full store of today's civilization; contains our tools, conveniences, knowledges; contains our battlefields and victories; above all, gave us Bethlehem and Calvary. But alone, man's yesterday is impotent, his tomorrow insufficient.

The true man binds all his days together with an earnest, intense, passionate purpose. His yesterdays, todays, and tomorrows march together in one solid column, animated by one thought, constrained by one conspiracy of desire, energizing toward one holy and helpful purpose—to serve man and love God.—*Hillis.*

Young People's Work

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

The Sabbath School as an Evangelistic Force.

EUGENE E. HYDE.

Paper read before the Sabbath School Institute at Andover, New York.

I do not wish in this paper to offer any criticisms upon modern Sabbath school methods, but rather to point out some of the needs and, perhaps, the remedies for existing conditions.

This has been called the Sunday school age. Children are taught or are supposed to be taught the divine Word as never before. But does this truly represent the facts in the case? Let us consider the result of tests that have been applied to college students. These represent a choice class; and in larger proportion than in the rank and file of youth, a class that have grown up in religious homes, under church and Bible school influences. Contrary, however, to what we should naturally expect from such a class, we find among college students very great ignorance of the Bible. These things show that the Sabbath school, though a mighty force for good, is not fulfilling its mission and needs to be raised to a higher plane of usefulness.

It is not necessary to speak of the importance of Sabbath school work. We expect proper home training and early attendance at Sabbath school to result in church membership and religious life. But these things do not always follow. There are forces outside which, in a measure, counteract the influence of home and school. Some one has said, "We send the child to school, and the scholars educate him." So the best training and discipline may be rendered useless by contact with evil forces.

The first great essential is, I believe, to awaken interest in the mind of the child. In order to do this, we must have the best possible teachers. Now, I would not say one word against our Sabbath school

teachers. They are doing grand work; but I believe that we shall never reach the desired end until we have a class of teachers especially trained for Sabbath school work. In secular teaching, utmost pains are taken to train young people for these positions, and proper tests are applied to prove their fitness. The teacher is also obliged to give satisfaction to parents, trustees, board of education, faculty, and so on. Now, in Sabbath school, all this is different. Fitness or unfitness does not enter largely into the case. With no training, with, it may be, no settled religious convictions, and perhaps with very little education, the Sabbath school teacher is called from the rank and file of the school to fill one of the most important places in this world. Is it any wonder that the results are not encouraging, and that few are really added to such as will be saved?

I believe that the church or denomination ought to set apart a fund to be applied to the training of Sabbath school teachers. These young people need the same kind of training that the schools of the prophets gave to Aaron's sons. A knowledge of Jewish literature and history was added to the most radical teaching in the Mosaic law.

The teacher needs also to be trained along the lines of soul culture. Another need, I believe, is interest on the part of adults, or parents. You have doubtless heard the story, told by Mr. Moody, of the man who was very anxious that his boy should attend Sunday school. Mr. Moody said to him, "Do you attend the school?" "No," the man replied, "I am not interested." Moody said, "You go, and your son will come." The next Sunday some one told the boy that his father had gone to Sunday school. The boy was interested at once. "My dad gone to Sunday school—my dad gone to Sunday school! I guess it's time I went too." And maybe our own presence will influence some one else to go.

Another need, I believe, is early home training of children. Some one has said, that we sow the seeds of discord in the mind of the child while it is still in our laps. Perhaps it would be as easy to sow seeds of truth and right living. Be this as it may, our best teachers and preachers have come to realize as never before that the child, if reached at all, must be reached in early life. Mr. St. John, in his lecture

upon Adolescence, said that in New York Sunday schools the young men were divided into classes of 100 each and a record of all conversions kept. It was found that, at the age of seventeen years, 23 were converted. After that age the average grew less until, at the age of twenty-six, not one in one hundred was converted. Hence, we see the need of getting the young started right if we expect the right kind of results. I believe we ought to study each child religiously—study the real forces that actuate him; find out his view of life, and his environment—and then teach him his relation to these things. The earnest Sabbath school teacher needs to teach about the forces that control the physical life here, as well as to teach the great truths of the hereafter.

Connecticut's Abandoned Farms.

Within a few miles of where I live there may be found scores of abandoned farms. They are practically useless for farming, and were left to go to rack and ruin many years ago by their owners.

I do not know the cause of this abandonment of what was good hay and root ground. That the owners at one time took some pride in the farms, is manifested by the way they were improved—as shown by old drains, roadways built, and by the immense stone chimneys of the houses.

On a typical abandoned farm one notices the remains of a small cellar, beside which stands a great stone chimney with several open fireplaces. Not far from this are seen the foundations of a barn and other buildings. A well is generally in close proximity to the ruins of the house, and if the observer is blessed with keen powers of observation he will see a small opening on a side hill facing to the south or southwest—which is the entrance to a small root cellar, not high enough to stand erect in, and walled around with small stones, with a huge flat rock on top. This was used for storing various root crops, and could be banked over in winter to prevent freezing.

On the edge of the house cellar, or in front of it, are found several thrifty shrubs of purple lilacs—a flower which must have been something of a favorite in the olden days. Close to the stone wall were set the apple trees which still are bearing a few knotty cider apples. The old-fashioned

pear tree is still bearing its little "meal bag" pears.

Lean, stray cattle roam over the farm at will. Wild animals live here unmolested, for even the highway is not a public one. Sumacs and wild blackberry vines crowd on to the mowing land. The stone heaps are overgrown with grapevines and poison ivy. The pasture is all grown up to bayberry bushes, wild cherries and tag alder.

The old dam by the stream has long since broken away, and lizards and snakes slide into the remains of the dam wall at our approach. The gate that once hung at the entrance to the small burying ground has fallen from its swaying hinges and rotted, and only the iron work remains. In the home graveyard, which is enclosed with a stone wall, are a few tottering grave-stones, grey with age, and almost hidden amongst a rank growth of balm of Gilead trees and sumacs; and long-dead wild grasses twine about the headstones.

Nature is closing in on the works of the hardy settler, and will eventually blot out even his tottering gravestones; and the forest once felled by his ax will, in the second growth, entomb him and his works from view forever, and toss its branches in triumph over his unmarked grave.

What was the cause of all this desolation and ruin? Did the farmer find some better and easier land to till, some sunnier clime, some more congenial surroundings? Or, did the old folks die and their descendants go to the cities, tired of the strenuous life of mowing brush and carting stones? Or, did the Civil War rob the farm of its primest men, who left never to return?

Whatever the cause, the fact remains that hundreds of such farms exist today, not only in Connecticut but more or less throughout all New England.—*Farm Journal*.

The chief duty of a Christian lies in the quiet, unseen life of his own home, and if he does not learn there to practise that noble virtue of unselfishness—that highest type of charity which consists in daily and hourly considerateness for the feelings of others,—he will have lost one of the strongest resources and one of the most healing memories for all his future life.—*F. W. Farrar*.

Children's Page

A Beautiful Flavor.

Four chocolates seemed so many! Cora arranged them in another row on the doorstep and counted them again. Four—there was no mistake. It seemed incomprehensible to Cora that four chocolates could have been thrown away in a paper bag. Two, perhaps, or even three—but four!

"Somebody made a mistake," purred Cora contentedly. She was sorry for the person who made it, but so very glad for herself.

She belonged to the stratum of society where chocolate creams are almost unattainable luxuries. People bought loaves of bread and baskets of coal and occasionally soup bones and herring, in Cora's stratum. They lived in great, grim houses in little grimy streets, two rooms to a family if they were "well-off." Cora wore a little woolly red tam o'shanter, a coat too small and shoes too big. But no one was happier than Cora, counting her chocolates on the doorstep. She had found the bag twisted and cast aside on the sidewalk.

"Purtend they's soldiers marchin' toward the enemy," she played. "I'm him! They's comin'—comin'—nearer'n' nearer! Right up to the cannon's mouth!" She laughed delightedly at her own wit. But the little fat black soldiers were quite safe yet awhile. It would never do to eat them as soon as this.

"Purtend they's little teeny, weeny black babies an' I'm a awful dragon goin' to eat up—crunch 'em. 'Help! help!—perlice!' They're shoutin.' Barney Grogan's the perlice."

Barney Grogan was swinging down the grimy little street. In a panic of hurry Cora huddled the black babies together into her skirt; she did not want the "perlice" to see them.

"Hullo, Cory! How's your cat?"

The child on the doorstep swept about, white with her helpless little wrath. All the old grief came back.

"You kicked her an' she died! You're a wicked kicker, Barney Grogan! You

kick your father's horse an' some time he'll die."

"Bet you he will!" laughed the great lout and lumbered past. He had not seen the chocolates, but he had driven away all Cora's joy in them for the present, for he had reminded her of her little dead cat that she had loved. Sometimes for a little while she forgot, but never when Barney Grogan went by.

Barney's father owned a lean, unhappy old horse that hauled terrible loads under the lash of the whip. Cora's tender little heart was full of compassion for him, but, O, how she didn't like Barney! It would serve him right if she—if she kicked his horse, as he had kicked her little cat. But Cora could not have kicked a fly. She shuddered now at the thought of being cruel to poor Old Hundred.

The four little chocolates went back into the twisted bag and were carried about all day and slept with Cora in her hard little bed all night. She planned a great many plans for eating them. At first she thought she would eat one every day, but that seemed too often. She decided upon one every other day. Then one day, in a sudden hunger for the little black things, she resolved to eat every one of them that day—that morning—that hour!

"I'll walk around the square three times, waterin' my mouth, then the fourth time I'll eat 'em all."

But there were still preliminaries. She pondered them as she walked around the squalid "square."

"Front of Dinny O'Toole's store I'll eat one, an' front of Mis' Grant's boardin'-house. That's two. The third—the third I'll eat when I get to the corner o' Buxton an' Pleasant."

It was not a pleasant street, but it would be pleasant to eat the third chocolate there. And the fourth—where should she eat the fourth one? She might save it—no, Cora was a reckless little chocolate spendthrift today. She would eat the fourth one somewhere.

"I know! I'll walk round the square once with my eyes shut and when I count three I'll open 'em an' eat it."

But things were to happen before Cora ate even the first precious little chocolate. She was to happen, on her first round of the square, upon Barney Grogan's lean old horse surrounded by a jeering circle of

men and boys. The heavy cart was stuck hub-deep in the mud and Old Hundred refused to move it, or could not with his starved old muscles.

"That's it! That's it! Lick him again, Barney, give him a good one this time!" jeered an onlooker. Others joined in derisively.

Stung by the cruel rain of blows, the old horse made a despairing effort but settled back in the traces again with something oddly like a pitiable human groan. It was no use. Barney plied the lash harder with angry shouts.

"Try it again, Old Skin-An'-Bones! Lick him again, Barney! Go it, both on ye!"

Cora's heart beat in great thumping strokes. Her thin little face sharpened still more, and a sea of red blood boiled up about her freckles till they swam in it like little brown islands. She clinched her fingers about the twisted paper bag. With sudden leaps she sprang to the side of the old horse.

"Barney Grogan, you stop! Don't you whip him another once!" she cried hotly. Among the men and boys her small, shabby figure looked out of place. One of the whip's blows fell on the shielding hand that had reached up on the old creature's side.

"Hit her again! Hit the little un again, Barney!" applauded the jeering crowd.

"Barney, you stop an' I'll make him go—honest I will," cried Cora, resorting to pleading in her agony for Old Hundred.

A way had occurred to her to do it, but it was a hard way. Her little red face grew white at the thought of it. Could she, for Old Hundred?

But Old Hundred was Barney's horse and Barney had kicked her little cat—Cora drew a long breath. To her this little struggle was a very big one. She forgot the jeering, cheering boys and men—when Old Hundred groaned she forgot Barney and the little cat that was dead. She opened the paper bag and took out a chocolate. Hurrying ahead of the old horse she held it out.

"Come, come, come!" she coaxed. "It's good, Old Hundred. Come here an' I'll give it to you. Pull awful hard an' come!"

It may have been the gentle little voice with pity in it and love, it may have been the chocolate held out temptingly—which-

ever it was the old horse gave a mighty heave of his beaten old frame. The wheels creaked but did not move forward.

"Splendid!" encouraged the little voice. "Here, you shall have this one to pay you. See how good it is—there, now try again for this one. Try again, Old Hundred!"

She ran ahead and extended the second chocolate on her little hollowed palm. The old horse eyed it with interest; the first one had tasted luscious. If he tried again—another heave, another creaking, and this time the heavy load moved.

"Again! Please, again! Once more, Old Hundred!"

The men were cheering. Cora thrust the second chocolate under the great nose and darted forward with the third.

The third time the wheels moved. With a mighty effort Old Hundred, every muscle strained, pulled the cart out of the mudhole, and the third chocolate was his. Cora had succeeded where blows and curses failed.

A little later, back on her doorstep, Cora sat taking dainty nibbles of the last-of-all chocolate. She took very tiny, long, enjoying ones. It was a beautiful chocolate drop. Cora thought it had a fine flavor, but she did not know it was flavored with the joy of doing a good deed. She rocked back and forth between tiny nibbles and pretended she was in a great velvet rocker.

"I've got a velvet gownd on, too, to match. A—a slave has just brought me this ice cream. I guess I'll take another taste. It's beautiful ice cream. O Slave, I thank you!"

It was a great, grimy house in a little grimy street. It was a very little chocolate—all that was left of four. But the child on the doorstep ate the last crumb with a smack of little red lips.

"It was the best chocolate!" she said. —Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the *Congregationalist*.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lip with curve impatient,
Ah, brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Work That Wins.

The story is told of two boys who were preparing a lesson in Latin. It was the first time they had studied together. They read it through with considerable care; then one grabbed his hat to leave for some other duties. The other stopped him by saying they must read the lesson again. Though expressing some surprise, the first yielded, and they went through the text carefully with grammar, notes, and lexicon. Then the visitor rose the second time, and reached for his hat; but the other replied that they must go over the lesson a third time. Though somewhat impatient, the companion remained to put the finishing touches on the lesson, saying that he did not understand, before, why the studious young man always got an "A" grade. "We must go through the lesson once to learn it," was the reply; "we must read it a second time to know that we have learned it, and the third time to know that we will not forget it."

The rule of this boy is the rule of life, that is, the kind of life that is called success. The hop, step, and jump method may be all right, if the character of the work and the capability of the student permit it; but that is usually at the expense of thoroughness, and at the still greater expense of an honest reputation for doing things as they ought to be done. There is no rule which demands going over a thing a third time, but there is a rule for the mastery of anything that is undertaken. It may require persistence and repetition, but the acquirement is worth the cost.—*Lutheran Evangelist*.

The Battle of Manila Bay.

"What was it like, that battle, do you ask?"

The thunders of heaven would have been lost in its din. It was fierce and fast, like the rolling of all the drums in the world, or like bolts of heavy sailcloth torn into shreds by the wind.

What a picture it would make—that battle, the last of the Spanish fleet, the Don Antonio de Ulloa. She fought, sinking a foot a minute! Gun after gun went under, and when the last onset was made, only her bow gun remained. Its crew, waist deep in the water, fought as though victory was crowning them. It was theirs

to fire the last gun upon that eventful day, and we cheered them as they sank.

These are the things men will write about, but memory alone can paint a picture so terrible that the moon, that old night-watch of the universe, hid behind friendly vapors that she might not see the embers of war as they glared through the portholes and sponsons of half-sunken ships, while ever and anon exploding magazines would tear the waters, and flames of yellow and red flaunt above all that was left of Spain's wreckage.

Surely, Wellington was a Solomon when he wrote: "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won." —*May St. Nicholas*.

Be Kind Today.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go.

The flowers you mean to send for their coffins send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Postmortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.—*Amber*.

No whisky town lives to itself. Vote for license and you vote an unmitigated curse, not only upon your immediate village, but upon the entire surrounding country.

"I have come a hundred miles," said a minister, "to get some of Mr. Moody's spirit." "You don't want my spirit," was the reply. "What you want is the Spirit of God."—*Burning Words*.

MARRIAGES

CLARKE-CARLSON—At Santa Ana, California, April 6, 1908, by Rev. J. A. Stephenson, Mr. Dayton C. Clarke and Miss Alma Carlson, both of Los Angeles, California.

DAVIS-CRUMB—In Milton, Wis., April 25, 1908, by Rev. L. A. Platts, D. D., Mr. Grant W. Davis, of Adams Centre, N. Y., and Miss Charlotte Louise Crumb, of Milton.

DEATHS

VAN HORN—Paul Whitney, infant son of C. C. and Laura Van Horn, was born February 29, and passed away April 23, 1908.

A short and impressive service was conducted at the home of the parents by the writer.

A little ray of sunlight
Into our lives did drift,
So brief a day.
'Tis a silver lining now,
Shining through the rift
Till the clouds pass away.

W. H. ERNST.

Gentry, Arkansas.

AUSTIN—Mrs. Mercy Austin was born in the town of Exeter, R. I., March 12, 1814, and died April 26, 1908.

She was the daughter of Lewis and Sarah Bates. She was married to William L. Austin, who died about nine years ago. To them were born six children, two of whom, James W. and William Henry, survive her. She united by letter with the Rockville Seventh-day Baptist Church, November 28, 1874, of which she was a faithful member at the time of her death. The church and its interests were dear to her, and she will be missed not only by the family circle but by her church and neighbors.

The funeral services were held in the home Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, conducted by the pastor.

E. E. S.

His Choice.

One of the noblest of human utterances is certainly the following, from an article by Booker T. Washington in *Putnam's Monthly*:

"I cannot regard it as a misfortune to be identified with a people that has its place to make in the world. I know my people and believe in them, and am glad to have my share in the great task of building up the race to which I belong. I was never more proud of being a negro than I am today. If I had the privilege of re-entering

the world, and the Great Spirit should ask me to choose the people and the race to which I should belong, I would answer, 'Make me an American negro.'"—*Christian Endeavor World*.

A Fancy.

I like to imagine that there is an invisible telephone line stretching between my Father's house and me.

As early as possible in the morning, I like to take down the receiver and after saying, "Dear Father in heaven," wait until the assurance of his presence at the other end of the line fills my heart and soul with peace. Then, waiting in the hushed joy of the silent communion, I gather strength for the day and do not feel the necessity of much further prayer than this, for I am persuaded that he knows my needs most perfectly—my needs for just this day, and he has the work and the blessing already prepared. Or, if it be that it is sorrow and burdens that wait rather than gladness and ease, none of it matters, when all through the hours I can reach him at any second if faith fail or courage turn to weakness.—*Harriet B. Wharton*.

The Plowboy.

A rattle of chains and a tramp
Out in the stable I hear,
The plowboy and horses, so gentle,
Then out in the barnyard appear.
He snaps them and straps them together;
He smiles and his ruddy face glows;
He speaks and they quickly obey him;
Then off o'er the green field he goes.

All day long in the furrow
He sings and he whistles, or dreams;
Perhaps all the day he is planning
His future, and working his schemes.
Few are the sorrows that find him,
Life is to him but a charm;
What can be purer and better
Than the life of the boy on the farm?

—George R. Harrison.

A revival never comes to any people until the power from on high is truly and faithfully sought. A materialistic age is not conducive to the revival spirit. Nothing short of genuine spirituality and true prayer will make a church strong for Christian work. No organization, however rich and cultured, can bring a lost sinner to Christ, if spirituality be wanting.

Sabbath School

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

May 30. Jesus Risen from the Dead ... John 20: 1-18.
June 6. Jesus Appears to the Apostles ... John 20: 19-31.
June 13. The Risen Christ by the Sea of Galilee,
John 21: 1-25.

June 20. Review.
June 27. Temperance Lesson Eph. 5: 6-20.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 23, 1908.

JESUS' DEATH AND BURIAL.

John 19: 17-42.

Golden Text.—"Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures." 1 Cor. 15: 3.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Matt. 27: 1-26.

Second-day, Matt. 27: 27-61.

Third-day, Luke 23: 1-25.

Fourth-day, Luke 23: 26-56.

Fifth-day, Mark 15: 1-47.

Sixth-day, John 18: 28-19: 16.

Sabbath-day, John 19: 17-42.

INTRODUCTION.

After Jesus was examined before Annas he was taken before Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin informally convened; and then at daybreak condemned before the Sanhedrin especially assembled for that purpose, and hastened before Pilate for his confirmation of their sentence in order that Jesus might be executed before his well-wishers should really have any idea of what was going on.

The trial of Jesus at every stage is noteworthy for its irregularity and unfairness. It was for example, illegal to conduct a trial on a capital charge at night; it was illegal to pass sentence of condemnation on the same day as the trial; it was illegal to require the accused to testify against himself. But the enemies of Jesus had determined upon his death long before they had him arrested, and they were not to be balked now by any considerations of justice. They had false witnesses ready to testify against Jesus although that did not help them much since there was not time for the witnesses to arrange to tell the same story.

The power of inflicting the death-penalty had been taken from the Sanhedrin by their Roman masters. The Jews therefore had to take Jesus before the Roman authorities in order to have

the sentence of death pronounced and executed.

The trial before Pilate is especially interesting in view of the fact that Pilate himself was really the one on trial. He wanted to do justice to the accused man before him, and at the same time he wanted to do that which was most expedient for himself. He made repeated attempts to release Jesus, but he did not have the strength to stand for absolute justice with no regard to pleasing or displeasing the people and the leaders. He tried to get the people to claim Jesus as the prisoner to be released at the time of the feast, but the chief priests were too smart for him and persuaded the people to choose Barabbas. The accusers of Jesus also played upon the fears of Pilate by saying that they would accuse him to the Emperor if he allowed Jesus to go free. Pilate made the mistake also of yielding somewhat to their will in commanding that Jesus be scourged. If a man begins to compromise with his conscience, he soon will be choosing the wrong altogether.

TIME—The traditional date is upon Friday, the fifteenth of Nisan. Very likely April 7th of the year 30.

PLACE—Hill of Golgotha, a little way outside of the city of Jerusalem, probably to the northward.

PERSONS—Jesus and his executioners; the chief priests and many other Jews; the mother of our Lord and the other women; John the beloved disciple.

OUTLINE:

1. Jesus is Crucified. v. 17-24.
2. Jesus Provides for his Mother and Dies upon the Cross. v. 25-30.
3. Jesus' Death is Assured. v. 31-37.
4. Jesus' Body is Buried. v. 38-42.

NOTES.

17. *The place of a skull.* Some writers have guessed that this name arose from the unburied skulls of executed criminals, but this is very unlikely. It is probable that the knoll somewhat resembled a skull in shape. The name Calvary is derived from the Latin translation, and appears in King James' Version of Luke 23: 33.

22. *What I have written, I have written.* Pilate had felt himself forced to yield to the demand of the chief priests to crucify Jesus, but in the details connected with the crucifixion they could hold no whip over him. It was customary to signify by an inscription upon the cross the crime for which a man was executed; if the high priests felt insulted by what Pilate had written for the cross of Jesus, he was so much better pleased.

25. *But there were standing by the cross, etc.* The soldiers evidently watched to see that no one interfered with the condemned ones, but did not try to prevent the crowd from pressing close. Thus the friends of Jesus could approach within a few feet. Some have thought that only three women are mentioned in this verse, taking the phrase, "Mary the wife of Clopas," as explanatory of the expression, "his mother's sister;" but it would be hardly probable that two sisters should have the same name. His mother's sister is almost certainly Salome, the wife of Zebedee and mother of James and John.

26. *The disciple standing by whom he loved.* This can mean no other than John, who is never mentioned by name in this Gospel. *Woman, behold thy son!* We are to suppose that Joseph had died long since. Many have wondered that Jesus should thus commend his mother to John when she had four sons living; but there was a unity in spiritual interest which she had with her sister Salome, and her nephew John, which she did not have with her own sons.

27. *And from that hour the disciple took her unto his own home.* This expression has been understood to mean that they did not remain till Jesus died, and that John had a house in Jerusalem. Both of these conclusions are possible, but need not be inferred from this general statement.

28. *That the scripture might be accomplished, saith, I thirst.* We are not to infer that Jesus was thirsty and spoke of it just for the sake of acting in accordance with scripture; but rather John sees in this word of Jesus and the response to it the fulfillment of Psa. 69: 21.

29. *There was set there a vessel full of vinegar.* This drink should not be confused with the stupefying potion which was offered him just before the crucifixion. See Matt. 27: 34. That he refused because he did not wish to have his sensibilities deadened, but this he accepted as something to quench his thirst. The *vinegar* or sour wine was the ordinary drink of the Roman soldier. The sponge and the stalk of hyssop were needed because Jesus' head upon the cross was two or three feet beyond the reach of a man standing upon the ground.

30. *It is finished.* He had now completed all that he had come to accomplish as the God-man. This is his cry of triumph. *And he gave up his spirit.* That is, he died. It is absurd to infer from the active verb, *gave*, that Jesus put an end to his own physical existence. His death was directly caused by the agony upon the cross.



31. *Because it was the Preparation.* This is probably best understood as meaning because it was Friday. Those who were executed might die in the evening, and then their dead bodies would defile the land. They especially dreaded this defilement in view of the fact that the next day was the Sabbath of the passover week, and therefore a day demanding special care in its observance. (Some hold indeed that this was the 15th of Nisan, the passover day as well as the weekly Sabbath.) *That their legs might be broken.* Those who were crucified sometimes lived thirty-six hours or longer. It was not unusual therefore for the soldiers to hasten the end. Upon this occasion Pilate readily grants the requests of those who were so anxious about the proper observance of the Sabbath.

33. *They broke not his legs.* They fulfilled the spirit of the command given them. There was no reason for breaking the legs of the crucified except to hasten death.

34. *With a spear pierced his side.* That is, to make sure that he was dead. *There came out blood and water.* Many have magnified the importance of this statement, some in the direction of its symbolic significance, and others as an indication of the exact physical cause of Jesus' death. It is best considered as the mere added touch of the eye-witness who records what he saw, intending no hidden application.

35. *And he that hath seen hath borne witness.* It is quite in accordance with John's custom to

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speak of himself in the third person. This is an emphatic statement of the truth and the value of the testimony that he gives. This verse refers not particularly to the flowing of the water and the blood, but rather to the fact of Jesus' real death. John is going on to speak of the resurrection, and wishes it understood that there is no doubt about the death of Jesus. *That ye also might believe.* Compare ch. 20: 30, 31.

36. *That the scripture also might be fulfilled.* Our author again calls special attention to the fulfillment of scripture. Compare Psa. 34: 20; and in regard to the piercing of his side, Zech. 12: 10.

38. *Asked of Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus.* It took some courage to make this request. This wealthy man, a member of the Sanhedrin, a secret disciple of Jesus, at length aroused himself to the courage of his convictions and asked for the body of his Lord which might otherwise have been thrown into some refuse heap by the soldiers.

39. *He who at the first came to him by night.* Joseph of Arimathea was aided by another member of the Sanhedrin who had also been a secret disciple of Jesus. *A hundred pounds.* An enormous quantity for the purpose.

40. *Bound it in linen cloths with the spices.* They followed the Jewish methods of burial with as elaborate care as time would permit.

41. *A new tomb.* Very likely Joseph had intended this tomb for himself, but he freely devotes it for the Master.

42. *For the tomb was nigh at hand.* The nearness of the Sabbath prevented their going far to look for a burying place even if they had desired to do so.

SUGGESTIONS.

The real humanity of Jesus is vividly shown in this Lesson not only from the fact of his

bodily suffering, but even while he bore the sins of the world as he hung upon the cross, he realized himself as son of Mary with a duty to provide for her future.

Jesus was not simply one of the vast company of martyrs. He was the Son of God, and the whole history of the world centers about his death upon Calvary.

The saying, "Night brings out the stars," is illustrated by the conduct of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. They did not think now of what there was to be gained by declaring themselves disciples of Jesus. In fact there seemed to be nothing to be gained. They thought only of the need, and threw discretion to the winds.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

Seventh-day Baptists in Syracuse, N. Y., hold Sabbath afternoon services at 2:30 o'clock in the hall on the second floor of the Lynch building, No. 120 South Salina Street. All are cordially invited.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of 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.

After May 1st, 1908, the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago will hold regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcome.

The Seventh-day Baptists in Madison, Wis., meet regularly Sabbath afternoons at 3 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all strangers in the city. For place of meeting, inquire of the superintendent, H. W. Rood, at 933 Jenifer Street.

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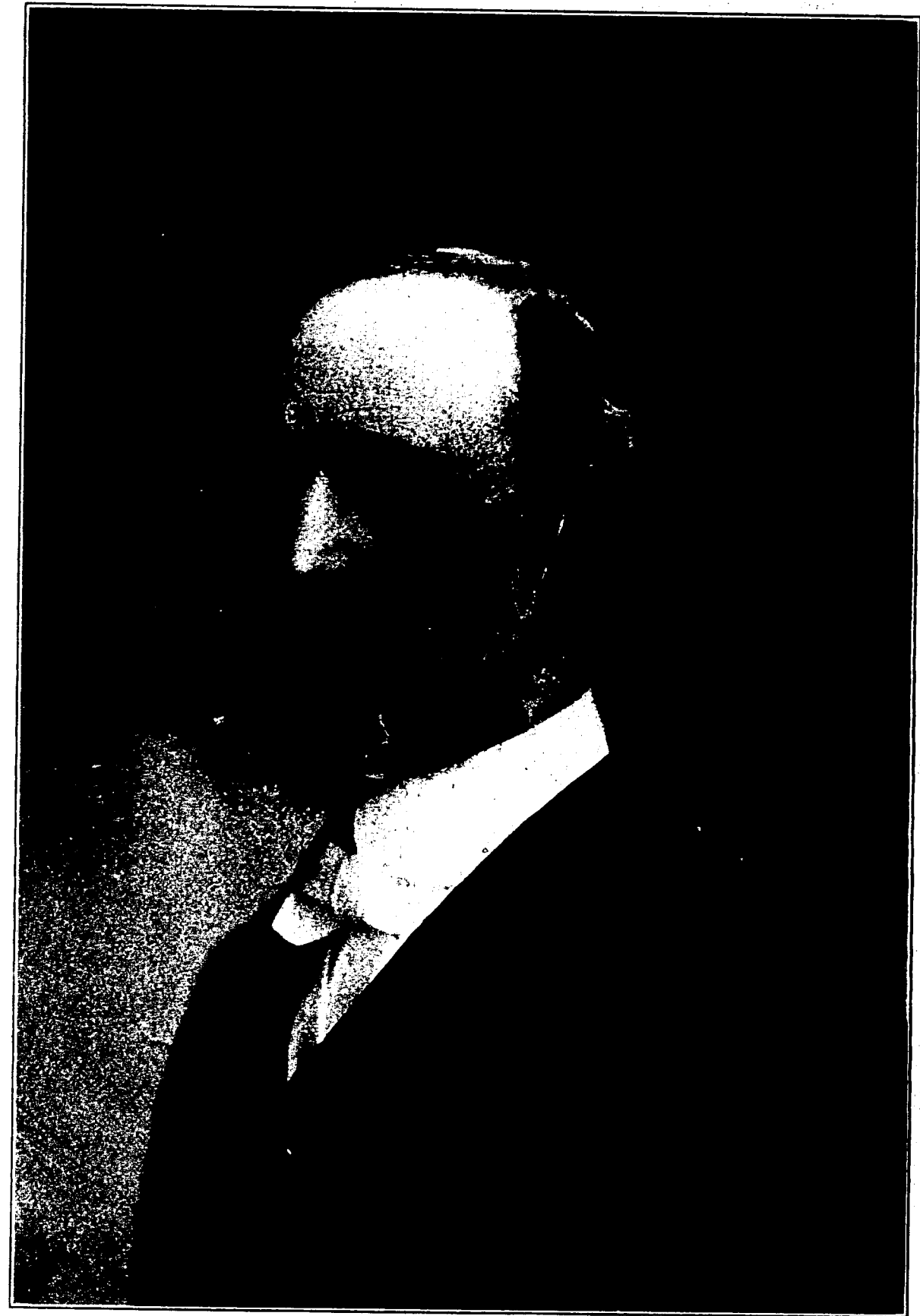
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