

# The Sabbath Recorder

May each day bring thee something  
 Fair to hold in memory—  
 Some true light to shine  
 Upon thee in the after days.  
 May each night bring thee peace,  
 As when the dove broods o'er  
 The young she loves; may day  
 And night the circle-of  
 A rich experience weave  
 About thy life, and make  
 It rich with knowledge, but radiant  
 With Love, whose blossoms shall be  
 Tender deeds.

—Helen Van Anderson

## CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—Lessons From Pompeii; Scarcity of Ministers Again; Prépare Well for Something; Tidal Wave of Temperance; \$3,000.00 for a Postage Stamp; The Tract Society's Debt . . . . .	33-36	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK . . . . .	44
Condensed News . . . . .	36	The Bruised Blossom . . . . .	46
Christ the Saviour . . . . .	37	Preserving Natural Resources . . . . .	47
Conference Matters . . . . .	38	Relations Between Japan and America . . . . .	48
New Church Organized . . . . .	39	CHILDREN'S PAGE—The Old Man, (Poetry) The Sunbonnet Brigade . . . . .	49
Standing Off and Looking On . . . . .	39	An Appeal of Old Age, (Poetry) . . . . .	51
WOMAN'S WORK—An Every-day Parable . . . . .	40	HOME NEWS . . . . .	52
United States and the Liquor question . . . . .	41	MARRIAGES . . . . .	55
The American Civic Association . . . . .	42	DEATHS . . . . .	55
An Expense Account for the Pastor . . . . .	42	In Memoriam . . . . .	56
		BUSINESS OFFICE . . . . .	58
		SABBATH SCHOOL . . . . .	59

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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N. O. MOORE, Business Manager.

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## EDITORIAL

### Lessons From Pompeii.

I shall never forget the lessons of one day spent among the ruins of Pompeii. This city was suddenly buried in ashes from Vesuvius nearly nineteen hundred years ago. There was no time given for its people to prepare for a picture about to be taken, showing many of their customs and habits and most of the things they had in their homes. It was a "snap shot" picture and was so completely sealed up that for ages the world knew little or nothing of it. Whatever the inhabitants happened to be doing when the "button was touched" on that fatal morning in A. D. 79, was to remain in the picture for all time; and when the seal should be finally broken, all the world could look upon the things that revealed the life and character of that dead city. It was evidently a city of wealth and luxury, of vice and sin. Some places in it have to be kept locked today to hide the shocking things portrayed on its walls from the eyes of the public. And on every hand one sees signs of the unholy lives of people who long ago passed from earth. There are deep-worn ruts in pavements, made by chariot wheels driven by those who thronged her busy marts; and the stepping stones at crossings are deeply hollowed by the feet of ancient multitudes who swarmed through her thoroughfares two thousand years ago. The homes have been opened to view, showing utensils for house-keeping, statuary, pictures, bric-a-brac, and even the bread ready for ovens, or already baked but not removed. Dining tables

stand awaiting those who never came. The stores, wineries, temples and theatres once thronged by a busy, pleasure-seeking population are all there showing the manner of life, and the nature of their pursuits. In glass cases in the museum near by, and in another at Naples, are the dead, stony bodies, showing the death agony, and surrounded by the wares they once used in real life. Some, on that fatal day, tarried too long in efforts to save their money and jewels, and died with them still held in a death grip.

You can imagine something of the feelings that would press upon the heart of one who wanders in thoughtful mood, among these relics of a city's life in by-gone days. If the people of Pompeii had known what a revelation of their home life was sure to come they would undoubtedly have made preparation for a better showing. Many things would have been put away from them, and they would have lived very different lives.

I wonder if their experiences were so very different in the real essence of things from those which await us all? Of course we do not suppose our home life will ever be put into permanent fixedness as to physical things, before the eyes of all the world. But if such a thing could happen, what would be revealed as to our life and character? How much there is in our home-life that would put us to shame; and what changes we would wish to make in our public and business lives before these were thrown open to the public gaze!

Yet there is a sense in which these suggestions will be fully realized in spiritual things, and every secret thing shall be made known. What does God see today in our hearts and homes, of which we ought to be ashamed? How will our home life appear when it is all uncovered, and in the light of the judgment day we stand, with all the world to see us as we really are?

Let us strive to hang our heart's chambers so full of pictures of love, purity and righteousness, that the coming day may



reveal beautiful character fit for the home in glory. Let us try to put away from our homes everything that would seem out of place in the mansions prepared for the faithful.

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#### Scarcity of Ministers Again:

The question why so few young men enter the ministry is interesting the hearts of other peoples as well as our own. Carefully compiled statistics show a constant falling off during the last ten years, in students in the seminaries. I believe the Methodist denomination is the only one reporting a gain, and some of the denominations show a loss as high as thirty-five per cent. This falling off is made more conspicuous by the great gain in students attending other professional schools. The greatest gain appears in the law schools. There is scarcely a denominational paper that has not been seeking the cause of the state of affairs. This turning of all minds toward one important question must result in good. When everybody thinks along the same line in an effort to solve any problem, an answer is usually found. It is probable that inadequate support, "The prevailing method of employing ministers," the changed sentiment regarding the minister as an all-around leader—these may have something to do with the present scarcity. The multiplication of other societies for uplifting fallen humanity may also have some bearing upon the problem. But it seems to me that while all these may be good reasons so far as they go, there are still deeper reasons that should be mentioned first. I may be all wrong, but some way I cannot help feeling that if the spirit of deep consecration possessed the young men today that filled the hearts of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, the mere matter of more money would not keep them out of the ministry. If they possessed the burden of soul for the lost—the genuine *missionary* spirit that yearns for fallen sinful men, there would be no lack.

Let us see; what is the moral atmosphere out of which ministers are always born? We all know that they must come from homes and churches where the influences are strongly *spiritual*. If we examine the records in our own denomination, we find that the ministers have come, almost without exception, from the small churches

where in the absence of regular pastors, fathers and mothers have carried the burdens of church life upon their hearts, and where they together have knelt around family altars and in the church, and in agony of soul have prayed and exhorted and pleaded for God's cause, and for ministers to be raised up. The atmosphere of the homes has been strongly devotional. The church has been the one thing for which fathers and mothers have been anxious; and children were born into this all-pervading spiritual atmosphere. They were consecrated to God before they were born, and breathed the very spirit of consecration in home and church after they were born. Show me such a church today, surrounded by such homes, and I will show you the full quota of consecrated boys looking toward the ministry. I know of such a church; and out of it are coming excellent candidates for the ministry.

What changes modern business conditions, and modern ambition of parents for their boys have brought upon most of our churches! In these days the mad rush for money has crowded out of our home life the thought of almost everything else. There is no time now for family altars, for Bible reading, and scarcely for home companionship. Spiritual life is almost entirely crowded out. *And spiritual life is the real thing out of which ministers are born.* What can be more deadening to religion than a home where the Bible is neglected, the sanctuary forsaken and the name of God and the interests of the church are seldom mentioned? Ministers are born first in the home and second in the prayer meeting. Can you expect the hearts of young men to turn strongly toward the ministry in homes where prayer is unknown? Can you look for them to come out of churches where their parents never attend prayer meetings, and where they never hear any agonizing prayer for God to send forth laborers to his harvest? There are hundreds of young people among us who never saw father and mother active in prayer meetings. There are too many homes where the only interest children see parents take in the church, is to find fault with those who do work for God. What can be expected from homes where the main ambition is to have the children get rich, and where parents talk always as if it were a sacrifice almost too

heavy to be borne for young people to keep the Sabbath. If children spend all their early years in such an unspiritual atmosphere, what else but worldly ambitions can be expected in them? Can we expect young men's hearts to turn toward the ministry when their childhood and youth have been spent under such deadening influences? By what unheard-of miracle shall we look for ministers to come from worldly homes and dead churches! The mad rush for business in this money-making age has captured our hearts. *We need the deepest, most thorough spiritual awakening we have ever known.* If we could have this, the question would soon be settled and settled right.

It is folly to ignore the power of environment and years of training, and expect God to overrule all and start our boys toward the ministry. The boys would have to go against the preponderating influences thrown about them all their years, if many of them entered the ministry.

Let us have a thousand praying mothers who, Hannah-like, will consecrate their boys to God's service before they are born; and let us have a few years of such church life as only such parents can make for us, and ministers and missionaries will come forth in abundance.

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#### Prepare Well for Something.

Skilled labor has the right of way in every line of service; and he who is not "trained" to do something well must take a back seat. My heart is touched whenever I see a man or woman who cannot do any one thing well. Such a one is inevitably crowded out of all the desirable places, and must plod his way through life, working in the lowest rank and under the hardest condition. He must remain in a stratum of society that is always overcrowded. But there is room and opportunity higher up; the higher one goes the more room he has, and the better prices he can command. If one desires to become master of the situation, he must go to the top.

It is too bad that multitudes are willing to remain at the bottom and take life at the hardest, rather than fit themselves for better things. Neglect your education or your trade, and drift with the unskilled, uneducated multitude, and you are doomed to

drudgery all your days. There are splendid trades and professions open to every boy and girl. There are opportunities to excel in the advanced methods of farming. But only those who make themselves proficient can hope to succeed. Competition is great in all activities of life, and the law of the "survival of the fittest" is inexorable.

Training schools for teachers, training schools for Christian workers, training schools for cooking and for farming, are the orders of the day. It is the same cry everywhere: "Give us trained business men, trained stenographers, trained teachers."

The sick want trained physicians and trained nurses. Manufacturers want trained workmen; railroads demand trained engineers, and the world wants trained lawyers.

This all takes time and patience and faithful work. Whoever neglects these things must have an empty, hopeless future.

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#### Tidal Wave of Temperance.

Right in connection with the thrilling reports from Oklahoma, Georgia and Alabama, where hundreds upon hundreds of saloons and dens of vice are being driven out; and where state officers are pouring thousands of barrels of beer and whisky into the gutters, there comes a story of another kind of campaign going on in the North. It seems that the Northwestern Railroad Company's officials have decided to eliminate from their working forces the drinking element; and in making up their reduced force for the winter's work, only the total abstainers are to be retained. Upon the strength of this, a pledge has been started among the men, and according to the New York *Tribune*, a monster roll of twenty-five thousand signatures is on its way to the president of the corporation, in which pledge the men are committed to total abstinence.

This is indeed a splendid move. I do not wonder that the saloon men are thoroughly alarmed. They see the doom of their criminal-making business, when these three forces combine against them; i. e., the strong arm of the law well enforced, the mandate of great business corporations, the binding force of the temperance pledge signed by thousands. With one half of the United States already under some kind



of prohibition, with such a rising tidal wave of prohibition sentiment as we never knew before, and with great business interests demanding total abstinents, we may look for an irresistible cyclone of public sentiment that shall drive out every saloon, and turn millions of money into honest legitimate business.

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#### \$3,000.00 for a Postage Stamp.

A twelve-year-old girl in Alexandria, Virginia, was presented with three old postage stamps taken from letters written to her grandmother when the latter was a young woman. Two of the stamps sold for a small sum, but the local purchaser found the third to be a treasure valued beyond his purchasing power; and so it was sent to Richmond, where it brought the enormous price of \$3,000.00.

It was one of a special issue, made in 1847 by the postmaster of Alexandria, before the advent of the national stamp system. It was printed with black ink on light blue paper, circular in shape, and the size of a half-dollar. In the center is the word "paid," with "5" under it. These are encircled by the words, "Post Office, Alexandria," and around all is a circle of stars. The girl is a poor girl, and this came as a great surprise.

Perhaps it might be well to search among grandmother's ancient love-letters. This stamp, according to the *Public Ledger*, was taken from the love-letters of the little girl's grandmother.

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#### The Tract Society's Debt.

We are glad to announce that the debt has been reduced another \$500.00 since our last report, making a reduction of \$1,000.00, since we began the effort to have it paid off. You remember it was \$4,000.00. We had great confidence in the people, feeling sure that they would rally as our people always do in time of need, and straighten it all up. It begins to seem better already, even though only one-fourth is paid. This is a foretaste of how good it will seem to everybody when every dollar of it is put out of the way.

One pastor sends the contribution of his people, and says: "I am deeply interested in the work of the Tract Society, and I am very anxious that this debt shall be cancel-

ed. The people here are interested too, and you have our prayers. I hope to send more soon."

This is the right spirit. The good words are very cheering.

Previously reported .....	\$704 12
Received from	
Independence, N. Y., C. E. Society	\$18 75
G. H. Lyon, Mt. Jewett, Pa. ....	5 00
Salem, W. Va., church .....	30 00
Mrs. Wm. W. Kingsbury, Cuba, N. Y. ....	5 00
Mrs. E. P. Michel, Marion, Iowa	1 00
Mrs. E. L. Noble, Bristol, N. Y....	50
W. H. Ernst, Gentry, Ark. ....	5 00
Eusebia Stillman, Wellsville, N. Y.	5 00
Andrew Greene, Adams Center, N. Y. ....	5 00
Alfred Collins, Charlestown, R. I..	5 00
N. P. Nelson, Milton, Wis. ....	3 00
Mrs. D. C. Whitford, Verona, N. Y.	5 00
P. S. C. E., Verona, N. Y. ....	5 00
Sabbath School, Verona, N. Y. ....	2 50
Cora J. Williams, Verona, N. Y. ...	1 00
Orville Williams, Verona, N. Y. ...	2 00
Geo. W. Betson, Verona, N.Y. ....	3 00
Total .....	\$805 87

#### Condensed News.

One hundred and sixty-seven members of the first Russian Douma have been convicted of signing a manifesto for constitutional government, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Two others escaped on the ground that they did not understand the import of the manifesto when they signed it. This is a severe blow to the movement for a constitutional government in Russia, since the sentence carries with it the loss of all political rights; and removes from Russian politics all the foremost Liberal leaders favoring a constitution.

#### Gifts of 1907.

About \$120,000,000 were given to various good causes during the year 1907. Of this more than \$61,000,000 went to education, of which John D. Rockefeller contributed more than one-half. Altogether Mr. Rockefeller gave \$42,315,000 during the year. Mrs. Russell Sage gave \$13,830,000; H. C. Frick and P. A. B. Widener each gave \$10,205,000; Andrew Carnegie, \$8,957,000, and Miss Anne T. Jeanes more than \$2,000,000. Women gave about one-fifth of the total sum. Fifteen persons, four of them women, each gave a million dol-

#### Christ the Saviour.

REV. E. ADELBERT WITTER.

*Synopsis of a sermon preached at Salem, W. Va.*

Text, Luke 2:11 and Gal. 4:4. That was a joyous night in Judea when the stillness was broken by the sweet song of the angel choir. The angel said, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

No other such babe was ever born into the world as this Jesus. He was the Son of God, and yet he was the son of Mary. While he was the Son of God in a larger sense, perhaps, than was any other, yet there was the same warm loving heart-relation between him and Mary as is between you and your child.

Christ was "God manifest in the flesh." He was manifest as a bond between heaven and earth. Because of Christ's presence among men, all men would come to have more of an interest in heaven.

Sometimes I think heaven was more interested in mankind because Christ had come a missionary to earth.

Don't you think you would have more interest in China, Africa, Holland, or some of the mission fields in our own land, if one of your friends, or nearer yet, a member of your family were in some of these fields as a missionary?

If we read the Gospel of Matthew, we will find that he sets Christ forth as the promised Messiah, as the son of David. Mark portrays Christ as the Son of God, who established his Messianic mission by miraculous deeds. Luke describes Christ as the Saviour and revealer of truth, sent from God to save and enlighten all people. John differs very materially from the other Evangelists, for he exhibits more of the inner life and thoughts of Christ. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Jesus spake unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life." Again, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

Notwithstanding the difference of ex-

lars or more. Some of the leading gifts of the year were the \$10,000,000 given by Mrs. Sage for general philanthropies, with the especial thought of investigation of the causes of poverty; the \$1,000,000 given by Miss Jeanes for negro schools, and the \$2,000,000 given by Mr. Rockefeller for medical research. Next to education, the greatest sum was given for galleries and museums, \$22,000,000. For miscellaneous charities, \$15,186,300 was given; for hospitals, homes and asylums, \$7,882,500; for churches, Young Men's Christian Associations and home missions, \$6,265,000; and for libraries, \$2,132,000.—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

Shiploads of material from Ireland are arriving in New York for the Irish Industrial Exposition, to begin in Madison Square Garden, January 7, and continue for three weeks. It seems that the place of exposition is being paved with native turf brought from the "Old Country," so that Irish feet may again press their native soil without crossing the Atlantic. A large company of people have also come to America bringing industrial products, together with machinery and working apparatus with which to exhibit their works. Objects of art, laces, tapestries, rugs, metal work, minerals, are all there. And one can see Ireland and its people and industries brought right to our doors. It will be especially attractive to our Irish citizens.

#### New Star in the Flag.

In the old "Betsy Ross House," 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, there occurred a very interesting New Year's play, wherein fourteen little girls in costume celebrated the making of the flag of Betsy Ross in old Continental days.

One little boy acted the part of Uncle Sam, and another personated a colonial soldier.

Into the same room where Betsy Ross made the flag, thirteen girls brought each of them a star which the fourteenth girl sewed on to the field. Then with the flag, completed to contain forty-five stars, suspended from the window, the forty-sixth star to represent Oklahoma, was with much ceremony hoisted by pulleys from the ground to take its place among its sister stars upon the flag.



pression given by the Evangelists, all agree that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, who came for the light and deliverance of all men from sin. He first appeared as a preacher and a healer. He went all over Galilee preaching the gospel of the kingdom. This was the one passion of his soul, "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The Sermon on the Mount is only the rough outline of the constitution of this kingdom; and all the parables are only illustrations of its humane principles. Indeed, all the words of the Master have a social import because they have reference to His vision of a new social kingdom. He announces its unifying principle; "Our Father who art in heaven;" He announces its new principle of prestige, "Whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all;" and, finally, he declares the sacredness of the brotherhood in that kingdom, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee." So vital is our need of this kingdom, Jesus calls on His disciples to forsake all things for it.

Wendell Phillips was once asked "Is Christianity a failure?" He replied, "I don't know, sir, it has never been tried." If the religion Christ came into the world to make known to mankind has failed of its purpose, it is because the selfishness of the man in need of redemption has blinded him to the unselfishness of the Redeemer. If it shall ever fail, it will be because the essential principles of that religion have not found a place in the heart, life and works of the professed followers of Christ.

The more the world studies the life of Christ, and lets His spirit become the motive power of life, the more will be manifest the real value of the Christian religion.

Who can contemplate the gloriousness of the blessed Christ-life and not feel drawn toward it?

In the second part of our text it is stated that "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law." The query arises, What is meant by "The fulness of the time?" In the early history of the world God had promised a Saviour. God's plans are complete and perfect. We may not be able to know just how it is brought about, but according to the plan of the Almighty, Christ could not have been born

at any other time or place, for all the events of God's planning fit into each other as do two cog-wheels.

The fifth verse of the fourth chapter of Galatians says the reason why God sent His Son was that He might redeem those that were under the law; that we might receive the adoption of sons. The chief part of the work of Christ was not to be found in the wonderful help he gave to those in need wherever he went; it was not to be found in his wonderful teachings; nor was it to be found in his betrayal and agony in Gethsemane; nor in the tortures of the cross, when he cried, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" But its full fruition was found in that, through his life, sufferings and death, he purchased our redemption and made possible our adoption as sons of God.

Since this is so, what wonder that the heavens were made to echo with the angel songs. What wonder that now we feel in our hearts to sing praises to our God.

#### Conference Matters.

Several questions have been asked regarding matters pertaining to Conference, which I think best to answer through the SABBATH RECORDER, that all who desire may be informed. Impression has gone out in some way that the Colorado Chautauqua will not close till some time in September, thus making it late for holding Conference. The Chautauqua will begin about the first of July and close Aug. 16. The Conference, therefore, can begin Aug. 19 or 26. We are of the opinion that Aug. 26 would be the better date as that will give more time to get the grounds in readiness for the Conference. I mention this at this time so those who are planning a trip to Conference may know better how to plan; also for the information of students and those who are expecting to attend the Chautauqua. It might not be out of place for me to state in this connection that the Colorado Chautauqua is second to none. It will hold six weeks. The very best talent that can be obtained is secured each year. The Texardo Park, where the Chautauqua is held, is a lovely place for one to spend his summer vacation and profit by the school, lectures, and entertainments of the Chautauqua.

In some way impression has obtained that those attending Conference will have

to pay for cottages, tents, furnishings, etc. I desire to make it plain that the Conference has assumed that expense and all that individuals attending will have to pay more than at other Conferences will be for breakfasts. However, it will be well to bring bed-linen, towels, etc. Regarding this I will say more later. We shall be glad to answer any inquiry any may desire to make, either personally or through the columns of the RECORDER. We trust that all will take a lively interest in the matter and that we may have one of the best and most profitable Conferences ever held.

F. O. BURDICK.

#### New Church Organized.

To the SABBATH RECORDER:

I have been requested to write a letter that you may know what we are doing away out here on the plains. I wish to introduce, for your reading, an article written by Rev. L. D. Seager, of Farina, Ill., who has been among us for the past two weeks. It was written for our local paper:

#### EXPERIENCE VERSUS DESCRIPTION.

For one to realize in experience that which has been known only by description, is highly gratifying. For that reason the readers of the *Pioneer* may be willing to tolerate a few lines from one who has ever been an interested listener to the accounts of the beauty of the great plains, their wide vistas bounded only by the limit of vision, carpeted with grass, dotted with herds of antelope, of buffalo, and later, of cattle. Surely the scenic grandeur of the Rockies cannot surpass the loveliness of the prairies that lie at their feet.

One can but congratulate the people who are so fortunate as to obtain a home in this fair land, fresh from the hand of Nature. Who could resist the impulse to prophesy a future for this country second to none? The diversified landscape enlivened by beautiful homes garnished with groves, encircled by gardens and orchards bearing the most luscious products made possible by Burbank and lesser lights in horticulture; fields and pastures, teeming with the products that feed the nations; beautiful churches and spacious schools that guarantee the intelligence and righteousness that safeguard the liberties of the people—is it too much to expect that this fair land shall ever be the property of the people who till it? Is it too much to hope that this people shall ever enjoy the abundance necessary to make them free and independent, and to enable them to maintain in this forty-sixth state a government as ideal as her natural resources?

L. D. SEAGER.

Elder Seager came here from Boulder, Col., Dec. 11, and began meetings Friday evening, Dec. 13, in the schoolhouse.

These were continued until Dec. 28, when he baptized three young people in the presence of a large congregation. A large tin tank was taken into the schoolhouse for the purpose. The company of Sabbath keepers as well as others, were very much encouraged by his labors. On the evening after the Sabbath, Dec. 28, a church of 21 members was organized with its usual officers, and one licensed minister, Ira Goff of Boulder, Colorado. Two Deacons were ordained and given their charge, at the close of the business session of the church; viz., E. D. Stillman, of Battle Creek, Michigan, and John T. Babcock, of Farnam, Nebraska.

We have regular church services every Sabbath, Sabbath School, Christian Endeavor and a midweek prayer meeting. We feel that this is an important field, and ask the prayers of God's people everywhere, that we may grow, and take this part of the field for God.

Any inquiry you wish to make will be cheerfully answered by the writer.

E. D. STILLMAN.

*Cosmos, Oklahoma.*

#### Standing On and Looking Off.

The article that appeared in your paper under the title, "Standing off and looking on," is an interesting one.

The writer, we are inclined to think, entitles his article on the basis that he is not connected in church membership with either of the denominations mentioned.

I select my title because I am a member of the Seventh-day Baptist faith, and would look off and see other people, if there is no wrong in doing so.

Fifteen years ago I stopped a few weeks with a Seventh-day Advent Elder, in Atlanta, Georgia. While there and since that time, I have investigated some of the Advent doctrines. It has always been a problem to me, why two denominations so nearly alike could not combine their efforts. We both are believers in immersion, both observe the Seventh-day as the Sabbath.

If all the time that is spent in discussing denominational differences, was given to the Lord's service, I believe we would have more souls saved, more good Samaritans and more gems in our crowns.

W. L. HUMMELL.

*Battle Creek, Mich.*

## Woman's Work

ETHEL A. HAVEN, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Contributing Editor.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

One man gave lavishly of gold  
And builded tower and town;  
Then smiled content to think his deeds  
Should win him great renown.

Another, poor in worldly gain,  
Gave all within his ken  
Of strength and tenderness and truth,  
To help his fellow-men.

The record of the rich man's gifts  
Lies on a dusty shelf;  
The poor man lives in countless hearts,  
Because he gave—himself.

—Charlotte Becker.

The world waits  
For help. Beloved, let us love so well  
Our work shall still be better for our love,  
And still our love be sweeter for our work,  
And both commended, for the sake of each,  
By all true workers.

—Mrs. Browning.

### An Every-day Parable.

Mrs. Seymour had thought it very good of her, when Tom Burt died, to take into her home his twelve-year-old son, Jed. Tom Burt had been a drunken loafer, and his family was left destitute. The boy was to do "chores" for Mrs. Seymour, and go to school. Now he had been there three weeks and she began to be tired of Jed. She would have sent him away had there been anywhere to send him. His mother had found a place as housekeeper where her little girl was welcome also; but there was no home for Jed except just where he was.

In the first place he looked so! He never half washed himself, and his hair lay "every which way." His clothes were untidy and there was nothing attractive about him, in Mrs. Seymour's eyes. Why, he didn't seem fit to sit at the same table with her two dainty little daughters! Then he was so sullen, never a pleasant word out of his

head. To be sure, he had behaved himself so far, but she was all the while expecting him to do or say something mean, as became his father's son. Altogether, she felt that she had been too hasty in taking Jed Burt into the family.

One afternoon she was paring potatoes for supper. She came to one of a good size and shape that was astonishingly dirty, solidly crusted with thick, clayey soil.

"Well, now that doesn't look fit to cook," said Mrs. Seymour, and she laid it to one side. When the others were all pared, she took it up again: "Seems sound, but I never saw such a dirty potato before in my life." She plumped it into a pan of water and gave it a good scrubbing, from which it emerged with a smooth pinky-brown skin, as nice a potato as she had in her dish.

Just as she stepped to the stove to put on her kettle of potatoes, Jed began to fill the nearby wood box. His cap hung shapelessly over his head, and there was a new jagged tear in the back of his old coat, and he said no word of greeting.

Mrs. Seymour's face lighted with a sudden thought. "I wonder," she began to herself. "What if—" she began again, but she spoke no word aloud.

Supper over and the girls doing the dishes, Mrs. Seymour went into the little room over the kitchen which she had given to Jed. She worked for nearly an hour, and had to take time for a quiet little crying-spell besides.

Then she called Jed. He was in the kitchen, puzzling over "common denominators." The girls and their father were in the sitting-room. Somehow Jed always stayed in the kitchen to study.

Now he heard Mrs. Seymour calling him from upstairs: "Jed, come here a minute, will you?" He was startled. As a rule no one spoke to him after supper was over, and he went to bed when he became too sleepy to study, or found the mysteries of arithmetic too deep to penetrate.

He rose, clumsy and self-conscious as he had always been at Mrs. Seymour's. He opened the door of his little room and stopped involuntarily. Instead of the dark brown "comforter" which had covered his bed, there was a clean white spread. A bright strip of rag carpet lay on the floor. There stood a washstand that had not been

in the room before. On it were bowl and pitcher, and a cake of soap, pink soap, in a pretty gilt-edged dish. A case against the wall held comb and brush, and a small "looking-glass" hung at a convenient angle above the washstand.

To this boy, who had come from a home whose toilet facilities had been a tin wash basin, a roller towel and a broken piece of comb, these arrangements were luxurious. Then, sure as you live, two pictures, chosen to suit a boy's tastes, hung on opposite sides of the room.

While he stood bewildered and uncomprehending his eye was caught and held by a vision of boy's clothes on the two chairs in the room.

But Mrs. Seymour was speaking, and in a gentle, motherly tone she had never before used to him: "I thought this room would look pleasanter to you if I fixed it up for you a little. How do you like it, my boy?"

He raised to hers a pair of expressive brown eyes which she had never really seen before, tried to speak, and choked on the words that wouldn't come.

Mrs. Seymour patted him on the shoulder and went on with what she was saying: "I suppose you don't know"—there was a little break in her voice here—"that I once had a boy about your age? When he died I couldn't bear to give his clothes away, and I have kept them all. But now you have come to be my boy, and I think my Harry would like you to have them. I have put the underclothes in this drawer, and shirts, collars and such things in this one. And here," turning to the clothes laid neatly on the chairs, "are his everyday clothes and his best ones. Both suits were nearly new, and I don't think they look very old-fashioned, do you, Jed?"

"They look beautiful! I never had any before but old things mother fixed up the best she could. I—think—you—" but his lip quivered and he couldn't go on.

Mrs. Seymour took refuge in holding the suits up against him, and she and Jed were delighted to find what a good fit they were.

One day Mrs. Burt, Jed's mother, came up the hill to Mrs. Seymour's to tell her that Si Allen, for whom she had been working, wanted her to marry him, and had told her she could have Jed there, too.

"But, Mrs. Burt, Jed is really one of our family now, and Si has boys of his own. Don't you think you'd better leave him here? He goes to church and Sunday school, and does so well in school that we mean to give him a good education. Of course, as his mother, you miss him, but don't you think it will be better for Jed to stay here?"

As Mrs. Burt thought of Jack and Jim Allen, who played cards with their father amid a cloud of smoke from three vile pipes, she felt a sudden repugnance to putting Jed into such surroundings.

"Thank you, Mrs. Seymour, I guess you are right, and I guess God won't fidget it of you, no more'n I will."

Many times in her life, when the boy from whom she had so revolted before she had made any effort to pierce through the crust of circumstance to the warm loving heart beneath, had become her staff and support, Mrs. Seymour remembered, between smiles and tears, the ugly, dirty wholesome potato that only needed washing.—Mrs. M. A. Stock, Litchfield, Conn., in the Union Signal.

### United States and the Liquor Question.

Every one who has watched the movement against the saloon in America, has seen how prohibition sections have been thwarted in their efforts, by the Government License system, and also by "original package" rulings, according to which liquor in original packages can not be kept out of prohibition territory.

Great interest will be taken in a bill before the United States Senate, looking towards the correction of these evils.

The *Christian Work and Evangelist* in its last issue says:

"On numberless occasions the Supreme Court of the United States has declared that the principle of Prohibition and the laws which have been passed for its enforcement by the states are strictly within the bounds of the Constitution of the United States. Nothing interferes with the enforcement of such laws more effectively and continuously than the issuing of the United States of what is not, but has the practical effect of, license. By issuing revenue receipts to liquor dealers in Prohibition states, the Federal Government gives criminals a semi-



standing, and also through the decision made by the Supreme Court that under interstate relations liquor in unbroken packages bought in other states may be legally delivered to citizens of Prohibition states.

"Whether the first element can be removed or not, the other certainly can be, and we direct the attention of all the states in which prohibition in any form exists to the fact that the liquor power throughout the country is now on the defensive. It is fighting to keep what it has. There is an essential element of injustice in allowing liquor to be sent into states which have a constitutional right to prohibit the manufacture and sale of the same.

"That so many states are now endeavoring to shake off the incubus of the saloon and its accompaniments suggests this a fitting time to use every legitimate means of compelling the attention of Congress to this subject."

#### The American Civic Association.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the work of this society. Its annual meeting was held in Providence, Rhode Island, in connection with the National Municipal League, which meetings were addressed by eighty different speakers. The object of the Civic Association is the physical betterment of our towns and cities; our parks and playgrounds, and the removal of billboards and signs which disfigure the landscapes along all thoroughfares. Such questions as forest preservation, preservation of Niagara river and falls, and beautifying school grounds received much attention in the annual gathering. They propose to remove as far as possible everything that offends the eye and mars the landscapes; and also to do all they can to improve the sanitary conditions of the cities. It is a good work. The following, from the clipping sheet of the Association will be interesting:

#### NIAGARA FALLS.

Especially interesting was the *Niagara Evening*, to which were attracted the representatives of the Association in its work to preserve Niagara, of the American and Canadian Commissions, of the Federal government and of the power corporations.

Referring to the work to preserve the supreme beauty of the falls, President J. Horace McFarland said:

"The future work of the American Civic Association and of all of those interested in preserving as nearly unharmed as possible this great scenic heritage must be toward the securing of a treaty with Canada to avoid further desecrations, and, I hope, toward the creating at Niagara of a public park, in connection with which all existing power of development may continue, but back and out of sight.

"That under such handling the city of Niagara Falls may become as beautiful as the cataract which gives it name is majestic and unique, that all existing industrial enterprises may continue in complete and greater prosperity, that many more visitors may be attracted by the combination of scenic beauty and industrial development, is our hope."

Discussing the work of the New York State Commissioners in connection with Niagara Falls, Charles M. Dow, president of the commission, made this comment:

"The fact that Niagara Falls has the power to attract a million persons a year just because it appeals to the human soul is alone sufficient justification for all the pains and labors and sacrifices that have been endured for the protection of Niagara. The glory of Niagara depends upon the great volume of water which enters the reservation at one end, passes through and over the falls, and out at the other end.

"I think that even if the volume of Niagara Falls has been diminished somewhat by the prodigal and uncompensated grants made by the state in the past, we can safely say it would have been much further reduced if it had not been for the steady opposition begun by our commission."

#### An Expense Account for the Pastor.

An editorial in the *Standard* of August 31, asks for an increase in the salary of the minister. There is no question that the average pastor is underpaid, nobody denies the fact, no one takes it seriously.

No man in his right mind ever entered the ministry to make money. I am not going to plead for larger salaries for the ministers because I know it is useless.

But what about an expense account for the pastor? A church hires a pastor to build up and increase the efficiency of its members, and pays him a salary. A business firm hires a man to build up and increase its business, pays him a salary and

gives him an expense account. Part of a pastor's duties is calling on the members of his church. Who pays the car fare? How may ten cent pieces go out of the pastor's pocket that should come out of an expense account? Who pays for the horse and buggy that the country preacher has to keep? Who pays the office rent in a business? But the pastor has to rent a larger house to get that extra room for a study. This item belongs in an expense account. The modern business office is provided with paper, pens, pencils, ink, postage stamps, telephone, desks, reference books, book cases, etc., etc., and these things are not charged against the employes; but with the pastor, the employe of the church, it is different, he pays for them.

How many first-class professional and business men are there who do not hire one or more stenographers? How many pastors ever dictated even one letter to a stenographer?

It is very easy to find fault and I am going to stop and make a few suggestions. As I am a minister's son and the grandson of two ministers, and as I have been a member of a church for twenty-six years and have been connected with six different churches, I feel that I can appreciate both sides of the question. Frankly, my sympathies are all with the preacher, but to avoid the appearance of being prejudiced I will offer only such suggestions as are for the selfish interests of the church.

As a business man I have a telephone in my office for the use of my employes. They can do more work in a day by the use of it and so I profit. Put a telephone in your pastor's study. Furnish your busy city pastor with a stenographer. If you do not think this a good suggestion, borrow a book of sermons, you business men, and copy, simply copy, two of them the same week. See how you like it, but what is more important note how long it takes. It will make you more fully appreciate how much of your pastor's time is wasted, absolutely wasted, on merely clerical detail. Take an average day for a pastor. His morning's mail must be answered in long hand, and then he gets to work slowly to write out his sermons, to say nothing of preparing for the weekly prayer meeting, a special talk to the young people, an address for some school, his outline of the Sabbath School lesson, and so on *ad infi-*

*nitum*. Three days at least in every week spent where the work could be done in half a day with a stenographer. Increase the efficiency of your pastor, make his earning power greater.

Every church should be provided with a study and the book-shelves of that study should contain not only all necessary theological books, but books of all kinds that would be of benefit in any way, not only to the pastor, but to the church member.

Your pastor should read and recommend good books, or interesting articles to you, and especially to your children. Many pastors have their expenses paid to the Associations. Possibly your pastor could gain some valuable information by occasionally attending the national gatherings of other denominations. His expenses for such a trip would be money well invested. Every church should have a parsonage. It is economy. You do not have to pay the pastor so much salary, and as a church member you feel more at liberty to ask the pastor to open his house oftener. There is nothing more conducive to growth and good fellowship in a church than for the pastor and his wife to have open house at least once a month. But do not forget that refreshments and wear and tear on the pastor's furniture go against the expense account. An automobile or a horse and carriage belongs with the parsonage or at least a liberal allowance in the expense account for carriages and car fare.

Pay your pastor as small a salary as heretofore and work him just as hard, but get better value out of him by working him more efficiently. Give him an expense account.—*Bruce, in Christian Work and Evangelist.*

Join the great company of those who make the barren places of life fruitful with kindness. Carry a vision of heaven in your souls, and you shall make your home, your college, the world, correspond to that vision. Your success and happiness lie in you. External conditions are the accidents of life, its outer trappings. The great, enduring realities are love of service. Joy is the holy fire that keeps our purpose warm and our intelligence aglow. Resolve to keep happy, and your joy and you shall form an invincible host against difficulty.—*Helen Keller.*

## Young People's Work

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

Some time since, I read an article on "Building the Home Altar" which seemed so full of suggestion and helpfulness that I am giving place to it this week in the hope that others may be benefited by it. Read it thoughtfully and prayerfully, then ask yourself if it will not apply to Seventh-day Baptist young people. If you have a home in which there is no family altar, or if you are thinking of the time when you will make a home for yourself, you cannot do better than follow out the suggestions made here.

### BUILDING THE HOME ALTAR.

So many problems present themselves to the young man about to carry out his cherished dream of taking to the new home the young woman who has promised to share his life with him, that he is apt to give too little thought to the family altar. The house is to be bought or rented, the furniture is to be selected, plans are to be made for the evenings after marriage. Such subjects as these occupy the thoughts of the young people, and hour after hour is spent in their discussion, to the exclusion of other matters more vital to their happiness and usefulness.

Sometimes, however, the question of family worship is not crowded out. One young man in a Western city made up his mind that he would take advantage of God's invitation to worship and praise him in the home. But he felt that he did not know how to begin. In his perplexity he wrote for the counsel of the *Sunday School Times*. And now he permits the letter and the reply to be shared with other readers. This was his appeal:

"While my mother was always very religiously inclined, and maintained a strict watch over us children, yet it can hardly be said I was raised in a Christian home; that is, we never had family worship, nor did we have the blessing over meat, nor any of those observances so dear to the heart of the Christian. So you can see I am very ignorant on such matters of vital importance. My question, or dilemma, is this:

In the near future I am to have a home of my own, and I want it to be a Christian home. But my want of knowledge as to how this should be conducted is my reason for seeking enlightenment from you. The young lady who is to be my wife is very religious—a Methodist. In fact, we are both of that faith, and I am sure she would be greatly disappointed if I did not insist on our home being a Christian home from the start."

How fortunate these two are! For they are united, not only by their affection for each other, but by their love to God and their desire to serve him! When both are eager for the family altar, surely there can be no thought of crowding it out of the home made theirs by the blessing of him who loves his children.

The writer of the letter is wise in determining to begin family worship at once when the new home is made. Husband and wife should bow together not merely on the first day, but at the first moment they can be alone with God. Let them sit down and read together, for instance, John 2:1-11: "And there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, . . . and Jesus was bidden." Then bowing together in prayer, let them tell God how happy they are, how eager for his presence, how they want him to be a guest in their home.

Then, at the first meal, they will desire to thank him for his goodness, and to ask that the food may be blessed as they receive it. "We thank thee, Lord, for this provision for our needs. Bless us as we eat, and give us strength for thy service."—is a simple blessing for use at table. Some such form as this may prove useful to those who have not been accustomed to asking the blessing at table. But they will probably vary it, unconsciously, until they are independent of any form.

At the hour for family worship—in some homes this is before breakfast and before supper; in others, after breakfast and at bed-time—let the Bible first be read. The daily readings on the Sabbath School lesson may be followed, with the lesson itself on Sabbath morning. Or it may seem better to use the daily reading of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, or Baptist Young People's Union. One set of passages may be followed in the morning, while the other is used in the evening. If it is the wish to read consecu-

tively, a psalm may be taken in the morning, and a chapter from the Gospels in the evening or the Bible may be read through in course, beginning with Genesis in the morning, and at Matthew in the evening. Sometimes the husband may read, sometimes the wife, or the verses of the passage may be read alternately.

Let the prayer that follows the reading be the simple outpouring of the hearts of the worshippers. It will be a mistake to strive for fine language, or to make a prayer modeled on the prayers of others. Let it be a simple talk with God about the love for him of those who pray; about their need of him, in home, in business, and among their friends; about their purpose to do his will, their eagerness for service, their longing for a blessing for others. Sometimes there will be petitions for the church of which the worshippers are members, for their pastor, for their fellow-members, for those who do not know God. All the petitions should be definite; nothing should be said unless it is really meant. Never should the prayer become a mere repetition of empty words.

Very profitably there may be variations in the service. Sometimes the prayer may be closed by the use of the Lord's prayer in concert. If either husband or wife is musical, there will be a great gain in singing one or more familiar hymns on Sabbath evening, or, in may be, on a week-night.

It will sometimes seem difficult to observe the custom. But family worship, once begun, should not be omitted at any time. Is there sickness in the home? Let prayer be offered at the bedside to him who is today present with those who suffer, as he was centuries ago in the homes of Galilee. Is the breakfast delayed, because some one has overslept? Let not dread of reaching work a little late lead to the attempt to save time by omitting worship. Time saved in this way is apt to prove time lost before the day is done. Is company present, and does it seem embarrassing to speak of family worship to those who, perhaps, are not accustomed to it? Do not fear that friends may think the observance strange if they are told it is the custom in the home to have family worship, and that the hour has come. No need to ask permission; husband and wife are in their own home; let them go ahead! Who can tell but that

your family altar will be the means used by God to bring to Christ a friend for whom you have been praying? Instances of conversion under just such circumstances are known to many.

Sometimes young people who are a little timid about beginning family worship are glad to have a book of prayers for use in the home. There is a booklet prepared by the pastors of the churches of Oak Park, Illinois, in which prayers for a month are given.\* Other books are: Bourdillon's "Helps to Family Worship" (\$1.00), Hart's "Manual of Short Daily Prayers for the Family" (60 cents), and Powell's "Family Prayers" (50 cents). "The Book of Common Prayer" (20 cents), and the Presbyterian "Common Worship" (40 cents), give forms of prayers for use on special occasions—in time of sickness, or bereavement, when a member of the family is leaving home, or in time of great perplexity. These books and others like them may be of help for a time, but frequently they will be discarded by reason of a desire to make the prayers more personal.

A minister who has had the joy of asking God's blessing on the marriage of scores of young people has, in almost every case, spoken to them of the privilege of beginning and closing the day, not merely by *personal* devotional Bible reading and prayer, but also by joining in both reading and prayer—husband and wife together uniting in the worship of Him whose blessing they asked at their marriage, who promised to be with them in their homes. Sometimes he has had the satisfaction of knowing that the suggestion bore fruit. Sometimes the young people put off from day to day beginning family worship, until they lost sight of their half-formed purpose. Those who began at once were glad; some of these later testified that they would not think of omitting family prayers. And a few of those who had put off the start began in later life to find the benefit received so great that they vainly regretted the years they had lost.

Sometimes young folks wonder if all this trouble is worth while. The united testimony from thousands of homes where

\*The price of this is ten cents. It may be had from the Sunday School Times Company, as may also any other of the books named.



the family altar was set up on the marriage day, and maintained through months and years, through times of sorrow and times of joy, gives emphatic answer. The service of God is always "worth while," or God would not ask it. "Them that honor me I will honor" is the promise of One who never failed to keep his word.

#### The Bruised Blossom.

In the sunny greenhouse of the young nursery-gardener of a small country town, a row of gardenia plants were slowly unfolding their buds into perfect blossoms, whose beauty was enhanced by the glossy green of their foliage. Day by day their gardener had tended them till they had grown to be to him as his children, and now he gazed sadly at them in their maturity, knowing that, like children whom a father sends out when full-grown into the world, so these must fulfil their destiny and leave the sheltered greenhouse, but that, unlike the children, they would never come back to it.

One plant in especial he had called his "bonnie bride," and pictured its blooms forming the center of the wedding bouquet of some lovely girl. So, when orders came to him for sprays of gardenia for the sad funeral or the festive ball, he always cut from the other plants. But ere the last bud had opened on the "bonnie bride" the lady of the manor died, a woman whose good deeds had endeared her to the whole country-side, and who had given the gardener his first start in life; and when her daughter came to him in her passionate grief and said the gardenia had always been her mother's favorite flower, and she wished her wreath to be made from the "bonnie bride," the plant which that mother had so often admired, the gardener sacrificed his sweet bride-flower for the funeral wreath. He made it up himself with loving care, and took it to the manor on the day of the funeral, and stayed and watched it put in the place of honor upon the coffin. But, alas, the hands trembled that did this, and one of its fairest blooms got knocked off, and was crushed in the mire under the hoofs of the horses drawing the hearse.

"Ah," thought the gardener, "no one now will notice that pretty flower that would have graced the bridal bouquet for which I had destined it, and even the rest

of the numerous blooms from my "bonnie bride" will scarcely be regarded amid the hosts of wreaths that will be piled over the grave."

The funeral was over, and among the truest mourners had been a pale young seamstress who was clad in a rusty-black dress, and whose eyes were swollen with weeping for the only friend she had ever had in the world. She had longed to take just a leaf from one of the many wreaths as something that had come in contact with all that remained on earth of her benefactress, yet it seemed sacrilege to touch them; and so she turned slowly away, going back more lothely than ever to her tiny cottage on the outskirts of the town. As she passed the manor house, she gave a last look at the picturesque old Tudor hall, and sighed as she thought how soon it would be sold to strangers whose whizzing motor-cars would soon efface the slight tracks of the funeral train. In one of these tracks lay the bruised gardenia, its snowy purity now flecked with the mire. Stooping gladly, the girl picked it up and washed it tenderly in the little rivulet that ran by the wayside, thinking as she did so of the day when she was just such a crushed, downtrodden thing as this flower, ere the lady of the manor came by and rescued her.

The gardener who was returning at the same time from the funeral saw the deed, and loving the girl for the sake of it, determined in future to try and be kind to this poor, pale-faced neighbor of his.

One day she showed him the little crushed "bonnie bride" lying between the leaves of the Bible of the mother who had died at her birth. She bade the gardener mark how the perfume had lasted, and he said, "That is well, for I want you to be my bride and to place that flower in the center of your wedding bouquet." It was so placed, and on the wedding day the "bonnie bride" said: "All the other gardenia blooms, whether they served for wedding bouquet or funeral wreath, have long ere this been thrown aside to rot. We thought them at the time more honored than this one which was cast down and trodden under foot, but it is just the bruised and mire-stained flowers of which God makes his choicest bouquets."—*Agnes Grace Weld, Niece and Ward of the late Alfred Lord Tennyson.*

#### Preserving Natural Resources.

The call issued by President Roosevelt for a conference of the governors of the states and territories and of members of both houses of Congress to consider the problem of conserving our natural resources, marks a gratifying development of public conscience in a field in which conscience has long lain dormant. Americans have lived in a world of lavish natural wealth and as a rule have never realized the need of protecting themselves against the hazards of exhaustion and famine. The pioneers felled the forests to convert them into farms and rightly felt that in clearing the wastes they were doing the work of civilization. They took what lay at hand and used it without a thought of economy, for a whole virgin continent spread before them. The uppermost thought of many generations of Americans was to subdue the soil, and in subduing it they committed ravages the effect of which on the future of the continent and the nation they never measured.

That spirit of carelessness and boundless faith in the richness of our inheritance has survived long after we have come to recognize our responsibility, in other spheres of activity, to succeeding generations. In politics, in morals and in the field of social effort we are endeavoring to transmit to our descendants an unimpaired inheritance. But in industry and in our treatment of the resources of the earth, we have shown little forethought, no benevolence, and a gross extravagance and selfishness in management. In this field nearly every one has considered only his own immediate interests and has been willing to leave the future to face its possible embarrassments and deficits. The head of the forestry bureau of the Department of Agriculture recently made this startling statement: "In twenty years the timber supply in the United States, on government reserves and private holdings, at the present rate of cutting will be exhausted, although it is possible that the growth of that period might defer the arrival of the famine another five years." The coal supply of the country, it is also estimated, will not last a hundred years longer.

Americans have shown great waste in the use of coal and are using ores, if not with

improvidence, at least with a lavishness never before dreamed of. Coal and ore we cannot replace, and when they are exhausted science will have to look about for convenient substitutes. But the grossest abuse of trust has occurred in the squandering of timber resources, for trees can be grown to replace those cut and used, but instead of employing forethought and scientific care to replenish our forests we have allowed them to be devastated by the timber hunter, intent only on quick profits through wholesale denudation. As a tributary evil the sources of our water supply have been dried up, spring floods have become chronic and the possibility of converting vast areas of arid lands into fertile acres by means of irrigation, has been greatly retarded. It is time to call a halt on the old spirit of improvidence and destruction. The administration, by insisting on the enlargement of the national forest reserves, their cultivation according to enlightened modern methods, the preservation of the coal and mineral bearing portions of the public domain, and the non-alienation to private exploiters of the natural resources still left to the nation, has set on foot a reform of far-reaching importance. No task is more deserving or has in it more promise for the good of future generations than this one of assuring them against the depletion of the stock of resources on which they must depend so largely for comfort and progress. The convention next May can do a great work in strengthening and enlarging President Roosevelt's patriotic and enlightened program.—*New York Tribune.*

#### Sweat and Bread.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Genesis 3:19.

Sweat and hunger go together and both make a man's bread sweet. Here is a sign of the goodness of God in the order of things. Give a man hard muscles, good lungs, and an even-going heart and set him to work, not half work, nor degrading work, but honest work that stretches the tendons and grips his biceps and puts weight on his joints and hinges, and nature will do the rest. She proceeds at once to illustrate some of the physical meaning hidden beneath the text.

The lungs recognize that they have bus-

iness on hand. Up and down these inflating and collapsing spongy cells rise and fall. The heart also finds it has a large contract for delivering the heavy and used blood to the lungs to be filtered. It thumps the walls of the chest with its fleshy apex like a hammer and pours a swift stream of blood into the air-filled area where it is sweetened and freshened for business. The pulse now marks quicker, firmer time. The red tide is rising and running stronger through the life channels. It is crowding to the farthest end of the minutest capillary. The whole house-full of intricate machinery is humming. A surface temperature is rising. The man's face is telling a fine story. See the red glow it wears. That is a *working* man. He is getting ready to sweat. Soon the new warmth breaks through the heated glands and cells of that glowing forehead and falls down the furrows of his face in a refreshing shower. This is a working man's blessing. I pity the man that never worked hard enough to know the joys of healthy, honest sweating.

After the sweating comes the eating. The zestful joy of restoring the broken and consumed tissues with well earned bread must not be despised. Every depleted cell now cries out. The wasted forces want help. The corpuscles call for reinforcement. Hunger is here, as a sweet and certain companion of sweat, and its claims must be heard. Pity the man who when thus ready for bread finds the bread not ready. This is a day of furious, sweating work. Never was there so much work, never was there so much sweat, and gratefully to be said, never was there so much bread for the worker.

Idleness, not labor, is the curse of the race. Let a man stand still and he dies. Every fibre and muscle, every piece of strong delicate apparatus falls to pieces under the killing influence of idleness like an unused mill. Work is the physical salvation of the race. It is the source of genuine happiness. Men want work and want it if they are men as long as they can stand up to their duties. They want it safe, clean, remunerative and plenty. In this all worthy workmen agree. I speak as a man who loves hard work.—*Rev. William Chalmers Covert, D. D.*

#### Relations Between Japan and America.

The Rev. Mr. Loomis, the American Bible Society's Agent in Japan, sends the following significant communication bearing on the relations between Japan and America.

The following resolutions have been signed by 110 of the most prominent male missionaries, representing more than twenty American Christian organizations and residing in all sections of this empire:

"While we, as missionaries, have nothing to do with questions of national economics and international politics, yet in matters affecting the mutual good will of nations, we, as messengers of God's universal Fatherhood and man's universal Brotherhood, are peculiarly interested, and, as Americans now residing in Japan, we feel bound to do all that is in our power to remove misunderstandings and suspicions which are tending to interrupt the long-standing friendship between this nation and our own.

"Hence, we, the undersigned, wish to bear testimony to the sobriety, sense of international justice, and freedom from aggressive designs exhibited by the great majority of the Japanese people, and to their faith in the traditional justice and equity of the United States. Moreover, we desire to place on record our profound appreciation of the kind treatment which we experience at the hands of both government and people; our belief that the alleged 'belligerent attitude' of the Japanese does not represent the real sentiments of the nation; and our ardent hope that local and spasmodic misunderstandings may not be allowed to affect in the slightest degree the natural and historic friendship of the two neighbors on opposite sides of the Pacific.

"With entire confidence in the wisdom and justice of the Japanese and American governments in dealing with the causes of irritation between citizens of the two countries, we earnestly pray that their efforts to maintain peace and good will may be supported by all patriotic citizens and may be crowned with success."—*Department of Information.*

Subscribers who are over one year in arrears should read the Business Office department.

## Children's Page

### The Old Man.

"Do you like to jump, oh, ever so far,  
Off a high step, or over a bar,  
Or down a steep hill, not minding the bump?"  
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to jump."

"Do you like to ride on the railroad cars,  
And smell the smoke and feel the jars,  
And watch the fences running to hide?"  
"No," the old man said, "I don't care to ride."

"Do you like to fish down at the spring  
And get a crawdad on your string,  
Then bait his hind leg, an' catch what you wish?"  
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to fish."

"Do you like to run and run and run,  
And yell like Injuns—ain't that fun!  
Make the most noise of all the boys?"  
"No," the old man said, "I don't like noise."

"But surely you like to climb up trees,  
Wa-a-ay up in the sky where's always breeze;  
And skin the cat up high? That's fine!"  
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to climb."

"If you don't mind, I wish you'd tell  
If you like anything real well?  
Is there nothing you like?" The old man smiled;  
"The thing I like best is a little child."

—*J. Breckenridge Ellis.*

### The Sunbonnet Brigade.

"Would you go, mother, if you were in my place?"

Mrs. Clark hesitated. "It is hard for me to put myself in your place. If you ask me whether I would like you to go on this picnic, I say 'Yes,' but whether I would go if I were fifteen instead of forty-five, if my companions were all better dressed than I could afford to be, if I had nothing but a winter hat to wear, and that a veteran of two years' service, why, I am afraid to boast that I would be strong enough to go."

"Mother, you are daring me to go!" laughed Alma.

"Maybe I am," said her mother, smiling; "and to offset your old hat I will say that your last summer's plaid gingham came in fresh from the wash yesterday looking very fresh and dainty; those red and browns and whites look as clear as when they came out of the store; your collar

and cuffs worked with red would set it off nicely."

The mother's voice was beguiling. "I believe I'll go," said Alma, impulsively.

"I wish you would, dear; but I make this condition: I want you to decide once for all, and then keep your resolution without whimpering or hanging back. We can make a pan of beaten biscuit and stuff some eggs, and I think we might manage a few turnovers."

The turnovers perhaps decided the day. Alma gave her mother a close hug and many kisses to express the gratitude that found no words; and before dark there was a dainty lunch in her red-and-white Indian basket, covered with a snow-white, red-bordered napkin.

"Now, Alma dear, I want you to go to bed early tonight," said Mrs. Clark. Her tone was more emphatic than she meant it to be, and, though she hurried on with something about having to get up early, and so on, Alma was suspicious.

"If I wasn't all ready, mammy, to the last draw-string," she said, "I would think you were hustling me away for some fell purpose."

"Don't be such a pry!" Mrs. Clark said laughingly, shaking her head; "but obey your mother, like a good girl, and go to bed."

"When are you coming to bed yourself, mammy?"

"When I get through a piece of work which was postponed by our cookeries," answered the mother, with a note of finality in her voice. Alma went off to bed, and, with the speed of a young traveler, quickly reached the land of Nod. She did not hear her mother come to bed, and she could never worm out of her how late the hour was; but before dreamland quite claimed her the girl had a vague impression that her mother was washing and ironing some long red strips, and before she could determine what those streamers meant, she had slipped her cables and was afloat on that dim, mysterious ocean which men call "sleep."

Alma had dreams of going to the picnic in all sorts of terrible guises and meeting dozens of girls in shabby winter hats; and when she waked in the early morning light and saw something red and white, something fresh and jaunty, on her bedpost, it seemed at first a part of her dream.



But gradually the mists of Slumberland cleared away from her brain, and she recognized the dear mother's hand in the new checked muslin sunbonnet. That was what she had sat up to finish! Those cherry ribbon bows and strings were the red strips Alma had seen under the iron when she had been slipping off the edge of consciousness into sleep. Dear mother! How hard she worked to give her pleasure!

And the young heart responded lovingly. As a matter of fact, Alma would rather have worn the shabby hat. Its shabbiness would be much less conspicuous than this spick-and-span whiteness, so different from anything else to be seen at the picnic. But not for the world would Alma disappoint that loving, toiling mother, who had meant to give her a sweet surprise.

The girl's dark eyes were so full of love and gratitude, and her rosy face looked so sweet and flowerlike under the white bonnet, that her mother had a full reward and smiled happily to herself many times that day at the thought of Alma's new sunbonnet, with the red bow under her chin and the saucy red bow setting off the crown.

As for the sunbonnet, it was the event of the day. Alma's best friend, Jenny DeForest, set the key at her first glimpse of its red-and-whiteness. She begged Alma to let her try it on, to let her wear it a while, and wondered if Mrs. Clark would make her one.

"Oh," cried Frances Porter, "please let's have a whole sunbonnet brigade! Wouldn't they be just too dear for school bonnets!"

During the day Alma's whole class—for it was to be a class affair—one after the other tried the sunbonnet on locks brown or golden, flaxen, auburn or black, curled or braided, pompadour or crimped; and each girl, leaning over the grassy brink of Plunket's Pond to see how the thing became her, uttered a little scream of pleasure and enrolled herself in the sunbonnet brigade.

So the mother's midnight toil, joined with Alma's loving dutifulness, gave the girl one of the happiest days of her life and brought the anxious bread-winner many a piece of needed silver, besides delighting the eyes of the whole village with the artistic headgear of the Sunbonnet Brigade.—*The Girl's Companion.*

"My mother always taught me," said a careful little shoe,  
"One simple rule of conduct, which I gladly tell to you;  
For I find I fare much better, both friends and foes among,  
If I keep my eyes wide open and always hold my tongue!"

—*Little Folks.*

#### Curious Street Scenes in Cairo, Egypt.

The native life seen in Cairo is of never-ending interest. During the middle of the day the shops and business places are closed for two hours, and it was during this lull in business that a young porter brought out a small zinc tub to the sidewalk in front of a jewelry store and proceeded unconcernedly to wash his feet. Native barbers may be seen plying their trade everywhere on the streets, like bootblacks; each one carrying his own little outfit with him and squatting down wherever it is the most convenient to the customer. Coffee-makers, with tiny charcoal burners, a long-handled brass cup for boiling, and small drinking-cups, add their share to the strange scene.

But the oddest sight of all is to watch the moving of a family by native movers. There are no vans, no tedious packing, no fuss about delicate china or bric-a-brac. One man contracts to do the moving, and when he arrives upon the scene a small army of natives accompany him. The first one takes two or three chairs, locks their legs together, and, lifting them to his head, balances them and starts off on a jog-trot. Another follows with a sofa perched upon his head; two or three go in groups with various sections of beds, others with tables and rugs and sofa-pillows and bedding, until every one has a load and has joined the procession on its way.

Seated in an easy chair with a cup of fragrant tea and a plate of thin buttered bread before him, the tourist has only to lean back and watch the interesting native pictures which are unrolled as from a kaleidoscope until he feels the very pulsation of Cairo life. Camels, donkeys, electric buses, bicycles, cabs, quaint native wagons, smart-looking English dog-carts, groups of tourists on horseback, then more camels and donkeys and natives on foot in endless procession follow each other past. Cairo is a center for native manifestations of hilarity, and these manifestations are

usually accompanied by street parades, whether they be weddings, the welcoming of pilgrims from Mecca, or just every-day parties. A parade is always headed by a band consisting of a huge kettle-drum on the back of a camel, with a man pounding it hard and a couple of bagpipers who play for hours without stopping.

The peddlers are not the least interesting of the characters which make the streets picturesque. With everything, from live alligators to gold-embroidered belts, these peddlers infest the districts of the fashionable hotels.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

#### The Unknown Philippines.

These great unknown islands spell neglected opportunity; millions and millions of acres have never known even the wild man's crude plow. One may, in regions, travel for days, even weeks, without seeing a native. He will pass through realms of extreme fertility and beauty, through vast upland meadows of rich pasture grass, growing kneehigh and concealing a soil rich and black as that of Egypt; across quiet savannahs where strange trees dot the landscape as do the mountain oaks of the California Sierras. But for the lack of sleek cattle, one might here fancy himself in a deserted orchard pasture in New England. Streams, clear, cold and crystal, spring from the mountain heights and bubble through the mountain meadows.

In the lowlands, jungles of wild bananas wave in the wind, their fruit uncropped; in the uplands thousands of acres of wild hemp are never stripped; on the mountain-tops the Igorrotes grow as fine long-staple cotton as any in the world, but crudely. For each cotton-plant stands alone on the summit of a hummock which is six or eight feet from the next hummock, and surrounded by the water of a rice paddy. The cotton grows well enough, and an immense quantity could be grown on the idle areas, but the Igorrotes are skilled only in raising of rice. Wild peanuts, wild camotes (sweet potatoes), wild oranges of many kinds and some of a delicious flavor, wild limes, wild rubber and gutta-percha, thousands of products of the tropical, semi-tropical, and, in the higher altitudes, of the temperate zone, are neglected. The valuable hardwoods that pass their usefulness without being lumbered and on to

decay are almost everywhere. Game and fruit for the taking, cool nights—sometimes very cold—and brilliant, comfortable days, and a region as magically alluring as ever beckoned to the pioneers of the Great Plains. Who knows the Philippines who has lived only in the cities there?—*The World Today.*

#### The Appeal of Old Age.

When I am old,  
And faltering footsteps follow in my path of youth,  
And silver locks upon my brow betray the march of time,  
Will those whom I have counted by the score,  
As friends of mine,  
Forsake me then, without a thought of righteousness or truth—  
When I am old?

When I am old,  
And can no longer battle with the cares of life,  
And furrows deep are stamped upon my care-worn face,  
Which youth again, for me, cannot erase,  
Will those, whom I have loved, forsake me in my strife—  
When I am old?

When I am old,  
And those on whom I thought I could depend  
To offer aid in my declining days,  
Through darkest hours, and o'er tempestuous ways,  
Will they forsake me then, when life for me is  
Nearing to the end—  
When I am old?

When I am old,  
If all the world should turn away, and leave me  
Thus, alone,  
And say, There is no place for thee, we have  
No love,  
Then I will turn to Him, that reigns supreme  
Above;  
For He, I know, will not forsake, but take  
Me home,  
When I am old.

—*Unidentified.*

"I know where the electricity that lights our house comes from," said little Edna.

"Where does it come from?" asked her small brother.

"From the wall," replied Edna. "When mamma wants a light, she unbuttons it."  
—*Chicago Tribune.*

The postoffice department has made a new ruling that is of interest to subscribers who are over one year in arrears. If this means you, see Business Office for particulars.

## HOME NEWS

BOULDER, COLORADO.—The Boulder Sabbath School celebrated Christmas with a Christmas tree and an entertainment entitled "Slumber Land." The exercises were enjoyed very much.

On New Year's day the Boulder Seventh-day Baptist church held its annual church dinner and reception with about seventy-five participating. Following the dinner, the annual church-meeting was held. Bro. L. D. Seager was with us for two weeks in December, holding evening meetings. We very much enjoyed his services and although we have no conversions to report as the result of the meetings, yet we felt greatly blessed by his faithful labors and his earnest preaching while here. We believe that Bro. Seager is doing a great work for the Master's cause and is sacrificing not a little for the love of the work. From here he went to Cosmos, Oklahoma.

F. O. B.

FARNAM, NEBRASKA.—We want to send you good cheer at the beginning of this new year with its unsoiled pages ready to receive the writings of our daily lives.

I think I can say of our church here, that it is in a healthy condition. Nearly every member has acknowledged his or her willingness to receive the pastor, with any criticism he may bring, in a Christlike spirit. They have already demonstrated that they mean what they say.

Salary is paid in advance much further than the pastor likes to use it.

Very few have Sabbath-day headaches so hard but that they are able to come to Sabbath School at 10.30, A. M., and practically every one stays to the preaching services. The pastor is not the only one expected to pray and read the Bible on week-days. He finds himself embarrassed at his own ignorance of the Bible when he meets some of his parishioners who read it with study and meditation.

We do not think we are all right; but the things we know to be wrong in our lives we are going to ask God to help us put away in this new year.

WILBURT DAVIS.

NORTONVILLE, KANSAS.—This is the season for "turning over a new leaf" in our

manner of living, "making new resolutions" for our future, hanging up a new calendar, writing the wrong figure in the date line of our letters, and for taking general inventory of our stock in life's successes, failures, and mistakes. But more, it is a very opportune time to look life squarely in the face, and discover our weaknesses and littleness. When this is done we will more readily see the necessity for leaning hard on the never-failing arm of God for support, as we launch out into the untried year to meet its exacting demands and great responsibilities.

Kansas has had a delightful fall. It is still fall; without snow, and with but little freezing weather. Crops were heavy and prices high this season, and the Kansas farmer is clothed in a new suit and a broad smile. He has money ahead, pays a two-cent rate when he rides on the train, and flips his fingers at Wall Street, and the money flurry that has radiated from that center, and is glad that "the lights have been turned on" to scoundrelism.

Some of our young people are at Milton College. More are looking wistfully that way. We greatly miss them, but are pleased that they see the need of an education, and realize that only the educated can ever hope to be able to train in life's front row. It is too bad that more of our young people do not realize this fact when such wonderful opportunities are before them. One of our young men, who graduated from Milton College last Commencement, was offered a fine position and a good salary to teach in the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan. Before arrangements were concluded he discovered that he would be expected to work on the Sabbath. Well, he did not go to Manhattan. Some of the worldly-wise called him pet names for not going—"fool," for instance. But the matter does not end at that point. He is now teaching in Montana, with a better position and a much larger salary, where he has the privilege of following where Bible teachings lead. It pays to be honest with God.

Aunt Kate Perry, who has of late been living with her daughter, Mrs. Ashurst, at Hammond, Louisiana, spent the summer with her old home friends at Nortonville. Two or three days before she was to return South, she fell. A fractured hip was the result. She has apparently done well for one of her age. Her children—

two sons and a daughter spent Christmas with her here. Two days since, Mrs. Ashurst and her brother Laird Perry of Milton, Wisconsin, started with their mother for Hammond. General health has been good until within a short time. La grippe is now calling in town. He is no respecter of persons for he is practically missing none.

After long consideration, our church adopted the regulation system of raising its funds, as recommended by the denominational Board of Systematic Finance. We have tried it a year. All are gratified with its success. Sceptics about the plan are converted, the church is out of debt, its bills all paid, and it has money in the treasury. I hardly need to say that we plan to keep on in the good way, now we are in it.

Quite a large number of former Nortonville people returned from Oklahoma and other places to spend the holidays here. They report a good time and we are glad to see them and get them by the hand. On Thanksgiving day we held a union service, and brought a thank-offering before the Lord for the poor and needy. We are also to observe the week of prayer in union services.

We western people are hoping all who can possibly arrange to do so will attend Conference at Boulder next summer. You will probably enjoy some of the finest weather you ever saw and have your home for a brief time in one of the brightest little hustling cities of the West. By side trips of a day each, you can enjoy some of the finest scenery the world has on exhibition. But best and greatest of all, we hope you may secure a great spiritual blessing and uplift.

GEO. W. HILLS.

JACKSON CENTER, OHIO.—The Seventh-day Baptist people held their annual dinner at Christmas time, when one hundred and sixty sat down to a feast prepared by the ladies of the society.

After dinner was over, Santa Claus put in his appearance to gladden the hearts of the children, leaving many presents and promises to return next year. Rev. M. J. Nash, of the Methodist Church, in a neat speech expressed his pleasure at being permitted to mingle with the Seventh-day Baptist people, and almost wished he

were one of them; especially once a year, at annual dinner time.

Rev. D. K. Davis gave a history of the Baptist people of Jackson Center; stating that they came from West Virginia, locating first in Green County, Ohio, then going to North Hampton, then to Quincy and Port Jefferson, and later to Jackson Center. They organized here in 1840, growing to a strong church, the only one in the state with the exception of a small one at Stokes, near the western bank of the Lewistown Reservoir.

The "Brandy Wine Quartet," consisting of Alfred, Marion and Walter Groves, and Delmer Babcock, furnished some excellent music which was appreciated very much by our people.

Our church has just put in a new lighting plant costing nearly one hundred dollars. Crops for the past year have been below the average, but prices have been good, and our people are standing the financial crisis well.

Pastor Lippincott leaves January 2, to begin a series of meetings at Salemville, Penn. Rev. Mr. Nash will fill the pulpit during his absence. Health in this vicinity is good. We are having an open winter—very little snow—wheat not looking very well, acreage being smaller this year than usual.

The regular appointments of the church have been kept up during the year.

The Sabbath School is planning to give a cantata later.

R. S.

BOOKFIELD, N. Y.—Brookfield is neither dead nor sleeping, nor buried beneath the snow, though our voice has not been heard very frequently through the Home News Department. Neither is this contribution called out by a donation to the pastor though he and his wife were well remembered at the Christmas season with appropriate and substantial gifts from the church people which were much appreciated.

The Ladies' Missionary Aid Society recently, under the *nom-de-plume* of Mother Goose and her numerous family, had a sale and supper at Grand Army Hall, which was a pleasant social occasion and brought to the treasury of the Society about sixty-five dollars.

The Brookfield people are taking considerable interest in the raising of the



Tract Society's debt. How great an interest, we will be able to report to the treasurer of the Tract Society a little later.

The children of the Sabbath School, assisted by the choir, presented a Christmas cantata, on Thursday evening following Christmas, which drew out a full house. The children were made happy, and some of the older people renewed their youth again.

The Sabbath School is undergoing a slight reorganization, coincident with the election of new officers and teachers. A teachers' meeting is now being held, at which teacher training work is contemplated along with the study of the current lesson.

The open and changeable weather during the fall and winter has brought a good deal of sickness to the community. Death has visited three of the homes of our society. Mr. Albert Beebe, Mr. Joseph Burdick and Mr. Charles L. Clarke have been called away within the past three months.

W. L. G.

SALEM, W. VA.—We are having very mild and mostly pleasant weather for the time of year. An early morning prayer meeting was held in our church on New Year's morning. While the attendance was not large, much smaller than we had hoped, the meeting was helpful and a means of blessing to those who were present. Rev. Mr. Wooster, pastor of the Baptist church, had charge of the meeting.

Brother L. D. Seager reached here on Friday evening, Jan. 3, and was present at our Endeavor meeting that evening. On Sabbath morning he went to Greenbrier where he spoke for the people and went to Black Lick for the evening and for Sunday. He goes from there to Berea on Monday, to hold their quarterly meeting on next Sabbath, and to conduct a series of meetings, if things are ripe for such work.

Brother Seager has entered upon his work with the churches of the Southeastern Association in good spirits and in good health. It is to be hoped that he will have the sympathy and support of all the churches, and the personal help of all who are interested in the extension of the Master's kingdom in this part of His moral vineyard.

We were pleased to have Brother Laton

Ford with us on Sabbath day, January 4. Mr. Ford was formerly a resident here and we gladly welcome him whenever he finds it in his way to make us a call.

The College opened with a good attendance after the holidays, and some new faces are seen among the students. E. A. W.

#### The Line Fence.

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature; and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase a tract of land which had been "lawed over" for years.

Some people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pitch in red hot to fight that line-fence question on his own hook.

That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the field one day.

Said Hackett, "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"Your fence is over on my land two feet at one end, and one foot at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead and set your fence over. At the end where you say I encroach on you two feet set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push in on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been enough fight over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, both tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett:

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch, I don't want the land. There wa'n't nothing in the fight anyway but the principle of the thing."—*Exchange.*

Be sure to read the Business Office department. It may refer to you.

## MARRIAGES

MOSHER-ROGERS.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J., December 3, 1907, by Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Mr. J. Wendell Mosher, and Miss E. Marie Rogers, both of Plainfield, N. J.

AYARS-HUMMEL.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hummel, in Marlboro, N. J., January 1, 1908, by Pastor S. R. Wheeler, Mr. Reuben J. Ayars and Miss Elsie I. Hummel.

## DEATHS

DAVIS.—Alvin M. Davis, son of William and Martha Davis was born on Buckeye Run, Dodridge Co., W. Va., Dec. 3, 1842, and died at the home of his daughter in Salem, Jan. 3, 1908.

He was married to Victoria Dodson, Jan. 1, 1867. To this union were born three daughters, all of whom are now living and were present at the funeral. Mr. Davis was converted in early life and was baptized by Elder S. D. Davis, probably about 1860; the date is not exactly known.

He is remembered by the old residents as an earnest worker in the various religious services he was permitted to attend; but did not unite with any church till Jan. 21, 1893, when he became a member of the Middle Island Seventh-day Baptist church. In the following March he was by that church licensed to preach. On Jan. 21, 1894, he became a constituent member of the Black Lick Seventh-day Baptist church. He continued a faithful member of this church till called to the church above.

Brother Davis was a quiet and shrinking man, but a lover of all that was for the uplifting of mankind. He was an earnest Christian and died in the triumphs of the Christian's faith.

Burial services were held at the Salem Seventh-day Baptist church, and were conducted by Pastor Witter, who spoke from Heb. 9:27.

E. A. W.

CLARKE.—In Brookfield, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1907, Mr. Charles L. Clarke, aged 56 years.

Charles Lewis Clarke, son of M. Willett and Elizabeth Clarke, was born in Brookfield, March 5, 1851, and died at his late residence, Dec. 18, 1907. Except for eleven years spent at North Loup, Nebr., and three years at Boulder, Colo., his life has been spent in this community. He is survived by a wife, Mrs. Myrtilla Maxson Clarke, and three daughters, Mrs. Claude Camenga, Mrs. Silas Witter, and Mrs. Clark M. Todd; two sisters, Mrs. Geo. W. Burdick of

DeRuyter, and Mrs. Jay Brown of Brookfield, and the aged parents who have made their home with him for the past two years. In 1873, he was baptized by Rev. J. M. Todd and joined the Second Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Church of which he has since been a devoted member, except for the time spent in the West. He was a genial friend, and man of strong religious convictions, a keen student of the Bible, and a staunch defender of Bible truth.

The farewell services were largely attended on Sabbath afternoon, Dec. 21, and were conducted by his pastor, assisted by Dr. A. C. Davis of West Edmeston, at whose church he was an occasional attendant. The interment was in Brookfield Rural Cemetery. W. L. G.

DAVIS.—Mrs. Purnilla Davis was born Nov. 25, 1835, and died at the home of her son, Jay, Dec. 27, 1907.

She married Luther Davis Sept. 28, 1854. To them were born eight children, three of whom are left to mourn their mother's death.

Mrs. Davis was a member of the Farnam, Nebr., Seventh-day Baptist church; of which church two of her daughters are active members.

She leaves in her home an empty chair,  
In her church an empty seat;  
And if I read her life aright,  
In heaven a record complete.

W. D.

SMALLEY.—On Dec. 30, 1907, at the home of his mother, in North Plainfield Borough, Elden G. Smalley.

Elden, the youngest of eight children born to Samuel and Mary Smalley, was born Feb. 17, 1880. Three brothers and three sisters survive him.

For some years he was an employee of Potter Press Works in Plainfield, N. J. Later he became a member of the North Plainfield fire department. At the time of his death he was lieutenant of his company. His acquaintances and comrades speak in high terms of his good character. His kindness and thoughtfulness to his widowed mother and to his brothers and sisters was noteworthy.

On Jan. 2, 1908, farewell services were held at his late home, conducted by the pastor of the New Market church, of which his mother is a member.

H. N. J.

BOICE.—Harriet Dunn Boice, daughter of Isaac S. and Amelia Dunn, was born May 7, 1842, and died Jan. 1, 1908.

Farewell services conducted by her pastor were held at the home of her youngest daughter in Metuchen, N. J., Jan. 5, 1908.

While in her girlhood Harriet gave her heart to her Savior and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at New Market. In its fellowship she lived a faithful, worthy member excepting for the time that residence near Plainfield, N. J., made it more convenient for her to have fellowship with our church at that place.

Dec. 17, 1868, she was married to Luther Boice. To them were born three children—a

son, Harry, and two daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson of Newark, N. J., and Mrs. Margaret Wittenebert of Saranac Lake, N. Y. These with one sister, Mrs. Carrie D. Millard, remain to mourn the loss of this good woman.

The following, a selection from "Choice Bits for 1896," was one especially dear to her in a severe illness in 1896:

"Build a little fence of trust around today,  
Fill the space with loving work and therein stay.  
Look not through the sheltering bars upon to-morrow,  
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow."

H. N. J.

#### In Memoriam.

It seldom falls to the lot of a sorrowing husband to write the obituary of his beloved wife, but to me that sad lot has fallen. Mary Newcombe Cowperthwaite fell asleep in Jesus, and her sweet spirit passed away to her heavenly home on Nov. 18, 1907, at her home in Petitcodiac, N. B., Canada.

She was the eldest daughter of Deacon Reuben and Ruth Upton Cowperthwaite of Mangerville (Magorville), Sunbury County, in this Province. She was the cousin of the Hon. Judge Barker of St. John City, N. B., and was born on the 14th of January, 1828, and was nearly 80 years of age, being several years my senior.

She was well educated, having had good educational advantages in her youth. While attending the Baptist Seminary in the city of Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, a great old-time revival of religion was going forward, and she, with many others, was converted to God. On returning home for vacation, she professed her faith in Christ, and was baptized and united with the church of which her excellent father was a deacon. She taught school for a number of years, and some who have filled high and honorable places in this country were among her early pupils. I was pastor of the Baptist church in the city of Woodstock, when I became acquainted with her. We were married on July 1, 1858, at her father's house, and would have been married fifty years on the first day of July next, if she had been spared to see that time. She was always one with me in my work and, in her younger life, very active in every good word and work, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

She loved her Savior and his service, and sought to do it faithfully. She kept "the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." For nearly half our married life, she suffered from some form of nervousness, and during the greater part of the last eight years was much afflicted. Her last illness, from bronchial trouble and heart-failure, was very severe, but she manifested much resignation to the Lord's will. She was possessed of a loving, kindly, generous heart, full of sympathy and good will towards all she knew. The dear Lord Jesus was very precious to her, and this made dying easy. Her end was so peaceful and beautiful that I am led to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." "Precious Jesus" was among her last words. She was not visionary, yet, a while before the end of her journey, she told me she had a view of the last judgment day. I asked, "What was it like?" She answered, "It was glorious, so glorious." To the saint it will be glorious, to the sinner it will be terrific. What a difference. Let us be ready.

She has gone "to be with Christ which is, far better;" "absent from the body, present with the Lord." My dear departed wife came to the Sabbath a little while after I did, and lived a Sabbath-keeping Christian; she loved God's sanctified holy day.

Myself and only child, Fred, mourn our great personal loss. Four other children passed on several years ago to the home of the blessed. She leaves one brother and three sisters, all living in the United States, to mourn her departure.

There will be glad reunion by and by, when all the children of God meet before the throne. The redeemed of all time, out of every nation, kindred, tribe and tongue, will be gathered to that peaceful shore where no storms beat, to constitute the one great family of God; where the most tender ties, broken on earth, shall be reunited; where the bright forms of human beauty, that pass so suddenly from us here, will remain in our presence evermore; where there shall be no more suffering, no more sorrow, and "no more death."

I am here to mourn; she has gone to rejoice. In her departure I have suffered a great loss. "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the

## BUSINESS OFFICE

The postoffice department has made a new ruling, taking effect Jan. 1, 1908, which will affect some of the subscribers to the RECORDER. The new ruling prohibits mailing at publishers' second class rates, weekly papers to subscribers who are over one year in arrears. Papers may be mailed to such subscribers, but they must be prepaid at the rate of one cent for four ounces.

As it is manifestly impossible for publishers to do this, the effect of the new ruling will be that all RECORDER subscribers who are more than one year in arrears, will be dropped from our lists, unless they pay up their subscriptions promptly. If your subscription is paid up, you do not need to pay any attention to this. If it is not paid up to within a year of the present time, you are affected by this ruling, and your name will be dropped from the list after waiting a reasonable time for you to pay up. Opportunity will be given to every subscriber on our list, who is in arrears, to avoid being dropped. A personal letter will be sent to every subscriber, so that you will have ample opportunity to pay your subscription up to date, and avoid being dropped. If your name is dropped from the list it does not relieve you of the obligation to pay, however, for what you have already had.

\*\*\*\*

The publishers of the RECORDER are very anxious that no subscriber shall be dropped. Instead of dropping any one, we would rather get new subscribers. There are many Seventh-day Baptists who are not subscribers to the RECORDER. We wish they were. We do not think they ought to be without their denominational paper, especially when it is worth double the price it costs. There are few of our people who really cannot afford to take the RECORDER. For these few there is a means provided by which they can still obtain the RECORDER if they really want it. We want more subscribers—and the denomination needs more subscribers to the RECORDER. Instead of letting your own subscription be dropped, pay it up, then help get new subscribers for the RECORDER.

\*\*\*\*

Don't neglect this matter. The manager will write to you personally in regard to your subscription—but don't wait for that.

hand of God hath touched me." I am thankful for the sympathy of many dear friends in this trying hour.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Edward Bell, a Methodist minister, who preached from Rev. 22:5, "There shall be no night there." He was assisted by Rev. Mr. Paseal. The funeral was largely attended and the interment was in the Methodist cemetery.

GEORGE SEELEY.

*Petitcodiac, New Brunswick, Canada.*

#### Fortune Tellers in Egypt.

Everywhere in Egypt one will find fortune-tellers, but no city boasts more for its size than Luxor. Those who read the future with sand are in the majority. They sit cross-legged on the ground and mutter a preliminary jargon. Finally they lift up the sand, and as it trickles through their fingers they claim to see the life of their patron revealed. As none of the prognosticators speaks English, and it falls to the lot of the dragoman to translate, it is difficult to place the credit of shrewd guessing where it belongs. At Luxor, as in all cities along the Nile, water for domestic purposes is carried from the river by the women and young girls, and no more interesting phase of every-day life is seen in Egypt than the evening procession of trailing-robed figures, many of which now carry large Standard Oil cans instead of picturesque jars upon their heads. The hotels at Luxor are all situated on the river bank, within a few yards of the water, and it is the delight of the guests to sit on the broad verandas and watch the natives who bring up water to irrigate the lawns and to sprinkle the dusty roads.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

#### Drinkers Not Wanted as Employees.

Thirty-one leading firms of Boston and Cambridge, Mass., have signed a notice to the effect that abstainers from all intoxicating drinks will invariably be preferred by them as employees. Among the signers are the City of Cambridge, the Boston and Maine Railroad, and the Boston Elevated Railroad.—*Scientific Temperance Federation.*

Life is made up of details, of little things; whoever attempts to shirk them will fail. It is disagreeable to spend a large portion of one's time on the dry, uninteresting items of the routine of business. They are tedious. But no great success was ever built up without close and careful attention to the little principles upon which success is built.—*The Standard.*



## SQUARING THINGS WITH CHINA.

For many years the Chinese have rightly considered the United States their best friend among the great powers. The American Government has never attempted any territorial grabbing, it has prohibited the carriage of opium to Chinese ports in American ships, it has stood for the preservation of the integrity of the Chinese Empire and for the open-door policy, and has not only been fair but most generous in regard to her share of the Boxer indemnity exacted from China by the powers. I believe the Chinese Government and the Chinese people both appreciate and are grateful for the friendship always shown by the United States Government, and that this feeling is still dominant in spite of the resentment which naturally followed the harsh measures of a few years ago, which subjected all classes of Chinese entering the States to very humiliating formalities on landing. The Chinese are a proud race, and the special regulations to which they alone were subjected deeply wounded their pride, and moreover they considered the treatment enforced by the United States immigration officials as being in direct contravention to treaty rights, which provided for the entrance of Chinese merchants, students, and travelers under the same conditions as were accorded to similar classes from other countries. The stand President Roosevelt took with regard to righting these wrongs, has done a great deal toward calming the resentment felt by the Chinese at these indignities, which culminated in the "boycott" instituted against American goods in the latter half of 1905. Now that all nations are competing so keenly for a share in the Chinese trade, the policy of the United States should be a conciliatory one, if for no other reason than commercial expediency. Our geographical position and nearness to China should give us a great advantage over the more distant European nations in competing for the China trade, but we must be prepared to deal with the Chinese in as liberal a manner as other nations. —From "Modern China—America's Share in Her Awakening," by Francis Augustus Carl, in *The Circle* for January.

The mere absence of opportunity to sin is of small consequence. It may save us from scars and stains, but it can give no positive elevation and holiness to life.

Perhaps even a mingled life, involving some failure, is better than negative holiness; for the latter means nothing, while the former may lead, through struggle and mistake, to some positive realization.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

As I contemplate the future I rely more than ever on the old panacea for lessening the ruins, inequalities and tyrannies of the world, namely, the regeneration of the individual by the power of God.—*General Booth.*

## 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.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building on Randolph street, between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially 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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## Sabbath School

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

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

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 25, 1908.  
JESUS CLEANSSES THE TEMPLE.

John 2: 13-22.

*Golden Text.*—"Holiness becometh thine house,  
O Lord, for ever." Psa. 93: 5.

## DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Psa. 69: 1-18.

Second-day, Matt. 21: 1-17.

Third-day, Mark 11: 1-18.

Fourth-day, Luke 19: 29-48.

Fifth-day, Neh. 13: 4-22.

Sixth-day, John 2: 1-12.

Sabbath-day, John 2: 13-22.

## INTRODUCTION.

After the calling of the first disciples Jesus went away from the vicinity of the place in which John was baptizing, and returned to Galilee. Here he attended a wedding in the little town of Cana, a few miles from his home at Nazareth. This incident is very interesting from the fact that it teaches that our Lord was no ascetic. He was now engaged upon his life work, but had time to devote to a social gathering.

This wedding feast was the occasion of our Lord's first miracle. It would have been in the eyes of the people an everlasting disgrace to the young husband and wife to have any lack of provision at their wedding feast. Jesus changed water into wine, and thus saved the reputation of the family. This token of his power over nature was noted particularly by his disciples who now yielded themselves to him more devotedly than before. Although they might be absent from him for short periods he was for ever their Master.

John always speaks of the miracles of Jesus as signs; for he regards them not so much as mighty works to be wondered at, as evidences of

the person and the work of Jesus the Christ.

According to John's narrative Jesus cleansed the temple of the traders at the beginning of his active ministry; but Matthew, Mark and Luke speak of the cleansing as occurring near the close of his earthly life. Some think that there was but one event of this kind, and that John corrects the writers of the first three Gospels; others agree that there was but one cleansing of the temple, and hold that it occurred in the last week of our Lord's ministry. It certainly is not incredible that the abuses should be repeated, and that our Lord should a second time, filled with zeal for God's house, drive out those who profaned it.

*TIME*—Not long after the Lesson of last week; at the time of passover. Probably in the early part of April in the year 27.

*PLACE*—Jerusalem.

*PERSONS*—Jesus and his disciples; the Jews.

## OUTLINE:

1. Jesus Drives out the Traders. v. 13-17.
2. The Jews Demand a Sign. v. 18-22.

## NOTES.

13. *And the passover of the Jews was at hand.* Many of John's readers would not know just what the passover was; he explains that it was a Jewish feast. Jesus as a loyal Israelite would make special effort to attend the feast.

14. *And he found in the temple those that sold oxen, etc.* Evidently not in the inner precincts but within the sacred enclosure,—probably in the court of the Gentiles. The traders who provided the animals for those who wished to offer sacrifices had crowded into the temple for the convenience of their business. The offering for sale of these animals was certainly in itself an honorable and legitimate business; but it was not reverent toward God to invade the temple. It seems also that the priests themselves had a share in this business, and that they sold the animals at an exorbitant price, taking advantage of the necessity of the purchasers. If a man brought an animal from home, it would be very easy for the officiating priest to say that it was not up to the standard for sacrifice,—especially when he would himself have a profit on the sale of a substitute. *The changers of money.* It was required that the temple tax of a half-shekel should be paid in the sacred coinage of the sanctuary. Not only those who came from a distance had to get their money changed, but also those who had the common money of Judea or Galilee had to pay in order to get the proper coin for the tax. It is said that the charge was about four cents extra to obtain the half-shekel which was

certainly rather high in view of the fact that the half-shekel was worth only about thirty-four cents.

15. *And he made a scourge of cords.* As to whether he actually used this whip there is room for difference of opinion. It may be imagined that Jesus did not have to use actual violence in order to drive out those who knew that they had no right there and that their business was a profanation of the sacred place. Still our author says that he actually overturned the tables or counters of those who exchanged the money.

16. *A house of merchandise.* A market house. They were devoting that which was sacred to common use. In both Matthew's and Mark's Gospels our Savior speaks of their changing the house of prayer into a den of robbers.

17. *Zeal for thy house shall eat me up.* We may imagine that the disciples were rather surprised at the action of their Master, and very likely they thought that he was a little too radical as a reformer; but they call to mind a passage from the sixty-ninth Psalm which was regarded as describing the Messiah, and see how aptly it corresponds to the situation. Enthusiastic devotion for God's house seemed to be for him a consuming passion.

18. *What sign showest thou?* They could not really condemn his deed; but they thought that he had acted entirely without authorization from any one, and therefore demanded to know by what right he acted as he did. Their blindness is shown in the fact his very ability to accomplish thus a much needed reform was the sign of his authority to act.

19. *Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.* Very likely this expression was meant to be enigmatical. Upon similar occasions Jesus explicitly declined to give any sign at all. We could imagine that it might mean, Go on with your false service and your profanation of the house of God till you utterly destroy all the value in the outward service of God, and then in a very short space of time I will re-establish the service of God, and found it on a new principle, and thus raise up again his temple. The false witnesses at Jesus' trial presented as evidence against him a perverted account of the declaration that he made at this time.

20. *Forty and six years was this temple in building.* The opponents of Jesus take his words as referring to the structure before them from which he had just driven out the traders. This building, or rather rebuilding, was the work of Herod the Great, and was begun in the eighteenth year of his reign, the year 734-5 of Rome. This chronological reference is not of very great importance in fixing the time of our present lesson,

since we cannot be sure whether the forty-sixth year was fully completed or just being completed. The temple was not really finished till a number of years later. It would, of course, be incredible that a building which had required so many years for its construction could be destroyed and restored in so brief a time.

21. *But he spake of the temple of his body.* There was, however, another temple there, namely, his body. No one at the time understood Jesus' reference, not even his disciples.

22. *When he was raised from the dead.* After the resurrection, three years after the time of this Lesson, the disciples saw the appropriateness of Jesus' words in that he was put to death, and yet rose again from the dead. *And they believed the Scripture.* That is, the Old Testament allusions to the suffering and death of the Messiah. *And the word.* That is, Jesus' teachings concerning himself, like that found in v. 19.

SUGGESTIONS.

This Lesson teaches that it is right to be enthusiastic and bold in the service of God, and that we ought to be energetic in the righting of abuses. We should make sure, however, that we have wisdom from on high to direct our actions.

We should not fail to regard the sanctity of the house of God. A church building should not be put to common uses.

Injustice done in the name of religion is the worst kind of injustice. The traders in the temple while seeming to serve the public were really devoting all their energies to their own selfish advantage.

The foes of our Lord seemed to triumph over him, but their triumph was only for a brief time. The grave could not contain him. All the defeats that the kingdom of God has suffered shall yet be turned into victory.

"There was a flute in the Temple," says the Talmud, "preserved from the days of Moses; it was smooth, thin, and formed of a reed. At the command of the king it was overlaid with gold, which ruined its sweetness of tone." How many characters have lost their sweetness of tone by a similar process!—*Sel.*

WANTED.

A number of Sabbath-keeping young men over eighteen years of age for nurse's training school, and call boys and elevator service. In writing please mention age and line of work in which you are interested. BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM, SANITARIUM, Battle Creek, Mich. tf.

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Help Wanted.

One need of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination is more commercial or manufacturing institutions which will give employment to our people. Preferably these should be in Seventh-day Baptist centers where strong denominational influences may help the employees and the employees may help in church work. Such an enterprise has been founded at Milton, Wis.—*Profitable Poultry*, a monthly for farmers and poultrymen. The writer frankly confesses that the publication was started in part as a money-making plan. But mere selfishness was not the only object. Fourteen years' experience in the publishing business at Milton has revealed that there is a constant and increasing demand for places where Seventh-day Baptist young people may obtain employment under good influences. It has been argued that the young man who will not be true to the denomination under adverse circumstances is not worth trying to save to our people. But, honest, do you believe the young man in a western state, a member of a family of lone Sabbath keepers, with almost overpowering influences to go wrong, should be compelled to remain under those influences when he would come to Milton if he could obtain employment? Certainly he might go wrong here but he would at least have been given another chance.

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

Capital to carry it and time to build up the patronage are the on-essentials lacking. We have the field, the opportunity and an excellent start. The business is growing steadily and with more capital and more help (both are needed) from a human point of view the outlook is bright.

This offers a small opportunity for our people to show whether or not they desire in a financial and practical way to attempt to build up denominational interests. The officers of the company are: Will K. Davis, Pres.; Dr. L. A. Platts, Vice Pres.; L. H. North, Secy.; W. E. Rogers, Treas. The stockholders include many of the best Seventh-day Baptists in this and other localities. Subscriptions of any amount are solicited. If you cannot spare more than \$5.00 or \$10.00, send that amount, for shares are only \$5.00 each. I am thoroughly convinced that you will be helping yourself financially by investing here and at the same time you will be doing practical denominational work.

The amount of stock for sale is limited. If you want to help this enterprise I advise you to do it now. Don't put it off till a future time and then forget about it. Further particulars on request.

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