

# The Sabbath Recorder

While sincere men stand apart, they may suspect each other's motives. But bring them together, let them compare views, and then, if they cannot agree, they will at least learn to respect each other, and are more than likely to become comrades, friends.

—Charles Sprague Smith.

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## EDITORIAL

**"And He Brought Him to Jesus."**

The story is simple. Andrew had been listening to the stirring gospel of repentance preached by John the Baptist, until his soul was burdened. John had told him of the Mighty One who should save from sin and baptize with the Holy Ghost. And now, as they stood talking together, they caught sight of Jesus, who was passing that way, and John eagerly pointing to him said to Andrew, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Andrew knew the meaning of that expression; for he had studied the Prophets and had been familiar with the offering of the lamb upon the temple altars, for the remission of sins. Instantly his heart was touched with the importance of the message to him, and he immediately followed Jesus. The cordial welcome given him by the Saviour and the result of that interview and communion with him is briefly told. Andrew started out with a glowing zeal for the Master's work, begotten by his new-found peace and strengthened by the love for souls which comes to those whom Christ has blessed; and finding first his own brother Simon, "he brought him to Jesus."

It is the old, old story, yet ever new. The first impulse of a soul whom Christ has touched is to seek some other one and bring him to Jesus. It is this spirit that has kept Christianity alive during all the ages; and it is only by this same spirit and by just such work, that the cause of God can go forward today. If our churches are cold and lifeless, it is simply because the members have allowed the world to quench

the fires of redeeming love once kindled in their hearts. And things can never be any better until these fires are rekindled, and we, too, get a burden of soul for the lost. My brother, what would you give for one more rekindling of these blessed altar-fires in your soul? How different the outlook would be for you and yours, and for the Church of God, if you could so renew your communion with Christ, as to be filled with heart-yearning love for some poor soul who needs to be brought to Jesus! This one thing would settle the whole question of the "spiritual awakening" about which so much has been written, and which we all admit is greatly needed.

This heart-to-heart work to bring others to Christ seems to be God's way of building up his kingdom and of saving the lost. It is because so many of the Andrews and Philips and Peters have let this love die in their hearts, that the churches seem dead and the cause of God suffers. If all who read this would first seek anew communion with Christ until their own souls are warmed, and then start out to find the brother and bring him to Jesus, we would soon see a wonderful change in our churches. The revival we have talked about would be with us in power. There are many who would love to see one more gracious awakening before they die. If this longing is realized, it must come soon. Before this new year grows old, many among us will pass through the valley and the shadow; and if these are to join in another revival and see precious souls brought to Jesus, they must be about it soon.

Again, there are sinners all around us who must be saved this year or never. Before another year rolls around, some of them will be in eternity, and they must die without hope if they are not brought to Christ. Is it not strange that so many Christians seem absolutely indifferent to the fact that there are hundreds all about our churches drifting rapidly toward the lost world, and no special effort is being made to save them! The cold, dull prayer meetings drag through weary hours of

formal worship, and no one seems especially anxious about friends and neighbors who are being rapidly swept, without a shadow of hope, toward life's fearful Niagara. Some of those who are drifting away belong to our own families, and yet our zeal for the Master's work seems so dead! Why is it so?

When Andrew found his heart burdened for Peter, he went where Peter was, and found him. He put himself right into Peter's circumstances, took a place beside him, pleaded with him about the Christ, and so "brought him to Jesus." If the church wishes to save sinners, it must go where sinners are, and place itself beside them in the love of Jesus. While cruising in the Mediterranean we saw a boat full of people capsized and all its company plunged into a terrific sea. It was a moment of terrible suspense for all who witnessed the struggle of those eight men in such peril. Nobody there was indifferent; ropes and buoys were thrown out; men hustled down the stairs ready to lay hold of any one whom they might reach, and one expert swimmer among the sailors threw himself into the sea and, swimming around among the poor men needing help, buoied up those likely to sink until strong hands could reach and save them. Thus they were all saved. But this could not have been, had the rescuers remained quiet on deck, satisfied to thank God for the ship and their salvation. And even if, now and then, one who was safe on board had ventured to pray and exhort and warn, without any one doing more, those poor men must have been lost, even though there was ample room on the ship and plenty of life-saving apparatus.

Does it not seem to you, my brother, that the church needs something of the spirit that worked to save those shipwrecked men?

In the shipwrecks about us, souls, not bodies only, are in danger of eternal ruin. Why not come quickly to the rescue? Why not get to work now in all the churches and do something to reach the lost?

\*\*\*

#### **It Transforms the Man.**

A great transformation comes to a sinner when he is truly brought to Jesus. It is the turning point in life that changes his entire outlook. He is taken from one

course of living and thinking and started in a new way, exactly the opposite. When Peter was brought to the Saviour, his eyes were opened to see life in an entirely new light. The "Sun of Righteousness" had risen upon him and the glorious light flooded his soul, until everything seemed bright and his longing heart was satisfied.

It is just the same today. A soul brought to Christ is a soul turned from the road that leads to death into the highway of the ransomed that leads to life. And that change spans for him the chasm between sin and holiness, measures the distance between "lost" and "saved," and brings him hope in the place of despair. Such a conversion puts the praises of God into the lips of the profane, the love of truth and purity into the hearts of the untruthful and the vile. By it the rebellious soul becomes loyal, the proud and haughty spirit becomes meek and humble. It makes the man "a new creature," with affections changed, tastes and habits transformed; and the soul is filled with inspirations for noble living.

There is a vast difference between a mere profession of religion and a genuine conversion. The one allows you to live exactly as worldly people do, and does not make you a conscientious Christian. The other takes away the worldly heart and makes the transformation so complete, that the soul no longer enjoys the questionable pleasures of the world,—it is its supreme delight to do what Christ would approve.

I remember a lady who called upon us as a comparative stranger, to show the courtesies of Christian friendship. It was soon apparent that her heart was filled with the Spirit, and that she was in love with the Master's work. Her experience is so pertinent to this subject that I must relate it here. Some years before, she had decided that she ought to join the church, and probably felt that she had experienced as much of a change of heart as had many others already in it. Her husband, an unbeliever, when consulted in the matter, said he had no objection if it would make no difference in her ways of living. He wanted no change in home and society life, and she tried to believe that she could go on with him just as she had always done and still be a good church member. She joined the church, and went right on doing as she

had always done. For some time she continued her dancing, with which she was infatuated, and tried to believe that the card parties and theatre-going were all right for a Christian. She did try to fill her place in the church although the work seemed somewhat irksome. She was naturally an honest, true-hearted woman, and wished to be on the right side; but she had not reached the point where she could see any "special harm" in those things, and so continued to indulge in them.

Finally the time came when the community was deeply stirred by a revival of religion. The Holy Spirit did some heart-searching work, and filled her soul as it never had been filled before. From that time she saw things in a very different light. Her eyes were opened to see the folly of a Christian trying to live exactly as people of the world do. She felt that it would be mockery for her to use her influence so as to lead sinners deeper into the follies of sin, and away from spiritual things. Jesus had come into her heart as a precious Saviour, and he showed her that all the tides in the frivolous, fashionable life where she had been, tend to drift souls away from spiritual, Christian living. She felt that a real Christian could not consistently so mingle with the world as to be counted on the side of evil. This changed her whole life. She came to love the things she had never loved before; and could find no pleasure in the dance or the card table. Thenceforth every one could see the love of souls shining from her face. She became a prominent leader in the church, and a power for good in all the community; and so stood where no sinners could hide behind her when efforts were made to bring them to the Saviour.

Think of a church made up of such professors as she was at first, trying to bring the lost world to God! On which side would their influence count? Who would be deeply convicted of sin, or who would be led to find peace in the Saviour by the dancing, card-playing professor?

If our churches would become mighty in saving the multitudes from ruin, they should be made up of such Christians as this woman became, when the Holy Spirit so filled her soul that she no longer loved the ways of sinners.

#### **The Far-Reaching Power of Personal Influence.**

Each one has an influence over some other. But there are few men who realize how strong and how far-reaching this may be. Drop a pebble in a still pond, and the waves started will reach both shores. So it is with personal influence over men. Little did Andrew realize when he brought his brother to Christ, that he was starting influences which would augment in force and expand in breadth throughout all time. That one life he brought to the Master, soon after became instrumental in bringing three thousand souls to the feet of the Cross in one sermon. And God only knows how many of those converts took up the work and thus multiplied the influences started by one man. Little did Edward Kimball know of the mighty movement he was starting when he found the boy Moody and brought him to Jesus. It is a great thing to live in a world full of people, when you understand that your life must be powerful in leading your fellows either for good or for bad. And when you remember that your influence does not die when you do, but that the ever-widening waves you have started are to be multiplied by other lives and go on moving men while time shall last, you must see the importance of righteous living.

Your influence over men is never stronger than in the full glow of a new-born Christian life. When you have found the Saviour precious, and the burden of sin has been removed, then it is that your personal influence becomes most effective in moving others. Then, by the simple story of Jesus and his love, and your own joy in him, you may reach men and bring them to the Cross. In proportion as the love grows cold in your heart, in that proportion does your power for good wane, and the probabilities of your misleading men increase.

This law of personal influence is the primal law of life. It is this that makes the family; and, in our earlier years, everything we do is inspired by personal influence.

In looking over your past, what was it that did most to make you what you are? Do you not trace your conversion to the personal Christ-life of some friend? The

very best things in your character are the results secured by the influence of some true life. I can look back and see how my own has been shaped by those in humble walks who are now gone from earth. A teacher, a schoolmate, a friend, will, through the higher soul-power, give impulses that last forever. Knowing this, how can a true man consent to live unworthily before his children, his friends, or his fellow men? While all the tendencies in a wicked world are toward sin rather than holiness, so that whoever makes progress toward heaven must stem every evil tide and resist all bad influences, each one should try to live so as to help his fellows to overcome evil, rather than to live so as to make the evil stronger.

Christian workers, the unsaved multitudes need all the help you can give them. Can you not hear the wail of woe from the lost in sin, appealing to the earnest and true for help? There are multitudes about us who are lost,—so surely as there is a God to judge them, they are lost unless they can be brought to Jesus! Many of these, I believe, are even longing for the water of life, and do not know that it is so near. All they need is some one with the spirit of Christ to show them the way. They are like the poor sailors, who, ignorant of the fact that they were sailing on the Amazon, with fresh water all about them, were perishing of thirst. All they needed was the voice of the approaching captain, who, seeing their distress, seized his trumpet and shouted, "Let down your buckets and draw! You are sailing on the Amazon!" Quickly the buckets are lowered, and with glad hearts the sailors drink and live. So, I believe, there are those to whom we may speak, famishing for the water of life, the nearness of which they must be brought to realize. All they need is the loving word from some Christian heart and they, too, will drink and live. God help us all to do what we can to bring them to Christ. The Lamb of God is still waiting as of old to receive and bless those we bring to him. What all our churches need to do more than anything else, is personal hand-to-hand work in soul-saving. This well done, eternity alone can tell how far-reaching may be the influences of a single worker for Christ.

**A Bit of Satire.**

The following lines will be appreciated by many, and will furnish material for profitable thought. Let the people study them carefully and see if any of our churches are being weakened in spiritual power by any of these things:

**A Prayer for a Blessing.**

(SUGGESTED BY MODERN CHURCH METHODS.)  
 "O Lord, I come to thee in prayer once more.  
 But pardon if I do not kneel before  
 Thy gracious presence, for my knees are sore  
 With so much walking. In my chair instead  
 I'll sit at ease and humbly bow my head.  
 I've labored in thy vineyard, thou dost know;  
 I've sold ten tickets for the minstrel show;  
 I've called on fifteen strangers in our town,  
 Their contributions to our church put down.  
 I've baked a pot of beans for Saturday's spree.  
 An old-time supper it is going to be.  
 I've dressed three dolls, too, for our annual fair,  
 And made a cake which we must raffle there.  
 Now, with thy boundless wisdom, so sublime,  
 Thou knowest that these duties all take time;  
 I have no time to fight my spirit's foes,  
 I have no time to mend my husband's clothes.  
 My children roam the streets from morn till  
 night.  
 I have no time to teach them what is right.  
 But thou, O Lord, considering all my cares,  
 Wilt count them righteous and wilt heed my  
 prayers.  
 Bless the bean supper and the minstrel show,  
 And put it in the hearts of all to go.  
 Induce the visitors to patronize  
 The men who in our program advertise.  
 Because I've chased these merchants till they hid  
 Where'er they saw me coming—yes, they did!  
 Increase the contributions to our fair,  
 And bless the people who assemble there.  
 Bless thou the grab-bag and the gypsy tent,  
 The flower table and the cake that's sent.  
 May our whist club be to thy service blest,  
 Our dancing party gayer than the rest.  
 And when thou hast bestowed these blessings,  
 then,  
 We pray that thou wilt bless our souls. Amen."  
 —Sunday School Times.

**Oklahoma a Grand New State.**

It is claimed that never before has the nation been permitted to welcome such a magnificent new-born state. Oklahoma has an area of 70,057 square miles which is more than 3,500 square miles larger than the combined areas of the six New England states, and 20,886 square miles larger than New York. If you could lay the state of Georgia upon Oklahoma, you would have 20,582 square miles to spare, and if Pennsylvania could be so treated there would be 24,842 square miles of Oklahoma left. Its population has already reached one and a half millions, and it is more than

probable that the next census will give it fully two million inhabitants. The people who have sought homes in that state came from almost every state in the Union, and are mostly young,—but few being past middle life.

The South is about as fully represented there as is the North. It is only eighteen years since "old Oklahoma" was opened to settlers and but six years since the last great section was opened; and yet in this short time more than 1,500,000 people have swarmed into it and established homes. It is said to contain more people who own their own homes than any other state. Forty-four states have contributed to its population, of which Texas has sent 153,000, Missouri 128,000, Kansas 112,000, Arkansas 99,200, Iowa 63,000, Tennessee 48,000, Illinois 57,000, Kentucky 32,000, and the other states ranging from Rhode Island's 115, all the way to these higher numbers.

This booming state already ranks first in the production of broom corn, sixth in the production of cotton, seventh in the production of cattle, ninth in corn, and makes a splendid showing in other products.

It holds everything within its borders necessary to make it an independent principality, and if cut off from the world, its people would not need to suffer want. Granite and coal and oil and various products of the mines abound. There is no good reason why Oklahoma should not have been admitted to the sisterhood of states ten years ago. I suppose politicians and demagogues thought they could see a reason, but the masses will hardly accept their reasons as good ones.

"Its cities spring up as by magic." The town of "Lawton was a prairie one day, and the next day its town lots sold for \$6,000.00, and about 10,000 people began their sojourn there with the beginning of the town."

In 1900 Oklahoma City was a hamlet of half a dozen homes, and today it is a city of 40,000 people, and gaining 2,000 every month. Her houses are substantially built; and she has 40 miles of streets paved with asphalt, 150 miles of brick and cement walks, 53 miles of sanitary sewers, 26 miles of storm sewers, and 50 miles of water mains. They have street railways, electric lights, water works and many other mod-

ern improvements. There are twelve good school buildings, two colleges, and twenty-six churches.

The country may well be proud of the new state, and the ties of kinship between it and every other section of the United States bespeak a common love for her people.

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**The Debt.**

We are able to report progress in paying the debt. The responses from lone Sabbath keepers and interested individuals have been in evidence all through this effort, rather more than from the churches. This is what might be expected at first, because it takes time for churches to get down to work, especially where a thorough canvass has to be made. We are looking for reports from churches in this special effort, feeling sure that when these offerings come in, the debt will grow rapidly less.

Previously reported .....	\$1,031 87
Received from	
C. Latham Stillman, Westerly .....	5 00
North Loup, Nebr., Sabbath School ..	50 00
Mrs. A. E. Dealing, Adams Centre ..	1 00
"Westerly, R. I." (cash) .....	10 00
Mrs. C. Champlin, Medford, Okla. ...	2 25
Mrs. V. A. Willard, Belmont, N. Y. ...	5 00
Fouke, Ark., Church .....	3 10
Mrs. A. L. Langworthy, Andover, N. Y. ....	5 00
E. E. Sutton, Boulder, Colo. ....	5 00
Mrs. A. S. Billins, Denver, Colo. ....	2 00
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$1,120 22</b>

**They Demand Total Abstainers.**

The movement on the part of great business corporations to rule out all drinking from among their employees, is gaining great headway. It is a move in the right direction. Employers have a right to decide what shall be the characteristics of those they employ; and no one can complain of any infringements upon "personal liberty," when great business enterprises decide to employ only those whose personal habits are conducive to the welfare and safety of their business, and the safety of all who do business with them.

Following the announcements of the great North-Western Railroad, and of some New England lines, that only total abstainers will be retained in their employ, there comes a similar announcement from the Baltimore and Ohio company. And now in the same paper with them, we learn

that a great banking institution of New York City has just issued orders to its employees, that if they wish to retain their places, they must abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. They must not take intoxicants with meals in any public restaurant; they are not to enter saloons, gambling houses, poolrooms or any bucket-shops; and they cannot speculate, attend prize fights, visit race tracks or any impure resorts, or have vicious companions.

It is suggested that other banks will follow the example of the Fifth Avenue National Bank in adopting these rules for all in their employ.

**Practical Value of Systematic Finance: (a) To the Church; (b) To the Individual.**

REV. H. C. VAN HORN.

Were we to seek a Biblical foundation for the plan of systematic finance, I think we should have no difficulty in finding one. In Malachi 3:10 we read, "Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that there may be food in my house \* \* \* saith Jehovah of hosts." The law of tithes was well known and here is an exhortation to be honest and regular and systematic in bringing the tithes into the treasury of the Lord for the work and appointments of His house.

That all things in and by the church may "be done decently and in order" and efficiently, there is needed more system in the matter of finance than most of our churches can boast today. Such a plan has been adopted by our people and recommended by Conference to our churches. We believe the plan of systematic finance which we are urged to adopt is valuable and extremely practicable.

As briefly as possible I wish to speak of some of the advantages to the church and individual which I believe make this plan of practical value:

**A. To the Church.**

1. It provides a regular income for the church from which current expenses such as for fuel and lights, janitor's salary, insurance, repairs, associational and Conference apportionments may be met when contracted or due. For a church to be from three to twelve months or more behind in settling these bills is to put it in an extremely bad light and to weaken its influence in the community. Systematic finance

is beyond the experimental stage in many churches, and the testimony coming from such sources is that all bills are paid when made or due and the treasury always in a healthy condition.

It may not be out of place in this connection to speak of the value to a church of a treasury in a condition that the pastor's salary may be paid regularly and in full. Many a pastor's work is handicapped if not really injured, by spasmodic payments of salary. Other things being equal he will do more and better work for the church where a systematic plan of finance is in operation than he can do where other systems or lack of systems prevail.

2. All work of the church provided for and more uniformly.

It often happens that some parts of the church-work will receive more attention than others; the needs be more apparent or more ably presented by a representative of some society, so that the benevolences will go mostly for one object. Not that any one line of work will receive more than it can use advantageously, but that some of our other lines of work, less ably presented, will not receive enough from us to support them. Here is a case in point. In one of our late Conference year books I noticed that a church of about average size and ability reported something over a hundred dollars for missions, and only one dollar for Sabbath reform. This unfortunate condition would be changed and the danger of its repetition obviated under the plan of systematic finance.

Thus not only would the work at large be conducted advantageously, but in so doing the church would be built up and its usefulness increased manifold.

3. One thorough canvass of the society per year instead of from three to half a dozen.

Under the prevalent order of canvassing for every thing every time emergency demands it, there is given good excuse, at least, for the hue and cry of many, "money, money, money." By means of one thorough canvass of the church, each year, in which the needs of the church for current expenses, pastor's salary, Conference and associational apportionments, and the needs of the various boards and societies are fully set forth and patiently explained; by means of such canvass, not only will time and ef-

fort be saved, better results obtained, but there will exist a better feeling among the members.

4. More regular contributors. Of this advantage little need be said. It is plain to see that a church will be in better condition for service where one hundred members are giving a thousand dollars than when a dozen men are paying the same amount. Indeed, facts would justify a much stronger statement than this. This advantage leads us to the last one I care to mention under the church; viz.

5. The training of our young people, the rising generation, to systematic giving.

Much that is best comes through careful training. "Line upon line, precept upon precept." Twenty years ago the plan was adopted of teaching the effects of alcohol and tobacco to the children in our public schools; today we are witnessing the movement that is to wipe the manufacture and sale of liquor out of America. Not so very many years ago we knew people who thought a preacher ought to labor without a salary, but you scarcely find a character of that kind today. It is the result of training along that line. People have been trained to give, but allowed to do so when convenient, with no thought of system or regularity. The adoption of the plan of systematic finance in our churches, I believe, means that the next generation will be relieved of many of the financial problems confronting us today, and left free to carry on the work of spreading truth and advancing the kingdom of God upon the earth. With God's blessing it must be so.

**B. To the Individual.**

Much that has been said of the value of systematic finance to the church may be affirmed of the individual, for the church is an organization composed of individuals.

It will help him

1. To be prompt and regular in meeting his obligations to the church. In such regularity and promptness he will not only continue in good standing in his church and community, but will maintain his dignity and increase his self-respect.

As a good citizen he pays his taxes promptly; as a member of his lodge he meets his dues and assessments when due; as a good provider for his family he pays his premiums on life and fire insurance to protect his loved ones. In so doing he

abides in good standing in the community and has the respect and esteem of his fellows, and can hold up his head among men as one who has done his duty to society. Why should a man stop short of his church? Why should he do less for the highest work of life? Let him be as regular and prompt in meeting his church obligations. That which will help him to do this is of value inestimable.

2. Increase his interest in church work. It is said that a man becomes interested in that in which he invests. When the investment is made in pastor, missions, Sabbath reform, education, temperance and such things, at frequent and regular intervals, his interest is bound to grow. Hence

3. His spirituality will be increased or developed.

When one gives for God's work he is drawn closer to Him for whom he gives. The idea of contributing to the Lord's work involves the notion of fellowship. It is an opportunity of communion and fellowship with our brothers and with God. Indeed, this is the radical meaning of the word rendered communicating to the necessity of the saints, Rom. 12:13; charge that they be willing to communicate, 1 Tim. 6:18; to communicate forget not, Heb. 13:16. Says Hastings Bible Dictionary on this point, "Each act of Christian alms-giving was a witness to the central principle of fellowship in the Christian society." Regular and frequent giving will emphasize this feeling of fellowship, and spiritual blessing will necessarily follow.

Dr. A. J. Gordon, in "God's Tenth," says "Other things being equal, that Christian who opens the broadest outlet for charity will find the widest inlet for the Spirit." And Prof. Brumbaugh, in "How Jesus Taught," says "When the heart is wide open on the Godward side, it will strive to catch the message of the eternal." That soul who has opened the door through regular and systematic giving will be filled with the Spirit and will catch the message.

"Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse that there may be food in my house, and prove me herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it." As a church, as individuals, we have grown lean of soul, too often, because of our neg-

lect in this respect. Do we pray for revivals? Do we lament the dearth of spirituality in our churches? May not the reason be found in empty treasuries, lack of "food in my house," the house of God. Brethren, let us take Jehovah at His word, and by "bringing the whole tithe into the storehouse," in other words, by adopting a systematic plan of church finance, prove God; for I am assured of Him and believe that by so doing the windows of heaven will be opened to us and blessings abundant, both spiritual and temporal, will be poured out upon us.

#### Sabbath-Keeping or Works and Salvation.

H. D. CLARKE.

It seems to me that much which appears contradictory in the discussion of the question is not really so. Sometimes we fail to put the construction on words or statements which the writer himself does. And so, many of us are not so far apart as we think. We all agree that our faith should and will produce good works. Otherwise it is not true faith. "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? Can faith save him?" As much as to say "No, without works you are not saved." The profession, to evince sincerity, must be accompanied by works. How did James show faith? "By my works." 2: 18. True love to God is evidenced by "Keeping the Commandments" or obedience. Obedience is works or fruits of faith. And yet Paul says that "by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." What law? Ceremonial or moral or both? Let those who know show whether he excepts the moral. The word translated justify occurs thirty-eight times in the New Testament and nearly all by Paul or his clerk and companion Luke. It seems to be a legal term meaning to declare one righteous before the law. Observe the word declare, not make. The saved person is a forgiven person. A forgiven man is a justified man. Forgiveness and justification are instantaneous though they may be separable in thought. Faith justifies. But justification never makes one free from God's law as a rule of life or duty. Rom. 6: 1. But does God treat a justified, forgiven man the same as he would if he had never sinned? No. Perhaps I ought to use the word secure rather

than treat. Salvation by faith secures us freedom from retributive justice, but not from chastisement in some way. Heb. 12: 4-11. It seems that the ground of justification or salvation is the work of Jesus Christ culminating in his death. Eph. 1: 7 and other passages. The condition of it is faith or trust. Faith or trust is evidenced by obedience henceforth or constant effort in overcoming sin or disobedience. Works, therefore, evidence our faith and salvation, and can not be separated from faith. "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only." James 2: 24. "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." 2: 17. Now this can not contradict Paul who says that we are "justified by faith without the deeds of the law." Rom. 3: 28. How are we justified before God? By faith. How is it proved? By works. Men see the works and know he is a believer. Yes, salvation is the free gift of God. Works have not bought it. Faith secured it, not purchased it. Nothing purchased it except the work of Jesus Christ. Does that then entirely exclude the thought or fact that works have nothing to do with salvation?

Hardly. No one who has written of late on this subject in the RECORDER claims that works alone can secure salvation. Mr. Sayre did not say that. And no one has claimed that works will not evidence faith or that saving faith will not show works. The only way to show that no works at all can enter into the deal is instant death after faith has been exercised. Even then, God "takes the will for the deed." The living Christian can no more be saved without works than without faith. His only difficulty will be, in what works consist. It may be in milking the cows better than before or washing the dishes better or with another motive and purpose. All the same, works will enter into his salvation in some way. Not as a ground of salvation, perhaps, but it is there and the man who says his works count for nothing must say his faith is dead.

This is no time for "hair-splitting." The real question for Seventh-day Baptists is, Have we a working faith? A faith that leads us to consistent Sabbath-keeping and all other commandment-keeping.

Does Sabbath-keeping save us? No matter about that. Does Sabbath-breaking save

us? Are we saved while breaking the Sabbath? Not if we have the knowledge of the truth. Is any man saved by knowingly breaking the fourth commandment which says the seventh day is the Sabbath? If so, then we have no mission on that line. If not, then we have a great mission. For there are thousands of professing Christians who frankly admit that there is no Sabbath but the one we teach, as Seventh-day Baptists. That is an admission that they do not work by faith. Their faith is dead. God is no respecter of persons. "The times of this ignorance God winked at." But there is much knowledge now. And this "reform" as it is called, is to get all men informed and to help them when informed to obey, or they are lost if God's word is true with respect to obedience as evidence of love. We are not judges. We do not know just how much knowledge or real understanding men have on this question. We may infer from their works one way or another. But the man who knows and has been convinced, but does not obey, how can he expect salvation? Yes, men obey and backslide and return to God, blessed thought and hope, but he who does not try and will not obey—well, we leave him in God's hands. Our duty or privilege is plain. We can not be saved and break God's plain Sabbath law. Who else can with the same knowledge? There is the point so many evade. That has been Mr. Sayre's argument so much misunderstood. The discussion or thoughts produced by all this investigation will bear good fruit. No writer is as far apart from others as is supposed.

Then let us all try to obey and lead others to obey even with salvation in view: for "Faith without works is dead"—dead. Faith without Sabbath-keeping to the man who knows truth, is dead. Are we dead?

#### The Southern Wisconsin Quarterly Meeting.

The midwinter session of this meeting has just been held with the church in Milton,—one of the best sessions for a long time. It was opened on Sabbath eve by an appropriate and excellent sermon by Rev. Geo. W. Lewis on "Witnesses for God," which was followed by a very fine spirited testimony service, in which a large number bore witness to the love of Christ and the excellence of the Christian service. On

Sabbath morning the Sabbath School lesson, on "Jesus and his First Disciples," was studied by large classes. At 11 o'clock an overflowing house listened with rapt attention to an inspiring sermon by President W. C. Daland on the "Ministry of Reconciliation," from 2 Tim. 5: 19, the dominant theme of all of Paul's writings and preaching. At 3 o'clock a large congregation again assembled and listened to an excellent sermon by Rev. T. J. Van Horn on the "Ministry of the Word," from Acts 6: 4. On First-day morning at 10 o'clock, at the ministerial conference part of the program, suggestive and helpful papers were read by two laymen,—Prof. A. B. West of Milton Junction, and D. L. Babcock of Albion, on the "Ministry for Our Times." This was followed by general discussion in which a large number participated, and in which the pastor's relations, both from the pulpit and in his private life, to social, moral, political and economic questions were treated. With a wide variety of opinions on this class of subjects, there was great unanimity of thought that the chief call upon the ministry of our times, as of all times, is the preaching of the themes, in some of their many forms, which were presented in the sermons of the preceding day. At 2:30 P. M., Rev. M. G. Stillman of Walworth gave an address on the "Ministry and Young People." It was based upon a portion of Paul's first letter to Timothy, 3: 1-7, and was an appeal to the young men to keep mind and heart open to the call of God to the ministry. The closing service was a consecration meeting led by Phil. L. Coon, President of the Milton Junction Endeavor Society, upon the Endeavor topic for the week:—"Songs of the Heart. II. How God Speaks to Men." The attendance was unusually large throughout, the weather was exceptionally fine, and every session was at high tide with interest.

L. A. PLATTS.

Milton, Jan. 20, 1908.

"For the days and for the nights,  
For our homes and their delights,  
For thy guidance all the way,  
Lord, we give thee thanks today!"

For the message of thy Word,  
For the love of Christ our Lord,  
For thy gracious Spirit's sway,  
Hear, O God, our praise today!"

## Missions

### Missionary Work in the Western Association.

We give the readers of the RECORDER a condensed report of missionary work done on the Western Association field:

#### To the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Board:

DEAR BRETHREN:—The following is a report of the committee of the Western Association ministerial supply for the pastorless churches and groups of Sabbath keepers, for the quarter ending December 31, 1907. Points supplied: Petrolia, Hebron, Hebron Centre and Blystone. Each of these places has been visited and had preaching once per month during the quarter, except Blystone, which has been visited but twice; in October by myself and in November by Brother A. J. C. Bond. At each of the visits made to the latter place, six meetings were held and the Sabbath question presented four times. There is quite an interest on this question in this section among some of the First-day people. We have good reason to believe that at least one person will accept the Sabbath if she has not already done so. This is a hopeful field. Petrolia is also a promising field, and the reports from different visitors are very encouraging. There are at least four at Petrolia who have offered themselves for baptism. This point has met all expenses. The Hebron churches need a settled pastor, the field requires the time of one man. There is one or more other points where Sabbath keepers reside but we have failed to get reply from them. The enclosed expense account shows more money received on the field than has been expended, by about \$3.00.

Respectfully submitted in behalf of the committee,

S. H. BABCOCK, *Chairman.*

*Little Genesee, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1908.*

#### Letter From the Gold Coast.

REV. E. B. SAUNDERS, *Ashaway, R. I.,*

DEAR SIR AND REV.:—I write you to say that we are having a vacation of one month. School will open again the 13th of Jan-

uary, 1908. I write to confirm what my brother has written, that we are dependent on you for help during our course of study. We need to attend regularly in order to obtain full marks and pass in our examinations. We commenced school late in the year, so were not allowed to pass the examinations by the inspector of the schools throughout the Coast line.

Now everything has been fully explained to you as to how things fare with us here on the Gold Coast. You may be pleased to deduct one pound, ten shillings, from the money that will be sent to us against the RECORDER account. We beg to write further and explain about the small church at Ayan Maim, which is owned by you, though we are the members and officers. It is for the present time not attended by any one. I went and laid the matter of caring for it and shepherding it before our elder brothers and uncle and they all said it is time for you to send and despatch missionaries from America for the care of the church to the united interest of the glory of God and the salvation of men. You will send some assorted tracts to the following persons who are anxious inquirers after the truth, after our mode and line of Bible interpretation. One copy of the bound volume of SABBATH RECORDER for 1907 may be sent to the Roman Catholic schoolmaster, of Anamaboe, along with a collection of tracts, as he is an anxious inquirer after the truth. Please attach the cost price to this volume. You may be given to understand that I have been wearying of frequent asking and inquiring from these people. Sample copies of the RECORDER must be sent to the Wesleyan schoolmaster of Cape Coast, C. E. Graves.

We beg to remain, with greetings to you all,

Yours very faithfully,

AMOS H. AND E. G. A. AMMOKOO.  
*Cape Coast, 13th December, 1907.*

#### Mother.

The sweetest, most sacred word in the English language, that refers to anything earthly, is mother. It is the supreme queen of such words—the great, towering mountain peak that stands in majestic grandeur, reaching far above all others, and pointing directly to heaven. As the mountain peak pierces the sky's deepest vaults of bluest

blue, so that word reaches far into heaven's fathomless depths, and is surrounded by a halo of the Divine presence and glory.

Mother, such as God is pleased with, is the greatest and highest and richest gift Heaven ever sent to a boy or girl. Patient, loving, gentle, ever-watchful, ever-solicitous mother, lingers in influence and memory, in the treasure-chambers of the inner life, to bless her child long after the cares and hurry of years have shot the hair full of gray, and plowed furrows relentlessly across cheek and brow,—even down to life's sunset, where it aids in softening the pillows of death.

She watched by her baby's crib when all about her was hushed in slumber, and sent oft-repeated prayers up to Him who sits on the Great White Throne of power above, asking Divine guidance and wisdom to help her lead her child up the difficult path before her, into Heaven-crowned purity and nobility of manhood or womanhood.

As the shepherd carries the helpless lamb in his bosom, as the Saviour carries the struggling child of God on his heart, so mother bears her child in her mind and heart. No task is too difficult and exhausting, no service too wearying and nerve-wrecking, no night too long or dark for mother's watching over the little life-treasure sent her of God. That cooling hand of mother-sympathy on the brow in youthful days when we were tossing and burning with fever when all others had left us, has left its blessing. That same hand and heart warmed by the altar fires of love, lighted by the Divine fire from heaven, comforted us when the great world-heart was cold and unfeeling. Even when her love and tender ministrations were not reciprocated and our hearts were not responsive, her affections were not withdrawn and her solicitations were none the less.

Many young people, and many in mature life are kept from going wrong by memories of mother. When temptations come, her influence lingering with them is so great they hesitate before taking the wrong step and ask their better selves, "What would mother do? Would it please or grieve mother, if she knew?" Thus true mother-devotion never dies. Her life is lived again in son or daughter. As Mother Garfield's life was reproduced in

the life of her son, James A., so, many a mother who long since has gone to Heaven is still living on earth in the life of son or daughter.

The true mother not only receives her crown of glory with God, but her shining crown of motherhood, devotion and glory is kept bright on earth in the memory and life of her child. There is nothing higher, purer, more nearly Divine in all the wide range of human possibilities than God-ordained motherhood.

Many young men or women in school, or when just starting out to make their way in the world's hurry, or later in its busy grind, when lonely and weary, and perplexed and anxious, and crushed by discouragements, shut it all out and spend a brief time in prayer to God, and in thoughts of mother. Thus comforted, refreshed, and re-inspired, they plod on with renewed courage, redoubled diligence, and determination, climbing over difficulties to success and victory.

Many a weary and discouraged mother has felt that her sleepless nights of anxiety, her prayers, efforts and tears for her child were all lost. But could she look back from the far-away hills of God that fringe the shores of the eternities, and really know how her earth-life is being lived again, incarnated in the life of the child she loved more than her own life, heaven would be brighter, its music sweeter, and the smiles of her Saviour would have a fuller glory and benediction for her.

We frequently pass by the open graves of dear ones down in the city of the dead, but never by the open grave of mother but once. When we do pass that way, it is one of the great events of our lives. Our heart is never again the same. There is a vacancy no other can fill. Home is never again the same. Mother's old arm chair is vacant in the family living room. The low sewing chair is unoccupied, and the unused work-basket still stands by it near her favorite sunny window, and at the table we miss her again.

Many remember mother as we thought of her in childhood days. It appeared to our youthful minds that she was threading life's pathway with one hand held securely in the hand of her Saviour, while with the other she was leading us to the Lord she so devotedly loved and served. There is dis-

tinctly a memory-picture of her kneeling form and heart-burdened prayer at the family altar. Again, in quiet Sabbath-hours did we sometimes find her in the hush of her own room—her Holy of Holies, with the open Bible on her lap, with her finger resting on the twenty-third Psalm, or the fourteenth of John. Her eyes were closed, her head bent, her lips moving without voice. We stole quietly away from the sacred spot without disturbing her devotions, knowing "mother was talking with God."

Such a mother, sending out such influences down into the deepest recesses of her boy's or girl's life, has been the mighty tower of strength to them. The memory of such a mother has been the guiding star of many of the world's struggling toilers, to lead them to the same Saviour who was sought by the star-led "wise men of the far east," as they came to Bethlehem's manger-cradled babe, and by every penitent soul since their day.

When mother goes to the "shining shore," one great shore-line is thrown off from earth and another mighty cable-tie binds us to the anchorage grounds in the harbor of God. The crossing is near. The waiting will not be long. Only a little handful of time is left us here. All eternity, and mother, and the Saviour she loved and served while on earth are before us awaiting our coming.

GEO. W. HILLS, in *Nortonville News*.

#### Tract Society—Executive Board Meeting.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, Plainfield, New Jersey, on Sunday, Jan. 12, 1908, at 2 o'clock P. M., President Stephen Babcock in the chair. Members present: Stephen Babcock, C. C. Chipman, A. H. Lewis, W. M. Stillman, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, Corliss F. Randolph, H. M. Maxson, W. C. Hubbard, Asa F. Randolph, T. L. Gardiner, W. H. Crandall, Esle F. Randolph, C. W. Spicer, M. L. Clawson, O. S. Rogers, A. L. Titsworth, and Business Manager, N. O. Moore.

Visitors: Iseus F. Randolph, Orson Rogers.

Prayer was offered by Rev. T. L. Gardiner, D. D.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Supervisory Committee reported a new ruling of the Post Office Department with regard to postal rates on newspapers, which affects subscribers who are in arrears for the SABBATH RECORDER, and on motion it was voted to refer the matter to the Supervisory Committee, the Editor of the RECORDER, and the Business Manager, with power. The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported that the post office ruling above referred to also affects the present plan of mailing the special monthly edition of the RECORDER and on motion it was voted to reduce the monthly edition to 4,000 copies.

The Treasurer presented his report for the second quarter which on motion was referred to the Auditing Committee.

Correspondence was received from B. F. Langworthy, enclosing bill for the Society's share of expenses and services in the Nathan Wardner will case and on motion the bill amounting to \$100.13 was ordered paid.

Correspondence was received from Rev. George Seeley, enclosing obituary of Mrs. Seeley for publication in the next monthly edition of the RECORDER and the reply of Cor. Sec. Lewis to Brother Seeley was read to the Board.

The Recording Secretary reported having sent a letter of sympathy to Rev. Geo. Seeley as voted at the last meeting, and a reply to the same was read expressing his gratitude to the Board for their expressed sympathy. Secretary Lewis stated in general some plans and methods he is pursuing in the preparation of his new book entitled "The Spiritual Value of Sabbath Observance," the first five chapters of which are now about completed.

Correspondence was received from M. H. Van Horn regarding the program for Tract Society hour at Conference, and on motion it was voted that we suggest Editor T. L. Gardiner as the Chairman of the Conference Tract Society Committee, and that Sec. Lewis, Editor Gardiner and the Recording Secretary be a committee on program for the Tract Society hour at Conference.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,  
Rec. Sec.

#### The Hunter Who Was Cured.

Without any nature-faking or any mawkishness, Dr. Henry Smith Williams describes the drama of a wounded bird.

"The bird at which the boy had fired thrust down its legs and wobbled as if about to fall; then recovered itself and flew on, its legs dangling. A chance shot had apparently broken its back, paralyzing the legs, but leaving it still strength enough to fly a certain distance. Trained hunter as he was, the boy watched the wounded bird, and marked the exact spot where it finally dropped at the edge of a cornfield half a mile away.

"I think I'll go after it," said the youth.

"Nonsense," said Luther; "it's half a mile away and you have all you want without it."

"But the bird is wounded. I hate to have it lie out there and suffer."

"Oh, it's probably dead; or if it isn't some skunk or weasel will kill it tonight. Come along."

"It was nearly sunset, and the youth was tired after the long tramp of the day. It would be a long trip over to the cornfield for weary legs—and then perhaps to find the bird dead. Already it was supper time at home, and he had a hunter's appetite. So he allowed himself to be overpersuaded, and the two tramped homeward.

"But the grouse that had fallen over in the cornfield was not dead. Nor, as it chanced, was its wound of a kind to produce speedy death. The injury did, however, render the bird utterly helpless. Once it had dropped to the earth, it could not rise again. Nor could it move about on the ground, for its legs were paralyzed completely. It lay on the bare earth, sheltered by the cornstalks from the eyes of hawks, and where there was not much danger that a marauding beast would find it. But there was no food at hand. It was doubtful even whether the bird would be able to sip a few drops of dew from a cornstalk to quench the thirst that its wound must develop.

"Quite obviously fate had marked the grouse for a lingering death of torture. Its wound, already painful, must become more so with the lapse of time. Insects would come in phalanxes to pester it. Hunger and thirst would add their modicum of agony. The greatest mercy it could hope for would be the coming of some skunk or

weasel, as the hunter had suggested, to put it out of misery. But no such messenger of speedy death chanced to come that way."

Dr. Williams describes the church service the following Sunday morning, and the awakening of the boy's mind to a fear that the wounded grouse might not have died all these days, and he goes on:

"The youth's soul was undergoing development in that half hour. He was making one of those short cuts from point of view to point of view. He was passing—little as he realized it—from the barbarian-hunter stage to a plane of broader sympathies.

"All through the lesson he sat brooding the same thoughts, and as he left the church the idea of the wounded bird had taken full possession of his mind. Instead of going home, he set out for the field where he had shot the grouse. He believed he might find the bird even yet. At least he would try.

"A good memory and a keen eye enabled him to go about the point of the field from which the grouse had flushed; and over by the cornfield he noted the exact point—marked by a peculiar fence post—where the wounded bird had gone down. He went directly to it, and had scarcely entered the cornfield when his dog came to a point. There ahead on the ground lay the bird, stretched at full length. It made no effort to escape as he came up. It was too near death to fear him or anything, its eyes half closed, its bill agape, as it feebly gasped for breath.

"In an instant the youth was on his knees beside the bird, a great lump in his throat, his eyes staring as if they would start from their sockets. The meaning of it all came to him with the force of a blow. Mechanically, he brushed away the insects that gathered about the wound in the bird's back. He stroked the soiled plumage tenderly. He found himself calculating the hours that the grouse had lain there suffering. It had happened Wednesday and this was Sunday—24, 48, 72, about 90 hours; yes, fully 90. What a cruel stretch of torture! The youth recalled an occasion when he had had a toothache for two hours that had seemed interminable; and the meaning of that 90 hours of pain came home to him yet more vividly. In an agony of remorse



he knelt there, thinking, thinking. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them a few moments later the grouse had ceased to breathe.

"The youth rose suddenly and walked to the verge of the cornfield. He selected a spot in a fence corner, and began to dig a hole. The ground was hard, and he had nothing but his knife and a piece of stick to aid him; but he persevered the more stubbornly as his fingers became sore from digging. When the grave was deep enough, the youth went after the body of the grouse and took it up very tenderly, as if so much of suffering had given it sacredness. He laid the poor thing carefully in the ground, smoothing its every feather. Then he resolutely scooped in the dirt till the grave was filled and carefully smoothed over.

"It was a thoughtful youth who walked slowly homeward across the fields that autumn day. He was asking himself what right he had to inflict such suffering as that. What manner of friend to the birds was he that could wish only to kill them? What pleasure could he get in future in shooting always with the possibility of reenacting the tragedy of the cornfield?

"Long before he reached home, the youth had made up his mind. He knew that he should never shoot his gun again. He had entered a new phase of life. The desire to kill was no longer strong in him. The instinct of the hunter had left him forever."—*Appleton's Magazine*.

#### The Drain Upon the Forests.

*They are being cut three times as fast as they grow.*

Since 1880 the sources of lumber supply have undergone remarkable changes. The first change was in the regions from which the principal kinds of lumber were procured, and this was followed by the substitution of other kinds of wood in their places. Neither the centers of the lumber industry nor the leading classes of woods are the same as they were twenty-five years ago. In 1880, nine States—Michigan, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, New York, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Washington—produced 52.8 per cent, or more than half of the total lumber production of the United States. In 1906 these States produced 51.5 per cent, practically the same proportion, but the changes which

have taken place in the output of individual States are very striking. Michigan, for instance, cut 23 per cent of the total in 1880 and but 5.6 per cent in 1906; Louisiana cut 0.7 per cent of the total in 1880 and 7.5 per cent in 1906; Washington furnished but 0.9 per cent of the lumber production of 1880 and 11.5 per cent of that of 1906. The cutting out of the virgin timber in the North and East has been followed by increased drains upon the forest reserves of the South and West.

Despite these conditions the amount of timber required has increased year by year. The increase in consumption of timber since 1880 has been more rapid than the increase of the population, and greater than in any similar period in the history of the country. This shows in a striking manner how much the nation depends upon forest products, and indicates how greatly all interests must suffer as lumber becomes scarcer and dearer.

Statistics gathered by the Bureau of the Census and the Forest Service show that the quantities of timber used last year for lumber, shingles, ties, pulpwood, cooperage stock, mine timbers, lath, distillation, veneer, poles, tanning, and turpentine and rosin, expressed in board feet, reach a total of approximately 50 billion feet.

While these drains upon the forest are known with reasonable certainty, there are others of which there is no record. These are the demands for posts, fuel, and domestic purposes, regarding which it is more difficult to obtain information, because the products often pass through no market, but are consumed on the farm where they were produced. Careful estimates, however, place the total of wood used for fuel alone at an equivalent of 50 billion feet a year.

It will be seen, then, that the present consumption of wood in all forms is above 100 billion board feet annually. Estimating the forest area of the United States at from 500 to 700 million acres, and the annual growth at 60 board feet per acre, the increase is from 30 to 42 billion feet. At this rate, the annual growth barely equals the amount consumed for lumber alone. Considering all the drains, the annual consumption of wood is probably three times the annual growth. Detailed estimates of standing timber range from 1,400 to 2,000 billion feet. Using the larger figure, and

considering the annual growth of 40 billion feet, it appears that there is not more than a thirty-three years' supply of timber in this country at the present rate of consumption.

At present only about 22 per cent of our total forest area is in State or National Forests, the remainder being unreserved public lands or in private hands. The forest area is amply sufficient, if rightly managed, to produce eventually enough timber to supply all our needs. Yet private owners, as well as the State and National Governments, must use their forest lands in a right way if we are to maintain our timber supply.

Circular 120, just issued by the Forest Service, contains a discussion of the drains upon the forests and the sources and the duration of the timber supply. This publication will be sent free upon application to the Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.—*The Forester*.

#### Rescue the Perishing

I heard today a new Fanny Crosby story. It came to me in connection with a service in honor of her birthday. How forcefully it emphasizes this anonymous verse:

"Ours is the seed-time. God alone  
Beholds the end of what is sown;  
Beyond our vision weak and dim  
The harvest-time is hid with Him."

The story relates to the birth of her hymn, "Rescue the Perishing." The aged authoress was at the Jerry McAuley Mission one evening many years ago. The sermon had been preached and the invitation given without any response on the part of the unsaved present, when Fanny Crosby arose and said:

"I wonder if there is not some mother's boy present, who is willing to stand up and say by that act that he has a desire to know Jesus Christ. For his mother's sake I would like to put my arm around him, and pray for him." Away in the rear of the room a young man arose and said, "Yes, he's here."

The young man was invited to the platform. Fanny Crosby put her arms of love about him, and knelt with him in prayer. He found Jesus Christ, and went out gloriously saved.

As the aged saint and the wandering boy

arose from the prayer, the former turned to the audience and said, "Friends, we ought to rescue the perishing." In the sentence was the suggestion for the song. Instantly she addressed her attendant with the words, "Take me to my room, quick!" "Rescue the Perishing" was written that night.

Fanny Crosby told this story, in substance, in a service in a little country town a few years ago. A gray-headed man arose and interrupted her as she spoke. "Miss Crosby, that's true. I'm the young man of the story. God has graciously kept me His child ever since that night."—*Christian Endeavor World*.

#### The Young Man that Mr. Carnegie Prefers.

Richard P. Crane, a man of wealth in Chicago, in a recent speech declared that Mr. Carnegie might as well have thrown into the lake the twelve million dollars with which he built and endowed the Carnegie Technological Schools in Pittsburg. Mr. Carnegie writes him a letter stating that he has no time to devote to the defense of technical education, and does not think that it needs any defense, and then says:

You ask me four questions. To the first I answer that when I started in business I did not know of one technically educated mechanic, but several families in Pittsburg were sending their young men to Troy, and especially to Boston. One of them happened to be a relative, and he has made a great success, and is a partner now in one of the leading firms for special steels. I do not believe that he would have achieved this so rapidly had it not been for his superior education. If I were in business today the young man whom I would take into my service would be the most highly educated mechanic.

This answers all four of your questions, and I should like to ask you one in return. The apprenticeship system is a thing of the past. What do you propose as a substitute? The best one, and the one better than the original, is to give instructions to young men in technical schools.—*Christian Advocate*.

"Only when we match our work with the best of models will we be able to see most clearly our many defects."

## Woman's Work

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

Where there's a will, there's a way.

Why is the Master so patient yet  
In the world where wrong is wrought?  
Takes He no heed of the riot of sin  
While His will is treated as naught?  
Could He not thunder His judgments down  
Where the men His power defy?  
Oh, the Master is great through His gentleness—  
"He shall not strive nor cry."

Not in the whirlwind, nor in the storm,  
But the still small voice of love  
Is His power to reach to the world's hard heart,  
And its rebel will to move;  
He finds His way through the silences,  
He hears the prayer of a sigh;  
In wooing whispers the Master pleads—  
"He shall not strive nor cry."

How does the Kingdom of Heaven grow?  
Never through war or noise,  
But as the snowdrops do in spring,  
And as love through household joys.  
No blatant trumpet, no rush of war  
Proclaims the Christ-King nigh,  
Though the kingdoms of earth shall all be His,  
"He shall not strive nor cry."

He shall not fail, nor discouraged be,  
For Him the isles shall wait,  
He shall ever reign from sea to sea,  
All nations shall call Him great.  
And thus shall His kingdom be ushered in,  
As the light in the eastern sky,  
He shall save the world by the might of love—  
"He shall not strive nor cry."  
—Marianne Farningham.

### Out on the Firing Line.

(Concluded.)

"When they can read the Bible, then the truth gets into the women's hearts, and not till then." She is a beautiful little woman who said this to me a few weeks since, in another coast town at the end of that eastward road. Two years ago she went to Ciong-geng, to find that not one woman had ever heard the name of God. It is a town filled with wild, rough people, both men and women, unlike Kong-cheng in almost every respect except the two places are alike wicked and heathen to the core. Mrs. Cimi is a woman of much refinement, brought

up among select circles in Foochow, and it was as much of a cross for her to go alone into that barbarous region as for a cultured American lady to live in our slums. But she has met the situation with splendid courage, and maintained her perfect grace of manner amidst all the crudities of a semi-savage people. Day by day she labored and prayed, until now she has a group of ten bright young women about her, who meet daily to read God's Word and learn to worship Him. The change that has taken place in those ten faces during the last year, and the intelligence that marks them from their associates, are miracles of the grace of God—miracles that only he can read who understands something of how unyielding is the evil grip of their pagan worship upon heathen minds.

This is why it is not enough simply to tell the Gospel. Sometimes, thank God, a word of truth will lodge, even in the heart of a hopelessly ignorant heathen woman, and bloom into life eternal, though she has heard His story but once. Such a miracle—for it can be nothing less—is very, very rare; the average woman must be taught over and over, more simply than one teaches tiny children, for her mind is dulled by long disuse, and the silly superstitions of half a lifetime have hardened into faith. So ponderous are the gates that must be lifted, ere the King of Glory can come in!

So it comes about that in a dozen towns and cities scattered over the plain, half a hundred women gather daily for Christian teaching during eight months of the year. It is our privilege to go often to these classes, and to take such encouragement as we can to the teachers and students. We are grateful that the women are able and willing to come at any price; we are especially grateful that for a year and a half they have been willing to come, often at the cost of sacrifice, for no other reward than the instruction they receive. And we thank God most of all for that band of devoted teachers who, each in her own hard place, is accomplishing so much for the Kingdom.

And because the women have been willing to read without pay, we were able this year not only to open five new classes, but also to bring all our faithful co-workers up to the big house on our Diong-loh hill for an all-week's conference. Missionary

friends made the cause their own, and through them God gave real food to His servants. They came up with hunger of soul; they went home with a new craving—the hunger to win souls. So we began a campaign for the purely heathen women, spending several days in each center where a class is stationed, and visiting many a village where the story that makes a new heaven and a new earth has never once been told. I know not which was greater, the heartache we felt at the sight of such soul poverty, or the simple joy that we can speak the Word, and they are willing to hear.

Many a heathen heart has responded, the Lau-sang class has increased from two members to seven. We see flashes of intelligent interest now in faces that showed but blank indifference before. We learn to thank God when this is true, and try to hold on with courage when hardened old hearts remain hard and cynical still. There was no easy way for Christ to win the souls of men; there is none for you or me. But His Word shall not return unto Him void. In all their pitiful dulness some will listen, will remember; and that Word shall be the gate of Heaven to their souls.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is a beautiful way home from Kong-cheng—not the hot, sandy road we followed yesterday, which indeed is shorter; but a little path along the foot hills, through lovely woodlands and rapturous wild tangles, that hide temples, exquisite and old. It leads suddenly into a huge town, under the beetling mountain—a town where they say our God has never once been preached.

In her doorway sits an old, old woman, bent and gnarled, who looks up dimly as we approach.

"Good Mother, how old are you?"

"What did you say?" The diseased old eyes peer into our faces with vague wonder.

We repeat our question.

"Oh! I am more than eighty—more than eighty." And she smiles at us—a cracked, pitiful smile, and chafes our hands gently in her knotted claws.

"Good Mother, did you ever hear of God?"

"What is that? No, I never heard."

More than eighty years, without once having heard of God! Oh, think of the

light that has fairly flooded your life and mine, against her eighty black, empty years! What a sickening sense of guilt creeps over us at the thought! How well some neglected ray might have been spared to shine down the long dismal valley of her life, and lead her safely home!

If I were to paint the most desolate thing in all the world, I should paint this wreck of a human soul. Prudence says, all wisely, that our best effort should be given to the young, who have years before them that may be lived for God; but there is an inexpressible appeal in these forlorn, starved old creatures, whose only attraction is their unattractiveness. One longs for a hundred strong men and women to win the young to the Lord; but almost more keenly—because their days are now so few on earth—one longs for a little company of angels, possessed of heavenly patience and infinite tenderness to work for the very old.

She has called for a stool and invited us in—the Oriental is courteous, to his latest breath. Instantly the dark little house is filled with women and children, till more than a hundred have crowded in,—all shy and friendly, but so ragged, so sickly, so unclean! And we pray for power to make some little part of His great message simple enough for their poor cramped minds to grasp.

There are other old women, not so infirm, who bend near with eager faces as we tell of the Father's house, where is neither pain, nor hunger, nor weariness, nor poverty, nor tears. The young people stare at us with curious eyes, their thought filled only with our strange dress and ways; but to these aged ones, for whom life lies only a drear waste behind, with a black and awful death all too near, the old, new hymn, "There is a happy land far, far away," holds out a radiant hope—a hope they hunger to win.

We teach them a simple prayer, and the gaunt, wrinkled faces draw close, and the trembling lips all falteringly strive to catch our words, like a talisman that should one day open Heaven's door for them—"Lord Jesus, forgive my sins." It is quite too hard to remember,—till one at last is sure she knows it! She will say it night and morning as long as she lives and teach it to her neighbors—"Lord, Jesus, make me a sinner!" And we know the pitying Father accepts her heart's honest prayer, though

the lips know not how to speak it. A younger woman, holding a poor deformed child, with care written large on her lips and brow, asks wistfully, "Is it true, really true, that He will hear?" We know what her prayer is—that her child's life might be spared; and without skilled surgery this is impossible. How one longs for the healing touch, or the presence of another who has it! Still we gladly assure her that He indeed does hear. Childish voices are singing the chorus we taught them, as we ride away. There lies the old, old heathen town, under the beetling mountain, just as it has lain through numberless generations, sunk deep in disease and misery and sin. Not a human soul within its walls has ever before today called upon the name of the Lord. Must this be what the eye of Christ looks down upon "after the passion of two thousand years?"

There was one gleam of promise in that hopeless town—a modest gleam, in a brown paper cover; it was a language primer just put into the hands of a young woman of the village. She knows only a few letters, but they spell out the preface of a tale with a golden ending. We learn sweet bits of that beautiful story all along the homeward way, as we stop here and there to look in on the Bible classes, and read in many a woman's face what great things the Lord hath done for her soul.

The ripe day is done when all weary, we reach our own hilltop, under the flaming sky. And now all the world is filled with a great glory. It rolls down over mountain and glistening plain, and gilds the little rivers, and the dull gray roofs of the villages. There is a great glory coming one day to Diong-loh. How our eyes long to see it! Yet we rejoice to be here in the early, early morning when we can watch the dusk creep away from the plain out to the dim violet hills, and the pale gold rim of the sea.—Mrs. Evelyn M. Worthley Sites, in *Woman's Work in the Far East*.

**News Item.**

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.—Last November, the President, Mrs. Crofoot, invited the Ladies' Aid Society of Independence, to meet at her home. Work was planned and means of raising money discussed. As the church is in need of a new furnace, it was proposed that each member earn one dol-

lar for that object and tell in original rhyme how she earned it. At an evening meeting the poems were read and three prizes were offered. As the judges, whom the President had selected from among the gentlemen, were unable to agree, a compromise was effected. The first prize,—a cake—was cut in as many pieces as there were poems, and passed around; the second prize—an orange,—was divided between our two oldest members—Mrs. Caroline Green and Mrs. Selucia Livermore; the third or booby prize—a lemon—was given to the lady who had no poem and the man who promised to help her compose one, but failed. The result was fourteen very pleasing poems and twenty-two dollars added to the treasury. Money raised in other ways will increase the furnace fund to about forty-six dollars.

We have voted ten dollars for the Fouke School, and fifteen dollars for the Woman's Board for the present year.

We decided to divide our society into sections to serve refreshments at our meetings, and also to invite those not members to work with us. This plan has been very encouraging to us, as every one asked has been very willing to join with us in all our work, and two new members have been added to our roll.

Our barrel of clothing, valued at \$19.00, was sent to the Home for the Friendless, New York, at Christmas. SEC.

**Woman's Board.**

*Receipts for November.*

Mrs. Emma Coon Witter, Wausau, Wis., Tract Society .....	\$ 5 00
Ladies' Aid Society, Adams Centre, N. Y., Tract Society .....	20 00
Missions .....	20 00
Total .....	\$ 45 00

*December Receipts.*

Milton, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, Sale of Post Cards .....	35
Jennie B. Morton Scholarship fund ..	\$ 50 00
Mrs. C. W. Green, Milton, Tract Society debt .....	1 00
Gentry, Ark., Ladies' Aid Society, Unappropriated .....	12 00
Plainfield, N. J., Woman's Society for Christian Work:	
Missionary Society .....	\$25 00
Miss Burdick .....	20 00
Tract Society .....	25 00
Board Expense .....	5 00—
Brookfield, N. Y., Woman's Missionary Aid Society:	
Tract Society .....	\$10 00

Woman's Board Expenses .....	5 00—	15 00
Nile, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society:		
Tract Society Debt .....	\$5 00	
Miss Burdick's salary .....	5 00—	10 00
Milton Junction, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, Tract Society debt.....		21 00
Total .....		\$184 35

MRS. GEO. R. BOSS, Treas.

Milton, Jan. 14, 1908.

**Deacon Lee's Opinion.**

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the preacher. The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion, and inquire as to the reason why there had been no conversions for two or three years past.

"Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and, after a little thought, frankly answered, "No, I don't."

"Do you think the churches are alive to the work before them?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler in Zion; and taking courage, he asked,

"Do you think, Mr. B—a very extraordinary man?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think his sermon on 'Their eyes were holden,' anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold, after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked: "Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and 'hire' another?"

The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow, and, in a tone louder than his wont, shouted,

"No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest,

not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man, rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity, and don't you tempt me to break them!"

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, unmovable man, and asked, "What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness, I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled, and the pews filled with those who turned away from the simplicity of the gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a fool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. We thought we were doing God service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work, and said we considered his work ended in B—, where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about, and criticising, and crushing, instead of upholding, by our efforts and our prayer, the instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessings. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of the gospel with half-a-dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as a dead weight to the wheels; he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer till, worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone, when God came among us by His Spirit to show that He had blessed the labors of His dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken, and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson that he who toucheth one of his servants 'toucheth the apple of his eye.' I heard my former pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me,

set out on a twenty-five miles' ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with a spirit which any woman ought to exhibit towards one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said—and her words were arrows to my soul—"He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish!"

"Had it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labors had, through Christ, brought me into His fold; who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement; and who had, till designing men had alienated us, been to me as a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him? 'God pity me!' I cried, 'what have I done?' I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and implored her for Christ's sake to let me kneel before His dying servant, and receive his forgiveness. What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever, as my flesh and blood; but no such happiness was in store for me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes, and said, 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My Pastor! My Pastor!' Then raising his white hand, he said in a deep, impressive voice, '*Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.*' I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit.

"I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he had been to me. I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless children; but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was, '*Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!*'

"I stayed by him all night, and at day-break I closed his eyes. I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but, like a heroine, she said, 'I freely forgive you; but my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused

it. He has left us all with his covenant God, and He will care for us.'

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and from that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before my dream, saying, '*Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!*' These words followed me until I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for His sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, even if they are not perfect; and since that day, sir, I have supported my pastor, even if he is not a 'very extraordinary man.' My tongue shall 'cleave to the roof of my mouth,' and 'my right hand forget her cunning,' before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as with those who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God if perhaps the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the newcomer's efforts. There is often great power in the little word "No," but sometimes, and in some circumstances, it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Day and night the ceaseless hum of the city goes on. It is not the roll of the myriad omnibuses on the thoroughfares; it is not the harsh rattle of the underground trains; it is not the murmur of the million voices, harshly or tenderly speaking, madly or mockingly laughing; it is not the roar of the machinery, or the echo of the innumerable feet. Deeper than any of these, inspiring at once terror, pity and love, it is the sound formed of many tones, containing the strident notes of evil laughter and the faint echo of tender sighs, with an undertone of endless and measureless yearning, and a wild note of joy and love:—it is the sound of humanity which the Earth Spirit at the humming loom of Time forever is weaving, as the revealing yet concealing garment of God.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

## Children's Page

### Fritz, the Fox Terrier.

M. A. S.

Fritz did not have a high pedigree; he was just a little mongrel yellow dog partly fox terrier. At first he had long, soft, silky ears, but his cross mother snapped at him and bit off one of these; then his master trimmed the other one to try to make it match the injured member, but failed to cut it close enough, so that they never were mates. "That puppy is a spoiled dog," said the master, "I shall have to drown him." "Oh, don't do that!" said my brother, "Give the puppy to me. I will take good care of him!" So the little trembling puppy rode home in my brother's pocket.

"Why, what have you there, Will?" said mother. "We do not want a puppy to bring up, especially such a homely one as that, and we don't want a dog anyway." "Oh, mother, please let me keep him! Just see his beautiful brown eyes. He will be a very intelligent dog. I know, and he will have to be drowned if we don't keep him. Please, mother!" So the puppy staid, and was named Fritz. He never was very mischievous for a puppy, though once or twice Will's hat suffered by being dragged under the stove and gnawed upon, and the turkey's wing which mother kept for brushing up ashes had to be renewed pretty often.

When Will went to get Fritz's license the officer asked what kind of a dog he was. "I don't know," said my brother. "You must name some kind of a dog," said the officer. "He isn't of any particular kind," answered the boy. "But he must be some kind in order to get a license. I shall set him down as a mastiff if you don't know what he is." So the little yellow mongrel, eight inches tall, was registered as a mastiff.

His training as a trick dog soon began and his first accomplishment was to learn to sit up and beg. It was funny to hear Will teaching him. "Sit up, sir! Sit down! Sit up! Sit down!" for at first the puppy did not know what was expected of him. Finally Will braced him up in a corner and rewarded him with candy when he sat still

there holding up his fore paws. Fritz soon learned to sit up anywhere, and he used this begging trick to his own good advantage; for he looked so cunning holding up his little paws that we could not refuse him dainty morsels even in the dining-room where mother did not like to have him fed. If the first person took no notice of him he would try the next and the next, until he had been all around the table. Soon he learned to jump over a stick, or through Will's arms held up like a hoop, and then to roll over, and to play "Dead dog." "Poor little dog," we would say, "see the poor little dead dog!" but not a muscle would he move until the signal "All right" was given. Fritz was very fond of little pear-shaped clove candies and Will usually kept a supply in his pocket. If one was tossed up in the air Fritz would catch it so quickly that you could not see where it went. Sometimes Will would lay a row of candies on the floor. "You can't have them yet," he would say, and though Fritz trembled all over with eagerness he never would touch the candies until permission was given.

The little dog's most useful accomplishment was picking up things that had been dropped upon the floor. We had a sofa in the sitting-room that had a little space between the seat and the back. It stood in a sunny corner where mother liked to sit and sew, but her spools were always falling off at the back. "Pick it up, Fritz," we would say, and the little fellow would run under the lounge and come out with the spool in his mouth. He took it upon himself to pick up all of mother's dropped spools and thimbles which made such a noise upon the hard-wood floor that he could hear them all over the house. This noise of anything dropping would wake him out of a sound sleep, and he would come dragging himself in with eyes half shut and a funny expression which seemed to say, "I am willing to pick them up for you, but I do wish you would not drop so many when I am taking my nap." He also brought in the letters when Will came back from the post office, carrying each to its proper owner as told to do, for he knew every member of the family by name.

Fritz was very fond of going down street but was not allowed to go unaccompanied. Every morning when Will started

for school the dog would be on hand ready for an invitation. "Would you like to go a little way with me?" would be answered by joyous wags of the tail. So he was allowed to go as far as the stone coping, three houses below ours. "Now you can't go any further. You must go back." Then the little fellow would stand on the coping and watch until Will was out of sight when he would turn and trot back to our yard. The big lawn at the side of the house gave the puppy ample room to race and play. How he would tear around in circles and figure 8's, just for the fun of exercise! He was not supposed to go out of this yard without permission, and though he ran out sometimes to bark at passing teams he never went far away. He had a number of playfellows among the dogs of the neighborhood. One little curly black fellow and he used to have great fun pulling at the opposite ends of an old rope. I longed to be an artist at such times, so that I might paint a picture of "The Tug of War." A smooth little yellow dog would have been at one end of the rope and a shaggy black one at the other, each with feet braced and pulling with all his might.

Fritz went with us a number of summers to Wallaquisset Beach. He loved to dig in the sand as well as a child does, and would dig away very fast until he had a hole larger than his own body. When he was completely tired out we would lay him down in the hole he had dug and cover him all up with sand except his head. He liked to go in bathing, too, and would run after sticks that we threw into the water.

Once mother and I were going on a visit. As soon as the trunk was brought down from the attic Fritz began to take notice, and he followed me about all day while I was doing the packing. When I took my nap in the afternoon he lay on the mat outside my door, for he seemed determined not to let me escape him. At supper time he came and lay down on the edge of my dress. "Look at this," I said in a low tone, "he thinks we are going to Wallaquisset." "Thump, thump, thump," went his tail on the floor, saying as plainly as a dog could, "Yes, I do, and I want to go too." We slipped away on the evening train after Fritz was shut up for the night. When we came back what a demonstration he made! He jumped up into our laps, kissed

our hands and our faces, then raced around the room as if crazy, wagging all over until it really seemed as if the tail was wagging the dog. Mother often said that her own children might be as glad to see her as Fritzie was, but that they certainly did not show it as plainly.

We all became much attached to the little dog. Poor fellow, we killed him with kindness, for too much candy is no better for a dog than it is for a child. He sickened and died when a little more than five years old, and we buried him in the garden under an apple tree. One day the next May mother looked out of the window and saw a company of the neighbor's children standing in a circle, singing a patriotic song. "What are you doing, children?" she asked. "Oh, they answered," we are decorating the poor little doggie's grave." So it seems that the verse originally written for Mother Hubbard's dog may well apply to Fritz:

"This wonderful dog, so sagacious and cunning,

Can never grow feeble and old,  
He lives just the same in the hearts of the children.

And now my story is told."

#### Flag of the Chesapeake.

Announcement that the flag of the gallant old Chesapeake is soon to be sold in London recalls one of the dearest traditions of the navy. It was this flag that waved over the brave Captain Lawrence as, dying, he uttered words that to the end of American history must stir the emotion of patriotism. "Don't give up the ship!" All about him lay the wounded and the dead. His dim eyes saw the colors. His last hope was that they might remain on high. From lips just stiffening with the seal of death came the final command. "Don't give up the ship" were fitting words for a hero.

But the fortune of war was against the Chesapeake. A little later the Union Jack was above the American emblem and the ship had become the spoil of battle. In some manner the flag has been preserved. As a relic the place for it is in this country. In England there can attach to it no sentimental interest. Yet the subsequent course of the vessel was determined by something very like sentiment. It is a British custom to put any captive ship into commission,

and to perpetuate it by handing the name down to a line of succeeding craft. There is no Chesapeake in the British Navy. English seamen declined to serve on the scarred and blood-stained vessel. It was never placed in commission, but was sold and its battered timbers put to commercial uses, part of them entering into the construction of a mill from the walls of which the visitor might, if he chose, dig bullets.

Since the Chesapeake is but a memory, the memory is worth cherishing. The flag it bore and the legend it brings to mind well may serve as an inspiration. To leave to alien keeping the visible token of that desperate moment when there was glory even in defeat, and of a hero who passed undaunted, would seem to be neglect of an opportunity.—*Public Ledger, Philadelphia.*

#### Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The country loses one of its leading literary men in the death of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet, critic, essayist and banker, who was smitten with paralysis at his home in New York, on January 18, 1908.

Since the days before the Civil War, Mr. Stedman's pen has been busy, writing for magazines and papers, until his name has come to be familiar as a poet of no little merit.

We give below, brief items from different papers throughout the land, expressive of the appreciation of the man and the poet. The collection was made by the *New York Tribune*, from which we take the poem that follows.

From the *Boston Herald*.

In character he maintained the American tradition, which is insistent on goodness in those who preach it.

From the *Boston Advertiser*.

Mr. Stedman was almost the father confessor of American literature today. He created the place he occupied and, leaving it, there is no one quite fitted to take it. From the *Syracuse Post-Standard*.

Stedman's career was remarkable, not only in that it combined commerce and art, but also in that it combined the analytical work of a critic with the creative work of a poet.

From the *Baltimore Sun*.

Mr. Stedman's poems are characterized by depth and feeling. He not only wrote

excellent verses, but he had a fine appreciation of the work of other poets. He produced nothing at all comparable to the masterpieces of poets who had the divine inspiration, even if they lived from hand to mouth. But he had broad sympathy and a discriminating taste in estimating the work of his fellow-craftsmen.

From the *Hartford Courant*.

He lived to be the dean of New York's men of letters. He will be sadly missed at the Century, at the Authors' Club, at the New England dinners, but nowhere missed in quite the same way as at Yale. We are glad that he lived to see her two hundredth birthday and to write the ode which Professor Parker wedded to music as noble as itself.

From the *New York Evening Post*.

It is not necessary to match Mr. Stedman's accomplishments; but his happy life is an example to those of us who in getting and spending lay waste our powers. In his genial old age he was a fine specimen of sustained intellectual interest and serviceable friendship. With great simplicity, yet with honest pride, he cherished a literary tradition of which few exemplars remain.

From the *Springfield Republican*.

Of the man, what can we say? Without eulogium, nothing. It is too soon to tell what Stedman was among other men; how generous, how helpful, how full of encouragement, how forever serving others even as he served the whole reading public by doing those especial things which he saw needed doing and which there was no one else to do. He is a rare and noble figure in our letters, and his death, with a dozen books unwritten, which he had planned to write, deprives us all of large treasures.

#### One of Stedman's Poems.

*Tribute to Rear Admiral Stewart, Who Died in 1869.*

Many admirers of the poems of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman regard "The Old Admiral" as probably the most representative production of his genius. It is devoted to the American naval officer, Rear Admiral Stewart, who in the war of 1812, in command of the *Constitution*, captured two British vessels. The poem is given herewith:

## THE OLD ADMIRAL.

Gone at last,  
That brave old hero of the Past!  
His spirit has a second birth,  
An unknown, grander life;—  
All of him that was earth  
Lies mute and cold,  
Like a wrinkled sheath and old  
Thrown off forever from the shimmering blade,  
That has good entrance made  
Upon some distant, glorious strife.

From another generation,  
A simpler age, to ours Old Ironsides came;  
The morn and noontide of the nation  
Alike he knew, nor yet outlived his fame—  
O, not outlived his fame!  
The dauntless men whose service guards our  
shore,  
Lengthen still their glory-roll  
With his name to lead the scroll,  
As a flagship at her fore  
Carries the Union, with its azure and the stars,  
Symbol of times that are no more,  
And the old heroic wars.

He was the one  
Whom Death had spared alone  
Of all the captains of that lusty age,  
Who sought the foeman where he lay,  
On sea or sheltering bay,  
Nor till the prize was theirs repressed their  
rage.  
They are gone—all gone;  
They rest with glory and the undying Powers:  
Only their name and fame and what they saved  
are ours!

It was fifty years ago,  
Upon the Gallic sea,  
He bore the banner of the free,  
And fought the fight whereof our children know.  
The deathful, desperate fight!—  
Under the fair moon's light  
The frigate squared, and yawed to left and right.  
Every broadside swept to death a score!  
Roundly played her guns and well, till their fiery  
ensigns fell,  
Neither foe replying more.

All in silence, when the night breeze cleared  
the air,  
Old Ironsides rested there,  
Locked in between the twain, and drenched  
with blood.  
Then homeward, like an eagle with her prey!  
O, it was a gallant fray.  
That fight in Biscay Bay!  
Fearless the captain stood, in his youthful hardi-  
hood;  
He was the boldest of them all,  
Our brave old Admiral!

And still our heroes bleed,  
Taught by that olden deed.  
Whether of iron or of oak,  
The ships we marshal at our country's need  
Still speak their cannon now as then they spoke;  
Still floats our unstruck banner from the mast  
As in the stormy Past.

Lay him in the ground;  
Let him rest where the ancient river rolls;  
Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound  
Of the bell whose proclamation, as it rolls,  
Is of Freedom and the gift our fathers gave.  
Lay him gently down;  
The clamor of the town  
Will not break the slumbers' deep, the beautiful  
ripe sleep,  
Of this lion of the wave,  
Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Earth to earth his dust is laid.  
Methinks his stately shade  
On the shadow of a great ship leaves the shore;  
Over cloudless western seas  
Seeks the far Hesperides.  
The islands of the blest,  
Where no turbulent billows roar,—  
Where is rest.  
His ghost upon the shadowy quarter stands  
Nearing the deathless lands.  
There all his martial mates, renewed and  
strong,  
Await his coming long.

"I see the happy Heroes rise  
With gratulation in their eyes:  
"Welcome, old comrade," Lawrence cries:  
"Ah, Stewart, tell us of the wars!  
Who win the glory and the scars?  
How floats the skyey flag—how many stars?  
Still speak they of Decatur's name,  
Of Bainbridge's and Perry's fame?  
Of me, who earliest came?  
Make ready, all,  
Room for the Admiral!  
Come, Stewart, tell us of the wars!"

## Dr. Gertrude C. Crumb.

Dr. Gertrude C. Crumb was the eldest daughter of Carlton W. and Mary Jane Dowse Crumb, now of Milton, Wisconsin, and was born in Walworth, Wisconsin, April 4, 1865. She was graduated from Milton College in the class of 1888 with Prof. Edwin Shaw, Rev. T. J. Van Horn, Dr. Edward Campbell, Rev. L. C. Randolph, and others. Six years later, in 1894, she was graduated from the medical school of the Northwestern University in Chicago, and located, in August of that year, at Berlin, where she continued to live and labor until her untimely death. In early childhood she confessed faith in Christ, being baptized by the Rev. L. E. Livermore, then pastor at Walworth. On settling at Berlin she removed her membership to the Seventh-day Baptist Church three miles south of the city, of which she remained a loyal and helpful member until called up higher.

Last August she came to Milwaukee for an operation for gall-stone, from the ef-

fects of which, after six or seven weeks, she so far recovered as to return to her work. It soon became evident, however, that the trouble had been but partially removed, and she came to Milwaukee about the first of January for a second operation, which was performed on the 6th, resulting in her death on the 7th. The body was brought to Milton and funeral services were held at the home of her parents on the 10th, conducted by Dr. Platts, assisted by Prof. Shaw and Rev. T. J. Van Horn.

Dr. Crumb at once took high rank in her chosen profession into which she put her whole life. To the limit of her ability to do so, she went at every call far or near, driving many miles daily into the country in all directions from the city, stopping by the way to minister to the suffering and sorrowing. On these trips people watched for her coming and she was often called into homes which she did not expect to visit when she started on the trip. A writer in the *Berlin Evening Journal* pays a deserved tribute to the character and work of Dr. Crumb, in which he ascribes her wonderful success chiefly to three things: enthusiasm, honesty and sympathy. Hers was no perfunctory service. She loved her work and threw her whole self into it. She strove to master every principle of her profession. She was conscientious: every individual case was an important one, however humble, all the details of which she studied to know. She was sympathetic: she had a big heart, and every case of suffering aroused her sympathies. Her enthusiasm inspired confidence in her ability: her honesty assured her patients that all would be done that could be done: and her sympathy told them that they were in the hands of a loving friend. It would be difficult to speak in higher praise, except to add that all her work was done as unto the heavenly Master.

L. A. PLATTS.

## Mark Twain and the Book Agent.

"Mark Twain is the most interesting character in American literature today and has made more money out of it than any other author," said A. S. Swanson, representative of one of the great publishing houses. "He lives just around the corner from our place, and so we see him often.

He is never so happy as when telling a story, and is often seen doing so in a group of congenial spirits. He was telling me that recently he went into the sales department of our house, and being attracted by a particular book asked the price.

"Four dollars," said the clerk.  
"Well, now," said Mr. Clemens, "I am a newspaper writer. Don't I get a discount for that?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk.  
"I am also a magazine writer. Do I get something off for that?"

"Yes," said the clerk, "you get a discount for that."

"I am also an author. Don't I come in on the author's discount?"

"Yes, sir; you get the author's discount."

"In addition," said Mr. Clemens, "I am a stockholder in this house. Does that entitle me to something off?"

"Yes, sir," the clerk returned.

"Now," continued Mr. Clemens, "I would like to state that I am Samuel Clemens. Does that fact entitle me to another rake-off?"

"It does," said the clerk after a moment's hesitation.

"That's good," replied the author; "now how much do I owe you?"

"We owe you 80 cents," said the clerk."  
—*Washington Post*.

## DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

I should like very much to see printed in the RECORDER the poem, "I Am Not Mad," and the two following hymns:

"Brethren, we have met to worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King."

Also:

What is this, that makes you sad?  
What is this that grieves you?  
Speak and let the worst be known,  
Speaking may relieve you."

I do not know the title of the poem nor of either of the hymns; but what I have given above may perhaps indicate what is desired.

Yours sincerely,

A READER.

"There are just two classes of people: the saved and the lost. If you are not saved, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' If you are saved, seek and pray to help another to be saved."

## HOME NEWS

SALEM.—A very interesting and profitable old-folks' service was held in our church last Sabbath, January 18, and took the time of the regular morning service. A special program had been prepared for the occasion and proved so satisfactory that the Bible School was dispensed with and the whole time given it.

The day was beautiful and the house was well filled. Everything seemed favorable. The pastor had charge of the usual opening services. All read a psalm in concert. Dea. S. F. Lowther had charge of the singing and led with the tuning fork. The hymns were old hymns from the old books used in the old church years ago. Dea. Van Buren Davis spoke of the church and its influence, as he remembered it. His talk upon this subject was interesting and brought before the congregation some knowledge, as well as memories of many of the devout men and women of other days. Preston F. Randolph spoke of the Bible School, its organization and growth. In his talk he helped the younger people to understand something of the way in which the school had been organized and been helped to grow to the power it now is in the church. A. S. Childers spoke of the services of the church. In his talk upon this question he gave some very interesting incidents. He showed quite plainly the contrast between the past and the present in this regard.

After these three talks that had been specially prepared, about an hour was spent in reminiscences by various older people who were present. It is believed that the service will help the young people and the children, of whom there was a large number present, to better understand the past, and give to them a better appreciation of the privileges which they enjoy today.

The youth of today can hardly conceive of boys and girls going to church services barefooted and with the most common of home-made clothing; yet those now among us can tell how they found joy in even such privileges as these. It is certain, as was shown in that service, that it is the true spirit, moved by God and filled with purpose to

do His will, and not the nice clothes or places of worship, that makes the worshipper and gives to him power to move his fellow men and exalt the name of God.

E. A. WITTER.

## MARRIAGES

HAWKINS-WILSON—Near Curtiston, Alabama, January 12, 1908, by Rev. R. S. Wilson, Thomas Hawkins of Cullman, Alabama, and Miss Maud Wilson of Curtiston.

## DEATHS

RANDALL—In Milton, Wisconsin, January 3, 1908. Mrs. Deborah Randall, in the 87th year of her age.

This sister was born in Rensselaer County, New York, and after several years' residence there and in Allegany County, came to Dane County, Wisconsin, in 1853. March 4, 1854, she was married to Marcus D. Randall. Their only child, Adaline D., died August 19, 1879, in the 21st year of her age. Some twenty-five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Randall moved to Milton, where they resided until the husband died, leaving the widow in extreme loneliness.

When about 18 years of age, our sister professed faith in Christ and was baptized into the fellowship of the Second Alfred Seventh-day Baptist Church. For a time she was a member of the Albion Church, Wisconsin; but some twenty years ago she transferred her membership to the Milton Junction Church, where she remained a faithful member until called to the home on high. She was strong in her religious convictions, abiding in her faith and always ready to give a reason for her hope. She leaves two nieces in this locality: Mrs. Charlotte Babcock of Milton Junction, in whose home she lived for the last six years, and Mrs. Susan Laskowske of Janesville, Wisconsin.

Farewell services were held at the home, January 5, 1908, conducted by Rev. G. W. Lewis, assisted by Dr. L. A. Platts. Interment was made at Albion, Wisconsin, where the body was placed beside that of her husband. G. W. L.

CRUMB—In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, January 7, 1908, Dr. Gertrude C. Crumb, of Berlin, Wis., in the 43d year of her age. L. A. P.

LOWERY—At his home near Crab Orchard, Illinois, January 9, 1908, Deacon James H. Lowery, in his eightieth year.

He was born in Tennessee in 1828. In 1836, his parents came to Illinois and settled on the farm on which he died, and which was his home for more than seventy consecutive years. He was twice married. To the first wife were born

seven children, four of whom are still living and have families of their own.

He served through the war with Mexico; also as a soldier in the Civil War, in the 81st Illinois Infantry, from August 16 to the close of the war.

He professed hope in Christ and united, in early life, with the Baptist Church, of which he remained a consistent member for many years. When the Bethel Seventh-day Baptist Church was organized, he united with it as one of the constituent members (1888), and in this faith he remained, loved and trusted, till death.

Funeral services were held at the home, conducted by the writer; after which the body was laid in the family burial place to await the resurrection of the just. R. S.

## Self-Control.

A recent writer tells a story of a famous horse-trainer who had a particularly bad-tempered beast brought to him for subjugation. At the first act of ugly temper on the part of the brute, the trainer paused, put up his whip, and said, with a deep drawing of his breath, "Now, first of all, let me get a good grip on myself!" After that his mastery of the horse came, not as an accident, but as a sequel. The man who can master himself can master a horse if he gives his mind to it. A great many young people are put in positions where it is of the utmost importance that they should be able to control and direct those who are in their charge, or in contact with them. Mastery is what they must learn, and the horse-trainer's words show the way. "First of all, let me get a good grip on myself." Power inevitably flows from self-control. The person who can aggravate or anger us is our master just that far. We can never master the aggravator until our self-control is stronger than the power of any aggravation to overturn it. If we would be strong of will, we must practice to put the bit and bridle on ourselves and so learn the inner secrets of mastery and success.—*Christian Age*.

## A Eulogy on Grass.

Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated.

Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleguered

by the seven hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring.

Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the nude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibres hold the earth in its place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasteful sea.

It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character, and destiny of nations.

Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates.

It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.—*J. J. Ingalls*.

## Satan Terrified.

There is as great genius displayed in advertising as in the higher branches of literature. No problem daunts the modern advertising man. In the window of a little book store in Eighth Avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles, marked very low—never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain; and above them, all, in big letters, was the inscription:

"Satan trembles when he sees Bibles sold as low as these."

—*Woman's Home Companion for February*.

## The Next World's Fair.

FRANK L. MERRICK.

Now that the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition has closed, all eyes are turned toward the next great world's fair, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which will be held at Seattle, Washington, opening June 1, and closing October 15, 1909.

This exposition will be held in a section of the country where world's fairs are new and for that and many other reasons it is expected to be a success, beneficially, educationally, artistically and financially.

Work on the grounds and buildings of the exposition is well under way and the management is determined to have everything in readiness by opening day. This has been written about all expositions in late years, but the promise has never been completely fulfilled. The officials of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, however, have started out with a completed-on-opening-day idea above everything else, and if they do not carry out their plan it will not be because western energy has not been expended in the task.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition promises to be different from former world's fairs in many ways, but one policy stands out so far above any of the rest that the entire press of the country is commenting favorably about it. No money will be asked from Uncle Sam to carry on the work! That policy must be conceded as original.

All the management desires is for the United States government to participate in the same manner as foreign countries and the different states, by erecting buildings and installing exhibits therein. Former expositions have been aided by the government in many different ways. Outright gifts of large sums of money have been made by Congress to some world's fairs, while others have negotiated loans from Uncle Sam, some of which were paid back and some of which were not. Some expositions have received both donations and loans. As stated before, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will ask for neither. A clause pledging this policy has been inserted in the congressional bill making provision for participation only, by Uncle Sam.

Since the United States government began to patronize expositions down to the Jamestown fair, Congress has appropriated a total of \$28,752,251 for world's fairs. Only \$485,000 of this money has been spent west of the Rocky mountains, the Lewis and Clarke exposition, one of the most successful ever held, receiving the benefit of that amount.

The bill that has been introduced at the present session of Congress provides an appropriation of \$1,175,000 to enable Uncle Sam to take advantage of the opportunity for effective advertising. The money will be apportioned as follows:

	Building.	Exhibit.
Government	\$200,000.	\$350,000
Alaska	100,000.	200,000
Hawaii	50,000.	75,000
Philippines	75,000.	75,000
Fisheries	50,000.	*

\*The fisheries exhibit is included in the general government display.

On June 1, last, before a crowd of fifteen thousand persons, ground breaking ceremonies were held, with many prominent men making addresses, among whom was Hon. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, representing President Roosevelt. From that date to the present time work has

been going on rapidly upon the exposition grounds. Most of the grading and clearing has been finished. All of the principal roadways, avenues, circles and plazas have been completed. The Administration Building has been erected and occupied by the executive force for several months. Contracts have been let for the construction of five large buildings and several small ones. Among these are the Manufactures building, Agriculture building, Auditorium, Palace of Fine Arts and Machinery Hall. The three latter buildings will be permanent structures, built of buff brick with terra cotta trimmings. The "A-Y-P," as it is sometimes called in Seattle, will differ again from some former fairs in that some of its exhibit palaces will be permanent structures. The grounds are located on the property of the Washington University, a state institution, and after the exposition is over the permanent buildings and those substantially built will be taken over by the college to be used for educational purposes.

The purpose of the exposition, which is to exploit Alaska and Yukon and the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean, is receiving much favorable comment throughout the country.

**A Chief of Police who Saves Boys from Vagrancy.**

During his life as brakeman Chief McCabe had seen hundreds of little boys—many of them not more than eight years old—kicked off trains to fall into the hands of these vampires or not, just as chance might dictate. To the average trainman a boy car-rider is merely a "tough kid" for whom the method of treatment is prescribed. But young McCabe saw that a large number of these boys were just normally active youngsters who had "jumped" a train as they would "hitch onto" a milk wagon, and had been carried beyond the point where they had intended to drop off; or else over-imaginative readers of dime novels who had started West to find some place where interesting things still happen. He realized how important it was that these boys should be kept from becoming the tools of criminals and constitutional loafers, but until he became chief of police he saw no way of doing anything. Then, however, he announced that if he could help it no runaway boy should take the downward path for want of a restraining hand at Poughkeepsie—the point at which so many youngsters had formerly started on a hobo's career.

To this end he ordered his men never to let a strange boy in town go unapprehended, but to arrest every youngster getting on or off trains or wandering about the city, and to bring him to the police station. There the chief talked kindly to the lad, won his confidence, got his name and address, and made him comfortable in the matron's quarters while efforts were made to get in touch with his parents or guardians. Once in the chief's clutches no boy leaves the police station at Poughkeepsie except in convoy of a big policeman to take boat or train for home.—From "How Poughkeepsie Deals with Tramps," in the American Review of Reviews for February.

**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. 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 VII.—FEBRUARY 15, 1908.**  
**JESUS HEALS THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.**

John 4: 43-54.

*Golden Text.*—"The man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way." John 4: 50.

**DAILY READINGS.**

- First-day, Matt. 8: 1-13.
- Second-day, Matt. 17: 9-23.
- Third-day, Mark 1: 29-45.
- Fourth-day, Mark 2: 1-12.
- Fifth-day, Luke 7: 1-17.
- Sixth-day, Luke 9: 18-34.
- Sabbath-day, John 4: 43-54.

**INTRODUCTION.**

There are many theories current in this age in regard to the miracles of the New Testament, and their relation to the preaching of the Gospel. Some hold that a miracle is a contradiction of natural laws, and is therefore an impossibility; they think that the early Christian writers were exceedingly credulous, and they have woven fanciful stories into the narrative.

But the super-natural is not contra-natural. It is easy to imagine that without the violation of any of the so-called laws of nature our Saviour could accomplish cures that would be beyond the comprehension of those who witnessed his deeds. The redemption of a man's body from disease is not a whit more wonderful than the redemption of his spirit from the power of sin.

It is absurd then to refuse belief in the miracles just because we cannot understand them. That the time of Jesus' ministry should be characterized by signs and wonders beyond ordinary times is just what we would naturally expect.

Most of the miracles of Jesus were like that the present Lesson miracles of healing. These miracles served as signs to those who were attracted to Jesus' preachings. They were more than mere signs of extraordinary power: they

were tokens of his love for suffering humanity.

**TIME**—A few days after last week's Lesson.

**PLACE**—Cana of Galilee, a village either eight or ten miles north of Nazareth, or else four or five miles northeast. (There is still dispute in regard to the identification of this place.)

**PERSONS**—Jesus; the nobleman, and his son, and his servants; the people of Galilee.

**OUTLINE:**

- 1. The Return to Galilee. v. 43-45.
- 2. The Request of the Nobleman. v. 46-49.
- 3. The Miracle at a Distance. v. 50-54.

**NOTES.**

43. *And after the two days.* That is, the two days spent in Sychar. See v. 40.

44. *For Jesus himself testified, that a prophet hath no honor in his own country.* There has arisen a considerable difficulty in the interpretation of this verse in view of the various ways in which the expression "his own country" may be applied. Some think that Nazareth is meant, and that this verse explains why Jesus went to Cana rather than to Nazareth. Others think that Judea is his own country, where he was born and where he belonged by virtue of his kingly office, and that because of his unsuccessful ministry in Judea he now goes to Galilee. The more probable view is that Galilee is his own country, where he had been brought up. Referring back to the first three verses of this chapter we see that our Lord's ministry attracted many people in Judea. But Jesus was not seeking such outward popularity. Returning to Galilee, our Lord would naturally expect that the proverb would hold good in his case, and that he would not be particularly noticed by the people. Later in his ministry Jesus used this same proverb upon the occasion of a visit to Nazareth. See Matt. 13: 57.

45. *Having seen all things that he did in Jerusalem.* This explains why the proverb about a prophet's not being honored in his own country was apparently not fulfilled in the case of Jesus. The "things" here referred to are no doubt the signs (miracles) to which our Evangelist alludes in ch. 2: 23. *For they also went unto the feast.* This remark of our author is an explanation for those readers who might not know that the Galileans were themselves Jews and that many of them attended the feasts in Jerusalem with great regularity.

46. *He came therefore again unto Cana of Galilee.* For his earlier visit see ch. 2: 1-11. Some suppose that Jesus' mother had now taken up her residence in this place; but his brothers and sisters evidently lived in Nazareth at the time of his visit to that place as recorded in



Mark 6. Nobleman. Literally, "kingly person." He may have held this title because of royal blood, but more likely on account of some office which he held, either civil or military. We might translate, "king's officer." Very likely he was connected with the court of Herod Antipas. Whose son was sick at Capernaum. We may imagine that he had come directly from the bedside of his son. The distance was say twenty or twenty-five miles.

47. When he heard that Jesus was come. It is more than probable that he had heard of the miracle of changing water into wine, and something of Jesus' doings while in Judea. Besought him that he would come down. From Cana in the hill country to Capernaum, which was below the level of the sea. He assumed that Jesus could not help his son unless actually present at his bedside. For he was at the point of death. He would die very soon if relief were not obtained, and was evidently already beyond the help of physicians.

48. Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will in no wise believe. This is a general rebuke for those who believed in Jesus merely as a wonder-worker. The Samaritans had believed on Jesus as the Messiah upon the evidence of his teachings without a miracle. Certainly the Jews ought to show as great a faith. We are not to understand that Jesus was reproving the nobleman for asking a miracle in this particular case; for the son evidently could not be healed without a miracle. Still less was Jesus rebuking him for asking that he come down, instead of asking for healing at a distance. This man like many others ignored the religious significance of Jesus' mighty deeds, and thus missed entirely their true import. The Galileans readily received Jesus, and honored him as a mighty wonder-worker; but scarcely any one of them accepted him as religious teacher and Messiah.

49. Sir, come down ere my child die. The nobleman is not discouraged by our Lord's rebuke. He did not have the kind of faith that he should have, but he did believe with great intensity in the power of Jesus to do miracles of healing.

50. Go thy way; thy son liveth. Jesus has compassion upon the distressed father, and restores his son to health. There is no need for Jesus to go to the distant city. The man believed the word which Jesus spake. However much he deserved the rebuke of v. 48. He believes now not in view of a wonder done before his eyes or concerning which he has the testimony of others; he believes the simple word of Jesus. And he went his way. No longer asking that

Jesus come down, shows that he believes Jesus' word.

51. His servants met him. They were evidently coming to tell him the good news. Saying, that his son lived. They saw the marked improvement, but did not know of the miracle.

52. So he inquired of them the hour. Not that he did not believe in the word of Jesus. The student of natural science who makes an experiment to verify a law of physics does not by making the test show a lack of belief in the law. It would be very unnatural if a father did not inquire about the time of the appearance of the favorable symptoms. Yesterday at the seventh hour. That is, at one o'clock in the afternoon. Since the distance from Cana to Capernaum is not more than twenty-five miles many have wondered that the nobleman did not get home the same afternoon that Jesus spoke the gracious words. He may have had an accident by the way, or possibly he tarried to attend to some business. That the servants did not start for Cana upon the same afternoon that the favorable symptoms appeared may easily be explained on the supposition that they at first thought that the change was too good to be true, and that they did not wish to encourage false hopes.

53. So the father knew, etc. And thus had his faith strengthened still further. That the amendment began at just the time Jesus spoke could not be an accident. And himself believed. Or, better, And he himself believed. We are to understand that the nobleman and his household not only believed that Jesus could do miracles, a statement which our author would not have needed to make, but they also had faith in him as the Messiah.

54. This is again the second sign. That is, the second Galilean miracle. The changing of the water to wine was the first. Jesus had performed a number of miracles in Judea.

SUGGESTIONS.

Imperfect faith may be true faith. When Paul felt constrained to liken the Corinthians to babes rather than to fullgrown men, he did not imply that they were not real believers in Christ. The real Christian is to be making progress from one degree of faith to another, just as his outer conduct should grow in Christianlikeness.

Miracles are by no means the highest evidence of Christianity. The Jews who were looking for signs and wonders failed to see the evidence of Jesus' Messiahship shown in his teaching and his daily conduct.

Those who think that Jesus was reluctant to grant the request of the distracted father alto-

gether miss the application of our Lesson. He delayed for a few minutes in order that he might stimulate the nobleman's faith, and thus bring him to a greater blessing.

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

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