

The Sabbath Recorder

I firmly believe that the moment our hearts are emptied of pride and selfishness and ambition and self-seeking and everything that is contrary to God's law, the Holy Ghost will come and fill every corner of our hearts, but if we are full of pride and conceit and ambition and self-seeking and pleasure and the world, there is no room for the Spirit of God; and I believe many a man is praying to God to fill him when he is full already with something else.

—D. L. Moody

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EDITORIAL

A Question of Conscience.

A good brother, in trouble over a question of loyalty to the Sabbath, writes to the RECORDER for counsel. He says: "I am a believer in the Sabbath day of Jehovah, and love to keep it according to the Bible. For some time I have been wondering if we are as loyal to the Sabbath as we ought to be, as light-bearers before those who regard it not." The laws of his state place political primaries on Sabbath day, and he asks the following questions, which he wishes answered in an editorial.

I. "Do we keep holy the Sabbath when we absent ourselves from the house of God to nominate a ticket at the election house on the Sabbath?"

II. "Would it be right to help place a Seventh-day Baptist in any office where we know his duties will take him away from Sabbath services?"

III. "Should a conscientious man vote for any one who must perform secular or official business on the Sabbath? Do we 'remember the Sabbath day' when we thus help to employ men by our votes to violate God's holy day?"

I judge from what our conscientious brother says in his letter that he cannot feel free to vote at all, for fear he will, by so doing, become a partner in the sins of any one whom he may help elect, if that official after election shall not keep the Sabbath. It is a good sign when Seventh-day Baptists have a keen conscience and strong convictions upon the question

of true Sabbath keeping. Too many are indifferent and allow practices to creep in which lower the standard and dull the conscience. Looseness in Sabbath observance too often destroys our influence for good. Consistency is a source of strength to the believer, and we might see far greater results from our influence if we were always consistent.

At best we are fallible mortals and so prone to err that we must lean heavily on the arm of God in our effort to go right. Again, I suppose there is such a thing as being *over scrupulous* on some points, until conscience brings unnecessary burdens and robs us of peace. Just how to steer between the two extremes and keep the golden mean of consistent and, thereby, *influential* living, is the great problem.

Now let us look at the questions. First, I would not think it right to be dogmatical in placing arbitrary restrictions upon any man's conscience, in questions where good men differ; especially upon points where it is difficult to decide. Each one, after all, must settle such questions for himself and be true to his *own* conscience rather than to that of another. I can only state the case as it seems to me from my view-point, and advise as to what I would do if I were in my friend's place.

As to the first question, I have no hesitancy in saying "No." I do not see how it could be right for a conscientious Sabbath-keeper to forsake the house of God on his holy day to attend a political caucus, in ordinary times of peace. Nothing short of extraordinary stress of war-times, with a country in peril from conditions that could be bettered by the results of such caucus, could justify one in attending such a meeting on the Sabbath. Such necessity would hardly come once in a lifetime. If the laws necessitate the holding of primaries on the Sabbath, the only thing I can see for a "conscientious Sabbath-keeper" to do, is to try to have the laws changed. And he should stay away for "conscience's sake" until this is done. I cannot see how a spiritually-minded Christian could want

to forsake God's house for a political caucus.

Now concerning the second question, I do not see how I could feel justified in helping a Sabbath-keeper into an office where I *knew he could not keep the Sabbath*. Of course, there are some offices where the official can so control his time and work as to be true to the Sabbath. I know where superintendents of schools have done that very thing. But the case in question is one where my Christian brother *cannot* be true, but will be taken "away from Sabbath service." If I use my influence to put him in such an office, I urge him to sin against light, instead of trying to persuade him not to go where he must violate his conscience. It would be my Christian duty to do what I could to keep him true to God, rather than by influence and vote to push him into a position where he is sure to fall. In the latter case I am partly responsible for his wrong-doing, and he has reason to think that I approve his Sabbath breaking. Furthermore, the very fact that a Sabbath-keeper is willing to accept such an office in violation of his own conscience reveals a looseness in such matters that should make any man think twice before voting for him to fill any responsible position in public work. It is a poor recommendation for a man to be willing to violate conscience on any point for the sake of getting into office.

The third question seems to me quite different, so far as the question of Sabbath is concerned. Shall I refrain from voting at all, because I know that whoever is elected will work Sabbath day? The question of loyalty to the Sabbath does not meet me face to face in this case as it does when I vote to send a brother away from his Sabbath. We have to choose in this case between two men who do not recognize the Sabbath claims. They may be conscientious Sunday-keepers, neither of whom would keep Sabbath, whether elected or not. We would not in such cases, by our vote, help any one to leave the Sabbath; and I am not sure but, by my refusing to vote for one on account of that question, I might close every door through which I could reach him with Sabbath truth. I believe such a man would be far more ready to hear me on this question of conscience after I had helped elect him to

office, than he would be after I had done all I could negatively to defeat him.

It seems to me that the Sabbath question is not an issue in this case, as it would be in the other, and need not come in at all. But in case of a brother in my church, the question of helping him to violate conscience and forsake the Sabbath does come in.

After my vote for the Sunday man is cast, he alone is responsible to God for disobedience; but if I cause one who believes to forsake his Sabbath and go to ruin, my responsibility for helping him to fall will follow me to the Judgment. After I have helped elect a non-Sabbath-keeper, the door is still open for me in a Christian way to do all I can to persuade him to see the truth; but after I have caused my brother to forsake the truth, the door is practically shut.

If I have failed to shed light upon the problems that trouble my friend, I hope some other may see wherein I fail and be able to do better.

The Old Path.

Today I had occasion to take a narrow beaten path, made through the deep snow across the lot, to save going around the road. It was a little thing in itself, but it started a train of thought that clings to me still, and has carried me back many years to boyhood days. Strange it is that some trifling thing like this will recall the scenes of other years and lead one in thought around the world. The law of association in memory is a wonderful thing, and may become a source of joy or sorrow according to the way we live. Instantly as my feet began to tread this snow-path, I was carried back to my school days on the old hillside in western New York, when I led my sisters to school as we went across lots and through the woods single file, the "big brother" breaking the path and the sisters following in the order of their ages. After the path was once broken, how carefully we kept it until another fall of snow came, making it necessary to break it over again. How carefully I tried to choose the best place for the path, while breaking my way through the snow for the first time. It was necessary to avoid the rough places and to choose the shelter of the forest wherever we could, in order to have pro-

tection from the fierce winds and to have a path which would not be drifted full every day. What comfort we took following this sheltered wood-path on a blustering winter day, and how eagerly we sought the covert from the wind and storm.

Those happy care-free days are gone. The members of the school are scattered around the globe and some have passed from earth. The very names of many of them have faded from memory; but this old path with its lessons, and the dear ones who walked with me there day by day, can never be forgotten. How I would like to lead those loved ones once again among the old familiar scenes; but that can never be. So let us look at the lessons suggested as we recall the old path.

We are all breaking paths for somebody, and others are still walking in our footsteps. Happy is the one who breaks the path in the right place, for it is difficult to change from the beaten way to a new one. If our old school path was once made in the wrong place and crooked, the tendency was to follow it day after day rather than go to the trouble of breaking a new one.

It is sad to think that many who have marked out the life path where others follow, are conscious that it is not in the best place, and yet are loath to leave the old track for a new one. It is a matter that concerns more people than those who make the paths. We cannot tread our pathway alone. Others are walking in our tracks, and eternity alone will reveal all the results from our leadings.

Again, I am reminded that after the hard day's work at school, when the hours of a stormy day crept toward the night, this old path always led us home. It was a comfort also, after crossing a stretch of bleak wind-swept hillside amid blinding frost and snow, to follow the old path into the quiet retreat of the sheltering forest. What a relief from the driving storms! It was indeed enjoyable to get out of the piercing wind and cold into the shelter of those friendly trees; where we could hear only the distant moaning of the storm, while we felt secure from its biting frost. And then, how this pathway was brightened, and how was the journey shortened, by the thoughts of the comfortable shelter and cheerful fireside, with the table loaded with

good things for the hungry children coming home!

How suggestive of our life path and our home journey! The sun of our day sinks toward the evening sky and we, too, think of the home at the end of the journey. We are trying to follow the path through the wilderness, marked for us by our Elder Brother, and thoughts of the home-coming cheer our hearts. We have had a full share of the storms and sorrows of life, but a shelter has always been provided by our loving Father. "When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path."

"Ask for the old paths * * * walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls." The "old path" is a good path. It is "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." It leads to the eternal home. There is no "adder in the path." "No lion shall be there." It is a highway upon which the ransomed of the Lord shall "come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy."

Stand by the Leaders.

Most men who have accomplished much for the kingdom of God have seen times when the burden was almost too heavy to bear. The issues are so tightly drawn between truth and error, and between good and evil, that it requires brave men to gain victories for right; and often the contest is so sharp that it tries the very fiber of their being. Whoever becomes active in any movement to overcome strongly entrenched error too often has to stand all alone and receive the curses of the enemies of truth. He who takes the fight for temperance against dens of iniquity frequently finds such villainous opposition as to cause those who ought to be his strong supporters to shrink from the odium of the fight and leave the leader to suffer alone; and it is too often the case that his own people assume such an attitude as to allow the enemy to count them on the side of evil. Some of the saddest scenes in history are those where true leaders against sin and corruption have had to stand alone even unto death, while the people remained indifferent. It is too bad that a few have to do the severe work and the hard fighting, while the masses never come until the hardest work is done.

Sometimes the leaders have had to carry the people upon their hearts until, driven to despair, they have prayed to die. Men like Moses and Elijah have been found in every age, who yearned for the help their fellows could give, only to find the heart breaking for want of it; for they realized that the work could not go forward without that help. I know a man who for forty years has been putting his life and best energies into a work that is vitally essential to the welfare of his people, a work which has to do with fundamental truths, only to see it ignored and belittled by the great multitudes, and regarded with little interest by the people who ought to be most enthusiastic in its favor. I have known pastors completely disheartened after years of faithful toil, because their churches were cold and critical and spiritually dead. They did their best to lead their people forward; and if the pews had done half as well as the pulpit, the churches would now be strong and prosperous. There have been self-sacrificing, consecrated teachers whose work crushed them until they gave way under the strain; and the cause had to suffer because, in each case, one man was made to bear most of the burdens. So there are faithful ones in every line of work whose hands hang down because the load is too heavy for them to carry alone. No one man can bear the burdens of toil for better things in society, whether he be denominational leader, pastor or teacher, without the hearty cooperation of his people. Unless they rally in united effort to sustain the leaders, the work must come to naught. What if all the members of our churches had rallied in loving service to help their pastors carry forward the work of soul-saving during the past two or three years? What if each one had been faithful in fervent services at prayer meeting, laboring, with the leader, for spiritual uplifting and power from on high? What if half the people had done so? Do you think we would now be mourning over spiritual dearth, and indifference? I wish the pews had carried half the burden of soul for the prosperity of Zion that the pulpits have carried during these years. Every service would then be a Pentecost, and sinners would be flocking to the sanctuary.

What if all our people had rallied as one man around the standard of the leaders in

Sabbath Reform for twenty-five years? Supposing every one had faithfully tried to put into consistent practice the teachings of these leaders regarding true Sabbath keeping, and each had exercised proper zeal for God's holy day, observing it so as to stand above reproach? We should not see such indifference as we behold today; and a host of those who have drifted away from the Sabbath would still be strong, loyal men among us.

What a change would come in the spirit and power of all our churches, if each one should get some such burden upon his own heart as rests upon the hearts of our leaders! Things would soon begin to change for the better. Everybody would be happier, new courage would come to the standard-bearers, and the cause of God would go forward. I know of some leaders who are discouraged and almost tempted to give up. What an uplift would come to all such, and how their power for good would be augmented, if their people would only rally around them once more. This one thing is what is needed to bring a gracious revival to some of our churches. How I wish I could find words of comfort for discouraged leaders, and helpful, inspiring motives for indifferent followers.

REMEMBER MOSES AND ELIJAH.

Moses was a faithful, consecrated leader. But even after he had been helped of God to conquer Pharaoh and lead the people out of Egypt and through the sea, there came a time when he was discouraged and tempted to give up. Hear the poor man in his distress, crying from the depths of his soul: "I am not able to bear all this people alone, because it is too heavy for me. And if thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, if I have found favor in thy sight; and let me not see my wretchedness." Poor discouraged servant of God! How much he did need just then the "seventy men of the elders of Israel" to come and "stand there with" him to counsel and to help! And when they did come, God's promise was fulfilled, wherein he said: "I will take of the spirit which is upon thee, and will put it upon them; and they shall bear the burden of the people with thee, that thou bear it not thyself alone." It is a great thing for a people to rally around the leader until God takes of the spirit which is upon him and puts it upon them.

No wonder Moses and his followers were able to overcome all obstacles in their way to Canaan. Who knows but that Moses would have given up when he was so discouraged, if the people then had failed to rally around him? What a source of strength and help it must have been also, when Hobab the Kenite came to be "eyes" for him in that unknown wilderness journey! Those were critical times for Israel; but the prompt response of the elders and people to come to the help of their leaders saved the day and gave them a new outlook.

I fear that more than one leader in Israel today stands where Moses stood, before the elders gathered around him to help. I fear that many falter in the wilderness path now because no Hobab seems willing to be to them "instead of eyes" while passing through the enemy's country. The battle is still fierce where Amalek presses sore upon Israel; and I wonder if the victory seems doubtful because the Aarons and Hurs do not hold up the hands of the leaders? Can Seventh-day Baptists think of any faithful leaders who are discouraged because the people do not seem interested? Look over all the dear churches, Boards and mission fields—all the denominational interests, and see if the people are doing their part to help the leaders. Do we suffer today for true Aarons and Hurs? Do the people rally around their Moses as they should? Why does not the cause of God go forward?

Again, after Elijah had done his mighty work for God on Carmel, and through divine grace had gloriously triumphed, we next see him suffering from overwork, under the juniper tree, so disheartened he wanted to give up. We wonder at his distress of mind, but the cause is not hard to find. None of his people seemed especially interested in his work. The strongest leader on earth could not rise above the depressing influences of such indifference. If ever Elijah needed the hearty sympathy and active help of God's people, it was just after his struggle with the prophets of Baal; but he could not see a single one who seemed particularly anxious for truth to triumph. How sad it was that the poor man could not have had just then some cheer from the seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal! In their hearts they did love the cause for

which their prophet had been so brave, and yet he was none the wiser for that. They let him remain alone under the juniper tree, to bear the crushing burden as best he could. No wonder the poor man was ready to give up the fight and wanted to die!

What a shame that some one out of that "seven thousand" did not go to his side and hold up his fainting form. That would have strengthened his heart, and everything would have seemed different.

But God was good to his faithful prophet, and led him back to Horeb. There the "still small voice" spoke peace and comfort to his soul. There he learned that God's cause was bound to triumph, and that he was still the chosen one to carry on the good work. Let the discouraged prophets of God today learn well the lessons from Moses and Elijah. Even though people do seem too slow and indifferent, remember that the cause is still the Lord's and he is caring for his own. Sometimes it does look dark; but it is only because we are too short-sighted to see the hand of God who leads. He is just as ready to cheer the Elijahs of today as he was to help his prophet of old. Keep the heart open, and listen for the "still small voice." May God speak to every discouraged leader and pastor, until each shall go forth in renewed strength to victory. Both Elijah and Moses did the best work of their lives after those days of darkness. The very next work that came to Elijah was to go forth and anoint a new king for Israel, and choose a new prophet to carry on the work after he should go to heaven. And Moses was never so strong as he was after God put it into the hearts of the people to rally around him and help bear the burdens.

There is yet a great work for the discouraged ones to do under the hand of God. Then cheer up! There are more loyal hearts to help than you think. To be sure, they do seem slow and indifferent in many ways, but they will wake up. The churches will be revived, funds for the work will come forward, the debt will be paid, and the people will hold up the hands of their leaders. Let all the pastors feel it; let the denominational Boards know it; let missionaries at home and abroad realize it,—that the people are ready to rally around the leaders! Then shall "thy kingdom come."

The Debt.

This has been the best single week so far in the debt-paying record. Two churches have made partial reports, and indications are that others are getting under way, who will also do well.

The amount previously reported	\$1,380 57
Received from	
North Loup Church	67 00
A Friend, North Loup	10 00
Walworth, Wis.:	
Rev. M. G. Stillman	10 00
Mrs. M. E. Maxson	5 00
Ladies' Society	15 00
Mrs. E. E. Campbell	1 00
Eva McLearn	50
Mrs. A. D. Crumb	5 00
Mrs. Elno Booth	1 00
W. H. Crandall, Jr.	2 00
C. C. Clarke	2 50
Miss P. S. Coon	1 00
H. J. Coon	1 00
L. B. Byers	2 00
G. B. Leach	1 00
F. J. Clarke	2 50
W. R. Bonham	2 50
C. H. Coon	1 00
W. H. Crandall, Sr.	1 00
Jennie Crandall, Rockville, R. I.	1 00
Mrs. F. J. Burdick, Wellsville, N. Y.	1 00
P. C. N., North Carolina	50
Church, Chicago, Ill.	10 50

Total to February 26, 1908\$1,524 07
Still unpaid\$2,475 93

If we could only get the \$475.93 in the next week, it would make half the original debt. When we get on the last half, it will seem something like it. We are glad to see it coming.

Condensed News.

The effort of Southern women to erect a monument to Wirz of Andersonville fame, is calling forth bitter comment among Grand Army men.

It has seemed very ill-advised from the first to try to make a hero out of such a man. This alone would arouse feeling on the part of those who suffered in Andersonville, and of their friends. But when an inscription is proposed, charging our government in strongest terms with trumping up testimony to enable the authorities to commit a legal murder, and exalting this inhuman man as a martyr and hero, I do not see how the old soldiers, and friends of those who died in that prison could do less than make the country ring with protests. I do not remember so great an in-

sult since the war. It seems good to have all the old war animosities fading from sight, and it is to be hoped that better counsels in the South will prevail, and that such an enterprise will be abandoned. It can but result in great harm. If Southern ladies wish to erect a marble shaft or granite block in memory of Wirz, all right. Few people would object. He is entitled to a tombstone;—so was Benedict Arnold, as to that matter—but such an inscription, indicting our government as murderers, to be chiseled in stone as a perpetual insult, ought not to be thought of.

Visitors to the old State House of Philadelphia, the home of the Continental Congress, will remember the statue of Washington, standing near the curbstone in front of the main entrance. For many years it has been a conspicuous figure in front of Independence Hall. It was placed there by the school children of Philadelphia. The ravages of time and the weatherings of our hard winters in atmosphere loaded with Atlantic fogs had begun to crack and crumble this old relic, making it necessary to remove it to some more sheltered place. When this was decided upon, an appeal through the *Public Ledger* to the school children of that city resulted in their raising another fund to duplicate the old monument in bronze.

Washington's birthday was set apart as the time for removing the old granite statue inside the building, and the school children were invited to witness the ceremony. It was an interesting occasion; and now the time-honored statue is safely housed in Independence Hall.

Helpful Words.

The following clipping with its cheering words has proved a great blessing to me. For several months during my last year in the college, I kept it pinned up on my desk, where my eyes had to meet it every time they were lifted from study. It was read over and over again, and proved a great help, although I was not always able to practice its teachings. The other day, while searching among old papers, I chanced to blunder upon it, and instantly I said: "I will introduce this old friend to the RECORDER readers. Perhaps it may help some others as much as it did me." Pin

it up where you can see it; learn it by heart; I know it will do you good.

The Point of View.

Cheer up.

What right have you to carry a funeral in your face? The world has troubles of its own.

Cheer up and change your point of view.

You can't? Nonsense. Your point of view is largely a matter of habit. Quit looking for the dark side of things. Your life is what you make it. Your happiness or misery is in your own hands. School yourself to see the silver lining of the clouds about your life.

Your ills are mostly imaginary. As the old woman said, she had worried all her life, "mostly about things that never happened." You are borrowing trouble and paying a high rate of interest.

Why, man alive! In a five minutes' walk you can find scores of people worse off than you. And here you are going through the world feeling sorry for yourself—the meanest sort of pity in the world. You are nursing an ingrown illusion. Rid yourself of the bogie man, and cheer up.

If you must whine and kick and sulk and scowl, go off by yourself. Don't muss up other people's feelings. If you will dig the grave of your happiness, and pay the pallbearer into the bargain, go to the cemetery. It's your funeral!

Cheer up. Man! Woman! Cheer up!

Carry about with you a glorious morning face. Smile. I think if you could see the Almighty's face, you would discover a benevolent smile. Smile even through your tears. The tears will dry quickly.

Cheer up!

The Religious Education Association.

WALTER L. GREENE.

Much interest has been shown by religious workers in all parts of the United States in the recent meeting of the Religious Education Association which was held in Washington, February 11-13. This Association, made up of educators, social settlement workers, Bible School teachers, Christian Association men, etc., has now passed its fifth year and has established its right to a place among the great movements of the day for the unification of the moral, religious and educational forces of our land. This organization began its

work under the leadership of that prince of organizers, Pres. William R. Harper, and has continued to grow in scope, efficiency and influence since its inception. In the words of the founder its three-fold purpose is "to inspire the educational forces of our country with a religious ideal, to inspire the religious forces of our country with an educational ideal and to keep before the public mind the ideal of religious education and the sense of its need and value." The presiding genius of the Association has laid down his life, but the work goes on with increasing power and usefulness because it is meeting a need in our national and religious life.

The recent convention was of special interest because it considered the great theme of "The Relation of Moral and Religious Education to the Life of the Nation," which was peculiarly appropriate since the convention was held in the nation's capital. About one hundred speakers, including such men as Washington Gladden, Prof. Peabody, Henry Churchill King, Bishop Galloway, Prof. George A. Coe, Frank K. Sanders, Lyman Abbott and Hon. Elmer E. Brown, U. S. Commissioner of Education, took part in the general and departmental sessions, all of whom came at their own expense and sometimes at great personal sacrifice, for the good of the work they were able to advance and the inspiration they might receive. Delegates were present from twenty-four states and two foreign countries.

This convention revealed in a peculiar way the earnestness of purpose in the various moral and religious organizations for increased efficiency in molding character. It emphasized the unity of all the forces that make for moral character and civic righteousness and opened the vision to the largeness and scope of the influences at work. A survey of the past year shows remarkable progress in the realization of the ideals for which the Religious Education Association stands. Systematic graded courses of study fitted to the needs of the individual learner, a greater seriousness and earnestness among religious educators and the application of scientific methods to present moral and religious teaching are among the ideals held by this Association. These ideals are also shared by the chief

executive of the United States as was seen in the President's words spoken at the reception to the delegates of the Religious Education Association, held in the East Room of the White House on Wednesday afternoon. He said in part:

"I doubt if there is any lesson more essential to teach in an industrial democracy like ours than the lesson that any failure to train the average citizen to a belief in the things of the spirit no less than the things of the body must in the long run entail misfortune, shortcoming, possible disaster upon the nation itself.

"It is eminently right that we Americans should be proud of our material prosperity. It is eminently right that we should pride ourselves upon a widely diffused and exceedingly practical system of education. I believe in both, but neither will avail if something else is not added to the nation.

"The material prosperity is essential as a foundation, but it is only a foundation, and upon it must be built the superstructure of the higher moral and spiritual life; for otherwise in itself the material prosperity will amount to but little. So with education it is necessary that we should see that the children are trained, not merely in reading and writing, not merely in the elementary branches of learning strictly so defined, but trained industrially, trained adequately to meet the ever increasing demands of the complex growth of our industrialism, trained agriculturally, trained in handicrafts, trained to be more efficient workers in every field of human activity.

"But they must be trained in more than that or the nation will ultimately go down. They must be trained in the elementary branches of righteousness; they must be trained so that it shall come naturally to them to abhor that which is evil, or we never can see our democracy take the place which it must and shall take among the nations of the earth.

"In making an address in greeting any body like this, I always want my words taken at their exact face value. I do not believe ever in teaching what cannot be practiced. I do not want ever to hear a man say he pays no regard to the things of the body in life as it is today. On the contrary, I would tell every young man that it is his first duty to pull his own

weight, to take care of himself, and take care of those dependent upon him.

"He cannot do anything for others until he has first made it certain that he will not be a burden upon others. I want to see a man able to earn his own livelihood. I want to see the woman able to do her part as housewife and mother. But all my plea is that the man shall not be content to do merely that; that the man shall realize that after a certain point has been reached, the increment of his fortune, the increment of his well-being amounts to but very little compared to the result of effort spent in other directions."

"The Formation of the New Testament."

A. H. LEWIS.

Such is the title of a book—5½x8 inches, 281 pages—by George Hooper Ferris, A. M.; published by Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia, Pa., 1907, 90 cents net.

Mr. Ferris is a Baptist pastor in Philadelphia. His book is thought-provoking, interesting, timely and loaded with information. The author holds well to his theme, although it involves many other issues than the one expressed in the title. The case is stated in the preface thus:

"What we are trying to find here is not the time when the New Testament books were written, nor even when they were brought together in collections, but when the idea first arose that no more could be written, and that the collection was limited to a definite body of documents."

One important fact—too little noted and by many unknown—is brought out at the opening of the book: namely, that the "New Testament Church" had no New Testament. The Christians of the first century, and it would not be amiss to say centuries, had only the Old Testament. They knew no other "Scriptures." Jesus was saturated with Old Testament thought and with the eternal verities embodied in that book. The New Testament church came into existence *through the fundamental truths of Judaism, spiritually interpreted by Jesus.* Mr. Ferris shows that the development of theological creeds by gnosticism was the first strong influence toward the formation of the "Canon of the New Testament." On pages 101-2, he says:

"It was thus a speculative interest that started the movement of sifting the litera-

ture of the church, and forming a fixed and closed canon of revelation. The only authority recognized in the church before the year A. D. 125 was the possession of the Holy Spirit, and he was supposed to speak to Christians of the day in precisely the same manner as he had spoken to the apostles. No line was drawn between the two revelations, making the one superior to the other. From the very beginning, followers of Christ had believed themselves to be in immediate contact with the Spirit, and had looked to him to reveal to them such truth as was needed for the guidance of their lives. The first Christians to resign this high privilege were the Gnostics. When Heracleon, by his commentary on John, undertook to find a system of philosophy in the teachings of Jesus, and sought to justify his beliefs by reading them back into the apostolic age by the allegorical method of interpretation, he began a movement that was far-reaching in its consequences. Henceforth, the apostles were to be regarded as the sole recipients of Christian communications from God, and their teachings were to become the only source and standard of truth for the church."

The development of Catholicism as an *authoritative, state-church system* is laid down by Mr. Ferris as the second determinative force. The central idea of the book is expressed in the title of the first page, "The New Testament A Selection." Mr. Ferris shows that there was much "inspired literature" from which the books that form the New Testament were selected. Few dates are given, but one who is familiar with the field, will fix on three representative dates connected with the development of the New Testament canon; the Muratorian Fragments, about 190 A. D.; the Council of Carthage, 397 A. D.; and the Quinisext Council, Constantinople, 691 A. D.; this last being the final official announcement fixing the present canon of the New Testament for the entire Roman Empire.

Some "orthodox" Baptists have expressed fears concerning the soundness of Mr. Ferris's views, and some denunciations of his book have not been wanting. That he does not accept the Roman Catholic definition of "Inspiration" is evident. Note the following sentence from page 260:

"We must reach the conclusion, there-

fore, not that the New Testament books were uninspired writings, but that their inspiration will suffer no hard line of separation from the workings of God's Spirit in all his prophets, apostles, and teachers, throughout all time."

Mr. Ferris writes with the hand of a specialist. He has done his work well, but he ought to have given more prominence to the fact that *God's over-ruling providence* (something larger than Christian consciousness) which makes even the wrath of men to praise him, was the real determinative influence in fixing the canon of the New Testament. So far as we can judge, the Kingdom of Heaven would have been much farther advanced than it is, if early Christianity, *which was a life more than a creed*, could have developed without a battle with Gnosticism and a long struggle with non-spiritual, political and materialistic Catholicism. That Christianity has overcome these obstacles and wrought as much as now appears for righteousness, is highest proof of its divine origin and of the divine Word which forms the heart of the New Testament. As to adverse critics, Mr. Ferris's book can afford to wait the verdict of history. It is wholesome reading for Protestants, especially those who loudly, and ignorantly, assert that the Old Testament disappeared and the "New Testament Church" came into full development on or before the day of Pentecost.

"Return Forbidden."

Going back is sometimes a dangerous business. It may prove disastrous to others as well as to ourselves. In certain mountain passes of Austria are found sign-boards bearing in German the words, "Return forbidden." These roads are so narrow and precipitous that there is not room for two carriages abreast; therefore, to attempt to retrace one's path might bring disaster upon one's self and upon those coming after. Once having started there, you must keep straight on until you have reached your destination.

Today's pressing duties call us forward, not backward. There are others coming after; we must push ahead for their sakes and for our own. Austria is not the only place where there is need for the warning, "Return forbidden."—*Henry Clay Trumbull.*

Missions

Number of Medical Missionaries.

The *Medical Missionary*, a magazine published at Battle Creek, Michigan, gives the following interesting statistics regarding the number of medical missionaries now in the fields from Great Britain and the United States:

The six largest societies in the United States total 281, and the six largest British societies furnish a total of 250. The Presbyterians of the United States have exactly 100, while the Church Missionary Society leads Great Britain with 80.

Again, the division as between men and women is somewhat remarkable. The total for Great Britain being, men, 278, and women, 147, while the United States and Canada furnish (including the 20 in the list of Great Britain who hold American degrees), men, 280, and women, 153.

China leads in the list of countries, with a total of over 300, India comes next with a total of 225; then Africa, with only 65, comes after. It seems as if she hardly gets her share. Korea, Palestine, Turkey, Burma, Egypt and other lands and even the islands of the sea, including the Philippines, are in part at least cared for and not entirely overlooked.

What About the Mission Chapel?

Since the question of building a mission chapel for worship for use of our China missionaries has been referred to the churches, we hope each church will be prompt to respond.

Every month will make it more difficult to secure a suitable lot, owing to the rapid rise in the price of land in Shanghai. The Board could not see its way clear to grant Brother Davis the privilege of securing a lot, in case he found one suitable, without waiting to communicate with America before closing the bargain. Lots are growing scarce and if they are to have a chapel, we cannot give our consent any too soon. It is greatly needed, and it does not seem right to compel worship in the hospital used for sick people during the week.

The people should also understand that

the one who has already given \$2,100 for this special purpose, will demand the return of this gift if it is not to be used for the chapel. It seems to me that no time should be lost; but that the churches should promptly say, "Build that chapel." Mr. Davis should be authorized to secure land for it, if it be not already too late.

The World Grows Better.

WILL K. DAVIS.

"Can I interest you in a good book, a religious book?" This was a surprising question from a newsboy on a train. Did I wear such a look that even a news agent recognized me as a Christian? I was wearing no pin or badge which would give him a clue. I frankly asked the man why he suggested a religious book. "They are being read a great deal now," he replied. "You mean at this time of year," I continued, for it was January 4 and I thought of New Year resolutions. "No," he replied, "people are not reading so many trashy novels as formerly."

During the conversation he assured me that he would not offer the class of books which news agents have in times past peddled on trains. He would not waste his time nor injure his character by reading trash and, judging by his sales, the public is reforming. When asked if the news company was willing to furnish the better books, he replied they were willing to supply any kind the agent asked for, providing he could sell them.

While this boy may have been an exception, his statements form a bright spot in the sometimes sombre sky of our religious and moral world. Many newsboys in times past (and doubtless such are found even yet), not only carried a line of trashy and vulgar books, but by sly methods transacted business which would have put them behind the bars had the authorities known the facts. These agents and the companies they represented would doubtless justify themselves for selling undesirable literature by saying they supplied what the public demanded, which in a measure would doubtless be true. However, if they could be imbued with enough of the Christ spirit to prefer to uplift humanity by offering good books, instead of degrading it by selling worthless or evil ones, there

would be less reason to feel that news agents on trains are detrimental to the best interests of the cause of Christ and to the welfare of our nation.

Nearness and Helpfulness of the Holy Spirit.

DEAR FRIENDS: Eagerly have I watched the columns of the RECORDER since the appearance of Mrs. Lizzie Fisher Davis' article of January 27, expecting many readers would respond and many souls be uplifted by the heart to heart talk which her article invites; for surely very many have felt the transforming influence of the Holy Spirit.

Let such overcome whatever of diffidence they may feel in bringing forward a personal matter, and no longer hide their light under a bushel; but place it on a candlestick (of the RECORDER) that it may give light to all in the house of its great family circle.

For myself, I can almost pity those who have never felt the crushing billows of sorrow and trouble sweeping over the soul, with the blackness of despair on either side: for never until then can one know the unspeakable joy and peace which comes with the Comforter's loving voice, "It is I; be not afraid."

Sometimes when my need of His help has been great, his presence has been so manifest that I have hastened to transcribe his wonderful words of comfort, of counsel, of warning or reproof. And when the dark days come, they are a source of help and inspiration; a tonic for both soul and body.

O for the pen of a ready writer, to show you how this same Holy Spirit came and took possession of the temple of my body; subdued my natural fear and timidity, and supplied the needed courage to face a terrible ordeal; and how, though I passed into the "valley of the shadow of death," I feared no evil, for He was "with me;" and to adjure you, who have seen all who held you most dear pass from mortal sight, to listen, when the great waves of loneliness and isolation come surging over the heart, for the endearing voice of Jesus the Comforter: "I have called thee by thy name; *thou art mine.*" 'Tis soft and sweet as though borne on a summer's breeze.

This wonderful incoming and infilling of the Holy Spirit is like a new and sweet conversion, reminding us of Peter, James

and John on the mount of transfiguration with Jesus; and we wonder not that Peter wished to build three tabernacles and to there abide.

A LAY MEMBER.

The Baptism of the Holy Spirit for Service.

I was deeply interested in the letter of Mrs. Luther Davis and the editor's request for the testimony of those who had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. There is such a sacredness attending these experiences that it is a sacrifice to speak of them, and sometimes we wonder if it is right so to do. The only satisfactory reason we can have for even mentioning them is the hope that God may be glorified by others being helped through our message. Paul tells us that he had "heard unspeakable words," which it was "not lawful for a man to utter;" and since he penned those words, many another Spirit-filled Christian has been admitted into the Holy of Holies and listened to, voices so subtle that human language was utterly incapable of conveying to another what had been spoken to the soul. Like the gentle summer zephyr, that fans the throbbing brow with healing in its touch, the Holy Spirit comes to the soul that is lying low before God and softly touches it with life-giving power. The Spirit breathes where it will, "and thou hearest the voice thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth."

Three years ago last August, I left my home in search of health, fully realizing that unless I found relief, the end of the journey was near. There are several churches in the city to which I came, but I chose to attend the Baptist as the nearest in faith to my own. After a year's pleasant association with this church, into which I entered a total stranger, I was asked to take a Sunday school class of adult ladies. I replied that fourteen years had passed since my health had permitted me to engage in active church work; but as it had materially improved, I would make the attempt. Much of the time during this period, which should have been the best part of my life, I had been unable to study; so that instead of adding to my knowledge, much that I once possessed had vanished. I saw that the acceptance of the class meant hard study. My sainted husband used to say, "It is a great responsibility to be a mouthpiece for God; and the best I

can do is poor enough." As I went before the class, an almost overwhelming sense of my responsibility came upon me. I made that my first work. For several weeks I was so exhausted from teaching that I was compelled to keep my bed Sunday afternoon and the greater part of Monday. By Tuesday I would feel rested and commence the study of the lesson. I think I did the best I could, but I keenly felt the inefficiency of my work, and commenced praying for the baptism of the Holy Spirit as a qualification for service. With this came the question of my willingness to give up my home permanently and go wherever God might see fit to call me. A long, hard struggle ensued; for the happiest part of my life had been spent there, the home to which I went as a bride and which was hallowed by so many loving memories. I was conscious that for some time after I had said, "God's will be done," it was a mental assent with the heart held in reserve. But there came a change and, what seems remarkable, it came while I was preparing the lesson on the baptism of Jesus. How inexpressibly sweet it seemed to me it would be to go down into the liquid grave now; very different from that beautiful June day, when, as a girl of sixteen, I stepped into the sparkling waters of Rock river, in dear old Wisconsin, and before a large company of people put on Christ by baptism as a cold, formal act of obedience. This experience was such a revelation of God's presence in my soul, that for days it seemed to me were it a little more complete, this frail tabernacle could not sustain it. Little wonder the Jewish Rabbis say, "Jehovah drew the spirit of Moses out with a kiss." Suffice it to say at this time the heart responded as the intellect had already done, "Anywhere with Jesus." Was as much time required in the preparation of the lesson after this as before? Certainly there was. God does not do our part, he does that which we cannot do. The teaching was quickened. From that time to the present, the class has been gradually increasing in interest, both in numbers and spiritual development. And when people come and take me by the hand and smiling through tears say, "I wish I knew of words that would express my gratitude for the help I have received from you," I know it is not I who have given the help, but it

is the answer to my prayer that the Holy Spirit would endue me with power for service, and carry the message home to the hearts of those who listened.

Years ago Phillips Brooks said, "It is no wonder that Jesus Christ came to this world to redeem it. The wonder would have been had he not done so, when he knew men could be saved through his sufferings." At that time, I could not see how he could hold such a view, for to me it was the wonder of wonders. But I most heartily agree with him now, for, since I have been drawn into this closer fellowship, I find the same spirit actuating me, and an ardent desire has possessed me to go out into the highways and hedges, yea, into the very slums, and carry this gospel of light and love to despairing souls that know not which way to turn for relief.

I cannot promise those who are seeking this deeper religious experience a smooth pathway. Jesus was led by the Spirit from his baptism, where the Holy Ghost had descended in bodily form like a dove upon him, and the voice from heaven had proclaimed him to be the Son of God, into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And if you receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit, it is not only possible but quite probable that you will be led out into the wilderness to endure the greatest trials and temptations of your life, that you may come to know your Saviour in "the fellowship of his sufferings." One with him in the wilderness, in the garden, on Calvary, in the heavenlies. "All (things) are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." Amen.

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

La Porte, Ind.

DEAR SABBATH RECORDER READERS:

Some time ago you heard from this part of the field through me, and since then I have received many letters of inquiry in regard to our colony and country, its future prospects, etc. This is what we want and will try and answer all.

Since our last letter we have organized an association of Sabbath-keepers, all members of the Cosmos Seventh-day Baptist church, for the purpose of helping those who learn of us and wish to cast their lot with us, to find suitable locations. Our

aim is to build up a permanent Seventh-day Baptist community here in the "Land of Sunshine."

We believe we have a good proposition for those who may be looking for a new location, not only financially speaking, but spiritually as well. There is a large field for labor for souls here. People leaving their homes and coming to a strange country, are, I believe, in a good condition to receive the love of God into their hearts when it is presented to them.

Our society is of good courage. We maintain a Sabbath School, Sabbath services, Christian Endeavor meetings, and a midweek prayer meeting. Our young people are earnest and devoted.

Those wishing information in regard to this colony are requested to address all letters to E. D. Stillman, Cosmos, Oklahoma, Corresponding Secretary. Read our ad in another column.

*Cosmos, Oklahoma,
February 17, 1908.*

Brother Leath in Florence, Alabama.

DEAR BRO. GARDINER:

It has been some time since I wrote for the RECORDER, but I have not lost interest in the paper nor the cause it advocates. I have been greatly benefited by the good things you have been giving us, as I have, too, by the articles of Bro. Lewis and others. I am now attending the State Normal College at this place, trying to prepare myself for better teaching and wages. Alabama is coming to the front in education as well as temperance.

The last Legislature gave us prohibition and \$300,000 for the present year, and \$365,000 for years succeeding this, for the public schools; and voted a high school in every county with \$2,000 to each for teachers' salaries, provided the communities furnish buildings and five acres of land worth \$5,000 for each school. Besides this, they gave us several more normal colleges. The standard of education has been raised, and all teachers have to take the state examinations, no certificate of other states, nor diplomas being accepted. The time has come when the teachers without normal college training are considered back numbers, and very few can obtain a first-grade certificate. There are, doubtless, many good teachers,

who use apperception, presentation, correlation, etc., without being conversant with the five formal steps of pedagogy.

I have taught seven schools in Alabama. While in Etowah county, I assisted Bro. R. S. Wilson much in his meetings in and around Attalla, and we worked well together. I taught two schools in St. Clair county, starting a prayer meeting in each community, causing the Methodists to start one at their church, and all are still going on, as far as I know now. I have preached at different places during this time, always closing with a sermon or two on the Sabbath question.

I praise God especially for my coming to Florence and the work and prospects here. I felt the Lord called me to Florence to attend the Normal College and work in a mission. I was cordially received by the leader, Rev. John B. Goins, and invited many times to preach for him. I was elected by his congregation as teacher of a Bible class. I visited the home of Bro. Goins in the Christmas holidays, and the Lord wanted me to talk to him on the Sabbath question; and while waiting for an opportunity, he asked me a question about the Sabbath. I saw and felt that God was leading, and began to tell him something of the meaning and institution of the Sabbath. God, after six days of work in creating the world and all therein, rested the seventh day, and sanctified it and made it a memorial of his creation. His people observed it before it was given from Sinai, and he placed it in the Decalogue as the fourth commandment. By the Sabbath as a memorial of creation, the Lord showed that it was the God that created all things who gave the Ten Commandments. This Sabbath of the fourth commandment is identified with the Sabbath of creation; and the Sabbath of the New Testament is identified with the Sabbath of the fourth commandment. They rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment, Luke 23: 56. The Sabbath came down to Christ, backed by thousands of years of God's example, commands and blessing, was observed by him and emphasized as being made for man. The Apostles observed it, and the followers of Christ after them till corrupted by paganism. The Bible knows no other sacred day and commands no other to be observed. Sunday, the first day of

the week, as a commandment of men makes void a commandment of God, as sprinkling makes void divine immersion. Those who practice these things, in so doing are following men instead of God. Bro. Goins wanted me to write down the strongest passages of Scripture on the Sabbath question, as he wished to examine them. My prayers have gone up to God for him and the mission. He is now a convert to the Sabbath, and last night in our meeting, when I told an incident in my experience that involved the Sabbath, Bro. Goins stood up on the platform and declared his faith in the Sabbath and how he had taken it to God, and how he was converted to it and intended to preach it to the people.

We are dealing gently with the subject in the mission and wanting the people to search the Scriptures prayerfully. I believe God will give us a large number to take a stand here for the Sabbath truth. Bro. Goins and I are going to work together. I have been asking the Lord for a true yokefellow and now he has given him. Bro. Goins is twenty-five years old, has a family, is a man of eloquence and preaching ability, and is much esteemed by his people. I think he was ordained by the Missionary Baptists.

I want help from all who feel an interest in a work of this kind here. We can buy the building we use for \$125. We badly need a place of worship. The mission is well attended, and God is blessing us. The people are generally poor people who work in factories that are cutting down time, and are running only part of the week. If the Lord puts it into any hearts to help us, I will see that the means are used to the glory of God, and the advancement of his truth. We want a library and aim to have a school. If any have books they are willing to give to this good cause, we would like to hear from them.

Florence is a manufacturing town of 10,000 or more inhabitants, has free mail delivery and electric cars. Any means that will help us will be appreciated and acknowledged in the RECORDER. Pray for Alabama.

Fraternally,
D. W. LEATH.

436 Prospect St., Florence, Ala.,
February 22, 1908.

A Convert to the Sabbath.

LETTER FROM JOHN B. GOINS.

To the SABBATH RECORDER, greeting in the Lord.

As Bro. Leath has introduced me to your readers, I have consented to write a few lines. Four years ago God converted my soul, and six months later he sanctified me. Since that time I have received many great things from my Heavenly Father, of which I will speak in my next writing. I will say here that God has converted me to the Seventh-day as the only Sabbath of the Bible, and I find great joy and blessing in observing the same. Since I met Bro. D. W. Leath and talked with him over the matter, God has given me great light on the Sabbath, which I have heartily accepted. Yesterday was my third Sabbath to keep, and I testify, of a truth, wherein I was blind, now I see as never before. I shall henceforth observe the Seventh-day according to the commandment, with the greatest delight. Bro. Leath is highly appreciated among us; God has used him in converting me to the Sabbath and we are looking for others to follow.

Pray for our mission in Florence.
Your brother in the Lord,

JNO. B. GOINS.

Florence, Ala.,
Feb. 22, 1908.

Old Mothers.

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is a something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.
Old mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

—Charles S. Ross, in *December Century*.

One of these days we shall know the reason,
Haply, of much that perplexes now;
One of these days in the Lord's good season,
Light of His peace shall adorn the brow.

Evermore blest out of tribulation,
Lifted to dwell in His sun-bright smile,
Happy to share in the great salvation,
Can we not patiently tarry awhile?

—Margaret Sangster.

Woman's Work

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

Give as the Lord hath prospered thee.

"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again."
—Sel.

The Three Sentinels.

MRS. T. J. VAN HORN.

In the bright splendor of the early dawn,
The woman knelt and prayed, "Set a watch,
O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door
of my lips." And the Father heard, and
beckoned three Shining Ones, who sped
swiftly to their stations.

Troops of Thoughts came rushing with
impetuous haste to that door, asking that
words be given them. But close to the
portal stood a sentinel, and his great Sword
barred the way. A blazing jewel glittered
on his forehead, and with a mighty strength
he held the path. "Halt, hurrying host,"
he cried, and every Thought was stayed.
"Tell me—the words ye wish to speak—
are they true?" The great jewel blazed
with so fierce a light, that the face of every
Thought was clearly seen. Some, shamed
and stricken, turned away and lost them-
selves in the shadows. For the others, the
mighty Sword of Truth was slowly lifted,
and they passed on, illumined by the jew-
el's flame.

Not far, however, for a second angel
stood within the way, and the misty gray
of his robe trailed out in shadowy folds,
and a filmy veil but faintly softened the
stern, sad countenance. Clasped in a steady
hand, he held a delicately adjusted balance.
His voice was low and compelling, as he
asked, "Have ye been duly weighed? Are
ye both true and just?"

With impatient clamor they cried, "Yes,
yes, we think so: Let us pass." And the
sound of their going was as the clatter of
tiny black hoofs upon the cobblestones of
a midnight street.

Stately and calm, the third of the Shining
Ones guarded the narrowing road, and
in his right hand was a golden shield.
Upon its outer surface could be traced a
groove, in which, at times, there ran three
wondrous pearls. The shield was as tall
as the angel, and its point rested midway
of the path, while its breadth filled all the
passage.

Upon the breathless host, the angel bent
his gaze, and one saw that his look was
melting tenderness. Before the golden
shield they paused, and with drooping
heads they listened to the quiet question.
"Tell me, ye Thoughts that knock for ut-
terance, are ye kind?" "Not all, not all,"
they sadly said. Then the angel firmly
answered, "Though ye have been admitted
past the Sword of Truth, and though ye
have been weighed in the careful Scales
of Justice, yet, if ye be not kind, ye can-
not pass the Shield today. We guard this
portal by express commission of the Most
High."

Then at that Holy Name, the unkind
Thoughts turned back, and they too were
lost in the shadows. But the others lifted
their bright faces to the sentinel, the great
Shield swung upon its point, and as they
passed the open door thus made, the angel
smiled and gave them blessing. And down
the Shield's long groove, there rang the
three great pearls with tinkling music, and
they seemed to sing, "Love, Joy and
Peace."

That night the woman slept, and as the
Shining Ones sped homeward, the light
streamed back and lay, a pure, soft radi-
ance, upon her pillow.

Woman's Board.

The Woman's Board met at the home of
Mrs. L. A. Platts, Milton, Wis., February
13, 1908, at 2.30 P. M.

Six members were present: Mrs. Clarke,
Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Platts,
Mrs. West, Mrs. Babcock.

Mrs. Clarke read a selection of Scrip-
ture, and prayer was offered by Mrs. Platts.

The minutes of the last meeting were
read.

The treasurer's report was read by Mrs. Platts and was adopted.

A letter from M. H. Van Horn, president of Conference, who wrote concerning the program for Woman's Hour at Conference, was read and discussed. Preliminary arrangements for the making out of the program were made. The chairman of the Conference Committee on Woman's Work was suggested.

The corresponding secretary, Mrs. Van Horn, of Albion, who could not be present on account of ill health, sent a letter which was full of helpful thoughts and showed unabated interest in the work of the Board.

Letters from our missionaries are always heard with interest. The one from Mrs. D. H. Davis, that was read this time, was written from Lieu-oo, China, and gave interesting details of the every-day life and work of Dr. Palmborg.

Members of the Board were urged to write for the Woman's Page of the RECORDER.

Minutes of the meeting were read and approved. Board adjourned.

MRS. S. J. CLARKE, *Pres.*

MRS. J. H. BABCOCK, *Rec. Sec.*

News Item.

The first week in January, the Ladies' Missionary and Benevolent Society met to elect officers for the ensuing year. All the members expressed much satisfaction with the work done the past year, and requested the present officers to continue their services another term. This they consented to do, with one or two exceptions. Questions under discussion were: the needs of the church and society; how much we could give for the Woman's Board; and ways of raising money. It was finally decided to serve suppers each month during the winter, as the visitors and tourists often patronize them. Thus far in the year, we have served two, and they were financially successful.

One new member has been added to our list, this year, which is encouraging to so small a society as is ours. We are enjoying the "sojourn" of some of the good people of Milton, Albion, Nortonville and Gentry. They are very helpful at our suppers, quiltings and other gatherings.

In all our plans and work we want to

keep in mind that it is all to further Christ's kingdom in the world.

MRS. E. LANDPHERE, *Cor. Sec.*
Hammond, La., Feb. 13, 1908.

[The following was intended for the monthly edition, but was omitted for want of space. We are glad to find ample room for all in this number of the RECORDER.—Ed.]

A Page for Mothers.

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

The Children.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The tiny hands they are so strong,
They hold us with so tight a clasp,
Such mystic happiness they bring,
Such wealth of love they keep in grasp.

The tiny feet that run so fast
Across the floor and down the stair,
No music in the world so sweet
As their swift patter anywhere.

The little head with clustering curls,
That nestles in the mother's arm,
No king or statesman hath such power,
The heart to fill, the life to charm.

God save each little tender child,
From touch of stain, from trail of sin;
God keep our darlings undefiled
His watching angel hosts within.
—Everywhere.

Parental Duty.

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, 'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

David's grief was a monument erected to his failure in parental duty. The headstrong young man was the outgrowth of a pampered child.

Over-indulgence to childhood is always a menace to the aged. Never was a time when this great crime against childhood was as prevalent as now; never were the results more clearly exemplified.

The word *obedience* represents all governments, all nations, and all law. The lack of obedience in the individual means the lack of obedience in the nation, as

there can be no national life without it.

When the Jews were to become a nation, God gave them laws, and so long as they continued to obey them, the national life was safe, but as soon as they cast aside law, their government was wrested from them and they were scattered among the nations. Other nations have met the same fate, and the names of Rome, Greece, Assyria, are history of the past.

We owe it as a duty to the child today that he be taught obedience in the home. If he be not taught in the home, where shall he go to learn? Among the important commands given to the Jews, was the teaching of the children in the home. "And ye shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up."

We read of many boys behind the bars as the result of drink, but I sometimes wonder just how many of them were started on a downward road by lack of parental control.

The child that does not know some limit to its wishes at the age of one year, has started on a hard life, and a child that does not realize what it means to obey at five years of age, is well nigh hopeless. "As the twig is bent the tree inclines," is true of the child as well as of woodcraft.

We fail to punish because of selfishness, give what excuse we may. It hurts us to do it and so we are willing to ruin the future of our children to spare our own feelings. Is this a true expression of love?

It is never a pleasure to a true parent to inflict punishment, but it is a duty to the children; for no matter how much we may love them, they are unwelcome to others if their manners are disagreeable! A lady once said to me, "I cannot bear to visit a certain home, because I am obliged to talk so loud to be heard above the children's noise." And in a former pastorate, I dreaded the visit of a most delightful woman, personally, because I never felt quite sure how much of the furniture would remain intact after her children had departed.

All children cannot be treated alike. Different modes of punishment must be used

according to the nature of the child. First, we must explain carefully the sin of disobedience, and show clearly what the result will be if he continues to do wrong things. When this fails, some mode of punishment must be used.

In the penitentiary in a western state, there is a boy under twenty years of age. His parents are consecrated Christians. The father, a man of some wealth, wished to bring his boys up to obey, but the mother could not endure to see her children punished. She interceded, and bestowed forbidden favors in secret. Each year the boys became more regardless of civil as well as parental rule, until at last money failed to release one of them from punishment, and he also, as Absalom of old, is a monument to unwise parenthood.

In discussing this case with a friend, she said, "It does not seem possible that any mother could indulge her children enough to harm them."

As I watched her lack of restraint upon her own little sons, and their lack of regard and reverence for her, I could but wonder how long it would be before some grief would come to her through lack of their obedience.

In Colorado, we have had an example of two fathers being sentenced to bear the penalty for crimes committed by their sons, who, being under age, could not be sentenced themselves. This shows us how far the laws of at least one of our states hold the parents responsible for the manner in which they train their children.

It is well known that civil law does not awaken to activity unless the need is urgent. Must the time come when we shall be compelled by human law to comply with divine law? Rather shall we not so train our little ones that in the coming generation we shall have a citizenship that shall obey the highest principles of righteousness and know that obedience to God is the most acceptable offering?—S. E. L., in *Union Signal*.

Praying Mothers.

Do you think God does not hear you,
Ye mothers all burdened with care?
Do you think he refuses to listen,
As you breathe your wants in a prayer?
Do you think his strong arm is shortened?
Or cares not at all for your cries?
That his heart is not touched by your pleading,
And your words are but lost in your sighs?

Does his answer seem long in its coming,
 And he seem so far, far away?
 Perhaps it is you who have wandered,
 Then why not come closer today?
 Come close with your trials and sorrow,
 Your joys and your happiness bring,
 And talk to our dear loving Father,
 While you hide 'neath his sheltering wing.
 —Anna Huber Kent.

It is a very important thing that the world should have good mothers. Only so it can have good law-makers, rulers, teachers, guides, citizens. And the world's need is the nation's need, the city's need, the home's need. In our house, our home, there must be a good mother, if we would do our share toward the world's upbuilding, uplifting.

We women—shut in to homely duties, to the tending of little children—often bemoan our fate, the smallness of our place in life, the little part we play in time's great issues. Hush! hush! We are shortsighted mortals at best! Could we but see as we are seen, how great, rather how all-important would we know the mother's part! Yet it seems often only a constant weariness from the doing of trivial things. The kissing of a tiny hand that is hurt; the sewing of a seam, the mending of a rent; the singing of a lullaby; the bathing of an infant form. Little things! Little things! How can she who performs them believe their sum total tremendous in its influence on all time?

Listen! Baby has a body, his own, yet not his alone. He has inherited many of its essential qualities, and, in his turn, must bequeath it to some other mortal who will bequeath it to yet others. Is it not important that as much as possible of weakness shall be eliminated from the little body upon which the future devolves such vast duties? Its nourishment, its protection, its cleanliness! How they count!

Baby has a mind. His thinking will always be his own, yet it will be his after a mother has stamped it with herself, tinged it by her ideas, her teachings; and it will as surely go out to tinge and mould the thought of those to come.

Baby has a soul, undying! It must go on and on eternally. It will be shaped by the first influences that touch it, will take color and form from what it finds about it. It will assuredly do its part in helping or hindering its fellows, lifelong.

Mother has first opportunity with baby's body, mind, soul. She may, in large measure, make her child what she will. She will be responsible for what he becomes in a much larger measure than any other mortal, even baby's father. It becomes her, therefore, to walk softly, to value the work God has put into her hands, to revere the young immortal confided to her care; to humbly draw near to God for the touch on herself that will enable her to touch her child aright; to guard—as men guard choicest treasure—every avenue of her child's being, lest evil in thought or habit approach it, lest anything mar her work, lest she send out a defaced man to damage the world, to project his weakness through the generations to come.

Talk of giant tasks, mighty undertakings! Whose can compare with the mother's? May God help us to realize its privileges, its dangers, to see the underlying meaning of each slightest task for the child. Hail, O Mother! first of God's helpers in importance and place! Most favored of His instruments in world-building! For such high honor, praise Him.—*The Union Signal*.

Religious Training for Children.

In bringing up our children, we have learned that in regard to religious matters, the sacred needs to be diluted with the secular. In other words, religious instruction in the abstract is not nearly so efficacious in character building as the making a few principles of righteousness a vital part of life. Practice is better than precept. My boy quickly learned the Bible's injunctions as to kindness and generosity, but when he gave ten cents of hard-earned money to help a poor woman, the act made a greater impression upon his nature than all his Sabbath schooling. Most of us parents need to realize that actions speak louder than words—that a good example and right deeds by parents during the week have more effect upon the child than churchgoing alone.—*Pater Familias in Good Housekeeping*.

A Soldier's Child.

The following incident, apropos of our recent article on mothers who scold, illustrates the subject from a viewpoint outside

the family. Sara came one Sunday afternoon for a quiet visit with little Jane. Both were in spandy clean Sunday frocks, but knowing them to be careful children, little Jane's mother allowed them to go into the orchard. Alack! the unexpected happened; and little Jane's mother, called by shrieks of anguish, hastened to the door to meet Sara—mud from hat to shoe toe. The child was wailing hysterically: "What shall I do! What shall I do! O Mrs. Burns, can't you clean me up? Mother will be so angry! She will scold so!" The nervous little thing was actually terrified at the impending rebuke. Her mother's displeasure had evidently become a frightful, exaggerated bogie, very real to the nervous child. Her sobs did not cease until Mrs. Burns had got out the tin bathtub, stripped off the shoes and half hose, and popped the muddy little legs into the water. How would that mother have felt had she known that Mrs. Burns and her oldest daughter built a fire, heated water and irons, and spent an hour that warm Sunday afternoon cleaning the child's dress and petticoat to avert the dreaded scolding? How did kind-hearted Mrs. Burns regard a mother apparently so inconsiderate of her child's happiness? Worst of all, would the little girl herself draw comparisons in mothers?—*The Congregationist*.

A Woman's Life.

This woman never had the time
 To any social place attend;
 She seldom saw a neighbor's home;
 For there were jagged rents to mend.

Her floors were tracked with muddy prints,
 The trampled weeds grew by her door;
 The plant that in her window stood,
 Untended, never blossom bore.

Unseen of her, the world went by;
 Those who, in state, had won renown
 Passed down her way, she did not heed—
 Small hands were tugging at her gown.

In after years, a strong, proud man
 Was called the crowded hall to grace;
 He looked to where, 'mid plaudits loud,
 Was lifted up his mother's face.
 —Cora A. Matson Dolson, in *Good Housekeeping*.

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.
 —*Ruskin*.

The Unemployed Preacher.

Generally the causes which produce idle men in secular callings operate to produce unemployed preachers; with this difference, that the demand for preachers has always exceeded the supply; in material things, sometimes the supply seems to exceed the demand. From the divine side, there is no reason why an efficient preacher should remain a day idle.

Some men are out of employment as preachers because they are poor workmen, either in the pulpit or in the community. The trouble with a few cases of this class is incapacity. They were never meant for preachers; they should find some calling suited to their ability. But in most cases, poor workmen are such because they fail in industry; they neither study the Bible nor take a loving interest in the people.

Another group is out of employment because they lack adaptability. They refuse to change their way of doing things to suit the fancy of the people, or the fashion of the times. If they have been in the habit of preaching an hour, while the people call for half-hour discourses, they choose to lose their audiences rather than spoil the symmetry and logical completeness of their sermons. The true preacher becomes all things to all men. He is flexible in everything but the contents of his message. Here he is as unyielding as the rock.

Frequently preachers are idle for lack of faith rather than for lack of opportunity. He can who believes he can. Concentration (another word for faith) spells success. Success breeds success. No man has so many openings for work as he who is already busy. No successful drummer deals in side lines. The Lord ordained that they that proclaim the gospel should live of the gospel, and he will fulfill his promise to the letter. But they must preach. He promises nothing to those who do not give themselves entirely to the ministry of the Word. If we are fearful, if we lean on any arm of flesh, if we are indifferent in presenting the message, if we lack in industry, if we fail in joy or hope, we need not be surprised if we find ourselves in enforced idleness.

Certain preachers are idle simply because they are in the wrong place. The thousands of men out of work in our big cities would all find employment if they were properly

distributed throughout the country. Instead of begging bread, they might be growing bread if they would go back to the farm. So, some preachers are idle because they are in the wrong place, and make no effort to go where the gospel work is needed and appreciated.

Selfish ambitions explain the idleness of certain ministers. Sighing and planning to secure a "larger field," they fail to cultivate the one they have been occupying. And getting the reputation of discontented and inefficient workmen, they are soon out of a job. Instead of working their way up, they have schemed their way down. Among the saddest of failures is that of the ambitious preacher who has never realized his natural limitations.

The Lord allows preachers to remain idle because they are not willing to work on the job he offers them. They count themselves \$2,000 preachers, or \$1,000 preachers, or city preachers, etc., and will not ride a circuit or live in the country. They want to dictate to the Lord, and he does not propose to let them run his business for him. He will give them plenty to do, but they must work where he appoints and under his direction. The man who insists on making his own conditions need not be surprised to find that the Lord has no work for him.

Preachers sometimes find themselves out of employment because they have lost joy and hope in their work. They dwell on their past victories. They face the future with uncertainty. Lines of age on their faces indicate wrinkles on the mind and heart. They cross the dead-line long before they come to it. They forget that while the outward man is perishing, the inward man may be renewed day by day. No man is old whose face is illuminated by hope, and whose voice rings with the joy of salvation. In every calling, the happy, hopeful man is sought after. Long ago Joel revealed the secret of failure when he pictorially and impressively said: "The vine is withered, and the fig tree languisheth; the pomegranate tree, the palm tree also, and the apple tree, even all the trees of the field are withered: for joy is withered away from the sons of men."

In this world of ignorance and error and sin and sorrow, whoever has the knowledge of the truth, the spirit of love and human

sympathy, the joy of immortal hope, need not be idle one moment, but, like Jesus his Master, he may be continually going about doing good.—*Christian Standard*.

Prayer For the Kingdom.

If you do not wish for his kingdom, do not pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it—you must work for it. And to work for it you must know what it is. We have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to come outside of us; but in the hearts of us. "The kingdom of God is within you." And, being with us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt, and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost;" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful and helpful Spirit.—*John Ruskin*.

For Commerce and Travel.

A new railway one hundred miles long built by Flagler, the material improver of Florida, runs from Miami to Knights Key. It passes over thirteen miles of water and nineteen miles of submerged swamp. About forty miles more will bring the terminal to Key West, whence immense ferryboats will carry whole trains to Havana, ninety miles away. This region was described in an editorial letter in the *Christian Advocate* a few years ago. When the new railway is complete it will touch forty-one of the little off-coast Florida islands which are called Keys. Between some of them—for instance, on the two miles of Long Key viaduct—passengers pass out of sight of land, the low footholds of the rails offering no mark against the horizon. This whole extension is a highway of steel and concrete, built up where for ages only winds and tides have been the masters of the shallow seas. The whole route costs \$15,000,000, and is an extension of the Florida East Coast road. Some of the humorists have called it the "Sea-going Railway." Mr. Flagler expects to make a great deal of money out of it, for "off there lies Cuba developing; over here is America, always growing—in these days always reaching out."—*Christian Advocate*.

Young People's Work

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

Look for the Good in Life.

A day or two ago, the editor of this page received a letter from a good Christian woman who is a lone Sabbath-keeper, expressing her appreciation of the sermon that was published in the issue of the 27th. This would not be mentioned only for the fact that it taught us a lesson which others ought to learn. The fact is, this sermon, while poor, had some good in it and this Christian woman found it. Indeed, she seems to make it the business of her life to search for the good things and use them for the good of others. In speaking of the sermons that are published, she says: "Isolated as I am from our people, I have great liberty. I cull the good things given out by each shepherd to his flock and appropriate for my own use such as I please; so I am fed and my soul is nourished. I am made to rejoice * * * because that which is spoken by the Under Shepherd is dropped into rich soil, where it grows, accumulates in power, and passes on to enrich the lives of others. It is immortal because winged with divine power." I quote these words in the hope that they may strike a responsive feeling in the hearts of other lone Sabbath-keepers. Even being isolated from others of like faith and practice may have its advantages, at least it may be worth our while to look for them. Is it not true that we are often made to feel that life is shorn of opportunity, that we are less favored than others merely because our eyes are not open to the good things of life? Would it not be well for us to pray, as did the Psalmist, "Open thou our eyes," that we may see the wonderful advantages and blessings with which we are surrounded? Life holds for us a thousand blessings in our educational advantages, social influences, religious privileges, home ties, and what not, if only our hearts are open to receive them and we have the power to appreciate and use them.

Do Your Best.

How many young people are stunting their growth and dwarfing their Christian characters by excusing themselves on the ground that "some one else can do it better?" Did you ever stop to think that an opportunity to do something good is a challenge to your moral and spiritual courage and your real purpose in life? What if some one else can do better than we can do; does that excuse us from action; are we going to sit idly, or turn away from duty merely because some one else can do it better? Let me give you two or three reasons why we ought always to do the best we can.

I. It will develop our power and lead to something better in a larger life. Nothing is gained by inaction, while we lose what we have. An opportunity to do a service is an opportunity to increase our efficiency. If we excuse ourselves, saying, "Some one else can do it better," we simply choose to remain weaklings when we might be strong. I knew a young man, when I was in college, who entered enthusiastically into every line of work possible. He never refused to do anything which it was possible for him to do, even where there were "others who could do it much better." What did it matter to him if he was painfully awkward when he appeared in "rhetoricals" for the first time? He expected to improve and he did. Before he left college, he had the pleasure of taking first prize in a contest with several of his colleagues. This is only one example of success which he achieved in many ways. He who does not test his power will never know it.

II. It will increase our self-respect. We ought to respect in ourselves what we respect in others. We admire others for their ability and power, and often wish we were equally strong. I have seen people who actually held themselves in contempt for their own weakness; while if they had spent the time in getting strength and power instead of mourning over the lack of it, they would have had the same respect which they had for others.

III. It will bring divine approval. We must not forget that the talents which we possess are the gifts of our Heavenly Father. Some of us may have only the "one talent," but a right use of that one is

just as acceptable as though we had ten. More than this, we are to be held accountable for our failure to develop our latent powers. God is not pleased with us when we say, "I would rather be excused, somebody else can do it better." I am afraid we do not realize that we are regarded as "wicked and slothful servants," when we do this way. On the other hand, if we should say, "Yes, Lord, I will do the very best I can with your help," we would know the thrill of his words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

So, dear young people, let us not excuse ourselves any more, but rather let us take every opportunity that comes for gaining strength and power, knowing that success comes only to those who labor diligently and faithfully. Let us attain those higher levels where we can respect ourselves and be respected, and know the joys of divine approval.

We welcome the following new notes from Berlin and Fouke, and wish that more of our young people would send something similar from the many churches and societies in which we are all interested.

BERLIN, N. Y.—It has become the custom for our church to have a reunion at New Year's. Although quite a number were sick, yet the attendance was good, and a bountiful dinner was served, of which all partook. Indeed, it was a "home gathering;" the New Year's spirit filled us all, though many familiar faces were missing that will be seen no more at our earthly reunions.

Our pastor's donation occurs the first week in March. May the genial rays of friendship completely relax our purse-strings, and may we, out of our abundance, give freely to our beloved pastor.

M. E. G.

February 9, 1908.

FOUKE, ARK.—The past week has been one of vacation in the Fouke school. It has not been a very pleasant vacation, however, as there has been so much sickness. Scarcely any one has been able to avoid a turn of the grip. A little over a week ago, school was dismissed on account of sickness among the teachers; but is expected to open again, Monday morning. In spite

of hindrances, however, the last monthly examinations show the highest average standing that has yet been attained this year. A number of standard reference books are soon to be added to the library; also a new system of text-books is to be introduced in some branches of the work. The new graded books will be more interesting and instructive for the pupils, and will doubtless lead to more thorough work.

J. F. R.

February 8, 1908.

Treasurer's Report.

Aug. 1, 1907-Jan. 31, 1908.

MRS. S. B. EVERTS, *Treasurer,*

In account with the

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD.

DR.

To Balance on hand, Aug. 1\$ 23 98

To Cash,	
New York Church	8 54
Salem, W. Va.	10 00
Ritchie, W. Va.	6 00
Welton, Ia.	5 00
Ashaway, R. I.	1 00
Rockville, R. I.	2 50
Ashaway, R. I.	5 40
Little Genesee, N. Y.	50 00
Alfred, N. Y.	3 90
Marlboro, N. J.	5 00
Adams Centre, N. Y.	20 00
Nile, N. Y.	10 00
Westerly, R. I.	12 50
Alfred, N. Y., Juniors	10 00
Ashaway, R. I.	1 00
New York, N. Y.	1 14
Walworth, Wis.	13 85
Alfred Station, N. Y.	15 00
Alfred Station, N. Y., Second Alfred Juniors	13 30
Collection at Conference	50 00
	<hr/>
	\$268 11

CR.

By Cash,	
Missionary Society,	
General Fund	\$ 30 20
Dr. Palmborg's salary	45 50
Fouke School	2 50
Randolph Home	2 50
Tract Society	16 30
Theological Seminary	5 00
Recorder Press, reports to Conference	12 00
A. L. Davis, Sec., postage and expense	5 10
Balance on hand	149 01
	<hr/>
	\$268 11

Arrangements were not made for the present treasurer to take up the work until early in January, hence this report covers all receipts and expenditures to January 31, 1908.

MRS. S. B. EVERTS, *Treas.*

Adams, N. Y.,
January 31, 1908.

The Sabbath was Made for Man.

MRS. C. M. LEWIS.

We would like to have been with Jesus
On that holy Sabbath morn
When he walked with his disciples
Through the fields of waving corn;
While the dew was on the lilies,
The birds were on the wing,
And the rays of morning sunlight
Touched and glorified the scene.

We would like to have walked beside him,
We would like to have heard him say
That the Sabbath was made for man,
Not man for the Sabbath day.
Our hearts overflow with gladness,
While joyful songs we raise,
For the words of our blessed Saviour
Inspire our hearts with praise.

The New Birth Illustrated.

In your school days you worked over your problem and found the answer was not right. But when you found that it was wrong you changed a figure here, another one there, and when finally you could not make it come right you took your sponge and wiped it all out and said, "I am going to begin over again." Now that is what Christ said to Nicodemus: "Begin over again as a child. Don't do it as an old man; begin to grow up into the childhood toward God, and then when it comes time to go to heaven you will simply go home." I asked my little girl one day when she came home at noon, "Why did you come in here?" She opened her great eyes and looked at me; she did not know what I meant. I said, "Why didn't you go into the doctor's next door?" Finally she said, "Why, this is my home." Yes, it is home; that is the reason you are going to heaven—you are going to your Father's home. It must be home. You have to be a child of God if you wish to enter the Father's home. There is not a man living who does not need this new birth. There are a great many men living today who need to have their lives turned back to the very source and to be born again into a real childhood, and fitted for the home that is in heaven. So I say it is one of the gladdest and most joyous things in the whole gospel. To think of it, my friends, that a man can be born again. Think of it, that your life with all its blunders can be wiped out; that your sins can all be cast into the sea; that you can start all over again and prattle as God's child, and work

as God's child, and finally go home, because heaven is your Father's house. Surely the story of the new birth is good news to the men and women of this day.—*Dr. Alexander McKenzie.*

Prepare to Live.

ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

Would you find in life's brief journey
All the truest joys of earth,
Would you gather sweetest blossoms
Where the fairest flowers have birth,
Scatter words of loving kindness,
Help some other on the way;
Learn the right in youth's bright morning
And perform it day by day.

Brightest hopes will prove a failure
If we have no hope in God;
They who walk without his guidance
Blindly stumble, weakly plod.
Jesus waits to bear our burdens
And sustain us in the strife;
Let our hearts receive his presence,
To enhance the joys of life.

Turn not from his tender message
Who still calls, "Come unto me!"
Could my soul remain a stranger
To the Christ who died for me,
I must miss the voice of comfort
Which no other friend can give,
"Fear not, I am with you always,"
Put your trust in me and live.

If we treat him as a stranger,
Never seek his aid in prayer,
We can never find a welcome
In the heavenly mansions fair,
In his strength alone is safety,
While we walk the narrow way
For the life beyond, preparing
In the life we live today.

Lace Bark Trees.

There are in all about half a dozen lace bark trees in the world, so called because the inner bark yields a natural lace in ready-made sheet from which can be made up serviceable articles of apparel. Only four of these curious species of trees are of much practical value.

In its natural state the real lace bark is of a delicate cream white tint. It is probably a kind of fibrous pith. When the outer bark is removed it can be unfolded and unwound in one seamless piece, having a surface of a little more than a square yard. Washing and sun bleaching give it a dazzling white appearance. The fabric is airily light. It is used in the West Indies for mantillas, cravats, collars, cuffs, window curtains—in a word, for every purpose that ordinary lace is used. In making up shawls, veils and the like, it is cus-

tomary to piece two sheets of lace bark together. Delicate and apparently weak as it is in single mesh, a bit of lace bark, if rolled into a thin string, will all but resist human strength to break it.

Despite its practical use there is no essential demand for lace bark. It has been used by the natives for hundreds of years and yet is comparatively little known to this day. A few specimens of lace bark articles exist in different countries of Europe. These were made hundreds of years ago, yet, although their age is considerable, they are said to be in a good state of preservation.—*Chicago News.*

A mother said to her little boy: "I am shocked to hear that your playmate, Willie Smith, whipped the poor cat. You wouldn't do such a thing, I know."

"No, indeed, ma," was the reply.

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"I couldn't, ma. I was holding the cat."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Value of a Dainty Table.

One of the most refining influences in the home where young people are growing up is an attractive table, and it can be made attractive despite the absence of costly furnishings, as the only necessary requisites are clean linen and polished dishes. If one takes pains to always have the table neat and clean, it teaches the children to be more particular at the table, and nothing more quickly marks one's breeding than his manner at the table.

A great deal in the way of small things can be done to make the table attractive, and the value of flowers cannot be overestimated as table decorations, and almost every housekeeper has a few plants from which to select a few leaves and blooms to make a pretty centerpiece. The appearance of a pretty, daintily set table depends largely on the quality and laundering of the table linen, and a liberal use of small cloths every day adds to the dainty appearance of a table and saves the long cloths a great deal of wear.

These cloths can be kept clean with very little rubbing by putting them to soak over night in strong pearline suds and anything that saves rubbing is a genuine saving to the fabric. It does not take much more time to set the table attractively and to serve the food in a dainty, appetizing way

and the gain is inestimable. The small cloths need not be expensive, as pretty and serviceable cloths can be made from remnants of table linen, and sometimes short lengths of linen can be bought at very low prices. If care is taken to choose small patterns, and the cloth neatly hemstitched, these are handsome articles when finished.
—*M. A. H. In Southern Presbyterian.*

The Growth of the West.

"Take Texas as an example. In 1870 it had a population of 818,579; in 1880, 1,591,749; in 1890, 2,235,523; in 1900, 3,048,710; in 1906 it had grown to 3,536,618; and the mighty tide of humanity that is pouring into that great new country still rolls on. There is no doubt whatever that Texas alone could sustain in comfort as large a population as the whole United States holds today."

POSSIBILITIES OF THE WEST.

Today California and Nevada, with an area of 268,987 square miles, have a total population of only 1,650,384. And yet, they cover a territory larger than France, which contains only 207,054 square miles and has a population of 38,961,945.

Beyond question, California and Nevada will sustain a population as great as France.

Montana and Idaho are as large as the whole empire of Austria-Hungary, with its population of 45,242,889. Montana alone is as large as the whole Japanese empire, with its population of 47,812,138, as against an existing population in Montana of 303,575 in 1906. But it was only 243,329 in 1900 and 132,119 in 1890. It will treble in the next ten years.

Colorado and Wyoming are as large as the German empire; North and South Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska equal Sweden and Norway in area. Arizona and Utah have an area as large as Spain, and all of Italy could be put into New Mexico.—*Talisman.*

Notice for Our Readers in England.

William Thomas Wiseman wishes us to announce through the RECORDER, that he has "accepted the committee's invitation to lecture" on the subject, "Is the Sabbath of Christendom the Sabbath of the Bible?" This lecture is appointed for Tuesday, April 7, 1908, at 8 P. M., in Y. M. C. A. hall, Ogle Road, Southampton, England.

Children's Page

Slumber Song.

Far away in the mountain steep
The soft little snow flakes cover deep
The beds where the baby flowers sleep.
Under the snow
They slumber and grow,
And only Mother Nature knows
Just what is best for each wee wild rose.

Safely at home as the star folks peep
'Neath the silken coverlet snuggled deep,
The flower-faced baby sinks to sleep,
In her sweet white nest
She cuddles at rest
And only the loving mother knows
Just what is best for the wee wild rose.
—*Alice Goodwin.*

Hildred's Alphabet.

"It is high time that Hildred knew her letters," declared grandma.

"Why, she's only seven," said Robert. Robert himself was twelve. "Hardly anybody in our room knows the alphabet. They don't teach it at school nowadays."

"All the more, then, it ought to be taught at home." Grandma clung to old-fashioned methods. "I hope you haven't forgotten yours."

"No, ma'am; I never shall," laughed Robert, remembering the hours in grandma's room, before he went to school, when he had only the unlearned alphabet for company.

So Hildred took her first lesson; but it was not a success, for the little girl couldn't seem to remember whether A pointed up or down, or if it were B or D that had two curves.

Thus matters stood, early in December, when Aunt Judith came.

"Now she'll want to teach me," thought Hildred. But to her surprise Aunt Judith did not speak of letters.

Hildred's stockings had never been big enough to hold her Christmas presents; but this year she was amazed to find them plumped out only with nuts, raisins, oranges, and candy—not a single other gift! Her eyes were full of disappointment when Aunt Judith said:

"There were so many presents for you, sweetheart, that it wasn't convenient to have

them left down here. They are up in my room—a long row of them; Come and see!"

Hildred bounded away, Robert beside her, and the others following.

Just inside the door the little girl stopped, fairly dazed at the sight.

There, from end to end of the room, was a row of boxes—boxes of all sizes and shapes, one taller than Hildred herself, several small enough to be carried in her hand, and every one of them had written on it a letter of the alphabet.

"Each letter," explained Aunt Judith, "stands for the present in its box, and for some letters there are two presents. I believe there are thirty in all."

"Oh, what can they be!" Hildred had reached the first box.

"Wait, dear!" Aunt Judith said. "We thought this would be an easy way for you to learn the alphabet. As soon as you know A so well that you can tell it anywhere, you can open that A box and have the gift that belongs with A, and so on."

"And can't I see any of them till I've learned the letter?" Dismay was on Hildred's face.

"Oh, you won't have long to wait, sweetheart," Aunt Judith drew the little girl caressingly to her side. "Let's begin right away! I've seen what's in the A box, and it's fine."

The lips that had nearly been puckered into a cry began to smile.

"Oh, I wonder what it is!" Hildred said.

And so much did she wish to know, and so faithfully did she apply herself to her task, that in less than an hour the box was open, and all the paper dolls were taking their first ride in the new automobile. Before luncheon a beautiful book had found its way out of the B box, and afterward a dear little china clock was ticking away on the nursery mantel, just as if it always lived there, Hildred said.

The next box was the tallest of all, and Robert and his sister spent the hour before bedtime in guessing about its contents.

"Too big for a doll," asserted Robert.

"Yes," Hildred sadly agreed. She had so wanted a new baby.

Early the following morning she set about learning D. The big box question must be settled.

In a little while Robert declared that she

knew D "upside-down, wrong-side out, and any old way." Then the box was opened.

Hildred peeped in, and shrieked with joy. There was a beautiful doll sitting on top of a handsome desk.

In less than two weeks the entire alphabet was unboxed. There were truly enough presents for one little girl—an engraving of Donatello's "Singing Children," a fan, gloves and a game, handkerchiefs, little ice cream freezer, jewel case, small kodak, a letter from Uncle Leonard containing five dollars, mittens, needlework and napkin ring, orange spoon, perfume bottle and paper dolls, silver quarter, ruby ring, slippers, thimble, umbrella, vase, work-basket, xylophone (that Aunt Judith taught her to play on), a pretty toy yacht and a zephyr-wool sacque.

And Hildred said over and over again, "Oh, I never had anything half so nice as my Christmas Alphabet!"—*Sunday School Times.*

One Grand, Sweet Song.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could sing 'neath skies so dull and gray,
But, if you will, a quiet hint I'll give you
For every day, for every day.

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark that hails the dawn or breezy down;
To win yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

"A Sad Death."

The business manager of the Publishing House sends the following obituary notice to the editor's desk. Evidently he believes in prayer meetings as well as prepaid subscriptions.

Died of consumption at the city of Laodicea, state of Neglect, in the fifteenth year of her age, Sister Prayer-meeting, oldest daughter of Brother and Sister Church. The health of Sister Prayer-meeting was quite poor most of last year, and she gradually grew weaker till her life was despaired of. For several weeks a few of her dearest friends, by their personal visits and efforts, kept her alive, and at times she would revive and give promise of health and strength once more. But even her truest friends neglected her, and in discouragement she died. Several lived close by, and a large circle of

professed Christians were within the radius of one mile; but not one was present at the sad death.

Had only two been present, our sister's life might have been saved; for when two are agreed as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them. Probably two-thirds of her friends might have been present if they had been disposed, but they were not and a blessed sister and daughter died in solitude from sheer neglect. As there were no mourners, there was no funeral held.

In closing this sad statement of facts we can do no less than add a sincere prayer that at least the hearts of Brother and Sister Church may be so tendered as to mourn the loss of their daughter, which will lead them to study the subject of the resurrection and pray that it may speedily come about that they shall be once more united with the blessings of the departed one.—*Educational Messenger.*

Does Ma Wish She Was Pa?

"I wish I had a lot o' cash."
Sez pa, one winter's night:
"I'd go down South an' stay a while
Where days are warm an' bright."
He set an' watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful daze),
Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots
An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil."
Sez pa: "I wouldn't do a thing."
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham,
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!)
Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea,
Then pa—set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire."
Sez pa: "I'd have a snap."
Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore;
Pa—at his ev'nin' nap!
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat,
Then darned four pairs o' socks;
Pa woke, an sez, "It's time for bed:
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"
—*Mary F. K. Hutchinson, in March Woman's Home Companion.*

"The students of Columbia have been roused by the appointment of a young woman on the Cornell debating team which is to meet the representatives of Columbia. Columbia protested the appointment on the ground that judges could not give a fair decision when a woman was concerned. Cornell, however, refuses to make a change."

HOME NEWS

SALEM, W. VA.—Professor C. B. Clark, of Alfred, N. Y., after spending a few days in Salem as the guest of the Board of Salem College, returned to his home on Tuesday, February 18. He was asked to consider the matter of becoming the president of the college at the beginning of another year, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of President Clawson. Having looked the ground over, he made certain propositions to the Board. On Tuesday evening, February 18, at the regular meeting of the Board, his propositions were carefully considered and discussed with much interest and enthusiasm, and the recommendation of the committee to call Professor Clark to the presidency and to meet, as far as possible, the conditions by him named was adopted by a unanimous vote. It is the hope of all that he will come.

Mrs. Clark Stillman and two sons, of Alfred, N. Y., who have been visiting at the home of her father, Pastor Witter, since New Year's, left for their home in company with Professor Clark. Their stay was much enjoyed by the family and the friends at Salem.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—The annual dinner of the Second Brookfield Church was held in Grand Army Hall, Sunday, February 9, and was largely attended by the church and congregation, considering the inclement weather and the condition of the roads. In the afternoon, a program, consisting of music, reports from all the societies connected with the church, letters from non-resident members of the church, and a short address by the pastor, was presented and we trust was a means of increasing the knowledge of all as to what the church is doing and is planning to do.

At the annual church meeting it was voted to adopt the plan of the Board of Systematic Finance as the method for raising funds for church and denominational work the coming year. We look for a more general giving, on the part of the people, to our various denominational interests.

Regular weekly teachers' meetings are

being held, in connection with which Teacher Training work is being done. Tracey's "Sabbath School Methods" is used as a basis for class discussion.

Our hearts have been made glad by new voices in the prayer meeting and a new and active interest in spiritual things on the part of some of our young people. We are working and praying for others.

W. L. G.

Death of O. S. Potter.

One by one the old-time machinery men of this coast are passing on, and it is with deep regret that the *Wood and Iron* notes the death of O. S. Potter, one of the widest and best known salesmen of this coast, who died at San Jose, California, on the 30th of December. His illness was not thought dangerous until almost the last moment, as he had been absent from his desk but ten days.

At the time of his death, he was in the employ of Henshaw, Bulkley and Company, and six of his fellow salesmen acted as pall-bearers when his remains were interred, by the side of his wife, in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, California.

With the exception of a few years spent in the machinery business in the Middle West, the deceased had been connected with the iron trade of the Pacific Slope for over twenty years, and was well and favorably known from Seattle to San Diego, numbering his friends by the legion. His kindly nature made him an ideal salesman, for he never permitted himself to be swayed by anger, his manner being calm and dignified under the most trying circumstances. He is survived by his mother, living in Michigan, and a son and daughter, and to these are given the messages of deep condolence from his many old-time friends in the West.

The above notice from the *Wood and Iron* of California, was forwarded to the RECORDER by Mr. Potter's mother. Many of our readers will remember O. S. Potter, commonly called "Thel Potter," as the son of Elisha Potter, deceased, of Alfred.

MARRIAGES

POTTER-POLAN.—At the home of the bride's parents near Jackson Centre, Ohio, December 26, 1907, by Rev. Darwin C. Lippincott, Mr. Roy D. Potter of Edelstein, Illinois, and Miss Nina E. Polan of Jackson Centre, Ohio.

BAILEY-STROTHER.—At the home of the bride, on Greenbrier, Doddridge County, West Virginia, February 22, 1908, by S. A. Ford, Joseph L. Bailey and Etta M. Strother.

DEATHS

CLARKE.—In Brookfield, N. Y., January 24, 1908, M. Willett Clarke, in the 82d year of his age.

M. Willett Clarke was born in the town of Brookfield, November 12, 1825, and was one of eleven children born to David and Lydia Frink Clarke. They were: Mrs. William Greene, Mrs. Patten Fitch, Tacy and Ursula Clarke, Mrs. Solomon Carpenter, Mrs. James Hills, Dexter and Truman Clarke, Mrs. Hezekiah Greene, M. Willett Clarke and Mrs. F. J. Lavantia Chase. Brother Willett Clarke was the last of this large family to be called home.

Brother Clarke was baptized in 1855 and in a way was identified with the Free Will Baptist Church, though observing the Seventh-day as the Sabbath. In 1895, he united with the Second Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Church of which he has since remained a most consistent member.

January 22, 1848, he was married to Elizabeth Lewis, sister of Rev. Chas M. and Rev. H. B. Lewis, and for sixty years they lived a quiet, happy life, saddened only by the death angel which claimed all but two of their seven children. Though Brother Clarke had reached the fullness of years, he will be greatly missed in the community where he has so long resided. The memory of his upright character, his everyday Christian living, his kind and sympathetic ways, his cheerful and hopeful view of life will be a constant inspiration to his wide circle of friends, and the church which he loved.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor at the late home and the burial was in the Brookfield Rural Cemetery. W. L. G.

SIMONS.—In Binghamton, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1908, Thomas P. Simons, in the 81st year of his age.

Brother Simons became a member of the Second Brookfield Church, in 1852, under the pastoral labors of Rev. Joshua Clarke. Most of his life has been spent in this town, but for a few months past he had made his home with a son Duane, in Binghamton, where he was called to the home above. His companion of many years preceded him about two years ago. He is survived by two sons, Duane of Binghamton, and George of Brookfield. He was a quiet, industrious man, honest and upright in character.

Funeral services were conducted in the Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Church, February 4, by his pastor. Burial in the "North Church" Cemetery. W. L. G.

CRAINE.—In Brookfield, N. Y., February 3, 1908, Mrs. Orilla Crandall Craine, in the 68th year of her age. A more extended notice elsewhere. W. L. G.

SMALLEY.—Gideon W. Smalley was born in 1832 and died February 6, 1908. He was a son of John Smalley and Phoebe Wooden.

After the death of his wife, which occurred some years ago, Mr. Smalley made his home in Orange, N. J. He is survived by two sons: John E., who resides at 199 Ralph Avenue,

Brooklyn, N. Y., and Frank R., of Dunellen, N. J. Farewell services were held at the home of Goldson Smalley, Dunellen. Interment was in Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield, N. J. H. N. J.

LEWIS.—At her home near Stonefort, Illinois, February 11, 1908, of pneumonia, Mrs. Minerva Lewis, in her sixty-sixth year.

She was the daughter of John and Dorothy Oshel and was born near Vanlue in the state of Ohio, the 19th of June, 1842. The family came to Illinois about 1851 and settled on a farm near the town of Stonefort, where she grew to womanhood. Here, on the 10th of August, 1864, she was married to Eld. Kobert Lewis. To this union were born nine children, seven sons and two daughters, six of whom are still living. She professed faith in Christ when about eighteen years of age, was baptized, and united with the Little Salme Baptist Church. In that connection she remained until the organization of the Stonefort Seventh-day Baptist Church, in 1871, into which she came as one of its constituent members. She was a faithful wife, loving mother, kind neighbor and consistent Christian, and will be sadly missed by those who knew her, especially by the church, her husband and the children.

The funeral was held in the church and the services were conducted by the writer, a large, appreciative congregation being assembled. The body was interred in the old family cemetery, there to await the first resurrection. "Blessed * * * is he that hath part in the first resurrection." F. F. J.

COON.—At his home in Walworth, Wisconsin, February 20, 1908, of heart disease, Marshall Coon, in the 52d year of his age.

Marshall Coon was the son of Benjamin F. and Martha Millard Coon and was born in the town of Oak Grove, Dodge Co., Wis., October 18, 1856. When he was nearly four years old his mother died, and at the age of ten years he came to the town of Linn, Walworth Co., Wis., and grew up with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Millard. He married Miss Lucy Campbell, October 20, 1881. She was spared to him but a few years and in 1887 he married Miss Luella Crandall who with two sons survive him. He united in early life with the Walworth Seventh-day Baptist Church of which he was a member at the time of his death. He was esteemed by all his friends and neighbors for his integrity and industry.

Funeral services were held February 23, 1908, at the Walworth Seventh-day Baptist Church, conducted by President W. C. Daland. Text. Ps. 102:24. Interment in the Walworth Cemetery. W. C. D.

RANDOLPH.—David F. Randolph was born in Salem, W. Va., February 26, 1831, and died at the home of his daughter, near Tunnelton, W. Va., February 14, 1908.

He was the son of Jonathan and Jane Randolph. Most of his life he lived in, or near to, Salem. He was married August 5, 1852, to Caroline Cornell. He was always interested in religious matters and loved to read the Bible, but did not come into a converted life till about

(Continued on page 288)

Sabbath School

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

Mar. 21. Review.

Mar. 28. Temperance Lesson,

Prov. 23:29-35.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 14, 1908.

JESUS HEALS A MAN BORN BLIND.

John 9:1-12.

Golden Text.—"I am the light of the world." John 9:5.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, John 7:1-24.

Second-day, John 7:25-44.

Third-day, John 7:45-52; 8:12-20.

Sabbath-day, John 9:23-41.

Fourth-day, John 8:21-37.

Fifth-day, John 8:38-59.

Sixth-day, John 9:1-22.

INTRODUCTION.

The seventh and eighth chapters of John's Gospel relate to Jesus' teaching in Jerusalem at the time of the feast of tabernacles, six months after the time of our Lesson of last week. In the midst of this section there is an inserted paragraph, ch. 7:53 to 8:11, which is properly no part of John's Gospel and certainly does not belong in this connection. Some have even gone so far as to say that it is really no part of Sacred Scripture, but that matter is not so easily settled.

In the time that intervenes between chs. 6 and 7 of John's Gospel, Matthew, Mark and Luke tell us of the closing events of our Lord's Galilean ministry. It was during this time that Jesus was withdrawing outside the land of Palestine, and beginning to teach his disciples that he must be rejected by the leaders of the nation and slain. While upon a high mountain in the region of Caesarea Philippi he was transfigured before three of his disciples, the three who came the nearest to understanding him.

Opinions vary as to the time of ch. 9. Many think that it is closely connected with the preceding narrative and teaching, and belongs at the time of the feast of tabernacles; while others think that there is a decided break at the end of chapter 8, and that the incident of the blind man belongs at the time of the feast of dedication mentioned in ch. 10:22. It is evident that Jesus did not remain in Jerusalem throughout the in-

terval between these two feasts, and that our Lesson must have been near the time of one or the other of them.

TIME—Either at the feast of tabernacles (October), or else at the feast of Dedication (December) in the year 29. See Introduction above.

PLACE—Jerusalem. The pool of Siloam is in the southern part of the city.

PERSONS—Jesus and his disciples; the blind man, his parents and friends; the bystanders and the Pharisees.

OUTLINE:

1. Jesus Instructs His Disciples. v. 1-5.
2. Jesus gives Sight to the Blind Man. v. 6, 7.
3. The People Wonder. v. 8-12.
4. The Pharisees Find Fault. v. 13-34.
5. Jesus Instructs the Man Formerly Blind and Admonishes the Pharisees. v. 35-41.

NOTES.

1. *And as he passed by.* We may imagine that the blind man was sitting by the gate of the temple. *Blind from his birth.* And so with no hope at all from human point of view of ever gaining the ability to see.

2. *Rabbi.* A respectful title by which Jewish disciples usually addressed their teacher. *Who sinned?* The disciples had doubtless been considering the perplexing problem of the origin of evil, and so in this man they see a good illustration to bring the matter to the attention of Jesus for his explanation. The question shows that the disciples were believers in the popular theory that special affliction is the token of special sin. This was the theory of the three friends of Job. We are a little surprised that the disciples could think it possible that a man could sin before he was born. Probably they were at a loss in attempting to explain the problem of sin, and asked the question without stopping to notice what their question implied. From Exod. 20:5 it is to be inferred that a man may find calamities simply from the indiscretions of his parents. This passage can hardly be taken to prove that the disciples believed in the transmigration of souls, and believed that a man might sin, and die, and live in another body to be punished for his sin.

3. *Neither did this man sin, nor his parents.* The real mistake of the disciples was in supposing that there was no other alternation for the explanation of the great calamity of being born blind. Jesus rejects both of their suggestions. We are not to understand, of course, that Jesus meant that this man and his parents were sinless, but that the blindness was occasioned by the sin of none of them. *But that the works of God should be made manifest.* The design of

this calamity was in the providence of God that his power through Jesus Christ should be shown to the world.

4. *We must work the works of him that sent me.* The revised versions have "we" instead of "I," following better manuscript authority. The disciples are included with Jesus in the duty to God's work. We ought to be striving to put away evil out of the world. *The night cometh.* In a certain sense Jesus' work is going on after his death (and the deeds of every man live after him), but there was a limit to that kind of activity in which he was then engaged, just as opportunities pass away from us.

5. *I am the light of the world.* He must therefore be continually driving away shadows, and making people happy. He could not pass by suffering with idle indifference. Compare ch. 8:12.

6. *He spat on the ground, and made clay,* etc. Jesus frequently used means in performing miracles; but none of these means can be regarded as efficacious in accomplishing the cures. They simply served to arouse the faith of the sufferer.

7. *The pool of Siloam.* This pool was in the southeastern corner of the city. The sending of the blind man to this pool may be compared to Elisha's sending Naaman to the Jordan. Some have imagined that the sight of the blind man was partially given to him before he started, and that thus he was able to find the way; but there is nothing to commend this supposition, for it is not at all remarkable that a blind man would be able to find his way about the city alone.

8. *That he was a beggar.* King James' Version, following inferior manuscripts, has "blind" instead of "beggar;" but the mistake arose very naturally, since in that age of the world a blind man would have no means of earning a livelihood, and would almost inevitably become a beggar. His friends and neighbors were so surprised at his ability to see that they could at first scarcely believe that he was the same man.

9. *Others said, No, but he is like him.* The eyes are a considerable feature in a man's personal appearance, and it is no wonder that some thought that the man whom they saw was really a different person from the blind beggar. *I am he.* The man himself was able to settle the question.

10. *How were thine eyes opened?* Possibly they meant, Prove your identity by showing how it happens that you are now able to see.

11. *The man that is called Jesus made clay,* etc. He tells a straightforward story. Very likely he did not know then that Jesus was a popular teacher or that he had performed many mir-

acles. He may have learned the name of his benefactor from a bystander.

14. *Now it was the Sabbath.* Thus there was an opportunity for the Pharisees to criticise the action of Jesus as in the case of the impotent man at the Pool of Bethesda.

16. *How can a man that is a sinner do such signs?* Some even of the Pharisees could hardly agree that the deed, beneficent as it was, must necessarily be done by a sinner because it was wrought on the Sabbath.

17. *He is a prophet.* So far from classing Jesus as a sinner, the man who had been blind reckons his benefactor as a man of God.

21. *We know not.* The parents of the man who had been blind were willing to testify positively that this man was their son, and that he was born blind, thus giving indisputable evidence of the miracle. They refrained, however, from saying what they thought about Jesus, for they feared that they would be punished by excommunication from the synagogue.

24. *Give glory to God.* The Pharisees are to be understood as urging the man to confess that there was some trick about his receiving his sight.

25. *Whether he is a sinner.* The man who had been blind uses a little irony. He says that he is sure about the miracle, but will not speak about the character of his benefactor. What he really means is that Jesus must necessarily from his acts be the reverse of what they affirm.

30. *Herein is the marvel.* By very skilful use of irony the man who had been blind shows the absurdity of the position of those who are hostile to Jesus.

34. *And they cast him out.* They were utterly unable to answer his arguments; and so they excommunicated him from the synagogue. This excommunication is probably to be understood as including the withdrawal from him of all social relations; and the classing of him as a leper—certainly a very severe punishment.

36. *And who is he, Lord, that may believe on him?* Here as in ch. 6:34, we had much better translate, "sir" instead of "Lord." He thinks that the man who has given him the great boon of sight, and whom he has already recognized as a prophet can tell him who the Messiah is.

38. *And he worshipped him.* As soon as he knew who Jesus was he accepted him as Master. For the meaning of the word *worshipped* see the margin of the Revised Version. It may mean adoration as rendered to God, or reverence to fellow man. The context must decide in every case.

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40. *Are we also blind?* The most terrible blindness is of those who do not know that they are blind.

SUGGESTIONS.

No manner of puzzling question puzzled Jesus. He did not always give a direct answer to such questions. Some of the providences of God are beyond human comprehension.

The disciples thought of the blind man as the subject of a very interesting question. Jesus thought of him as a brother in distress needing help.

This Lesson should warn us from the terrible sin of the Pharisees in turning away from reasonableness, and calling the beneficent act of Jesus an evil deed, because he did not conform to their traditions.

Let us not fail to admire the loyalty of the man who had been blind to the one who had helped him. He could easily have escaped a great deal of trouble for himself by simply sitting still, and not disputing the opinions expressed by the Pharisees.

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(Deaths Concluded)

one year before his death. On July 27, 1907, he was baptized and united with the Salem Seventh-day Baptist Church.

In the Civil War he served three years in the 14th Virginia Infantry, Company G. Uncle David leaves eight children, several brothers and sisters, besides a large circle of friends to mourn his loss.

Burial services were held from the church in Salem, February 16, conducted by the pastor, who spoke from John 11:28. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." E. A. W.

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