

The Sabbath Recorder

NATURE AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

Call nature the grand revelation! Is it more to go to nature and know it than to know God? Are there deeper depths in nature, higher sublimities, thoughts more captivating and glorious? In the mineral and vegetable shapes are there finer themes than in the life of Jesus? In the storms and glorious pilings of the clouds are there manifestations of greatness and beauty more impressive than in the tragic sceneries of the cross? Nature is the realm of things; the supernatural is the realm of powers.

—Horace Bushnell

PUT NATURE'S GOD FIRST.

The best thing is to go from nature's God down to nature; and if you once get to nature's God, and believe him, and love him, it is surprising how easy it is to hear music in the waves, and songs in the wild whisperings of the winds; to see God everywhere, in the stones, in the rocks, in the rippling brooks, and hear him everywhere, in lowing of cattle, in the rolling of thunder, and in the fury of tempests.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

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N. O. MOORE, Business Manager.

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EDITORIAL

Our Visit to Ephrata.

THE LOVE-FEAST.

RECORDER readers will remember that General Conference appointed a committee in 1907 to confer with our Sabbath-keeping brethren, the German Seventh-day Baptists, regarding the matter of closer affiliation between the two denominations. Doctor Lewis was chairman of that committee, and some progress was made, by correspondence, toward a meeting of committees from both peoples to confer upon the question. The death of Doctor Lewis necessarily put a stop to all action so far as our committee was concerned, since he had done all the corresponding up to the time of his death. This committee was continued at our last Conference, with Corliss F. Randolph in the place of Doctor Lewis. The committee now consists of Corliss F. Randolph, Theo. L. Gardiner, Henry N. Jordan and Edwin Shaw.

While the visit to Ephrata, referred to in this article, was not planned as an official visit by this committee, and while as yet no official committee has been appointed by our German brethren, still it is hoped that this visit may result in more definite action in the near future. An official communication from our committee will be sent to these brethren at their love-feast, to be held at Salemville two weeks hence, and we confidently hope that they will appoint visiting brethren to attend our Con-

ference at Salem, W. Va., next August.

But this is merely introductory. I took up my pen to tell you about our visit to Ephrata. Brother Randolph's visit to Ephrata, Snow Hill and Salemville last year had paved the way for a more extended acquaintance, and for an invitation to attend the annual love-feast at Ephrata, where delegates from all the German Seventh-day Baptists were expected to gather. Mention was made to the Tract Board of the propriety of having Brother Randolph and the editor of the **SABBATH RECORDER** attend this meeting, and the arrangements were promptly made for them to go. Brother C. C. Chipman, who has been deeply interested in affairs at Ephrata ever since listening to Brother Randolph's story of his previous visit, promptly decided to join us in this one. So we three met at the Newark station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and started together on Friday afternoon, October first, reaching Ephrata toward the close of the evening meeting.

We had scarcely more than stepped from the trolley that brought us from Lancaster, seventeen miles away, when we were greeted by one of the brethren in a most cordial manner, and before we had time to think what was going on, were being hustled into a hack, which a moment later was driving pell-mell through the beautiful streets of the city of Ephrata toward the historic cloister in the suburbs. Soon the outlines of the ancient buildings began to show among the trees, the old Ephrata Academy building was passed close by "God's Acre," where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," the bus turned abruptly into a narrow lane and in about two minutes dodged into an open gateway, made a half circle on the lawn and came to a halt under the shadow of a broad-spreading tree just in front of the door beyond which was heard the sound of praise in song.

It was a good time to get the first glimpse of this historic place. The shadows of evening, the gleaming of the lamps over the

doorways, and the flood of light that came from windows and that burst through the door which opened to welcome us cast a charm over the whole scene, that none could help feeling, save the most indifferent. Really, as we drew near this famous cloister, I found myself in a state of expectancy and animation which one feels but few times in life. There was a weirdness about it all that seemed to bring near the scenes of far-away days, when the tragic events of colonial and revolutionary times stirred the land, and when these crumbling cloister buildings were a part of a great community settlement whose industries were great, and the fame of whose devotion to God and country spread far beyond the boundaries of their little territory.

The carriage had no more than come to a standstill when the form of Rev. Samuel Zerfass appeared in the doorway with song-book in hand. He had just been leading the song in the Saal (German word for hall), and his great beaming face, lighted up with smiles, assured us of a hearty welcome even before he spoke. But when his kindly voice, in deep, full tones, was heard greeting us and bidding us come in, then, indeed, even if we had had any misgivings before, they most certainly would have vanished, and we been made to feel, as we did, perfectly at home. He led the way into the Saal, and after just a word of introduction, went right on with the song-service as if nothing had happened.

I wish I could give to each RECORDER reader the picture of this scene as it stands in my memory while I write. But this would be out of the question. Words can not give impressions made by lights and shadows, and rows of posts in a low-ceiled hall with long seats arranged facing each other so the sisters on one side can sit facing the brothers on the other, and with walls covered with mysterious German inscriptions that no one now can read, while all is colored by the historic memories of generations long passed from earth.

As soon as the meeting closed, the sisters began setting tables for breakfast. Two long tables were arranged between the opposite seats, one for men and one for women, with a wide aisle between them from the door to the pulpit. Here the

guests were all fed during the love-feast. Each meal began with prayer and closed with a song.

The Sabbath-morning services were well attended. Rev. Mr. Zerfass led a Bible class in his own impressive way, teaching the Sabbath-school lesson by the aid of Bible readings upon the various points contained therein. At the close of the school the audience listened attentively to a sermon on the Sabbath question, by the editor, which Brother Zerfass had announced the evening before.

The ministers present were Rev. John A. Pentz, pastor of Snow Hill Church, Rev. W. A. Resser, assistant pastor, and Rev. W. K. Bechtel of Salemville. Snow Hill is 115 miles away, and nineteen persons, counting children, came from there. Salemville, away in Bedford County, sent two delegates. These with the members at Ephrata made a good company of worshippers. Brother Pentz is recognized as "bishop," which in this case means, as I am told, chief pastor. I was impressed with the evident loyalty to convictions on the part of all the ministers. Their people believe in them, and they have loyal flocks over which to be shepherds.

Brother Pentz is a rather short man, strong of build, with a strong face. Brother Resser seems more slender, is rather tall, and has such a kindly expression that you can not help loving him. Brother Bechtel impresses you as being also clear-cut and conscientious. Brother Zerfass is a man weighing 265 pounds. He has a very strong voice, and is a good leader in song-service. He is mayor of Ephrata and a man of influence in that country. I wish you could see all these warm-hearted godly men, who are willing to stand alone, if need be, for the truth of the Bible and the faith once delivered to the saints.

The evening after Sabbath was given to a feet-washing service followed by communion. This, too, was an interesting and impressive service as conducted by that people. It was my first opportunity to witness such a ceremony, and I can truly say that there seems to me no reason why people who believe in it should not be admitted to our fellowship and still be allowed to continue its practice.

The meeting Sunday afternoon was held six or seven miles away, at a union chapel, where the German Seventh-day Baptist preachers gave us an illustration of a first-class, warm-hearted, evangelistic meeting. All four of their ministers gave stirring talks that touched the hearts of a large audience, sang with power and unction excellent gospel songs, and promised to go again soon—all within the hour. It was really an arousing, helpful meeting. Two large busses and several carriages took the company to this meeting. On reaching Ephrata after this service, we had to say good-by to these friends and hasten to the trolley for Lancaster and thence for home.

This pleasant visit to Ephrata and the good meetings of the German Seventh-day Baptist love-feast will long be remembered with great satisfaction. And we hope that all our people may soon come to know more of these men who have stood for the Sabbath under many difficulties through all these years.

HISTORIC SCENES.

Ephrata is a city of over three thousand inhabitants, on the Cocalico Creek, seventeen miles from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It is a fine modern town with here and there a landmark of old colonial days. These old landmarks are in perfect accord with what one might expect when he reads on the front of a well-preserved hotel the inscription, "The Old Village Inn, 1777." If you are surprised at finding an ancient toll-gate near the city limits, with an old man still collecting toll, your surprise vanishes when you learn that "this is the old Horseshoe Turnpike," the great thoroughfare between Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Pitsburg, in the colonial days of George III.

Just in the northwest suburbs, a little way beyond this old toll-gate, to the left of the pike, stand the time-worn buildings of the famous German Seventh-day Baptist Community, with its Brother House, Sister House, Saal and academy, surrounded by cottages once occupied by the founders and leaders of this remarkable church. The buildings need not be described to RECORDER readers, since their pictures ap-

peared in the issue of July 27, 1908, in connection with the historical sketch by Coriiss F. Randolph. The mills and shops and famous printing-house that once stood along the banks of the stream upon this plantation are all gone. Not a vestige of them appears upon the cloister grounds of today. One manufacturing plant which was sold many years ago still stands on the opposite bank; but the cloister people do not own it. There was a time when the old printing-house and paper-mill turned out the very best quality of paper and some wonderful books. Several wagon-loads of this paper and of valuable illustrated books were taken by the Revolutionary armies for wadding for the patriot's guns. In those days Ephrata was the most famous industrial institution in all the land, toward which many cities turned for merchandise and manufactured goods.

On the hill just above the cloister once stood two great buildings or halls, to which, after the battle of Brandywine, General Washington sent some five hundred sick and wounded soldiers. Here the brethren and sisters of the cloister carefully nursed them while they lay sick with a most malignant camp fever that carried off about four hundred boys of the Revolution. Several of the nurses sacrificed their lives in this labor of love, and the ashes of soldiers and nurses sleep the long sleep in the little cemetery on Zion Hill. The two buildings that stood here and were used for hospitals became so infected with the contagion of that fatal disease, that both had to be destroyed.

Time and again did this church submit to the drafts upon its goods and grains for army uses, until the Revolutionary War was over. This left them in comparative poverty, from which they never recovered. The leaders of the community were valuable assistants to the founders of our Nation. It was Peter Miller, the scholar of Ephrata, who translated the Declaration of Independence into modern European languages, and acted as interpreter for diplomatic correspondence between foreign powers and the Continental Congress. He was really a secretary of state for early rulers.

I must tell you about the graceful monument of Quincy granite erected on Zion

Hill by the State of Pennsylvania, in honor of the soldiers of the Revolution who died there and whose ashes lie in a trench close by. This shaft is forty feet high, upon a well-proportioned base ten feet square, which stands upon a mound prepared to receive it. At each corner of the base is a stack of large cannon-balls, with two larger stacks on either side of the steps of the approach; while five guns, mounted, keep close vigil over the lowly resting-place of the honored dead.

At first these soldiers were buried with military honors; but when they began to die so rapidly, a long trench was made, wide enough to receive a body lying crosswise. Into this trench some four hundred bodies were placed before the scourge was stayed.

The inscriptions upon the four faces of the monument are as follows:

North side: "Erected under the auspices of the Ephrata Monument Association, which was duly chartered by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania. Unveiled and dedicated March 1, 1902."

East side: "A grateful acknowledgment is here inscribed to the religious society of the Seventh-day Baptists for its unselfish devotion in administering to the wants and comforts of these brave heroes."

South side: "Sacred to the memory of the patriotic soldiers of the American Revolution who fought in the battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11, A. D. 1777. About 500 of the sick and wounded were brought to Ephrata for treatment. Several hundred died and were buried in this ground. *'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'*"

West side: "More than a century the remains of these patriots rested in this hallowed spot without any commemoration except the following words on a plain board, *'Here ruhen die Gebeine von viel Soldaten.'*"

This last line of the inscription is a mixture of German and English, but it tells the story of the resting-place of true soldiers. It is indeed a royal resting-place with that granite tribute to the dead pointing heavenward. The site overlooks the beautiful town of Ephrata sleeping in the vale, surrounded by wooded hills, fields of wheat and corn, with the ancient cloister buildings nestling close under the brow of the hill.

Joining the cloister grounds below is the older burying-place where the founders of the community sleep. This, too, is an interesting spot, and attracts much attention.

To a lover of history there is scarcely a spot in all America where can be found a more interesting archeological study. The impression of its worth and importance to the colonial and Revolutionary interests grows upon one as he strolls about the grounds and explores the mysterious halls and rooms of the buildings. Imagination is busy reconstructing the mills and shops of the famous industrial plant, and re-people the cloister buildings and cottages with the hundreds who once filled both houses and mills with busy workers. As we walk about the cottage of Conrad Beissel, the founder of the community, and the spot where stood the dwelling of Peter Miller, the translator, and enter the old Saal where worship has been held for more than a hundred and fifty years, we can not escape the charm if we would. We seem to be walking in a veritable dreamland, amid the shadows of the consecrated past, made sacred by the strenuous lives of godly men who lived for the good of all.

These old buildings became a refuge in early days from the hostile Indians as well as a retreat for wounded soldiers. Here Conrad Weiser rendered excellent service to his country in making treaties with the red men; and out from this place went, for several generations, helpers and nurses to minister unto the sick and suffering.

The Sister House today is a wonderful maze of low small rooms and narrow halls, filled with the implements and utensils of far-away days. There, in a central room, on each floor, is the common fireplace, with its cranes and kettles and bellows and fire-tongs and all the hand-made tools for cooking, where the sisters on the floor did their work. Some of the little six by seven rooms are still there, with benches for beds, wooden hinges on the cupboards, small high windows, and low narrow doors compelling one to stoop as he enters—all showing something of the strenuous life they lived who sought seclusion within these walls. In these small rooms the sisters rested on bare benches, with clothing all on, ready to arise each night at the stroke of the ten

o'clock bell for a four-hours' midnight service in the Saal, waiting for the coming of Christ. They believed in his immediate coming, and proposed to be ready if he should come at midnight. This four-hours' night service from ten to two o'clock was kept up for many years, and then reduced to two hours. They were a devout and consecrated people, and lived for the world to come rather than for the things of earth.

But I must not weary you with this description. Words are too feeble to do the subject justice. No pen can portray the marvelous architecture of these buildings, made of timber, clay, straw, and cement, almost fireproof. There is nothing like them in America, and I doubt if their like can be found in the world. No one knows why they were built in this way; but tradition says their builders figured out the measurements from some directions found in the Bible.

From room to room we wander, in a wilderness of ancient spinning-wheels, reels, swifts, cards and all sorts of cloth-making implements. One wheel bears the date 1766 cut upon the main piece of wood. Then there are peculiar baskets of all sizes, pottery, candle molds, household utensils of all kinds, even to wooden legs of various sizes upon which to stretch and dry woolen stockings, and three sizes of "cooling boards," upon which to lay out the dead. Hidden in an old chest are peculiar hoods with capes and aprons, made of fine homespun linen, which were worn by the sisters as an emblem of purity, whenever they attended church. Specimens of the manufactured paper and printed books, many coins and keepsakes fill a large case in one room, where the most valuable specimens are kept under lock and key. In this room we find two large books for registering the names of those who visit the cloister. One has long been filled and the other is rapidly filling up with the names of people from far and near who have visited the place.

Empty hours, empty hands, empty companions, empty words and empty hearts draw in evil spirit, as a vacuum draws in air. To be occupied with good is the best defense against the inroads of evil.—*William Arnot.*

Semi-annual Meeting.

The semi-annual meeting of the Western Association will take place at Little Gene-see, N. Y., October 22-24, 1909. General theme: "The Christian."

PROGRAM.

Friday afternoon 3.00.—Devotional service, led by Rev. S. H. Babcock. President's Address, Rev. J. L. Skaggs. Address, "Implications of the Theme," Rev. Geo. P. Kenyon.

Friday evening, 7.00.—Song service, led by Rev. W. L. Davis. Sermon, "A New Creation," Dr. A. E. Main.

Sabbath morning, 10.00.—"Finding His Place," Rev. L. C. Randolph. Sabbath school, conducted by Rev. W. L. Greene.

Sabbath afternoon, 2.30.—Children's Hour, led by Miss Ruth Rogers; Young People's Hour, by Rev. H. L. Cottrell.

Sabbath evening, 7.30.—Devotional service, R. R. Thorngate. Two papers: "In the Home," presented by Rev. W. L. Davis, and "In Social Life," Pres. Boothe C. Davis. This will be followed by general discussion of these papers, led by Rev. W. D. Wilcox.

Sunday morning, 10.00.—Business meeting. Song service, 10.30, led by chorister. Sermon, "Facing Temptation and Enduring Hardships," Rev. A. G. Crofoot.

Sunday afternoon, 2.30.—Song service, led by Rev. W. L. Greene. Sermon, "Rejoicing in Hope," R. J. Severance. Special music. Bible reading: Topic "Qualities of His Mind and Heart," Rev. W. C. Whitford, leader.

Sunday evening, 7.30.—Song service, led by Jerome Davis. Sermon, "Christ, the Christian's Pattern," Rev. O. D. Sherman. Closing conference meeting, led by G. F. Bakker.

The Christian minister whom Christ has counted worthy of this office need not despair of pulpit power because he is by natural temperament passive and phlegmatic, lacking in enthusiasm. The fire needed for pulpit power is not an ardent temperament; nor is the inward flame of the soul's own kindling; but it is the endowment of the Holy Spirit, which will make all within the preacher's heart glow with the passion of Christ for the souls of men. The filament within the electric lamp is of itself cold and gray; but when it is in circuit with the dynamo, it shines with dazzling light.—*Rev. Dr. Hanna, in the Baptist Commonwealth.*

"How do you contrive to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown. "Oh," replied Fogg, who had been practicing upon roller skates, "I raised it from a slip."—*United Presbyterian.*

THE CONVOCATION

The Permanent Message of the Psalms.

REV. WILLIAM C. DALAND.

It is the characteristic of all genuine literature that it has a permanent message for mankind. It is a part of literary criticism to try in every case, if possible, to discern what that permanent message is. In the case of all worthy and enduring poetry this message has to do with the lofty and serious side of life; in other words it is profoundly ethical.

The permanent message of inspired literature is concerned with the kingdom of God; in addition to the profoundly ethical characteristics that are present to a degree in all noble human literature, the inspired writings are those which under the providence of God are destined to be the guide to the faith and practice of men in all things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

The permanent message in all parts of inspired literature is not the same. Nor is it equal in its depth or importance. It evidently varies, much as the permanent element does in all human writing. Hence we rightly may expect that some parts of divine literature should stand out above others in their power and influence and in the hold that they have on the hearts of men.

Thus in the very depth of the Old Testament the Psalms shine with an especial radiance. They tell us how, in the midst of corruption, idolatry, and apostasy, there were those who worshiped God in spirit and in truth. They are, like many other of the inspired books, the vehicles of divine teaching and the means of revealing truth. But they are also, and this is their especial peculiarity, the loftiest inspired utterance of the human soul in its address to Deity. Some one has said of the Psalms that they are "not only the voice of God to man, but also the voice of man to God." Some of them are unique among prayers as being those which the Spirit of God has given as the model of all prayer and intercession, and they bear a striking witness to the

depth and reality of the spiritual life of those who uttered them. The genuine expression of the surging emotions of the souls of sinful, penitent and believing men, they show also that the spirits of these saints of God were lifted by the power of the Holy Ghost to heights of experience only imperfectly reached by common men.

That the Psalms have a permanent message to the human soul is attested by the place they have always occupied in the public worship and in the private life of both Jews and Christians. No other part of the Bible, with perhaps the exception of the Gospels, has so firm a hold on the affections of believers. As the Bible has little by little found its way into all parts of the world and been translated into all tongues, always after the Gospels and Psalms have been the first to be rendered into the different languages. The earliest Old English literature contained portions of the Gospels and also of the Psalms, long before there was a translation of the Bible. A custom has prevailed for centuries of printing the Psalms in connection with the New Testament as one book. The well worn Bibles of holy people show that the Psalms, with the more familiar parts of the New Testament, are the oftenest read of any portion of the Bible. The Psalms more than any other part of the Bible have molded the affections, sustained the hopes, and purified and enriched the faith of Christians. With the petitions of the psalmist, rather than their own, they have come before the throne of grace. In the words of the Psalms they have uttered their desires and aspirations, their fears, confessions and sorrows, and their holy joys and thanksgivings. By the use of these words their devotion has been excited, their zeal kindled and their hearts sustained and comforted.

As the Psalms have constituted the most precious private book of devotion for the people of God, so they have formed a chief part of the public means of worship. The Talmud and the inscriptions in the Septuagint Version show that particular psalms

were appointed to be said or sung in the ancient worship of the Jewish people on certain festival days. This custom became general in the early Christian church. The fivefold division of the Book of Psalms into separate sections or "Books" indicates that, as the five Books of the Law were read in order throughout the year, so the Psalms were divided for use in the temple and synagogue service. The Christian churches have also made similar use of the Psalms. In the liturgical churches the Psalter is appointed to be read through once every month when daily services are held. Some special bodies of Christians, such as the United Presbyterians and others, use no other forms of praise than the Psalms rendered into English verse, deeming them the best, and the use of anything inferior to the best as unworthy in offering praise to God. Many of the best hymns by Christian writers owe their inspiration to the Psalms and reflect the sentiments and language of these wonderful Hebrew songs of praise.

Now a book or collection of writings that has held undisputed preeminence for more than two thousand years as the expression of converse with God and of public address to the Deity, and which has maintained that preeminence, not by any compulsion, but by its hold on the hearts of the people; must have a permanent message to man. Two historical facts are remarkable: One is that in 1229, when the Council of Toulouse forbade the use of the Bible to laymen, a special exception was made of the Psalms; the other is that the Book of Psalms was the first part of the Hebrew Bible that was printed. Romanist and Jew alike felt the power of the message and would have it given to the world.

The testimony of representative men of all ages is strikingly similar when they have written with feeling about the Psalms. Athanasius, the sturdy champion of orthodoxy in the fourth century, wrote of the Psalms, "To me, indeed, it seems that the Psalms are to him who sings them as a mirror, wherein he may see himself and the motions of his soul, and with like feelings utter them. So also one who hears a psalm read, takes it as if it were spoken concerning himself, and either, convicted

by his own conscience, will be pricked at heart and repent, or else, hearing of that hope which is to Godwards, and the succor which is vouchsafed to them that believe, leaps for joy, as though such grace were specially made over to him, and begins to utter his thanksgivings to God." In a great many respects Athanasius explained how the Psalms correspond in a very practical way to all human experiences. One of these in particular is interesting in view of the many times in which the writer of the words was himself persecuted, driven into exile, and delivered from perils. He says that when we read of those that will live godly that they shall suffer persecution, "by the Psalms we are taught what we ought to utter when we are driven into exile, and what words we should lay before God, both in our persecutions and when we have been delivered out of them. We are enjoined to bless the Lord and to confess to him. But in the Psalms we have a pattern given us, both as to how we should praise the Lord and with what words we should suitably confess to him. And in every instance we shall find these divine songs suited to us, to our feelings, and our circumstances."

Ambrose of Milan, of the same century, says of the Psalms, "Although all divine Scripture breathes the grace of God, yet sweet beyond all others is the Book of Psalms." After mentioning the value of biblical history, law, prophecy, and so forth, he writes: "In the Psalms we have the fruit of all these and a kind of medicine for the salvation of man."

It is a long reach from the days when the ancient theology was forged, down to the Reformation, but the Psalms impress the reformers more than a thousand years later in much the same way that they did the theologians of the fourth century. Luther, for example, says of the Psalms of thanksgiving that in them "you may look into the hearts of the saints, as you would into paradise or into the open heaven, and note with what wonderful variety there spring up here and there the beautiful blossoms and the most brilliant stars of the sweetest affections towards God and his benefits." Then in writing of a psalm of lamentation he writes: "Nowhere will you

find described in more expressive words mental distress, pain, and grief of soul. . . . There death itself, hell itself, you see painted in their proper colors, there you see all black, all gloomy, in view of the divine anger and despair." "When the Psalms," he says, "speak of hope or fear, they so describe these feelings in their own native words, that no Desmosthenes, no Cicero, could express them more to the life or more happily."

John Calvin, the severe, similarly writes of the Book of Psalms: "This book, not unreasonably, am I wont to style an anatomy of all parts of the soul; for no one will discover in himself a single feeling whereof the image is not reflected in this mirror. Nay, all griefs, sorrows, fears, doubts, hopes, cares, anxieties—in short, all those tumultuous agitations wherewith the minds of men are wont to be tossed—the Holy Ghost hath here represented to the life. The rest of Scripture contains the commands which God gave to his servants to be delivered unto us. But here the prophets themselves, holding converse with God, inasmuch as they lay bare all their inmost feelings, invite or impel every one of us to self-examination, that of all the infirmities to which we are liable, and all the sins of which we are so full, none may remain hidden." Calvin's summary of what the Book of Psalms does for us is so excellent that it may be well to quote it somewhat fully. He says that "we have secured to us in this book, what is of all things most desirable, not only a familiar access to God, but the right and liberty to make known to him those infirmities which shame does not suffer us to confess to our fellow men. Further, the sacrifice of praise, which God declares to be a sacrifice of sweetest savor, and most precious to him, we are here accurately instructed how to offer with acceptance. . . . Rich, moreover, as the book is in all those precepts which tend to form a holy, godly and righteous life, yet chiefly will it teach us how to bear the cross, which is the true test of our obedience, when, giving up all our own desires, we submit ourselves to God, and so suffer our lives to be ordered by his will that even our bitterest distresses grow sweet because they come from his hand. Finally, not only in gen-

eral terms are the praises of God's goodness uttered, teaching us so to rest in him alone, that pious spirits may look for his sure succor in every time of need, but the free forgiveness of sins, which alone reconciles God to us and secures to us true peace with him, is so commended that nothing is wanting to the knowledge of eternal salvation."

Though the time is not so long from the reformers to our time as from the early middle age to the time of Luther and Calvin, a writer of the nineteenth century seems to look at theological questions from a point of view far more different from those of Athanasius or Calvin than that of either is different from the other. Still, even a modern writer when he touches upon the Psalms must be impressed with their one chief message or purpose and he can not otherwise than state it in almost the same language. Witness the late F. W. Robertson, who says of the Psalms that "they express for us, indirectly, those deeper feelings which there would be a sense of indelicacy in expressing directly." "There are feelings," he says, "of which we do not speak to each other; they are too sacred and too delicate. Such are most of our feelings to God. If we do speak of them, they lose their fragrance; they become coarse; nay, there is even a sense of indelicacy and exposure. Now the Psalms afford precisely the right relief for this feeling; wrapped up in the forms of poetry (metaphor, etc.), that which might seem exaggerated is excused by those who do not feel it; while they who do, can read them, applying them without suspicion of uttering *their own* feelings. Hence their soothing power, and hence, while other portions of Scripture may become obsolete, they remain the most precious parts of the Old Testament. For the heart of man is the same in all ages."

* * * * *

At this point Doctor Daland turned to the Book of Psalms and read extracts from many of these ancient songs to illustrate the messages they bring to men. The latter portion of his address was entirely extempore, and it would be impossible for me to give an adequate conception of the excellent things he said. To me the last

part was even better than the first. He illustrated the beauties of Hebrew poetry, and several passages in the reading seemed to come forth in a new light. The Psalms have a form and character all their own, and he who does not see something of that peculiar parallelism which distinguishes Hebrew poetry loses much of the cadence and rhythm of the messages they bring. They are nearly all lyrical, or songs adapted to musical instruments, and are deeply religious and appropriate for sanctuary worship. They are songs about "God's nature, attributes, perfections and works;" his providences and his grace.

Doctor Daland spoke of the Jewish division of the one hundred and fifty psalms into five books corresponding to the five books of Moses. The first is Psalms 1-41, beginning with "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly," and ending with the triumphant refrain, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting, and to everlasting. Amen, and Amen." The second division (Psalms 42-72) begins: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God," and ends with the refrain, "And blessed be his glorious name forever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory; Amen, and Amen." The third division (Psalms 73-89) begins: "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart," and ends with "Blessed be the Lord forevermore. Amen, and Amen." The fourth begins, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," and closes with the refrain, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting: and let all the people say, Amen. Praise ye the Lord." The fifth and last division begins: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever," and closes with the triumphant refrain running through the entire six verses of the last psalm. The translation of this psalm used by Alexander McLaren in his exposition brings out the halleluiah characteristic of the refrain better than does the common version. If I remember rightly Doctor Daland used some such version. It brings out the poetic idea so well that I give it in full:

Halleluiah!
Praise God in his sanctuary,
Praise him in the firmament of his strength.
Praise him for his mighty deeds,
Praise him according to the abundance of his greatness.
Praise him with blast of horn,
Praise him with psaltery and harp.
Praise him with timbrel and dance,
Praise him with strings and pipe.
Praise him with clear-sounding cymbals,
Praise him with deep-toned cymbals.
Let everything that has breath praise Jah.
Halleluiah!

If I could give Doctor Daland's explanations between his various readings you would enjoy them. But since this is impossible, I may as well stop trying. Sometime he may be able to tell you what he said about parallelisms and strophies; about psalms and songs and tunes as illustrated in several psalms which he read. The messages of praise and devotion; the word of Jehovah to men; the response of men to Jehovah; messages of mercy, providence and grace; messages about sin and righteousness; about penitence and forgiveness; about the coming Messiah and the glory of Israel—all these things were illustrated by readings from various psalms and brought out in an impressive way. It was an evening well spent by all attentive hearers, and Doctor Daland's address will long be remembered by Convocation people.

Laugh.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you can not see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life.

The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the one who is always looking at the dark side of things is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.—*Exchange.*

Missions

The Southwestern Association.

(Continued.)

Friday morning at ten o'clock the meeting of the association again opened. The day was ideal, cool enough so that we enjoyed sitting by the open fireplace at Brother Wilson's before the meeting gathered. The services were opened with Scripture reading and prayer by the chairman, after which the congregation joined in singing, "I Will Guide Thee Home."

The first order of exercises was the reading of letters from the several churches. The Attalla letter was first read, which reported no deaths, regular prayer meetings sustained, occasional preaching services, additions to the church 2, total 39. This number of membership was changed at a later meeting, 3 being granted letters to join the new church organized by Brother Leath, in Cullman County, while six of the young people united with the church out of the homes of Attalla.

The letter from Gentry reported that they were still without a pastor, though they had sustained all their appointments, and had received occasional visits through the help of the boards. A number have been baptized and added to the church.

Fouke reports all of its appointments sustained during the year. The membership has been reduced to 70 by deaths and those who have removed to other places, though several have been added by baptism.

The church at Little Prairie, Ark., reports usual interest and appointments sustained, with a membership of 33.

Hammond, La., has also had additions during the year. I have failed to record the report from all the churches, though I think letters were received reporting a hopeful condition.

A little church consisting of seven members was organized by Brother Leath on September 22, in Cullman County, Ala. This is about 70 miles from Attalla. Two delegates were present from this church, Brother T. J. Bottoms and Brother Hyatt.

They were both deacons in the Missionary Baptist Church before they embraced the Sabbath, some twelve years ago. They both are men of property and a remarkable knowledge of the Bible—men of influence in their locality.

The hour for preaching came at 11 o'clock. After singing "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms," Brother Leath read from the ninth chapter of Matthew, "The man sick of the palsy," and preached from Jeremiah viii, 22: "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" This was a very searching message and well received.

The afternoon session opened with music; then followed the report of the Committee on Nominations. Bro. Riley Potter of Hammond, La., was made moderator of the next association, Bro. C. C. Van Horn of Gentry, Ark., was made treasurer, Mrs. Grace Davis of Hammond, La., recording secretary, and Rev. G. H. F. Randolph corresponding secretary. The congregation then stood and sang, after which Rev. C. S. Sayre read the last chapter of the last book in the Bible, and preached another excellent sermon, using as his theme, "The Great Invitation."

At seven o'clock the people gathered for a song service, during which Brothers Babcock and Sayre each sang a solo. After Scripture reading we were led in prayer by Deacon T. J. Bottoms, and Brother Babcock preached from the theme, "The Drawing Power of Christ." The Sabbath-evening session was a meeting of great spiritual power; one person at least found Christ during the services.

Sabbath morning opened beautifully; the Sabbath school gathered at ten o'clock. On the previous Sabbath afternoon I had met with the young people at the home of Dea. John Wilson, and in the shade of the trees reorganized the Sabbath school, which had been neglected for some time past. I think Sabbath morning was the first session when all our people were able to be present. Before the preaching services Brother Leath and myself had taken a drive of several miles to see some of our people. It fell to my lot to preach. The Spirit of the Lord was wonderfully manifested in this meet-

ing. The unanswered prayers of many of us, of four or five years' standing, were evidently being answered. Many of the friends brought their dinners and remained during the entire day. The afternoon session was devoted to a "lone Sabbath-keepers' meeting." The time was principally occupied by Brothers Bottom and Hyatt, and there was present at this meeting the first Sabbath convert in this vicinity, the mother of the large Wilson family. She is nearly eighty years of age, and has some twenty-five children and grandchildren who are Sabbath-keepers. This was one of the best meetings of the entire association. The interest continued during the evening session with a very large congregation of people.

On Sunday morning at 10 o'clock the business gave way to a meeting of the church, when six people made their offering for membership to the church. At the close of the afternoon session we visited the baptismal waters and two put on Christ in baptism. After receiving these brethren into the church, a call was extended to Brother Hawkins to become a deacon of the church, after which a request was made to the visiting brothers to assist in an ordination service. The interest seemed to increase in each one of the three sessions, the last closing at half past nine o'clock.

This association has been one of the most remarkable meetings of its kind, and has carried a blessing reaching beyond the bounds of our own people. We who visited the association from the North will, I think, never forget the hospitality of these people and the blessing of God which came to all.

Brother Babcock remains for a week and will continue services, some of them, at least, in the city of Attalla, where our church building stands. Brother Sayre is to meet Brother Randolph, go with him to Little Prairie, where they will hold a series of meetings, after which they will return to Fouke and continue the meetings there.

I wish every association held could obtain like results. We as a people certainly are in need of it, and the whitening fields beyond need it more. We bless God for the session of the Southwestern Association of

1909. The time and place of holding the next session was left with the Executive Committee with power.

Your brother in Christ,
E. B. SAUNDERS, *Cor. Sec.*

Treasurer's Report.

For the month of September, 1909.

GEO. H. UTTER, *Treasurer*,
In account with the
SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

<i>Dr.</i>	
Cash in treasury, September 1, 1909	\$1,190 07
Church at	
Plainfield, N. J.	15 81
Welton, Iowa	10 00
Salemville, Pa.	3 40
Roanoke, W. Va.	1 06
New Auburn, Minn.	6 00
Syracuse, N. Y.	1 42
Rev. Ira L. Cottrell, Alfred, N. Y., Ammoko education	5 00
F. W. Hamilton, Alfred, N. Y., Ammoko education	5 00
Mrs. O. Merk, Ammoko education	1 00
Mrs. Julia Ormsby, Ammoko education	5 00
Share of Conference collection	85 28
Mrs. Emma E. Goddard, Winnebago, Minn.	4 00
Cash, Westerly, R. I., Ammoko education	5 00
Income from Permanent Fund	614 71
	<u>\$1,952 75</u>

Cr.

<i>Recorder Press:</i>	
<i>Pulpits</i> for August and September	\$74 00
Reports for Conference use	43 00
	\$ 117 00
Interest	4 65
Rosa W. Palmberg, Shanghai, salary quarter ending Dec. 31, 1909	150 00
Susie M. Burdick, Shanghai, salary quarter ending Dec. 31, 1909	150 00
Jay W. Crofoot, Shanghai, balance salary, quarter ending Dec. 31, 1909	230 00
H. Eugene Davis, Shanghai, salary, quarter ending Dec. 31, 1909	174 31
Cash in treasury, Sept. 30, 1909	1,126 79
	<u>\$1,952 75</u>

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

Manufacturers of automobiles have been making immense profits, but in Europe the supply has exceeded the demand, Europe being able now to supply the United States from its surplus stock. It is predicted that the prices of automobiles will be reduced one-half within two years.—*The Watchman.*

**Alfred University—College Opening Address,
September 14, 1909.**

BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS, PRESIDENT.

The opening of a college year is a time of unusual interest. It represents the coming together of at least three factors, and two distinct epochs of progress.

A college is made possible, first, because of the philanthropy of its founders. These are of two classes: men who conceived the idea of the educational institution, and who gave themselves, their labor and their lives for the embodiment of the idea; and the men who, with far-sighted vision and faith in the idea, came forward with their gifts of money for buildings and endowments, and thus gave the idea form and quality and endurance.

Alfred today is blessed in its inheritance of these founders—men with the ideas and self-sacrificing toil. William C. Kenyon, Jonathan Allen, with their colleagues, Irish, Maxson, Ford, Williams, Larkin, Rogers and scores of others, have created a tradition and an inspiration of which we may well be proud.

Their labors have been seconded by the gifts of Thomas B. Stillman, Mrs. Lyon, George H. Babcock, Charles Potter, Peter Wooden, Ida F. Kenyon and hundreds of others, equally generous though less abundant givers. These have made possible the endowments, the building and the equipments which we enjoy today, the substantial realities which continue their beneficent ministrations generation after generation.

The second important factor that goes to constitute a working college is its teaching force. Here are men and women, who with a good measure of training and proficiency, have felt the call to the work of teaching, and who have agreed to work together in the college for the maintenance of its worthiest traditions, for the further elevation of its standards of efficiency, and for the best possible training of its students.

Such a group of men and women have a well-defined obligation to the institution which they have contracted to serve. They have voluntarily chosen to identify themselves with the college; cooperating with and supporting its administration, perpetu-

ating its loved traditions and fostering its honor and its efficiency.

Such a relation must necessitate unity and harmony of effort, while safeguarding originality of thought and honesty of expression. To fulfil these ideals toward the college in whose service the teaching force is under contract, and sympathetically and helpfully to conserve the interests of the many students whose varying needs are constantly appealing to a college faculty, require the choicest qualities of loyalty, wisdom, discretion and Christian kindness.

While I hold these qualities high, and in ever-enlarging esteem, it is with much gratitude and pride that I affirm my belief that Alfred is no less fortunate in her teaching force today than in her founders and her foundations, to whom and to which grateful references have already been made.

The third factor of a college, and the one which appeals to you, and I think to every one, as the most important of all, is the student body.

Here, in this group of men and women whom we call students, are individuals who have voluntarily chosen to put themselves into certain relations with an organized institution of learning, and assume thereby definite obligations and responsibilities to the institution which we soon learn to call, affectionately, "our alma mater." In assuming these obligations they consent to become a responsible part of the organization, and to perform cheerfully the tasks assigned them, and faithfully to conform to the standards and ideals of scholarship and character which the college cherishes.

Any individual who can not do this is false to himself and to his college when he permits his name to be enrolled as a student. But besides the obligation of loyalty to his alma mater, and in addition to the voluntary acceptance of the place of a learner and the position of respectful regard for those whose training, experience and position give them the duties of instruction, the student has a most important relation to his fellow student.

Grouped into classes, according to seniority in college age and attainment, these individuals have a duty, not only to the

members of their own classes, but to those of superior or subordinate rank. Campus rules may dictate some matters of evident propriety or of minor significance, but the kindly heart of comradeship, honor and of good will must be the source of the right adjustment of these individuals of the student body.

Epochs of progress divide these individuals into classes and help to define relations. There are those who are returning to college after having already completed one, two, or three years. They are those who at a previous time have met and decided the matter of a college education. They have tried their wings in previous years, or better, their courage, application, and power of endurance. They have not fallen out by the way, but they are back again, with the confirmed conviction of the value of an education, with the assurance of some experience in the work, and with the vantage ground of that experience and the consequent attainment.

The deference which under-classmen show upper-classmen is, therefore, not an arbitrary tradition, but is a natural duty and privilege growing out of the fitness of things.

But that fact carries with it certain obligations to merit that deference and esteem which under-classmen rightfully feel toward their seniors. A misplacing of that confidence and esteem is a serious reflection, not only upon the individuals but upon the class and the college.

Then, at the college opening, another group of individuals are in evidence—much in evidence, I am glad to say. This is a group of young men and young women to whom college experience is all new. They have looked across the threshold of college life with longing, determination and anticipation.

They are here because of this new and enlarging intellectual life and hope. They are here to try out their courage, endurance, faith, character. They are here to demonstrate the stuff they are made of, to prove their qualities of manhood and womanhood.

Right earnest are they in that purpose today; and if, in the toil and drudgery of college work, that purpose never fails, fu-

ture years will find them returning to take the place of upper-classmen, and to receive the consideration which their achievements and their character merit.

In all the varied relations of students with teachers, and of students with students, the controlling motive and spirit should be good will. Whether it be in class recitations or contests, or in the matter of campus rules, or in our daily social intercourse, with its mingled tasks and pleasures, there seems to me to be no term that expresses a higher controlling principle so well as the time-honored term "good will."

It embodies all that is best in human relations, and, I think, in religion also; for "peace on earth, good will among men" was the gladdest message ever heralded, when Jesus the Master was born among men.

Good will builds, even better than it knows. It is open toward the future. It is reverent before the authority of evidence. It is committed to its tasks with foresight and with faith. With its devotion to truth, and its open mind to what is not known, it seizes upon the good with a fearless good sense. If anything be good, it says, and if it be reasonable to pursue it, then is the maximum of that thing the best, and the pursuit of that thing is not only wholly reasonable, but is a positive obligation.

Higher interests owe their eminence, not so much to any intrinsic quality of their own, as to the fact that they save and promote the lower interests. Hence, it is true that life pays as it goes, even though it serves humanity at large; for in so doing it promotes the individual's personal welfare, and it is to the cumulative principle of good will that the larger enterprises of humanity owe their justification.

Duty is opposed to the line of least resistance whenever life is dominated by any motive short of absolute good will. Intelligence, prudence, purpose and justice are only sanctified and vitalized by good will.

With such a guiding motive animating both teachers and students, in our tasks and recreations, in our social intercourse and in our religion, we shall live up to what Maeterlinck calls "the heroic, cloud-

tipped, indefatigable energy of our conscience."

Such is my faith, hope and prayer for this opening college year in Alfred University.

Tract Society—Treasurer's Report.

For the quarter ending September 30, 1909.
F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.,
 In account with the
AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.
Dr.

Balance on hand, July 1, 1909	\$1,095 51
Funds received since as follows:	
Contributions as published:	
July	\$303 29
August	176 50
September	51 57
	<u>531 36</u>
Collections as published	113 13
Payments on Life Memberships	25 00
Income as published:	
July	\$1,122 68
August	40 00
September	26 92
	<u>1,189 60</u>
Publishing House Receipts:	
RECORDER	\$431 70
Sabbath Visitor	160 06
Helping Hand	158 77
Tracts	5 40
A. H. Lewis' Biography	26 00
	<u>781 93</u>
Interest on bank balance	11 98
Sabbath Reform Fund, unexpended July 1, 1909	850 00
	<u>\$3,612 51</u>
	<i>Cr.</i>
Cash paid out as follows:	
G. Velthuysen Sr., appropriation	\$ 151 50
George Seeley, salary	\$62 50
George Seeley, postage	15 00
	<u>77 50</u>
Sabbath Reform Work:	
A. E. Main, salary and expenses	\$242 41
Henry N. Jordan, expenses	25 00
D. Burdett Coon, salary and expenses	97 83
Corliss F. Randolph, salary and expenses	89 56
	<u>454 79</u>
Italian Mission, N. Y., Edgar D. Van Horn	50 00
Theodore L. Gardiner, expenses to Conference	38 00
Clerk's fees, copy will, etc.	3 77
Typewriting Treasurer's annual report	5 30
Publishing House Expenses:	
RECORDER	\$1,334 48
RECORDER receipt blanks	15 70
	<u>\$1,350 18</u>
Sabbath Visitor	250 05
Helping Hand	6 88

Tracts	29 11
A. H. Lewis' Biography	19 20
Seeley, envelopes	3 80
Report to Conference	31 94
Express to Conference	6 33
Pamphlets, Young People's Board	35 86
Lewis Manuscript	5 00
	<u>1,738 35</u>
Printing press, supplies and type for Eld. Jos. Kovats, C. R. Gether Co., Milwaukee, Wis.	77 94
	<u>\$2,597 15</u>
Balance cash on hand, Oct. 1, 1909	1,015 36
	<u>\$3,612 51</u>
E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.	
Plainfield, N. J., Oct. 5, 1909.	
Examined, compared with vouchers and books and found correct,	
D. E. TITSWORTH, ASA F. RANDOLPH, Auditors.	
Plainfield, N. J., Oct. 8, 1909.	
Life Member added during the quarter: T. C. Davis, Nortonville, Kansas.	
Treasurer's Receipts for July.	
CONTRIBUTIONS.	
S. C. Maxson, M. D., Utica, N. Y.	\$ 10 00
Mrs. C. D. Potter, Belmont, N. Y. "Pawcatuck Church"	40 00
10 00	
Churches:	
Dodge Center, Minn.	6 00
Riverside, Cal.	5 88
First Brookfield, N. Y.	11 75
Plainfield, N. J.	19 46
Hammond, La.	3 12
Farina, Ill.	12 85
DeRuyter, N. Y.	11 00
Chicago, Ill.	16 00
Second Brookfield	12 56
Milton Junction, Wis.	18 90
First Alfred, N. Y.	22 15
Second Alfred, N. Y. (Alfred Station)	15 95
Friends at Asaa, Denmark	5 25
Rotterdam, Holland	5 00
Hornell (N. Y.) Sabbath school	1 00
Independence, N. Y.	15 00
New York City	41 42
Adams Center, N. Y.	20 00
	<u>\$ 303 29</u>
COLLECTIONS.	
1/3 Central Association	17 80
INCOME.	
Geo. S. Greenman Bequest	14 00
Int. S. D. B. Memorial Fund: American Sabbath Tract Society Fund	16 20
D. C. Burdick Bequest	170 32

D. C. Burdick Farm	9 77
Geo. H. Babcock Bequest	885 45
Sarah P. Potter Bequest	26 94
	<u>1,122 68</u>
PUBLISHING HOUSE RECEIPTS.	
RECORDER	137 65
Sabbath Visitor	71 20
Helping Hand	60 00
Tracts	2 50
A. H. Lewis' Biography	12 25
	<u>283 60</u>
	<u>\$1,727 37</u>

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.
 Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer's Receipts for August.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mrs. J. J. Abbey, Cambridge Springs, Va.	\$ 1 00
Mrs. D. C. Waldo, Cambridge Springs, Va.	1 00
Lucia M. Waldo, Cambridge Springs, Va.	75
Susan Saunders, Independence, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. C. C. Champlin, Medford, Okla.	5 00
Churches:	
First Alfred (N. Y.) Sabbath school	5 34
Shiloh, N. J.	7 58
Berlin (N. Y.) Sabbath school	12 50
Cumberland, N. C. (Manchester, N. C.)	4 25
Plainfield, N. J.	81 95
Chicago, Ill.	5 00
Salem, West Va.	6 00
Friendship, N. Y. (Nile)	17 06
	<u>\$ 148 43</u>
Woman's Board	28 07
INCOME.	
Orlando Holcomb Bequest	25 00
Joshua Clarke	7 50
Russell W. Green	3 75
Miss S. E. Saunders, gift in memory Miss A. R. Saunders	3 75
	<u>40 00</u>
City National Bank, int. on balance	11 98
PUBLISHING HOUSE RECEIPTS.	
RECORDER	196 85
Visitor	52 00
Helping Hand	33 93
Tracts	1 65
A. H. Lewis' Biography	5 00
	<u>289 43</u>

PAYMENT ON LIFE MEMBERSHIP.
 T. C. Davis, Nortonville, Kansas 20 00

INCOME.

Life Member added during the month: T. C. Davis, Nortonville, Kansas.	
E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.	
Plainfield, N. J.	

PAYMENT ON LIFE MEMBERSHIP.

T. C. Davis, Nortonville, Kansas	20 00
	<u>\$537 91</u>

PUBLISHING HOUSE RECEIPTS.

RECORDER	196 85
Visitor	52 00
Helping Hand	33 93
Tracts	1 65
A. H. Lewis' Biography	5 00
	<u>289 43</u>

PAYMENT ON LIFE MEMBERSHIP.
 T. C. Davis, Nortonville, Kansas 20 00

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.
 Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer's Receipts for September.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Agnes Barber, Norwich, N. Y. In honor A. H. Lewis	\$ 3 00
Samuel Crandall, Nile, N. Y.	2 00
Harriet A. Burdick, Lowville N. Y.	10 00
Churches:	
Plainfield, N. J.	11 51
Farina, Ill.	14 25
Welton, Iowa	10 00
Roanoke, West Va.	81
	<u>\$ 51 57</u>

COLLECTIONS.

1/3 Conference	85 28
1/2 Convocation	10 05
	<u>95 33</u>

INCOME.

Geo. S. Greenman Bequest	2 10
Nancy M. Frank	08
Lois Babcock	64
Deborah Randall	10
Sarah E. Saunders	3 00
Nancy A. Burdick	1 80
Sarah A. Saunders	60
Nancy Saunders	60
Reuben D. Ayres	7 50
Charles Saunders	1 50
Benj. P. Langworthy 2d	1 50
Mary S. Stillman	7 50
	<u>26 92</u>

PUBLISHING HOUSE RECEIPTS.

RECORDER	97 20
Visitor	36 86
Helping Hand	64 84
Tracts	1 25
A. H. Lewis' Biography	8 75
	<u>208 90</u>

PAYMENT ON LIFE MEMBERSHIP.
 O. B. Whitford, Plainfield, N. J. 5 00

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.
 Plainfield, N. J.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The water was smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough and—er—decidedly disgorgeous."—Everybody's Magazine.

Woman's Work

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

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

Early Autumn.

The world puts on its robes of glory now,
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes,
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

The distant hills are crowned with purple mist
The days are mellow, and the long, calm nights,
To wondering eyes, like weird magicians, show
The shifting splendors of the northern lights.

The generous earth spreads out her fruitful store,
And all the fields are decked with ripened sheaves;
While in the woods, at autumn's rustling step,
The maples blush through all their trembling leaves.

—Albert Leighton.

A Day in a Country Village Near the Great Wall.

A crisp morning with the brilliant sky of which North China is so lavish in winter, and we four—two Honorable Outsiders accompanied by their Unworthy Insides—are off for a day of teaching at Stone Bridge Camp. To be sure, there is no stone bridge in evidence and no militia except a few—a very, very few newly enlisted soldiers of the Cross. Only fifteen li to travel, and yet the road passes through several hamlets, often only a long, squalid street filled with children who stare at the foreign half of the four as if a real, man-eating lion had appeared. But the Westerner has long realized that he is a scarecrow, for even the stolid, indiscriminating Chinese mules bolt at sight of him.

In the middle of one miserable village, over a common mud house, is a black lacquer sign with gilt letters, announcing that a scholar sprang from that family—the immemorial tribute which China pays to learning. On nearly every door are the black, evil-eyed gate gods, fitting symbol of

China's hard, fearsome, repellant religions. The house and shop signs are endlessly interesting. An unusually forlorn door says, "In the happy land" (the land of the eight genii), "the spring is long," much like our "There everlasting spring abides." Another door lintel bears the pregnant and inspiring motto, "If a man is heroic, the earth responds." While a most malodorous wine shop advertises its vile decoctions thus:

"When you sniff the aroma, you dismount from your horse.

When you scent the bouquet, you stop your cart."

We are soon at our journey's end, and a whole congregation—men, women and children, turn out in welcome. "We feared you were not coming." "Are you not too cold," or, "too weary?" "The East-North wind is very fierce," so the women chatter solicitously as they lead us to the women's meeting-place while the Outsides go to teach the men. Into a familiar courtyard, past a blindfolded donkey grinding grain—the women are excused from that task today—through the kitchen, dispossessing pigs and chickens, under a faded blue curtain, we pass into the inner room, and are half pushed by friendly hands to the warmest, most honorable place on the kang. On one end sleeps a fat baby, oblivious of barking dogs, braying donkeys and the babel of voices—a true little Oriental! On the other end is a great roll of old blue cotton cloth with the unwieldy shears beside it with which some one is fashioning a new garment. Always are there evidences of the Chinese woman's tireless industry, and in nearly every woman's back hair is thrust her tiny needle, ready for use.

In the ignorance of the new missionary, we were sure the Chinese woman led the simple life. Her house has two, or, at most, three rooms, the floor is mud, there is no furniture but a brick kang on which to sleep at night, and sit in the daytime. She has no bric-a-brac to dust, no perpetually changing styles, no clubs, societies, Ladies' Aid or church suppers. We had not seen that woman painfully gathering the scanty cotton, inching along from one plant to another, nor had we been introduced to her

primitive cotton-gin, her clumsy spinning wheel and clumsier loom. We had not seen her groveling on that dirt floor, stuffing chaff under the cooking kettle, while the bitter smoke brought tears from her smarting eyes. Now we know that it is no small thing for these women to give several hours to listening, and we may well pray earnestly that they may receive abundant recompense for idle hands.

Mrs. Liu, model pastor's model wife, has a happy greeting for every one. She finds place beside her on the warm kang for the deaf old grandmothers; remembers by name all the various Wangs, Lius, Changs; inquires after sick babies, and out of her own experience with five, suggests a remedy; notices the absence of others and sends a child respectfully to invite them. Admiring eyes linger on her neat, dainty garments and even approve the natural feet since they are shod in shoes decorated with exquisite embroidery. The admiration grows as she opens a book. "She can read like a hsien sheng" (a teacher), they whisper. She really reads very little, for she must use her eyes to hold their eyes and ears, but she likes the moral support of the open book.

Like a student of the best pedagogy, she begins with what these women know. They all believe in an "Old Man of the Sky," who gives rain and snow and to whom they pray for abundant harvests. Then she goes on to what they have not the faintest idea of—"beautiful Heaven's Hall prepared for every one of us. Alas! alas! we are all sinners and can not enter in." Several women look a little doubtful. They well know they are poor, miserable sinners, but there are holy men who spend their lives in a temple, performing meritorious deeds. Mrs. Liu answers the unspoken thought. "Yes, all have sinned. Have not all of us cursed, or lied, or held hateful thoughts in our hearts?"

What! a lie, cursing, bad thoughts, sins? This is a new doctrine surely. "Yes, in his sight black, wicked sins. What method shall Heaven's Lord devise to make his children clean and pure? We all know that good and evil have their rewards."

A woman is looking intently at Mrs. Liu. Her lips tremble with an eager question.

My heart leaps into my mouth. Here is one who must be near the kingdom.

"Elder Sister," she says, "is all that hair your own or is some false?" All eyes thoughtfully scanned Mrs. Liu's pretty, shining hair. Imagine bringing the subject back to real things! She does it, this woman of marvelous tact, patience and un-failing love. And now she is telling simply and sweetly of the coming and mission of Jesus. It seems as if they must understand and love him, and mothers hug their babies more closely because of him who consecrated childhood. Even the girl mother whom earlier in the meeting I had asked, "Is your baby a daughter or a son?" and who replied, using a most obnoxious name, "It is a slave girl," seems to look with less disfavor on the despised girl baby.

But a dreadful commotion breaks the spell—dogs and donkeys help announce several newcomers—a bride in gay red trousers and glittering, cheap ornaments, and her mother-in-law. An old woman peers into the face of the older woman and says, "I don't recognize you. Honorable name what?"

"My mean name is Chang," screams back the other into deaf ears. How—how can we begin all over again and just when they were all so intently listening to the wonderful story! I can only pray a little harder for her who bears the brunt of these distracted and distracting meetings. Hush! The quiet voice is speaking with not a trace of impatience as she takes the newcomer's hand.

"Yes, Elder Sister, your name is Chang, and there are many of your name in our country, but there is only one in the whole earth or heaven named Jesus. Please listen, and I will tell you of him. He is so precious and I want you so much to know of him that I have left five little children at home to come to tell you and, Elder Sister, your hair is white; please listen very carefully, so that you may be ready when he comes for you and not be afraid."

"Yes," whispers a young woman rocking back and forth, "both these teachers have left at home small children like this one. It must be important teaching." And now every eye is fastened on Mrs. Liu and even the baby congregation is strangely quiet.

After a little, a woman with a strong, patient face breathes a deep sigh as if she wished it might be true, but it is too good. "Yes, yes, the doctrine is good: I love to hear it. But what about t'o sheng?" Actually in a mud house of this insignificant village, a farmer's leather-faced wife asks Mrs. Liu to explain transmigration of soul. Does not this little woman need to be thoroughly furnished to every good work? Yet it is sometimes said in America of some missionary, by those who never sat on a kang and touched elbows with these women, "She is too good to be working among the women of a mud village." This farmer's wife knew that Buddha held out no possible salvation for her as a woman. Her only hope is that in the long, dreary cycle she may sometime be reborn as a man. But the cold fear that clutches her heart is the more probable rebirths in loathsome animal forms, for she knows she has sinned. "Not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance," sweet words always, but never quite so sweet as in this setting and to such an one.

"But," timidly interposes another, "isn't this Jesus-doctrine the foreigner's religion? My son says if I believe, I will be 'following foreigners.'" From Mrs. Liu's face shone a light not of this earth, and her voice rang out in joyous denial and glad ownership. "No! no! no! He belongs to us just as much as to the Western peoples. He is ours, ours, our very own Jesus!"

"Then," persists the thoughtful questioner, "why did we not hear before?" What can Mrs. Liu say? Will she tell of our long faithlessness to the Great Commission? I shrink back into my corner.

"We might have known earlier, had we been willing to hear," she answers, thinking of the Nestorians and a few abortive early efforts.

"It must be true; they have come so far to tell us, these foreigners," mutters another. Then a woman lovingly strokes my hand and says, "But are you not often homesick so far away?"

"How can I be with such friends as Mrs. Liu and all of you?"

The hour grows late. We sing the immortal "Jesus loves me," first carefully explaining that we are not like Buddhists

chanting their classics in meaningless doggerel, but voicing the joy and praise of our inside hearts into the ear of God. Then we pray, also explaining that we are kneeling to the invisible God, our Father. How, how can these understand! Many of them are hearing the name of Jesus for the first time today. They repeat it over wonderingly—Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. Is it another god to add to their already overcrowded pantheon? The village is full of shrines to the Fox god, the Weasel, the Snake, the Rat. Every hill outlined against the sky has its ancient temple and here are weak women with the titanic task of turning all their world upside down. Week by week this daringly impossible thing becomes possible because God does it.

"The lives which seem so poor, so low

The hearts which are so cramped and dull
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo!

They blossom to the beautiful."

It is Sunday morning, and women are entering the compound gate at Ch'ang-li. They are leaning heavily on home-made staffs, for they have trudged many li on recently unbound, stumpy little feet.

One of Miss Glover's women at Tsunhua learned to read the Gospels when over sixty years old. After 1900, Miss Glover and Doctor Terry thought to make the old soul a present, knowing she had need of almost everything. They asked her what she would like. She said, "Don't give me money, for that would soon be gone. Give me spectacles and a few books. Mine were all lost in 1900." A humble Chinese woman, all her life accounted stupid, reminding one of the great old saint and scholar who, also in want of many things, begged for the "books and especially the parchments."

It is a very weary Inside who returns from a day in the country and opens the house door to receive enthusiastic welcome of five children. Yet twice a week for many weeks this pastor's wife has found a way, because she willed it, to leave home and teach other women. The apple-cheeked children are models of neatness, often "clothed in scarlet" like the household of the woman in Proverbs. The wadded garments are prepared in good season so that she, too, "laugheth at the time to come."

Tap quietly at her door and you may surprise her with a book in one hand while the other pats the baby to sleep. Do you wonder that her husband also praiseth her and often uses her to point a moral in the men's meetings? Only last week a man arose to say that he could not be a Christian because his wife persecuted him, saying, "If you follow the Jesus-doctrine, we can not betroth our son, and there is a fine girl to be had for only a hundred tiao or so." The preacher shook his head sadly. "Why buy a wife as one buys a pig or a donkey? No, no, send your boy to Peking to school. Let him marry a Christian schoolgirl from the girls' school, as I did. I did not give a copper of money for her but true heart's love. How she has helped me in everything! When I was principal of the Lanchou School and overworked, she even taught three classes for me." Admiring nods of approval pass round the circle of staid old Confucianists taught to believe in the three obediences to father, husband and son, as the whole duty of woman.

There was a time last winter when the pastor's heart was sick and sore over the perfidy of a supposed friend. He was in the midst of a revival and how could he go on? He confided to us, "My heart could not feel forgiving or at peace until my wife prayed with me." The heart of her husband safely trusteth in her, confident that she "will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

Small wonder that when the church members wish to enquire of the preacher for his wife, they like to say, "Hsien Nei Chu hao ma?" (How is your honorable Inside Helper?)—*Mary Swail Taft, Ch'angli, China, in Woman's Missionary Friend.*

Autumn Colors.

MARY A. STILLMAN.

How beautifully the hillsides and valleys are colored in these crisp autumn days! The late flowers come in such masses that they make a distinct spot upon the landscape, the yellow of the goldenrod, tansy and fall dandelions, the purple and white of asters and the blue of gentian and chicory. All kinds of berries, too, gleam out on their branches as the leaves cease to hide

them; red jewels on the rose-bushes, barberries and thorns, and blue beads with coral setting upon the woodbines, while even the poison ivy is adorned with pearls. The orchards bear their harvests of bright apples, crab-apples and quinces, while pumpkins, squashes and ripe cucumbers give a dash of orange to the gardens. But the distinctive coloring of the fall landscape is due to the changing foliage.

What a glow of red and orange is on the maples! They gleam as if with fire when touched by the setting sun. The chestnuts and beeches put on a yellow dress, and the more tardy oaks assume their rich reds, browns and russets. The woodbine and ivy cover porch and wall as with a crimson mantle; the sumac bushes which have been beautiful all summer with bobs of red against a background of green, now take on more brilliant colors, while even the leaves of blueberry bushes and brambles are touched as if by a magic wand. Only the pines and the other evergreens remain unchanged. We love to think of the autumn tints as coming from Jack Frost's paint box, and we are not far wrong in thinking so; for although leaves, grasses and grains would ripen without the aid of frost, and turn yellow or brown by a process of oxidization similar to the rusting of iron, still the more brilliant colors come only when there is a nip of frost early in the season.

No wonder that Helen Hunt Jackson paid such high tribute to October's bright blue weather. She says:

"The month of carnival of all the year
When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spend whole seasons on a single day.
The spring time holds her white and purple dear,

October, lavish, flaunts them far and near;
The summer charily her reds doth lay
Like jewels on her costliest array;
October, scornful, burns them on a bier."

First Boy.—Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker and makin' you wear them old boots!

Second Boy.—He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth!—*Christian Advocate.*

Young People's Work

REV. H. C. VAN HORN, Contributing Editor.

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations . . . teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I commanded you. Matt. xxviii, 19-20a.

The Prayer Meeting, October 30, 1909.

REV. A. J. C. BOND.

Topic: *Heroes of Island Missions.* (Isa. xxxii, 1-4, 16-20.)

Daily Readings.

1. The first foreign missionary (Gen. xii, 1-9).
2. Jonah as a missionary book (Jonah iii, 1-10).
3. The missionary is not a respecter of persons (James ii, 1-13).
4. The success of the seventy (Luke x, 1-20).
5. The great commission (Matt. xxvi, 16-20).
6. The beginning of Christian missions (Acts xiii, 1-12).
7. Heroes of missions in the islands (Isa. xxxii, 1-4, 16-20).

COMMENTS ON THE DAILY READINGS.

1. Abraham's experience as recorded in the twelfth chapter of Genesis has much in common with the experience of a modern missionary. He is called upon to leave country, kindred and home. He had the promise of the blessing of Jehovah, which is the inspiration of every one who goes, and without which no one would undertake missionary work of any character. God's presence with Abraham, as with every missionary, is not simply that he may be blessed, but that he may be a blessing. One of the first things Abraham did was to build an altar to Jehovah, at once a place to worship the true God, and a sign of permanency—an expression of faith in the future of the work.

2. Perhaps the sole purpose of the Book of Jonah was to show to the Hebrews that their God was the God of all the nations. It marks an epoch in the progress of

the race in its conception of God. Jonah felt impelled to preach to the inhabitants of the wicked city of Nineveh. Yet he was disappointed when they repented and escaped the merited punishment. The moral significance of the Book of Jonah is found in the story of the gourd and not in the story of the whale. The story of the whale might be left out without in the least violating the moral lesson of the book; whereas, on the other hand, it is difficult to see any real religious significance apart from the story of the gourd. At least it is here that Jonah found his real lesson.

3. The basis of all true missionary work is the equality of man; the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man growing out of their universal sonship. All men are sons of God by virtue of their creation. So should all become sons in spirit and character, living lives of loving fellowship with, and loyal obedience to, the Father. In working toward this ideal, social distinctions fade away. These are only man-made and can have no place in the economy of God, who seeks the highest spiritual good of all the race. Getting the view-point of the Master makes men missionaries.

4. The seventy were to go as lambs in the midst of wolves, which illustrates the missionary method. The following quotation from Algernon S. Crapsey will serve well as a comment upon this passage: "Count Leo Tolstoy tells us that he was once reading the teachings of Jesus to a wise man of the East. The Eastern sage, as he heard them, claimed one after another of the sayings of Jesus as original with his own people. But at last there was a saying of Jesus which the Easterner did not claim, and which he admitted to be original with the Prophet of Nazareth. This original contribution of the Prophet of Nazareth to the moral wisdom of the world, the Eastern sage found in these words, 'Resist not evil.' This wise man displayed all the acumen of his race when he fixed on these words as the words *per se* of Jesus of Nazareth, for they are the key to his Gospel and to the secret of his success in the world."

5. "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth." Whenever

I read this introduction to the great commission, I recall the experience of Jesus at the temptation. Considering the work before him and how to accomplish it, it occurred to him that he might become a world-ruler. In such a position he could see a great opportunity to relieve social conditions. But if men's hearts remained untouched, and their lives untransformed, his mission would be a failure. So he chose the humbler way, even the way of the cross. He formed no alliance with the civil authorities and rebuked Peter who drew the sword in his defense; and yet he can say on the eve of his departure, "All authority hath been given unto me." Not only in the earth, but heaven and earth have been united in one realm, over which Jesus has authority. And it is he who says, "Go."

6. The disciples were missionaries from the first. They could not be anything else and be disciples. But Barnabas and Saul were the first missionaries sent out by the church—set apart and consecrated to the work. And this took place at Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. Here, then, is the beginning of Christian missions as carried on today. Since our lesson is, Heroes of missions in the islands, it is interesting to notice that the first missionary work of the church was on an island. As everywhere, and, especially, as is apparent in the work in the islands in this week's lesson, there were those who were ready to hear, and those who were ready to hinder.

7. While Isaiah dealt with real conditions and preached against the sins of his people at a time of wide-spread apostasy and of gross immorality, the great refrain of these chapters is that of a coming good time. Isaiah pictures an ideal condition—one that has not yet come about. Hence the appropriateness of his words for a missionary lesson even in the twentieth century of the Christian era. But he represents this coming good time of peace as centering in "a man." This much of Isaiah's ideal has been realized. One has come who fulfils all the delineations of Isaiah's "king." And while the conditions are far from what the prophet saw, yet what, because of sin and unbelief, is still delayed, is here potentially in Jesus Christ. To make this condition

actual, it remains only to bring the world into right relations with Jesus of Nazareth, who is as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as the shade of a "rock in a weary land." Then "the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken. The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly." "Then judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness shall abide in the fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and confidence forever. And my people shall abide in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places." "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

HEROES OF ISLAND MISSIONS.

The following biographical sketches are abridged from a chapter in "Into All the World," by Amos R. Wells:

John Williams, a wild youth of London, was converted as the result of a passing invitation to church, given by a good woman. He was apprentice of an iron-monger, and gained a skill in metal working that was of the greatest value to him in later years. Hearing of the missionary triumphs in the Society Islands, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and was sent out in 1816, at the age of twenty. Reaching the Society Islands, he was able to preach in the native language before the end of ten months. Making his headquarters on the large island of Raiatea, he taught the natives how to build houses. To their astonishment he made chairs, tables, sofas, and obtained a colored plaster from the coral. He encouraged the growth of sugar-cane and built a sugar-mill. He made machinery for rope manufacture. He drew up a code of laws, established schools, reduced the language to writing. In it all he carried out his ideal that his "words and actions should be always pointing to the cross." In a ship which he built himself he explored the South Sea Islands, discovering Raratonga, the largest of the Cook Islands. It was while Mr. Williams was attempting to plant the Gospel in the New Hebrides, November 20, 1839, that he was murdered by the natives of Er-

romanga, who had just suffered severely from some of the cruel white traders, and confounded with them the loving missionary.

Samuel Marsden, who was largely instrumental in introducing Christianity among the Maoris of New Zealand, was the son of a Yorkshire blacksmith, who became the chaplain of convicts in Australia. Sometimes he had as many as thirty New Zealanders staying at his home, and at last he was permitted to go as a missionary among the savage people in whom he was so greatly interested. He bought the *Active*—probably the first missionary ship—and reached New Zealand in 1814, at once with superb courage going to live, unarmed, among the cannibals. He continued his labors among the savages up to a great old age, winning their unbounded reverence, teaching them patiently, stopping their wars, facing a thousand perils, and becoming indeed the "Apostle of the Maoris."

George Augustus Selwyn, the first bishop of New Zealand, organized the English Church in the Pacific. When the Eton lads raced to get the good oars, Selwyn deliberately chose the one clumsy "punt pole," for he said, "I should have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who had it; now you are all in good humor." So in after life "he took the laboring oar in everything." This vigorous young man became a curate, with special interest in a charity kitchen he established, and in 1841 he was made the first bishop of New Zealand. A clerk's error added 68° to his diocese, extending it to 34° N. instead of 34° S.—a mistake that made possible Selwyn's splendid work in Melanesia.

During the six months' voyage out, the young bishop learned navigation so thoroughly that a ship's captain once said it almost made him a Christian to see the bishop bring his schooner into harbor. He landed in May, 1842, his first act being to kneel in prayer upon the beach. For twenty-six years Selwyn labored in the South Seas. His cathedral was "a mean wooden structure painted white." He early established a training college for native preachers.

John Coleridge Patteson was the son of an honored English judge, and a descendant of Coleridge the poet. He was naturally devout, a Bible-reader from infancy. He had grit, and once he bore in silence for three weeks a broken collar bone because he "did not want to make a fuss." He resigned his cricket captaincy at Eton because certain boys at the annual dinner insisted on singing objectionable songs, and would not return till promises of amendment were made.

"Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" asked the good Bishop Selwyn, and in 1855 he actually accompanied the bishop to his New Zealand diocese. For five years he shared Selwyn's labors of teaching and visiting the islands, often in great perils from the deep and the natives, and when dreaming of home saying to himself, "Look around the horizon and see how many islands you can count."

The iniquitous white traders would decoy the blacks on board by pretending that their beloved bishop was there, themselves carrying Bibles in their hands. At Nukapu of the Santa Cruz group, they had painted their ship in imitation of Patteson's, and through this artifice stolen into slavery some of the natives. Soon afterward Patteson visited the island on his errand of love, and the ignorant, heart-broken savages killed him in revenge, pushing his body out to his friends marked with five wounds, one for each of the kidnapped natives. When the islanders learned whom they had slain, they drove the murderers from the island, and shot the native who had given the first blow.

John G. Paton, "The King of the Cannibals," as Spurgeon called him, was born in 1824, the son of a pious Scotch stocking-maker and colporteur. After successful work as city missionary in Glasgow, in 1858 he was sent to the New Hebrides by the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Landed on the small island of Tanna, Paton spent four years among the most bloodthirsty men on earth. He made a bold stand against wife-beating, widow-strangling, and the eating of human flesh. Iniquitous traders, with the fiendish purpose of killing off the natives, kidnapped one of them, exposed him to measles, and sent him back

to introduce the plague, which swept away a third of the island's population. Thirteen of Paton's party died, and the rest sailed away in despair, leaving him alone with old Abraham, a native teacher. Madened Tannese, confounding together all white men, determined upon Paton's destruction. Time after time he grasped the war clubs raised against him, avoided the killing stone, or struck up the leveled musket. Sometimes his faithful dog Clutha saved him; sometimes a useless little revolver; sometimes friendly natives. Amid a thousand perils the missionary at last escaped from Tanna, only to pass to the nearby island of Aniwa. Here also many perils were encountered. Often they toiled in deep anguish, as when Paton and his wife were unable to move, through sickness, and their baby died and was buried while they were in that plight, their other little children singing a hymn by the grave. Now even Tanna has been won to Christ, and, largely through Paton's words and writings, heroic missionaries have changed the character of all the southern portion of the New Hebrides.

Henry Obookiah, a dark-skinned boy, was found in 1809 weeping on the doorsteps of Yale College. He had drifted from the Sandwich Islands. He was longing for an education, and that the true religion should be carried to his native land. His pathetic story led to the missionary effort for Hawaii, which began on October 23, 1819, when Hiram Bingham, Asa Thurston, three native Hawaiians, and Americans of various trades, a party of seventeen, set sail from Boston for the Sandwich Islands.

They were met, on landing, by the surprising story that a revolution had just overthrown the old heathen gods, and the land was without a religion. Then began one of the most wonderful triumphs of gospel history. The rulers became Christians. The Princess Kapiolani defied the crater goddess, Pele, hurling stones into the sacred lava, and worshiping the true God in the presence of the awe-struck idolaters. The horrible diseases which were destroying the people were checked by forbidding the evil intercourse with foreign sailors—a step which often brought the missionaries

in peril of their lives from the hands of angry Englishmen and Americans.

Titus Coan witnessed the climax of Hawaiian missions. He was a Connecticut farmer's boy who, after an experience in school-teaching, decided in his early manhood for the missionary calling. His first undertaking was a hazardous one, an expedition under the American Board, to Patagonia, in 1834. He was captured by the savages, but fortunately escaped. In December of the same year he set sail for the Sandwich Islands and reached Honolulu after a voyage of six months around Cape Horn. From there he traveled about two hundred miles to his station, Hilo, on the largest island, Hawaii.

The fruit of his faithful and unwearied labors began to come in large abundance in 1836. Great numbers flocked around him. They would keep him till midnight preaching to them, and crowd the house again at cock-crowing. The villages begged for him. "I preached to three of them before breakfast," he records. "When the meeting closed at one village most of the people ran on to the next." Hilo was the center of interest. Its population grew from 1,000 to 10,000. The old and feeble were carried thither for fifty miles in litters. There was a two-year Pentecost. They built a meeting-house for 2,000 souls, and arranged that while one division of the people filled it for the sermon, the others should meet elsewhere and pray. The utmost care was taken to prove the people's sincerity before baptizing any of them. Nevertheless, before 1870, Mr. Coan had himself baptized and received into the church 11,960 persons. All the remainder of his life was given to Hawaii. In 1882, when he was nearly eighty-two years old, he was stricken with paralysis during a revival into which he was throwing all his splendid enthusiasm, and thus passed away upon the battle-field.

Robert William Logan was an Ohio boy who, after a service in the Civil War that cost him his health, went through a medical school, and in 1874, became a missionary of the American Board to the Carolinas. The new converts on Ponape, eager themselves to undertake mission work, had sent three men and their wives to introduce

Christianity into the Mortlock Islands to the west. They had succeeded marvelously, and five thousand had become Christians. Mr. Logan set himself to further this work with instruction and translation.

On a hot lonely island he was seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs. The *Morning Star* was delayed. After long waiting, his noble wife placed him upon a little trading vessel, beneath an awning on the deck, and sat beside her uncomplaining husband all the long way to New Zealand.

He lived and returned to the island of Ruk where Moses, a magnificent native, had begun a remarkable work, in the development of which Logan spent his strength till, in 1887, he passed away, saying on his death-bed, "It is God's work, and it is worth all it costs." For several years his heroic wife all alone kept up the work in that difficult and isolated field.

James Chalmers, the London Missionary Society's pioneer missionary to New Guinea, was a Scotch Highlander, born in 1841—the son of a stone mason. He was about fifteen when he heard of the gospel work among the Fijis, and, kneeling in a lonely place beside a wall, prayed God to make him a missionary. After work in the Glasgow slums, and theological training, on January 4, 1866, he sailed in the second *John Williams* for the South Seas.

He reached Raratonga, in the Cook Islands, after a voyage of several months, after great hazards, the total wreck of the missionary ship, and rescue in a pirate vessel, over whose desperate captain Chalmers won great influence. For ten years "Tamate," as the natives called him—that being as near as they could get to "Chalmers"—lived at Raratonga, teaching school, fighting strong drink, and training up a large company of heroic native Christians, who became his beloved and trusted assistants in New Guinea, dying there, many of them, for their Saviour.

Pressing eagerly westward along the coast of the great island, "Tamate" brought tribe after tribe to a knowledge of Jesus Christ. At one time 450 converted savages gathered around him for communion services, a famous robber chief acting as the leading deacon. April 7, 1901, the in-

trepid missionary was murdered by a tribe he was newly approaching on his errand of peace and love. His native helper, soon after his death, petitioned to be sent as missionary to the village that had slain his beloved leader.

Henry Lyman, a Massachusetts boy, was leader of the wild set at Amherst, but was converted in a college revival, and with his friend, Samuel Munson, he was sent by the American Board in 1833 to the East Indies. On the fly-leaf of all his journals this ardent young man was in the habit of writing:

600,000,000
ARE PERISHING!
Calvary.

"Suppose the board does not send you on a mission?" a friend once suggested. "Then," he replied, "I will work my passage on some ship; for, the Lord willing, I am determined to go." Animated by this spirit, after study of Malay and Chinese and instruction from Medhurst in Java, the two missionaries set out on a preliminary exploration of the islands, and ventured even into the interior of Sumatra among the Battas, scaling dangerous precipices and piercing dense jungles. There, in the summer of 1834, they were set upon by two hundred armed natives at Sacca. They themselves had arms which they used against wild beasts, but gave them up to the mob. Notwithstanding this, Munson was run through with a spear, and Lyman was shot, the first being thirty and the second only twenty-four years old. When the natives learned what good men had been murdered, they burned Sacca and killed many of the villagers.

A MISSION CLOSED.

In 1863 Hawaii was recognized as a Christian nation, and the American Board handed over the work to the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, which, however, is largely maintained by the white people. The missionary work in Hawaii now carried on by the Hawaiian Association is among the natives and the imported foreign laborers—Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese.

THE PHILIPPINES.

The present work of the United States in the Philippines, along educational and re-

ligious lines, would make a subject for an interesting talk by an Endeavorer.

MUSIC COMMITTEES.

Music committees will find appropriate music by Seventh-day Baptist writers in "A Missionary Service" arranged by the Woman's Board of the General Conference. "More Laborers" is a very beautiful and inspiring solo; "Work for the Master" may be sung by a mixed quartet. Your pastor or members of the local woman's society may have copies. Extra copies may be secured of the Woman's Board at five cents per copy. See address in the SABBATH RECORDER.

Milton Junction, Wis.

Duty of Our Young People to Missions.

REV. D. BURDETT COON.

Synopsis of address given at Young People's Rally, Milton Junction, Wis., August 31, 1909.

What our denomination will be twenty-five years from now depends in no small degree upon the attitude of our young men and young women of today towards missions.

The measure of our opportunity is the measure of our duty. If we have no opportunity for missionary work, we have no duty along this line; but if the opportunity is large, the duty is correspondingly large.

Before churches were established in such places as Dodge Center, Farina and North Loup, those who were then young in these places determined the future of these churches. Had they neglected their missionary opportunities these churches could not have been. This principle applies to those who went to such places as farmers and common laborers. How different might have been the history of our cause at Dodge Center had Joel Tappan in those early days refused to exhibit the missionary spirit. What if he and others with him had refused to favor and encourage the church and the Sabbath school? Their opportunity for missionary work was faithfully improved, and behold these splendid organizations that have become new centers of missionary enterprise and power as the result. How well, too, has it been for us as a people that such men as Eld. C. M.

Lewis and Eld. S. R. Wheeler were allowed to continue their work as real missionaries. Had they been turned aside to farming or to some other occupation for their daily bread their great missionary labors with attending results could not have been. We as young people have a great duty to perform in proving to our missionaries that we believe the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Our opportunity for extending our cause through missions is wondrously large today, as was shown you the other day in the sermon on this subject at the General Conference.

We as young people must take higher ground than has been occupied before. The opportunity is big and the time is ripe for action. We must raise the standard for missionary work higher than our fathers held it. The time demands that we send forth more men for direct missionary work, and that we give them better support than we have been giving such work.

We can not afford to do less for the foreign fields. We must continue our support of Doctor Palmberg. It is right and well, and must not be otherwise than that we shall encourage the support that is being given our missionaries on the foreign field. To pay their traveling expenses and a salary while they are learning a foreign language to fit them for their great work is the only decent and businesslike and Christian manner of treating them. But if we are willing to pay nearly \$600 to get a man and his wife to China, and then a decent salary for two years more before he can begin actual service there, why should we think it a great thing for us to do something toward the traveling expenses of a man who goes onto the home field for a series of years to endure hardship and toil and self-denial and sacrifice for the Master and his cause? It may be the duty of our young people to raise the standard in this respect.

Would that our young men just graduating from the theological seminary would refuse other tempting offers and would choose the work of a missionary for at least three to five years. We can not estimate the great good to them and to our cause that would result from such action.

One who offers to go, according to the

call of God, as a missionary onto the home field should be led to feel that God never called one to a more exalted service. If he goes from a great church to such a work, he should feel that he has stepped up and not down—that he is going to the biggest work of his life. We as young people must see to it that we give him such support in prayer and sympathy and money that he will have no cause for losing his self-respect for lack of these things. We must insist that he be not crippled for his work because of lacking that which we can furnish.

Our duty to missions is to increase them in numbers and to give them better support. God is calling for workers for his great harvest field. The field is ripe. We must take it now or it will soon be lost to us.

It is not an easy task. But who wants an easy one? True men want hard things to do. It is not for silly, weak-minded, pampered, "mollycoddled" sort of fellows that God is calling for this great task. It is a great work and needs stalwart-hearted, big-souled men. The difficulties and obstacles in the way are tremendous. Let us not belittle them. But God is calling to the work. We venture great things for worldly success. Let us venture more for God and his truth. If he calls we can do no better than trust and obey. To convert men and to establish churches that will perpetuate our faith is the greatest work that we can hope to achieve in this world. It is to this work that God is calling us in a special way just now. If we heed the call, success is sure to follow.

The Most Important?

At a recent meeting of a "local union" to arrange a program for an approaching meeting, it was asked who there was in a certain society that would prepare a paper on a given subject. The reply was, "Oh, they are all young people in ——— society." The opinion of this middle-aged young people's committee seemed to be that in the society in question no one was old enough to appear on the program. It leads the writer to this question: Which is more important, the subject or the person; the program or the training of the worker; the success of a program committee or the

encouragement and development of a young man or young woman? It is really another form of the question: Is the Endeavor Society primarily a school for training the young people for service, or an organization within the church for doing church and other Christian work?

It seems to many that under ordinary circumstances the older young people ought to leave the society to the younger ones for the same opportunity of training that the society has furnished them during the past fifteen or twenty years. Let them come often, it may be, to the meetings, but keep in the background, especially in business meetings and in committee work. In some cases a disbanding of the old society might be a good thing. Then encourage the younger ones to reorganize for themselves, helping them to do so in every way possible.

The excellent and stirring address of Rev. D. B. Coon, the synopsis of which just precedes this, was followed by a lively and interesting discussion, led by Rev. W. L. Greene. He outlined the discussion on the blackboard something like this:

1. The responsibility of our young people to Doctor Palmborg's work.
2. Mission study in local societies.
3. Outpost work for Christian Endeavorers.
4. Student evangelistic work.

ECHOES FROM THE RALLY.

May we not have for five or six weeks in this department some of the thoughts from the Rally by those who were there? Let us have your echo in a few lines, not to exceed half a column of RECORDER space.

Outpost Work.

REV. J. L. SKAGGS.

Summary of remarks made at Young People's Rally, Milton Junction, Wis.

In all the discussions thus far, there has been very little said about one feature of our young people's work which I believe is as important as any we have ever taken up. That is the Outpost Work—holding services in schoolhouses surrounding our societies. It was my privilege to join with some of the Alfred young people two years ago in that line of work. On almost every

occasion, after a short gospel message had been presented, an opportunity was given those who were not professing Christians to express themselves with regard to living the Christian life. Sometimes there were as many as a dozen who stood upon their feet signifying a desire to be Christians. I believe great good might have been accomplished could that work have been zealously followed up. As it is, I think those people were helped. I am sure those who worked in the meetings were strengthened. Invariably on the journey home words of thankful appreciation for the privileges of the evening were spoken by members of the company. These efforts were a means of growth to our young people; we always grow when we use to the best of our ability the powers for service which we possess. I believe this an important branch of our work and we should not let it drop. We may confidently expect two results when our young people engage in this kind of work: They will be a help to the people to whom they go, and they are sure to gain a blessing for themselves. Either result is worth working for, but we may have both. I hope our societies will persevere in this work.

Harold E. Walters.

Harold Eugene Walters was born August 9, 1872, in Walworth, Wis., and died September 14, 1909, in Walworth, aged thirty-seven years, one month and five days.

He was the oldest of the four children of Eugene A. and Emma Swinney Walters. He was a man of strong natural gifts and was brought up under many favoring circumstances, such as good home, school and church privileges.

My acquaintancé goes back to the year 1885, when he was among my schoolboys and was of good mind, easily comprehending his lessons. At the age of seventeen, in the pastorate of Eld. S. H. Babcock, he responded to the teaching of the church and made his profession of faith.

After completing the high-school course he took up public school-teaching for two winters; but having much desire for mechanics, he took to the study of electricity and became promoter and president of the



HAROLD E. WALTERS.

Walworth Telephone Exchange Company. Having had much experience in electrical work, he became engaged in a little special service for the trolley company, when, through some mistake in regard to orders, he came in contact with a live wire with powerful current, and was killed instantly.

How far from our thought, when we saw him here in church last Sabbath, with the dear child in his arms, a just pride of his life, that we should come here with this casket in five days more.

In the year 1906, October 17, he was married to Miss Stelle Maxon. To them two children were born. When I saw him on last Tuesday morning before seven o'clock, on the way to his office, looking so happy, how little could any one suppose that the fatal stroke of danger was only two hours away. Only the first of this week he and I shared in a little art service for a friend of like taste: but it was our last art service together, unless we shall some day serve together in the heavenly arts in the life to come, where dangers are all past.

Cut off in young manhood, from the dearest ties of home life, instantly, in the service of his fellow citizens—Why? I do not know. It seems more proper for me

to sit with the mourners than to stand here to multiply words.

We read in 1 Cor. viii, 3: "But if any man love God, the same is known of him." No stroke of death has called together so many people in Walworth for many a year, and it should not be strange if no one could be found elsewhere in Walworth at this hour, because of the dear ones so suddenly left, because of his wide and friendly acquaintance, and his strong, manly qualities.

"But if any man love God, the same is known of him." Noble character ever speaks a great message. Let us find an illustration of the importance of a noble manhood in the threefold power of yonder sun. It holds the planets in their places by the power of its weight under the guiding power of the Creator. This force of gravity may well be thought of as a type of the force of a noble manhood to lead other minds in lawful paths of noble service.

Think also of the light which displays the beauty of this nature, and let it be a type of Jesus, the Light of the world. In the building of noble manhood this far-reaching heavenly light is one of the all-important provisions from the Creator. Our faith must be a divine lamp to our fellow men.

Once more, think of another element or emanation from yonder sun. It is not weight, and not simply light, but it is the heat that brings forth these lovely flowers and makes this planet a most beautiful world to our natural eye. Let this be a type of that heavenly power, the infinite love of God, reaching out with law, light and love divine for the salvation of men.

Such is the importance of a noble manhood, and yet how quickly the time of this physical life passes. Here are many beautiful flowers. They tell of the sympathy of many friends, but let them also today be a type of this life. How quickly they pass from our view. So it is with this life. We have many warnings and admonitions.

Yes, "If any man love God, the same is known of him." It is certainly known up yonder where the faithful soul shall find its eternal reward in the crown of everlasting life, and may our love to God and man speak out more plainly as we find yet a little space of time to emulate the noble traits of Christian manhood.

M. G. S.

MARRIAGES

SAUNDER-ROGERS—At Bonnie View, Long Lake, N. Y., the summer home of her brother, O. S. Rogers, September 2, 1909, by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, Mr. William A. Saunders of Robbinsdale, Minn., and Miss Agnes L. Rogers of Alfred, N. Y.

DEATHS

GREENE—Mary A. (Scrivens) Greene was born at Petersburg, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., August 27, 1832, and died at her home in Adams Center, N. Y., August 20, 1909.

She was the daughter of Daniel S. and Katharine Scrivens. When but three years of age she moved, with her parents, to the township of Adams, N. Y., and has had her home in that township all these years. She was converted in the old Greene Settlement schoolhouse and united with the Adams Center Seventh-day Baptist Church, June 20, 1850. G. M. Langworthy was then pastor. Through all her life she has been a great lover of the church and of the religion of the blessed Christ. In her latter years, and especially in the last months, has her Christian spirit been manifest in the abiding faith, the calm resignation to the inevitable, as month after month she lay in such severe bodily suffering as none but those who have suffered like her can fully realize. Her spirit was calm, and often the peaceful look upon her face was more than a sermon to those who looked upon her and held converse with her. Not only was she uncomplaining, but in her months of helpless confinement she found time to think of others, and it was a pleasure to her to plan for their comfort. It was a great joy to her to have friends come in and talk with her about life, the church and the work of the church, as also to have them read to her books of value; above all, it was a joy to her to have the privilege of joining in seasons of prayer. In prayer her soul would seem to float away into the very presence of the loving Father with whom she was talking.

She was married January 25, 1851, to Leander R. Greene. It was his privilege to sit with her alone, holding her hand, after she had ceased to live upon earth, except in the memory of those who knew her and loved her. Mrs. Greene was preceded to the better world by an only daughter, August 8, 1887. She leaves behind a lonely husband and a vast host of loving friends, who feel that they have been called to suffer a great loss. The church has lost a true supporter and the community a worthy member of society.

The end came during the absence of the pastor, and the burial services were conducted from the late home, August 22, by Rev. Mr. Timeson, the Baptist pastor.

E. A. W.

(Continued on page 512.)

Sabbath School

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

- Nov. 6. Paul a Prisoner—The Shipwreck, Acts xxvii, 27—xxviii, 10.
Nov. 13. Paul a Prisoner—In Rome... Acts xxviii, 11-31.
Nov. 20. Paul's Story of His Life... 2 Cor. xi, 21—xii, 10.
Nov. 27. Paul on Self Denial—
World's Temperance Lesson... Rom. xiv, 10-21.
Dec. 4. Paul on the Grace of Giving... 2 Cor. viii, 1-15.
Dec. 11. Paul's Last Words... 2 Tim. iv, 1-18.
Dec. 18. Review.
Dec. 25. The Birth of Christ... Matt. ii, 1-12.

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 30, 1909.

PAUL A PRISONER—THE VOYAGE.

Acts xxvii, 1-26.

Golden Text.—"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." Psa. xxxvii, 5.

DAILY READINGS.

- First-day, Psa. xxxvii, 1-20.
Second-day, Psa. xxxvii, 21-40.
Third-day, Jonah i, 1-17.
Fourth-day, Matt. viii, 18-34.
Fifth-day, John vi, 1-21.
Sixth-day, Acts xxvii, 1-12.
Sabbath-day, Acts xxvii, 13-26.

INTRODUCTION.

The account of Paul's voyage to Rome is presented with such a wealth of detail that it is one of the most beautiful narratives preserved for us in holy scripture. Paul's companions in travel were Aristarchus of Macedonia and the faithful physician Luke. The presence of the latter is inferred from the use of the first person in the narrative. It has been conjectured that in order to obtain passage as companions of Paul these two devoted friends of the apostle had to travel as his slaves. Whether this be a fact or not, they certainly showed a steadfast loyalty toward him, and sacrificed their own comfort and convenience for his sake—to say nothing of the risks that they took.

Our author gives us incidentally considerable information as to the management of sailing vessels by the ancients. It has indeed been said that we have in the Book of Acts more allusions to different ways of sailing and to the various expedients in use by seamen upon sailing vessels than in all other writings of classical antiquity.

Upon this voyage as well as often at other times Paul was treated with great consideration by the Roman officers. The Centurion Julius recognized Paul as a man above the average.

To be carried a prisoner to Rome might at the first sight seem a terrible misfortune for Paul. But here as elsewhere the things which happened to Paul fell out unto the progress of the

Gospel. If Paul had been released he might soon have come into the power of his enemies. In the charge of the Roman soldiers he had safety from the Jews.

TIME—Very likely in the fall of the year 60. Compare Introduction to Lesson of last week.

PLACE—On the way from Cæsarea toward Rome.

PERSONS—Paul and his fellow voyagers. The centurion Julius is mentioned in particular.

OUTLINE:

1. The voyage to Crete. v. 1-8.
2. The discussion at Fair Havens. v. 9-12.
3. The storm at sea. v. 13-20.
4. The exhortation of Paul. v. 21-26.

NOTES.

1. *That we should sail for Italy.* The voyage was not direct. Julius engaged passage for his prisoners and the soldiers under his command upon a coasting vessel bound for Adramyttium (a city of western Asia not far from the site of the modern Constantinople). He expected to find at some port at which this vessel was to stop another vessel bound for Rome, and was not disappointed in this hope. At Myra they found an Alexandrian wheat ship sailing for Italy, and secured passage therein.

3. *Julius treated Paul kindly.* The considerate treatment of Paul began at the very beginning of the voyage. Paul was allowed to visit his friends at Sidon. We may imagine that they supplied him with things necessary for a comfortable journey.

7. *The wind not further suffering us.* This probably means that they were prevented by headwinds from making a straight course westward in the direction of the island of Cythera.

8. *Fair Havens.* Midway on the southern coast of the Island of Crete.

9. *And when much time was spent.* They were waiting for favorable winds. *The voyage was now dangerous, because the Fast was now already gone by.* The Fast referred to is the day of Atonement which occurs on the tenth day of the seventh month, that is, somewhere about the first of October. After that time of the year stormy weather was prevalent, and navigation on the Mediterranean was practically suspended for the winter. *Paul admonished them.* The fact that Paul felt free to give counsel and suggestion is another evidence that he was not treated as a common criminal.

10. *I perceive,* etc. Paul here speaks not from revelation, but from his own experience and observation. We are not therefore to worry about the seeming contradiction with v. 22 and v. 24. From his experience Paul thought that it was probable that there would be loss of life as well as damage to the vessel if they should set sail under such circumstances.

11. *But the centurion gave more heed to the master and to the owner.* It seems that there was a council of the four chief men upon the ship, of which Paul was one. The centurion presided, possibly because of his rank, and possibly because he may have in a certain sense chartered the vessel to carry his prisoners. Paul's good counsel was overruled by a majority vote.

12. *The haven was not commodious to winter*

in. The captain and the owner were both anxious for a better harbor in which to spend the winter, and the centurion was anxious to get as far toward Rome as possible.

13. *And when the south wind blew softly.* They thought that they now had a favorable time to continue their voyage. They were not planning to go farther than the western end of the island, and they meant to keep close to the shore.

14. *A tempestuous wind, which is called Euraquilo.* Strictly speaking, the east-north-east wind. This wind rushing down from the heights of the island drove the vessel directly out to sea toward the mainland of Africa.

15. *And could not face the wind.* They made an effort to head the vessel directly toward the wind, but had to desist and suffer themselves to be driven.

16. *And running under the lee of a small island.* They gained brief respite from the severity of the storm by the shelter of the island of Cauda. They made use of this respite to haul in the small boat which they had been towing behind, and had been unable to secure before this time on account of the suddenness and severity of the storm. Some have thought that they had better have left this boat towing behind to retard their progress and steady the vessel; but they could not afford to lose the little boat as a possible means of safety if the vessel should founder.

17. *They used helps, undergirding the ship.* This probably means that they passed cables around the ship transversely to help in holding the timbers of the vessel together that it might withstand the violence of the storm. This must have been a very difficult feat under the circumstances. *They lowered the gear.* There has been an immense amount of discussion as to the precise meaning of this expression. It is hardly possible that they completely furled the sails. They evidently did not abandon all effort to control the vessel, but did the best they could to avert the danger that was immediately impending, namely, that they should be driven upon the coast of Africa. Some have imagined that they hung weights of some kind over the side of the vessel to retard its progress.

18. *As we labored exceedingly with the storm.* The storm increased, and they began to throw out the cargo into the sea. Relieved of this burden the vessel would be better able to resist the storm.

19. *The tackling of the ship.* This perhaps refers to all the spare masts and cordage. Possibly they had to make room so that all the passengers could stay on deck since the hatches could no longer be left open. The better manuscripts have the verb in the third person in this verse; but from the use of the first person in v. 16 we infer that the passengers were already helping.

20. *All hope that we should be saved was now taken away.* Humanly speaking there seemed no prospect of escape from a watery grave. They could not see to direct the course of the vessel even if they could still manage it at all; and it is probable that it was leaking more and more. If they had seen the sun and stars they could have made some guess as to their position.

21. *Sirs, ye should have harkened unto me.* Paul is not gratifying his self-esteem by saying, I told you so. He reminds them of his counsel which they did not take to their loss for the sake of emphasizing the importance of now giving heed to what he was about to say.

22. *I exhort you to be of good cheer.* Paul speaks special words of encouragement before he tells them what he desires them to do. Possibly they had not eaten anything because it was impossible to cook anything during the storm. It is however more probable that they were too frightened and discouraged to eat.

23. *An angel of the God whose I am.* Paul adds emphasis to his exhortation by telling them of the heavenly vision of encouragement. The Revised Version is right in using the article before the word "God." Paul needed to make some explanation to the heathen sailors.

24. *God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee.* Granted as a favor. They were in a sense saved on his account.

25. *It shall be even so.* Paul had had experience with heavenly visions, and was confident in their fulfilment.

26. *But we must be cast upon a certain island.* This is probably not a part of the message of the angels; but Paul's own conclusion. Their deliverance did not include the safety of the vessel.

SUGGESTIONS.

It is better to let well enough alone. Too many people are so anxious for gain that they take chances which are fairly a temptation to Providence. If the ship upon which Paul and the others were sailing had remained at Fair Havens for the winter it would not have been wrecked.

The two clauses "Whose I am," and "Whom I serve" belong together. We can not rightly claim that we are God's true children unless we also serve him.

The man who does good and stands in right relations to God is a blessing to others as certainly as to himself. All those who sailed from Fair Havens that day were fortunate that they had Paul for a companion. Are the people with whom you associate fortunate that they have you as a friend?

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Seventh-day Baptists in Syracuse, N. Y., hold Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in the hall on the second floor of the Lynch building, No. 120 South Salina Street. All are cordially invited.

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Seventh-day Baptists in Madison, Wis., meet regularly Sabbath afternoons at 3 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all strangers in the city. For place of meeting, inquire of the superintendent, H. W. Road, at 118 South Mills Street.

The Seventh-day Baptists of Los Angeles, Cal., hold Sabbath school at 2 o'clock and preaching services at 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon in Music Hall, Blanchard Building, 232 South Hill Street. All are cordially invited.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Michigan, holds regular services each Sabbath in the chapel on second floor of college building, opposite the Sanitarium, at 2.45 P. M. The chapel is third door to right, beyond library. Visitors are cordially welcome.

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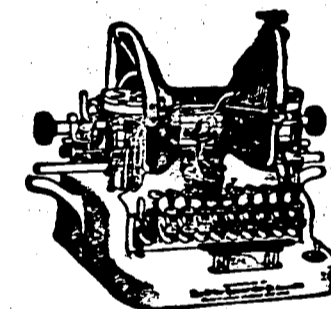
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(Continued from page 508.)

VAN KLEEK—At a hospital in Chicago, Maud B. Van Kleek.

Maud was born near Fulton, Wis., and when not more than eleven years of age her mother died. In the course of time the family was broken up and Maud went to Albion, Wis., to live. Here she was converted in a series of revival meetings, and by the writer was baptized and received into the Albion Church, February 27, 1892. She was married to James A. Van Kleek, August 6, 1902. For a long time she had been a great sufferer and it was finally decided she could get no real help without an operation. She went to Chicago, August 24, for the operation and died August 28. Maud was always a serious and conscientious girl. She was a true friend and a lover of God, always seeking to do the best she could. In a visit had with her a night or two before she went to Chicago, she manifested the same firm faith in God, and determination to do the best she could in life. She went trusting that all would be well whether she lived or died.

Her funeral was largely attended in the Milton Junction Church on the afternoon of August 30. The writer conducted these services, using Mark xiv, 8 as a suggestive text.

E. A. W.

COLLINS—In Ashaway, R. I., September 15, 1909, Wilfred C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred D. Collins, aged 6 months and 19 days.

WM. L. B.

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