

The Sabbath Recorder

FAITH CANNOT BE UNANSWERED.

Unanswered yet? Faith can not be unanswered.
 Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
 Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
 Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
 She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
 And cries, "It shall be done," sometimes, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
 Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
 The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
 And God will finish what he has begun.
 If you will keep the incense burning there,
 His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

—Robert Browning.

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N. O. MOORE, Business Manager.

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EDITORIAL

A Pleasant Outing.

The editor has had "a week off." To be sure, he had ~~been~~ "off" before, at least "a little off," but then he was all alone and off for work only. This time he had the pleasure of his good wife's company, and they were off nearly a week just for rest and pleasure. It was a real treat. The old pen, too, had a good rest and feels quite refreshed, and ready to go on with its work. It seems to run smoothly now without so much as a scratch. May it never get to rasping and scratching so as to annoy either the writer or the reader. Anything but a scratching, sputtering pen! May it ever have a point, however; and let that be clean-cut and untainted with error; let it be helpful to all who read its lines, and may it never become so weary as to drag heavily. Rested as it now is, it is still incompetent to do justice to the story of this outing.

If you wish for one of the pleasantest trips imaginable, just take one of the boats on the Metropolitan line from New York to Boston on some sunny October day, and your wishes will be fully gratified. The morning sail in open sea beyond Point Judith, around Cape Cod, is indeed fine. One wants to be up at daybreak and see the sun, full-orbed, come up out of the ocean and begin its daily course. With all the shores and islands illumined on the sides

towards you, there is a grand chance to study the historic points along the Bay State coast, and drink in the inspiration that comes from scenes hallowed by the lives and deeds of the Pilgrims. There is a charm about the land of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill which no lover of America can escape, as he views for the first time the shores that hold these shrines.

As we approached Boston, the first impression was somewhat disappointing. It appeared to stand on lower ground and to be much more level than we had always imagined it to be. Bunker Hill was not so much of a hill as we had expected to find, and the monument when viewed from a distance did not loom up as we thought it would. But soon after landing we found anything but a dead level in the streets of Boston. Even the old Boston Common was tipped and wrinkled up very different from the one we had always had pictured in mind.

But I must not hustle you ashore too soon. If I do you will lose the effect of the magnificent scenery in Boston Harbor. The approach to Boston is between chains of islands that divide the harbor into basins and roadsteads wherein is ample room for five hundred large ships to ride at anchor. It is a scene of surpassing loveliness. Its fantastic shaped islands, its irregular and picturesque shores, its forts and lighthouses, its passing fleets, are enough to hold one spellbound, even if he forgets all the historic data and patriotic legends which make this country sacred to the loyal American.

Boston has many entertaining scenes within its borders and in the outlying country, but none of them are more interesting and captivating than the blue waters of her beautiful harbor, dotted with historic islands. It is interesting to study the Puritan traditions of these isles, especially of those which have been used for fortifications since colonial days, and whose records would reveal many thrilling scenes of the

Revolution. Again, some of them could interest you with stories about noted prisoners of the Civil War who were confined in forts upon their shores. At Fort Warren the tourist is shown the room where Mason and Slidell, the captured Confederate commissioners of England and France, were confined. What a chain of memories is connected with the names of those two men! Who can forget the anxiety of our people over what complications with two great nations might arise from the capture of these foreign sympathizers with the rebellion? Alexander Stephens, vice-president of the Confederacy, was held here five months as prisoner of war, and many other noted Southern leaders found here a temporary Northern home. Indeed, every spot along these shores has been hallowed by the heroic deeds of Pilgrims suffering for conscience' sake, of settlers meeting Indian foes, of patriots fighting for freedom, and of soldiers in French and English wars. If we stop to listen to all the stories of the eventful years as we find them suggested by these scenes, we shall have to linger here many a day. This we can not do; so we must hasten on, to the city of Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Governor Winthrop and Paul Revere. As we draw near, and begin to walk its crooked streets, we are impressed more than ever with the age of Boston. Indeed, none but a very old town would have such helter-skelter, crooked, haphazard streets. They evidently were never "laid out." They must have just grown, as by-paths and Indian trails grow along shores and streams and through forests, taking the lines of least resistance until they became beaten paths, across lots and every way, along which houses sprang up as they were needed. This may not be the real explanation; but the streets in Boston look as if they might have originated in this way. Certainly they could never have been deliberately planned to form such intricate mazes, unless the engineers were crazy, or were trying in old colonial days to bewilder the witches and thwart their schemes. One thing is sure: I never saw in any city such an unaccountable labyrinth of crooked streets as we found in Boston.

This is not finding fault with Boston. It is rather in its favor. It would not be half so interesting if every street were laid out straight as an arrow, with crossings all at right angles and with houses lined up in ranks as soldiers are. Nothing could be more appropriate for this old town than to have buildings standing about every which way, at all angles to streets and to each other, and facing every point of the compass though on the same road.

One can not go far in old Boston without running up against some interesting historic landmarks. And if one keeps going, he will be as likely to find these himself as he would be if he stopped to inquire the way of those he may meet. We found that some who had lived in Boston many years were very poor guides when asked regarding the location of some historic spot. One gentleman who had lived there thirty years said he tried to show a friend around the city the other day, only to find how little he himself knew about the tangle of streets that led to certain points of interest, or as to just where certain car lines would take him.

OLD LANDMARKS.

We can only mention some of the historic places around which cluster the sacred memories of the past, and which arouse reverent regard for the noble men who gave us our birthright of freedom. First in order came old Faneuil Hall where since 1742 every good cause has found able champions, and which a few years after that date was dedicated by the eloquent James Otis to the cause of liberty. Who among the older ones has not been stirred by accounts of patriotic meetings held in Faneuil Hall? As we entered the audience room, seventy-eight feet square and twenty-eight high, with its antique galleries resting on Doric pillars, and the great painting reaching entirely across the large platform, in whose foreground stands Daniel Webster addressing the Senate, in his masterly reply to Hayne, it seemed as though we could feel the influences of the mighty men, whose eloquence

and valor have moved the hearts and shaped the destinies of a great Nation. Here for a time we sat, surrounded by the portraits of Washington and his copatriots, while imagination was busy repeopling the place with the vast audiences who listened to the eloquence of Webster and Hancock, and those in later times who were aroused by the words of Garrison and Phillips, pleading once again for freedom.

Then, only a few steps away on Washington Street, looking down State Street, we found the famous old State House, looking even more time-worn than Faneuil Hall. On the top corners of the eastern end still stand representations of the lion and the unicorn of colonial days. As we approach we notice the stones in the street, arranged to mark the spot where the first blood was shed in the Boston Massacre, and here in front is where the Stamp Act papers were publicly burned, and just above our heads is the window balcony from which the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed to the people of Boston. The moment we enter the famous old building we find ourselves in the midst of precious reminders of the eventful past. Here in these halls British troops were quartered, and here by that great round table in the old council chamber Samuel Adams and other citizens made a successful plea with the royal council for the removal of the troops from Boston. In this same room were held councils of war by the British, and from that window on the west end Washington reviewed the demonstration in his honor upon his last visit to Boston; and here, too, William Lloyd Garrison found a refuge from the frantic mob that sought his life because he pleaded for the freedom of the slave.

But why should I attempt to tell the story of all these famous places? What pen is adequate to impress upon the heart of our generation all the tragic scenes witnessed by these landmarks! There is the Old North Church that held the lantern for Paul Revere; King's Chapel with its old English interior, where pews were reserved for the governor and the British officers; the burial place that joins the chapel, where rest the ashes of the Winthrops and Cottons and Davenports. There

is the Old South Meeting House, freedom's sanctuary, standing on ground where once stood the home of Governor Winthrop, and where Benjamin Franklin was baptized, and where British officers vented their spite upon the patriots by making cavalry quarters of their place of worship. Then comes the queer old corner bookstore said to be the very oldest building now standing in Boston. Here was once the home of Ann Hutchinson, banished for heresy in 1637, and here James Freeman Clarke was born.

One will travel many a day before he finds more chaste and beautiful effects than those in the interior of the present State House in Boston. Some of the effects in this structure are simply charming. It stands on old Beacon Hill, overlooking Boston Common. The view from its portico is fine. We have never seen a more interesting collection of battle flags than is to be found in the hall of this capitol of Massachusetts.

But time and space will not permit me to write about our visit to Harvard—on the day of the inauguration of its new president—and to the more modern portions of Boston, nor yet to describe the largest railroad station in the world. From this station we took train to Providence, and after a little stroll through this capital of the land of Roger Williams, a fine trolley ride along the shores of bays and rivers and islands brought us to the first home of Seventh-day Baptists in America. A few hours in Newport spent in visiting our old first meeting-house, with its quaint pulpit and sounding board, its tables of the law, its high galleries, and its queer old clock, and then a glance at the "old stone mill" and other points of interest, fled all too soon. The sunset sail across the bay to Wickford, the trip to Ashaway, where Sabbath was spent with friends, the short stop at Mystic where I found my first pastorate, another in Saybrook, and then an evening journey home brought the editor's outing to a close. But the pleasant memories still linger, and will furnish him and his wife with material for many a chat, and enable them to live over again the enjoyable experiences of their "week off."

CONDENSED NEWS

The eyes of two countries have recently been turned toward their common border line, where plans had been made for a meeting of their presidents. On the sixteenth of October, President Taft met President Diaz of Mexico, and both men passed the border line of their respective countries. This is an unusual thing to happen in America. We sometimes see rulers of the Old World crossing borders to visit and extend courtesies of friendship, but in the United States, the people have not favored their President's going beyond the national boundaries. We know no reason why such meetings as this should not be made, and believe the meeting between Taft and Diaz will strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two countries.

It was the climax of President Taft's journey of 13,000 miles, when President Diaz crossed the border at El Paso, Texas, amid the pomp and dignity of soldiers, blare of trumpets and boom of cannon, and grasped in the most cordial way the President's hand. Diaz was first to speak. He assured Mr. Taft of his warm personal regard for the man who had accomplished so much in the Philippines, in Cuba and elsewhere, and who now had the honor to be Chief Executive of so great a nation as the United States. President Taft returned the kindest words of greeting to the President of Mexico, and assured him that such a meeting was not needed to strengthen the ties of friendship, since these were already strong between the two nations.

After the first greetings the two men retired for a quiet chat accompanied only by an interpreter. When the interview was over, the scenes soon shifted, and President Diaz was permitted to welcome President Taft to Mexico. Mr. Taft crossed the Rio Grande to Ciudad Juarez, a typical Mexican town on the other shore. Here our President was entertained in a royal manner. It is said that the state dinner given in his honor was probably the most elaborate and most notable feast ever given on the American Continent.

President Diaz expressed the great joy it gave him and his people to welcome the Chief Executive of the United States on Mexican soil for the first time; and our President expressed his happiness over the fact that conditions were such as to make such a thing possible. The two presidents sat side by side at the dinner. The entire story of these meetings is interesting, and we believe the exchange of courtesies thus given will result in much good.

Mrs. Taft's Health Better.

The President's family are again in their Washington home after their summer at Beverly, Mass. The house has been thoroughly renovated during the summer, and great improvements have been made by the building of new office rooms for the President. Mrs. Taft's health is much improved by her outing in New England.

Cook and Peary.

The controversy between Cook and Peary over the discovery of the North Pole seems to be growing more and more serious. Peary continues to bring forth charges to the end that Cook has never been near the pole, and those who side with Peary have raked up what they claim to be evidence that Cook did not go within fourteen miles of the top of Mt. McKinley in 1906. These latter charges are sworn to by one who claims to have been Cook's guide and companion. The charges grow more and more serious, and Cook is said to have canceled his lecture tours in order to prepare his data, which he asserts will thoroughly prove his claims. There is talk of an expedition to Mt. McKinley in order to secure the records Cook claims to have buried there. Cook declares he will not endure the slanders longer, and expresses a purpose to use every means now to stop the mouths of his critics. This he should do at once. No man can remain entirely indifferent under charges that so seriously affect his character in the eyes of men, without suffering great damage. There should not be a moment's delay in placing before proper judges all the available data that can help to straighten out this quarrel and place the blame where it belongs. The country is growing tired of it.

Yorktown's Celebration.

The one hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis was celebrated in Yorktown, Va., on October 19. Great preparations had been made and the historic village, in full decorations, was all ready for the event. The special feature of the celebration was the reunion of the descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The eighteenth was Thomas Nelson day, in which the descendants of that long-ago governor of Virginia held their reunion. This man was not only a signer of the Declaration, but the one who commanded the State troops when Cornwallis was cornered. This reunion was held at the old Nelson house, and an interesting history of the family was read by Rev. George Washington Dame, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Washington.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Theo. G. Davis Lectures in Plainfield.

Theodore G. Davis, of West Fifth Street, delivered a most interesting and instructive illustrated lecture on China, in the lecture room of the Seventh-day Baptist church, last evening.

Mr. Davis used several slides of his own make, and a number of pencil sketches, made by the Chinese. Among the latter was a remarkable one, showing the Chinese conception of the Creator, as a being of exaggerated human form, holding a chisel, with which he chiseled out the planets, and all created things. A set of slides illustrating the punishment of criminals, such as the heavy pillory, which is actually carried for months by a criminal, and the rack on which his muscles are strained to the breaking point, was also shown.

In speaking of the religions of China, the lecturer said that Confucianism is the religion of the literati, and Buddhism is that which teaches the transmigration of the soul. He also spoke of the strong hold Taoism still retains, and particularly of the tenacity with which the Chinese still practice ancestor worship.

Mr. Davis is well qualified to speak on

this subject, as he was born in Shanghai and commenced his studies in the schools there. His parents are now residing there, where they are missionaries. Mr. Davis is now the field secretary for the George Junior Republic, at Freeville, N. Y.—*Courier-News*.

[Mr. Davis is about to move from Plainfield to Freeville, since the Republic has decided to move its New York office to that place.—Ed.]

News of Our Churches.**MILL YARD CHURCH.**

Through the kindness of our American brethren in paying the necessary expenses, Mill Yard's pastor has been able to make some very useful visits to outlying Sabbath-keepers. Unfortunately, however, he caught a violent cold in crossing to Ireland, which has resulted in completely spoiling his expected August holiday, for, from August first to well through September, he has been passing through a severe illness (kidney trouble, etc), rendered very painful by rheumatism in the neck and shoulders. For just on six weeks he lay in bed quite helpless.

Fortunately he had his pulpit supplies for August previously arranged, and he has been able to arrange further supplies for September. The pastor invariably prepares the entire service, leaving text and sermon alone to his supply.

It was a great disappointment to him not to be able to take his annual Vegetarian and Teetotal service on September fourth, but he found an excellent supply in F. C. Shone, Esq. Personally, and in writing, several friends have expressed their great appreciation of his excellent address.

During the pastor's illness further trouble fell upon Mill Yard Church in the death of Sister Eleanor Kate Crosby, who was much loved by the pastor and his wife.

NATTON CHURCH.

In the end of June Colonel Richardson visited the Natton Church, at Tewkesbury, and conducted Sabbath service at the home of Deacon Purser. He made himself at home among the Salvationists, addressing them twice, and gained some useful information.

HAARLEM CHURCH.

Pastor Velthuysen continues to grow more feeble. His son, however, gives us some good news of the Haarlem and Rotterdam churches. At Rotterdam a young man has recently asked for baptism.

"A brother and sister who left us to join the Adventists some years ago confessed their error and joined the Haarlem Church again."

"From our sisters at Java we recorded very good tidings last week."

ASAA CHURCH.

The Rev. F. J. Bakker is working a circuit which brings him to the same place every eighth Sabbath. Interest in the work is maintained, and the attendance is regular—some come eight miles to attend service. The winter campaign of house-to-house meetings will shortly commence.—*Sabbath Observer, London.*

Annual Love-feast at Cloister.

The annual fall love-feast of the German Seventh-day Baptists opened in the Saal at Cloister on Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, with Bishop John A. Pentz presiding. The preparatory service was participated in by Revs. Resser, Bechtel, Patterson and Pentz.

On Sabbath morning, after the Sabbath-school lesson, Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Gardiner of Plainfield, N. J., editor of the *SABBATH RECORDER*, preached most forcibly on "The Sabbath." Regular preaching was observed in the afternoon. In the evening, feet washing and communion were observed, Revs. Bechtel and Pentz preaching and serving in a most acceptable manner.

On Sunday morning, Bishop Pentz preached with his usual vigor and spiritual power. In the afternoon upwards of forty persons visited Mt. Airy where Rev. W. A. Resser led in preaching. Short talks followed, by Revs. Bechtel, Pentz and Zeffass. The attendance was large.

The concluding service was held in the Saal on Sunday evening, when Rev. Mr. Bechtel spoke on "Overcoming the World." A round-table talk followed, participated in by all the ministers present.

At the morning session, Rev. Dr. Gardiner of Plainfield, Corliss F. Randolph of Newark, and Charles C. Chipman of

New York City, gave short concluding talks.

Among the others from a distance who attended were Revs. Patterson of Harrisburg, W. A. Resser of Waynesboro, John A. Pentz of Nunnery, and W. K. Bechtel of Baker's Summit, Pa., besides laymen and others from Bedford, Blair, Franklin, Cumberland, Dauphin, Berks and Lancaster counties. The attendance was large. The old customs were all observed throughout and the season of spiritual refreshing was most happily enjoyed by all.—*Ephrata (Pa) Review.*

THOUGHTS FROM THE FIELD

Brother D. H. Davis, writing of Rev. F. B. Meyers, the noted Bible-reader of London, says: "He is not one you would call a pulpit orator. He speaks in a very ordinary way, but you feel that he is giving you spiritual food. And is not this what we really need, rather than fine literary discourses?"

Brother Wheeler adds a testimony to the value of Mr. Meyers' work, which he found in an account of a remarkable revival in China, in the *Inland Mission*, where a picture was given of 2,500 Chinese on their knees in prayer. After speaking of this revival, Brother Wheeler says: "It seems to me that Christ is fulfilling his contract with God, to save the world at a more rapid rate than ever before. We as a denomination have a very important part in helping to fulfil this contract. God's holy day must have its place before this great work is completed."

About Conference.

"It was a good Conference in the things it furnished for us to think about, and in the spirit in which everything was said and done.

"The \$200 surplus, instead of a deficit for Conference to take care of, is pretty near the way it ought to be. This is what some of us have been working for for a long time."

A friend writes: "I was especially interested in the report, sent to the Conference, of our foreign missions. It was read and

commented on in our church by one who was there, and never before did I understand so well the extent of our work in China.

"If the hopes of those whose reports of Conference I have heard thus far are fully realized, there is at least some cause for good cheer regarding denominational work."

Another brother says: "I count it a great privilege that I could attend both Convocation and Conference. The Convocation was especially enjoyable. The only adverse criticism I have to offer is, that the time was too much occupied with formal papers and addresses and too little given to discussion and symposium work." This writer thinks ample opportunity should be given for discussion, so the older men of experience can have the chance to correct any erroneous conclusions or misconceptions which those of less experience may have offered.

The same writer adds: "It is a serious fault of all our public meetings, that older and well-informed members must sit in silence with no chance to say anything; or if they do speak, it must be done so hurriedly as to destroy all the good that might come from a free discussion of the subjects presented. This is a *program* age, 'cut' and often some of it 'dry.' So many minutes to pray, so many minutes for this and for that. There may be still freedom of thought, but precious little opportunity to say what you think. It seems to me that too much time was spent in subordinate subjects, and the greater and more important matters were curtailed too much. Look at missionary day; one hour and thirty minutes for the great home and foreign missionary reports and annual business, and whole evenings given to irrelevant matters."

Object of the Conference Committees.

"There may be some force in the criticisms about there being so little chance for debate in the General Conference. Perhaps some of the larger interests may have seemed too much curtailed as to time; but we would remind those who feel this way of the purpose of the great committees that had the time from nine to ten each day for three days, given them for the express pur-

pose of discussing the work and interests of the Missionary, Tract, and Education societies, and the various matters of larger denominational interest. Everybody who had special matters to bring before the people was urged to improve these opportunities for debate. Each society thus had three full hours given for free and full debate upon any matter of interest to that society. It was for the purpose of just such debate and deliberation that these great committees were formed. If people interested had fully improved these opportunities so that every question could have been thrashed out before the perfected report had to be made to Conference, there would have been little need of further discussion in the main audience."

Sightless, But Seeing.

At the close of a Christian Endeavor consecration meeting in India the roll was being called, and one after another was responding. After one name was called there was a slight pause, and amid perfect silence rose the clear, sweet tones of a young girl's voice:

"The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure,
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel his hand, I hear him say,
'My help is sure.'"

The meeting over, the visitor sought out one of the members, and asked the reason for the emotion manifested by the audience in the response given. The following reply was made: "You may well wonder what touched us all so much; but you will hardly be surprised when I tell you. For months that girl's sight has been failing, and a fortnight ago she became totally blind. This is her first response since."—*India Christian Endeavor.*

To My Friend, Mrs. Hannah Satterlee, on Her Eighty-fifth Birthday.

O. D. S.

The autumn's yellow hour is now,
God's glory crowns the hills,
And so our lives are in his hand,
Our cup of good he fills.

"A little while," and thou shalt see
A fairer land than ours;
"A little while," and then a day
That has no shadowed hours.

The Seventh-day Baptist General Conference

One Hundred and Seventh Anniversary, Ninety-Seventh Session, Milton, Wis., August 25-30, 1909.

We All Need the Seminary.

REV. A. E. MAIN, DEAN OF ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

In order to justify this statement of the Conference Program Committee, let us consider some of the ideals for which the seminary purposes to stand.

1. Religion.—Religion, fundamentally, is one's inner attitude toward the universe.

The well-spring of religion is faith; and the essential content of religion is a living conviction that highest spiritual and moral values last forever. Christian religion is Christ's way of thinking and living with reference to God, eternity and the world. We believe, then, in religion; and in the supremacy of the Christian religion, because it conforms to the most rational and perfect standards of religious and moral excellence.

2. The Bible.—Although the Christian religion is not a book religion, but a life of trust, fellowship and obedience, still it has its sacred Scriptures. The Bible has come to be, in our conception of it, more human and more holy; and, if one may so say, more imperfect and more perfect and complete. It is found to be more human and natural, because we see more clearly how the revelation of God was received and communicated through the agency of limited thought, experience and language; and how men entered into the blessings of progressive historical redemption, in the measure of their disposition and capacity, in spiritual vision, to see and know the holiness of the self-revealing Jehovah God. The Bible is more truly divine and supernatural to us, because we see, in its varied forms of recorded knowledge, experience and history, our great and good God, the Maker, Father and Redeemer of men; and the rising standards of religion and ethics for individual and social life, with a clearness and strength of conviction and reverence, and with intellectual and spiritual satisfaction, never felt before. We be-

lieve and teach the Bible as the living Word of God.

3. Theology.—For systematic theology, speaking technically; and for theology in general, as covering an entire seminary course. But why study theology? Religion is something holy; but theological science is only a product of human thinking. Yes; and so are the sciences of physiology, botany, chemistry, geology and astronomy, though they deal with God's universe of law and order.

Systematic theology equals religion plus science, or the scientific spirit and method. Theology as a science is such an orderly arrangement of the facts of religious faith, knowledge and life, as tends to show their nature, relations, meaning and value, and to help one to form a balanced conception of truths and duties; and it ought to be as strong a bond of union among believers as religion itself.

True religion is a right spiritual and ethical relationship with God, nature and man, through Jesus the great Revealer of his Father and ours. And any theological education that puts one out of touch with the common children of God, living the common life of struggle and labor amid adverse or favoring conditions,—any theology that separates the head and heart of the theologian from the people, the life and the toil of the world, is not a true science of religion.

Why spend so much time over biblical Greek and Hebrew? I would not spend as much time as has been given to these languages; not, however, because they are dead and have lost their value. This is not the case. But because our time is limited, and many new and living questions press upon us for our most earnest attention.

Words are only symbols of thought; and no translation can completely reclothe a writer's spirit. French and German, Latin and Greek, are not studied altogether that one may use these tongues, but for the

sake of language and literature. Learning, discipline, art, culture, inspiration are not yet empty terms.

The Bible is a record of struggles to realize higher ideals in better practices; of messages of religious and social leaders to the people of their times; and of the life and teachings of the one perfect Man. And I would have our ministers able, by their knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, if they shall so elect, to get as close as possible to the beating heart and inspired mind of the poet, prophet and historian of the Old Testament, and the evangelist and apostle of the New.

Why spend so much time in Hebrew and Christian history? The Jebusite, Hivite and Hittite, the scholastic, reformer and heretic, are dead, and the events were in the long-ago. The Augustinian and Pelagian, Calvinist and Arminian, are almost no more. It is the teeming present; living men and women, toiling and troubled; and unguarded and untaught children and youth, that need our study, sympathy and service.

Yes, too much time may have been given to antiquity. But today came from the womb of yesterday. The roots of the present are hid in the distant past. Wheat harvests come from buried seed. The full grain can not be understood unless we trace its growth through blade and ear.

We would not turn our students into antiquarians, and feed them chiefly on dry and dusty treatises and relics; but we would have every minister so trained in the historical sense that he can trace intelligently the connection of events in the redemptive history of men, and in the world's moral, spiritual and social progress. Only thus can he correctly interpret the present, and discover its real meaning and importance.

Why spend so much time in the study of apologetics, or the defense of religion? Multitudes, sinning and suffering, poor and needy, rich and burdened, call for comfort and help.

More time ought to be given to the spread of religion, its own best defense. But some knowledge of what Christianity has done for the uplifting of men and society; of the likenesses and differences between the religion of the Bible and other

great religions, and of the superior fitness of the Christian religion to become universal; to know how philosophy of religion teaches us to reason about things of eternal value, and that Christian experience and history are direct and fundamental proof of the religion of Jesus—this ought to increase our power to give sympathy and help to all men.

Why spend time in studying homiletics, public speaking and religious pedagogy? There is a famine of hearing the words of Jehovah, and souls are perishing in ignorance of the Bread of Life.

Yes; but the holy Bible is not only the Book of books from a moral and spiritual point of view. Though not modern in form and principle of construction, it is a Book of books in depth and riches of thought, in the scope and splendor of its literature, and in the degree of grammatical and rhetorical correctness, clearness, strength and beauty of its language. In these respects the Book of our religion is a priceless pattern for its ministers.

It is the work of preacher and pastor to inspire, instruct, persuade and comfort. This can be most effectively done, one can not but believe, first of all by godly living, and then, not by noisy speech or declaiming oratory, but by messages born of the Spirit in a trained mind and warm heart, and carried to the minds and hearts of the people by fitting, plain yet attractive, well-marshaled, enlightening and forceful words.

The minister and teacher's messages, whether public or private, are for the reason, emotions, will and conscience; and to increase the store of that region of subconscious life whose importance can not but grow upon us. And psychology, science of the soul's activities, general, religious and social, tested by experience, will help us to know how to approach persons most wisely, with offering of lips or pen; and how best to aid in the enrichment of that life which is not eating and drinking, but righteousness, peace and joy.

4. A Christian Ministry.—There are no privileged or prerogated classes in the Church of Christ, only as one counts it a privilege or prerogative to labor where one can serve most and best. A part of the first message that Moses brought from the

sacred mount was that the children of Israel should be unto God a kingdom of priests and a holy nation (Ex. xix, 1-6). When Eldad and Medad, instead of joining the seventy prophesying elders, remained in the camp and prophesied there, Joshua said, "My lord Moses, forbid them." Moses answered, "Art thou jealous for my sake? Would that all Jehovah's people were prophets, that Jehovah would put his spirit upon them!" (Num. xi, 24-29.) And according to the apostle Peter, believers are elected of God and built up a spiritual house, to be a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, to show forth the excellences of him who called them out of darkness into his marvelous light (1 Peter ii, 5, 9).

Individuals are better in every way because of organized society, government and leadership. But king, priest and prophet, president, pastor and preacher, all in official stations, only perform representatively functions that are the natural right of all men in the measure of their gifts. True democracy, rational and practical self-government, in state or church, is representative rule and leadership, by elected servants. The church needs the ministry of men of its own choice and ordination, "who," as the *Outlook* says, "are eager to make the pulpit, not a place of personal reputation or of the influence of an hour, but of inspiration, interpretation and leadership;" and who, as is said of the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon of Boston, will concentrate their energy and thought on their pulpit work and pastoral responsibilities.

5. An Educated Ministry.—Preparation for the ministry has at least three phases: (1) The work of the Spirit of God in the soul, revealing, calling, guiding, sanctifying. (2) Personal experience in the truths of religion and in the facts of common life; a vision of heavenly things and an open ear and eye to the present life and all human needs. (3) The influence of fellowship and friendship in student life; association with student teachers, and with the best books of the best writers, who, if true to sacred opportunities, bring to their tasks the fruits of larger experience and greater knowledge.

From such influences and associations young men ought to go forth better pre-

pared to use the pulpit for teaching and inspiration; better fitted to comfort and guide the troubled, and to superintend the church's work in the world.

We would not cripple churches in sore need of pastors, or place a lock on lips eager to tell the world of a Saviour; for we believe that churches not otherwise served and led should appoint local elders authorized to act as preacher and pastor and to administer the ordinances of the Gospel. But the religious, moral, social and denominational interests and opportunity of today seem to us to demand that young men thinking of the ministry should have placed before them the highest possible standards of excellence in all respects.

It is said that in point of numbers there are enough physicians, lawyers and ministers, but not enough able and efficient physicians, lawyers and ministers; trained men and women for medicine, law, diplomacy, business, teaching, farming, home-making, and not trained men for leadership in the church?

6. Open-mindedness and Progress in the Realm of Knowledge.—We do not ungratefully turn our backs on the past, any more than does the full grain on the ear and blade from which it sprang; but standing on the higher levels to which the struggling changes of the past have brought us, we turn our faces toward higher levels still.

Once science was feared as an enemy of religion and the Bible, and the church was slow to acknowledge its rightful place and claims. Now we see that both religion and science are necessary to complete the circle of our conceptions of reality.

Historical and literary criticism, not in its elaborate cobweb of detail, but in its general purpose and method and broad results, is not yet altogether understood and welcomed; but we are slowly coming to know that it is essential to a more correct interpretation and a richer appreciation of our unique and sacred Scriptures.

Still another factor is entering into the religious and philosophical thought of our time—psychology, which is a scientific inquiry into the nature and processes of mind life. This branch of advancing knowledge not only gives us a better understanding of the origin and growth of spiritual and

ethical life, whose seat is in the soul, and of the best means of guarding and enriching that life; but it also offers to point out better methods of explaining some parts of the Bible. For example, it suggests that Jehovah did not literally appear unto Moses in a flame of fire out of the burning bush, and literally say, "Moses, Moses, I am the God of thy father, . . . I have surely seen the affliction of my people;" and that Isaiah did not literally hear the Lord say, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and answer, "Here am I; send me." For Jehovah God, who is Spirit, could no more be seen or heard than now, by human eye or ear.

The certainty of a revelation from God to Moses, and of Isaiah's divine call to a mission of service, is not at all called in question. But it is believed that this poetic language was chosen, by inspiration, to tell of the entrance of new experiences into the lives of these men, and that similar experiences may be ours, if the inner eye and ear be not closed and dull.

Men sing, as by inspiration,—

"Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space;
His chariots of wrath the thunder-clouds
form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the
storm,"

and thus proclaim belief in the majesty of God our Maker.

With nothing of fear, then, but with much of expectation, we keep our inheritance of truth from other generations, and look ahead for still new light and knowledge to break forth from the living Word of God, and from the fields of intellectual, moral and religious experience.

7. Denominational Loyalty.—One is not necessarily loyal who opposes change. Jesus was loyal to law, prophecy and psalm, and fulfilled them. He was loyal to his times, and broke with many a contemporary. Every generation has had loyal citizens and men of American ideals; but Theodore Roosevelt is a typically loyal citizen for the young men of today, because he recognizes changed social conditions and new civic relations, and rises to the appreciation of present truth and the discharge of pres-

ent duty. We hold to the faith, hope and Bible of our fathers, but in new light, as we believe they would have us do; and the name Seventh-day Baptist Christian is as much to us as it was to them.

8. Hope.—We believe in world-wide evangelization, the spread of truth, and the coming kingdom of God. Is the history of Conference for over a hundred years and of Sabbath-keeping Christians for many centuries, the record of really unwise and fruitless endeavor? Are our present enlarging plans and increasing efforts only a passing act on the stage, an unnecessary part of life's great play? Is the Sabbath truth not included in this prophetic word: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations; spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt spread abroad on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall possess the nations, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited"? Then there is little need of Conference, societies, boards and schools, of a denominational sort. But if there is a growing future for us, then we have great need of the best of ministers, teachers and leaders; and a theological seminary is as essential as denominational academy, college or university.

Your seminary believes in the lengthening of cords and the strengthening of stakes, because it believes that God will send out to men his light and truth.

9. Unity, Combination and Economy of Forces.—We are in accord with our Baptist and Congregational brethren who are seeking for better things in organized life and work. It is confessed that the idea of independence has been overworked; and they are uniting the reasonable principle of local independence, in local affairs, with the equally rational principle of a common life and energy capable of visible manifestation. Societies are being tied as closely as possible to the great delegated Convention; there is one budget backed by the Convention's indorsement; the plan of joint field representation is to be tested; and, among Congregationalists, ordination to the ministry must be approved by a more representative body than the ordinary council,

before the minister is received to denominational standing.

Your seminary stands for principles of unity, coöperation and economy of our denominational forces, similar to these.

10. For the Worth of Character and the Necessity of Service.—The use of religion must be measured, not by correctness of theological belief, or order and dignity of worship, or the wealth and culture of its professors, or the learning of its ministers,—however desirable all these may be,—but by its power to make men and society purer and happier.

We are face to face with great changes in industrial, commercial, political, social and religious conditions; in the production, distribution and use of wealth; in the opportunities and relations of wage-earners and employers; in the ever-widening sphere of international obligations; in facilities for preaching the Gospel and sending the truth unto the uttermost parts of the earth; and, not in a disposition to destroy individual rights and privileges, but in the greater emphasis upon associated life, coöperation and fraternity.

Trades unions and mighty corporations, with their mixed good and evil; organizations of labor and capital, partly oppressive and partly helpful; the alienations in social life; deep and wide-spread unrest, suffering, bitterness and hate, side by side with contentment, peace, happiness, confidence and love—such conditions as these are crying to heaven for the swifter coming of universal brotherhood. And the doctrine that man bears the image and likeness of God is the doctrine that all men are equal—not in power and possibility—but equally entitled to opportunity for true life, freedom and happiness; and under like obligations to seek the increase of one's own and others' physical, mental, moral, social and religious endowments.

This great fact confronts the church and her ministry everywhere,—there are the strong and the weak, swift and slow, brave and fearful, skilful and unskilled, rich and poor, good and bad, those endowed and those unendowed with masterful talents for leadership. And whatever evils grow out of this unequalness can be overcome, only as the good, the educated, the prosper-

ous, the rulers, the strong, the swift, the brave, the skilful, the masterly, shall lend sympathizing and helpful hands in the fraternal service of their erring or unfortunate fellow men.

These are some of the ideals of your Theological Seminary.

Who Can Tell Me?

DEAR BROTHER EDITOR:

Will you kindly give space in the RECORDER for the following inquiry? Any one who can answer the question will confer a favor upon the undersigned by sending the answer to his address.

I sat down by my study desk this afternoon with a copy of the Seventh-day Baptist Year Book for 1908 in my hands, with the purpose of finding from a study of the reports of the treasurers of the various boards and societies and schools just how much money had been received from three sources: 1. Free contributions. 2. Tuitions, fees, subscriptions to papers, etc, that is, money for which something was given in return. 3. Income from permanent endowment. I wanted to make a study of these three sources of income by comparing them. I soon found myself in sore perplexity. It is almost as much of a puzzle, a treasurer's report is, as is a railway time-table. One must know how to use it or it is of little value. Suppose the society is compelled to borrow two thousand dollars, but is able to pay it back before the end of the year. Why, then it simply increases both sides of the account that much, and the totals are thus often deceiving. So in other ways. Now please do not think that I am in any way finding fault with the treasurers. The reports are doubtless models of perfection. But, nevertheless, it remains that it requires some little study to understand fully the real significance of the figures. Now who can tell me? I should like to know: How much money came to our boards, schools, and societies last year as income from permanently invested funds? How did that sum compare with the income from contributions? Who can tell me? When that question is answered, then I have another growing out of it and connected therewith.

EDWIN SHAW.

Plainfield, N J., Oct. 17, 1909.

Missions

Our Home Fields in the Northwest.

DR. A. L. BURDICK.

Read at the Missionary Society's Hour, August 26, at Milton.

The man who claims that the field of the Seventh-day Baptist minister is limited, and that one can do a great deal more good in the world, in broadening his field by uniting with some other denomination, has entirely missed the conception of the work of the Seventh-day Baptist ministry. The pastor who conceives that his work has been done when he has preached his sermon and attended to the other appointments of his church, taking no personal activity in the work of carrying the news of salvation and the eternal truth of the sacredness of the Seventh-day Sabbath to the surrounding world, has neglected a large portion of his work; but, more important still, the church or society that does not feel the responsibility of helping to disseminate the essential truths and tenets of our denomination is living on so low a plane of spiritual existence that its usefulness is greatly impaired and its very life is threatened.

The value of a man's services in any line of work is in direct proportion to his interest in his work and the degree of energy with which he prosecutes it; and what is true of the individual is also true of the society, and so of the church. If the church is to be of service in the spreading of the Sabbath truth, it must first become deeply interested in the necessity for such dissemination, and second, it must be on the alert to use with intense energy every effort in its power for the promulgation of this truth. I believe that the work of our denomination in its missionary endeavor should be in a measure evangelical, but in the main reformatory. If there is truth in the Sabbath doctrine there is an essential and eternal truth; if it means anything it means everything; and unless we who have the responsibility for extending the knowledge of this truth and urging its acceptance are eager for its triumph and energetic in our

efforts, we are recreant to the trust placed upon us and fall far short of our duty. It is the largest field in religious activity, and the number of workers is the smallest; therefore, their responsibility is almost beyond compare.

We are told that it cost \$225,000,000 to convert the 720,647 members who were added to the church in this country last year, or about \$312 each, and that the donations for this work averaged about \$3 each per church member. This would mean that if our work is to prosper we must greatly increase the amounts of our donations; it means also that we must use not only our money, but also all of our available men. Our churches must become more self-reliant and give up their pastors a portion of the time for this especial work. We must employ all our idle preachers and we must equip and send out special workers.

There are among our numbers a good many men of ability and undoubted Christian experience and fidelity, who have spent many years in teaching or kindred occupations, and who, because of their advancing years and the burdens of that kind of work, or the very general desire, the country over, for younger men to fill their places, find themselves thrown out of employment and obliged to enter new lines of work. Such men, because of their training, their habits of life and their ability in the management of people who are under their tutelage, are especially fitted for this kind of work. Of course, such men must first be made to feel that there is an obligation resting on them to do this service, and must be willing to sacrifice some degree of comfort and financial success in undertaking it; and the rest of us must be made to feel that the obligation is on us to furnish the means to send out these men, and we must be willing to sacrifice some of our comfort and more of our financial means and moral support in bringing about this desired end.

To accomplish this a determined and energetic campaign should be inaugurated in all our churches to create a deeper feeling in denominational matters, but particularly to stimulate our love for the Sabbath and our determination to successfully carry the truth of its sanctity to the whole Christian world.

I believe the time is here when we must meet the enemy in his own country. We must no longer content ourselves with being on the defensive, but we must wage an offensive warfare. We must make use of every advantage we may possess. I believe that the fields to be worked first should be those that offer the greatest hope of immediate success. Such places are those where there is already an interest in the Sabbath question, where there may be located Sabbath-keepers, or those who are in sympathy with Sabbath-keeping, or in new settlements where members of all denominations and faiths are gathering and where there exists no special prejudice against us. Such places abound all through the Northwest, from Battle Creek to the Pacific Ocean. Wherever there is a Seventh-day Baptist family there is a nucleus around which to work, and there are a great number of these nuclei scattered all through this broad section of our country.

Because of the opportunities that the West has offered for the making of a home or the building up of a business, many Sabbath-keepers have settled in isolated places in all these Western States. Many of them have remained faithful to the Sabbath, many who have become careless and have left the Sabbath are still with us in heart, and with proper encouragement might be won back, and also bring others with them. And again, in other cases, perhaps the parents remain faithful, but the children, not being brought up in touch with our denomination, do not feel sympathy for this truth and grow up feeling that it is something outside their lives, and are easily led away from it. The work of holding this class of people I conceive to be one of the essential features of our missionary work. It would, perhaps, be difficult to visit all these people in a single year, yet if all our churches should become interested in it, they could spare their pastor a part of the time, and pay his expenses to do just this kind of work. The larger churches could employ some other person who could make this his especial work, visiting the isolated families, encouraging them to remain firm to their convictions, preaching as occasion presented, talking the Sabbath question whenever chance permitted, and getting in touch

with the children and young people, interesting them in our schools and societies, and making them feel that they are a part of our denomination and owe it their allegiance. The stockholder in any concern will take more interest in it if he is placed on the directorate. So if one is made to feel that he is an integral part of our denomination, he will take much more interest in it, and will be more faithful in the observance of his religious duties.

The advancement of a religious truth is a matter of the individual conscience and the truth itself must be fostered by education and continuous encouragement. Its ultimate triumph comes only by persistent and painstaking effort. It is "line upon line, precept upon precept," "here a little, there a little." Hence the necessity for frequent visits to these isolated families.

I believe that this western and northwestern country should be laid off in districts not too large to be covered by one man, and a competent man be placed in charge of each division. His work should not be scattered over so wide a range that he can not hope to cover it. Take for instance the Pacific Coast field which is now covered by one man whose parish is over 1,600 miles in length. To be sure, there are not many families in a place, but there are two main points of focus, around each of which centers radiate fertile fields which offer promising returns for the labor spent upon them. These points are Riverside and Los Angeles. Perhaps one man could look after both these places if it were not for the other interests that must be taken care of on so extensive a field. At Riverside we now have a flourishing church, which, while not fully self-supporting, is alive with interest and is doing nobly in a financial way. Riverside stands for our people in the far West as Salem does in the Southeast, Boulder in the Southwest, or Milton in the middle West. There is enough work here and in the immediate locality to advantageously employ all the time of one man.

At Los Angeles there is a band of devoted and energetic people who meet every Sabbath in a public hall for which they pay \$8.00 per month rent. They also pay the expenses of a leader to go from River-

side to Los Angeles three Sabbaths each month. This band of a dozen or fifteen Sabbath-keepers are so devoted to the cause that they are willing not only to travel from one to twenty-five miles to attend services each Sabbath, but they are paying about \$20 per month for rent and railroad fare for their leader.

Realizing the magnitude of the work on the coast and the possibilities it presents, and the impracticability of one man's trying to do it all, these people are asking for another helper, one who can be located at Los Angeles. They believe that the work on the coast warrants the request, and the welfare of the field and the denomination demands it. They believe that the prospects of building up a permanent and substantial interest on behalf of our denomination in this field is very bright; and since they have the essential elements to start with, that is, a nucleus of several earnest and devoted Seventh-day Baptists, an interest in the Sabbath question by religious people, and Sabbath-keeping people in contiguous localities, it seems as if the investment would be worth while.

To carry on this work on such a scale would require much more generous giving on the part of all our churches, but, brethren, it is our work. Can we not be made to feel the personal responsibility in the matter? Are we to be content with the effort that is being made? As a denomination we claim 10,000 communicants. Thirty-five years ago we claimed the same. What has been the percentage of increase? Does it not mean that the missionary spirit of the Seventh-day Baptist churches must be rejuvenated? Can we hope to attain greater results until this is accomplished? Then, brethren, when and where shall we begin?

Junesville, Wis.

Pacific Coast Mission.

REV. ELI F. LOOFBORO.

Substance of a talk on Missions, Conference, 1909.

I would not be here today if the members of the Riverside Church and Pacific Coast Association did not believe in the things for which Seventh-day Baptists stand. I left Riverside July 4 and reached

Wisconsin a few days ago. During the interim I traveled four thousand and six hundred miles. That has been done to visit the different Sabbath-keepers on the Pacific Slope, and to reach and keep in touch with the people of this General Conference. But more than this. That people have sent me on this long journey that you may know more of the people, the conditions and needs of that great mission field beyond the Rockies.

Our situation is different from most any other. Practically all of you know very nearly how far it is from New York to Westerly, Ashaway and all the New England churches and cities. You know how far it is from New York to Plainfield and to Shiloh and to Salem; also the distances from Alfred to the many churches in the Central and Western associations. You are familiar with the location of Chicago, Milton, Nortonville, North Loup, Dodge Center, New Auburn and Rock River. But judging from what I read and hear, you are not familiar with the field which I represent today. It is a long distance from here, comparatively speaking, and you have never been there. In view of that fact I am going to teach a little geography this afternoon.

I need not tell you that I am not an artist; but this is a map of the mission field that I would like you to become familiar with. As you see, it is, like the speaker, longer than it is wide. It extends from Canada to Mexico. This is the Canadian line, this on the south is the Mexican line. Between the two is a distance of about seventeen hundred miles. Los Angeles is here in southern California. Riverside is fifty-seven miles east and a little south. San Francisco is four hundred and eighty-four miles up the coast. From there to Portland it is seven hundred and seventy-four miles. Seattle is one hundred and eighty-four miles farther north. It is still another hundred to Bellingham. Over the Cascade Mountains, four hundred miles east of Seattle, is Spokane, Washington. One hundred and forty-seven miles south from there is Lewiston, and just across the Snake River is Clarkeston, Washington.

There are Sabbath-keepers at these places I have mentioned. The crosses on the

map indicate other places where I find our people. Here are Oxnard and Bakersfield and Fresno and Trimmer in California; Talent, Cottage Grove, Eugene, Sheridan, Beaverton, etc., in Oregon; Hoquiam, Sumner, in Washington, and other places in Idaho.

That gives you something of an idea of the field. My theory is that a man should know not only his people, but his field. I believe I have become pretty well acquainted with this which I have pointed out to you. I could reach all these points with my eyes closed, I believe.

You say that is an awful distance to travel, and the expense involved great. That is very true. However, my total expense last year was \$76.00. Seventy-one dollars of this was paid by people whom I visited. But a few of these can ever hope to be at one of our annual meetings. Aside from the RECORDER their only hope of keeping in touch with our people is to have some one come to them.

I wish I might make you personally acquainted with the people on this field. I have been given ten minutes to address you. That seems a very short time to accomplish the mission I am on. Just before I left Riverside, a certain man who says little, but is a good listener said: "We will be anxious to hear the report of your trip North." The first Sabbath I am home I will spend the most of an hour telling of the people "up the Coast." That will make the fourth report I have given, and the people in Riverside and Los Angeles are anxious to hear it. In this ten minutes I wish I could create in you as much interest as they have in our scattered ones on the Coast. I would like for you to know Minor Jones, whom Delwin Hurley and I drove twenty-eight miles one Sabbath day to see. You would have enjoyed watching him as I talked with his father, who is a convert to the Sabbath. He listens to the conversation, and puts in a word, too: "Webster knows which day is the Sabbath." A few minutes later he is absorbed in reading a book on the Sabbath question which his father has. This fifteen-year-old boy enjoys asking me questions about the mayor of New York City, and seems to have an

idea of nearly everything that is going on in the world of affairs, though he lives a good many miles off the railroad. How I wish you knew "Prof." J. W. Wood of Sumner, Washington, and could sit down and hear the story of his life as he has told it to me. You would hear of his journey to California in "forty-nine," of his pledge to God that day when for the first time he looked upon the Pacific from the mountain slope, of his three years' sojourn in that western country, his mastery of the Spanish language, his return to Walworth via New York and Philadelphia, his trip to Iowa with Nathan Hull to buy horses, the finding of the girl who later became his wife, the graduation in Michigan University after he had two children, his life as a farmer,—scientific too—his conversion to the Sabbath, and more. I would gladly give you a full account of the work and people in Los Angeles, and of that young school-teacher whom it was my pleasure to baptize in May, and others. There are those whom some of you know, who have gone to that land of sunshine and flowers and have regained their health.

I have told you a little about that field and a few of its people. Had I time I would tell you of my work—our work; for that is a work in which the people there are vitally interested and which they are doing much to support. Yes, we hold services in Los Angeles every Sabbath afternoon. One of our denominational leaders wrote me recently to know if we did. We do, and we advertise them. Every week notices appear in two of the Los Angeles papers. And if you will look through the SABBATH RECORDER, you will find there a standing notice. It has been there—well, a year or more. We have in Riverside a working church, an up-to-date Sabbath school and stirring junior and senior Christian Endeavor societies. None of these organizations are large, but they are doing effective work.

The people on this field believe there is too much work for one man to do. One reason I am here is to present our needs and secure for that field an additional worker. We do not demand that he be a trained theologian, but he should possess

the right spirit and know pretty well what Seventh-day Baptists stand for.

Riverside, Cal., Oct. 3, 1909.

A Letter From Brother Velthuysen Jr.

MY DEAR MR. SAUNDERS: I have fully intended to write you, but have not found the time until now. If my father had only been improving, I should have hastened to inform you; but he is not—is gradually failing. The opening day of Conference, August 25, was a very memorable and happy day for us all. In the morning, I received your welcome letter, which opened to us the prospects of meeting Brother Ebenezer Ammokoo. I wish very much to see him and hear some particulars of my dear brother Peter's last days. I learn by the agent of the Woerman Line, that the ship going from Cape Coast Castle does not stop at Rotterdam, so I hope to go to Hamburg, meet Ebenezer and take him to Haarlem, there to meet the people of our church. They will rejoice to see him. It may be a blessing to him and also to them. We will gladly share the expenses.

When in Hamburg, I will arrange for his entertainment. I hope to go to Hamburg and see Brother Hart at that time, also extend my journey to Berlin, where Brother Mowrreon is living. He wrote to Dean Main, leaving me to a correspondence with him. He is a Sabbath-keeper of several years.

I shall go several days in advance of the arrival of the boat that I may make this visit. Brother Hart is living near Hamburg, and can look after Ebenezer and on the latter's return from Haarlem put him on board the *Pennsylvania*, for America.

The other surprise of August 25 was a telephone from Mr. and Mrs. Truell of Plainfield, N. J., who were stopping at the Victoria Hotel, Amsterdam. They visited us and we went together to Haarlem, visited our chapel and some of our people. This was a great privilege for us and, I trust, to them.

The *Boodschapper* is continuing very ably edited, by the assistance of kind friends. We have two brethren who are canvassing for it, one in the North and one in the southern part of our country.

I am on my way to Rotterdam to spend the Sabbath and preach.

I have good news from Java, but no time now to tell you of it, as my train is ready to go.

May the Lord bless you and all the faithful ones in America.

G. VELTHUYSEN JR.

Great Welcome.

To those who were in the Conference at Milton,—

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS: Excuse me that I couldn't speak better at your Conference, for I can't speak English very well; but I felt very glad with you. I will tell you in this letter what I was going to say. I saw that the Conference had a great welcome among the Seventh-day Baptist people, and I felt it in my heart. If there would be a thousand tongues, I could not tell it.

I know you are interested to know how I came to the Seventh-day Baptist Church. My story is a little bit too long, but I make it the shortest I can.

I started to follow Jesus when I was sixteen years of age, and in the First-day Baptist Church. I was baptized in Budapest when I was eighteen. Soon after that I went again to Budapest to school, because I lived four miles away, north from Budapest. When I was through the school I was music and choir professor. I taught many young people to play the organ and lead the choir. I had sixteen first-class choirs. I went all over with them—to funerals, weddings and baptismal services, and in the missionary work. In this way I worked eight years, and during that time there came to be choir leaders all over Hungary. After that I was ordained minister; as such I worked there three years. After that I came to Milwaukee, five years ago, and then I worked as colporteur for the American Tract Society; but I could not start the missionary work right away, because I could not speak any language but my own.

While I was working for the American Tract Society as a colporteur, I studied the English language from my dictionary. Once I heard from my English friends about the Seventh-day Baptist Church in

Milton. I wrote to Rev. W. C. Daland, D. D., and by return mail he answered. He gave my letter to Rev. L. A. Platts, D. D., pastor. He wrote to me within two days. I asked him for a Seventh-day Baptist handbook, and he sent one to me. That handbook I read through and I saw what they believe in. I know they believe right, because I know it from the Bible. I remembered that eight or nine years ago we had for two years a Hungarian Baptist missionary paper twice a month. I read in there what they believe and what the First-day Baptists believe. Then I knew that the Sabbath-keeping was right, but not Sunday. At that time I could not find there anybody who was keeping the Sabbath. I began keeping the Sabbath the first of August, 1908. I came to Milton with my wife on the seventeenth of October, and joined the church. Now I have been in Milwaukee five years, and every Sunday afternoon I have held meetings among my native people. I had large congregations when I kept Sunday. Every colporteur of the American Tract Society must hold a meeting every Sunday. Now I have kept Sabbath for one year and have smaller congregations, because it is pretty hard to make the people keep the Sabbath in Milwaukee.

Next month I will publish a Hungarian missionary paper, and Sabbath tracts. I will give them to all the people in Milwaukee, and all over the United States, Canada and Europe, wherever I can get the Hungarian people's addresses. I believe the Lord will bless my work everywhere.

May the Lord bless the dear brother, L. A. Platts, with his dear good wife, and dear Brother E. B. Saunders, for what they have done, and for what they will yet do in Hungarian mission work. And the Lord bless the Missionary Society, American Sabbath Tract Society, and Woman's Board, with all the dear brothers and sisters who in this way help with their money the different nations all over the earth.

Brethren, pray for us. Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen. I Thess. v, 25, 26, 28.

JOSEPH J. KOVATS.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Quarterly Meeting Notice.

The next session of the quarterly meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of southern Wisconsin and Chicago will be held with the church at Walworth, Wis., beginning Friday night, October 29, and concluding Sunday afternoon, October 31. The following program will be followed out:

SIXTH-DAY.

7:30 p. m. Sermon—Pastor A. J. C. Bond.
To be followed by testimony meeting.

SABBATH-DAY.

10:30 a. m. Sermon—Pastor T. J. Van Horn.
11:30 a. m. Sabbath school—Mrs. A. McLearn.
2:30 p. m. Sermon—Pres. W. C. Daland.
7:30 p. m. Sermon—Pastor L. A. Platts.

FIRST-DAY.

10:30 a. m. Subject announced later.
2:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting under the direction of Phil L. Coon, Secretary for the young people.

It is desired that as many as possible attend these meetings.

DR. A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Janesville, Wis.,
Oct. 11, 1909.

Think the Noblest Thoughts.

You have length and breadth to your life, but have you height to it. You are a farmer—are your thoughts always of your farm and stock? You are a manufacturer, but do you think alone of raw materials, refined and shaped for sale and use? You are a lawyer—do you think only of briefs, verdicts and decisions? You are a mechanic—how is it with you? Are your thoughts only of tools, products of your skill, hours and wages?

Add height to your life. Rise to God in thought, faith, hope and love. Yield yourself to the invisible forces that draw the heart upward. Let your soul return to find rest in the God that breathed it into being. As you draw near to God the air invigorates, the clouds disappear, the stars shine, the heavens open. Doubt decays, faith revives, fears sink away, peace comes in, joy springs up, light breaks all around.
—Philadelphia Methodist.

Woman's Work

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

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

What You Have Given Away.

"What I spent that I had;
What I saved that I lost;
What I gave that I have."
Carve your name high over shifting sand,
Where the steadfast rocks defy decay—
"All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away."

Build your pyramid skyward and stand,
Gazed at by millions, cultured they say—
"All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away."

Count your wide conquests of sea and land,
Heap up the gold and hoard as you may—
"All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away."

Culture and fame and gold—ah, so grand—
Kings of salon, the mart, a day—
"All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away."
—Edwin M. Potcat, in *Baptist World*.

Her Good Intentions—A Monologue.

Sunday, April 12.—That was really a great sermon on Missions that our pastor preached this morning! I never realized before that I am personally responsible for some of the darkness of heathen lands, or that my few dimes and prayers, and my interest, may be like the loaves and fishes that were blessed by Jesus to the feeding of five thousand. The pastor told us about a Bible-woman in India whom a few poor factory girls in this country supported at thirty dollars a year. She was the means of the conversion of a Hindu young man who became a preacher and has brought hundreds to Christ. Oh, it just thrills me to think of being the means of saving even one soul! "Will there be any stars in my crown?" Well, at least, I will try to go to our monthly missionary meeting from this time forward. I am so glad I am interested.

May 17.—Dear me! This is the day for our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society meeting, and I declare if I hadn't forgotten it, and now it is half past four o'clock! Something says to me, did I ever forget my club? Well, I'll go *next* month sure.

June 15.—What a pity it rains today! Of course I can not go to the missionary meeting in this storm. But I'm not responsible for the weather, that's certain. There's the 'phone. Hello! Why, yes, Molly, I'll run down. No, it won't put me out one bit. You know I have a new silk rubber-lined storm coat and high overshoes. It's a good day to teach you that new stitch, for no one will be apt to disturb us. I'll be there in half an hour. Good-by! Oh, dear, there's that Voice again! Yes, Molly does live two blocks beyond the church, but I'll go next month to the meeting.

July 16.—How nice and comfy it is out here on the veranda in the shade! There goes little Mrs. Merrill to the missionary meeting this warm day. She looks just sweltering. I don't think the Lord requires me to endanger my health by exposing my head to this fierce sun. Besides, when I was in bathing this morning at the beach my head got so wet that my hair isn't dry yet.

August 15.—There wouldn't have been any meeting this month only for the fact that Mrs. Allen's cousin is visiting her, and the cousin was a missionary in China, and our ladies thought they ought to make the most of it. I'd really go today if it wasn't at the Allens', but I know that Mrs. Allen is dying to have us see her new mahogany sideboard, and besides, I heard that she said that Sarah Perry said that Mrs. Peck said that we are living beyond our means. I can't endure people who gossip. I mustn't forget to tell Molly about the trouble between the Adamses.

September 18.—This is a lovely day, cool and bright. I really ought to go to the missionary meeting, but last night's paper had a great "ad." about some summer chilies reduced from sixty to fifty-nine cents. They make such pretty house dresses, and will be picked right up. Tomorrow will be too late. If there is a heathen woman waiting for me—Oh, dear, it's so inconveni-

ent to have a conscience! Perhaps it is some woman who has lost a dear little baby, and doesn't know one bit about Jesus or heaven. Oh, I must go to the meeting next time!

October 15.—Well, this is missionary day, but here is the dressmaker at three dollars a day, and she says that if I want that lace insertion in the flounce I must put it in myself while she is trimming the sleeves. I can think about the heathen while I sew.

November 17.—I certainly seem fated to be kept away from that auxiliary meeting, and it does seem strange that a person whose heart is so in the work should be so often hindered from attending. Today I was just starting to put on my hat to go when my eyes fell on my library book, and I happened to recall that it must have run out, and I had not quite finished it. I had left off in a very exciting place, and I thought I would sit down and read the last chapters, and then take it back to the library on my way to the church. It wouldn't matter if I were fifteen minutes late, for I'm always afraid that the president will ask me to lead in prayer. Of course it took longer to finish the story than I had imagined, and I became so absorbed in it that I lost all track of time. Anyway there was an excellent moral. It taught one never to swerve from the path of duty. Wish I didn't hear that voice, "Lovest thou me?"

December 18.—Here we are in the thick of the Christmas struggle. I always emerge gasping for breath, but we all have to go through it. Mrs. Wilcox had the absurdity to call for me to go with her to the missionary meeting, when I have all those ruffles to sew on Maude's doll's dress. "It is a pretty note," I said rather crossly, "to hold a missionary meeting at Christmas time."

Mrs. Wilcox quietly observed that Christmas celebrates the coming of the first foreign missionary, and her voice was so sweet and kind that I relaxed enough to say that if I lived through the holidays I would really make an effort to attend the first meeting in the New Year.

January 15.—Here's that missionary meeting day again! It does seem as if those women held it every single week.

We have tickets for Burton Holmes this afternoon and of course I can't afford to miss the lecture. I may never have another chance to hear him, and one can go to a missionary meeting any time. We must improve our minds as well as our souls.

February 17.—This is the day I am to lunch with Mrs. Ives in town. To be sure, she gave me my choice between Thursday or Friday, the meeting day, but Mrs. Moberly's afternoon tea was yesterday, and I could not miss that because I must try to keep in with the Moberlys. One has a duty to society.

March 13.—I'm truly sorry to have to miss the missionary meeting again, but there is such splendid sun and wind today that I've put out all the blankets, and I can not trust the maid to bring them in without dragging them on the ground. Yes, I know there will probably be other days this month when the sun will shine and the wind will blow, but I feel like having this done today. What is that? "Waft, waft ye winds his story"? Well, I really would love to see the world converted. The church ought to work harder for it.

April 15.—Our pastor preached his annual missionary sermon this morning, and I sat there and thought of my good intentions of last year, and how I had not been able to attend a single meeting all the year. I always stayed away for some good reason. I hope to do better this next year. I wonder why I recall those lines,

"What kind of a church would our church be,
If every member were just like me?"

Perhaps I ought to go further and say,
"What kind of a world would this world be,
If every Christian were just like me?"

—Elizabeth Cheney, in *Woman's Missionary Friend*.

Autumn.

Paul Hamilton Haynes, in tune with nature and every normal human heart, sings,

"O Autumn, marvelous painter, every hue
Of thy immortal pencil is steeped through
With essence of Divinity!"

Each season is beautiful, each wonderful, each ours! And this is the most wonderful of all—they are *ours!* They belong to every meanest creature of us; our com-

mon heritage; our Father's gift! Lovely Spring buds and blossoms, thrills and thrills for us; Summer robes herself in sunshine and flowers, fills the earth with fragrance and with color for us; Autumn, master of art, dips his magic brush into the sunset, painting spring leaf and summer foliage out of all recognition, turning the greenwood into fairy land for us; and Winter weaves her ermine robes, and ices lake and pond and stream for our benefit, our delectation. We are millionaires! Not a pauper among us! Nature has made no provision for paupers. We who have eyes to see and hearts to thrill, live satiated as the seasons come and go, and nature changes her face and garments for our delight and entertainment.

And not alone for our entertainment, for each season carries a little preachment with it, meant for our comforting and betterment; a preachment which finds its way to the heart of man, however dull his intellect. Best preachers ever address the heart, divining—unaccountably—that the route from the heart to the head, however circuitous, is safe and certain. And what is the text of Autumn's sermon? Can it be this—"It is better farther on"?

"I have something for those who follow me," cries Spring.

"Take what you will," says Summer. But Autumn, gentle, gracious, wonderful,—grown wise with the years—whispers: "It is better farther on," and points to hoary-headed Winter, smilingly repeating with Browning,

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made."

For some of us, springtime is past. Sweet, restless, witching spring, wooing us from our tasks with promises of good, beckoning us on and on—spring is past. For others of us summer, with its burdens and heat, its color and odor, its strain and bustle, is nearly gone as well. We look forward almost fearfully. Autumn draws nigh.

Ah, but look Autumn in the face and fear will vanish. He is no foe. He has harvests for us to gather, firesides for us to enjoy.

"Frost out-of-doors bites sharp; within
Good, our first fire is lighted."

Autumn finds time for us to get acquainted with ourselves; to meditate; and meditation halves every ill, doubles every good. Evil when it is past is not easily recalled, but good stands out in stronger relief as the years go by. God meant it so. Time softens what eternity will obliterate.

Welcome, then, Autumn!

"Calmer than breezy April, cooler than August
blaze,
The fairest time of all may be September's golden
days.
Press on, though summer waneth, and falter not,
nor fear,
For God can make the autumn the glory of the
year."

—The Union Signal.

THE Women's Benevolent Society of Leonardsville have for some months been collecting magazines, books and papers. Recently they shipped the accumulation to a reliable firm of paper manufacturers and netted \$42 from something less than five tons.

Choosing a Guide.

A man can not travel alone. Every man needs a guide. Not a treacherous, malicious guide, but one who is infallible. It was through the ignorance of a guide, or the maliciousness of one, that Napoleon allowed the Empire of France to slip through his fingers when his cuirassiers at Waterloo plunged into the sunken road. In the Alps guides are necessities; the sort of guides that will rope the bodies of the tourists to their own and will never cut the ropes. But occasionally there are guides who cut the ropes and allow the climbers to slip over the edge of precipices when the critical moment comes. Such a guide as that we do not want, but we must cling to the Guide who placed the pillar of fire and the cloud over the traveling Israelites that they might reach the Land of Promise. It is that same Guide to whom we must cling until he shall finally lead us down by the river banks, all purple with the violets, where we shall finally be brought into that beautiful land of promise.—R. J. Burdette.

Young People's Work

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

Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the duty of all men. Eccles. xii, 13b.

Consecration Meeting, November 6, 1909.

PASTOR M. B. KELLY.

Topic: *Life Lessons for Me From the Book of Hebrews.* (Heb. xii, 1-7.)

Daily Readings.

Oct. 31—The exalted Son (Heb. i, 1-14; ii, 1).

Nov. 1—Touched with our temptations (Heb. iv, 1, 2, 12-16).

Nov. 2—Christ's compassion for the wayward (Heb. v, 1-14).

Nov. 3—The soul's anchor (Heb. vi, 7-20).

Nov. 4—Christ our High Priest (Heb. ix, 1-14).

Nov. 5—Faith (Heb. xi, 1-16).

Nov. 6—Life lessons for me from the Book of Hebrews (Heb. xii, 1-7).

While it would be gratifying to know beyond a doubt who the author of the epistle to the Hebrews was, yet the lack of this knowledge should not greatly disturb us, for the rich spiritual content of the epistle attests its divine origin. How wonderfully adapted this epistle is to direct the Hebrew mind from the types of Levitical ordinances to the great Antitype; to lift the religious conception from the low plane of rites and ceremonies to the glorious vision of their fulfilment, and realization of complete redemption in Christ.

The epistle is sublime in its lofty apprehension and unfolding of the scheme of redemption.

LESSON COMMENTS.

I. *Compassed about . . . with witnesses.* In the Grecian national games the contestants were surrounded by a vast throng to witness their victory or defeat. So we, in entering the Christian race, are compassed about with witnesses, many eager to rejoice in our victory, others with a sordid hope of gloating over our defeat. *Lay aside every weight.* Train to reduce

our fleshly lusts, carnal minds and worldly desires. Otherwise the race must be a failure. See Rom. viii, 6-8; 1 Cor. ix, 27; 1 John ii, 15-17. *The sin which doth so easily beset us*—"sin which always clings to us" (Luther). One sin retained may lose us the race. *Run with patience.* Patient endurance. Continue running.

2. *Looking unto Jesus.* There is no other worthy one. He is the originator and perfecter of the faith. He is our Prince and Leader. *Joy.* He who voluntarily suffers for humanity, because of his love for God and humanity has great joy set before him, and like his Lord, can well afford to endure the cross and despise the shame.

3. *Consider.* Not through the eyes of human philosophy, for this reveals only the human Christ, divested of his divine nature. One great trouble with the world today is undoubtedly the fact that it is not considering, attentively, reverently, the real Christ in his divine majesty and power, his sublime condescension and humility, and the marvelous authority of his teaching. Matt. vii, 28, 29. Let us consider him (study him) more.

4. *Resisted unto blood.* What is the strength of our resistance against sin? Not unto blood, I am sure. "Sin is personified as an adversary; sin, whether within you, leading you to spare your blood, or in our adversaries, leading them to shed it, if they can not through your faithfulness even unto blood induce you to apostatize."

5-7. How quickly and easily we forget the exhortations of God's Word, and look upon reverses, misfortunes or afflictions as evidences of divine displeasure when, in reality, they are more likely to be agencies to direct us to the fact of his love for us.

From the President.

The president of the Young People's Board is indeed grateful to all who so enthusiastically contributed to the success of the Rally recently held at Milton Junction. He was delighted when a full house was present for the first session. He was pleased to find so many pastors and other leaders, both old and young, who, although they had been through almost two weeks of meetings, were so interested and eager to see great good come from the Rally meetings. He was pleased to find so many who

would not allow the moments to go to waste during the open parliaments. To every one who took part, the president and indeed the whole board are very grateful. We feel that we know where to begin the year's work, that we know what the societies would like to have us do, and best of all, that we have with us a host of loyal, devoted, earnest Endeavorers working and praying for the success of our undertakings during the year. We enter upon the year's work with high hopes.

Immediately following the Rally, a member of the board began a search for some one to prepare the mission studies requested by the young people for publication in the RECORDER. We are glad to be able to announce that Rev. W. D. Burdick has kindly consented to do this work for us. The first of the series will soon appear and we hope every society will plan to use them. It is no easy matter to prepare these studies, and we are sure that Pastor Burdick will spare no pains to make them rich with helpfulness.

It was recommended at the Rally that the young people do as much this year for home missions as they do for foreign. We are pledged to raise \$300 for foreign missions, hence, to carry out the recommendation, we must raise at least \$300 for home missions. But don't you know that these two amounts are about as much as we raised last year for all purposes, and that we had to make an extra effort at the last to raise the \$300 for foreign missions? Let's begin earlier in the year this year and push the work through with greater earnestness.

Then the work of securing RECORDER subscriptions should be continued through the coming year. Thirty-five subscriptions last year didn't do so bad, but we ought to get more this year. Several societies have not undertaken this work at all yet.

And there should be more outpost and cottage meetings held. Three classes of people get good from this kind of work, namely, those who go, those who send them, and those to whom they are sent. Try it once.

The Milton Junction society placed some very valuable books in the libraries of each of the three schools last year, and aside from this about six dollars was sent the board with which to buy books for the

schools. Why not swell this fund this year sufficiently to buy several good books so that our young people in the schools may be having the use of them?

Let every society help some, however little it may be, in these four lines of work: mission both home and foreign, RECORDER subscriptions, outpost mission work, and books for our colleges. Of course, each society has its own local work to do, but ought we not contribute at least a little to each of these broader, denominational lines of work?

Praying the choicest blessings upon all the young people of the denomination, I am
Most sincerely,

M. H. VAN HORN.

Salem, W. Va., Oct. 10, 1909.

The Duty of the Young People to the Work of the Tract Society.

Rev. Edwin Shaw, who treated this subject, began by asking all who were members of the Tract Society to stand. Four persons arose. He thanked them and then asked all who had been in attendance as delegates to the General Conference to stand. Nearly every one present stood up. He then told them they were every one of them members of the Tract Society, and used this fact of their ignorance as an illustration that one duty, and an important one too, was information. He suggested that it would be a good thing for the young people to make a study of the constitution and by-laws of the Tract Society. He then used a blackboard to draw a diagram of the room where the Board of Directors of the Tract Society meets the second Sunday of each month, showing where the officers sit, and telling the names of those who are usually present, and how the work is transacted. He also drew a diagram of the rooms in the publishing house where the SABBATH RECORDER, the *Helping Hand*, the *Sabbath Visitor*, and the other literature, are printed and mailed. He told of how the young people had recently helped by distributing over eight thousand Sabbath post cards, and asked for a continued effort along that same line. He suggested that the young people might form classes for the systematic study of the tracts which are published, and offered to make an outline study of ten lessons if enough young people would form classes to make it worth

while. He left the interests of the RECORDER and the work of distributing literature to the following speaker, and closed by saying that together with their prayers and sympathy the young people could help the Tract Society most of all by being themselves living Sabbath tracts known and read of all men.

Humility False and Real.

A home-missionary worker was describing the conditions in the mountainous parts of certain States where the people pride themselves on their ignorance, believing that "knowledge puffeth up" and that ignorance is the road to a humility which is pleasing to God. She related how she heard a mountaineer pray: "O Lord, make me ignorant and keep me ignorant. Make me ignorant as an old mule, and ignorant, and she added that probably the Lord heard and answered that prayer.

A mule is undoubtedly ignorant, but it well illustrates the fact that ignorance and humility do not necessarily go together, for it is the most opinionated and violently self-assertive of all domesticated animals. The student who, while pushing forward the boundaries of human knowledge, described himself as a child gathering pebbles on the shores of the ocean of truth was nearer to the humility which God loves than the old man whose ideal was the ignorance of the animal.

Humility is the beginning and the end of all knowledge. It means open-mindedness—hospitality to new ideas, because we realize that truth is an ocean and that our farthest vision can see but a little way. Humility means faith that because we can not understand a thing is no reason for supposing that it has not a reasonable explanation. Humility means hope that we may yet learn a great deal more than we now know. It means charity for the point of view of others.—*Forward.*

"I admit I have the fault you mention," said the conceited man, self-complacently, "but it's the only fault I have, and it's a small one."

"Yes," replied Knox, "just like the small hole that makes a plugged nickel no good."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Children's Page

Hunting the Pole.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

Harold stood on the minister's front porch, waving his arms back and forth in excitement. Robert, his seven-years old brother, occupied a high seat on the piazza railing, while Alfred and Althea, the twins, with Elizabeth, their cousin, sat in the middle of the floor on the big piazza rug.

"Yes siree, sir!" Harold was saying, "I'm going to be Doctor Cook. Robert always wants the best part, but he can't have it this time."

"Well, then I won't play 'tall!" was Robert's answer, as he jumped down from the railing. Who wants to hunt for the pole anyway? I'm going to make jack-o'-lanterns. That's some fun." And he turned his back on the little group on the front porch and started straight for the barn.

But he had not gone very far when Elizabeth, who was the little peacemaker in the family of five, called out: "O Robert! please come back and let me count out and see who's going to be Doctor Cook. Then it will be all fair. Come on!"

And as every one of the boys would do almost anything for Elizabeth, Robert slowly came back and climbed to his high seat once more. So Elizabeth began to count:

Hinty, minty, cutey, corn,
Apple seeds and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Three gray geese sitting in a flock;
Some fly east and some fly west,
Some fly over the cuckoo's nest.
One, two, three—out goes she.

And, as she didn't count the twins because they were too small to be leaders and left herself out too, the honor of being Doctor Cook soon fell to Harold, and Robert had to be contented with playing Peary's part.

"Now, choose your man, Doctor Cook," said the little peacemaker. "Somebody'll have to choose Althea and me, even if girls don't ever go hunting for North Poles!"

"Pooh!" said Doctor Cook scornfully, "I'll take 'Lizabeth, 'cause she's better than four men or boys any day."

Then Mr. Peary said that he wanted Alfred, so that left Althea out in the cold. What was to be done about it? The little girl looked exactly as though she would cry and Alfred declared that he wouldn't go one step without his sister. But right here Elizabeth again came to the rescue.

"I tell you," she said, "let's play Althea is the North Pole and we'll all try to find her. She must go away off somewhere and hide." Althea didn't just like the idea of being "nuffin but an old pole," but thought it must be all right since Elizabeth said that it was. So Doctor Cook and his companion started off in one direction, while Mr. Peary and his man went the opposite way, leaving the little North Pole all alone on the big piazza.

"I know," thought Althea, "I'll go get into that big haystack down in Mr. Stone's back yard. They can't find me there."

Mrs. Williams, looking out of the dining-room window a little while after this, heard such a queer noise that she opened the window to listen. Not a child nor even a chicken could she see at first; but going to the front door, she stood still in astonishment.

Coming straight down the little village street were two children, who looked rather familiar, yet strange. One of them had on a big, fur coat that looked very much like the one that the minister wore on his long rides into the country. A big fur cap crowned the other's curly head, and such an appearance as both children made! But worse than this, they were singing at the top of their voices and to the tune of "Marching through Georgia."

Hurrah! hurrah! three cheers for Doctor Cook,
Hurrah! hurrah; please come outdoors and look;
For we have found the long-lost pole, and
brought it home to you,
While we are marching from Greenland.

"What a queer idea!" said the minister's wife. "What will the neighbors think? I'd like to know if the children have begun to pick up this Cook and Peary business so soon."

And all the time she was thinking about it, her oldest son, or rather Doctor Cook, was waving a big, round stick back and forth as he and his companion sang:

Hurrah! hurrah! now Cook will rule the day,
Hurrah, hurrah, all others must give way;
For we have reached the frozen North, and anchored to the pole,
And now we are marching from Greenland.

Mrs. Williams started to say, "Children! children! What will people say? You will —"

But she got no farther; for, from far up the street, there came the sound of more singing and soon two more travelers came into sight. These two were even queerer looking than the first two had been, for the leader wore somebody's old, worn-out coat and big, rubber boots, while the boy behind him had on a suit that was mostly rags—to say nothing of the holes in his stockings—and they were both proudly marching along and singing:

Oh, Mr. Peary comes to town
A-sailing in his steamer;
For he alone has found the pole,
So Cook must be a dreamer.
Mr. Peary, keep it up,
Three cheers for Robert Peary;
We'll sing and praise him for his work,
Until we all are weary.

And the two discoverers, with their brave men following them, met face to face at the front gate, at the edge of the parsonage lawn.

"Ho, there, Doctor Cook!" said his rival explorer, "I found the North Pole first and you didn't get there 'tall. I tell you you didn't, and I know. Look at your clothes! They don't look's though they'd been anywhere outside of New York. What do you think of mine?" And Robert, or rather Mr. Peary, proudly displayed his torn clothes and stockings. "And—and—" his partner went on, "we climbed clear to the top of the pole and left my new flag what grandpa gave me there, didn't we? You're a funny old 'xplorer to take a girl with you!" And Mr. Peary and his helper pushed themselves ahead of Doctor Cook and his companion.

"We don't care what they say, do we?" said the doctor. "All the pole they found was Mrs. Smith's clothes pole and that ain't more'n five feet high. Anybody could climb that. We've been clear down to Doctor Bennett's flagpole and I climbed it too."

"Well, you didn't nail the stars and stripes to it like we did," answered Mr. Peary. "An' if you don't believe us, we've got proofs right in our pockets that you

didn't get there. Pooh! jus' as if you'd been anywhere out of sight of land. You'd be 'fraid of bears any way!"

This was a little more than Doctor Cook could stand; so he and his companion mounted the piazza steps and began to sing:

"Hurrah! hurrah! three cheers for Doctor Cook,
Hurrah! hurrah! he's going to write a book;
And that will tell you 'bout the North, and how
he found the pole,
When he went marching from Greenland."

And Mr. Peary and his helper began to sing too:

"Oh, Mr. Peary comes to town,
With banners all unfurled;
Mr. Peary found the pole
And gave it to the world.
Mr. Peary, keep it up,
We'll stand by you gladly;
If you'll find another pole,
We will cheer you madly."

"Children! children!" Mrs. Williams called, from the front door. "I'm afraid you are getting too noisy. It's all right to hunt for the North Pole, but I'm afraid people will think that we have all gone crazy. And besides, I wonder if my two big boys are acting just like gentlemen. Don't you suppose you could both find the North Pole and still be nice about it? Suppose you just think about it while I get supper. But where is Althea? I thought I saw her with you."

"Oh! oh!" came a chorus of four voices and four bright faces looked very anxious. Where could Althea be?

"O Auntie Mae!" Elizabeth exclaimed, "we forgot all about her and she was going to be the North Pole too, and we were to hunt for her. Oh, where can she be? And I'm more to blame than anybody else, 'cause I told her to be the North Pole."

"No, no," Harold broke in upon his cousin, "it's me that's to blame, 'cause I said for us to go and find Doctor Bennett's flagpole. Oh, we've had so much fun and now it's all spoiled."

Mrs. Williams told the sober-faced boys to go and put on their own clothes and get ready to meet papa when he came home, while she hunted for Althea. She almost knew where she would find her, for Mr. Stone's back yard was her favorite playground.

And this was the worst punishment that

she could have given the children, because they knew that she was very tired after a busy day's work and now she would have to hunt all around for her little girl.

"Whew!" said Robert soberly, "I guess I'd rather be Robert Williams any day than Mr. Peary, if he is so smart. 'Tisn't such a lot of fun hunting for an old pole—'specially when we both found it first."

"And I'm glad I'm not Doctor Cook either," echoed Harold, as he took off the big, fur coat and put on his own new, brown suit.

And Mrs. Williams found the little North Pole fast asleep in the big haystack in Mr. Stone's back yard.

HOME NEWS

BERLIN, N. Y.—The great Hudson-Fulton celebration has not caused "Old Berlin" to lose her equipoise! She is even holding her own through the Peary-Cook discussion (Though happy she'd be with either, were t'other dear charmer away) and even gaining strength along some lines.

On the afternoon of October 3 the Ladies' Aid Society met at the parsonage to discuss plans of work for the coming year. A pleasant hour was spent, and much hope and courage expressed for our future work.

—Sabbath services are well attended. Pastor Hutchins has a fine Sabbath-school class of young men, and our class of young women, at present, surpasses them in numbers; however, we must admit that some of the latter are "borrowed" from sister churches. Three teachers from the training class of Alfred have been secured for positions among us for the current year, and one of Adams Center's fair daughters "for keeps."

We were much interested in pastor Hutchins' excellent report of Conference, which he gave on the Sabbath following his return. Also the financial success of the General Conference is very gratifying. Three cheers for Milton and her helpers!

EUPHEMIA.

NEW AUBURN, WIS.—It is at least due the people here in New Auburn, Wis., that a few lines appear in the Home News department of the RECORDER. The members

of the church have been faithful in attending the services both during my presence here and in my absence. Since we moved here on August 26, 1908, there have been seven Seventh-day Baptist families located here, and several others have been here with a view to locating. The people have been prompt and liberal in their support of the missionary pastor. Best of all there has seemed to be a constant and steady growth in spiritual things. Twice during the summer we have gone to one of the beautiful lakes near us for baptism. Since the organization of the Cartwright Church there have been a faithful few who have continued to stay and to pray, and their prayers are being answered.

We are anxious to find the address of all lone Sabbath-keepers in the State of Wisconsin, north of Madison. Will all who have been and those who still are Seventh-day Baptists write me at least a postal card with name and address? I would esteem it a great favor to know of all such persons. I have the addresses of several, but I want the addresses of all.

J. H. HURLEY.

WELTON, IOWA—During the week of Conference a severe electrical storm visited Welton, in which the spire of the church was struck by lightning and quite badly shattered. The bolt seemed to have leaped from the belfry to the edge of the roof, which it followed, tearing off shingles and moldings, to the eaves-spout, which it followed to the opposite end of the church. Thence it seemed to follow one of the metal fastenings to a studding, loosening a quantity of the siding and necessitating considerable repairing. The church is being repainted on the outside. This will add attractiveness to its appearance. It was the second time the spire has been struck by lightning within a few years.

The smallness of the Welton society makes the absence of any of its members noticeable. Several of our young people are students at Milton and some others have been away for longer or shorter periods. We are anticipating the return soon of some who have been absent.—Attendance at the usual services of the church is proportionately good.—The yearly meeting of the Iowa Seventh-day Baptist churches was

held with the Welton Church, September 3-5.—When it was learned, at Conference, that the delegate of the Minnesota and northern Wisconsin semi-annual meeting could not attend, arrangements were made with Rev. George B. Shaw of North Loup, Neb., to stop and assist in the services of the yearly meeting. His help added much to the value of the meetings.—Rev. George Shaw and Rev. J. T. Davis of Garwin, Iowa, each preached three sermons and Pastor Burdick of Welton one. The sermons were evangelistic and instructive. The devotional and praise services were spiritual and deeply interesting throughout the sessions. The papers and essays were practical and helpful. A number were in attendance from Garwin, Marion and Calamus. The attendance was also good from the community of Welton. It was the general opinion that, as a whole, the meeting this year was among the best of the sessions of the yearly meetings.

G. W. B.

MARRIAGES

NELSON-SEVERANCE—At the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. E. Burdick, near Elcho, Wis., August 19, 1909, by Rev. J. H. Hurley, Mr. C. A. Nelson of North Loup, Neb., and Miss Mabel Severance of Elcho.

LEWIS-DEALING—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Dealing, in Adams Center, N. Y., September 2, 1909, by G. F. Bakker, Mr. Welcome Babcock Lewis of Battle Creek, Mich., and Miss Allie Belle Dealing of Adams Center, N. Y.

LIDELL-STILLMAN—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Stillman of DeRuyter, N. Y., September 15, 1909, by Rev. L. A. Wing, Mr. E. DeMorris Lidell and Miss Nina E. Stillman, both of DeRuyter.

BAILEY-LOWE—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David C. Lowe of Ashaway, R. I., October 10, 1909, by Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, Mr. Albert Ryan Bailey and Miss Eva Elena Lowe, both of Ashaway.

TITSWORTH-BABCOCK—In the Seventh-day Baptist church at Leonardsville, N. Y., October 14, 1909, by Rev. Arthur E. Main, Mr. Charles Potter Titsworth of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Sarah Rebecca Babcock of Leonardsville, daughter of H. D. Babcock.

DEATHS

CRANDALL—Horace Herman Crandall, fifth son of Henry B. and Lucinda Latimer Crandall, was born in the town of Alfred, N. Y., December 26, 1826, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. A. Whitford, in Farina, Ill., August 21, 1909, aged 82 years, 7 months and 25 days.

When he was twelve years old he moved with his parents to Milton, Wis., they being among the pioneer settlers. Later he united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Milton. He was united in marriage to Mary Baumhour on April 26, 1848. To them were born six children, four of whom died in childhood. In 1865 he, with his family, settled on a farm near Farina, Ill., and later he transferred his church membership to the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Farina, of which he continued a member till death. Since the death of his wife, in 1903, his home has been with his daughter. He leaves one brother, Amos of Milton Junction, Wis., and three sisters: Lorinda Vincent of Farina, Mary Stone of California, and Ada Crandall of Milton Junction; one son, Alpha of North Loup, Neb., and one daughter, Orpha Whitford of Farina, Ill.

Burial services were held at the home of his daughter on Monday morning. His pastor spoke from Job v, 26. Although Brother Crandall has been unable to attend the services of the church for several years he had a pleasant and helpful companionship with his God, and died in the faith.

W. D. B.

WILMOT—Georgiana Cross Wilmot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cross, was born April 27, 1859, and died at her home, 940 Cumberland Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y., September 29, 1909.

She was baptized into the fellowship of the DeRuyter Seventh-day Baptist Church by the Rev. Joshua Clarke, of which she remained a consistent member until January 23, 1909, when she, together with her husband, became a constituent member of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Syracuse. Sister Wilmot was a woman of strong religious convictions, a lover of the truth, and courageous in her endeavors to live up to her ideals of righteousness, truth and duty. During practically all her life she was a non-resident church member, yet she was a loyal, faithful Sabbath-keeper. She was a faithful wife, a kind and helpful friend to both old and young. She was deeply interested in, loyal to and generous in, her support of the little church at Syracuse, and by the church will be greatly missed. She was married to George Wilmot on September 24, 1904. Besides her husband she is survived by her father, George Cross; by three brothers, Herbert E., Herman J., and Harold G.; and by a large circle of relatives and friends.

Farewell services were conducted at her late home, October 2, 1909, by Pastor A. L. Davis. Burial was made in Manlius, N. Y.

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

"For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here."

A. L. D.

THOMAS—In Milton, Wis., September 23, 1909, after a prolonged and painful illness, Mrs. Emma Jordan Thomas, wife of S. S. Thomas, in the 69th year of her age.

Mrs. Thomas was born in Montego City, Jamaica, West Indies, her father, Rev. Edward Wooley, being a medical missionary to the island, from the General Baptist Society of London, Eng. Five years after the birth of this child, he came to the United States, settling in Cincinnati, Ohio, where the child grew to womanhood. She was three times married. First, to a Mr. Brown of Indiana, who, eight years later, left her widowed with two children—a daughter and a son—who survive her. After four years, in 1874, she was married to a man by the name of Jordan of Cincinnati, with whom she lived five years and by whom she had one daughter, now living in Colorado. In 1886 she was married to Brother Thomas who survives her.

When but twelve years of age Mrs. Thomas confessed her faith in Christ by baptism, and united with the Free Baptist Church. About 1884 she embraced the Sabbath and united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church in Milton, of which she has been a faithful member until death. Her last sickness covered a period of about five years, during the latter part of which she suffered unspeakable pains of body, while her spirit rested in unflinching trust in the saving power of the blood of Jesus. The texts of Scripture which she selected for her funeral all speak of the salvation wrought by the blood of Jesus for all who will believe on him.

L. A. P.

GREENE—Arnold C. Greene was born at Berlin, N. Y., May 18, 1831, and passed out of this life near the place of his birth, September 26, 1909, after a lingering illness of seven years.

He was a patient, uncomplaining sufferer. When about twenty-one years of age he joined the Berlin Seventh-day Baptist Church, of which he was a member until his death. Funeral services were held at the church. He was buried in the family cemetery on the farm where he was born.

J. E. H.

WHITFORD—Herbert David Whitford, the youngest of the four sons born to Samuel and Sophia Clarke Whitford, was born in Plainfield, N. J., July 9, 1834, and died at the hospital of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Milwaukee, Wis., October 4, 1909.

(Continued on page 543.)

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. 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 VI.—NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

PAUL A PRISONER—THE SHIPWRECK.

Acts xxvii, 39-xxviii, 10.

Golden Text.—"The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate." Psa. xxxiv, 22.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Psa. xxxiv, 1-22.

Second-day, Psa. xci, 1-16.

Third-day, 2 Cor. xi, 16-33.

Fourth-day, Mark vi, 30-56.

Fifth-day, John xxi, 1-23.

Sixth-day, Acts xxvii, 27-44.

Sabbath-day, Acts xxviii, 1-10.

INTRODUCTION.

Already before the storm Paul was a man of influence among those with whom he was making the journey to Rome. His opinion was considered in regard to the question of leaving Fair Havens although as it happened his recommendation was not carried out. During the storm it was he that kept up the courage of the despairing passengers and crew. At the time of the shipwreck Paul without any official position other than that of prisoner was virtually commander of the ship and all on board, soldiers, sailors and passengers.

The place of the shipwreck has been held by some to be the island of Meleda in the Adriatic Sea; but the traditional view that it was at what is now called St. Paul's Bay on the coast of Malta is much more likely. The vessel could hardly have drifted for fourteen days in the Adriatic Sea without going ashore, and the course that they took when they left the island upon which they were wrecked would have been very peculiar if they were on the eastern side of Italy.

TIME—Immediately after our lesson of last week.

PLACE—A ship adrift upon the Mediterranean Sea; the island of Malta.

PERSONS—Paul and his fellow voyagers; the people of Malta; Publius is mentioned by name.

OUTLINE:

1. The end of the troublous voyage. v. 27-

34.

2. The reception of the shipwrecked voyagers at Malta. v. 1-10.

NOTES.

27. *Sea of Adria.* This is not the Adriatic Sea. between Italy and Greece, but that portion of the Mediterranean Sea between the southern extremities of Italy and Greece and the coast of Africa. *Drawing near to some country.* This fact the sailors inferred from the soundings as we see from the next verse. In the darkness no land could be seen.

29. *On rocky ground.* Hidden reefs or rocky shore would be alike fatal. What they wanted was a sandy shore upon which they might beach the vessel.

31. *Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.* Some have tried to find a contradiction with Paul's promise of v. 24 of complete deliverance. But this is hypercritical. God's deliverance comes through the use of means. It is to be noted that the centurion takes Paul's advice without stopping to consult the owner or the sailing master.

33. *Paul sought them all.* It is to be noted that Paul the missionary is now the real leader.

35. *He gave thanks to God in the presence of all.* We are to notice not only the good example that Paul set in taking food, but also his public reverence for the God in whom he trusted and in whom he desired all the rest to trust.

38. *Throwing out the wheat into the sea.* They had already thrown out a part of the cargo. v. 18. Now they proceed to make the best preparations possible for driving the vessel ashore. The lighter the vessel the nearer the land it would get before it struck.

39. *They perceived a certain bay with a beach.* The coast of Malta today presents features corresponding to the references of our author. The bay called St. Paul's Bay may very well have been the precise locality of the shipwreck.

40. *And casting off the anchors, they left them in the sea.* Under ordinary circumstances the sailors would try to save the anchors; but now they were intent upon saving life, and thought nothing of the ship or its belongings. *Loosing the bands of the rudders.* Ancient ships had two rudders, one on either side of the stern. They were more like oars or paddles than modern rudders. We may imagine that these rudders had been lifted up and fastened out of the way when the four anchors were put out at the stern of the vessel. Now after the anchor ropes had been cut the rudders were let down to enable the sailors to direct the course of the vessel. The foresail was put up for the same purpose; for unless the vessel got some headway it would be impossible to direct its course. *Beach.* The translation "shore" is misleading both here and in v. 39, but especially so here. They could easily have gotten to the shore without effort; but they desired to go ashore where there was a beach, and thus escape the great danger of the rocks.

41. *A place where two seas met.* This is probably to be explained from the fact that there is a narrow channel leading into the bay between the little island of Salmonetta and Malta. Through this channel a counter current meets the main current of the bay. It seems very probable that the ship struck on a bar of sand or mud, and that thus the crew were defeated in

their purpose of running ashore on the beach. In such a situation beset by a storm which had not yet lost all its violence the ship could last only a very short time.

42. *The soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners.* They were answerable for the escape of the prisoners. If they reported in Rome without those who were placed in their custody, their affirmation that the prisoners were dead would be a much better excuse than the confession that the prisoners had escaped. It is very improbable that many of the prisoners were like Paul men uncondemned who had appealed to Cæsar. On the other hand it is easy to imagine that most of the prisoners were condemned criminals who were being taken to Rome to supply the demand for victims in the gladiatorial combats.

43. *Desiring to save Paul.* He was already very well disposed toward Paul, and now felt, we may well believe, that all owed him a debt of gratitude. *They who could swim.* Very likely Paul was among this number. He had already been shipwrecked three times and had passed a day and night in the deep. When the swimmers had reached land they would be in a position to help the others as they drifted ashore.

44. *They all escaped safe to the land.* And thus the promise through the angel was fulfilled. Compare v. 24.

Ch. xxviii. 1. *Then we know that the island was called Melita.* The modern Malta. They had not known at all where they were till they reached shore and asked the natives.

2. Our author calls the inhabitants of the island *barbarians*, because they did not speak Greek or Latin, and not because they were uncivilized or were hostile to the strangers cast upon their shore.

3. *When Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks,* etc. The apostle did not sit down idle, but helped to gather fuel for the fire. *A viper came out.* This snake was doubtless numbed by the cold weather; but being revived by the heat, sprang into life and activity. Some people have taken exceptions to this narrative on the ground that there are at present no poisonous snakes on this part of the island and no trees. But in other sections poisonous snakes have been driven out and all the timber cut off in a good deal less than eighteen hundred years.

4. *No doubt this man is a murderer.* They had noted before that he was a prisoner, and now they jump to the conclusion that he is a murderer. They reasoned that a murderer ought certainly to die, and they believed in a relentless fate that would bring the appropriate punishment.

5. *And took no harm.* Our author does not stop to explain the miracle if there was really a miracle. It is plain that the people thought that there was a miracle, although it is not impossible that the snake did not bite Paul at all, but only coiled about his hand and was shaken off before it was ready to bite.

6. *They changed their minds.* They expected to see the deadly consequences of the viper's bite in a very brief time. When none of the usual symptoms appeared they concluded that he was no ordinary mortal man but a divine being.

7. *Entertained us three days courteously.* Some have narrowed the meaning of "us" to Paul

and Aristarchus and Luke; but it is not incredible that the chief officer of the island should have means to entertain all the shipwrecked voyagers at his country seat for the space of three days. Doubtless after this brief stay the centurion found quarters for his prisoners in some city or town.

8. *Laying his hands on him healed him.* Paul was as willing to give as to receive. The account of this healing is very like the miracles of our Lord. It is not said however that it was a miracle.

9. *And were cured.* As often in the ministry of Jesus one cure led to many others, so here.

10. *Honored us with many honors.* We are not to suppose that Paul received a price for his cures. The people gave generously as tokens of their esteem and gratitude. *Such things as we needed.* Since they had lost all their baggage in the shipwreck these gifts were very acceptable.

SUGGESTIONS.

The gifts of God and his deliverances from danger are not intended to encourage us to inactivity. Paul had received the promise of security, and yet he saw that it was best to take measures to compel the sailors to remain upon the vessel in order that the rest might have advantage of their skill in managing the disabled craft.

It is appropriate for us to be loving and giving. We have needs as well as those whom we serve. The people of Malta received those who were cast ashore by the sea, and thereby had for their guest a man who was able and willing to cure their diseases.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in 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. Rood, 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.

(Continued from page 540.)

He served as a soldier for three years in the 33d Wisconsin Infantry during the Civil War, and later three years in the regular army of the United States.

A. W.

MAXSON—In Milton, Wis., October 9, 1909, Mr. Horatio W. Maxson, nearly 82 years of age.

Mr. Maxson was one of several children born to Charles and Catherine Saunders Maxson, in the town of Sweden, Monroe County, New York, and came by direct descent from John Maxson of New England, who appeared as early as 1638. The family lived for a short time at Alfred, but moved to Wisconsin in 1845, when the subject of this notice was eighteen years of age. In 1854 he was married to Sara C. Carr, daughter of Peleg and Deborah Goodrich Carr, and in 1863 they moved to a farm in the town of Milton. Since the death of his wife, which occurred in 1884, he has lived with a daughter, now Mrs. T. I. Place, or a son, Mr. W. B. Maxson, who are now the sole survivors of his family.

When but a lad Mr. Maxson professed faith in Christ and united, by baptism, with the Second Alfred Church, from which he never removed his membership. He was a man of positive convictions and held to them with steadfast purpose, though not given to many words. He loved peace, and was a promoter of the public good. After a prolonged period of growing infirmity he met death without fear and entered into rest.

L. A. P.

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Seventh-day Baptist man, with or without family, to work in dairy at Riverside, Cal. Also man to work on orange ranch and truck farm. Permanent position and good wages for right parties.

D. E. FURROW,
Riverside, Cal.

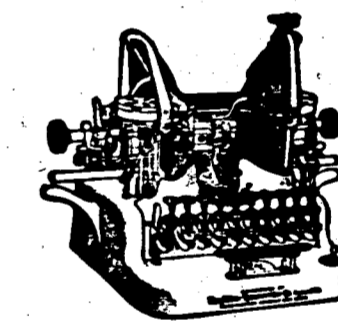
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WANTED.

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