

The Sabbath Recorder

THE SABBATH.

And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work. Gen. ii, 3.

But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. Ex. xx, 10.

If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; . . . then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father. Isa. lviii, 13, 14.

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day. Luke iv, 16.

And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the sabbath day according to the commandment. Luke xxiii, 56.

— CONTENTS —

EDITORIAL—Lessons From Fallen Leaves; God is Never in a Hurry; Funeral of Mrs. Lewis; More Sensitive Than Wise . . . 609-611	Yearly Meeting 617
CONDENSED NEWS—Victory for Reform in New York City; Strange Freak Among Fish; Roosevelt Safe and Sound; A Magnificent Gift 612	WOMAN'S WORK—My Mission (poetry); The Grammar of Motherhood 618
DENOMINATIONAL NEWS—Salem College Affairs 613	Have Ye Received? 620
A Prayer, on the Occasion of a Sermon on Salem College by T. L. Gardiner 613	Good News 621
"Hebrew Life and Thought" 614	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Prayer Meeting, November 27, 1909; Dr. Clark's Rally Address; The Duty of Our Young People to the Cause of Education; Salem College Notes; News Notes 622-629
Old Home Week (poetry) 614	CHILDREN'S PAGE—The Crusts That Told . . . 630
MISSIONS—Letter From Secretary Saunders	Baraca 631
Semi-annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Western Association 615	Augusta Johnson Lewis 632
	MARRIAGES 636
	DEATHS 636
	SABBATH SCHOOL 637

Alfred University

ALFRED, N. Y. Founded 1836

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph. D., D.D., Pres.

ALFRED ACADEMY FRANK L. GREENE, M. A., Pd. D., Prin.

Milton College

Registration for second semester, Jan. 17-21, 1910.

Second semester begins Jan. 31, 1910.

A college of liberal training for young men and women. Degrees in arts, science, and music.

Entrance requirements and required college studies identical with those of the University of Wisconsin. Many elective courses. Special advantages for the study of Anglo-Saxon and early English. Thorough courses in Biology and Geology.

The Academy of Milton College is an excellent preparatory school for the College or for the University.

The School of Music has courses in pianoforte, violin, viola, violincello, vocal music, voice culture, harmony, musical kindergarten, etc.

Classes in Elocution and Physical Culture.

Club boarding, \$1.75 per week; boarding in private families, \$3 to \$4 per week, including room rent and use of furniture.

For further information address the

Rev. W. C. Daland, D. D., President

or Prof. A. E. WHITFORD, M. A., Registrar,
Milton, Rock County, Wis.

Salem College SALEM West Virginia

Salem College offers six courses of study—three leading to diplomas, the college preparatory, normal and music; three leading to college degrees, the arts, science and philosophy.

The aim of the college is

Thoroughness in all work.

Graduates who can "make good."

Soul culture as well as body and mind.

A helpful spirit.

Christian character.

For catalogue and other information, address C. B. CLARK, M. A., Ped. D., President.

American Sabbath Tract Society

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

STEPHEN BABCOCK, *President*, 48 Livingston Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
A. L. TITSWORTH, *Recording Secretary*, Plainfield, N. J.
F. J. HUBBARD, *Treasurer*, Plainfield, N. J.
Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 P. M.

THE SABBATH VISITOR.

Published weekly, under the auspices of the Sabbath School Board, by the American Sabbath Tract Society, at Plainfield, N. J.

TERMS.

Single copies per year60 cents
Ten copies, or upwards, per copy50 cents

Communications should be addressed to *The Sabbath Visitor*, Plainfield, N. J.

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK.

A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons. Conducted by the Sabbath School Board. Price, 25 cents a copy per year; 7 cents a quarter.

Address communications to *The American Sabbath Tract Society*, Plainfield, N. J.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Wm. L. Clarke, *President*, Westerly, R. I.
A. S. Babcock, *Recording Secretary*, Rockville, R. I.
George H. Utter, *Treasurer*, Westerly, R. I.
Rev. E. B. Saunders, *Corresponding Secretary*, Ashaway, R. I.

The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST PULPIT.

Published monthly by the SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This publication will contain a sermon for each Sabbath in the year by ministers living and departed.

It is designed especially for pastorless churches and isolated Sabbath-keepers, but will be of value to all. Price, fifty cents per year.

Subscriptions should be sent to Rev. E. B. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY.

E. M. TOMLINSON, *President*, Alfred, N. Y.
REV. ARTHUR E. MAIN, *Corresponding Secretary*, Alfred, N. Y.

V. A. BAGGS, *Recording Secretary*, Alfred, N. Y.
A. B. KENYON, *Treasurer*, Alfred, N. Y.

The regular meetings of the Board are held in February, May, August and November, at the call of the President.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Next session will be held at Salem, W. Va., Aug. 26-31, 1910.

President—Pres. Chas. B. Clark, Salem, W. Va.
Recording Secretary—Prof. M. H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. T. J. Van Horn, Albion, Wis.

Treasurer—Rev. W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.

Executive Committee—Rev. T. L. Gardiner, Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Brookfield, N. Y.; Prof. A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.; Dr. Geo. E. Crosley, Albion, Wis.; L. D. Lowther, Salem, W. Va.; Rev. L. D. Seager, Middle Island, W. Va.

BOARD OF SYSTEMATIC FINANCE.

Geo. W. Post, Chicago, Ill.; Stephen Babcock, Yonkers, N. Y.; Rev. A. E. Main, Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. L. A. Platts, Milton, Wis.; O. S. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J.; G. W. Davis, Adams Center, N. Y.; A. S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.; C. B. Hull, Milton, Wis.; Rev. E. A. Witter, Adams Center, N. Y.

Pledge cards and envelopes will be furnished free, carriage prepaid, on application to Dr. A. S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh-day Baptist Weekly, Published by The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 67, NO. 20.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., NOVEMBER 15, 1909.

WHOLE NO. 3,376.

THEO. L. GARDINER, D. D., Editor.

N. O. MOORE, Business Manager.

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year\$2.00

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the *SABBATH RECORDER*, Plainfield, N. J.

EDITORIAL

Lessons From Fallen Leaves.

I had just come from a home where lay the lifeless form of one whom I had known for years. The death angel had brought a shadow of sorrow upon the household; and yet there was a halo of light which so modified and softened the shadows, that one could but feel its blessed influences. The dear one who had gone from earth at the angel's call, to join her loved ones in the home where sorrow never enters, had after all only been liberated from the bonds of a helpless body, to go free into the spirit land which knows never a shadow. With tears and smiles strangely mingled, and with a face illumined by the light of faith and resignation, a bereaved one had said, "Oh, it is all right; and she fell asleep so peacefully!" Then a few words were spoken about the glorious meeting just over the river, and of the peace and rest and joy in the place of years of sickness and trouble, and I passed out into the hazy light of a golden October morning.

Nature seemed to be in her most subdued and peaceful autumn mood. There was a mellow sunlight stealing through the branches of stately rows of trees all along the street. The brilliant foliage of this ideal October ripening gave a golden hue to everything; the half-naked trees cast smoky shadows across the way, and the whole world seemed filled with the spirit I had found in that home. Few forms of

life were to be seen upon the broad avenue, as though even man had paused to meditate upon the impressive scene.

A brisk walk brought me to a plot upon which stand four fine large houses, surrounded by beautiful lawns, in a veritable little paradise extending one whole block. I can never pass these homes without stopping to think of other days; and there comes a sense of loss and a deep feeling of sadness, whenever I look upon them. But somehow on this morning there was an unusual sense of loss and sorrow. A few years ago all these homes were occupied by leaders and workers in the Seventh-day Baptist cause; and one block away, yet in plain sight, stands another where lived one whose name was also familiar in all our churches. The founders of these homes have passed from earth. Parts of their families are living elsewhere and are still faithfully doing the Master's work; but I can not pass that beautiful spot to this day without pausing to look and to think. I can recall many pleasant hours spent in those homes; several occasions when help for a needy cause was freely given, and some scenes of sadness when the dark messenger had also invaded them.

This morning, as I stood with spirit subdued from my recent visit to the house of mourning, looking over these lawns evenly covered with newly fallen leaves, while all about like snowflakes the loosened ones were sifting down, nature seemed to speak comforting messages to me. The long streaks of sunlight among buildings and trees so illumined the scene as it stretched away in perspective, as to cause me to forget for the time all the shadows. Indeed, it seemed that even the signs of death and decay made the light more glorious. It spoke to me of the one who is the Light of the World, and who has driven away the darkness from the valley and the shadow of death, and brought life and immortality to light. Every rustling leaf beneath my feet was bright wherever the rays of sunlight

fell. And as others came sifting through the still air, silently joining their fellows already fallen, each one seemed to say to me: "I have faithfully performed my mission. In my brief life I made the tree more beautiful, helped to nourish it and to purify the crystal air about it. The tree is larger, stronger, and a bit of sturdy enduring wood has been added to it, because I have lived."

This was a comforting message, as I once more turned toward the houses where so many loved ones had lived and from which they have passed away. I was happy in the thought that those dear ones, too, had done well their allotted parts in life's great work. They had made the once barren ground where now stand these homes an earthly paradise; and the substantial houses they built are now blessing other people and making them comfortable and happy. The church they helped to build is doing better work than it ever could have done if they had not lived; and the world is purer and better, and there are better people in it, because they were true to their mission and loyal to God. The light of their lives is shining still amid the earth-shadows, bringing a subdued peace to all who behold it, and their summer was not lived in vain. Tonight, as I sit in my room absorbed in these thoughts while the evening shades gather, I am comforted by the lesson the fallen leaves brought to me. My heart goes out toward those in all our churches who are sometimes pained over the desolations which death has wrought, and I am moved to send it on to them. O that each one may so live that when life's autumn comes the world may be pleasanter and better and more helpful because he has lived and fulfilled well his mission.

God is Never in a Hurry.

Just now I took up a magazine containing a short comment upon the decision to remove some monuments which years ago were set up in a cemetery in Wisconsin. A certain agnostic who despised the church and the Christian's God had inscriptions containing 20,000 words made upon metal plates as indestructible as possible; and these were erected upon substantial monuments, in derision of the Christian faith, to

perpetuate the sentiments of their author after his own lips were still in death.

For thirty years these silent foes of God have been preaching infidelity. Their author expected they would do so for thousands of years to come. It is said that they were so blasphemous that the men in the foundry where they were to be cast were afraid to touch them, and went on a strike rather than put such wicked words into solid metal for men to read.

Sometimes the very spirit in which wicked thoughts are expressed defeats their purposes. Sometimes the zeal and venom of a bad man will lead him to say such shocking things that men are driven away from his views instead of being drawn toward them. To be sure, there are some who will be ruined by such expressions, and we sometimes wonder why they are permitted. Yet we have noticed that in God's own time the reaction is sure to come, and often the very opposition to truth has, in the end, tended to enthrone it more strongly in human hearts. God is never in a hurry. He can afford to wait, since endless ages are his in which to bring the victory.

Now after three decades in which those agnostic inscriptions have been allowed to stand, the sentiments thereof have come to seem too shocking even to the surviving relatives of the man who made them, and they have signed a contract allowing them to be destroyed. So they are to be taken away from the city of the dead, broken to pieces, and the fragments either buried or cast into the lake.

Thus it goes with the age-long efforts to overthrow Christianity and to overcome the Christian's God. Silently the Bible has won its way into the hearts of men, while hundreds and thousands have loudly clamored against it. Still it holds its own—nay, more, it triumphs most gloriously in winning the human heart. What great Bible truth have infidels succeeded in destroying? Do not more men by far believe in the Holy Book today than ever before? Sometimes truth has seemed almost buried from sight; but God has never seemed in a hurry, and in his own time it has triumphed.

How encouraging this thought should be to those who stand for the truth of God's

holy Sabbath. Error may long appear to be in the ascendancy, and friends of truth may sometimes lose heart. Those who represent error may be entirely conscientious in it, and so far as man can see there may appear to be little chance for truth. But God's time is long; he worked through ages to bring in the truth of redemption, which must have seemed lost at times during the many generations. A thousand years are but a day in God's great work. He will see his own blessed Sabbath triumph yet. His people should stand true and firm in God's waiting minority, never doubting the final victory.

Funeral of Mrs. Lewis.

On Wednesday, November third, all that was mortal of our sister, Augusta Johnson Lewis, widow of Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis, was laid to rest beside the body of her husband, in beautiful Hillside Cemetery, near Plainfield, New Jersey. Brief mention of her death appeared in last week's RECORDER. The funeral was held at her late home, where a large company of friends and relatives assembled to pay loving tribute to the dear one who had been taken to the home above.

The services were in charge of Pastor Edwin Shaw. After an opening song, "Asleep in Jesus," by a quartet led by David E. Titsworth, Mr. Shaw read appropriate scripture passages and Prof. Edwin H. Lewis read the address published on another page of this paper. He did this in compliance with a request made by his father some years ago. Every heart was deeply stirred by this tribute of a loving son to his mother. I am sure it will touch the heart of every RECORDER reader. This address was followed by prayer by Theo. L. Gardiner, after which came a song by the quartet, entitled "Blessed Peace." This ended the simple service. The beautiful floral offerings bore silent testimony to the love of many friends. All her children were present, and the casket was borne to the tomb by her own loved ones, including two grandchildren.

Mrs. Lewis was laid to rest on the anniversary of her husband's death, which occurred one year ago. It was my privilege years ago to come into close touch with her

home life, and to know something of her practical, sensible ways in the sphere where God had placed her. Helpful and inspiring memories of that home have followed me through the years. Truly a good woman has gone to her reward.

More Sensitive Than Wise.

There seems to be quite a division of sentiment among the Southern people over the much talked of million-dollar gift by which Mr. Rockefeller proposes to relieve the sufferers from the hookworm disease. Some accept it with joy and seem to feel that a very unexpected Standard Oil dividend has at last come their way. Others appear much offended and read into this generous and humane benefaction an intended snub to the South. They regard it as misrepresenting their country from any point of view one can take, and so "making it appear like a land of beggars."

It seems to me that some of the Southern people are much more sensitive than wise in this case. Many of them seem to assume that Mr. Rockefeller has offered a million dollars to the South as a country. They also seem very quick to unnecessarily read into the motives of the donor a criticism of the Southern people. Men must be hypersensitive indeed and somewhat egotistical, to be so quick to claim that this gift is offered to the South. I do not understand the donor to offer his money to that great people called the South. He offers it to those only who are suffering from a certain serious and well-known disease. Because many who suffer with hookworm chance to live in the South is no reason why people of that country should take it in high dudgeon and feel insulted when some one tries to relieve the sufferers. Just as if Rockefeller had the aristocratic people of the South in mind at all when he made that offer! Why does not the North get red in the face over Mrs. Russell Sage's offer to give a million to stay the ravages of tuberculosis? Most of those afflicted with the white plague live in the North. Why do not some of our bishops and editors make everything blue with their epithets and denunciations against those who offer to spend millions in relieving sufferers from this disease? Indeed, after the hookworm ravages

have been allowed to go on unmolested year after year in the South, until, at last, out of sympathy for the suffering, some man offers to spend a million dollars to bring relief, it seems to me these growlers had better keep still, unless they really mean to do something themselves for the sufferers.

It is to be hoped that the snarls and bitter denunciations of a few proud, unfeeling men, even though they do belong to the "cloth" or sit in editorial chairs, will not be allowed to hinder this beneficent work. If the poor whites in the South, or poor whites in the North, enfeebled by the ravages of any pest, can be relieved and brought to a condition of health and strength by the gifts of any man who is able to give, then that man should be honored rather than denounced. What shall we say of church leaders who have known of such suffering for years, without any effort to relieve it, when they stand off and denounce those who do try to give help! It is putting it mild to say they are more sensitive than wise.

CONDENSED NEWS

Victory for Reform in New York City.

All lovers of good government will rejoice with New York City over her successful fight to elect heads of departments in the place of Tammany's corrupt officials. The battle was fierce for weeks before election day; and when the votes were counted, it was found that the reform ticket had won out in most of the important offices excepting that of mayor. Many times the reform element in New York has tried, by means of fusion tickets, to down the tiger, only to be defeated. This time the effort proved more successful. Thirteen of the sixteen votes in the Board of Aldermen will be anti-Tammany votes. The mayor on the Tammany ticket is a much better man than is wont to appear on that side. He was evidently placed there as a bait by which people might be induced to elect the entire ticket of which he was the head. The presidents of the various boards were the really important officers to elect; and Tammany was willing to offer an independent man for mayor if by so doing the presidents of the boards could all be elected to suit them. In this

important item they utterly failed. The election, upon the whole, is considered a great victory for good government and is regarded as a disastrous defeat for Tammany.

Strange Freak Among Fish.

A few days ago tremendous schools of weakfish ran high and dry upon the beach at Rockaway not far from New York; and for miles along the shore they lay thickly scattered upon the sand. Their weight ranged from one to three pounds each, and people worked until long after dark gathering them in. According to New York papers it was supposed that fifty or sixty tons of fish might have been cast upon the shore as the swells rolled in, the receding waves leaving them to flop about in the sand.

Roosevelt Safe and Sound.

The country was stirred last week by reports that ex-President Roosevelt had been killed in Africa. No one could tell where the rumors started, but once they were started they spread like wild-fire. All fears were soon put to rest by telegrams bearing the information that Mr. Roosevelt had met with no mishap and that he was safe and sound. It is a shame for any one to start such rumors.

A Magnificent Gift.

John S. Kennedy, who, after a short illness, died of whooping-cough, October 31, left a fortune of \$60,000,000, one-half of which was given to educational, charitable and religious institutions. Columbia University receives \$2,250,000 with a prospect of its being doubled out of the residue of the estate, to be divided after all other specific bequests are paid. We notice some twenty-five colleges, universities and other schools among the beneficiaries. Among these stand Robert College, near Constantinople, Turkey, the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, Syria, the Tuskegee Normal Institute of Alabama, many missions—home and foreign, Young Men's Christian Associations, hospitals, boards of relief, Bible societies, and homes for the aged. We counted fifty-seven institutions in the list published, that are to receive from \$5,000 to \$2,250,000 each. Really it is one of the most generous and far-reaching lists of bequests I ever remember seeing. Mr. Kennedy must have been a broad-spirited man.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Salem College Affairs.

At the request of friends in Salem, the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER devotes three Sabbaths to preaching in the interest of Salem College. On October 30, he occupied the pulpit in the Plainfield church. After the sermon, Mr. Lucian Lowther of Salem, W. Va., spoke briefly upon the work there and the progress of the new college building. Mr. Lowther accompanies the editor, and follows up the public appeal by a canvass of the societies. The hearty welcome given Mr. Lowther in Plainfield and the liberal response to his request for help for struggling Salem show that the people have the cause of that worthy school upon their hearts. The West Virginia people have themselves pledged about \$14,000 before making any attempt to lay the burden upon the hearts of others. At least \$14,000 more will be required to put the splendid new stone and brick college in working order, with heating apparatus and proper furniture.

We are glad indeed to see the people interested in this work. It is the acme of more than one hundred years of mission work in West Virginia, the result thus far of labors and gifts of the fathers, and it would be folly to let such a work suffer now. The West Virginians are in dead earnest and are doing great things for the future generations, as well as for the generation now living. They are hoping to secure funds sufficient to dedicate the new building, free from debt, before the General Conference convenes in it next August. It is nearly ready for the roof at this time. Every one in our denomination ought to have some interest in this work, and there should be no difficulty in securing the funds.

We all rejoiced when Milton dedicated her new building, unincumbered by debt; we have rejoiced over and over again upon the completion of each new building in the Alfred group; and now we should be willing to do all we can to help Salem secure her first building worthy the name of college. The old structure has been utterly inadequate for years. It has been packed and overflowed until the workers there have

long been handicapped. Thirteen years ago we had to rent rooms outside for some of the classes; and the time has come when the college will either have to close up or have a new building.

Pastor Shaw of Plainfield gave us a cordial welcome to his pulpit, and Pastor Coon of Shiloh will greet us there before this paper reaches its readers. Following this is Pastor Shaw's prayer, offered just before the sermon.

A Prayer, on the Occasion of a Sermon on Salem College by T. L. Gardiner.

EDWIN SHAW.

Our Father in heaven, we thank thee today that Jesus Christ is our Master, the Great Teacher, the Rabbi of all the world. And we thank thee that it is our blessed privilege to be his pupils, to be his scholars, to be his disciples. May we learn the lessons set for us, and may we learn them gladly. In the great school of life may we not play the truant and sneak away from duty to sport in the fields of wicked pleasure. Forbid that we should while away the precious hours in idleness or spend the time in mischief and inattention to the tasks set before us by our Teacher. Give us, we pray, the docile spirit, the attitude of teachableness. As we approach the tasks and problems of life, may it be with the open mind and heart and with sweet reasonableness. May we be searchers after truth, the truth that shall make us free.

And grant, O Lord, we pray, that in the school where Jesus is our Teacher, we may not be impatient and seek to hurry on before our lessons are well learned.

The text-book in thy school, O Lord, is the open Bible, the sacred Word of God. The laboratory where we work is the great wide world of conduct and of action, where character is made. Without thy Word to guide us we should experiment long and often uselessly. We thank thee for thy Word, this perfect manual of directions. And we thank thee for all the tools and machinery and apparatus that are ours to use in thy laboratory. Help us to keep them clean and bright and unbroken, but ever to remember that they are mere tools, not for show, but to use in the Master's service.

Thy school, O Lord, is elective in its

courses, very largely so. We choose the tasks ourselves, we make our own selections, and oftentimes not those best adapted to our time and place and talents; yet thou dost not grow impatient and harsh, but dost help us even in these mistakes. May we counsel more with Jesus Christ our Teacher, and leave to him the choice, let him give us direction, for he knows best and he will give us lessons suited to our talents.

Bless, we pray, the scholars who are slow and dull to learn; bless the weary, tired ones; help those who are back in their lessons; and may their fellow students not be unkind or impatient; bless the new scholars and those among strangers, and help us all to be true and faithful to our duties until thou dost graduate us from the school of this life, prepared to enter the university of heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Amen.

"Hebrew Life and Thought."

REV. WM. L. BURDICK.

The above is the title of one of the most interesting and helpful books of recent years pertaining to Old Testament literature, and is by Louise Seymour Houghton. The author's open-mindedness, lifelong study of her subject, long experience as lecturer and journalist, and reverent spirit have well fitted her to give the best and latest results of biblical scholarship in a way that can be appreciated by the uncritical as well as the critical student. The title, being so general, does not indicate the contents of the book. It is not an introduction to the Old Testament, yet it will be a valuable supplement to such works as Canon Driver's introduction; neither does it profess to be a literary study of the Bible, yet it is superior to some of the works sent forth with titles indicating that such is their aim. The material of the book is grouped into eleven chapters, the first of which is "The Day-Book of the Most High," and three or four other chapters have titles so new to biblical literature as not to indicate to the casual reader their contents. In these chapters much help can be found on such topics as the origin of the earliest material of the Pentateuch, and on the wisdom literature, the poetry, the heroes, the golden age, and the love

stories of the Old Testament Scriptures. Many puzzling questions are treated in an enlightened manner. The material of the book was originally given as lectures, and is a fine illustration of what the preacher too may do from the pulpit to put the Bible enticingly before his people and make it of far greater worth to them. As no two students can agree on all the questions covered in the book, so the reader will not be able to accept every one of its conclusions; but the author knows her subject and treats it with a reverent, constructive touch and not with an irreverent and destructive one. The book is in the Alfred Theological Seminary Circulating Library and can be secured for reading, upon application.

*Ashaway, R. I.,
Oct. 25, 1909.*

Old Home Week.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

They who are silent call me back
To wood and field and stream,
Where wandering once with light some feet
I dreamed youth's happiest dream.

They held me close with tender arms,
My lifted eyes could see
From out a bright, enchanted cloud
White fingers beckon me.

They spake with voices low and sweet,
But, far away, I heard
More dear than any mortal voice
The wild song of a bird.

I come again, the elm I knew
Folds me with shadow arms,
The brooklet straying through the mead
Laughs with its olden charms.

But they have gone, not one returns
To greet a lonely guest;
And only priceless memories
Reward my eager quest.

The little winds walk up and down
Where once they walked with me,
And in their door and by their hearth
The stranger's face I see.

They who are voiceless call me up
Beyond time's shifting sands
Unto a home most glorious,
Not builded up with hands.

Rochester, N. Y.

"If likeness to Christ is your desire,
then you are on the way to it."

Missions

Letter From Secretary Saunders.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—You may have read the late quarterly report made to the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society. I wish to further call your attention to one or more items mentioned in this report.

One of them is the work now being done on the Hebron (Pa.) field by Bro. W. L. Davis. He has been covering this large field on foot. Our churches are nearly three miles apart. He preaches in one of them Sabbath morning and in the afternoon at the other. He also has Sunday appointments which, with his work from house to house, call for some thirty miles of travel each week. The people are building a parsonage. This, added to the regular support of the pastor, is all they should do. The Missionary Board has made an appropriation for this work, but has no money with which to buy a horse and wagon.

It is unnecessary to tell you that a student who has supported a family and paid his own way in school for a number of years can not purchase a horse without going in debt. This he should not be allowed to do. His load will be all he can carry, without paying interest and preaching to people who hold obligations against him. He is a cash man or he never could have obtained an education. Now we must not force him to abandon his good business methods. I hope he will excuse me, but I presume there are other men placed in the same embarrassing condition. We, the people, can relieve the situation and will be glad to assist. One kind lady of Alfred has sent ten dollars for this object. His address is Coudersport, Pa., R. F. D.

When young men have the courage to enter these fields which call for hardy and "good soldiers of Jesus Christ," let us not only follow them with our prayers, but provide for and equip them that they may obtain the very best results.

I know of at least one more man who is doing his work on foot. The field is scat-

tered and a hard one. I do not yet know the needs, but hope soon to visit it and be able to report in regard to them. I do not mean to encourage giving to promiscuous objects which we know nothing of, neither do I wish to interfere with the regular support of our several benevolent objects. We do prefer to put our earnings where they count in the saving of lost men and building up the cause of God. We are guilty if we do less than this.

I have just returned to the work at Battle Creek, from which I have been absent for two Sabbaths. The first week our pulpit was most acceptably supplied by a Brother Robinson, once a missionary for the Adventists in South America and later in Spain. He is now commanding a good position in the commercial world, though he loves to preach the Gospel and refuses to accept pay from us. There are other such men here who should be preaching, and they are aware of it. I pray that God will speedily open the way for them.

The second Sabbath our people very much enjoying listening to Mrs. Townsend, who was once employed by us as missionary pastor. She is here for a time with her son. Our place of worship was again filled on Sabbath afternoon. At the Sanitarium Sabbath school our young men were in attendance, among them some new faces. The large class of young women have been driven in from the tent (where they have been meeting) by the cold weather.

A word to the good fathers and mothers: When you write your children at Battle Creek will you please ask them "if they attend Sabbath school?"

Battle Creek, Mich., Nov. 2, 1909.

Semi-annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Western Association.

Held at Little Genesee, October 22-24, 1909.

General Theme, "The Christian."

The meeting was opened Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock by Rev. S. H. Babcock, who, after scripture reading, led in a devotional song and prayer service. Pres. J. L. Skaggs then gave an appropriate opening address showing how the theme appeared to be a fitting one, considering the topics of

the two previous semi-annual meetings. Rev. Geo. P. Kenyon followed with a stirring address making plain the fact that the term Christian implies the loyal and faithful following of Christ in every-day life.

The Friday evening meeting was opened by a song service, led by W. L. Davis. This was followed by Dr. A. E. Main's sermon from the topic, "The Christian—A New Creation." After the sermon a short conference meeting was held, closing the evening.

Sabbath morning the service was opened at 10.30 by a song, followed by responsive reading of the nineteenth Psalm. This was followed by the sermon by Rev. A. G. Crofoot, who exchanged places upon the program with Rev. L. C. Randolph. Elder Crofoot preached from the topic, "The Christian Facing Temptation and Enduring Hardships," basing his sermon upon the twelfth verse of the first chapter of James.

After a brief intermission, the Sabbath-school hour was held. The different classes assembled in their usual meeting places for the study of the lesson. At the close of the study, a few salient points from the lesson were brought out and emphasized by Wm. Gates Pope. Rev. S. H. Babcock then sang a very impressive song, most appropriate for the Sabbath-school topic.

The first half-hour of Sabbath afternoon was given up to the children, who took their places upon the platform and sang several songs under the leadership of H. L. Cottrell. Doctor Hulett then gave them a most instructive and interesting talk, using the blackboard and chart. Rev. W. L. Davis also gave a fine talk to the children, followed by some more songs, led by Mrs. Prindle. The children's hour was followed by the young people's hour. This was opened by a song from the glee club. Mr. Lyle Canfield then gave a report of the Christian Endeavor Rally at Conference, after which the audience was favored by a solo from Mrs. Schoonmaker. This was followed by a most worthy paper from Mr. R. R. Thorngate, entitled, "What the Christian Endeavor Should Do and Be." This paper clearly showed that our Christian Endeavor societies must have some real, active, vital work to do if they are to grow or even exist. Prayer and testimony is

not sufficient in itself, but must be followed by work. Mr. Thorngate suggested that our societies take up outpost work in their vicinities, holding meetings in schoolhouses and private homes. This paper was followed by a duet by Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Whitford. A discussion of Mr. Thorngate's paper was then opened by H. L. Cottrell, Mr. Severance and Rev. O. D. Sherman taking part. The young people's hour was closed by another song from the glee club.

Sabbath evening service was opened by a devotional service led by R. R. Thorngate. After a song by the choir, two papers were presented: the first by W. L. Davis from the topic, "The Christian in the Home." This was a most excellent paper showing clearly that true Christian living and service to be of any value must begin in the home. The second paper was a very instructive talk by W. L. Greene from the topic, "The Christian in Social Life." Rev. O. D. Sherman then led in a discussion of these two papers, which brought out and emphasized some of the most important points. Before closing, Vice-President W. L. Davis appointed the Nominating Committee as follows: Mr. R. R. Thorngate, Rev. S. H. Babcock, and Mr. F. E. Ball.

At the business meeting on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, the report of the Nominating Committee was adopted and the following are the officers for the coming year: president, Rev. W. L. Greene; vice-president, Dr. H. L. Hulett; treasurer and secretary, Mr. Jerome F. Davis.

It was voted to leave the choosing of the place for the next semi-annual meeting to the above Executive Committee. The treasurer reported an indebtedness of \$1.40 against the meeting.

At 10.30, Sunday morning, the regular meeting was opened by a song service, led by Mr. J. D. Burdick. H. L. Cottrell read the scripture lesson from Luke i, 1-4 and Acts i, 1-8. Rev. O. D. Sherman offered prayer. Then followed a stirring sermon from Rev. L. C. Randolph upon the topic, "The Christian Finding His Place," in which he took for the basis of his talk the life of the apostle Luke. At the close of the sermon a collection for the meeting was

taken, amounting to \$11.25. It was voted that the secretary be instructed to draw an order in favor of the treasurer for the sum of \$1.40, to cover the indebtedness of the organization.

The Sunday afternoon session was opened by a song service, conducted by Rev. W. L. Greene. After the reading of Rom. xv, 1-13 by H. L. Cottrell, and prayer by Rev. W. C. Whitford, Bro. R. J. Severance delivered a sermon on the subject, "Rejoicing in Hope," taking as his text Rom. xv, 13. The sermon was followed by a song by the mixed quartet. Prof. W. C. Whitford then conducted a Bible reading on the topic, "Qualities of the Christian's Mind and Heart." A song from the glee club closed the afternoon service.

The Sunday evening meeting was opened by a song service by Mr. Jerome F. Davis. This was followed by a sermon from Rev. O. D. Sherman upon the topic, "Christ the Christian's Pattern."

After a song by the double quartet, Rev. S. H. Babcock opened the closing conference meeting. At the close of this meeting, two motions were unanimously carried. In the first, the visiting delegates and friends heartily thanked the members of the Little Genesee Church for their most liberal hospitality and the second motion quickly followed, in which the parishioners of the Little Genesee Church extended a vote of thanks to the visiting delegates and friends for their presence at the meetings.

Thus ended what we trust and believe was a semi-annual meeting of spiritual power, whose influence for good will be felt not only by the entertaining church, but by all the churches that had members and delegates present at the meetings.

Respectfully submitted,

W. G. POPE,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Yearly Meeting.

The yearly meeting of the New Jersey and New York City Seventh-day Baptist churches will convene with the New Market (N. J.) Church, November 19-21. The first session will be on Sixth-day night.

SABBATH EVE.

7.30 Praise service—Lewis T. Titworth.
8.00 Sermon and conference meeting—Rev. E.

D. Van Horn, pastor of New York Church.

SABBATH MORNING.

10.30 Public worship, with sermon by Rev. D. B. Coon, pastor of Shiloh Church.

SABBATH AFTERNOON.

2.30 Sabbath school, in charge of J. G. Burdick, superintendent of New Market school.
4.00 Y. P. S. C. E. devotional hour, service arranged for by Ethan Rogers, chairman of local prayer service.

SABBATH NIGHT.

7.30 Praise service—Choir of New Market Church.
8.00 Address, "Why Young People Go Astray," Mrs. Minnie G. Churchward, pastor of Marlboro Church.

FIRST-DAY MORNING.

10.00 Business.
10.30 "Aggressive Tract Work"—Rev. T. L. Gardiner, D. D., editor of the SABBATH RECORDER.
11.00 Sermon—Rev. Edwin Shaw, pastor of Plainfield Church.

FIRST-DAY AFTERNOON.

"The Whiten'd Fields."
2.30 Our Resources and Our Lack for a Successful Harvest—Rev. D. B. Coon.
The Great Northwest—Rev. Edwin Shaw.
A Message from the Southwest and Battle Creek—Rev. E. B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Board.

FIRST-DAY NIGHT.

7.30 Praise service—Rev. E. D. Van Horn.
8.00 Sermon and conference meeting—Rev. T. L. Gardiner.

We expect a good delegation from our sister churches. The brethren of the New Market Church will do everything in their power to make our visitors welcome. Come prepared for a spiritual blessing. It is ours for the asking.

HENRY N. JORDAN, Moderator.

CHARLES E. ROGERS, Clerk.

To Sum Up My Faith in Christ.

It is reasonable. It is practical. It is desirable. Its results are its own appeal. It is unreasonable to demand exact knowledge of every detail in terms of the science of today. The best school for understanding more of it is that of experience. In history, in the lives of others, and in our own, we can see that it has always justified its claims. Its nobility, its true manliness, are absolutely undeniable. When the Master says "Come," what reason can I advance for refusal?—Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell.

Woman's Work

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

Do it now.

My Mission.

I was longing for a mission—
Something men would count as grand;
Something that would win the praises
Of the lofty in the land.
So I squandered time in waiting
For the chance that never came—
Quite forgot to think of others
In my yearning after fame.
But one day I had a vision
Of the needy close at hand—
Of the poor whose hearts are hungry
As they journey through the land,
Starving for a word of comfort,
Yearning, but alas! in vain,
For the love of those about them,
And the smile that lightens pain.
Just a little deed of kindness,
Just a word of hope and cheer,
Just a smile! They cost so little,
But they make it heaven here!

Thus it was I found my mission—
Knew what work God meant for me,
And I cried, "Forgive my blindness;
Now, at last, thank God, I see!"
And my heart that had been selfish
In its longing to be great,
Saw broad fields of labor waiting,
For me just outside the gate.
I have sought to scatter sunshine
In a dark and cheerless place;
Loving words have given courage—
Brightened many a weary face.
In the joy of helping others
God's good time I waste no more
Since my life has found its mission—
Found it at the very door.
Oh, the little deeds of kindness,
And the words of hope and cheer,
And the smile that costs so little—
But they make it heaven here.

—Eben Rexford.

The Grammar of Motherhood.

Are any of us such old-fashioned people that we remember to have studied in our school days—not analysis, or language, or the English sentence, but simply grammar?

If so, we remember, too, the eight "parts

of speech," and I think you will readily recall them:—noun, pronoun, adjective, verb, adverb, conjunction, preposition and interjection.

I was thinking the other day of the old-fashioned grammar, and also of my mother and many other mothers, and "as I mused, the fire burned."

Not a bright fire, surely; but somehow it warmed my heart, so I will tell you all about it.

First, there are the nouns, common and proper. There are so many common nouns in motherhood—more, I suppose, than any other kind. Just the every-day sort of mothers, who care for their children, clothe and feed them, keep them tidy, and nurse them if they are ill. They fret a little, perhaps, if they are noisy or make finger-marks on clean windows.

They send them to school in time, and are pleased if they bring home a good report; and if not, are troubled. They frequently tell Dick and Mary that they never saw such naughty children, and don't know what to do with them, solving the problem sometimes with a slap, or a shake.

You remember Lincoln said, "I think God must love the common people, for he has made so many of them." And I believe he also loves the "common nouns" of motherhood, not alone because he has made so many of them, but also because they do their work so well.

For these are the mothers whose love for their little ones—perhaps unconsciously to themselves—is the deepest, strongest part of their nature.

Often too busy and too weary even to caress her child, health and strength and even life itself are freely given in its service, when the need comes. To such common mothers the hearts of their children always turn. And when the last hour comes, and the heaven which she has taught them to strive for opens to receive them, it is often that her dear name is upon their lips as they enter.

Proper nouns—we have all known them. Their children are painfully well brought up. They are always "spick and span;" the little boys never kick the toe out of their shoes; and the little girls never crease their ribbons. But, alas! The little ones never

think of crying out their childish griefs on the mother bosom, nor cuddling in her arms for the good-night kiss, nor patting her smiling face with little soiled fingers.

When they are older, they are apt to speed away like the arrow from the bow, and the dormant love of these proper-noun mothers arouses by and by to the fact that the noiseless, spotless home is cheerless, too.

"Pronouns stand for nouns." The pronouns of motherhood are, I think, those who are not mothers themselves, but perform the duties of motherhood. Such a one was Frances Willard. And there are, oh, so many others of lesser fame, but who perhaps have hearts just as warm and loving. No matter where or when a child needs mothering, these same pronouns take up the mother duties gladly and willingly and earnestly.

How much the world owes them, though they do not always receive the honor due. There are various kinds of pronouns—personal, relative, and interrogative. If interested, we may make our own applications.

Adjectives are joined to nouns, to qualify or describe them. These are very ornamental sometimes—yet sometimes are very wearisome.

They seem to be those mothers who cheapen the glory of their motherhood by their selfishness; wilfully neglect its more arduous duties, when it suits their pleasure. They make much of their devotion, posing, if I may use the term, for models of motherly faith and love. But at heart their children are objects of but little care, while love of self reigns supreme. There are a great many adjectives and sometimes I fear the number is increasing.

Do you remember the old definition of a verb? "A word signifying to do, to be, or to suffer?"

And the verb is the principal word in a sentence. Oh, the verbs of motherhood! The words which signify "to be"—the thought, "I am a mother," is to them full of exaltation and glory. To them the realization of the infinite possibilities of motherhood comes with stupendous force and reverent awe.

And so such mothers go to God for coun-

sel and, I think, in logical sequence become the verbs which signify to do. These are the mothers who seek for their children the best, not especially of material good, but the good that shall increase forever; and, having sought it, they steadily and unceasingly labor that it may be wrought into the very texture of their lives.

Then there are the verbs signifying to suffer. Pure of heart and holy of life, they seem not so much to be of the world's workers, as by their calm influence to mold the hearts and lives of their little ones to all good and noble purposes and deeds.

I say it reverently, such a one, it seems to me, was Mary, the mother of our Lord.

Adverbs "qualify and limit verbs." There are several classes of adverbs, you know—"time, manner, place and degree." The adverbs of motherhood are those who, apparently, have no duties in life except to tell the verb—mothers—just how, and why, and where, and when, they should manage their children. Yet such people have their uses; but I think we shall do well not to employ too many of them.

Conjunctions "connect words and sentences." Perhaps these are they who, knowing that each mother has or should have something of good to impart to others, call them together for an interchange of thought. I think our meeting today might be termed a group of conjunctions. Some conjunctions separate, instead of connect. But we are not in that class. No, perish the thought!

Prepositions also "connect words, and show the relation between them," but never connect equal elements. So many a mother brings the young and thoughtless into relation with that which her own experience has taught her is worthy and of good report.

There is, fortunately, a large number of prepositions, though they are not always appreciated as they should be.

There remain the interjections—"words thrown in." These are the "Ahs" and "Ohs" of motherhood. They seem to have no real value of their own, but make things decidedly emphatic, at times, for others.

You sometimes find them furious with other people's children on account of something for which their own deserve all the

blame. Or perhaps they send a note to the teacher, informing her that "Mrs. Smith's Johnnie is a very bad boy" and oh! he should have received the punishment which fell to her own boy. There are not many interjections, though sometimes we are inclined to think there are.

The Grammar of Motherhood! Ah, the vista that opens before us at the thoughts these words inspire!

We see the young mother watching every look and act of her new treasure, and secretly assuring herself that no such wonderful child was ever born before; trembling, lest in her inexperience she make some fatal mistake, either to the physical or moral well-being of her child. Then as the little one grows to boyhood or girlhood the love, and I think the anxiety, grows too. And self-distrust is an ever-present factor in all the mother's labor.

The years roll on, and the atom of humanity which we once held in our arms becomes the son or daughter whose strong and loving clasp leads us tenderly across the land whose shadows fall toward the sun-rising. Then it is, I believe, that we fully realize the joy of motherhood.

In the years that are past there was as much of anxious fears as of happiness. But now as our feet grow leaden, and we are content to fold our hands and watch the work of those for whom we so long labored, we forget the pain and remember the pleasure.

Mothers will make mistakes many and grievous, and sometimes we fail in this world to gather fruit from the trees of our planting. But this I know: If we earnestly seek the Father's guidance, doing our best according to the light he gives us, to us as surely as to the disciples who watched as he ascended into heaven is the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—*Mrs. Cramer, in Woman's Missionary Record.*

"We are not surprised that cents bearing the face of honest Abe Lincoln refuse to go into slot machines that often give nothing in return."

I am more afraid of deserving criticism than of receiving it.—*Gladstone.*

Have Ye Received?

ELIZABETH L. CRANDALL.

"Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus: and finding certain disciples, he said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

Notice that in the above quotation Paul was not addressing a company of unbelievers, but was speaking to a band of disciples who, as they themselves said, had been baptized unto John's baptism, which Paul defines as the baptism of repentance.

Clearly this little band was composed of Christian converts who were walking in the light; and that they were ready to accept new light is demonstrated by the fact that, although up to that time they had not so much as heard about the Holy Ghost, not long after by the laying on of Paul's hands the Holy Ghost came on them.

Now the question comes to us: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Is it possible that in this enlightened age any should exclaim as did the disciples of old, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost?" Doubtless very few of professed Christians could utter that statement as a literal fact, and yet to many the knowledge of the Holy Ghost as a personal comforter and sanctifier is as remote as was the literal knowledge of him to those early disciples.

Care must be taken not to confound the baptism of the Holy Spirit with the experience of conversion. It is a distinct work of grace, subsequent to conversion, and comes only to those who are living clearly justified lives.

Jesus, in that last grand prayer for his disciples, exclaimed, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through thy truth." Shortly before this, in conversation with the disciples he had said, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom *the world can not receive*, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." How marvelously did he fulfil his promise to them when on the day of Pentecost they

were filled with the Holy Ghost and with power from on high!

Neither must we imbibe the idea that the "higher life" was designed only for believers in Bible times or for a favored few in our own day. Jesus, before the conclusion of that sublime prayer, included all believers in the petition, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." And after that magnificent sermon on the day of Pentecost, in answer to the question prompted by conviction in the hearts of his hearers, Peter said, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Now, since God has made such a universal offer of so great a gift to his people; why is it that so few, comparatively, are enjoying full salvation? No doubt in many cases the reason is similar to that of the Ephesian Christians, but what of those who are not in ignorance concerning the truth and still are without the blessing? Such a condition indicates either an insincerity of desire to attain a high spiritual altitude, or an unwillingness to submit to the will of God in complete consecration and faith.

Would that each one who loves the Lord would search his heart by the light of God's Word and earnestly ask himself the question, "Have I received the Holy Ghost since I believed?" And God will surely reward every honest seeker for heart purity with his own presence and peace and power.

Berlin, Wis.

Good News.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

On the Jewish Day of Atonement, September 25, 1909, at a mission in Brooklyn, seventy-two Jews stood up for Christ.

Philippe Spievacque, the superintendent of the mission, put these Jews to the test by personally leading them, as witnesses, over into the New York Ghetto, where thousands of Hebrews walk about the streets.

Mr. Spievacque is editing the *Jewish*

Evangelist, a little paper which appears monthly, excepting during the warm season. The subscription price is only twenty-five cents. Any one wishing to follow up the work that the Lord is doing through this energetic Christian Israelite would do well to subscribe for this paper, sending twenty-five one-cent stamps to the editor, Philippe Spievacque, whose address is No. 176 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Faithfully yours,

E. S. MAXSON.

Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1909.

Perils of the Air.

As you watch them at work on the girders, clinging to massive steel corners, perched on the tops of columns, or leaning out over the street far below, it is not the recklessness, but the cool, steady nerve that you notice most. Under all the apparent unconcern you can feel the endless strain. It shows in the looks of their eyes, in the lines of their faces, in the quick, sudden motions, in the slow, cat-like movements. Endlessly facing death, they are quiet and cool by long training. Up on the "Metropolitan Life," some twenty-five tiers above the street, an enormous circle of stone was being built in as a frame for the clock. A dozen men were at work on the scaffold that hung outside, and projecting from overhead was the boom of the derrick that hoisted the massive stone blocks. Suddenly the cable caught, and the full power from the engine below was brought to bear on the derrick. All this in an instant, but in that instant somebody saw what was going to happen. With a quick, warning cry he made a leap from the planks to the solid steel beams of the building. There was a rending and tearing above, and, just as the last man leaped into safety, the derrick crashed down, bearing with it the scaffold and part of the stone. One empty, breathless moment, then a roar from far below, and a cloud of gray dust came slowly drifting upward to the group of tiny men still clinging to the girders. For a moment longer nobody moved. Then some one broke the spell with a husky laugh, another gave an explosive halloo—and the gang set about repairing the damage.—*Everybody's.*

Young People's Work

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

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond his love and care.

—Whittier.

Prayer Meeting, November 27, 1909.

PASTOR M. B. KELLY.

Home Missions: "The battle of the slums" (Luke xiv, 15-23).

Daily Readings.

Nov. 21—The Gospel to be preached in all places, to all classes (Mark xvi, 14-20).

Nov. 22—Ability to save to the uttermost (Heb. vii, 19-25).

Nov. 23—A Saviour for the needy (Isa. lxi, 1-2).

Nov. 24—A needy mother helped (Matt. xv, 21-28).

Nov. 25—A disreputable blessed (John viii, 1-11).

Nov. 26—An outcast (Matt. viii, 1-4).

Nov. 27—Home missions: "The battle of the slums" (Luke xiv, 15-23).

Our beloved country has become the focal point for emigrants from all lands. They are coming by hundreds of thousands each year. Some of them are industrious and of reputable character, who in time make good citizens. Many Germans, Danes and Swedes have settled unimproved tracts of land, and by their thrift have added greatly to the material wealth of our Nation. But a very large share of our immigrant population comes from the vicious and criminal classes of the world; they naturally gravitate to their own element in the congested and degraded districts of our large cities. These districts constitute the so-called slums. It is evident, therefore, that as these localities are constantly and rapidly augmented by an ignorant, vicious population, unless a strong moral element can be ejected into them, they become more and more a menace to the moral well-being of our country. Here are the hotbeds of po-

litical corruption; for as fast as they become naturalized citizens their elective franchise is for sale to the highest bidder, making a peculiarly fertile field for the degenerate political boss. Our Government is suffering greatly today from unscrupulous officials who were placed in office by the manipulation of this slum element by criminal politicians, thereby trampling upon the will of the people.

They are also festering places of vice and criminality in all their forms. Therefore civic righteousness and national integrity are calling loudly for the evangelization of these places. While it is the imperative duty of Christ's church to carry the Gospel to heathen lands, it is equally imperative that the ever-increasing heathen population crowding about our own doors and congregating in the slums of our cities should receive the cleansing, uplifting power of the same old Gospel. It is imperative for two great reasons: 1. As a protective measure against national corruption. 2. Because these degraded people are a part of our Father's children whose souls are as precious in his sight as our own, and we as their brethren are called upon to go out into these byways and hedges of sin and compel them to come in to the great supper prepared by our common Father.

Dr. Clark's Rally Address.

The Young People's department is filled up largely this week with the address, "The Duty of Our Young People to the Cause of Education." Let no one because of its length fail to read it. You need to come in touch with this earnest educator. In reading you miss the piercing flash of his eye, but you are impressed with the intense earnestness and heart sincerity of the man who so powerfully influences for good the young people wherever he goes. I bespeak for it at least one careful reading; it deserves several.

The Duty of Our Young People to the Cause of Education.

PRES. C. B. CLARK.

Young People's Rally.

I have been requested to address you this evening in the important theme, "Our Duty as Young People, to the Cause of Educa-

tion." I confess I do not feel equal to this high privilege. I wish I knew exactly what ought to be said and how to say it to inspire you with a lively appreciation of your splendid privileges and opportunities. This theme is so very important, and means so much for our future as a church and to us as individuals, that I shrink from the responsibilities of the hour. It would be more pleasant and perhaps more profitable for me, could I sit with you while we listened to some one better informed on all sides of this great question.

Nevertheless, with your patient indulgence, and the thoughtful attention which I bespeak, some thoughts, perhaps, may be expressed which, it is hoped, will prove helpful. I can state principles only. You must apply the same to your particular circumstances. The address has been prepared with special reference to our own academies, colleges and Seminary. If you are teaching in the public schools or attending schools or colleges other than our own, I ask you to adapt the suggestions and ideals herein presented to your own peculiar conditions just as far as circumstances will permit.

On the necessity of our young people considering so important a theme, there can be no question. Education in general as well as education in particular for our schools as a people, will never be solved by our educational leaders alone. A mutual understanding of purpose and a kindly coöperation of spirit are absolutely essential in any social undertaking. It is far from sufficient that our leaders alone should know the significance of the educational movement. Our young men and women also must understand it, and you and your leaders must act in unison regarding any policy which is to prove successful. The channels of understanding between the educator and those who desire to be educated must be kept open; moreover, both teachers and pupils need the intelligent coöperation of all parents. Conditions in the world are such that it will require the coöperation of all parties concerned in this important phase of our work, if we shall attain even a fair degree of success in tiding the young over the moral and intellectual difficulties and dangers of our age and generation.

On such a theme and occasion as this, one

might range at length upon the advantages of education in general, and doubtless, too, with profit; but in this brief address, I must unqualifiedly assume your interest and appreciation of culture and education in general. As I understand it, the Seventh-day Baptists have, since their birth as a people, taken a deep interest in education. They have not only toiled and sacrificed to establish schools, but they have striven to maintain the highest standards of excellence and thought culture. We of today would certainly not wish to own that we are behind our worthy ancestors in our interest in this—one of the greatest concerns of life. Science and industry are, every year, spending their millions in order to promote the material good of mankind. Only the meanest and most trivial of services can be performed today by the uneducated.

Certainly, then, we do not need an exhortation on the advantages of general culture. All that we now take for granted, and pass on to the higher question of the *kind of culture* it is our duty, as Christian young people, to secure, and what we as a society shall stand for, above and beyond the limits of ordinary training.

It might be well, at this point, to raise the question whether, as a people, we are justified in maintaining schools of our own at the cost of much expense and sacrifice. Is there reasonable ground for putting our means and energy into separate schools? I would that every person present, and especially the young men and women, would study this particular question until it receives either an affirmative or negative reply, with justifiable reasons. This, it seems to me, is our *first duty*; and if you answer it in the negative, then it must follow that your duty to our schools is in no sense unique. In such a case, of course, your feelings toward our institutions will be exactly what they are toward any school, namely, the State University. If you have so settled the question, the remainder of this address will possess little interest for you. This, however, is not to be interpreted as saying that we undervalue the work of such educational institutions, or that it is wrong to attend such, under certain circumstances. If, on the other hand, the existence of our schools, in a land of schools, is and can be

justified, it follows, then, that we owe them a special duty and consideration. I belong to the class who believe their existence is not only justified, but even imperatively needed, for good reasons, and that, too, in the face of the fact that our country already has several hundred colleges, seminaries and universities. If I did not believe our schools have a mission, I would resign my position immediately. I not only feel from the bottom of my heart that they have a mission, but also that you, as young people of the Seventh-day Baptist Church and faith, have duties—vital duties—and corresponding privileges peculiar to our schools and their opportunities.

Why? Not because the country is numerically short of educational facilities, but because we and the world need more of a *certain kind of education*—the kind of education which unequivocally makes character the highest product of educational training.

It follows, then, from this standpoint, that unless our educational institutions meet this end and foster the particular elements of training which contribute to this aim, to that extent they fail to realize their high privileges and opportunities. In fact, I may as well frankly say, if our schools are to follow the lead of the world, we may as well have none. But I believe, and I hope you believe, that our schools exist for a high and worthy purpose. Our duty, therefore, as teachers, and yours as students and young people is to maintain that purpose.

In discussing the purpose of our educational enterprises, two things should be taken into account. First, the original motive and purpose in the planting of our schools; and second, the conditions of life of today as affecting that purpose and the higher needs of our age. At this point I should be able to bring to you from the utterances of the worthy founders of Alfred, Milton, Salem and the Seminary, words which would leave in our minds no equivocation concerning the high motives and object of the founders of these schools. I regret that I am not able to do so, for the simple reason that I have none of their educational writings at hand. However, in the absence of such direct means of establishing my point, I will say that from varied sources which I regard as trustworthy, the impres-

sion has been gained that these institutions, without exception, were established for the high purpose of building a superior type of character and the dissemination of Christian culture, with emphasis upon the word *Christian*. In other words, the design was not merely one of equipping men and women to be excellent technicians, but the providing of conditions where this could be done in an atmosphere charged with a positive moral and Christian influence, so strong that all who came under the influence of these institutions would be Christian men and women first, and technicians of no mean skill, second.

If this is a correct statement of the case, all must agree that it was a most worthy purpose, and one, too, that we will do well to follow. Our problem is to adjust that purpose to other times, conditions and surroundings. This, our first duty, then, is loyalty to the high ideals of our founders, the fathers of our academies and colleges. This certainly is a pleasant duty as well as a blessed privilege; and in order that we might the more intelligently enter into conscious sympathy and understanding with their purposes, would there not be educational inspiration of a high order in a series of articles for the Young People's department of the RECORDER, setting forth the ideals of the founders of our several colleges, including also the Seminary? So much for the original purpose in the planting of our schools and our relation to that fact as duty and privilege.

Second, Do the conditions of life in the industrial, social, political and religious world in which it is ours to live demand a change in the dominating purpose of our University, colleges, Seminary and academies; or do present-day conditions reaffirm the wisdom of the purpose of men like Kenyon, Allen, Whitford, Maxson and their collaborators? For one, I believe the conditions facing us today not only confirm the wisdom of their purpose, but make it absolutely imperative that we shall reaffirm that purpose, unless we prove recreant to the trust Christ has imposed in his church. It thus becomes our duty to consciously, consistently and intelligently adapt that purpose to the changed conditions of this complex age.

Is there a single person present who does not agree that present conditions highly emphasize the need of a stronger moral and religious tone to culture and education? One does not need to cite at length or to emphasize certain conspicuous facts of common observation to show how unconditionally true is this need at the present hour. In the first place, there was never a time when both public and private life were so beset with temptations and pitfalls as they are today. Never did national safety stand in more slippery places. Never before was civilization so complex and perplexed with so many unsolved problems which demand a clear distinction between temporal expediency and the eternal principles of truth and justice. Never before, to my knowledge, could one read so many articles and editorials in magazines and papers reiterating the need of a higher order of discipline, as a remedy for the problematic conditions of twentieth century civilization. Never before have I heard so much restive speech from men of all classes as in the past fifteen months. On my way to this place, it chanced that the mayor of a city not more than one hundred miles from this place took a seat with me in the coach and among other startling revelations that he made was this: During the six years of his office as mayor of that city, every seeker, except in a single case, desiring a public franchise or other good, accompanied his proposition with the offer of a "rake off" in some form or another. The tone of the National Education Association held at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1908, and which I attended, indicated on the part of national educators a decided consciousness of a lack of moral tone in public education. Less than a year ago the State Superintendent of the State of Ohio said, in substance, that if we as a nation fail, it will not be from lack of resources or industry or enlightenment, but because we are failing in moral discipline and moral training. Can any of us, after witnessing the debauchery of the student life in many of our large colleges and universities deny the need of schools where higher education can be prosecuted in an atmosphere favorable to moral ideals? Our need as a Nation is a cure for insincerity, misrepresentation, social and moral pretense,

false views, unsanctified diplomacy, selfishness, sensuousness and amusement. Our trouble is a fundamental one of ideals. Higher ideals can be found only by going to the source, namely, to education and culture permeated with a Christian atmosphere created by both faculty and students. It would seem to me that, as a people, both young and old, we should be profoundly grateful for the fact that our young people have the opportunity, through our several educational institutions, of creating an educational environment which shall be peculiarly favorable for the development of Christian character—and that not only for our own salvation, but that we may be living missionaries in an age weighted all too heavily with materialism and self-seeking. This, then, is a great and splendid opportunity, and I wish to designate it as our second duty to maintain an atmosphere of Christian culture in all schools supported by our denomination and its influence. It may not be out of place at this point to make a few suggestions as to how this may be done.

First, Let us cultivate simplicity. There is so much of a tendency these days for *big* things and spectacular display, so much desire for excitement and show, so much machinery and mechanics, so much technicality, that spiritual inspiration, and power of the inner life are almost forgotten. Let us, as young people, guard our schools against these insidious evils as we would protect our homes against an infectious disease. The simple life is nowhere more needed than in the life of our schools. Can it not be demonstrated that an educational program in which simplicity and modesty bear rule can be made a delight and a benefit, and not a burden and a hindrance?

Second, I wish our young people would insist upon college life being a perfectly clean life. I mean, I wish you, as young people, would insist upon making school life happy, attractive and pleasurable to all worthy young people, while you insist upon a standard which will not tolerate coarseness, low speech, card-playing, dancing, brutalizing athletics, billiards, wasting time, the use of tobacco, and all other habits and practices inconsistent with Christian culture. What I want to say is, that it would

be such a splendid help to our faculties if, as young people, in our colleges and Seminary we would establish such a standard that any young person who desired to lower the tone of life in any one of these institutions would soon find himself exceedingly unpopular.

Third, I wish you, as young people, would purge school amusements—as far as pertains to our schools—of all degrading and questionable forms of sport. So far as we participate in athletics, let it always be on a plane absolutely above criticism by Christian people.

Fourth, I wish we might be much more positive in our religious life. While I would not ask you to go to a dry and uninteresting Bible study or prayer meeting when they are such, because one does not get either religion or culture from such an exercise, yet why may not the religious side of life be made even more vital and interesting than the social? This is a problem for our pastors and religious teachers. Why may not Bible study be made as attractive as a lesson in science? Why may not a prayer meeting consider questions of vital interest and concern to thoughtful, earnest young people? I believe, if we will set about the task earnestly, we can find the solution to these problems.

Fifth, I wish that all the work of our young people in educational lines might be charged with the missionary spirit. I do not mean by this to necessarily limit this idea to the customary interpretation of the phrase, but rather the inbreathing of the Christ-spirit of service and self-giving. In other words, I wish the dominating note of all our educational endeavor might be, not self-government, but soul service—that is, service in and for the kingdom of God, and that, too, not in a narrow sense, but in a genuine spiritual altruism. I wish every graduate of our educational institutions might in any and every walk of life be known—sort of branded—by a strong spirit of Christlike service. A sense of responsibility to one's self and society lies at the foundation of all Christian culture. It is only as one acts under the consciousness of divine leadership that his talents are put to the largest use. It is only as knowledge is vitalized by the spirit of the Master that it serves its

noblest end. To be appreciated, or appropriated to divine ends, knowledge must be seen and interpreted from the religious point of view, which is but another way of saying, it must be seen in the light of the eternal. Knowledge alone is but raw material, and as such it may be used destructively as well as constructively—to destroy life as well as to conserve it. Knowledge becomes Christian culture when it is consecrated to the service of God and the uplift of man.

May I close this reference to Christian culture by saying that Christian culture, as an ideal of education, is threatened from two sources and that both these sources are found in schools of an opposite type as well as in the world itself.

Christian culture is first of all threatened by the materialism of our age, and this materialism has penetrated even to the so-called institutions of higher learning. I cite a concrete case taken from a paper only last week. It reads:

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

"A deeply distressed father" writes thus to Professor McGarvey, who conducts the department of "Biblical Criticism," in the *Christian Standard* (Campbellite) of Cincinnati. He says:

"Dear Mr. McGarvey: With a broken heart and almost stupefied mind I take a little of your precious time. I have been sending my son and daughter away to school. Have spent hundreds of dollars for their uplift; sent them away with prayer from their Sunday school and church, with Christian aspirations, high and noble resolves—one to make, perhaps, the ministry his calling. He has returned—shall I say, ruined? Yes; it seems only a faint description of the change wrought in his mind. Freethinking, destructive criticism and infidelity seem to be the religions and the religious influence there. He is inoculated. I considered many schools to avoid that blighting element, but I now know of but one other where I could have made a greater mistake. For the sake of our sons all over this broad land, if there is any way to warn parents that they may not unwittingly send their sons to these schools of deadly pestilence, let it be done and done quickly.

"You have been accused of being cranky and an old fogey along these lines, but I can testify that, as in the case of Solomon, the half has never yet been told. You are at liberty to use anything I have said as a warning to others to know the religious belief of the staff of the school to which they send, and not depend altogether on the catalogue."

Professor McGarvey urges the correspondent to "come out and name the college to which he refers." And adds, the college, which by fair promises in its catalogue entices to the destruc-

tion of their faith the sons of unsuspecting fathers and mothers, should receive the scourge of an outraged public opinion.

May this sad case serve as a warning to us all, and God forbid that such an experience should ever come to any one here present. Second, Christian culture is threatened from within, by well-meaning, but ignorant religious teachers. As an example, I cite the comment found in a popular Sunday-school lesson-sheet which in enlightening (?) its readers on Paul's preaching to the Athenians makes the assertion that "culture can not save or satisfy the soul." The statement is, of course, half true, and for that reason is more dangerous than a bold error.

Had this writer stated that worldly and pagan culture was unable to save or satisfy the soul, he would have made a statement of spiritual truth and at the same time suggested that there is a vast difference between pagan culture and true Christian culture. The church has been all too slow to differentiate between worldly refinement and Christian culture; and if there is no difference, then let us go back to the attitude of the church in the early centuries when ignorance and coarseness were marks of piety. A certain class of religious journals of today are priding themselves in their supposed loyalty to primitive Christianity, while in reality they are serving the cause of the devil. It behooves us to get and to hold clear ideas regarding educational terms. Would not this again furnish material for profitable instruction for Young People's Work?

A third privilege and duty of our young people is that of heartily cooperating with the faculties and the administration of our several schools and Seminary. Here is at least one key to success or failure, not only with respect to individuals, but also for the schools themselves. I wish I had the power to make my position clear to you on this point. Naturally perhaps, but unfortunately, from the manner in which I have stated this obligation, it means to you that I expect the surrender of your own thought, feelings and wishes into the hands of the president and governing body. Frankly, I mean nothing of the kind. That would not be cooperation but subserviency, and that relationship is not asked or recommended.

What I ask for is a mutual exchange of respect and fellowship, resulting in partnership of purpose. Students are for some reason often shy and suspicious of their teachers and president. I do not know why, unless it is a survival of an old-time feeling and spirit when the teacher was a ruler rather than a companion. Personally, I believe the secret of education lies in respecting the pupil both as an individual and as a member of a democratic organization. No true teacher wants to make his school or his pupils copies of himself. One person in the world like the most of us, teachers included, is enough. The true teacher desires not only the greatest development and improvement for each and every pupil, but the pupil's happiness as well. Now, I hold that it is your duty to accept this as the sincere feeling of your faculty and teachers, and then remember that to obtain such results both public and private discipline are necessary. Yielding to the mad career of youthful passion is not equivalent to respect. The teacher should respect the pupil and respect him to the end, but this involves also self-respect. That man or woman is fit to be a teacher whom the pupil finds so self-respecting that he is the irreconcilable hater of every weakness and vice of youth while he is the lover and companion of its strength and virtue. I therefore plead with you for a closer fellowship between teacher and pupil, though so far as this ideal does not obtain, doubtless, the fault may be as much ours as yours.

Fourth, As Seventh-day Baptist young people—that is, as young people who have been privileged to know the ideals of life held by strong men and to be inspired by them, we have a duty toward all young men and women who come under the care of our educational institutions. This duty need not take the form of a proselyting crusade—indeed, it should not; but it would seem that the principles of Sabbath truth held by us as a people should have such an uplift on the whole range of life as to make our schools attractive to the better and more serious minded young people everywhere. Do you not think, as young people, if we lived up to our profession, that our schools would be noted for the kindly interest and

helpfulness of our students in their fellows, and thus these schools would become centers of real evangelism of a most practical character? These institutions may become, in the broadest and best sense of the term, missionary centers, from which will radiate a continuous flow of power, blessing and uplift. Whether or not this shall be the case depends as much upon how far our young people appreciate their opportunities and privileges, to say nothing of duty, as it does upon the president and faculty. More might be said to this phase of our subject, but I feel you quite fully understand me, and I urge upon you most earnestly its thoughtful consideration.

Fifth, It is also our duty to support the cause of education, and our own schools in particular,—

1. By attendance. Go to school, and stick to it until you are a graduate. If it is impracticable to attend a school under the control of our own ideals, then select a school which comes nearest to meeting your needs. I believe, however, the vast majority of us can attend some one of our own institutions for a longer or shorter period, if only we would plan to do so. Is it not a fact that many of our young people go to other schools for reasons too trivial for serious consideration? Perhaps they may be offered some slight financial advantage, or social pleasures, or other advantages—small when compared with the more important elements of character making. Do we not sometimes neglect these higher opportunities and fail to give the support and help needed? The attendance and help of all are due our schools unless there are excellent reasons to the contrary.

2. By aiding in the development of the material equipment. I assume that none of us have funds sufficient to buy a scholarship or endow a professor's chair. Nevertheless, much could be done to assist our schools in their equipment and endowment, if only we earnestly and systematically set about it. Who of us could not buy from one to half a dozen valuable books for the library each year, with the money spent in trifling self-indulgence, which is often a positive harm? The addition of these books from many sources would soon greatly enrich our libraries, and correspond-

ingly the opportunities of scores and hundreds of young people. This would be emphatically true of conditions at Salem College, and I doubt not, elsewhere also. Not only could this be done individually, but also as societies we may take contributions for such purposes. The Milton Junction society has been doing work of this kind and deserves much commendation for the same. There are other ways also of aiding our schools in their material equipment. What may be done for our libraries could also be done for the chemical and physical laboratories, by adding appliance and apparatus. Again, while as individuals we may not be able to found scholarships or departmental chairs, yet as societies we can do both.

Then, too, there may be in our societies, here and there, some intelligent, but poor and deserving young person who would appreciate a little help in getting a coveted education. I believe this aid should be given chiefly in the form of loans. A fund of this sort in each of our schools, and subject to the discretion of the faculty as a loan-fund for worthy students, appeals to me as a proposition deserving consideration. In this way, and in the course of time, many students could receive assistance from the same funds, and I believe, with better results than the scholarship plan.

Sixth, I believe it is our duty to maintain the highest standards of intellectual and social culture. But as this phase is popular and well understood, it needs no elaboration before this intelligent audience. I now leave the theme with you, assuring you that I have the fullest confidence in the aims and purposes of the young people's society, and pray that the work of the coming year may be the best in its history.

Salem College Notes.

The fall term opened two weeks later this year than usual, for the accommodation of teachers that wish to come in the spring term. It opened with the largest attendance there has ever been in the history of the school for the fall term. It is largely due to the interest and college spirit manifested by the students and noble faculty.

We are blessed with the privilege of hearing three addresses each week from the members of the faculty or visitors.—The

pastors of the town churches have given some excellent addresses to the student body the past month.—The Christian organizations are coming to be great interests in the college.—The young women organized a Y. W. C. A. last year and are now doing excellent work. The State Y. W. C. A. secretary, Miss Sewell, was here visiting the Y. W. C. A. and gave a fine talk.—The young men will organize a Y. M. C. A. the first of November. It is in and through this kind of work that great good can be accomplished in the college.—On account of not having material always at hand, the new building has been going up slowly for the last two or three weeks.

News Notes.

ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.—The Ladies' Aid and Christian Endeavor gave a harvest supper, October 23, the proceeds, about \$40, being for church purposes.—Dean Main was with us, October 16, preaching in the morning, and in the evening speaking to the young people.—Pastor Witter has been holding special meetings in the Greene settlement schoolhouse. He is now with the DeRuyter Church, assisting Pastor Wing in a revival meeting.—The Rev. Mr. Hollingshead preached for us Sabbath morning, October 30, on the theme, Prayer. Text, Neh. i, 4, 5.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—The Endeavor Society gave a Hallowe'en social, the night of October 30. Special invitations were mailed to each of the members, the invitation post-cards being decorated tastefully by the committee, with drawings of Jack-o'-lanterns, witches, broomsticks, etc. One of the interesting features of the entertainment was the passing around of sheets of paper with the names of fifteen prominent pastors of the denomination written down, the work or contest being to write the name of the place where each was pastor. An interesting business session was held in connection. Lively games and funny stories helped to pass a pleasant and profitable evening.—The Ladies' Aid gave a dinner, November 3, at the home of one of the members, three miles south of town. About thirty-five were present and a good time was enjoyed by all. Proceeds, \$3.60.—The Sabbath school held a Rally-day serv-

ice, October 30, presenting an interesting program of papers, recitations, addresses and music. Papers on home department, adult classes, cradle roll and parental responsibility, teacher training, mission study, the graded courses, together with addresses by the superintendent and pastor on Sabbath-school organization, and the needs of the school, made a very helpful service. Special invitations had been sent out and everybody in attendance was given a Rally-day button. The church was beautifully decorated with house plants, and American and conquest flags. Special mention should also be made of the excellent part taken by the primary department in song and recitation.—Pastor Van Horn has been kept especially busy for the last few weeks in the interests of no-license. He delivered addresses at North Brookfield, West Brookfield and Brookfield on the subject. Rev. L. C. Randolph of Alfred delivered two addresses on the same subject during the campaign. In spite of these efforts and in spite of the excellent work done by the local committee, the town went strongly for license. The temperance people of the town are looking dispirited and some very much discouraged.

At Ellis Island.

Across the land their long lines pass;
More souls come to us sun by sun—
Each ship a city as she rides—
Than manned the march of Washington.

From ancient States where burdens lie
Extortionate upon the poor,
Men rise like flocks from leafless woods,
Their flight a shadow at our door.

A shadow passing life by life
Into the morrow of our race;
What know we of the unseen minds?
These hands are riches we embrace.

What common thought so many moves?
Our laws with liberty are ours;
Beneath them men will take content
A wage, a lodging and a grave.

Strange to each other as to us,
The races of the world are ours;
No sleepless frontiers here impede
A secret ballot's sacred powers.

Ye patient aliens! Sifting in
Where trades a fateful welcome burn
Bequeath your children what you find—
A land to which all peoples turn.

—Margaret Chanler Aldrich.

Children's Page

The Crusts That Told.

"Do you much believe it?"

That was the question that the Boy Twin asked the Girl Twin the day grandma told them a wonderful story about some dry bread crusts that unfolded legs and arms and made trouble for a little girl who tried to hide them under the edge of her plate.

"She meant us," replied the Girl Twin. "It's 'cause we leave our bread crusts, and hide 'em around under things."

"They're hard," remarked the Boy Twin, gazing out over the blue Pacific.

"Drefful hard," admitted the Girl Twin, digging her little shovel in the sand and puckering her face into a frown.

"But even in a fairy story I never heard of bread crusts that walked and talked. Now, did you?"

"Course not."

For a minute the twins said no more. They were so young the neighbors called them babies. That was a mistake. Mother and father spoke of them as Joseph and Beatrice; grandma referred to them as Little Boy and Little Girl, while grandpa always said Sis and Bub.

"Tell you one thing," continued Boy Twin.

"What is it?" asked his sister.

"Well, it's this: if we can think up a place to hide our crusts, they'll never tell. That was just a story out of grandma's head!"

"To scare us!" added the Girl Twin.

"We'll think hard," continued the Boy Twin.

"And eat our dinner crusts today," said his sister.

At the table that noon grandpa asked why Sis and Bub were so quiet.

"We're thinking," exclaimed the Boy Twin.

"They're eating their crusts," grandma remarked; and she was glad she had told them the story about the crusts that walked and talked!

Just then little sister choked, and her face was as red as big sister's scarlet bow.

After dinner the Girl Twin said to the Boy Twin, "I'm sorry I ate that longest brown crust!"

"Why?"

"'Cause I know a hiding-place. There's some little shelves all around under the table that'll hold free bushels of crusts!"

"Where?"

"I'll take you in and show you erzactly soon's Norah gets through working and gone somewhere. It's 'way under where the table-cloth goes down. You reach in when anybody isn't looking and feel around, and you'll find the shelves all waiting, only you mustn't try if grandma's looking, even over the top of your head, 'cause you might get choked."

"I wish it was supper-time now," grinned the Boy Twin.

"So do I," was the answer, and for one minute the twins danced straight up and down, and laughed so loud the old white rooster crowed and the hens cackled.

"Wonder what's the matter!" exclaimed grandma, who was in her room trying to get settled for her afternoon nap.

That night at table the twins didn't make any fuss about crusts. What was more strange, there wasn't a crust left in sight. Before Norah cleared away the table grandma lifted both their plates to see if anything was curled around under the edges. It used to seem as if Mother Goose on the plates tried to help the children keep their bread-and-butter secrets.

"Not a crumb there," said grandma. "I guess that story was just what they needed!"

Oh, grandma! If you had only looked under the table, or if the table-legs could have talked the way the bread crusts did in your twilight story!

Every two or three days after this the twins watched their chance to slip into the dining-room when no one was looking.

"We'll have to keep moving 'em along, or the piles will get too big right in front of our chairs," suggested the Girl Twin. "I wonder if mother knows how 'stremely dry bread crusts can get. Seems too bad some nice little mouse can't have 'em."

"If a mouse wanted to," the Boy Twin said, "it could have a nest right up in here, under where Norah puts the big platter;

and it could get things for the mouse babies to eat just as easy—only if it fell in anybody's lap it wouldn't be nice for anybody but us. Wouldn't it be lots of fun to see grandma jump!"

"Wouldn't it, though!" laughed the Girl Twin. "Kind of a silly story, wasn't it, about the crusts that talked?"

"Our crusts will never tell!" declared the Boy Twin.

"Course not!" declared the Girl Twin. "I wish everybody that don't like crusts could get along as easy as we do nowadays. No, sir, crusts don't tell!"

The Girl Twin and the Boy Twin were both mistaken. The very next day the crusts told. Fifteen, twenty, thirty, fifty, and ever so many more, crusts told at the same time. It happened as it did because the next day was the twins' birthday.

"We'll give them a surprise party," said mother.

"Certainly. Twins should always have a surprise party on their birthday," added grandma.

Norah made the cake, and it was twins, two round, frosted, candy-trimmed cakes, side by side, with candles on both—a most beautiful birthday cake it was indeed!

After dinner the twins were sent with their pails and shovels to play on the beach.

"Now we will set the table," said mother. "It must be as long as we can make it, because all the children on our street are invited."

"Let me help," offered grandma.

Norah had removed the table-cloth and the cloth beneath it. She took hold of one end of the table, grandma and mother the other, and they pulled.

"Seems to be stuck pretty tight," said Norah, as she gave a little jerk and kept on pulling.

Then, with a creaking noise, as if it hated to give up its secrets, the table suddenly spread apart—and down tumbled the crusts! Long crusts, short crusts, big round crusts and slim little crusts, brown crusts, white crusts, smooth crusts and ragged crusts, straight crusts and crooked crusts, all went crackling to the floor with little crispy noises that reminded one of bread pudding!

Grandma, mother and Norah laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks, be-

cause every crust said plainly as crusts ever said anything, "Beatrice did it, Joseph did it; they did, they did!"

This is what happened next. The children came to the party, and it was a beautiful party. And after it was all over, and time to go to bed, grandma called the twins into the dining-room. The table was cleared, but heaped up in a big pan in the center were the crusts.

"They told!" said grandma.

"Have we got to eat 'em?" demanded the Boy Twin, when he could do so—you see, for a minute, he was too greatly surprised at what had happened to even so much as speak, and his face looked remarkably solemn.

"Oh, no," replied grandma, "but—they told!"

The Girl Twin looked at the Boy Twin and grinned.

"Grandma," she promised, "we'll never hide any more bread crusts—even if we always have to eat just pancakes!"—*Frances Margaret Fox, in Little Folks.*

Baraca.

HARRIS W. TAYLOR.

Paper read on Rally Day at Ashaway, R. I., in the First Hopkinton church, October 9, 1909.

Baraca is taken from the Hebrew word meaning "blessing."

In 1890 Marshall A. Hudson, a merchant of Syracuse, N. Y., came out of church and noticed the usual crowd of young men outside the door. His thoughts became centered on the universal question, "What shall the church do to hold her young men, and interest them in Bible study?" He conceived the idea of a business organization to do Bible study in the place of the regular Bible class. There should be the officers of an organization with a teacher, chosen by the members of the class for a stated term of office. Special work of the class should be carried on by committees, as Membership, Devotional, Social, and Athletic. This organization should still be a part of the Bible school and study the International Lessons with it.

With this end in view, he started the first Baraca class with eighteen young men of

his church. Of this number there were four active Christians. These four young men held a secret meeting and each one signed the secret-service pledge, which is, to pray each noon for the unconverted Baracas, and to talk with them about their souls.

A motto was chosen, "We Do Things," referring to Phil. iv, 13, which reads, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

These men were so active and the movement so prominent that Syracuse has now thirty-seven classes made up of fifteen hundred young men who are each week studying the Bible lesson. New York State alone has five hundred classes with over twenty thousand members. In all there are now over three hundred sixty thousand Baracas. Mr. Hudson hopes to swell the membership to one million before he dies, and that each one will be true to the national platform, "Young men at work for young men, all standing by the Bible and the Bible school." All these classes are banded together into the Baraca Union of America. Each State has a secretary and some States are divided into districts with district secretaries, thus making a national organization, with Mr. Hudson as president.

By social and athletic interests many young men are attracted to the class and become earnest Christian workers.

We have a pin or emblem to designate that we are Baracas. It is a large letter B with A in the upper part and R and C in the lower half of it.

In June, at Asheville, N. C., there gathered an enthusiastic delegation of Baracas and Philatheas at the thirteenth annual convention. May we not share the wealth of the convention next summer by sending a delegation to the gathering of the World Wide Baraca and Philathea Union? Who can measure the influence of the young men of the secret service who are each noon praying for their fellow men? As the movement extends, there will be a continuous prayer around the world for the saving of souls.

On November 20, 1907, there was held a meeting of the young men who wished to form a Baraca class in connection with our Bible school. A wish had been expressed by some of the class of young men that they could form such a class. This wish was

gladly met by Supt. Curtis F. Randolph and Pastor Burdick who were heartily in favor of some means of gaining more young men for the Sabbath school and Bible study. At this meeting, held at the library, temporary officers were chosen and instructed to procure a charter and constitution for approval by the class. On December 4, a constitution was adopted, officers were elected, and committees were appointed. Pastor Burdick was chosen and is still our teacher.

Since its organization, the class has raised money by entertainments and by collections. One half of our collections is paid to the Sabbath-school treasurer. Some money has been used for missionary purposes and some sent to our national treasurer.

We have an athletic field started and hope to have it in attractive shape next year.

What do we need?

First we need more active, earnest workers among our present membership. Most of all we need your prayers. May we all study our weekly lesson with renewed interest and aim to be a blessing and make happy every one who comes within our circle, and make our circle larger every week.

Augusta Johnson Lewis.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS BY HER SON.

Nine years ago dear Father said to me, "When Mamma goes, I want her boy to speak in her funeral." I could not answer him. I could not speak. I could not even answer No. I could only shake my head. But he went on gently, "Think how much she has done for you. I want you to promise this." But even then I could not promise, and it was not till a year later, when he again brought the matter up, that I agreed, God helping me, to try. And so now I have asked our pastor to give me a share in this service along with him and Doctor Gardiner. Perhaps you will think me too calm and ready of speech at this hour, but for nine years I have been determining not to falter. Only, there is one thing that did not come into the picture. In imagining this scene it never occurred to me that Papa himself would be absent.

The story of Mother's life is very simple. For seventy-two years she lived unknown to the world, giving her life where her duties lay, and was dearly beloved by the

few who knew her well. You have known many such women. You, dear friends of other days, are their children who rise up and call them blessed.

The generations of men and women pass as in a dream, and to the pitiless eye of nature they are no more important than the unnumbered leaves which you have idly watched today, here in the sweet Indian-summer weather, as they fluttered down. The air was full of them yesterday. They rustled under the foot, and, burning, filled the city with a vague sweetness that recalled the past. To the calm eye of nature, Mother is merely one more leaf fallen from the tree. But to the Christian the death of a mother is something different. Every such death startles us into appreciation of God's wealth. It is not the few famous men and women that give dignity to human life. It is the millions of the lowly Christ-like who have poured out their love and service. The wealth of God is in them, and in that wealth we live and move and have our being. Our mothers gave us life—the strange sweet mystery of life; but they gave us more—in a certain sense they gave us God. For who of us would have been brought to Christ, who of us would have known what self-sacrificing love means, who of us could have realized the infinite joy and discipline of living, but for our mothers? In motherhood there is something divine. There is the giving of self, the giving that asks no return, the giving that does not calculate but forever hopes.

The death of a mother makes us remember that we are linked with the past, even the remote past, in ways that are beyond our ken but not beyond the vision and the purposes of God. The very names we bear are records of what we call history—records of the aspirations and the struggles of our common humanity. Nearly all given names record some ideal toward which parents would have their children strive. To be as good a man as one's father, to struggle toward the goal embodied in some name taken from the Bible—such are the ideals which our first names hold before us. Shall you think it cold and unseemly if I linger for one moment by my Mother's name? All that was dear to her is dear to her children, and even her name is full of sweetness. And yet Mother's maiden name was

one of the homeliest. Open any directory of a great city, and few names will appear in greater numbers than that of Johnson. Nay, I have seen many times the name of "Augusta Johnson," especially in lists of families who have come to us from Scandinavia. Mother was of pure New England stock, but in every country of Europe the name of Johnson, for a certain beautiful reason, is very common. Wherever you go you find some variant of it. Johnson, Johns, Jones, Janes, Johannson, Evans, Ivanovitch, Ivanovna—all these are the same word. And why? Because in Christian countries Mary and John are the dearest names, holding before us the sacred ideal of divine motherhood, and the sacred friendship between the Master and the disciple whom he loved. The directory is full of Johnsons because the race has loved the Gospel of John, the gospel which above all others is the gospel of comfort. This is a day when the critics are connecting that gospel with the most abstract speculations of Greek and even Egyptian philosophers. They tell us that it is a philosophical work which moves quite above the head of the common people. But such is not the verdict of history. The loftiest of early Christian thinkers is also the most beloved. The race has taken to its heart the man who dared to say, in the face of all the tragedies of life, that God came unto his own, though his own received him not. With an instinct that is surer than reason, and a dignity which is above the dignity of abstract thought, common humanity has accepted the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel and named its children for the friend who understood him best. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." "I will not leave you comfortless." "In my father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you." These are the words of the Fourth Gospel, the most daring words ever uttered on our planet, and it is to John that we owe their preservation. And yet this John was a man of humble birth, for the Master of Life made his home with the lowly. So too was Simon Peter, whom our Lord was wont to call Bar-Jonas. Bar-Jonas is only the Aramaic for the homely word Johnson. How strange it seems when we translate the sol-

em words of the risen Christ literally, "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?"

My mother's first name came from the month of her birth. She was born August 6, 1837, in Natick, Rhode Island. Her parents, Thomas and Ann Tanner Johnson, were operatives in the cotton-mill at Natick. There were seven children, of whom four are still living. One daughter, Mrs. John Gilbert, went home long ago. The youngest, Mrs. Richard Preston, passed into the world of light only a few weeks since. Grandpa and Grandma were both mill-hands, but they did not want their children to be such, and so while Mother was still a little girl they determined to learn the art of farming, and moved to a pioneer home at Berlin, Wisconsin. The great mill at Natick still hums with the noise of the spindles, and the French Canadians who are now the operatives know nothing of the Thomas Johnson who moved away in order to give his boys and girls the chance of an education. The mill hums on, nor do they know that it was he who introduced certain of his inventions into the process which they blindly carry out to the enrichment of the mill.

Mother was a mere girl of eighteen when she was married to Herbert Lewis, June 2, 1855, by Elder J. M. Todd, of blessed memory. The two young people taught school near Dartford, Wisconsin, and were most successful in winning the interest and affection of their pupils. Meantime they had determined to get an education. They studied together at Ripon, Milton, and Alfred, though Mother never took her degree. In all her husband's work—pastoral, professional, or literary—she was his confidant and counselor, his chief earthly source of encouragement and inspiration. He could rely implicitly upon the steadiness of her judgment and her devotion to the cause he loved. Through hours of perplexity and disappointment, in the face of unpopularity and even rancor, her attitude never changed. She was critical and cautious, but when she had made up her mind she glowed with courage. And when Father's ardent temperament yielded to hours of gloom, her ministry to him was most precious of all.

Yet she was an undemonstrative person, naturally reticent. I saw her receive and

read the letter announcing her father's death, and saw her go to her own room to weep. Yet she made no comment; she uttered no lamentation because she had not seen him for years and could not go to his dying bed. It was an emergency, and Mother was a woman who rose to emergencies. She never made a public speech, and rarely read a paper in public. She took no prominent part in the organized public work of Christian women, much as she admired those who were able to do so. In the prayer meeting she could hardly be heard except by those who sat nearest, and her voice nearly always broke with emotion. She regarded this reticence as a great fault, but it was wholly temperamental. God gives us different gifts—to one the power of militant energy or persuasive eloquence, to another only the power of gentleness. My mother's religion was instinctively private. The love of God was so personal to her that she could not speak of it without tears.

She bore to her husband six children, all of whom are privileged to be here today. In them she lived. For them she gave up her studies in art and literature, though she loved all beauty intensely and had fine gifts of expression both with brush and with pen. She sacrificed herself for us as your mothers sacrificed themselves for you. Day and night we were never absent from her thoughts. How often, as a child, have I started from a troubled sleep, only to see my mother's white-robed form come swiftly to my side—the dearest guardian angel her children will ever see, with eyes of mortal or immortal vision. Nor can we forget how, when Father was away from home, she prayed aloud in the midst of us. Prayers so importunate and so sweet we shall not hear until we hear her pray again.

Those years of toil did much to weaken a constitution naturally strong. There came several periods of illness: diphtheria, then a fever, then severe disturbances of nutrition. There was a marked history of paralysis in her family, and it was perhaps no surprise to her brothers and sisters—Gilbert and Byron Johnson, Mrs. Oscar Babcock, Mrs. Thomas Morton, and Mrs. Richard Preston—when in 1900 she was stricken down. The attack came at Battle Creek, where she had gone as the guest of

Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg. It seemed at first that she could live only a day or two. Ah! that first evening when the physicians gave her death-sentence! No one is ever quite prepared for such news, as you, dear friends of other days, know all too well. The long walk of anguish on which father and son rushed out, that wintry night, under the relentless stars! How sorely in need of comfort was the father who all his life had been trying to comfort other people! And the son—only one thought came to him at every step—that he might have spared his mother so much, so much, in the days forever gone.

For nine years she lay helpless. Her mind, thank God, was clear through all this time. But her speech was almost gone, reduced to three or four monosyllables, and she could no longer command words of love. This was her bitterest discipline, and at first she rebelled against it with all the power of her firm character. But it soon became clear that she was conquering the conqueror. Her rebellion ceased. She would do what she had always done—make the very best of the situation. Her life had been one of happiness in labor; now it became one of sweetness in trial. All her life she had loved the law of God, and now she was to know the richness of the scripture which says, "Great peace have they which love thy law." She ceased to grieve over the bitter restraint. Above the silence of the tongue her soul could sing, "My mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips, when I remember thee upon my bed, and think upon thee in the night-watches." More than once she surprised her daughters by joining them in her clear alto voice, in the hymns they sang. She who could not speak could sing. First it was "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and in later days she was able to recall many a phrase from many a song. And when the words failed to come, still she would hum the sweet old tunes with us till other days came too swiftly back, and words failed us also. Every day she was spared to us seemed precious; we had not known before how much one may prize the days of life. Her exiled children, returning as often as they could, found her face growing more and more delicate, till all the soul shone through. She seemed a spirit poised between earth and heaven. Yet she took a

wholly human pleasure in the simple joys which an invalid may share. She prized, oh, how much, the visits and messages of you her friends. She watched every detail of the family life, entering with bright eyes into the doings of the nurse and the children, and the routine of affairs here in this house where our Louise has ministered to her so long. The bird in the window, the sunlight on the wall, the music of the wind in the maples—all these things she noted and loved. She watched God in all his beautiful work about her. "For thou hast given me, O Lord, a delight in thy doings, and in the work of thy hands I shall rejoice."

A year ago today her husband was taken from her, he who had hoped to be spared till she went, he who had watched over her like a lover, shielding her in these later years from all news that might cause her anxiety, and sharing with her everything that might give her pleasure. He could not wholly spare her, it is true, for her alert mind kept inquiring about all the friends of former days, and her bright eyes could read his face. He was taken from her. You all know how heroically she bore that shock, that inexpressible grief. It seemed impossible that she should survive it a day, and yet she proved the bravest of us all. The way in which Mother bore Father's death has been to me a greater revelation of the spiritual power of love than anything in life except the Bible. Once again we were children at her knee, learning more than books can tell us.

But now her summons has come, quickly and gently, as we hoped it might. The bird is free. In the evening after the Sabbath came the touch of God's finger on the patient brow, as if her lover had kissed her and said, "You need not wait three days more, to remember my death and grieve." For us the sorrow has been divinely tempered, though this good-by to the body unlocks the memories of the past, and the unutterable difference, for us, between her and all others. Grief is grief, and God forbid that we should forget what these still hands have done for us. But we must be glad for her. And we, her children, must be glad and proud that her blood flows in our veins, and try to be brave as she was brave. We

must try to teach our own children the meaning of sacred motherhood and sacred fatherhood. We must try to honor her in our lives as now we honor her in her death. All her steadiness of hope, all her purity of thought, deed, and aim, all her patience and gentleness keep saying to us out of the silence, "Lift up therefore thy heart toward heaven."

During her long illness Mother was not able to use more than four words. It so happened, by some strange mystery of the brain, that one of these was the syllable "Come." This she never lost, and by this she expressed many a bit of motherly solicitude. The word "Come"! In this strange world of symbols and shadows, where all seems fleeting, where everything seems going rather than coming, what word could have more meaning to a disciple of Jesus? Above the hurrying stream of time, above the steady murmur of farewells, out of the quiet of the Eternal sounds the voice of the crucified Nazarene—"Come unto me, all ye that are weary." It means that in a world of unspeakable loneliness and change there is some one to go to—a God whose home is open to his children. It means that the secret at the heart of things is as homelike as Mary's love in Bethlehem, when first she clasped her baby to her breast. No science can give us that meaning. Science can calculate the velocity of light, and introduce us to the dread distances of the vast machine in which we and all things seem at times to be so cruelly caught. Science can tell us that the starlight which fell on the dying eyes of Jesus may have been traveling earthward since the first night when Moses fed his flocks in Midian; and perhaps the starlight which will fall tonight on a new-made grave left its burning sun ten thousand years ago. Science tells us what she can; and tells it with honest heart and humane intent. But she can not measure the path to the mansions that are in our Father's house, nor can she find out God. Motherhood is older than science, and if there be anything in the universe which we may trust, to which we may pray, from which we may beg forgiveness of our sins, on which we may lean in the hour of death, it is that Love which sent Jesus to die on the cross and our mothers to give their lives for us day by day.

Let us trust him. And if he shall grant us the privilege of doing him better service in a better life, perchance he will let her be our summoner. If it might be that Mother should prove our angel of death! We ask no sweeter music from the doors of heaven than that one sacred word, our Mother's "Come."

MARRIAGES

HOLMS-CLEMENT—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Clement, near Ord, Neb., October 11, 1909, by Rev. D. C. Williamson, Mr. W. S. Holms of Milton, Wis., and Miss Clara E. Clement of Ord.

DEATHS

MORTON—At her home in Lamberton, Minn., September 13, 1909, Mrs. Aryelia E. Morton, wife of Richard Morton, aged 58 years, 3 months and 12 days.

She was a twin sister of Mrs. Thomas S. Morton of Blooming Prairie, Minn., and sister of Mrs. Abram H. Lewis of Plainfield, N. J., of Mrs. Oscar Babcock and Byron H. Johnson of North Loup, Neb., and Gilbert H. Johnson of Gentry, Ark. Her parents were Thomas O. and Annie Johnson, Sabbath-keepers, and for many years residents of Berlin, Wis. During her girlhood years Mrs. Morton was a member of the Berlin Church, but after her marriage she drifted away from all our people and was lost sight of as a Seventh-day Baptist. O. B.

SAUNDERS—In Milton, Wis., October 30, 1909, Mrs. Sarah Crosby Saunders in the 86th year of her age.

Mrs. Saunders was born in Henderson, Jefferson County, N. Y., and was married to Gardiner Saunders of Adams Center. In an early day they came to Wisconsin and, sixty-two years ago, they settled in the town of Milton, where their home has ever since been. Mr. Saunders died nearly fourteen years ago, but Mrs. Saunders continued to live in the old home until two years ago, when she moved into the village and has since lived with her daughter. Three children survive her—one son in California, a daughter and one son in Milton. Mrs. Saunders was a faithful member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church in Milton, and died in the triumphs of the Christian faith. L. A. P.

CORNWALL—In Milton, Wis., October 30, 1909, Mrs. Sabrina Olin Cornwall, in the 81st year of her age.

Mrs. Cornwall was the daughter of Dr. Samuel

(Continued on page 640.)

Sabbath School

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

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 IX.—NOVEMBER 27, 1909.

PAUL ON SELF DENIAL.—WORLD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Romans xiv, 10-21.

Golden Text.—"It is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." Rom. xiv, 21.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Prov. xvi, 22-23.

Second-day, Dan. i, 8-21.

Third-day, Amos vi, 1-8.

Fourth-day, Matt. xxv, 14-30.

Fifth-day, Luke iii, 1-17.

Sabbath-day, Titus ii, 1-15.

Sabbath-day, Rom. xiv, 10-21.

INTRODUCTION.

Our Temperance Lesson for the Second Quarter of this year (June 26) was also from this intensely practical Epistle to the Romans. Paul discusses fundamental doctrines of Christian experience; but he also makes abundant application of his principles to life. Some of these concrete applications of Christian principles refer to problems that had a very vital interest for the Christians in Rome at the time this letter was written, but do not greatly concern us in the twentieth century in America. It is to be noted however that principles which are well applied by one generation to a certain problem may well be applied by another generation to a different problem. Paul's discussions of living issues for the Christians of the first century may be found of greatest value to us.

In the fourteenth chapter of Romans Paul is discussing the matter of scruples, and of the proper attitude toward one another of those whom he calls the weak and the strong. By "strong" Christians he does not mean those who are most firmly grounded in the faith, but those who have the ability of discerning the value of Christian liberty as applied to the customs of every-day life. The "weak" Christians are those who are troubled by scruples and by opinions which they have brought over from their pre-Christian life concerning what is right and necessary and what is evil and wrong in conduct and particularly in diet.

The weak Christians referred to in Romans are not precisely like those mentioned in 1 Cor. viii. There they were those who saw in the eating of meat sacrificed to idols a partaking in the worship of the idol. Here in our les-

son for this week the weak Christians are particularly insistent upon the observance of certain days, and upon abstinence from all flesh and wine.

Paul gives very practical exhortation to both the strong and the weak. The weak ought to be very careful not to condemn the strong for doing those things which the weak from their narrow point of view regard as sinful. The strong ought not to despise the weak, but should be careful and considerate of their opinions; they ought even to abridge their own liberty in order that they may not give occasion of stumbling to the weak.

TIME.—The Epistle to the Romans was written in the spring of the year about three years before Paul reached Rome. Very likely the year was 58 A. D.

PLACE.—This letter was written from Corinth or its seaport Cenchreae.

PERSONS.—Paul the apostle to the Christians at Rome.

OUTLINE:

1. The Folly of Judging Others. v. 10-13.
2. The Duty of Self-denial for the sake of Others. v. 14-21.

NOTES.

10. *Why dost thou judge thy brother?* The two questions of this verse are directed respectively to the weak and to the strong. Censoriousness and contempt are alike incompatible with the proper attitude of Christian brethren toward one another. The pronoun *thou* has the emphatic position in the original in both lines. Our Lord is the Judge of each of his followers. It is absurd therefore for those who hold that certain practices are right and necessary to judge all who do not share this opinion and observe these practices as therefore great sinners in the sight of God. It is on the other hand equally improper for those who feel their liberty in eating and drinking and observing days to esteem those who are hampered by scruples as worthy only of contempt. It is easy to see that Paul classes himself with the strong Christians, but he condemns the faults of both parties impartially.

11. *For it is written, etc.* Paul cites a scripture passage to prove the universal judgment to which he has just referred. *To me every knee shall bow, etc.* The quotation is from Isaiah xlv, 23. The primary reference there is to the coming of the Messianic kingdom to which all shall render allegiance.

12. *So then each one of us shall give an account of himself to God.* Since then we are certainly to give account to God and not to man, it is entirely inappropriate that we should be judged by our fellow men. It is noticeable how easily Paul changes the reference from Christ to God. These terms are to him under certain circumstances interchangeable. In v. 4 for example "his own lord" must be Christ; but in this verse the accounting is to God.

13. *Let us not therefore judge one another any more.* With these words the apostle concludes the argument of the earlier part of the chapter and is ready to turn to another point of view. If the strong Christian does what he thinks is right in regard to things that are really indifferent of course he ought not to be

judged. But that is not the end of the matter. There is something to be said in regard to his influence upon others and his duty toward them. *That no man put a stumbling block in his brother's way.* This may be said to be the text for the remainder of the passage. Paul's discussion in regard to stumbling blocks reminds us of our Lord's words in Matt. xviii, 6 and following.

14. *I know*, etc. Paul himself belonged to the class which he calls strong, and states his convictions with great clearness in order that he may make it plain that he wishes his readers to abstain from certain practices not because they are wrong, but for the sake of others in order that there may be no occasion of stumbling. *In the Lord Jesus.* It is just because of Paul's deep faith in his Master that he can take all the things of this world at their worth, esteeming nothing useful to be rejected by reason of scruples. *To him it is unclean.* If through some inherited prejudice or perversion of conscience a man happens to hold the conviction that certain food is unclean, he must make his practice correspond to his conviction. It is unclean subjectively. If led by the example of others such a one partakes of the food which he recognizes as ceremonially unclean, he is certainly a sinner.

15. *Thy brother is grieved.* You are causing him needless and deep distress. And this is no mere irritation of the feelings. There is great danger that the weak brother will be emboldened to follow your example, and so through sin perish. *Thou walkest no longer in love.* It is not the part of love to cause injury to one's brother. *For whom Christ died.* He is of great value in the eyes of the Master who made the greatest sacrifice for him. Are you not willing also to make some small sacrifice?

16. *Let not then your good be evil spoken of.* You see no harm in any of these practices against which others have scruples. This Christian liberty which you feel is certainly a good thing. But if you make use of this liberty you certainly will arouse serious criticism. You had better avoid this reproach; for it is necessarily a reproach upon Christianity as well as upon yourself.

17. *For the kingdom of God is not eating and drinking.* You may imagine that since you hold such opinions about the right of the Christian to eat and drink anything, it is essential to your Christian life that you should manifest these opinions in practice. Not so. The indulgence of the appetite is of no account in comparison with the spiritual elements of our religion connected with our intercourse with our fellow men and with God.

18. *For he that herein serveth Christ.* That is, denying himself the exercise of the liberty which he knows that he possesses in regard to eating and drinking and so forth. *Well pleasing—approved.* In the case of such conduct there can not be the least opportunity for the evil speaking alluded to in v. 16.

19. *Whereby we may edify.* After we have satisfied ourselves that a certain course is right and not wrong, the next question is as to whether it is morally profitable. It is hardly

sufficient to say, If it is not wrong I will do it. Does it have a tendency for the upbuilding of others?

20. *Overthrow not for meat's sake.* The same truth as in v. 19 stated negatively. Build up, and do not destroy others. *All things indeed are clean.* Granted that it is absolutely right for you to eat certain food when the question is considered abstractly, it is still very possible not to say probably that it really will be a sin for you thus to eat when you have considered the question in the light of its bearing on others.

21. *It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine*, etc. The conclusion to which his argument must come. It is the part of true nobility to deny oneself for the sake of others. To some it may seem that the apostle was stating the case extravagantly, but he meant to be emphatic.

SUGGESTIONS.

This Temperance Lesson like that for last Quarter is not as good as others that might be chosen from the Bible for those who believe that it is absolutely wrong to drink alcoholic liquors. The whole point of this lesson is that of self-denial for the sake of others.

Consideration for others commends a man not only as a true gentleman, but as one who follows the example of our Master.

Those who insist that real wine should be used in the communion in spite of the scruples of some against the use of alcoholic beverages are like the strong Christians referred to in v. 15 for whose meat the brother is grieved.

We ought to be temperate in all things for the sake of God, for the sake of our fellow men, and for the sake of ourselves.

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. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 518 W. 156th Street.

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.

WANTED.

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.

tf.

WANTED.

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

tf.

WANTED.

Seventh-day Baptist men or women to canvass for Dr. Hale's Household Ointment and Tea on very liberal terms. Address, KENYON & THOMAS CO., Adams, N. Y.

A Frenchman watching a kitten and its mother at play asked of his friend, "Vat you ze cat call ven he is a little pup?"—*Exchange.*

Wanted.

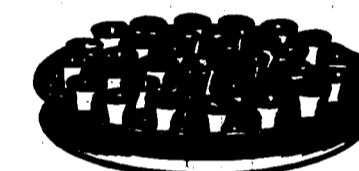
Minutes of the Central Association, 1909. If any churches have extra copies that they do not need, please send them to SABBATH RECORDER, Plainfield, N. J.

WANTED.

Seventh-day Baptist girl or woman to do general housework in Seventh-day Baptist family on ranch at Riverside, Cal. Permanent position for right party. MRS. D. E. FURROW, Riverside, Cal.

Any one desirous of securing employment at Battle Creek, Mich., will please correspond with the Labor Committee of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of that city; viz., Mrs. W. L. Hummell, H. V. Jaques, A. E. Babcock. Address any one of these, care of Sanitarium.

Individual Communion Service



Made of several materials. MANY DESIGNS. Send for catalogue No. 60. Mention name of church and number of communicants.

Geo. H. Springer, Mgr.,

256 and 258 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER

You can get satisfaction by ordering your clothes by mail from us. We carry lines of domestic and imported fabrics. Our clothes are honestly made, full value, satisfaction giving.

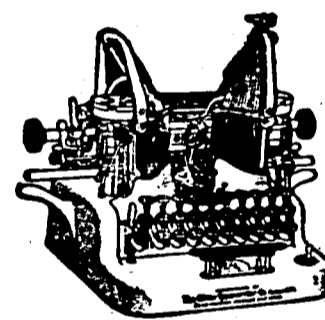
Our forty years' experience is at your service. Send for samples and measurement blanks.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS FROM
\$20 UP.

THE
Ordway Company
MERGHANT TAILORS

1443 W. MADISON STREET, Chicago
J. M. MAXSON, Prop.

17 Cents a Day BUYS AN OLIVER



SAVE YOUR PENNIES AND OWN

The
OLIVER
Typewriter

THE STANDARD VISIBLE WRITER

Can you spend 17 cents a day to better advantage than in the purchase of this wonderful machine?

Write for Special Easy Payment Proposition, or see the nearest Oliver Agent.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
310 Broadway New York

(Continued from page 637.)

Olin of Hornell, N. Y., and married Charles W. Cornwall of Hartsville sixty-one years ago last August. She was converted to Christ and to the Sabbath while a student at Alfred. After her marriage she and her husband were among the constituent members of the Hartsville Church and Mr. Cornwall was chosen to the office of deacon and served in that capacity, though he was not ordained until chosen to that office by the Milton Church. Fifty-two years ago they came to Wisconsin, and lived twelve years in Albion, since which they have been residents of Milton. Mrs. Cornwall was a most consistent Christian. Her aged husband and one daughter, the wife of Frank N. Summerbell, remain to mourn her departure.

L. A. P.

LEWIS—At her home in Plainfield, N. J., November 1, 1909, Mrs. Augusta Johnson Lewis, widow of Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis, aged seventy-two years. Life sketch on another page.

E. S.

George Wharton Pepper, president of the Church Club, the Episcopal laymen's organization, tells a story that scores one on New York and Chicago.

"A man in Los Angeles wished to obtain a copy of the book entitled 'Seekers After God,' and sent his order to a publishing firm in Chicago," says Mr. Pepper. "About a week later he received a rather startling telegram. It read:

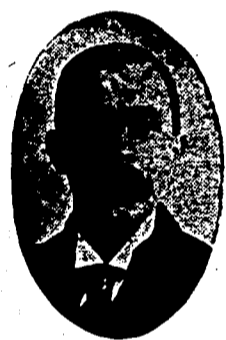
"'No Seekers After God' in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

"He did so and was successful."—*Exchange.*

Kindness has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence or learning.—*The Catholic Advance.*

\$5.50 Value For Only \$1.25.

The Secret of Successful Poultry Raising Found at Last.



EDGAR BRIGGS

It is now possible to have a sure cash income and of \$3,500.00 from 1,000 hens in 3 months, at a minimum cost for help, feed and other necessities, making a profit of more than \$7.00 per hen, per year. It is a demonstrated success. This has been easily done and you can do it. All poultry losses are stopped and profits assured by this wonderful and revolutionary system of Poultry Culture.

READ WHAT THE BRIGGS SYSTEM WILL DO FOR YOU

The Briggs System can be applied to any poultry plant, large or small, with equal success. Equally as valuable to the beginner as to the experienced poultry raiser. It contains poultry secrets never before published.

SUCCESS WITH POULTRY ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED BY THE USE OF BRIGGS SYSTEM AND SECRETS

Feed for growing chicks and making eggs at 15c per bushel explained by the Briggs System. No machinery; no cooking.

95 per cent. OF ALL CHICKS HATCHED CAN BE RAISED

2,000 layers and 3,000 chicks can be cared for without help by one person and still have time for other work.

\$25.00 saved on every hundred chicks raised to maturity by this wonderful Briggs System.

Endorsed by hundreds of leading successful poultry men—Hundreds of unqualified testimonials in our possession.

"PROFITS IN POULTRY KEEPING SOLVED"

This great book by Edgar Briggs tells how to increase your present profits or start a profitable and easy occupation. Failures unknown when the Briggs System is used. It meets every condition and covers every part of the business. Keeps hens in the pink of condition and produces more eggs than any other System; molts hens early, and fowls are rarely sick when this wonderful System is followed.

THE SECRET OF TURKEY RAISING IS ALSO BARED

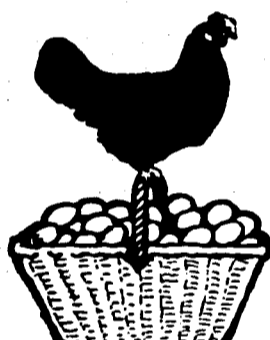
This book has never been sold for less than \$5.00 per copy and thousands covering several editions are being followed by an equal number of successful poultry raisers.

WE HAVE PURCHASED THE SOLE RIGHTS OF PUBLICATION FROM THE AUTHOR, MR. BRIGGS, and have just reduced the price from \$5.00 to \$1.25 per copy including one year's subscription to "Poultry Success," regular price 50 cents, so under the great offer you get the Briggs System book for only 75 cents. We have also just taken off the press "Briggs Secrets in Poultry Culture," containing most valuable and never before published secrets that have produced wonderful and easily obtained results. These secrets are alone worth the price of the book, but under our great offer you get them FREE.

Special Offer While the Present Edition of the Briggs System and Secret Books Last.

IF YOU WILL REMIT US \$1.25, WE WILL SEND IMMEDIATELY A COPY OF BRIGGS WONDERFUL SYSTEM BOOK, viz.: PROFITS IN POULTRY CULTURE SOLVED, also a set of BRIGGS "SECRETS IN POULTRY CULTURE" and include also POULTRY SUCCESS one year. Even if you already have a copy of "Profits in Poultry Keeping Solved," you are losing money every day by not having the supplemental publication "Secrets in Poultry Culture." POULTRY SUCCESS is admittedly the world's leading and best POULTRY JOURNAL, 20 years old, 86 to 164 pages, beautifully illustrated and printed. Most competent and experienced writers in the country, 50c. a year. It is the 20th Century Poultry Magazine. Sample and circulars Free. Address

HOSTERMAN PUBLISHING CO., BRIGGS DESK 39, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



ALWAYS FULL
BRIGGS SYSTEM
DOES IT

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

President—Mrs. A. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. J. W. Morton, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. L. A. Platts, Milton, Wis.; Miss Phebe S. Coon, Walworth, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. H. C. Stillman, Milton, Wis.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.

Editor of Woman's Page—Miss Ethel A. Haven, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Secretary, Eastern Association—Mrs. Anna Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.

Secretary, Southeastern Association—Mrs. Will F. Randolph, Lost Creek, W. Va.

Secretary, Central Association—Miss Agnes Babcock, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Secretary, Western Association—Miss Agnes Whitford, Alfred Station, N. Y.

Secretary, Southwestern Association—Mrs. G. H. F. Randolph, Fouke, Ark.

Secretary, Northwestern Association—Mrs. Nettie West, Milton Junction, Wis.

Secretary, Pacific Coast Association—Mrs. E. F. Loof-

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

President—Esle F. Randolph, Great Kills, N. Y.

Vice-President—Edward E. Whitford, New York City.

Recording Secretary—Corliss F. Randolph, 76 South Tenth Street, Newark, N. J.

Corresponding Secretary—Royal L. Cottrell, 209 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Treasurer—Charles C. Chipman, 220 Broadway, New York City.

Vice-Presidents of the Corporation only—Henry N. Jordan, Herbert C. Van Horn, O. A. Bond, R. R. Thorngate, W. D. Burdick, Geo. B. Shaw, G. H. F. Randolph.

Board of Trustees—Esle F. Randolph, Corliss F. Randolph, Royal L. Cottrell, Charles C. Chipman, Rev. H. N. Jordan, Stephen Babcock, Edward E. Whitford, Alfred C. Prentice, Harry W. Prentice, J. Alfred Wilson, Elisha S. Chipman, Rev. A. E. Main, Clifford H. Coon, Samuel F. Bates, Holly W. Maxson, Edgar D. Van Horn.

Stated meetings the third First-day of the week in September, December and March, and the first First-Day of the week in June.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD.

President—M. H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.

Secretary—Mileta Davis, Janelew, W. Va.

Treasurer—Clyde Ehret, Salem, W. Va.

General Junior Superintendent—Mrs. J. E. Hutchins, Berlin, N. Y.

Contributing Editor of Young People's Page of the RECORDER—Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Lost Creek, W. Va.

Associational Field Secretaries—L. Gertrude Stillman, Ashaway, R. I.; C. C. Williams, Adams Center, N. Y.; Mrs. W. L. Greene, Alfred, N. Y.; Flora Zinn, Farina, Ill.; Draxie Meathrell, Berea, W. Va.; C. C. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark.; Jacob Bakker, for England and Holland; Rev. H. E. Davis, for China.

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT.

President—I. B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I.

Recording Secretary—Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.

Corresponding Secretaries—Rev. E. B. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I.; Rev. W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.; Stephen Babcock, Yonkers, N. Y.; Andrew North, Dodge Center, Minn.; F. J. Ehret, Salem, W. Va.; W. R. Potter, Hammond, La.; Rev. I. L. Cottrell, Leonardsville, N. Y.

The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.

The Board will not obtrude information, help or advice upon any church or persons, but give it when asked. The first three persons named in the Board will be its working force, being located near each other.

The Associational Secretaries will keep the working force of the Board informed in regard to the pastorless churches and unemployed ministers in their respective Associations, and give whatever aid and counsel they can.

All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries will be strictly confidential.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.

President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.

Vice-President—D. E. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.

Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Treasurer—Joseph A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited. Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

Plainfield, N. J.

RECORDER PRESS, Babcock Building.

Publishing House of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

Printing and Publishing of all kinds.

WILLIAM M. STILLMAN, COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

REV. A. E. MAIN, Dean.

Year began Sept. 14, 1909.

BRAMACH PIANO For sale by J. G. BURDICK, Agent.

New York City

HERBERT G. WHIPPLE, COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

220 Broadway. St. Paul Building

C. C. CHIPMAN, ARCHITECT.

220 Broadway. St. Paul Building.

HARRY W. PRENTICE, D. D. S., "THE NORTHPORT."

76 West 103d Street.

ALFRED CARLISLE PRENTICE, M. D., 226 West 78th Street.

Hours: 1-3 and 6-7.

ORRA S. ROGERS, Insurance Counsellor,

149 Broadway, Singer Bldg. Tel. 1590 Cort.

Utica, N. Y.

DR. S. C. MAXSON,

Office, 225 Genesee Street.

Chicago, Ill.

BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

Suite 510 and 512, Lacoma Bldg.

131 La Salle St. Telephone Main 3141 Chicago, Ill.