

The Sabbath Recorder

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
 The Power who pities man, has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears;
 And weary hours of wo and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

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

* * * * *

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

—William Cullen Bryant.

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EDITORIAL

Thirteen and One-half Years.

On Sabbath day, December twenty-fifth, Rev. Dr. Lewis A. Platts closed his labors as pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Milton, Wisconsin. For thirteen and one-half years he had served as an under-shepherd of that flock, and many regrets are expressed among his people over his leaving them. On the Sabbath before his last sermon there, he gave a brief report of his labors in Milton, which shows that Brother Platts has led a busy life. The *Milton Journal* publishes an abstract of this report, from which we take the following items:

He [Doctor Platts] has delivered from the pulpit 1,000 sermons, and provided for the preaching of 275 sermons when he has been absent. He has conducted 2,375 prayer meetings and other services. He has made 3,859 calls and visits in connection with his pastoral work and has written 572 letters to absent members and written 161 different articles for the public print.

During the term of Doctor Platts' service here the church has prospered in many ways. Names have been added to the church membership to the number of 313. Of these 177 have been received by letter, 20 by verbal testimony and 134 by baptism. In this same time the church has lost by death 45, by letter 106, and 16 have been dropped. This leaves a net gain of 146 members in thirteen and one-half years. This increase in membership necessitated remodeling and enlarging the church building a few years ago.

Doctor Platts has made several missionary trips to different places, in all doing 28 weeks of that class of work. For a number of years he had charge of the college quartet work in the

Northwest, having organized and sent out 13 quartets for missionary work.

The following facts and figures cover the last year's work of Doctor Platts:

The pastor has provided for all the public services of the year, excepting the Sabbath of the General Conference, himself preaching, including funerals, 44 times, and furnishing, by visiting ministers or by exchanges or supplies for which he has paid either in exchange service or in cash, 16 services, making in all 60. Besides these he has preached in other pulpits 14 times.

He has made 240 calls and visits, has written 95 letters to absent members and others in the interest of the church and its work, has attended 175 other religious meetings of various kinds, and has written for the public prints 28 articles of varying lengths.

There have been added to the church during the year 74 members, 37 by baptism.

In his relation to the church as one of its regular members, his financial obligations to church expenses, young people's society, missionary enterprises, etc., have been met by the payment, in cash, of \$94.50, besides sundry small contributions of which no memoranda was made.

Such data as that given above show only such results as can be exhibited by cold figures. In order to get at the real work and the permanent results, one must take these figures and try to imagine the heart-burdens and life-energies it has taken to produce and deliver in all good conscience one thousand sermons, to souls hastening toward the judgment day—and that, too, by a watchman who feels that God will hold him responsible for those in his flock who die without being faithfully warned and enlightened. To get at real results one would have to know how many hearts have been strengthened and helped during the thirteen and a half years in which a faithful man of God has been pouring out his own soul for the good of others. No figures can portray the growth in grace, the strengthening of noble purposes, the victories over temptation, the general uplift of the entire community in moral tone, the help and courage that have come to hundreds, the comfort in times of trouble, the better conditions in home life and the impulses to secure a higher education, all of which have come from the consecrated services of a devoted pastor.

When you read these figures try to comprehend, if you can, how much they mean of used-up life and energy on the pastor's part, and how much of good must abide in any community of homes and schools from the worn-out pastor's influence!

Think How It Would Seem to You.

The interesting letter by Rosa Palmborg on another page touched my heart. Who can read the letters from our missionaries in China, giving their experiences as they so often do, and describing the conditions by which they are surrounded, without being moved? Sometimes I fear that people in the home land do not appreciate as they should the self-sacrificing spirit that has moved so many to leave home and native land for consecrated work among the heathen. It means a great deal for one to sever the home ties, practically for life, and turn the back upon civilization to make a home and spend one's days in China. Only those who have had the actual experience can fully understand all that such a separation and change means. We may by imagination obtain some conception of how it would seem to us if we were thus removed from home and friends; we might imagine how hungry we too should be for sympathy, how carefully we should watch the mails for letters from home friends, how eager we should be to get each RECORDER, and how much every word would mean to us either as a word of sympathy or as a word of indifference; but after imagination had done its best, the half would not be told.

The reading of Miss Palmborg's letter calls up some thoughts that have been taking shape in my mind for several months. Sometimes I fear that we in America do not consider as we might the full effects of our words, deeds and even our indifferent silences, upon the hearts of our friends beyond the seas. Words spoken in Conference or written for the RECORDER, which in America might attract no special attention, may have a very different effect upon the readers beyond the Pacific, who, shut off from the main body of Sabbath-keepers, have for years so concentrated mind and heart upon our foreign mission work, have

so closely studied the matters of finance and economy, and who, at best, have labored against such discouraging odds, that to be touched at any of these points is to be touched most vitally.

It would be far better if, whenever we refer to work in China or use conditions supposed to exist there as illustrations, we would carefully consider how our words are going to sound to the workers in that far-off land when they appear in cold print and are separated from the spirit and inspiration under which they were first spoken. One thing at least seems imperative, and that is this: We should be absolutely certain that the illustration used is true to life, that it in no way casts a reflection upon the work or workers, and that it does not in the least imply a condition that does not exist.

Probably no other subject which we discuss in Conference addresses and reports is more sure to lead men to say some things that would be better unsaid, than is the subject of home missions. The two subjects, home and foreign missions, should be equally dear to the heart of every child of God, and it is unfortunate when we become so absorbed in one that we inadvertently reflect on the other. One has a right to be enthusiastic over home fields, and to urge greater activity among feeble churches. But care should be taken in the matter of comparing expenses and results so as to imply an untrue condition in connection with the foreign work.

While some things that are said in America are spoken without the least intention of casting any reflection upon foreign mission work, and while those who are present to hear them and who understand the spirit and inspiration that bring forth the words may see nothing in them that would hurt the heart of those in foreign lands, still those same words may sound very different to the discouraged-missionary, homesick for the society of loved ones.

Then let me come back to the heading of this article. When you are about to make some comment upon our work in China, try to think how what you say will sound to those who are there. Put yourself in their place if you can and *think how it would seem to you* if you were there. This might save our foreign workers many heart-aches.

CONDENSED NEWS

The Newsboys' Annual Feast.

Forty-nine years ago Mr. William M. Fless of New York City gave the first great dinner to the newsboys of that city. Before his death Mr. Fless requested his son William to continue the charity dinners, and every year since, the newsboys have been made happier by an ample feast provided by him.

On Christmas day eighteen hundred newsboys shook off the snow and filed into the Brace Memorial Lodging House on Chambers Street, and crowded the long tables three times over, upon which was spread their annual feast. The dinner began at seven o'clock and lasted until midnight. During this time every hungry boy or man was given a hearty welcome, and fed until satisfied. Indeed, before the feast was over, the lines between newsboys and other hungry people were removed and all were given a dinner. Among the guests were some old men who looked as though they might have been at the first dinner given forty-nine years ago, and several aged women, venders of papers, who seemed as happy as any of the men. In company with his wife, Mr. Fless, who gave the dinner, visited the boys early in the evening and made them a speech, wishing them all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Probably no one there was happier than the man who gave this great feast.

Other Multitudes Fed.

The newsboys were not the only ones made happy by Christmas benevolence in New York. Hundreds of tattered, suffering outcasts were fed in the club rooms along the Bowery, dinners were given to all who called at the various mission rooms, the Salvation Army provided dinners for four thousand poor people at their Grand Central Palace alone, two thousand men and women received Christmas dinners at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, and at the Murray Hill Lyceum more than two thousand "little mothers" ate ravenously of turkey and other good things. The little mothers are simply the little girls who stay at home to take care of their little brothers

and sisters while their mothers are away at work. Thousands of the most destitute were given bags of provision in the various "bread lines" about the city. Four thousand five hundred were given turkey dinners at the hospital for the insane on Wards Island alone. The old Jerry McAuley Mission on Water Street fed hundreds of wanderers who availed themselves of the opportunity offered there.

Christmas hospitality even invaded the old Tombs Prison, and prison fare was enriched by additions of turkey and other good things sent by various philanthropic societies and clergymen who tried to send a ray of light into the darkened hearts of four hundred and seventy-one prisoners. One minister set up a phonograph and gave the prisoners a concert to which they listened most intently. Thank God for the spirit of Christmas which so fills our land that thousands are busy feeding the poor and sending the sweet strains of Christian music to gladden the hearts of men in prison.

Nicaraguan Matters.

The crisis in Nicaragua seems rapidly approaching, and before this paper reaches its readers the revolutionists may be in possession of the government. Zelaya has fled, and taken refuge as a private person under the Mexican flag. Estrada's troops have given the Zelaya army a serious defeat in battle, taking many prisoners and capturing great quantities of arms and ammunition.

Zelaya is evidently trying to make a little capital by posing as a martyr. His manifesto by which he hopes to gain sympathy is full of absurdities, and is enough to convince the world of his unfitness for the place he has occupied so many years. It shows that the ex-president of Nicaragua is neither truthful nor sincere. He makes a great ado over the "imposition of tutelage," as he calls it, and the efforts of the United States to make "dependencies of the Latin nations." This charge against our government has not the least thing in fact to substantiate it, and Zelaya must know this as well as anybody. He knows that the proposition to land United States marines at Bluefields was not a menace to his government, but simply to protect

American citizens and their property. Our government could not do less than this and do its duty to its own people. Zelaya refers to our intervention in Cuba and makes charges which all the world knows to be false. This reference to our purposes in the case of Cuba was especially unfortunate if the absconding chief expected to make capital for himself.

Really, his posing as a martyr being removed from a people who he claims almost idolize him seems grotesque in face of the manner in which he fled. If he is so beloved by a loyal people, why was it necessary for him to steal away by special train in the dead of night, strongly guarded by soldiers, as if about to pass through an enemy's country! It is not thus that such a benevolent and patriotic chief, the joy of his own people, would be expected to leave, if only the oppressions of a foreign power made it necessary for him to step down and out. In such case we would expect an affectionate farewell in open daylight, with a people filled with sorrow instead of rejoicing over his departure. Indeed, the very manner of his going gives the lie to his patriotic pretensions.

Again, if Zelaya's accusations against Mr. Taft and our government were true, we would hardly expect to see our President telegraphing sympathy and relief for the sick and wounded of both armies in Nicaragua, and urging the Red Cross Society to hasten to their relief with thousands of dollars and with consecrated service. If Zelaya's charges were true, we would hardly expect our gunboats in Nicaraguan waters to hustle surgeons and supplies ashore to relieve the suffering among Zelaya's neglected soldiers. Instead of erecting fortifications, the American marines are preparing hospitals and eating-houses for suffering men and are lifting up the banner of the Red Cross over fields strewn with Nicaragua's sick and wounded soldiers. Really, it does not look as if the United States was trying to "fill all Latin America with suspicion," as Zelaya would have the world believe! Every movement in regard to Nicaragua vindicates the policy of our government, which is entirely peaceful, humanitarian and disinterested.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Ordination at Milton.

At the morning service at the Seventh-day Baptist church, December 18, Mr. Joseph J. Kovats of Milwaukee was ordained to the gospel ministry. The examination took place at the Friday evening meeting. The Milton Junction congregation joined with the Milton Church in the service. The opening prayer was offered by the Rev. O. S. Mills of Milton Junction. The discourse was given by the Rev. E. B. Saunders, secretary of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society. This was followed by the consecration prayer by the Rev. A. J. C. Bond of Milton Junction and the laying on of hands. Pres. W. C. Daland of the college gave the charge and the welcome was extended by the pastor, Dr. L. A. Platts. The service was beautiful and impressive.

The Rev. Mr. Kovats has won many friends in Milton by his consecration to the work of the Master and his earnestness and sincerity. He is engaged in missionary work among Hungarians in Milwaukee.—*Milton Journal.*

From Lieu-oo, China.

DEAR DOCTOR GARDNER:

I had it in mind to write a letter to the RECORDER last night, but was too tired when the day's work was done to do anything but answer "the letter sent by my pillow," as the Chinese sometimes playfully put it.

I have been feeling as if I would like to share some of the burdens of this work with others. Sometimes we missionaries want sympathy more than we want anything else. Mind, I say sympathy, not pity. There is a great difference. If I should unload on you all the things that burden my heart, however, I fear you would need to publish an extra edition, so I will mention only a few.

I think you have already heard of the death of my day-school teacher, who had also been my right-hand man and helper ever since I came to Lieu-oo. Although he had had tuberculosis for six or seven years, by constant care and a measure of hygienic living he seemed to be more than

holding his own, until he suddenly had a profuse hemorrhage while doing some too energetic work for his wife. It was followed by many others during a period of two weeks, at the end of which he passed away. Besides leaving a wife and two small children for us to provide for by work and otherwise, it leaves us bereaved of a kindly, helpful spirit to whom we turned in many ways.

We have not yet found any one to take his place, and the consideration of several has brought home more acutely to us the faults and shortcomings of some of our Christian young men, which also burdens our hearts.

Then, my old lady, who has been with me all these years in Lieu-oo, as mother, friend and companion, has been bedridden for over two months, and though a good woman she is weary and frets to be away. She can hardly abide God's time and often begs me to give her something to take her out of her weariness. I sympathize with her, try to encourage her, and pray with her, and in my heart I pray that God will give her rest soon or restore her to better health and strength. All these things weigh on one's heart and give a stoop to the shoulders.

Yesterday morning I awoke early, feeling discouraged and wondering if it were really worth while, after all, to live a life of self-denial and see so little of result. Then I thought of Christ, John the Baptist, Elijah, Paul, Savonarola, and others, who lived such lives and saw comparatively few results in their lifetime, but what would the world have been without such? What an inspiration their lives have been to millions, myself included!

I have a habit of glancing over my RECORDERS when they come, and then putting them by for a more thorough reading. I make it a point to read one through every Sabbath morning before breakfast, as I wake early and it puts me in tune for the day as nothing else does. Yesterday after thinking a while, as I have said, I read the RECORDER for November 16, of last year. It contained the memorial services of Doctor Lewis, and I was inspired with new courage when I considered his never-failing cheerful courage in the face of so many disheartening experiences. I felt it was just what I needed for the day ahead of

me, with three services to conduct and prepare for, sick people to treat, and I know not what else. Mr. Davis usually takes one service, but he and Mrs. Davis are in Shanghai for a short time.

Just before our church service, an old lady who is here caring for the one who is sick came to me in great distress, saying a nephew had come from Shanghai to extort money from her and she dared not let him see her. She said he and all his family were opium-smokers; that she had bought her own husband's coffin, and coffins for her mother-in-law and father-in-law, with the money she had saved from wages of a little over a dollar a month, and she felt she was not obliged to support the rest of her husband's family. In this I heartily agreed with her. I recognized the man, during the service, by his opium-soaked skin, and would not let him trouble his aunt, but sent him back to Shanghai with just enough money to pay his way, much to his aunt's relief. Think of it—a man of thirty-two, trying to extort money from a poor old widowed aunt!

At the church service was Rebecca, an old church member from the time of Doctor Carpenter, the only surviving member of that time. She looked sad and miserable. She has a grandson whom she has reared from a child of three, loving him tenderly, and constantly denying herself for him. Now he is twenty-two and she has taken him a wife. He has begun to drink and gamble. One night when she had followed him to a gambling den and persuaded him to come home, he slapped her face, the worst insult a Chinaman can give another. Indeed, for a man to treat his mother or grandmother in such a way is a violation of Chinese law, and so punishable. It broke the old woman's heart and she has failed in health since, partly, I think, because her conscience hurts her, as she says she hates him and will not forgive him. I spent all the time after service that I could spare from my patients (after dispatching the afore-mentioned opium sot to Shanghai) urging her to put such feelings out of her heart, according to Christ's wishes. She would say, "Yes, I know," and recite Christ's words to me; but this was different. She was sure God would not punish her for hating one who treated her so cruelly after all her love

and care of him. All I could say was of no avail.

Just after it occurred she had desired Mr. Davis, Mr. Crofoot and me to go out and beat the boy, for she had not the strength! I suppose she chose them because they were young and strong, and me for my noted ability to strike terror to the hearts of evil-doers!

Yesterday I determined I would do something. Whether it availed or not, it would at least show her that I was not unsympathetic. So when I had finished with my patients, as the sun was setting, I started for her home in the country, two miles away, accompanied by a boy and taking a lantern along to light me back. I prayed for help and wisdom as I hurried on in order to catch him at home at his supper.

The grandmother had not yet reached home when I arrived, and I told him why I had come. He acknowledged he had done wrong and that she had always been good to him. With more words than I can write here, I pointed out to him his duty and urged that instead of mistreating her because she was a Christian he should be one, too, and be a good man instead of following the road on which he was starting, which led only to misery for him and his. By this time his grandmother appeared, and I suggested that he beg her pardon. That staggered him. I had been talking kindly before, but when I saw that he rebelled I became severe and told him if he wouldn't do it and continged to treat her badly I would pay the costs to have him punished according to Chinese law for what he had done.

That started the perspiration on his forehead, and after another short struggle with himself he begged her pardon properly and she said she forgave him. I begged her to make it real forgiveness from the heart, not only by the lips, and hoped they might live together in love and harmony. He made many good promises and I came away rejoicing. Later, as I sat at supper, with my muscles twitching with weariness, I felt that the day had been worth living.

But oh, these Chinese men! So precious when they are little, because they are boys, and such a great percentage of them real curses to their wives and mothers when they grow up! I am glad I have known Christian men, or I should be a real

"man-hater." The difference all lies in that word "Christian," and those who say the Chinese do not need the Gospel, only expose their own ignorance. But enough for this time.

Yours for service,
ROSA W. PALMBORG.

Nov. 14, 1909.

The Fund for Aged Ministers.

H. L. HULETT, M. D.

I have read with a good degree of interest the articles recently appearing in the Recorder as to a fund for our ministers. With the small salaries ministers receive I fail to see how it is possible for them to save a cent towards a "rainy day" fund. The puzzle to me is how they can live and rear their families. I wish this matter might have a thorough discussion in all our churches, for then we should be in a position to do something definite at Conference next year. Let me suggest some methods that might be used to establish an endowment fund. These are practical, for they are the methods of the Methodist denomination. The ministers to devote one per cent of their income each year to such a fund. Each member of our denomination to give at least thirty cents a year for this purpose. Roughly estimated the ministers would contribute \$200; the members of the churches \$2,500. It would not take many years to have a fund that would be sufficient for the needs of this work. The length of a minister's service to determine the amount each one should receive. Friends, give this your thought and prayers. We owe this to our workers; and it will make us better workers in the cause of Christ if we do our duty in this matter. Discuss the question fully on all sides, for you are going to hear more of this if God wills.

Allentown, N. Y.

Dec. 19, 1909.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct.—*Carlyle*.

We do nothing well till we learn our worth, nothing best till we forget it.—*James Martineau*.

Missions

Letter From Rev. D. H. Davis.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE CHINA MISSION:

I am sure you will all rejoice with us when you learn that the matter of the land for the proposed new chapel has just been concluded. It will be remembered by those who have kept in mind what has already been published regarding this matter, that I purchased land some distance west of us and joining land belonging to a German business man by the name of O. Meuser. Before purchasing this land I called on this gentleman requesting that he exchange with us, giving us land on the east end of his lot which is in front of the mission house occupied by Mr. Crofoot and family. I supposed I had obtained his consent to exchange, but after I had completed the purchase, for some reason he deferred giving me a definite answer. I have thought perhaps it was to try our faith. The fact that he did not positively refuse encouraged me to continue to pray that he would ultimately answer our petition, and with this hope I have from time to time called upon him. For a long time we have prayed that God would incline his heart to make the exchange. I was in hopes he would grant us a third of an acre, which would be a piece 175 feet by about 83 feet, and I pay him the difference, as the piece I had purchased is only a little over a twelfth of an acre. This he was not so much inclined to yield, but he said he would give me a piece 80 feet by 90 feet, which is equal to one-sixth of an acre. The piece I bought is quite irregular and on this account would not be so valuable as a building site. The agreement is that we exchange evenly but I am to be to any expense that may be incurred in the transfer of title deeds. This will be very little. There is a Chinese house on the lot which I am also to remove. I today contracted for its removal at a cost of \$25 Mexicans.

This land has cost at the present rate of exchange just a little over \$800 gold. I

hope we may now be able to conclude the plans for the church and soon begin the building. I much desire to get the building completed by next June which is the best time in the year for varnishing. We shall probably not begin the real work of building until after China New Year which occurs in February this year. I do not know yet whether I have sufficient money in hand to complete the chapel or not, but I shall not lack a great amount and I think it would be best to begin operations by the time mentioned. I shall write the Missionary Board regarding the matter.

I feel we should all give thanks that God has answered our prayers. We shall now pray that the chapel may be built without much longer delay and when it is completed it may be a great blessing to our work.

Most sincerely,

D. H. DAVIS.

West Gate, Shanghai, China,

Nov. 11, 1909.

The Crown of Glory.

REV. D. BURDETT COON.

Sermon preached in the Shiloh (N. J.) Seventh-day Baptist Church, October 30, 1909, and by vote of the church requested for publication.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Prov. xvi, 31.

It seems especially fitting in these glad October days, with her ever-changing hues of autumn foliage, that we should observe "Old Folks' Day." It may be well for the younger generations present to be reminded by the "Old Folks' Choir" and other old people here today in active service that they, the younger ones, are not all there are ready for the Lord's work. I do not think that our young people feel this way. But surely we young people must be reminded today that if we were removed from the place there would be left a strong force of the old people for carrying forward the work of God. On the other hand it is well for the old people here today to be reminded that the days of their usefulness are not all in the past. Grave responsibilities are resting upon your shoulders still.

The crowning work of your lives is before you.

To have no old people among us would be a great calamity. When God was pronouncing a curse upon Eli because of the sins of his children it would seem that almost the worst was found when he declared, "There shall not be an old man in thine house forever." Think of it! Should it be revealed unto us that no old man should be in our house forever how desolate would be our homes and our hopes. Should no one come to old age this old earth of ours would take a far backward step.

We rejoice because of the presence of the old among us. We delight to do them honor. We need them. Honor and respect are their due. Many are the lessons to be taught by the aged to those who are younger. We do well if we heed these lessons.

It is true that in Egypt, and in ancient Greece and Rome, and in China, and among the Moslems of western Asia, the Arabs and the Turks, as well as in the old Hebrew nation, we find great respect paid to old age. In the Orient, homage has long been paid the old simply because they were old. Age, irrespective of past experience, without reference to family or social relationships, was sure to be honored and respected. In ancient Rome the old were given honor beyond that given to those of wealth and fame. It is to be regretted that in the advanced and civilized nations of the world we so often find the old neglected, their counsel ignored, and their lives made miserable. But again it must be admitted that it is a healthful atmosphere on the whole where we find honor and respect paid to the old on the ground of their worthiness. I do not know that any particularly distinguishing honor is due a person simply because his locks have turned gray. More and more as the world advances in civilization and morals and religion do we pay honor to those who have grown old "in the way of righteousness." I can pay no tribute of praise to you today, even though your head be bowed with age and your steps are seen to falter on account of the burdens you have borne if, in the midst of your golden opportunities, you have grown old in selfishness and sin. I know of nothing more awful than to see a man

after a life's experience, just ready to step from time into eternity, who has followed the paths of sin and wrong all his days, and who still persists in the wrong. How such an one can reject the entreaties of a loving God and the earnest pleas of Christian friends is more than my heart can understand. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." No lasting glory is promised you on any other condition than the one here specified. To thus become hoary headed is glory indeed. It is alone on the ground of your character, because of what you have been and are, because of what you have wrought *in the way of righteousness*, that we pay honor to you today.

It has been said that there is a great deal of family government in America today, but that it is mostly in the hands of the children. Woe be unto us if we treat with contempt the counsel of the aged. Sad indeed has been the history of nations and individuals who have spurned the advice of their elders. We need the old for their wisdom gained in the school of experience. Elihu, the youth, was right in assuming that "days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." Witness the wrecks along the shores of time that have come as a result of forsaking the counsel of the old. I remember sitting in the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago one night, where a gospel meeting was held every night in the year for men and women who came in from the streets and saloons and brothels of the city. By my side sat a man who was somewhat under the influence of liquor. He was dressed in rags. Every feature of the man showed dissolute living. About his head were several bandages covering ugly wounds. His face told everybody that "the way of the transgressor is hard." He was moved by the warm gospel sermon that was preached. His heart was touched in the after-meeting by the thrilling testimonies of those who had once been like himself but who were now saved by the Gospel, happy and respectable. Calling to his mind what he had been in other days, and realizing what he was that night, he saw himself in wreck and ruin. All hope was gone from his soul. Every attempt to make him see that God loved him still was met with the memory of lost opportunities.

Constantly would he moan most piteously, "Oh, if only I had heeded my mother, I wouldn't have been in this condition." His rejection of a mother's counsel had blasted his hopes and driven him to despair. He is but an illustration of many thousands who have gone to ruin because they would not listen to the advice of the old. King Rehoboam had the choice between the counsel of the old and tried men of Israel and that of the young and inexperienced. He chose the latter. Behold the awful tragedy of a divided kingdom as a result. Such is the teaching of history for individuals and nations. Yea, the prosperity of our churches is dependent in no small degree upon the sought and heeded advice of the old.

Happy indeed are the old today in looking back upon some of the marked changes in social and industrial life that have occurred since they were young. Here is Brother William Hummel sitting in the choir. He sat in the choir more than sixty years ago. What wonderful changes in church and city and nation has he witnessed since he was born in Philadelphia more than eighty years ago. The changes in that single city since he was born there are enough to stagger and startle the strongest minds. He has lived long enough to see the introduction and the development of all the steam railroads in this country. How bewildering the thought of the changes in this one enterprise, and of those wrought through its development. Think of the railroads that now go from ocean to ocean and from the Lakes to the Gulf and that cover all our land like a great network. The old among us have seen this work go on from the beginning. I hold in my hand the picture of the largest passenger engine in the world. The picture was clipped from yesterday's paper. The engine has just been completed by the Baldwin Locomotive Works. It stands upon the switch in Philadelphia ready to be taken in a few days to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway in the great Southwest. It weighs 600,000 pounds. It will use oil for fuel. The weight and power and perfection of this one engine is enough to fill our minds with amazement. It is but an illustration of the thousands upon thousands of machines now made for doing the world's work. And when we

see some gigantic city hotel, fitted up with all modern means of comfort, luxury and convenience, set afloat in the shape of the modern steamship that crosses the ocean in four or five days, what shall we say more concerning the changes since you were young? You have seen the telegraph going over land and the cable passing under the seas till at last messages are carried thousands of miles, transmitting man's thoughts, without the wire or the cable. The atmosphere that we breathe has become the medium for carrying the thought-throbs of the world across the seas. You have seen the telephone, that great time and labor-saving device, installed in our homes. When you visit our great cities you may hurry from one end to the other and from side to side down under ground in their great subways. You may go from New Jersey to New York under the Hudson River. Or you may go from near the upper end of New York City under her streets and buildings with the traffic of the great metropolis going on above you, still on under the East River far out into Long Island before you come to the surface. Last fall they told me that fifty millions of dollars had been spent for the subways in New York City. They have been spending other millions in the same way ever since then. After centuries of effort, and the loss of much property and life, the North Pole is said to have been discovered. Nearly all believe that Peary has been there. And some think that Doctor Cook saw it before Peary. And now the day-dream of Darius Green is being realized. Ships of the air are seen flying over many lands. Success for aerial navigation is not fully assured. But we dare not say that great things may not be just before us in the way of navigating the air. The immense steamships of today may seem as much out of place beside the air-ships of a hundred years from now as the sailing craft of a century ago seem out of place for great ocean traffic today.

You who are old have experienced the perilous times of the Civil War, and have witnessed the dreadful days of the Spanish-American war. You passed through those crises in our country's history and now you behold the grand results coming from the awful loss of blood and treasure. The black race has been made free and our

divided country has been reunited. The power represented by the Stars and Stripes has become a world force in fighting wrong, and in defending, upholding and ennobling humanity. You have seen our great western wilderness stretching out to the Pacific changed into a garden of productiveness for man's well-being. You who are old today have furnished much of the muscle and brain and life-blood that have made these astonishingly big accomplishments possible. It makes the head swirl to think of what has been done in your day and generation. Great is the heritage you leave to the younger people of today. We are to step upon your shoulders. Because of your toil and care and sacrifice and accomplishment we have come into a large place and have a wide vision of human possibilities.

But I would not have you think that your usefulness is found alone in your counsel or your passive wisdom or inactive goodness. Rather shall we find the greatest usefulness of the aged in their positive, active accomplishment. Somehow many old people easily fall into the habit of thinking that they are of no account. They often try to make themselves and others think that their work is done. There is great danger that they will do this long before their days of active service should be over. How often do they say, "Oh, I am too old to do any good now." Suppose we look back over the history of this Shiloh Church a little. As you read of the critical times through which it has passed, who were those who wrought valiantly here? Who stood by the church and saved her many a time from reproach and disgrace? Whose faith and prayers and works made the history of this church glorious? Who have been the pillars and staunch supporters of worthy enterprises in the church and community? Call over the roll of names if you will. You will be surprised to find so many old men and old women in the number. I was much interested the other day in reading the history of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, Rhode Island. Let me read a few words from an address given by Pastor William L. Burdick on the occasion of the bicentennial celebration of that church in Ashaway last fall. Please note the age of the first nine pastors of this

great mother church when they were called to the pastorate.

Brother Burdick says: "Their ripe age when called to the highest office in the gift of the church surprises us today. John Maxson, 1st, was seventy, John Maxson, 2d, was fifty-four. Joseph Maxson was seventy-five, Thomas Hiscox sixty-five, Joshua Clarke fifty-six, John Burdick sixty-one, Abram Coon thirty-nine, Matthew Stillman thirty-two, and Daniel Coon, forty." Now we might think that very little could be expected of a church that would call men of that age to their highest office. It might seem that a church could not grow and prosper under such conditions. We might imagine that most of these men when first coming to the pastorate had already outlived their usefulness and would have very little spiritual power and fervor to give to the church. That however good their intentions and their past history they would be too feeble and too "old foggy" to count for much vital energy and real power in the church. But what is the record of their pastoral care and leadership? Let me quote from the same address again: "They were able men, monuments to any church. The works they wrought speak louder than words." Hear this again: "There appears to have been a constant addition by profession of faith and baptism, with frequent sweeping revivals. Three hundred ninety-five were added during the pastorate of Elder Joshua Clarke (1773-1793), and one hundred eight in one year. Two hundred were added in one year during the pastorate of Elder John Burdick, and over one hundred eighty-six in one year during the pastorate of Eld. Abram Coon. [I feel that I have a right to take some pride in the fact that Eld. Abram Coon was my great-grandfather.] In the twenty-six years from 1812 to 1838 over one thousand entered the fellowship of the church. The number added while Eld. Matthew Stillman was leading pastor was seven hundred fifty-four."

What shall we say with these facts before us? Shame to the men and women who say or think that when they are forty or fifty or sixty years of age they can lay aside the arduous duties of active Christian service. These records of the work of these old men should stimulate the old

THOUGHTS FROM THE FIELD

DEAR EDITOR OF RECORDER:

As I renew my subscription for our excellent church paper I would not dare do so without a protest; for dear as it is to me, if all its teachings were like those of the Convocation paper in the issue of November 29, "The Attitude of Religious Leaders Toward New Truth," I should have to take sad leave of my good old friend of thirty years. The admirable opening was so fascinating that I settled down for a feast, when alas! the sad shock which soon came was overwhelming.

I have neither the time nor ability for a review, which it seems it should have, but wish to call attention to the "old legend" referred to on page 681, first column. Is it possible we must progress to acceptance of the thought that God was at first only a shadow! How shocking the contrast to the sublime expression of the sacred Word in regard to his majesty and mighty acts. How bewildering also the portrayal of man's evolution from a "grotesque and awful being," through various stages, "more like a beast than a man!" Are we to recognize this fearful creature whom the inspired Word declared, "God created in his own image?" And of all his creative works we read, "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." And shall mortal man dare presume to contradict it?

On page 679, last paragraph of first column, we read: "Evolution is accepted as the clue to their investigations by all teachers, in all departments, in all colleges and institutions of learning, with the possible exception of the department of theology in some denominational seminaries!" Is it possible this is true of our own dear Milton, Alfred, and Salem? Then how can we give to promulgate such errors? Have Seventh-day Baptists so far departed from the faith of their fathers that one of their ministers boldly proclaims himself an advocate of this delusion!

AGNES F. BARBER.

Norwich, N. Y.,
Dec. 16, 1909.

of today to feel that the best of life is yet before them. Their last days shall be their best days if filled with their best service for God and humanity. You are not too old to give that service. Let these last days of your life be indeed the crowning days of your experience. Out of these, your ripening days, furnish a record of which your children will be proud. Convince the oncoming generations that you have lived for them and not for self alone. The leaves that are now being crowded off have lived for the good of plant and tree. They have taken in rain and sunshine and wind of summer that what is to come after them may be larger and better. So that through which you have passed in the way of sunshine or shadow, prosperity or adversity, thrilling success or deepest sorrow, shall find its full fruition in what you furnish by way of warning and encouragement, helpfulness and inspiration, instruction and spiritual uplift for the oncoming generations. The changing brilliant hues seen in this autumn foliage represent the gathered forces of a summer's experience. What were springtime days compared with these? They were beautiful with promise. But how much more beautiful and glorious are promises fulfilled such as we see in colors and fruits of autumn days. In these aged brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers with us today we see the gathered forces of lifetime's experience. In the gray-haired veterans of the cross of Jesus do we see the ripening product of earthly Christian life. It is the best that God can give us in this world to see. Make your Christian life luminous to your children and you will add luster to your crown, and everlasting beauty to your name, and glory to the cause of God.

Strong drink is not only the devil's way into a man, but man's way to the devil.—
Dr. Adam Clarke.

"The world must be won man by man. The personal touch is always the touch of power."

God calls to no sacrifice for which there is not, sooner or later, ample compensation.—
—Arthur T. Pierson.

Woman's Work

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

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.

If I Can Live.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
In bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me! "She did her best for one of Thine."
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

From Westerly, R. I.

Items of home news are always of interest to Westerly readers, so perhaps something from here may be acceptable to others.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Pawcatuck Church had the annual Christmas sale of useful and fancy articles on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, December 7 and 8.

The church parlors never looked prettier, for the decorations were artistic and attractive. We called our sale "The Festival of Holidays," as the booths were designed to represent New Year's, Christmas, Fourth of July, Labor day and birthday. Articles for sale were appropriate for each. There were also a fortune-teller's tent, a camp-fire and a postoffice. Supper was served both evenings and ice-cream and cake. The first evening was very stormy, but the rooms were filled and the whole

affair was a decided success socially and financially.

Since October the ladies have been meeting at private houses to sew, one afternoon every two weeks, from half past two to six o'clock. These gatherings alternate with the regular church suppers, but in no way interfere with them. At these thimble parties much of the work for the sale was accomplished. Socially, too, they are very pleasant. Light refreshments are served by the hostess.

On December 14, having work that could best be done at the church parlors, the ladies met there instead of at a private house. After work was over a chafing-dish luncheon was served and a social half-hour enjoyed. A delightful feature of the occasion was the fine rendering of two piano selections by Miss Ethel Kenyon.

On Sabbath day, December 18, occurred our annual Sabbath-school graduating exercises. A class of ten—six girls and four boys—received diplomas, having completed the course of study of the intermediate grade.

The superintendent, Mrs. A. H. Langworthy, gave a report of the year's work, a vocal solo was given by Master Raymond Coon and two excellent papers were read: one by Miss Rachel Burdick on the life of Saint Paul, the other by Miss Rachel Barber on the life of Saint Peter.

After singing by the school Mrs. Langworthy in a few well-chosen words gave the graduating class to the care of Mr. Whitford, superintendent of the higher departments, who responded with a short address of welcome.

Rev. Mr. Burdick made a few remarks, after which the session closed by all repeating the Mizpah benediction.

Cheer.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the
goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a
whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with
cheer.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Love's Reward.

"It seems as if I must give her something!"

Eunice Wells almost sobbed out these words as she stood, quite by herself, gazing in at a florist's window. She was a small, thin girl, and only fifteen years old; but her paltry six dollars a week formed the chief support of her feeble, widowed mother and little brother.

After the rent of their two tiny rooms and the other necessary household bills were paid each month, there was not a penny left for such folly as a flower.

"It was only last Christmas that she was so good to me," Eunice mused on. "And I only the girl that waited on her in the store! Maybe I was pleasanter than some of the others and flew around more to find the things she wanted. But to think she could miss me and ask my name and why I wasn't there! Nobody else cared—but Mrs. Day did. And I never shall forget those great roses she sent me and all those nice things to eat. And now they say she is awfully sick—and I can't do a thing."

By this time Eunice was almost weeping outright.

Suddenly moved, as it seemed, by something outside herself, she found herself advancing slowly into the shop and pricing the plants and flowers.

The clerk gave just one glance at her clothes, and felt that there was no need to be very polite to her.

"How much is this azalla?" she was asking as if in a dream.

"Five dollars!" with the air of one who would like to say, "Why are you bothering me? I know you can't afford to buy anything."

"That rose?"

"Two dollars. Guess these tulps are more in your line. Give you this pot for sixty cents. Give you a dozen daffodils for fifty cents."

And Eunice had but forty-five cents in her shabby little purse—with the scrap of round steak for dinner still to buy.

She felt as if the clerk could count her money through the crumpled bit of chamois skin which she was grasping tightly in her hand. She turned, saying, with an attempt at dignity, "I think I will not take anything tonight."

As she was walking out a little pot of sweet alyssum caught her eye.

Her father had been a farmer, and had not sweet alyssum run riot over the farmhouse garden just as this cheerful little plant was rioting over the edges of its pot, all alive with tiny, fragrant blossoms. "How much is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"That," repeated the clerk, with an accent of even deeper contempt, "that is only ten cents." "I'll take it," she cried.

It was a mile to Mrs. Day's house, but Eunice almost ran the whole way. As she hurried along, conflicting thoughts began to disturb her. Perhaps the rich lady cared nothing for humble sweet alyssum. Perhaps she would say, "Why should that poor shop-girl send me this cheap little thing? Better have given me nothing at all." Oh, it might all be an impulsive blunder.

Yet never faltering in her purpose, Eunice ran up the steps of the stately house. She had taken time at the florists to write on a card which he had given her, "Eunice Wells is sorry you are sick. Please accept this very little thing with her love."

The maid who came to the door looked coldly at her, and unwillingly took in her hands the card and the little pot with its covering of brown tissue paper. Eunice feared in her heart that her poor offering might be so despised as never to find its way to the sick-room, but there was nothing more that she could do about it, and she hurried off in the gray spring twilight. She thought of the sweet alyssum all the next day. First, she was tortured with the thought of the poverty and meanness of her gift. Then she would cherish a hope that it, slight and valueless as it was, might, after all, carry some comfort.

When she reached her home that night a letter awaited her on the bare, clean kitchen table. It was written weakly, in pencil, but full of feeling.

"Never did I receive a gift so precious to me as your pot of sweet alyssum. It grew in my grandmother's garden in my childhood. I loved it. It is now my favorite flower. How could you know it? A beautiful breeze from the sweetest corner of the past blows through my room whenever I look at it. Thank you, dear friend, I shall never forget your loving thought."

To the heart of the poor shop-girl came

a thrill of such pure and heavenly joy as is seldom granted to mortals. As she bowed her head on the worn, old table her eyes filled with a gush of happy tears.

So shall it be with many a timid soul that has passed through life conscious only of poverty and unworthiness, but striving in its own humble way to please Christ. These souls will be astonished to find that they have laid at the feet of Jesus the very gifts which he desired most from them, and they will thrill with inconceivable gladness when he tells them how greatly he prizes their gifts.—*Selected.*

Dea. Gideon Thorlington Collins.

Gideon T. Collins was born in the town of Hopkinton, R. I., January 21, 1827, and died at his home near Weekapaug, in the town of Westerly, November 23, 1909.

The subject of this sketch was the son of Nathan and Dorcas (Popple) Collins. He was the youngest of seven children, only one of whom, Alfred Collins, of Charlestown, R. I., survives him.

Gideon Collins was a man active in every phase of life. He was interested in his work as a farmer, applied himself to gain a better knowledge of that calling and labored for its advancement. In this way he became a member of the Patrons of Husbandry, having been a Master in that organization. He had an active part in organizing the Washington County Agricultural Society and until his health failed was an official of the same.

He was a citizen who believed it to be a duty to engage in the affairs of civil government. From 1866 to 1889, with the exception of one year, he was a member of the town council of Westerly, and was considered as honest and faithful in his official capacity. Besides these ways of action he was a member of the Order of Freemasons, and an honorary member of the W. C. T. U.

But these things did not detract from his special service to the great Master. He dated his real conversion to a series of meetings conducted by Rev. Alexander Campbell, though he did not openly confess Christ until years after. At meetings held at Dunn's Corners, in 1858, he, with many others, put Christ on openly and was bap-

tized by Rev. Christopher Stillman, being received into the church, January thirtieth of that year. From that time till his death he was very much interested in the work of the church known as the First Westerly, located at Dunn's Corners. On September 7, 1858, he was chosen and consecrated to the office of deacon in that church. For many years Deacon Collins had been a member of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society and was a regular attendant at its meetings.

Mr. Collins was married to Abbie J. Noyes, December 17, 1853, with whom he had lived happily these fifty-six years and who is left in loneliness to mourn him who was a faithful and kind companion.

Thus he bore his part in the life and place in which he had been put—a hard-working man, faithful to his country, his home and the church. The funeral services were held at the Dunn's Corners meeting-house, Friday, November 26, at eleven o'clock, conducted by Clayton A. Burdick and Horace Stillman. C. A. B.

Importance of Our Habits.

Our virtues are habits as much as our vices. Honor, courage, purity, punctuality, prayer and kindness are habits as much as are swearing, drunkenness and lying. When this truth is once perceived, it makes a revolution in conduct. Morality, with many, consists in trying to correct evil habits rather than striving to form good ones. Human life is largely automatic. We are in reality "walking bundles of habits." To each sort of impression we have an automatic, ready-made response. The sort of habits we are forming is therefore of the greatest importance; and we are forming habits of some kind whether we attend to them or not. We should strive, therefore, to acquire such habits as will strengthen and improve our natures.—*Rev. De Witt L. Pelton.*

"The faithful church member will take his share of the hard duties as well as of the easy ones."

"Uncle Sam has just granted a pension to a soldier 108 years old. May he long enjoy it!"

Young People's Work

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

And this is the message which we have heard from him, and announce unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.—1 John 1, 5.

Candles Under Bushels.

REV. A. L. DAVIS.

Prayer meeting topic for January 15, 1910.

Daily Readings.

Sunday, Jan. 9—The bushel of greed (Jude xi, 23).

Monday, Jan. 10—The bushel of fear (Jonah i, 1-17).

Tuesday, Jan. 11—The bushel of discouragement (1 Kings xix, 1-8).

Wednesday, Jan. 12—The bushel of doubt (2 Chron. xvi, 1-10).

Thursday, Jan. 13—The bushel of cowardice (Matt. xxvi, 57-75).

Friday, Jan. 14—The bushel of ease (Amos vi, 1-6).

Sabbath day, Jan. 15—Topic: Candles under bushels (Matt. v, 13-16).

HINTS ON THE TOPIC LESSON.

Verse 13. *Ye are the salt.* Salt is a preservative, but when it has lost its savor it is worthless. But even if it has its savor, it is of no practical use until brought in contact with the thing to be salted. As Christians, our lives can have no practical value until they are brought into vital contact with those needing our help.

14. *Ye are the light.* The figure is changed but the same general idea prevails. Mankind needs help, a help which must come from without. Christ said: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Christ must dwell in our hearts before we can give true light. Christians are but reflectors of the Christ light and life within.

A city . . . set on a hill. Because of its elevation it is easily seen. The church, through the providence of God, occupies a conspicuous place in the world's history. Our calling is high and holy. The Chris-

tian is a marked man. For this reason, I suppose, faults in Christians are always more conspicuous than in others.

15. *Neither do men . . . put it under a bushel.* Whether candle or lamp or arc-light their place is not under a bushel. Their purpose is to illuminate. How many Christians have their lights concealed under some of the various "bushels" mentioned in the daily readings.

16. *Let your light so shine.* What can be a nobler mission, a greater privilege, than being the saving element—salt, light—in a sinful, dying world? Our lights should shine until they reach all within the circle of our influence. The light should shine truly, and our whole conduct should be so noble and Christlike, that men seeing our good works will glorify, not us, but our Father in heaven.

A PARAPHRASE.

Doctor Hall, in "The Messages of Jesus," paraphrases our lesson thus: "You are the preserving salt in a corrupted dying world. If you are yourselves no longer salt, how can any one season you? You are worthless. God can do nothing but cast you out to be trodden under men's feet. You are the spiritual light of the world in darkness. A history of past civic achievement can not be hidden. God set a city on a hill (Jerusalem). He meant it to light the world. Men do not light a candle and put it under a shade, but on a stand. It is the duty of those with a divine revelation to let it shine, that men seeing the revelation made manifest by your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

MEDITATIONS.

Under two different figures of speech the duty of service is strikingly and beautifully set forth. The Christian Church is to save society from sin and death, to illuminate the pathway of those in darkness and night. True, we can not do this of ourselves; but the Gospel of Christ which we preach and teach is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The work of saving society Christ has seen fit to entrust to us. Christ in the life, working in and through us, can save "even to the uttermost."

I can not, I do not, defend all the tenets of the church of the past, or the present.

She has trampled upon truth and exalted error; exalted man and brought low the Son of God. But the church with all her faults, at any period of her history, has been loftier in her ideals, nobler in her purposes and purer in life than any other contemporary organization. The light has not always shone steadily or truly. There have been times when her light almost went out, yet even then the flickering light that shone from the church was practically the only light that the world had. Yet I believe the Christian Church, in a large measure, is failing to meet the requirements placed upon her. Her light is dimmed by teaching error; her influence is crippled because of ignorance, superstition, selfishness, worldliness, and scores of other things.

The world will be convinced of Christ when Christians are profoundly convinced themselves. When Christ is formed within us by a living faith, the world will recognize the fact. When Moses came down from the mount after meeting God his "face shone." So will the face and the life of every Christian shine who spends hours and days with Jesus.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

"Christians are the light lighted; Christ is the light lighting."—*St. Augustine.*

"We can do no greater service for the world than to exert an influence which is always upward and forward in its tendencies."—*Edwin Shaw.*

"The Christian life is something very high and sublime, to which we can not arrive without pain; while it draws us from the earth and carries us nearer heaven, it places us in view of, and as mark to, the mallee of carnal men."—*Quensel.*

"On a life of obedience and faith God shines as the sun shines on a block of crystal, sending its radiance through the willing transparent mass, and warming and lighting it all into its inmost depths."—*Phillips Brooks.*

"Not in husbanding our strength, but in yielding it in service; not in burying our talents, but in administering them; not in hoarding our seed in the barn, but in scattering it; not in following an earthly human policy, but in surrendering ourselves to the will of God, do we find the safe and blessed path."—*F. B. Meyer.*

SUGGESTION TO LEADER.

Read Brother Shaw's sermon—"Ye are the salt of the earth"—found in this issue of the RECORDER.

Verona, N. Y.

A Sermon.

REV. EDWIN SHAW.

(Published by Request.)

Ye are the salt of the earth.—Matt. v, 13a.

The question is often asked, "Why is it that the cause of Christ makes such slow progress? Why does not the world more readily and more speedily accept Christianity? Why are people so slow about joining the forces of righteousness as represented by the Church of God? Among our own people, now and then, a loyal heart grows discouraged at the failure of the Sabbath cause to grow and take a firm hold upon the world. Why should there not be coming every year flocking to our churches hundreds and thousands of converts to the Seventh-day Sabbath, the only weekly Sabbath of the Old and of the New Testament, of Moses and of Jesus? Why should our young people leave us, scores and scores of them? Is it because we are deceived and the truth is not with us? Are we Seventh-day Baptists merely because our parents were and we have grown up in that belief; habitual, mechanical Sabbath-keepers are we, not knowing the real truth? Are we, after all, on the wrong side and know it not, and that is why our cause does not prosper? How is it? Why is it? Or is the fault with us, his people? Does this denomination of ours simply live along from year to year, without any appreciable increase in numbers, in interest or in power, barely holding its own, because we, the people, are at fault, because we are lacking?

Why should not the Sabbath truth go on making large conquest year by year? It is God's truth, is it not? founded on his eternal Word and verified by the example of his beloved Son? We shall find, I am sure, that the reason why the cause of the Christian Church languishes and makes so little progress, why our own denomination grows so slowly, must be laid to the charge of the people themselves who represent these causes. Are we salt that has lost

its savor? Are we lights hid beneath the bushel?

These are the words of Jesus that I have chosen for my text, "Ye are the salt of the earth." These words were addressed to the disciples. For we read, "And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth, and taught them." But while they were spoken to Peter and James and John and the rest, there is evidently a larger application to all disciples in all ages, and the same words may be spoken today, not only to Christians in general, but to Seventh-day Baptists in particular, and especially to you who hear me today; for, if the words of Jesus are anything, they are personal, they are specific, they come from the heart and they go to hearts, one by one, and so if there were only one person here before me at this moment, I still could bring the message.

"Ye (or thou) are the salt of the earth." Salt; what did Jesus mean? What does this figure teach us regarding the mission of the disciples of Christ, regarding the work of his followers? What is their relation to the world in which they are placed?

Salt, we are told by scientists, is necessary for animal life, is an essential element in food. This has never been absolutely proved to be a fact, and is doubted by some people, because in Africa there are uncivilized tribes that do not eat salt as an article of their diet, yet even here it has not been shown that the food itself, and the water used, do not contain a considerable amount of salt. However that may be, we do know that not only man but animals have a craving for salt. Salt marshes have lured myriads of animals to their death, either by drawing into the mire, or because men, civilized and uncivilized, have lain in wait for them at these places.

Salt is nourishing; it feeds the body; it is in the red corpuscles of the blood; the gastric juice of the stomach gets its chlorine from salt; it is a necessary, nourishing food. This illustrates one phase of the mission of Christian disciples. They are in the world to nourish and strengthen and build up. "Lovest thou me?" said the Master to Peter. "Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." "Feed my lambs,"

said Jesus. To make the thought thrice plain, these words were spoken three times: "Feed my lambs." There is a hungering and thirsting in the earth, a longing and a craving of the human soul, a desire for something, it knows not what, and in so many cases all the efforts put forth to satisfy that desire are not only of no avail, but even increase and make more intense the unsatisfied hungering. It is our mission, the mission of Christian disciples, the mission of Seventh-day Baptists, to receive from the hands of our Master the broken, blessed bread of life, and bear it to the multitudes; and if we do this in loyal love and faith, there will be baskets full of fragments left over, and then we shall indeed be the salt of the earth.

But salt not only feeds, it cleanses, it purifies, it sweetens; it does this in various ways, the chemistry of which is often very complex. Let me give you one illustration, a simple one. Salt is composed of two elements, sodium and chlorine; now chlorine when set free under the right conditions becomes a powerful purifying agent, and this is one of the methods which was employed in cleansing the streets and alleys and gutters of the city of Havana, in the island of Cuba, after the Spanish-American War. Sea water, which contains salt, was pumped through a large pipe and the city was washed with sea water. But just where the water left the pump to enter the pipe which conducted it to various parts of the city, there was placed a large electric battery which sent a powerful current in the form of an electric spark, through the water, again and again, constantly, rapidly, all day long. Now, as the water passed by, the action of this electric current was to decompose a part of the salt, tear it apart, and thus set free the chlorine, which was carried on by the water to do its work of cleansing, destroying the poisonous germs, the germs of disease, making clean and pure and sweet and healthy the city of Havana.

Ye are the salt of the earth, ye are the agents of cleanliness, of purity and of sweetness, especially in the moral and religious world. The world needs cleansing; it needs purifying. The filth of sin and wickedness, the foul taints of unrighteousness abound everywhere. They lurk in the garrets and in the cellars of men's

hearts. The cesspools of sin give forth a deadly stench, bearing poison and disease far and wide. The disciples of Christ, as the salt of the earth, have this purifying, cleansing mission. And it sometimes happens that a part of the salt, in order to do this work the most effectually, must be subjected to the severest trials,—like that of the electric current, must be torn and rent asunder, must itself suffer and pass through fiery trials, that wickedness and sin may be washed away, that the world may be made better and sweeter and purer. You know sometimes blossoms, flowers, give forth their sweetest fragrance, their choicest odors, only when they are bruised and torn and crushed to pieces.

But salt has another property. It has the power of preserving, of stopping decay; salt in water will preserve meats and eggs, keep them from decaying for a long time. The Church of God is a preserving factor in the civilization of the world. The powers of evil are the agents of destruction. Wickedness tears down and destroys. Decay and rottenness are the results of sin. Here is where the disciple must step in to prevent moral putrefaction, though it may bring him into places that are not pleasant, though it may put duties and tasks upon him which he would gladly avoid. It is an old illustration, that of the pork barrel and the salt barrel. The barrels may be in the same cellar, standing side by side, even touching each other without, yet the preserving power of the salt upon the meat will not be felt at all. No. The two must be mixed, must come into contact; there must be a layer of meat, and then a layer of salt, and then a layer of meat, and so on till the barrel is filled; then the preserving power of the salt can exert its power, but it can never do it through the hard sides of the barrel, nor of itself can it exert its power up over the edge of one barrel and down into the other. Some power outside of the salt must first bring it and the meat into right relations.

How like this is the relation of the Christian to the world! Is there something that separates you from the world; some dividing line, or hard partition? Then your power of helping the world will be of no avail. The hand of God himself must take the salt and sift it upon the world, must bring the disciples and the world

into close vital contact, layer upon layer, layer upon layer, for only thus will the preserving power of the disciple become effective. I well remember when I was a young man working on a farm in Utica, Wis., that when we were storing the new-made hay away in the great mows of the barn, we used to take a pan of salt and scatter handful upon handful of it upon the hay. The salt was lost to view; it disappeared completely in the loose green hay. But listen! It kept the hay from spoiling, as it never could have done if we had left it by itself in a pan on a shelf in the corner of the barn. Christian lives are often thus lost to view. They disappear in the mission fields among the heathen; they drop out of view in the cities of our lands, and of all lands; their work goes unnoticed by the many in the villages and small places, on the farms, in the wilderness, on the prairie, among the hills and mountains. But listen again! That is the way, the only way, that they, as salt of the earth, can exert their nourishing, cleansing, preserving power. If then, as I have feebly pictured, this is the relation of Christian disciples to the world, how important it is, friends, that we should be salt that has not lost its savor, for when salt has lost its saltiness it is absolutely worthless, good for nothing at all; it is thrown away, and usually in the road where it can do no damage.

But listen! Not long ago I read that "the city of Hutchinson, Kansas, is the center of the salt industry of the country. Years ago when the facilities for curing and preserving the salt were not what they are now, a great quantity was exposed to the weather, to the wind and the rain, the frost and the heat, and was consequently rendered useless. It 'lost its savor.' It was used by the city authorities for road-making, and a fine avenue was covered a foot deep in the savorless salt, and for months it was trodden under foot of men and beasts. Robbed of its proper preservative properties, however, it also failed as a road-bed, and soon that highway was one of the worst in the town. Nor was that all. The salt thrown upon the road so saturated the soil that the fine trees which graced each side of the street suddenly dropped their foliage and died, and there we have today a treeless avenue and a bad road. A character stripped of its helpful

influences becomes not merely negative as to good, but positive as to evil."

But can salt lose its savor? Jesus intimates that it can, for he says, "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." Well, salt can lose its savor in two ways: by having mixed with it other things, foreign substances, which adulterate it and weaken and spoil its savor as salt; or its savor, its goodness, may be washed out, and dissolved away, till that which remains is worthless as salt. Here is an old truth, but let me present it again, let me emphasize it now. Salt, to do any good, must get into the world, but if the world gets into the salt it is spoiled. Let us ask ourselves, seriously, this question today. Is our lack of power, such power as it seems we ought to possess, such power as would move the world—I say, is the lack of such power due to a mixture in us of the world, an adulteration of that which is not salt? We like to be like other people, to keep up with the times. Yes, that is all right. We like to do as other people do and not be conspicuous because of our peculiarities. Yes, and in a certain way this is all right, too. But if this tendency in any way lowers our standards of right and wrong in business, in politics, in society, in our professions, then beware! If expediency begins to take the place of righteousness, then beware! If culture, so called, begins to crowd out consecration, then beware! Some time ago a cultured, refined Christian woman gave a lecture in Milton, Wis., on the subject of Classic Myths, illustrated with stereopticon views of famous paintings and statuary. There chanced to be in Milton at the time a devoted Christian Jew, who, of course, by education and nature had little sympathy or appreciation for the subject matter of the lecture. After the lecture, in a pleasant, friendly, yet pointed discussion, he said to the woman: "Do you really enjoy your personal religious life? Are your daily devotions, your secret murmurings with your Saviour an unspeakable pleasure to you, the chief delight of your life?" And the woman hardly knew how to answer him. Dear friends, is our religious life pure and undefiled; not tainted with business, not diluted with the fashions and follies of this bustling, rustling, tussling

generation; not made weak and insipid by any admixture of pride or selfishness or moral cowardice? If so, happy are we, and we shall indeed be the salt of the earth, that has not lost its savor.

But I said that salt might also lose its savor by having its goodness worked out of it. Here again is a chance for a serious thought. Is the church weak today, not only because of an admixture of the world, but also because it has allowed its goodness to be taken away? For example, there has been going on of late, and there is going on now, a mighty revolution in religious thought concerning some of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. There are those who take away the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, or if they do not take it away, they pass it over as of little importance; and so with other fundamental principles—the doctrine of the atonement, the reconciliation of God and man through the mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ. These things are considered as of little importance, and we are told that the main thing is the purpose of heart with which a thing is done; that it does not matter so much after all what one believes, the chief concern is the intention of the heart. Fle upon it! No matter how good the intentions may be I may have, if I take carbolic acid for cough syrup the death penalty will be as certain as though I had taken it with intent to kill.

I believe the washing away of the Seventh-day Sabbath has weakened the Christian Church. I believe the failure of Seventh-day Baptists to observe the Sabbath in all the fulness of unselfish service and reverent devotion as taught by Jesus Christ has robbed us somewhat of our savor. And so, friends, if we find on self-examination that as individuals or as churches we are losing our strength, that we feel weak and helpless in our religious lives, let us with God's help stop loss of power, whatever it may be, stop this diluting of our strength in whatever way it may be coming about, and let us use our God-given privilege and our God-given mission of being in very truth the salt of the earth.

The success of the kingdom of God depends in great part upon the loyalty and faithfulness to their mission, to their work, of the disciples of Christ. That is the way God works, through his children. Men

are saved, it is true, by the blood of Jesus, and through him alone; yet men are won to Christ through men, through the preaching and the teaching and the living of men. This responsibility rests upon us, the church. The evils of unbelief, of infidelity, of indifference, of worldliness, hang like a heavy mist upon the people, blinding them to the glory above, hiding the stars of truth and holiness, shutting out the Sun of Righteousness. Oh! I beseech you, let not these things destroy all the savor of your righteousness. "Your life, your future, your vigor and health, depend upon your standing unmoved upon the one foundation that is laid." O that I had the power to inspire every Seventh-day Baptist and every disciple of Christ with the importance of fulfilling the mission or doing the work to which we are called. Since then so much depends upon us, let us come into his presence with the deepest, sincerest humility of spirit, praying for his grace, and for the power of the Holy Spirit in great measure. He is always ready to give, his bounty never fails. He can fill us full. O that our capacity might be enlarged, or power to contain might be increased, that with renewed fervor and fresh zeal we may go out with the world to be a blessing to it, a power for truth and righteousness, salt that has not lost its savor. And may God add his blessing in Jesus's name. Amen.

Martha Burnham.

MARGARET BELL.

Chapter I.

On a bright May morning in one of our Western States, a little babe opened her eyes for the first time on this world. Without being given time to take a peep at her surroundings, or to form an opinion of the people into whose house she had fallen, she was hustled into a blanket. A good strong knot was tied in the corners of the blanket, and into this knot a pair of old-fashioned steelyards was securely hooked. The occupants of the house crowded around, some of them standing on tip-toe in their eagerness to witness the act. When the beam was tipped at the eleven pound mark, an exclamation of surprise broke from the lips of the onlookers. "Didn't I tell you," said the matron to

whom was conferred the honor of weighing the baby, "that she was a bouncer? My! but she's got a good start in the world."

The father of the baby, hearing her weight announced, stepped forward and said, "Are you sure you weighed her right? Those steelyards are not correct on the heavy side, they make a pound in twenty." "But I weighed her on the light side," came the rejoinder, "so we have here eleven good honest pounds of baby."

But notwithstanding the baby's size and the proof she had given them of her ability to make a noise which compared favorably with her size, into the minds of no one who looked at her that day came the thought that at a future period her story would be given to the world. When a baby is weighed it is beyond the reach of mortal ken to see what is done up in the blanket which holds the wee bit of humanity while it is suspended in the air.

The parents of this baby were sturdy New Englanders, whom we shall designate as Mr. and Mrs. Burnham. In early life they left the vine-clad hills and sunny dales of their native States, and started overland for what seemed to them the far distant West.

Automobiles had not been heard of in those days and they traveled in a large covered wagon into which had been packed the necessary articles for the journey and which was drawn by a span of sturdy horses.

Mrs. Burnham carried in her arms a little two-months-old babe, and by her side sat a bright-eyed little girl of four summers. They reached their destination, November 2, 1842, having been eleven weeks on the road. The journey had been very tedious. They stopped one day each week to wash and cook until they were half-way through, when, as Mrs. Burnham's strength gave out, they thought it best to purchase their meals the remainder of the way. The older girl was afflicted with scarlet fever, and when the journey was completed, Mrs. Burnham was a mere shadow of her former self.

They obtained a piece of land upon which a small beginning had been made and commenced the preparation for the home in which they were to spend the remainder of their lives.

Mr. Burnham was a man of great decision of character, energy and ambition; a somewhat tyrannical man in his family and yet having a warm place in his heart for each member of it. His fiery temper was not always under the best control, due, partly, to a lack of early training. His parents were poor and when but eight years of age he was bound out to a well-to-do farmer who had but one child and who promised to do as well by him as he did by his own son. This promise was not fulfilled. The son was sent to school all of the school year, while this boy was sent every second day in the winter only. As soon as he was old enough to do teaming he was called from his bed at twelve o'clock each alternate night, and sent off with a load of logs, returning the next night at midnight, and going the next day to school. In this way he obtained his education. When he reached his majority he could "read, write and figger a little," as he expressed it, but with a thirst for knowledge he persistently spent all his leisure moments poring over books until he became quite well read, all things considered.

He served the man as faithfully as an African slave and enjoyed many of the privileges common to such service, until he was twenty-one years of age. His twenty-first birthday was the happiest day he had ever seen. It soon fell to his lot to help support the parents who bound him out, and whom he had been allowed to see only on Thanksgiving day each year since he left home. He did not murmur at this, for he was a free man now and all burdens seemed light in comparison with the past.

Mr. Burnham was somewhat puritanic in his views. He was a great lover of music, with a fine tenor voice, the leader of singing in the meeting-house in his neighborhood. He objected to the name church being applied to a building, saying the church was a body of believers and not a temple built by man's hands. Having been taught that instrumental music was wrong, as soon as he became a professed Christian he set to work to kill his love of it, succeeding only in part because the natural depravity of his heart was so great. With the strict adherence to the principal char-

acteristic of the man, no musical instrument was allowed in his home, although when his son succeeded him as leader of music he was permitted to have a tuning-fork. He deemed it his duty not only to deny the desires of the carnal man, but to see to it that his family did also. He believed, too, that it was a sin to laugh, and having a great deal of fun in his nature he had to be constantly at war with himself in this respect, the legitimate result being peevishness and faultfinding. He thought it was better to scold than to laugh. He meant well, the mistake being of the head and not of the heart. Sunday was observed in a vigorous manner. If one of his children made an unnecessary noise it must be stopped, even if he had to make three times as much noise in order to check it, and once he ordered the king of the hen-roost killed, that had an unusually clear and shrill voice, because he disturbed the quiet of Sunday more than was necessary.

Mr. Burnham was very conscientious, so much so that those around him were sometimes at a loss to know how they were going to follow the dictates of their own consciences instead of his. No one could accuse him of being a hypocrite, for he was always outspoken, never leaving any one in doubt about his meaning. Taken all in all he was a very good man, but with some peculiarities that often made the hearts of those he best loved quiver with deep anguish.

Mrs. Burnham was the daughter of a clergyman. She had been given fair advantages for her day, and previous to her marriage was engaged in teaching school. Her powers of endurance, physically and mentally, were great. In her all the qualities of the ideal woman were harmoniously blended. She possessed an unusual wealth of affection, which she lavished freely upon her family and friends, finding her greatest pleasure in self-sacrificing devotion to their interests. Mild, even-tempered and yielding, unless principle was at stake, she was then as firm as "the everlasting hills." She could not be moved even by her husband's conscientiousness to violate her principles, and he soon learned to hold his peace when she had "taken a stand." Her mind was progressive and inquiring, eager

to investigate wherein she saw other people differed from her. If convinced they were right, she at once adopted their views, generally remarking that a person was never too old to learn to do better. She, too, was a little puritanic in her views, but she gradually grew out of that. It is not claimed that her judgment was infallible and that she made no mistakes in consequence thereof, but it is claimed that she was as true to her convictions of right as "the needle to the pole."

She was a model wife and mother; a splendid disciplinarian. Implicit obedience in her children was the law of her household; yet she governed them largely by appealing to their reason and conscience, administering correction when necessary, even with the rod, but with no manifestations of anger; and thus while her children were taught to obey, they respected and loved the hand that administered the reproof.

Mrs. Burnham endured cheerfully and heroically, with her husband, all the privations of pioneer life, and the burden fell heavier upon her, for he had sustained an injury when they had been married but six years that disabled him for life and in consequence of which he would often be confined to the house for weeks at a time. If it had not been for his wife's superior management, the home would have been lost. In addition to all her own work, which included the making not only of the family's garments, but of the cloth also, and assisting in the outdoor chores, many dollars were brought into the family treasury by her needle. In these circumstances Mr. Burnham continued to assert his belief in the superiority of the masculine sex. Strange to say, his wife did not agree with him. They held many discussions on the question, but Mr. Burnham always came out ahead, because, as his grandson said in after years, "It's no use to argue with grandpa, he always comes out ahead; for, if he sees you are likely to get the best of the argument, he will tell you to keep still." But with the persistency characteristic of a woman, Mrs. Burnham always expressed her belief that that opinion was a relic of heathenism. Does the onlooker agree with her?

During these years this indefatigable worker allowed herself but six hours sleep out of the twenty-four, and under some special strain, only four hours. Her house was a model of order and neatness, her work moving on systematically week in and week out, she always claiming that it was much better to drive the work than to let the work drive her.

When they purchased the home the house had but one room, which was large, with a half-story chamber. The first winter they accommodated a family who were not fortunate enough to have a home of their own, by sharing theirs with them. The house faced the main road which lay to the east of it running to a place seven miles away, which Mrs. Burnham said wasn't much but a "duck puddle," but which was destined to become a thriving little city in due time. The nearest grain market was sixty miles distant. Mr. Burnham soon built onto the south side of the house a porch, finishing off the western end for a bedroom, the convenient part being that its occupants were obliged to go outdoors to gain access to it. In a few years another addition was put onto the north side of the house for a kitchen and pantry, the front room, as it was called, serving for parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and nursery. In one corner of the room stood a bed, with its snowy valances, only when it had to be removed to make place for the loom; the opposite corner from the foot of the bed was occupied by a good old-fashioned bureau, containing five roomy drawers, and between the bed and bureau the cradle was located that rocked the babies. This cradle was very unlike the modern one, being long and narrow, with a front piece to keep the baby in, while at the foot was a place for the mother to sit down, so she could enjoy the luxury of working while performing the arduous task of rocking the baby. When not in use the front piece could be removed and the cradle became a settee. This particular one when so used had a nice feather cushion, one side of which had a dark covering for every-day wear and the other side a light covering for Sundays and to be used when entertaining guests. In front of it lay the trap-door opening into the cellar. At the head of the bed and a

little to the right of it was the mantelpiece, on which stood the faithful wooden clock that did good service over forty years. In the absence of anything better the lambrequin on the mantelpiece was made of newspaper neatly scalloped. The fireplace was on the west side of the room in the center, and at its left the stairway. Part of the floor, if not all, was covered with neat rag carpet. The room also contained a rocking-chair, purchased on account of Mr. Burnham's feeble health, and several wooden chairs, which in the absence of paint were kept scoured almost bright enough to cast a reflection.

While these improvements were going on, two little boys were added to the family group. In the long winter evenings the small pine table was drawn up before the cheerful firelight and the children gathered around it with their books, mother assisting them in their lessons. After these were finished the father, if able, read aloud for a while closing with a few words of Holy Writ. After singing a hymn, in which all united, the family knelt, and father or mother committed them to the care of the One who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

After the husband and children were snugly tucked away in bed for the night, the wife and mother kept her lonely vigils, quietly plying her needle by the dim, flickering light of a tallow candle. She worked with a will and if her courage faltered for a moment she stimulated it with the hope that there was a better time coming. Poor woman! this hope was realized only for a brief period and then the clouds settled around her so much heavier than before that the trials of these days seemed light indeed.

Who shall ascribe to this woman her proper merit? No one will be equal to the task until the books are opened and she shall be judged by the records contained therein. Vain would be the effort of our pen to portray the many virtues of this womanly woman. She was in the world but not of it, meeting the trials of life with an unfaltering trust and making them stepping-stones to greater heights of moral grandeur. With her eye fixed on the prize at the end of the race, she beheld as in a

glass the glory of the Lord and was transformed day by day into the same image from glory to glory, even by his Spirit.

Mrs. Burnham's father, the Rev. Mr. Davis, had come West with his family in 1840 and settled on the edge of a beautiful fertile prairie. Here Mr. and Mrs. Burnham tarried until they could get into their new home, which to the satisfaction of all was only two miles away, but in the forest, by Mr. Burnham's choice. Having come from a State where timber was abundant he did not propose to settle on a bare prairie. He discovered his mistake when it was too late.

Mr. Davis was a man greatly esteemed by all who knew him for his deep piety and many graces of mind and heart. The little band of Christians he gathered around him dropped the title of Reverend and lovingly called him Father Davis. In his new field of labor he led the young disciples to the baptismal font, united the hands at the marriage altar of those who had previously "plighted their troth," and when death claimed one as his prey he tenderly performed the last sad rites at the burial. On one such occasion, when the funeral was held in the grove, there being no house large enough to accommodate the throng, it is said that he spoke with such pathos that the judge and lawyers from the city stole noiselessly away to hide their emotion.

Mr. Davis was a Free-will Baptist and the first quarterly meeting of his people in the new territory was held in his barn.

One day Mr. Burnham came home from there greatly excited and said to his wife: "What do you think? Father has been telling me of a class of people that are making a settlement a few miles from here who are keeping the old Jewish Sabbath. Did you ever hear of anything like that?" he added. "The idea of people in this enlightened age calling themselves Christians and doing such a thing as that. How absurd! I wonder if they are offering up sacrifices too? And what are we going to do about it? Who wants his children surrounded by such an influence as that? Why, they will do more hurt than all the infidels in the world." He had been told before he left Maine that when he got there he would find fried cakes growing on

trees all cooked, but he didn't expect to find people keeping Saturday for Sunday. How reckless he had been. In coming West to secure greater temporal blessings he had exposed his family to dangers from the Indians and Sabbatarfians. What could he do now? Of course Mrs. Burnham could not tell him anything new to do. She had never expected to keep her children entirely from evil influences. They were in a world where sin abounded, and all she could do was to train them to the best of her ability to meet those influences.

Mr. Burnham had learned the mason's trade and he found here an opportunity to turn it to good account. He was soon sent for by a Mr. Crane, who wanted some plastering done. He looked his job over, telling him he would be on hand the following Monday. Mr. Crane wanted to know if he could not tell him how to mix the mortar. Mr. Burnham gave the needed directions, but when he went to do the work he said he had never seen such mortar as that in his life; he could do nothing with it. To the question of when it was mixed, Mr. Crane replied, "Yesterday." "Well," said Mr. Burnham, "I don't wonder it won't work. It is just what I should have expected if I had known you were going to mix it on Sunday." Mr. Crane smiled, but said nothing. His wife, however, was not going to let the matter pass in that way and she and the mason were soon in the heat of a debate on the Sabbath question.

When Mr. Burnham returned home he told his wife what had transpired, saying he guessed Mr. Crane was a nice kind of a man, but his wife was a regular little spitfire. He could not help feeling sorry for her, she was so ignorant. She said "the day was coming when the world would again be keeping that day." Their first church in America was organized on December 23, 1671, and after so long a period they numbered only a few thousands in the United States, and had no foreign missions. With a fact like this confronting the woman what was she thinking of to make such a statement as that. Mr. Burnham had been greatly surprised in one respect, they looked very much like other people and appeared to be civilized.

(To be continued.)

News Notes.

VERONA, N. Y.—Seventy-five partook of the Thanksgiving dinner served by the Ladies' Society. Net proceeds about nine dollars.—Pastor Davis addressed the Civic League of Verona, Monday night, December 20. He has been elected president of the Town League.—The Young People's Club is planning for a Christmas entertainment to be given at the church in connection with a Christmas tree which the Sabbath school is planning for the children.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.—The Juniors recently served a supper to the children of the town. The proceeds were given to Mr. Amintokoo.—Our annual church and society meeting with a dinner will be held the first Sunday in January.—The Philatheas and Baracas are at work upon a play to be given some time during the first week in January.

ALBION, Wis.—The Ladies' Missionary Society recently entertained the members of the Home Benefit and Willing Workers societies at the home of Mrs. A. C. Burdick. A missionary program was given and luncheon served, after which an offering was taken amounting to about \$5.50.—On December 5 the annual dinner of the church and society was held. Although the day was stormy about one hundred were present. The annual church meeting was held right after dinner.—The C. E. Society gave a vesper service on the evening of December 4, which was enjoyed by all.—The Home Benefit Society served a New England supper in the church basement, December 14. About six dollars were raised for church work.

MILTON, Wis.—Five members were recently received into the church by letter, one of the number, Dr. George Crosley, being received as deacon.—The ordination services of Mr. Joseph Kovats of Milwaukee, Wis., were held Sabbath morning, December 18, in place of the preaching service.—Doctor Platts gave an interesting review of his thirteen and a half years of service in Milton, on December 11. He leaves December 27 for the Pacific Coast, his new field of labor. A wise and kind counselor, he will be greatly missed; but we wish him success in this new work.

Children's Page

Cry-baby.

I'm sure that I would rather die
Than have my playmates see me cry;
It twists your face
And knots your forehead,
And makes you look all cross and horrid;
And every one who sees you cries,
"What is the matter with your eyes?"
—Gelett Burgess.

The New Year's Gift.

Two little boys were at play one day when a beautiful lady appeared to them and said: "I have been sent to give you a New Year present."

She handed to each a package, and at the same instant was gone.

Carl and Phillip opened the packages and found the same thing in each—a beautiful book with white pages, as pure, white and beautiful as the snow when it first falls.

After a long time, the lady came again to the boys. "I have brought you each a new book," she said, "and will take back the others to Father Time, who sent them to you."

"May I not keep mine a little longer?" said Phillip. "I have hardly thought about it lately. I'd like to paint something on that last page that lies open."

"Oh," said the lady, "I must take it as it is."

"I wish I could look through mine just once," said Carl. "I have only seen one page at a time, for when a leaf turns over it sticks fast, and I can never open the book at more than one place."

"You shall look over your book," said the fairy, "and Phillip his." And she lit each one of them a silver lamp, by the light of which they saw the pages as she turned them.

The boys looked in wonder. Could it be that this was the same book she had given them a year ago? Where were the pure, white pages, as pure, white and beautiful as the snow when it first falls? Here was a page with ugly black dots and scratches upon it, while the very next page had a lovely little picture. Some pages were dec-

orated with gold and silver and colors, others with flowers, and others still with a rainbow of softest brightness. Yet even on the most beautiful of the pages there were those ugly blots and scratches.

Carl and Phillip looked up at the lady at last.

"Who did this?" they asked. "Every page was white and fair as we opened it; now there is not a single blank page in the whole book!"

"Shall I explain some of the pictures to you?" said the lady, smiling at the two little boys. "See, Phillip, the roses blossomed on this page when you let the baby have your playthings; and this pretty bird, which looks so cunning and as if it were slinging with all its might, would never have been on this page if you had not tried to be kind and pleasant the other day instead of quarreling."

"But what makes this blot?" asked Phillip.

"That," said the lady sadly, "that came when you told an untruth one day, and this when you did not mind mamma. All these blots and scratches that look so ugly both on your book and on Carl's were made when you were naughty in any way. Each pretty thing came on the page when you were good."

"Oh, if we could only have the books again," said Carl and Phillip.

"That can not be," said the lady. "See, they are marked '1900,' and they must now go back into Father Time's bookcase; but I have brought you each a new one. Perhaps you can make these more beautiful than the others."

She was gone, and the boys were left alone; but each had in his hand a new book open at the first page.

And on the back of this book was "1910." It was the book of the new year.—Adapted.

Marriages.

PIETERS-GLASER.—At the residence of Mr. John T. Dixon, in Shiloh, N. J., November 24, 1909, by Rev. D. Burdett Coon, Mr. Henry Jengbert Pieters and Miss Johanna Glaser, both of Shiloh, N. J.

"The successful man is too busy to find time to speak ill of others."

"Cold cash is the best thing to heat your house with."

Sabbath School

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

Jan. 22.	True Blessedness	Matt. v, 1-16.
Jan. 29.	Some Laws of the Kingdom,	Matt. v, 17-26, 34-48.
Feb. 5.	Almsgiving and Prayer	Matt. vi, 1-18.
Feb. 12.	Worldliness and Trust	Matt. vi, 19-34.
Feb. 19.	The Golden Rule—Temperance Lesson,	Matt. vii, 1-12.
Feb. 26.	False and True Discipleship,	Matt. vii, 13-29.
Mar. 5.	Jesus the Healer	Matt. viii, 2-17.
Mar. 12.	Two Mighty Works	Matt. viii, 23-34.
Mar. 19.	A Paralytic Forgiven and Healed,	Matt. ix, 1-13.
Mar. 26.	Review.	

LESSON III.—JANUARY 15, 1910.

THE BEGINNING OF THE GALILEAN MINISTRY.

Matt. iv, 12-25. Commit v. 23.

Golden Text.—"The people which sat in darkness saw great light." Matt. iv, 16.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Isa. ix, 1-7.

Second-day, Luke xiv, 25-35.

Third-day, John i, 35-51.

Fourth-day, Mark i, 1-20.

Fifth-day, Luke iv, 14-30.

Sixth-day, Luke v, 1-11.

Sabbath-day, Matt. iv, 12-25.

INTRODUCTION.

The four Evangelists not only did not intend to present a biography of our Lord, but also did not intend to set forth a complete record of the work of his ministry. They were intent upon the Good News, and chose some interesting incidents of his early life, and then passed on to select certain incidents of his ministry that seemed best suited for their purpose. Matthew, Mark and Luke omit all the incidents of our Lord's early Judean ministry, and give us the impression that his active work was begun in Galilee. One of the striking differences between the first three Gospels and that of John is in the geographical location of the work of our Lord. When we realize that the Evangelists did not plan to tell all even of the most important features of Jesus' work we are not disturbed by this or other differences.

The differences in the records of the calling of Jesus' earliest disciples have attracted a considerable attention. John says that the earliest

disciples of Jesus came from the followers of the Baptist, and that they became disciples of Jesus very soon after his baptism. Matthew, Mark and Luke place the call of these disciples in the early Galilean ministry, apparently about a year later. These accounts are not contradictory; for the first call may have been to personal allegiance and not to permanent companionship. It is to be noted, however, that there are in the early chapters of John's Gospel several references to the presence of Jesus' disciples with him in the first year of his ministry.

In the chronology of our Lord's ministry it is customary to follow the references to time which are found in the fourth Gospel. If we had Matthew's Gospel alone we might conclude that the whole ministry occupied only a little more than a year, but from John it is clear that this time is to be lengthened to two years and some months, and probably to three years and over. It is impossible to date every section with anything like absolute certainty. It seems probable however that the withdrawal of Jesus into Galilee is to be placed about the first of December. We may therefore imagine an interval of ten months or so between the Lesson of last week and this.

TIME.—Very likely about the first of December in the year 27.

PLACE.—Galilee.

PERSONS.—Jesus and the people; four disciples are mentioned in particular.

OUTLINE:

1. Jesus Teaches in Galilee. v. 12-17.
2. Jesus Calls Four Disciples. v. 18-22.
3. Jesus' Fame is Spread Abroad. v. 23-35.

NOTES.

12. *Now when he heard that John was delivered up.* For the particulars concerning John's arrest and imprisonment see ch. xiv. Our Lord's Galilean ministry began at about the time that John's ministry ended. Perhaps our author means us to understand that Jesus retired into Galilee just because John was arrested; but in John iv, 1 and following another reason is given.

13. *And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum.* He would naturally return to Nazareth, his home town; but he did not linger there, as it was fitting for him to take up his residence in some place where he could begin his work to an advantage. Capernaum was a large and thriving city. Mark and Luke also agree in presenting it as the center of his activity during his ministry. In ch. ix, 1 Matthew calls Capernaum "his own city." *In the borders of Zebulun and Naphtali.* Our author mentions the

geographical location in this way, in terms which had long since passed out of use, in order to introduce the Old Testament quotation which he has in mind.

15. *The land of Zebulun; etc.* The quotation is from Isa. xl, 1, 2. The prophet is speaking in figurative language of the restoration and deliverance that is speedily coming to Israel. That northern portion of the land which suffered first from the foreign invaders was to have joy instead of sorrow.

16. *Sat in darkness.* The darkness which the prophet had in mind is that of misfortune rather than of sin.

17. *Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.* His words are very similar to those of John the Baptist. Compare ch. iii, 2, and notes in Lesson I. From the general tenor of the teaching of the two men we may imagine that there was some difference in the message even if the words were the same. John meant, Repent, in order that you may escape the judgment at the establishment of the kingdom. Jesus meant, Repent, in order that you may have your full share in the kingdom.

18. *By the lake of Galilee.* Upon and near this beautiful lake, 500 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, are laid very many of the scenes of our Lord's ministry. *Simon who is called Peter.* Our author mentions the full name, although according to this Gospel the surname was not given till much later. Ch. xvi, 18. *For they were fishers.* This lake affords abundant reward for fishermen even to this day.

19. *Come ye after me.* This was a call to become his personal disciples. *I will make you fishers of men.* A hint of what this discipleship meant. They were not to be mere listeners to the words that should fall from his lips; but were to go out and persuade men and gather them into the kingdom as they had drawn fishes in the nets.

20. *And they straightway left their nets.* Even if we did not have a record of an earlier acquaintance of these men with Jesus in John i, it would be very natural to infer that they had heard him speak and understood something of the spirit and aims of his work. The leaving of their nets showed that they renounced for his service their regular means of obtaining a living. This did not mean, however, that they would never fish again.

21. *Other two brethren.* Another pair of brothers. These four are always mentioned at the beginning of the lists of the Twelve. They

were in more senses than one the first of Jesus' disciples. To them he could reveal himself more completely than to the others. These four are mentioned as coming to him to inquire about the signs of the end of the age. Mark xiii, 3. Upon at least three occasions three of these four were especially chosen to be with Jesus; at the raising of the daughter of Jairus, at the Transfiguration, and in the garden of Gethsemane. Peter is recognized as the leader of the Twelve, and James and John had sufficient recognition of their nearness to Jesus to aspire to places of prominence in the kingdom. James and John were first cousins of Jesus, and were doubtless well acquainted with him before the time of our Lesson. *Zebedee* was evidently a man of some property and influence. In the parallel account in Mark's Gospel we are told that he had hired servants. We are not told that he became a follower of Jesus; but very likely he was a disciple, although not as conspicuous as his sons. From the fact that Zebedee is not mentioned in the latter part of the Gospels, it has been inferred that he died during our Lord's ministry. *Mending their nets.* That is, getting them ready for the next cast. They like Peter and Andrew were at work when they were called.

22. *Left the boat and their father.* Perhaps they had more to leave than did Peter and Andrew, but we have no hint that they hesitated to make the choice.

23. *And Jesus went about in all Galilee, etc.* Our author would have us notice a considerable period of the active work of Jesus in Galilee before the Sermon on the Mount. We may imagine that six months were thus spent. *Teaching in their synagogues.* It is noticeable that in the early part of his ministry the synagogues of Galilee were freely open to Jesus. This was before the Pharisees had been aroused to open opposition. *Teaching, . . . preaching, . . . healing.* These three words represent the three phases of our Lord's activity. The preaching was like the message of John the Baptist, a proclamation of the coming kingdom. Examples of the teaching are seen in the Sermon on the Mount and the parables. *All manner of disease and all manner of sickness.* The healing was an especially noticeable feature of our Lord's work. He cured not only the cases of sickness, that is weakness or mere debility, but also the severe or dangerous diseases.

24. *And the report of him went forth into all Syria.* The whole Roman province of which Palestine was a part. The fame of a great leader easily spreads. *All that were sick, holden with*

divers diseases and torments. Our author thus names two classes of the patients that came to Jesus. The possessed with demons, epileptic and palsied are three particular varieties of these who were holden with torments.

25. And there followed him great multitudes. The multitudes were naturally attracted by the healing. Those who did not need healing for themselves or their friends came out of curiosity. Decapolis was a region to the eastward and southward of the lake of Galilee. It has its name from a group of ten cities which perhaps had special privileges from the Roman government. Our author would have us notice that the report of what was going on in provincial Galilee was noted even in Jerusalem. Beyond Jordan. The name Perea does not occur in the Bible. Many Jews lived at this time in the region to the eastward of the Jordan.

SUGGESTIONS.

We do well to ponder the example of the four who immediately left what they were doing and obeyed the call of Jesus. A similar call comes to us. When we stop to think of it, it is certainly worth while to obey this summons not only for ourselves, but also for the sake of our work in this world for others.

Some people think that they would like to obey a call to discipleship but not a call to service. The two, however, go together. It may not be that we shall be called to especial and distinguished service; but each one who comes into the kingdom has his work.

Our Saviour had a mission for the bodies as well as for the souls of men. His Gospel rightly interpreted does not teach that the human body is to be despised.

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.

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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. ff.

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. Hummel, H. V. Jaques, A. E. Babcock. Address any one of these, care of Sanitarium.

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. Road, at 118 South Mills Street.

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Michigan, holds regular services each Sabbath in the chapel on second floor of college building, opposite the Sanitarium, at 2:45 p. m. The chapel is third door to right beyond library. Visitors are cordially welcome.

BUSINESS OFFICE

The so-called Historical Volume, more properly "Seventh-day Baptists in Europe and America," is now in the hands of the binder in New York and will undoubtedly be ready for distribution in a very few weeks more. The committee and the publishing house have made every possible effort, since last Conference, to get the work finished and the books distributed to the subscribers. It was promised at Conference that they would be ready before Christmas. But, owing to the great amount of work then remaining—largely on the index, which had to be done with great care—it has been impossible to get it into the binder's hands in time to bind for distribution before the end of the year. However, the bindery is one of the largest in New York and they are pushing the work to the extent of their ability and it will be but a short time till the finished books are being shipped to subscribers.

This marks the completion of the largest job in book publishing, that the publishing house has ever undertaken. The book contains 1,500 pages of reading matter and index, and over 200 pages of illustrations, besides nearly 100 smaller illustrations printed in with the reading matter. The full-page illustrations are printed on heavy "coated" book paper, and are pasted in after the reading matter was printed. Putting these illustra-

tions in place is no small job. It would take two fairly expert girls, working steadily eight hours a day and six days a week, nine months to paste in all the illustrations.

The printed sheets of illustrations weighed two and a half tons when all stacked up together. The paper used for the reading matter weighed about five tons, making seven and a half tons or more of paper used in the book. If the paper were all spread out in one big sheet it would cover a twenty-acre farm.

The book is being bound in two volumes, as it was too large for one. One subscriber has even ordered his bound in four volumes and sent money to pay for the extra binding. It is impossible for any one who has not seen the book and the illustrations, to comprehend its immense scope and value. The pictures alone are worth the price of the book, which has been set by Conference at \$3.00 for the edition on lighter paper, and \$5.00 for the edition on heavier paper. The latter edition is limited in number and will have a more expensive binding, so those who wish to get the better edition should subscribe at once.

"Well, my little man," inquired a visitor pleasantly, "who are you?"

"I'm the baby's brother!" was the ingenious reply.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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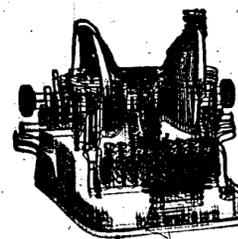
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 In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
 Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
 Of yon gray blank of sky, we might grow faint
 To muse upon eternity's constraint
 Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
 Must widen early, is it well to droop,
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
 O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
 And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
 Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
 Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
 To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
 Because the way is short, I thank thee, God.
 —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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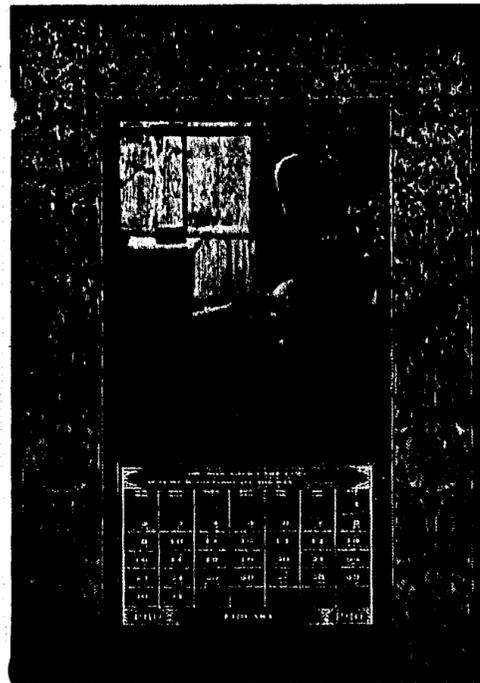
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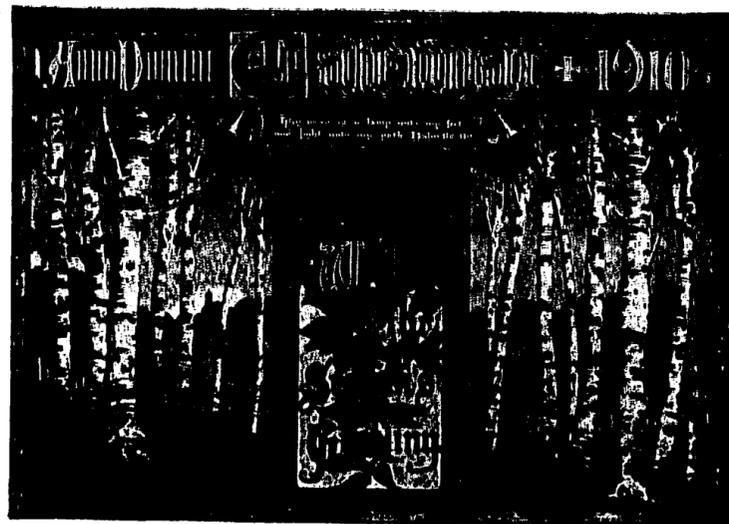
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