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The Sabbath Recorder

THE WEAVER.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been—
One small stitch which could scarce be seen;
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak spot grew in the fabric stout;
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan!
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb!
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—Susan Coolidge

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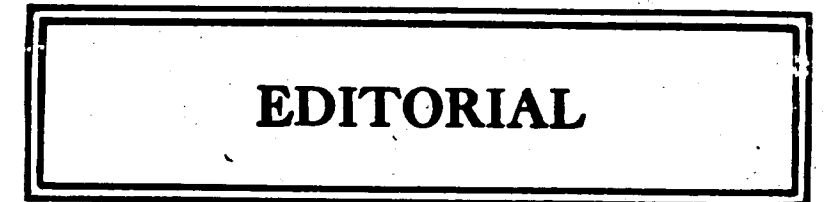
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EDITORIAL

The Coming Associations.

Unfortunately the SABBATH RECORDER has not received any copies of last year's minutes from three of the associations, and therefore may not have every point in the data necessary for an accurate statement regarding the coming sessions. If any errors are found herein, we will be glad to make corrections.

The Southeastern Association will convene at Lost Creek, W. Va., May 18, 1911; the Eastern Association, at Berlin, N. Y., May 25; the Central Association convenes on June 1, at West Edmeston, N. Y., as announced by the Executive Committee; the Western Association will meet with the Hebron Center Church, Pa., on June 8; and the Northwestern Association convenes with the Carlton Church, at Garwin, Iowa, at a date in June to be announced by the Executive Committee.

DELEGATES.

The delegate from the Southeastern Association to all the others is Rev. L. D. Seager of Middle Island, W. Va., with Rev. George W. Hills of Salem, W. Va., alternate.

The delegate from the Eastern to the Southeastern is Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Dunellen, N. J., with Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins, alternate, and to all the other associations Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Westerly, R. I., with Rev. Henry N. Jordan, alternate.

The joint delegate from the Central and

Western associations to the Southeastern and Eastern is Rev. J. L. Skaggs, Shiloh, N. J., with Rev. W. L. Davis, alternate; and the joint delegate from the Central and Western to the Northwestern Association is Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Brookfield, N. Y., with Rev. E. A. Witter of Adams Center, N. Y., alternate. Mr. Van Horn is also delegate from the Central to the Western, and Mr. Skaggs from the Western to the Central associations.

The delegate from the Northwestern to all the others is Rev. F. E. Peterson, Edelstein, Ill., with Rev. D. C. Lippincott, Jackson Center, Ohio, alternate.

Don't Lay All the Blame Upon the Pastor.

When the cause of God languishes in any church, the tendency is to blame the pastor and to clamor for a change. There is usually much talk about inability to secure desired results, and the points wherein the pastor is thought to fail are considered by the members of the church whenever opportunity is presented. The prayer meetings are poorly attended, spiritual life is at low ebb, the Sabbath congregations are small, the church finances are too low, debts are accumulating, and the church offerings for missions are dwindling out; and somehow the pastor does not bring things to pass. He is not sociable enough to suit the young people, nor sedate enough to meet the wishes of the old. He lacks enthusiasm in his work, his sermons are too commonplace, and he is not eloquent enough to attract the people. His prayers seem cold and he can not get hold of the arm of God as his hearers think a minister should. Everybody regrets that "the church is so dead" and that "the minister is not able to revive it." All eyes are fixed on the preacher as the one to blame for all these things, and all hearts are longing for some man who can produce the desired results.

Doubtless all these conditions prevail, and the church sorely needs reviving. But why are all eyes turned toward the pastor

as though he alone were to blame? The pastor's responsibilities are great indeed, probably much greater than those of any other one member, for he is the acknowledged leader. And no one feels the burden more keenly than the pastor, no one regrets the coldness, the indifference and incompetency of the church more than he. No one spends more wakeful nights, more hours in prayer, more days of anxious thought over the broken-down walls of Zion than the pastor, and no one regrets his inability to bring about the desired results more than he.

There are two sides to all these questions, and two parties to all such conditions. Many times the blame rests more with the members in the pews than with the pastor in the pulpit. One of the saddest sights on earth, in connection with church life, is a congregation constantly clamoring for the pastor to bring things to pass, while all the time it stands in cold indifference squarely across his path, blocking the way and destroying every hope of his success, no matter how hard he may labor for the church's good.

Instead of so much talk about what the pastor ought to accomplish, it might be much better if the members would go to talking about what the church can do in order to give the pastor a fair chance. No pastor has a fair chance to realize the best results while he is handicapped by a cold, critical, lifeless church. Let the members of the congregation, in all sincerity and with love for the church at heart, turn their eyes toward the laity for a time, in an honest search for the things the pews can do to help the pulpit, and most of the hindrances will be removed, the work will go forward and the pastor will be all right.

No matter how far short a pastor may come, if his church would cease talking about his failures and search for the causes of failure to be found in the pews, in almost every case the handicaps would be removed and the work would go forward. In such a case the handicap of empty pews—so killing to a preacher—would be removed, and the people would be surprised to see the inspiration and power which a full house would give their pastor. The Sabbath school would be full of interested

Bible students, the prayer meetings would be well attended and the warmth of a new life would draw all hearts together. Then the members who hold ill will toward each other would settle their difficulties and thus remove one of the worst obstacles in the way of the Gospel. Church cliques, that so often stand in the way of outsiders whom the pastor might otherwise bring in, would fade away and the membership at large would exemplify the doctrine of Christian love, which the pastor is constantly preaching.

I know of nothing that so effectually hinders the advance of Christianity as the inconsistent living of cold, selfish, avaricious, critical, headstrong church members. What can a pastor do toward building up a church, while such samples of Christian living are scattered all about the country wherein he labors? He preaches Christ as the one who takes away all sin, and then goes after sinners only to find that sinning church members have already poisoned them against Christianity! He preaches the gospel of charity that covereth a multitude of sins, but when he goes in search of the lost, he finds too many of his own church who know nothing of such charity in their dealings with men. The pastor preaches that religion makes men happy and trustful and hopeful, and when he needs samples of such lives to show to a sinful world, and so convince them of the truth of his message, he finds enough people in his own church who are unhappy and sour and bitter and depressed and hopeless, to destroy the influence of his Gospel over many lives. He proclaims to the world that true religion makes men generous and liberal in all good work for human betterment, and when he would illustrate the truth of his preaching by examples, the selfish, hard-hearted stinginess of some of his own people stands squarely across his way, and failure is the result.

Oh, what a blessing it would be if the minister who represents the religion of Christ as something so valuable that everything else is insignificant in comparison therewith could point to a consistent membership in his church, living out completely this great truth. But what if the world looks past him only to see the church merely dawdling over this priceless pos-

session, giving only a trifle of its time and money to secure it for others, and living as though it cared little whether the world is ever brought to Christ or not! Under such conditions the best pastor does not have a fair chance.

Looking for the Bluebirds.

The other day I noticed an account in one of the papers of the first flock of spring bluebirds, that had left the southland all too soon and were trying to make the best of the wintry conditions into which they had come. The writer was one who appreciates these cheery harbingers of spring, and ever since his description of this early flock, I have been looking for bluebirds. There is something so springlike about these birds, so bright, and so suggestive of better days near at hand, after a long dreary winter, that we hail with joy the first ones to return. They seem like messengers from the beautiful summer land, sent to cheer our hearts, as with slow and lingering step the winter gives place to spring. We are always glad to greet them, and I am sure our readers will appreciate just now these stanzas taken from the *Farm Journal*, entitled "The First Singer":

"We heard a bluebird singing, the song was magic-sweet;
He swung upon the lilac, the snow was round his feet;
The wind blew roughly o'er him, the sky was steely-gray,
But yet he perched there, singing the chilling gloom away.

"Brave traveler from the southland, perhaps you came too soon;
For ice still binds the streamlets, the sun is wan at noon;
The violets are sleeping close in their earthy bed,
And not a greening blade of grass has dared to show its head.

"But, oh, we're glad to greet you, sweet har-binger of spring;
No sound was e'er so welcome as your gay caroling;
Courageous little songster upon the leafless spray,
A-singing and a-singing our weariness away!"

"The Reproach of the Church."

Under this heading the *Presbyterian of the South* publishes a ringing article upon the duty of the churches to make provision for their worn-out and invalid min-

isters. Several denominations are just now discussing this question, and plans are being pushed by which provision may be made for worthy ministers who have given their lives to the work of the church. The article referred to claims that it is a reproach upon the Church of Christ, that it does not provide for its own as well as do some purely secular societies. The writer thinks that the pittance now being doled out by his own denomination to its invalid ministers and to ministers' widows is in itself a reproach to the church. Men who have given their lives to the Master's work and consecrated body and soul to the service of the church, working on salaries which have precluded their saving anything for old age, are deserving of better treatment at the hands of churches now growing rich. The spirit and teachings of the Bible should lead us to care for our worn-out teachers. Worldly corporations, governments, teachers' bureaus and other associations are more and more providing for their own, and why should not the church make provision for the comfortable retirement of those whose lives have been given to its service?

In another column of this paper will be found an article entitled, "What Shall Be Done With the Old Preacher?" It is taken from the *Standard*, a Baptist paper, and contains so much that is pertinent and timely for Seventh-day Baptists, that we give it entire. Don't fail to read it.

Some things among our own people of late have brought this subject to my notice with wonderful emphasis; and I am sure the time is ripe for Seventh-day Baptists to do more than has ever yet been done for their own superannuated and infirm ministers. We should not cease to add to this fund until it is one worthy of such a people.

Correction in Year Book.

On page 55 of the *Year Book* for 1910, in the report of the Committee on Credentials, the church at Little Genesee of the Western Association should be credited with two delegates, whereas, by some mishap, the church is not named there. H. L. Hulett, M. D., and Mrs. Hulett were in attendance as delegates from the Little Genesee Church, and a correction to that

effect has been requested. It is easy to write this correction in your *Year Book*, as I have already done in mine.

"Are You a Jew?"

How many times do we, as Sabbath-keepers, meet the question, "Are you people Jews?" Sometimes we are taunted with the exclamation, "Oh, you are Jewish!" Almost invariably when the Sabbath is mentioned do we hear the expression, "The Seventh-day Sabbath is Jewish," just as though that of itself were enough to condemn it!

Yet these very people are constantly talking of the Bible as the Word of God, and of the Ten Commandments as God's law given to his children, and insisting that they are binding upon all men. I have even heard some of them say, "I believe every word of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation." They send missionaries to the heathen with the Bible as the only rule of life; they preach to sinners in the homeland, telling them to repent and obey the Bible as God's Word, if they would be saved.

What would these Bible Christians say if every sinner to whom they preach should rise up and say of the precious Book, "Oh, that's Jewish!" When Christ is proclaimed as a Saviour, what if sinners should exclaim derisively, "He was a Jew!" Or when the teachings of Paul or Peter or John are urged upon men as being able to enlighten and help sinners, what if the claims of these apostles should be scornfully rejected on the ground that they were Jews? Our Sunday-keeping friends would undoubtedly think such treatment of holy writ highly unworthy, and altogether too narrow-minded.

Yet why should it be more so in the heathen, or in sinners at home, than in professed Christians who are disobeying one of the clearest teachings of the Bible? Why is the fourth commandment any more Jewish than all the other nine? Why is the Sabbath more Jewish than the Christ who made it and who kept it? Why is the Old Testament more Jewish than the New? Why should those who follow Christ in Sabbath-keeping be branded as Jews? And why should the Sabbath truth, when

presented to Christians who claim the Bible as their guide, be promptly rejected as Jewish and therefore unworthy of notice?

Christ was a Jew, Paul was a Jew, all the Bible writers were Jews, and I suppose that, even in our day, a man might do worse than be a Jew? Paul once asked, "What advantage then hath the Jew?" and then replied, "Much every way: chiefly, because that unto them were committed the oracles of God."

Indeed, why should not a Jewish Christian loyal to God's law and a follower of Christ command as much respect as a gentile Christian blindly tearing down that law?

What Strange Contradictions.

I have been much interested in the attitude of many Protestant leaders toward the various movements of the Catholic Church. Any sign whatever of an effort on the part of Catholics to secure legislation in favor of that church is enough to arouse Protestant leaders to a frenzy over what they regard as a step toward uniting church and state. More than once in the Federal Council committee meeting at Washington did a noted bishop raise the cry of alarm because the Catholics were trying to get a bill through Congress appropriating lands in the far West to their use. I can hear his positive and outspoken warnings yet, as he pleaded for steps to be taken to head off any effort that looked like bringing about the union of church and state. He felt that all legislative bodies should be watched closely by Protestants in order to guard against the passing of laws tending to establish religion. In denominational and religious matters legislators should keep hands off.

Why is it so heinous for Catholic Christians to besiege Congress in behalf of church legislation, while it is regarded as commendable for Protestant Christians to crowd legislative halls for the same purpose? Why is it a dangerous step in regard to religious freedom, for the Catholic people to seek favorable laws to sustain them in their belief, and yet a commendable step for Protestant people to petition Congress to compel men to keep Sunday?

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

The Passing of the Sixty-first Congress.

Promptly at noon on March 4, the Sixty-first Congress expired by limitation. It came to a disorderly end, and if the reports are true, the last moments of the House were characterized by unworthy filibustering that defeated the bill for a permanent tariff board, and the Senate closed amid scenes of unparalleled bitterness. The last week in the Senate witnessed a complete breakdown in legislative machinery, such as the oldest member can not recollect.

The program of that body during the entire "short session" has been one of delay. The plan to accomplish as little as possible, and to prevent decisive voting upon important bills through filibustering methods, succeeded admirably. Matters that could have waited were made to occupy day after day of precious time, while the most important questions were thus crowded out. Never before have the supply bills been rushed through with so little consideration, in the last expiring moments of a session. This became necessary because so much time had been wasted. Even the bill for reapportionment of representatives after the census was allowed to go by default, to say nothing of the reciprocity agreement with Canada. The blame for the miserable failure rests entirely with the Senate. The President had given fair warning as to what might be the result in case the much needed legislation was not brought about. But the senators seemed to think the President's assurance that an extra session would be necessary if they failed, was only a bluff, and so paid no heed to it.

True to his word, within three hours after the adjournment, the Chief Executive issued a call for an extra session of both houses of Congress to convene on April 4. The President was driven to this step because a minority in the Senate saw fit to exercise its power under the rules, to juggle with unimportant matters and

Why is not the latter a step toward union of church and state as well as the former?

I know very well that the bishop referred to would be in the front ranks of those who urge Congress to pass Sunday laws, if such a measure were, at any time, pending before that body.

One other strange contradiction always impresses me. That the very ones among Protestants who can see no good in the Catholic Church, who protest strongly against everything belonging to Catholicism, should at the same time accept as a sabbath the very day the Catholics claim to have put in place of the Sabbath of Jehovah, and so help them in the enthronement of error, makes a contradiction hard to understand. Here are Protestant followers of the Christ—the Christ who kept the Sabbath of the fourth commandment—rejecting his holy day, and accepting in its stead the Catholic Sunday of Constantine, pagan in its origin, for which no word of Bible authority can be found!

No wonder that men whose practice is so squarely against the commandments of Jehovah, and who are put to their wits' ends to harmonize Sunday-keeping with the Bible, should now desire to "revise the Ten Commandments"!

Death of Rev. L. M. Cottrell.

Rev. Lebbeus M. Cottrell died at DeRuyter, N. Y., on March 5, 1911. The dispatch announcing his death reached us just after the last issue of this paper was printed. Brother Cottrell was born in 1819, and was therefore ninety-two years old at his death. He was a God-fearing, conscientious, sweet-spirited minister of the Gospel, and belonged to a generation that has passed away. He was educated at DeRuyter Institute, Union College, and Alfred University. During his long life he was a most loyal Seventh-day Baptist, and served as pastor over the churches at Persia, West Edmeston, and Lincklaen Center, N. Y., Rockville, R. I., and Walworth, Wis. He also served as home missionary in southern Illinois, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and elsewhere.

A good man has gone to his reward. We trust that some one qualified to do so will prepare a more extended sketch of his life.

leave the important bills stranded on the calendar.

The new Congress will be quite different from the old. Both houses in the Congress just closed were on the side of the administration, but the new house in the Sixty-second Congress will pass into the hands of the opposing party; and even in the ranks of the administration party there will be many changes. The country at large seems to desire the passage of the administration's broad-minded agreement with Canada, so the extra session will be regarded with much interest.

Among those who retire from public life with the closing of the Sixty-first Congress we find several who for years have represented the people from all over the Nation. There will be not less than sixteen changes in the Senate and thirty in the House. During the two years since the last Congress began, nineteen members have died; of these, eleven were representatives and eight were senators.

The fourth of March also marked the middle of William H. Taft's rule as President of the United States. The Sixty-first Congress held three sessions—a special tariff session lasting 143 days, a regular session lasting 201 days, and a final "short session" of 89 days.

The Railroads Acquiesce.

Thirty-five Western railroads have accepted the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission denying them the right to increase the freight rates, and no appeal will be made.

The harbor line board reported adversely to the request of the agents of steamship companies for enlargement of their piers in New York. The building of the new large steamships about to be added to the line seems to make necessary the lengthening of their piers one hundred feet into the stream. The board did not think it absolutely necessary, and in view of the fact that such a lengthening would curtail the harbor room too much, decided against the companies.

Immediately the White Star and Cunard lines began talking about moving their terminals away from New York. The ports being examined and talked of for terminals are Boston, Mass., New London,

Conn., and Montauk Point, R. I. However, upon the earnest request of Vice-President Sherman in behalf of the steamship companies, the Secretary of War consented to hold a further hearing upon the matter.

For New York to refuse dockage room to the largest steamships in the world is regarded by some as an act of commercial suicide.

New French Cabinet.

Worn out and weary over the bickerings and squabbles in the French Parliament, Premier Briand and his ministers resigned. President Fallières accepted their resignations and proceeded to form a new Cabinet. Premier Briand was so thoroughly sick over the wrangling groups among his supposed followers, that he wanted to be relieved of the responsibility of government.

Congress has made a rear admiral of Commander Peary of North Pole fame. It is to be hoped that this will place the final seal upon a controversy that has been no special credit to either party in the quarrel, and which has been more or less humiliating to the entire civilized world.

The "All Russian Nobility Congress" has adopted a resolution demanding the unconditional expulsion of Jews from the government service and from military service. The resolution also demands that Jews be prohibited from legal and legislative activity.

The resolution for a change of the Constitution, so United States senators could be elected by the people instead of being elected by legislatures, was lost in the Senate by a vote of 54 in favor of, to 33 against, the measure. Had four of the "noes" voted yes, the bill would have passed, but this measure required a two-thirds vote.

President Taft has no unkind words for the Congress that failed to pass his most important bill, but takes his disappointment in a sweet spirit. He rejoices over the bills that did get through and feels hopeful of good results from the coming extra session.

The records of the Hungarian postoffice show that \$37,000,000 was sent to Hungary in 1910 by Austro-Hungarians living in America. This is five times as much money as passed through the postoffice for Hungary in 1909.

Since the writing of the item above regarding the enlargement of piers for the mammoth steamships entering New York Harbor, the Secretary of War has decided in favor of the lines, so the companies will not have to seek dockage elsewhere.

Thoughts for Our Boys and Girls.

REV. E. A. WITTER.

The great value of the story of David in his struggles with Saul and the Philistines is not to be found so much in the history as in the picture the story gives us of the self-mastery David gains when seeking to conquer the forces that oppose truth and righteousness, while he himself seeks the aid and guidance of Jehovah.

His battle with the bear and lion, when he is caring for his father's sheep, is of more value to us when we see in it the mastery which a fellow man with a nature like our own, has when he, with full confidence in God and sustained by all that the thought of God stands for, seizes the lion of passion or lust and breaks his jaws, or smites the bear of avarice or envy and slays it because God is with him and leading him in the conflict.

Our admiration for David in his battle with Goliath deepens when we see him as a man of today, using the simple means that faith in God and in the triumph of right and truth has put into his hands as he goes against the mighty host that scoff at truth and defy the God of Isaac and Jacob, that God who declares that no unrighteousness shall enter heaven. Whatever the value of the history recorded in this story of David, the supreme lesson the story teaches us is the fact that, through a full dependence upon our heavenly Father and a careful following as he shall lead the way, triumph over self and sinful inclinations is certain.

We read the story of Daniel in the lion's den and of the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, and wonder at the pos-

sibility of performing such feats. We often find ourselves scanning the faces of some who we think are great, and wonder if they are great enough to do such things. Sometimes we may even think of ourselves and wonder if God would keep us in such a way as this—yea, it may be we find ourselves longing for just such opportunity to test and prove our faith as was given to these of whom we have studied. If we analyze our motives closely enough, we may find that our desire to be considered great, to be lifted into a high position among our fellow men is really the basis of our desire for such trials. This is not the spirit manifested by those of whom we have been studying. If my young friends can read the stories of these great men of the Bible in such a way as this, they will find these noble men speaking to them and setting for them true examples of their own lives and the way in which they can triumph today. With such study and thought of these Bible stories their real value will not be lost.

Adams Center, N. Y.,

March 2, 1911.

The Boundary Invisible.

Beautiful world from which I part,
Holding the summer in my heart!
Thou hast been my friend
To the shining end.
In the wide arms of space,
Star, sun, or any place,
What can I gain or miss,
As sweet as this?

Breath of wet moss, brown buds and wasting snow,
Oh, thrill me once again before I go!
Too subtle April stirring in the veins;
The maple-light that fires October rains;
Half temptress, guardian half, a solemn moon,
Watched by two, silent, on a night in June;
—Fairer than ye, what things may be or are,
In those strange lands where I must travel far?

* * * * *
Beautiful world for which I start,
Hiding the tremor in my heart!
When my last sun shall dim and dip,
Behind the long hills sombre slope,
—Strong be the pæan on my lip,
And, singing to the darkness, tell
That she who never passing well
Did grasp the hearty hand of hope,
Gave back to God her failing breath,
With trust of him, and joy of death.
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, in the Atlantic.

SABBATH REFORM

From the Other Side.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: "If I had had the least idea of any difficulty resulting from the Constitution adopted by the convention of which I had the honor to be president when it was formed, so as to endanger the rights of any religious denomination, then I never should have attached my name to the instrument. If I had any idea that the general government was so administered that the liberty of conscience was endangered, I pray you be assured that no man would be more willing than myself to revise and alter that part of it, so as to avoid all religious persecution. You can, without any doubt, remember that I have often expressed as my opinion, that every man who conducts himself as a good citizen is accountable alone to God for his religious faith, and should be protected in worshiping God according to the dictates of his conscience."—*Letter to Ephrata Community, Aug. 4, 1789.*

SIR WILLIAM DOMVILLE: "History does not furnish us with a single proof or indication that it was at any time so observed previous to the sabbatical edict of Constantine, in A. D. 321."—*Examination of Six Texts, page 291.*

WALTHAM (MASS.) EVENING NEWS: "Considerable stress is laid on the desirability of every one having one day of leisure in the week. Nobody disputes this, but there is no reason why that day should be Sunday any more than another, provided the time off comes with regularity. The Sabbath Protective League is undoubtedly actuated by the best of motives when it seeks to restrain people from doing as they please, but it shows it is not in sympathy with modern thought.

"Educators the world over, those who interest themselves in movements for the betterment of the condition of the people, laymen and preachers alike, have arrived at the point where it is deemed folly—in some cases criminal folly—to try to force regulations on the people which are anachronisms. To force people to one's own way

of thinking was once popular. Apparently it is still the belief in some quarters, but the great majority of thinking people nowadays resent any attempt to interfere with liberty of thought and action."

REV. E. A. WAFFLE: "Up to the time of Christ's death no change had been made in the day. The authority must be sought in the words or in the example of the inspired apostles. . . . So far as the record shows, they did not, however, give any explicit command enjoining the abandonment of the seventh-day Sabbath, and its observance on the first day of the week."—*Prize Essay in "Lord's Day," pp. 186, 187.*

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA: "But whatever may have been the opinion and practice of these early Christians in regard to cessation from labor on Sunday, unquestionably the first law, either ecclesiastical or civil, by which the sabbatical observance of Sunday is known to have been ordained, is the sabbatical edict of Constantine, A. D. 321."—*Article on "Sabbath."*

Building Upon Wrong Foundations.

Several years ago I read a good sermon, preached by a noted pastor of one of our great city churches, upon the subject, "Good and Bad Building on the One Foundation." The speaker showed the utter folly of building upon sand, and the necessity for right building, even when the solid rock is chosen for a foundation. No amount of good work in building upon the sand can avail, and bad work in building upon the rock is almost as useless. In the Saviour's parable of the two builders, there is no point made against the quality of the work, or the material used in building, nor yet as to the sincere purposes and honest convictions of the man who built upon the sand. He really wanted a house, and earnestly sought to build one; but alas for him! he overlooked the all-important matter of a true and solid foundation.

Many times in recent years, as I have seen how eagerly men have striven to build a sabbath upon the shifting sands of tradition and upon the changing theories of men, have I thought of that sermon and of what the preacher said about building upon sand; and many times since the movement to secure Sunday observance by

civil laws has assumed such proportions in the minds of Christians, have I been reminded of what was further said about bad building on a good foundation.

Every one understands that Christ is the one foundation upon which Christians build, and that the Bible is the only rule according to which their work is to be done. "Other foundation can no man lay;" and when the world sees its religious leaders laboring so zealously to "safeguard the Christian sabbath," it would naturally expect to find them standing squarely upon the Bible and working in the way Christ would work. This would be good work upon the right foundation. For all such work Christians of all denominations should unite their forces. The president of the Federal Council of Churches said:

We believe that the great Christian bodies in our country should stand together; lead in the discussion of, and give an impulse to, all great movements that make for righteousness. We believe that questions like those of marriage and divorce, Sabbath desecration, foreign immigration, modern industry, the moral and religious training of the young, indeed all great questions in which the voices of the churches should be heard, demand their united and concerted action.

Every one who loves the cause of God can say amen to these words. The voice of the united church should indeed be heard with no uncertain sound upon all these important questions. The denominations should join hands in an effort to "give an impulse to all great movements that make for righteousness." The questions referred to in this quotation are all Bible questions, and there is no doubt about the clear-cut manner in which that book deals with them. Whoever desires to see them established and the principles they involve enthroned in the hearts of men has Bible sanction for so doing. There can be no doubt about the foundations upon which such principles stand.

Again, there ought to be no doubt as to what Christ would regard as good or bad work upon this foundation. He himself has set the example, and has left no chance for doubt as to the spirit in which his work is to be done. Jesus taught that his kingdom is not of this world, and that it is to be built up by spiritual forces alone. He labored with individuals by appealing to conscience, and never sought to compel

men by civil law to observe any religious ordinance. He said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," and in harmony with that command the apostles went forth preaching Christ and him crucified, and making disciples of whosoever would accept the Saviour.

Can you imagine Christ forming a league and heading a movement to compel men by civil law to observe his Sabbath? Could you imagine him doing that thing today if he were in America, in the flesh? How must Jesus regard all this talk about converting society en masse and Christianizing a nation? Can he regard the work of those who give their lives to the special work of besieging Congress and state legislatures for penal laws to compel men to keep Sunday, as good building upon the right foundation? Indeed, what must he think of all these builders who insist upon substituting a different day for the Sabbath he kept and taught others how to keep, and all this under the pretext that they are building upon the foundation of the fourth commandment and in the name of Christ! Did Christ keep Sunday? Did he or his apostles ever intimate that Sunday should take the place of his holy Sabbath? Are those who are so zealous for laws to compel Christians to do contrary to all Bible teachings and against the example of Christ, doing good building work, such as the Master would do if he were here? Christ could not approve appealing to Cæsar, not even in behalf of Jehovah's Sabbath which he loved so well, to say nothing of the awful inconsistency of petitioning Cæsar to compel men to keep Baal's day!

If all who desire to see conscientious, God-fearing Sabbath-keepers multiply and prevail would get back upon Bible ground, upon the only true foundation for any holy Sabbath, and then go to work in the manner and in the spirit enjoined by Christ, this old world would see such a transformation as has never yet been known. But there is little hope of ever seeing any sabbath enthroned in the hearts of the world's multitudes by the cold, dogmatic, oppressive precepts of civil law. "Invoking civil laws to enforce religious views is

contrary to the principles of the kingdom of God" and is taking a long step backward toward the union of church and state.

Our Baptist Brethren and the Sabbath.

C. H. EDWARDS.

For years it has been a query in our minds why our Baptist brethren do not observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath of the Lord. They certainly have been steadfast in the face of much opposition and ridicule in contending for the unpopular truth of Christian baptism. As they have been so consistent in adopting and advocating scriptural baptism it has puzzled us why they have not advanced one step farther and adopted the scriptural Sabbath as well. It has seemed to us that one is as plainly taught in the sacred Word as the other, and it has been a wonder to us why our Baptist brethren have not seen it too.

Among the great Protestant denominations they have always stood in the forefront as advocates of the foundation principles of Protestantism—"The Bible and the Bible only"—as the basis of all doctrines and practices. While they do not observe the Bible Sabbath we do not question their sincerity, but it appears to us that in their observance of Sunday they are not altogether consistent with their teachings upon the subject of building wholly upon the Bible. They advocate as fully as one could wish their intention to accept as doctrines only those things which are founded on the sacred Word, but in their practice upon the point of Sabbath observance we feel that they are not entirely consistent.

They have expressed their views upon the subject in the following language which we take from their present *Church Manual*:

We believe that the Holy Bible was written by men divinely inspired, and is a perfect treasure of heavenly instruction; that it has God for its Author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter; that it reveals the principles by which God will judge us, and therefore is, and shall remain to the end of the world, the true center of Christian union, and the supreme standard by which all human conduct, creeds, and opinions should be tried.

Certainly no denomination has made a clearer statement of belief than this in the sufficiency of the Scriptures as a perfect guide in matters of sacred belief.

There appeared some time ago an editorial in the well-known *Examiner*, June 20, 1895, which makes the point so clear that we quote:

Nothing that can not endure the test of an appeal to the Word of God can find permanent approval with our Baptist people, whether they be learned or unlearned in the wisdom of the schools. For tradition they care nothing; for the edicts of church or councils they have no respect, except as they are supported by the one supreme arbiter, the inspired Word. Does the doctrine agree with the teaching of the Bible? This is the one test they have been wont to apply, and will continue to apply, to every new proposition, and to every old one revamped and paraded as new. This is the Baptist position. It can not be other than this. To abandon it is to take the first step toward the abandonment of every distinctive principle for which it stands. It is our sole reason for being a denomination.

With these emphatic statements before us, we certainly have the right to expect great things from our Baptist brethren, and we feel at liberty to ask if in their weekly observance of Sunday they follow the plain principles here laid down as their solemn belief? In the bosom of the Decalogue is a clear and positive statement that "the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." We look to our Baptist brethren expecting them to be building upon this sure foundation, but to our surprise we find them honoring another day entirely different from the one designated by God himself as his Sabbath. It can not be said that they reject the Decalogue, as many are doing, for they say in their "Articles of Faith", Art. 12, p. 55:

We believe that the law of God is the eternal and unchangeable rule of his moral government; that it is holy, just, and good; and that the inability which the Scriptures ascribe to fallen men to fulfil its precepts arises entirely from their love of sin, to deliver them from which, and to restore them through a mediator to unfeigned obedience to the holy law, is the one great end of the Gospel, and of the means of grace connected with the establishment of the visible church.

Here they declare the perpetuity of the sacred law in as strong and emphatic language as one could use; and in the *Watchman*, February 27, 1896, appeared an

article bearing directly upon the observance and perpetuity of the Sabbath itself:

It is frequently said that we are not living under the Jewish dispensation, and that the Jewish Sabbath, like the Jewish law, has no binding force upon Christians. This is a superficial and misleading view. The Ten Commandments have a place in all human laws and lives, because they express divine laws, essential principles. Jesus said he came not to destroy but to fulfil the law. What he did was to rescue the Sabbath from Pharisaism and formalism, with which it had been overlaid, and to restore it to its proper place as man's minister, and not his master. That the Sabbath was made for man involves the obligation resting upon man to use it so as to realize the purpose for which it was instituted.

Certainly these endorsements of the sacred law and the Sabbath from these authoritative sources ought to be a strong assurance of their loyalty to these points of eternal truth. But here we stop, and inquire why, if the law and the Sabbath are both obligatory upon us as Christians, they too do not observe them just as they are directed?

That Sunday is not the seventh day every sane person will admit, and thus when the law directs the observance of the seventh day it can not possibly be Sunday that is commanded. Thus, when our Baptist brethren assent to the law and acknowledge their allegiance to it, it seems to us that if they were strictly consistent they would do exactly what the law commands them to do.

That they recognize a difference in the days, and are conscious that they are not observing the day designated in the fourth commandment is shown by the following, which we take from the *Examiner*, February 27, 1895:

Christians do not observe the Sabbath, they observe the Lord's day. This is not a difference of names only, as might be supposed, for the institutions differ radically. The idea of the Sabbath was rest; there is not a word about worship on the Sabbath in the Old Testament. The idea of the Lord's day is worship; there is not a word about rest on the Lord's day in the New Testament, or in the early Christian literature. Tertullian is the earliest of the Fathers to inculcate rest from labor on the first day of the week. Neither the New Testament nor the early Christian literature confounds these two days. They are always treated as distinct; and not until Alcuin, in the ninth century, do we find the idea that the obligations of the fourth commandment were supposed to be transferred to the first day

of the week. Calling of the first day of the week "sabbath" is as late as the seventeenth century, and was done by the English Puritans. Nothing but confusion and mischief has come of this confounding of things that differ.

To call Sunday the "Lord's day" does not help them in the least, for there is not one passage of Scripture from Genesis to Revelation which ever recognizes Sunday, the first day of the week, as the "Lord's day," or a day with any sacredness attached to it above any other ordinary weekday. It appears to us that when they set apart the first day, and designate it as the "Lord's day", they are doing violence to the plain Word of God.

The reason why they ever were led to take such a position as this has been given so fully that we quote from an address that was delivered at the "Baptist Congress" in 1894:

Thus the observance of the Lord's day as the Christian Sabbath, which is nowhere explicitly enjoined in the Scriptures, is yet found to be based on Scripture principles and to have a modest basis of Scripture precedent, especially when we proceed backward from post-apostolic times to trace this growing observance.

It is doubtful whether, if we were left to the scanty indications of the New Testament alone, unaided by the light thrown on the New Testament from subsequent times, we should have been able to arrive at that observance of the Lord's day which has been the priceless possession of Christendom. At any rate, we owe a large debt to tradition for facts which aid us in the interpretation of the scanty intimations of the Scriptures on this subject.—*Official Report of Baptist Congress, 1894, p. 10.*

To us it is a matter of lament that our Baptist brethren should declare so positively that "for tradition they care nothing" and then be compelled to admit that for the observance and authority of Sunday, the first day of the week, they must go to tradition for help. That when they open the New Testament they find it is "nowhere explicitly enjoined in the Scriptures", and that they must go to tradition for help by which they may interpret the Scriptures so they can observe the first day. By this same reasoning the other denominations prove the right to adopt sprinkling instead of scriptural baptism. According to this view all that is necessary is for us to leave the Bible entirely, and pass to a later date. There we find some practice in vogue. We then take the

practice and return to the Bible, and there interpret the Bible to sustain the thing, and thus it becomes a part of our Christian practice. Every doctrine and practice that has ever cursed the church may be sustained in this very way, and it is by this means that the Roman Catholic Church today justifies her adoption of her unscriptural and traditionary tenets.

How much better it would be for our Baptist brethren to drop this institution entirely, and come boldly over to the side of truth where they might stand squarely and firmly on the only true foundation of Protestantism—"The Bible and the Bible only as the true and perfect guide in faith and practice."

What Shall Be Done With the Old Preacher?

Now and then an aged minister has an income sufficient to maintain himself and those dependent upon him in comfortable circumstances. He may have had property left to him, or, through careful saving and fortunate investments, he may have accumulated a competency; but he is the exception which proves the rule. The majority of ministers come to old age with little or nothing saved up, and their last years are filled with anxiety concerning daily bread.

One of the best of our Chicago dailies calls attention to this unhappy state of affairs in a recent editorial, and enters a strong plea that adequate provision be made for ministers who can no longer work. If a so-called secular paper feels it necessary to make an appeal of this sort, surely journals which deal almost exclusively with religious conditions and movements should not remain silent. Baptists have money enough to make adequate provision for their aged ministers. It is not probable, however, that those who have the money in their possession will volunteer to lead in a movement of this kind. Unless those who are filled with strong conviction that we are sinfully delinquent at this point keep up an agitation, we shall continue to jog along as we have been doing, ignoring a plain responsibility.

It may be said that we have had, and now have, our homes for aged ministers. Very true. Far be it from us to under-

value the good work which they are doing. They have saved worthy men and women from the poorhouse, have relieved distress, have lifted the burden from many shoulders. But the "home" is a makeshift. We have reason to be ashamed of ourselves if we remain content to have this a permanent condition. It may be the best that can possibly be done for some; it is far from the best for the majority. Under ordinary circumstances it is cruel to compel a husband and wife to give up the society of those whom they have known for years, the little home which they love, to become inmates of an institution. Those in charge of these institutions have very wisely made appropriations from the funds for the benefit of such as needed help but did not wish to enter an institution. This is as it should be, except that the amounts appropriated are disgracefully small; necessarily so because of the scanty support which the denomination gives to this beneficence. Thus far the Baptist Denomination has only played at caring for its aged ministers. It is high time that we quit our childishness and address ourselves to this task with a generosity and devotion commensurate with the importance of the task.

The Chicago daily, cited above, states that the retired clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Denomination receives an annual stipend of \$779. That body has, already, a fund of more than \$3,000,000 for this purpose, and leading laymen are urging that it be made \$10,000,000 or even \$15,000,000. They make provision for regular income for this purpose. The profits of the Western Book Concern go to this object. An annual offering is taken in the churches for this fund, and the Rock River conference at its last meeting decided that its churches, in order to retain "good and regular standing," must meet an annual assessment for the support of superannuated clergymen; an assessment that is put on the same plane of importance as that for the bishop, the district superintendent and the preacher. The Presbyterians have 25,000 retired ministers, and these are said to receive an average stipend of \$600 each.

These denominations have forms of organization much more centralized than our

own. They are able to legislate more effectively than Baptists. Probably, if we should make an "assessment" upon the churches, many would refuse to honor it, that they might show their independence, if for no other reason. Baptists do not relish assessments, but they seem to take to apportionments with a good degree of enthusiasm. It matters little what name it bears so long as we have some wise method of doing the work. The Baptists of Great Britain have their "sustentation fund," and are doing far more, proportionately, in the way of caring for their old clergymen than are Baptists in this country.

In view of that which is being done by other denominations, in consideration of the Carnegie fund for teachers and the excellent results already secured by that noble beneficence, is this not an opportune time for beginning a strenuous campaign in behalf of an adequate fund for the retired ministers of our denomination? The matter has been before us. Doctor Morehouse has interested himself in behalf of this important undertaking and, if we are not mistaken, was—and perhaps is—at the head of a commission to report concerning it. Is it not of sufficient importance to warrant the Northern Baptist Convention in giving to it earnest and persistent attention? We have among us men and women who are giving by hundreds of thousands and even millions to various causes. Is there any reason to suppose that they would not respond to an appeal for this object if it were made clear that we have a wise plan for taking care of ministers who can no longer support themselves?

Denominational self-respect, were there nothing else, should lead us to undertake the task of providing for those who have given their life to self-sacrificing labor for others. These men are of our own household, and we know how the Scriptures catalogue those who refuse to provide for their own. We have such confidence in the generosity of our people and in the appeal which indigent old age makes, that we have no doubt of a hearty response on the part of American Baptists whenever they are confronted with a care-

fully formulated plan for the support of our old ministers and those dependent upon them.—*The Standard*.

Semi-annual Meeting of the Churches of the Western Association.

The semi-annual meeting of the churches of the Western Association will be held with the Friendship Seventh-day Baptist Church, Nile, N. Y., March 24-26, 1911. At this time will occur the ordination of Pastor Herbert L. Cottrell to the gospel ministry. An interesting program has been arranged, and a large attendance is expected. Following is the provisional program.

Theme: "The High Calling of the Christian."

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 7.30 Song service, conducted by Pastor Herbert L. Cottrell.
Sermon and testimony meeting—Pastor G. F. Bakker.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 11.00 Sermon, "The Basis of the Christian's High Calling"—Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, D. D.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00 Sabbath school, conducted by superintendent of the Nile Sabbath school.
3.00 Young People's Hour, conducted by Miss Melva Canfield.

EVENING.

- 7.30 Praise and devotional service—Rev. Walter L. Greene.
Program, "The High Calling of the Christian."
1. "Christian Character and Conduct in Relation to Business, in View of the High Calling"—Rev. Wm. C. Whitford, D. D.
2. "The Christian as a Citizen, in View of the High Calling"—Mr. O. M. Burdick.
3. "The Christian's Responsibility as an Individual Church Worker, in View of the High Calling"—Mr. A. H. Clarke.

SUNDAY MORNING.

- 10.00 Business session.
11.00 Examination of candidate, Herbert L. Cottrell, for ordination to the gospel ministry.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00 Ordination services.
Ordination sermon—Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell.

EVENING.

- 7.30 Praise and devotional service—Rev. Wm. L. Davis.
Sermon and testimony meeting—Rev. Erlo E. Sutton.

MISSIONS

Joy Message for Missionaries.

We are praying for you as we bow tonight,
In the presence of Christ our Lord;
We are praying for you that his loving voice
May grant you the answering word.
We are praying in bands that showers of grace
May gladden your waiting sight;
We are praying alone in the silent hours
Of the hushed and holy night.

We are praying for you from the sacred desk,
That every soul be won
For which you pledged your strength of days,
A sacrifice well done.
We are praying tonight that the Master will
Shower you with blessings bright,
That your souls may rejoice in strength renewed.
We are praying for you tonight.

We gladly kneel and join your plea
Low at the foot of the throne;
Though waves divide, our prayers unite,—
In the Saviour's love we are one.
We are praying tonight that the rising tide
May touch its loftiest height,
Till floods of blessings sweep all the strand.
We are praying for this tonight.

We are praying, ah! yes, that your joy be complete,
That the wings of your faith be strong;
We are praying for you that your mission true
Be earnest, loving and long.
We are praying for you that the darkest path
May be lit with divinest light,
And the Saviour walk by your side always.
We are praying for you tonight.
—Unknown.

Bethel, Tajoe, Java.

[The following is from a letter from Marie Jansz to Miss L. A. Randolph of Plainfield, N. J.—E. B. S.]

"I have been informed by the government officials that I am still regarded by the government as the responsible party of the mission. The official has notified the parties that they have no title to the property and they have abandoned the work. They have sold off the cows and stock, which gave us some support and employment to the boys who cared for them and sold some milk. Very little of the rice-fields are left, which also gave employment and food; and the buildings are in bad state of repair. I shall hereafter be more or less of my time at Pangoeng-

sen. Mail will find me at either place, so that it is directed to Tajoe. I was in great distress to know how I was to procure funds to repair the buildings, but I wrote for an English paper a little article about the work, and funds have been received sufficient to repair the buildings.

"The poor people are like sheep gone astray from the Good Shepherd. They have to be punished severely for gambling, opium-smoking and other sins. Sister Alt is so kind to care for and treat the sores on the poor creatures who come to us. One of our old men helpers assists in this and also the work of teaching. Some nice boys come from Mohammedan homes to the night school, where they hear the Gospel at the close of each session.

"At our market meetings, once a week, we have a nice crowd of listeners. Some of the Javanese Christians always speak at those meetings."

Shepherdsville, Ky.

DEAR BROTHER SAUNDERS:

After some delay, I again write you. We are both well at present, though there has been a great deal of sickness here this winter. When I returned from the office to the depot, where I left you, I found the train had gone and you with it. I see by the SABBATH RECORDER that Brother T. J. Van Horn has been very sick, but understand he is now much better. We have preaching at the First Baptist church once a month and at the Bethel M. E. church the same.

I wonder if you have forgotten the Christmas tree at Bethel? We are looking forward to the time next summer when we can have one of our ministers come here and hold meetings. We will inform you of the most convenient time. We long to see God's downtrodden Sabbath rise to its proper place in this great Nation of ours and in the entire world.

People here were much pleased with the lecture you gave at the church and were sorry you could not stay longer. We have had very good weather since you were here. A great deal of plowing is already done. Wheat is looking fairly well. I have been clearing up some ground during the winter. We have every reason to thank our heavenly Father for his won-

derful goodness to us. I wish to say that it pays to be a Seventh-day Baptist and observe God's Sabbath. May this blessing be with you and yours.

Yours in Christ,
T. H. WISE.

March 2, 1911.

How the Church Can Aid in Social Betterment.

[The *Survey* of March 4 gives interesting extracts from the inaugural address of Rev. Henry A. Atkinson, secretary of the Congregational Brotherhood of America, which are worthy the careful attention of every one.—Ed.]

The strain will be lifted. There is a new spirit abroad in the world, the spirit of brotherhood. A deep spirit of religion is finding expression in the movements and organizations for better social conditions. The world is gradually coming to see the value in Christ's teachings. He is the ideal of every reformer; the claimed leader of every party. His spirit is coming to its own. All classes of people are fairly reasonable. Men are reading. They are observant, the world was never so industrious and long-headed as at present. Societies, clubs, and unions are working away at fundamentals. The church is getting down to bed-rock. The times are ripe for real constructive work in the building of the kingdom of God. . . . The needs of the individual soul are made more vital as the relation of men to each other is more clearly understood.

The church, in a humbler frame of mind, is hearing the Master's words, and instead of trying to explain away the incompatibility existing between the Sermon on the Mount and the industrial system, is recognizing that Jesus meant what he said. If Christianity is worth anything it must hasten the disappearance of poverty and lessen the grinding conditions of drudgery and routine which are deadening the spiritual and mental fiber of man. If the church has any power it ought to be able to drive out the pagan ideal from business and establish the Christian ideal in control. . . . The fight to gain leisure for physical, mental, and moral health, when won, will add to the beauty and fulness of life. The identification of the church with the needs

of man as man, together with a fuller realization within the church of the possibilities of democracy, will give the church first place among those agencies ordained by the Almighty for man's salvation.

There ought to be no good grounds for considering the church amateurish when it approaches social questions. The minister ought to be the best versed man on social and economic questions of any man in his community. He must be, if the church he serves is to come to its own. . . . The church ought to be informed on every great movement, and a movement can not be understood until we know the principles that lie back of it. The information ought to be from primary sources. The minister has the best possible chance for knowing conditions, if he will only take the trouble to investigate. The minister who does not know what is going on in his city, who is unacquainted with the needs and the efforts being put forth to meet them, and who is not able to bring himself into sympathy with the point of view of other folk, no matter what their condition, temporal or spiritual, may be, is not as fully equipped for his high and holy task as he should be.

The attitude of the church on all social questions is that of a referee. Its sole interest is in seeing that righteousness prevails. It holds no brief for any party or parties. Its voice is raised against the crying evils of our times because they work an injustice to man, because they are shutting the door of opportunity. The laboring man does not want the patronage of the church. He wants an even chance in this, his Father's world, and it is the duty of the church to help him get it. Wholesome factory conditions, safety in the pursuit of the daily task, adequate wages and a reasonable work-day—these are not merely subjects of an academic discussion. These questions and their righteous settlement mean life to millions of our brothers and sisters.

As long as immense fortunes are being made at the expense of little children and destitute women; as long as it is possible for a man to give the best years of his life to a machine and then be thrown out to die, or for the community to support, when

his vitality has all been coined into profits for private individuals; just so long the child labor problem, the problem of woman's work, old age pensions, and a national indemnity law for accidents in industry, will be proper subjects of study, prayer and work by the church.

I am satisfied that the church can be led into the widest, most helpful lines of service if the proper method of presentation and approach is employed. Tuberculosis can be stamped out so thoroughly that in ten years the great white plague, like the black plague, will be only a sad memory. Any pastor, if he will take the time and trouble, can secure the cooperation of his people in this crusade against death.

I am satisfied that the churches can be enlisted in the movement to make the air, the sunshine, the parks, which belong to all of the people, more common. Every city can have public playgrounds; and if they are led, the churches will be strong factors in the establishment and maintenance of such playgrounds. Shorter hours of labor, half-holidays, and a dozen other questions could gain the indorsement of the churches immediately. This is just the beginning. These changes will call for others. More air and sunshine mean the tearing down of good profit-paying, but tuberculosis-breeding, tenements, and building in their place decent homes for the people.

One reform will call for another; one blessing will make the next more imperative, but on the whole more easily gained.

Everything needed can not be done all at once. Moral reforms are consummated slowly. The ultimate good is far off. It will take years of patient toil and much hearty service to bring business under the law of love, and make actual the golden rule in every heart and life, but it will be done. The present offers a magnificent summons to the church to do its part, and by making its contribution the church will enter into a larger and wider work in proportion to its new tasks and will gain for itself a new and larger life.

"Though darkness overshadows our lives at times and hope fleeth away, yet one ray of God's sweet love will dispel the gloom and the world becomes a paradise."

Inverted Hypocrisy in the Ministry.

The term "inverted hypocrisy" is not original with me. I heard or saw it somewhere, and wondered what it meant, and when I heard it defined, I thought it a convenient phrase. Hypocrisy is supposed to be a pretense of being better than one really is. Years ago, when I was preaching in the Tennessee mountains, we had a convert, so-called, an ex-gambler and saloon-keeper, who forthwith became an exhorter. I never believed in him. "But see how humble he is," expostulated my friend, to whom I confided my misgivings. "Who can hear him confess his sins and doubt his genuine conversion?" To which I replied: "If ever he confessed that he had been a miserable sneak and dupe, and then felt so ashamed of it that he never spoke of it again, I would trust him. But to hear him boast of having been a leader in sin, of having made havoc with all the Ten Commandments at once, I incline to think he is still breaking one of them. I believe he is a liar and a hypocrite." And he was.

The public confession of sin is sometimes a very wholesome exercise. But nine times out of ten I doubt its value, and at least one time out of ten it is hypocritical, egotistical, and self-righteous delusion.

Now, there is an element of this vice in the ministry. It calls itself humility, but it is egotism, and it is a mild form of hypocrisy, of the inverted sort.

Years ago I attended a meeting of the Lake Shore Association in Cleveland, at which a young minister read a paper, and a very good one. He prefaced it with the words, "This paper is somewhat homiletic in its form, as it is the substance of a sermon I inflicted on my people last Sunday." Doctor Leavitt was there, and when the discussion began, he said: "I like the paper, but not the introduction. No man ought to speak of 'inflicting' a sermon on his people. Let him magnify his office."

It was a brand-new idea to me then. It had not occurred to me that it was unseemly for a minister to make joking and deprecatory remarks about his own sermon. But I began to notice then, and I have never enjoyed such reference since.

If I do it myself, I think of it afterward and am ashamed of myself. If I hear another man doing it, I feel like saying to him what I heard Doctor Leavitt say.

I learned years ago the folly of making apologies in the pulpit. What is the use of saying, "I trust the congregation will bear with me this morning, as I have a cold?" They will learn soon enough that you have a cold, and will respect you all the more for not making an appeal for pity. Let them forget you, if they can, and you forget yourself and your cold, if you can, and preach the Word. And if a sermon is felt by the preacher to be below his average, why should he say, "I have been interrupted in my preparation, and this sermon is not as good as I had hoped to preach"? They will find out how poor it is. Or, what is better, maybe they will not find out! If a minister says to his God that morning, "O Lord, thou knowest I have not been negligent. I chose this text expecting to give many hours to study this week. But I had to go out and visit the sick and comfort the mourning, and I am not taking beaten oil to the sanctuary. O God, make the message strong through thy Spirit, and let not the weakness of the messenger prevent the operation of thy grace"—if he says that to his God, and can say it honestly, maybe no one will ever know how poor a sermon it really is! For sometimes a really great sermon grows out of those conditions. Yet the minister better not presume upon such experience to the habitual neglect of his study, or some day he will say as Samson did, "I will now go out and shake myself as at other times," and will wist not that the Lord is departed from him.—*The Advance*.

The Handy Compass.

I find that there are still people who, when lost or "turned around" will say, "I wonder which way is north? How I wish I had a compass! Then I could surely tell!"

Now, every boy ought to know that a watch is just as good a compass as it is a timekeeper. In fact, I would rather trust to a watch than to a compass when life itself depended upon finding my way, for

a watch can not be deflected by a foreign substance as a compass can. Given only one condition—ability to see the sun or the place where the sun is—and you can trust a watch to tell you the absolute truth about the points of the compass. It is as reliable as the sun itself.

Now, to explain how a watch may be used as a compass: The trick is as simple and easy—to use a boy's own expression—as "rolling off a log." All you have to do is to point the hour-hand to the sun, wherever the hour-hand may be at the time, and south will always be exactly half-way between it and the figure twelve on the watch-dial. Try it any time of day and wherever you may happen to be, and you will find this method of determining north and south will never fail to work with the most perfect accuracy. The only difference between using the watch and using the compass is, that you must remember that you find south with the watch instead of north.

We will suppose that it is ten o'clock in the morning. The sun is pretty well up in the sky, and as you point your hour-hand toward it, you will see at once that the figure eleven, half-way between ten and twelve, indicates the true north and south line. It will be the same anywhere, no matter in what section of the world you may be.

Even in cloudy weather you can often locate the sun by the delicate shadow from your open knife blade when you hold the knife upright on your palm. You will be surprised to see how often, on a cloudy day, you can determine the position of the sun by this simple experiment.

This method of finding the points of the compass is called "orientation by the sun."—*Exchange*.

"It is a splendid commendation of any man to say that he can not be thought of in any relation without his religion, since all sides of his life meet in a symmetrical Christian character."

It's good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—*George Horace Lorimer*.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY,
Contributing Editor.

If All Went Well.

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanting.

—Selected.

"God broke our years to hours and days,
That hour by hour and day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep ourselves heart-whole and strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not onward go;
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day.
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep
Or pathways bear so steep
But we can forward go if, by God's power,
We only bear the burden of the hour."

The verses this week will have added interest to us when we know that they have been treasured by one of our number who has passed through many weary hours of sickness and pain. She gave them to the editor and they are printed with the hope that they may help some one else.

Mr. Cluett of Troy has presented Doctor Grenfell of Labrador a \$25,000 boat for use in the Labrador Mission. That will be a fine thing for the people of that mission.

Some Indian Women.

It is late in the afternoon, and I stand on the station platform at Jessidih. All about me are dark-skinned pilgrims and we are waiting an incoming train. I see

the young, the middle-aged and also many old men and women. And the expression on many of these faces makes one's heart ache. In most of the faces before me I see written weariness, hopelessness and heart-hunger, but nothing of joy or brightness, for none of these waiting ones know God. But suddenly I see a face which stands out in strange contrast to the other faces—it is that of Nanhu, our Indian evangelist for Deogarh. He is going in and out among his fellow countrymen, speaking words for Christ and selling to them Gospels and other Christian literature. This young man was, not many years ago, a famine orphan. He received training in the Damoh Orphanage and afterward took a course in the Bible College at Jabalpur. Today he is a light-bearer in one of India's darkest spots. He comes over to where I am, and, raising his hand, he gives his "salaams." As we stand talking for a few moments, his greatest desire seems to be that more workers be sent into Deogarh's harvest field. But the train is heard in the distance, and every pilgrim begins to get his or her little bit of baggage together and to scramble near the edge of the platform, ready to make a rush for the carriages as soon as the train stops.

On entering a zenana compartment, I find as my traveling companions an Indian lady and her four children. The mother is a little woman and wears the flowing dress of India, but her children are dressed like Europeans—a strange mixture (often seen even in the same family) of East and West. I find that she is a Brahmo. The Brahmos are more advanced than the Hindus. They do not worship idols, nor do they believe in caste. The girls are educated and they are not married until grown up; and their women enjoy much more freedom than do the Hindu women. They honor Christ as a great teacher, but they do not believe him to be divine. As I read and explain to her passages from the Gospels she listens attentively, then says: "I honor Jesus and believe him to be God's son, but I do not believe him to be equal with God." As we continued our conversation, and as the story of Christ's crucifixion is being told, one of the little girls, leaving her seat,

comes up close beside me and stands drinking in every word. Soon the train stops at a small station and the husband and father—an educated Indian gentleman—appears at the door and my fellow travelers leave the train. As it moves slowly away and I am left alone, I keep thinking—thinking not only of the little woman who has just left, but also of the many, who, like her, have received some light, but who are yet without the one thing needful. And I wonder why there are not messengers in all of India's towns who can go into homes and bring to all such women, and children, too, a saving knowledge of Jesus; and the wheels rushing over the rails seem to echo the question: "Why, why, why?"

Another afternoon. I change cars, and in my compartment is only one woman. She wears a soft white sari and she has a sweet expression and very gentle manners. As soon as she speaks I know she is from Bengal, and her face beams when she learns that I, too, am from Bengal, and at once we settle ourselves to have a friendly talk. She is pleasant and free from that reserve which most Hindu ladies have. As I talk with her, I learn that she is a widow and her father-in-law is taking her from her Calcutta home, to visit his family in Jabalpur. She tells me, too, that when a little girl in her parents' home, lady missionaries used to visit and teach her. From them she learned to know and to love Christ. Then came the time for her marriage. She was only twelve years old at that time, but she was taken away to the home of her husband, and from that time she had heard nothing more about Christ. As I listen to her story, I understand why it is that she acts and speaks so confidentially. Because, as a child, the missionaries taught and befriended her, she considers all missionaries as friends and her heart is open to the message of Jesus. As I read and explain passages of Scripture to her, she sits on the seat just in front of me and drinks in the message hungrily. After a bit she says: "No one ever loved me as Christ loved." Think, friends, of the many women all over India, who have come to know something of Jesus, and yet, like this one, have not heard his name for

long years. If they could be followed up as they go away to their own homes, and if they could be kept in touch with the one who loved as no one ever loved, who knows how many might be won for him? As I write I think of the hosts of consecrated young women who might be spending their lives in the work of uplifting India's womanhood. Oh, *who* will come? And again, even as that day on the train, comes the echo: "Who, who, who?"

It is a bright moonlight night, and my train is just leaving Allahabad (City of God). In my compartment are four Indian women and a bright-eyed baby girl. One of these women is mother of the child. She seems happy enough. Her dark hair is neatly dressed, her sari is of fine material and she wears the ordinary amount of jewelry worn by women in comfortable circumstances. But, by the short hair, the coarse white saris and the absence of jewelry, I see that the three other women are Hindu widows, and as I talk to them I learn that they are pilgrims—widows going on pilgrimages from shrine to shrine, seeking forgiveness for the unknown sin that made them widows. The eldest woman—the one with the strong, expressive face—comes and sits near me and is listening to what I am telling her, of the Father in heaven and of his love to all. Suddenly our train is on the bridge which spans the Ganges—one of India's sacred rivers. Through an open window my widowed friend gets a glimpse of its waters. She bows her head, raises clasped hands to her forehead and the moving lips tell of the heart-prayer within. The prayer has been made to "Mother Ganges," as the people say, and as the train carries us along we continue our conversation. From time to time she asks intelligent questions, showing that she is interested. Before we part she says: "The things you have told me disturb my mind." I place in her hand a Gospel in Hindu, for while she herself can not read, she has a son far away in the home she has left, and if she lives to return after her pilgrimage he will read it to her. As she left the train, I felt a great burden at the thought of multitudes of aged widows, who, day and night, through days, weeks, months

and years, must keep wandering restlessly on, worshipping at the many sacred places, bathing in sacred rivers, bearing weariness, sufferings and hardships—yes, giving their very lives in the fruitless search for "mukti" (salvation). How long must they go on thus? Yes, the echo still sounds: "How long, Deogarh, India, how long?"—Annie Lackey, in *Missionary Tidings*.

The Labrador Mission.

The insistence on dogma has found little place on the program of the workers of our Labrador Mission. Our efforts to interpret the message we would convey are aimed rather in the direction of endeavoring to do for our fellow men on this coast, in every relation of life, those things which we should like them to do for us in similar circumstances.

As I sit writing in the chart-house, I can read across the front of the little hospital off which we are anchored the words of a text thirty-six feet long. It was carved in solid wood by a boys' class in Boston. It reads: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I have most faith in unwritten sermons. Still, the essential elements of our faith are preached orally at times by all of us. And in this relation it has been my good fortune at times to have a cook or deck-hand equally able with myself to gather a crowd on a Sunday morning to seek God's blessing on these barren rocks. We can also believe that the noble amphitheaters that these mighty cliffs afford us are as likely to prove "Bethels" as were ever the more stately erections of the genius of man. I have seen new men made out of old ones on this very coast, new hopes engendered in the wrecks of humanity. So that once, when whispering into the ear of a dying man on board a tiny schooner, and asking him if the years since the change took place in him had been testified to by his life, in the most natural way in the world he was able to answer, "I wish you'd ask my skipper, Doctor."

We have seen in our tiny hospitals the blind made to see, the lame made to walk, and the weak and fearful strengthened to face the valley of the shadow of death.

But the object of the Labrador Mission is to help men to live, and not to die; and so to live as not merely to cumber this earth for a few more years, but to live as worthier sons of that great Father whose face we all expect one day to see.—From "Down to the Sea," by Wilfred T. Grenfell. (Copyright by F. H. Revel Co.)

Mrs. Russell Sage at Close Range.

"You ought not to wear that bird on your hat. It is silly. Besides, it is cruel." It was scarcely a reassuring greeting, this which I received at the door of her home and from the lips of Mrs. Russell Sage. It would have been instead a numbing, subduing greeting, had not the lips directly afterward relaxed in a smile and had not the voice been one of motherly kindness. As it was, it rendered me for the moment void of speech.

The void Mrs. Sage filled with wise words: "If you would join the Audubon Society you would get a new point of view, or perhaps I ought to say a point of view, for no one is intentionally cruel. We are only thoughtlessly savage. Most of us would be insulted if we were told that we were like Indians, but we are and always will be while we murder birds to rob them of their skins for our adornment. I used to wear birds on my hats when I was your age, but when the truth of the misery I had caused some harmless creature of the air to gratify my vanity was impressed upon me, I never wore another.

"Have you a baby lamb coat? I am glad you haven't. Do you know the suffering caused by fashion for the demand of baby lamb? Look into it and you will be amazed and your heart will be torn."

Meanwhile I had been looking into the eyes of the woman who had opened the door in answer to my ring. With a "never mind, Jane, I've answered it myself," she dismissed the maid who came tardily, and led the way to an old-fashioned drawing-room that had the flavor of grandmotherly memories in it.

They were gray eyes, keen and intellectual, but they often held a smile which she summoned when her admonitions had startled or hurt. They matched in quality her features—keen, too, but overlaid by kindness. Her hair, the color of ashes,

was arranged primly above a high, broad, straight forehead that must have been beautiful in the smooth whiteness of youth, and that had now the calm of a life well ordered and a spirit controlled. Not tall, she was of spare figure with narrow shoulders, which the sparse folds of her plain black frock emphasized.

She had settled back into the corner of the horsehair sofa and sat regarding the offending bird on my hat. Vision of other surroundings, of a different frame, shut out the present background of the erect little figure. I could see a desk with a bell, ferrule, a prim row of books, an open register; could see a pen suspended in slim, powerful fingers. I could see a keen glance from intellectual gray eyes sweep the room and soften into a smile at some timorous child in a corner. The hand, the eyes, the glance, belonged to Mrs. Russell Sage—a room full of pupils before her, a blackboard behind her.

I felt the schoolmistress in Mrs. Sage this morning when the fortunes of a newspaper woman's life had flung me unannounced into her presence. Afterward I learned that this strong sense of the school-room and of a pedagogic habit was a true one. Until her marriage to Mr. Sage, when she was forty-one years old, her adult life had been spent in instruction of the young. The didactic habit has persisted. She has carried through the years that have doubled since that late marriage, and since she has become one of the world's wealthiest and most philanthropic women, the method of the schoolmistress. She instructs. She trains. She educates. And, however severe, the discipline is salutary. Since my meeting Mrs. Sage no bird has died to decorate me, or has been plucked from treetop to nod upon a hat of mine.

The instinct of the shrewd bargainer developed in our half-hour conversation. I on behalf of my newspaper desired an article from her on a subject of current interest. Mrs. Sage desired from that newspaper a contribution to a philanthropic fund of her own. Each got what she wanted.

When I left it was with a hearty hand-grasp, and a pleasant twinkle in the shrewd eyes of the woman who had delivered so forceful a lecture on the aim of the Audu-

bon Society. It was with a memory, furthermore, of the simplest, most forceful and direct feminine character I had ever met. The flame of Mrs. Sage's intellect lights the darkest situation. It lighted the path for the proper use of \$80,000,000 it had been her husband's gift and power to amass. In his offices in the down-town financial district he said to me: "The world will be surprised at my will, but it will approve it." The world has approved it. The compliment which one of the world's greatest financiers paid his wife by giving her the right to distribute the wealth of his earnings in whatever channels of usefulness to the world she deemed best, was one of the proudest ever bestowed on our sex. It proved in what esteem he held the gifts of head and heart—that pair which it is well to drive side by side in the race of life—of Miss Margaret Oliver Slocum, school-teacher, whom he wed in Syracuse in 1869. She was his second wife, and widowers—good ones, at least—make the better husbands. The problem of the marriage of the woman who is of middle age and hardened into the habits of thought gained in professional life was happily solved. No hint of any but the happiest life ever came from the Sage household. Mrs. Sage approved of her husband's aim to acquire a great fortune that might be expended in doing good. His was the talent for acquiring it. It was agreed that his life was to be to that end devoted. Hers to be the task to distribute it as wisely as he had earned it.

When the will that all of his immense fortune was bequeathed "to my beloved wife to do with as she thinks best" was read the world was amazed. Then it set to watching the movements of this most interesting widow in the world. Her first act was to pay her taxes promptly, and without protest—an example for many of her husband's multimillionaire friends.

Her second act was generously and judiciously to reward her husband's employees. She raised the salaries of all, and made to each a gift of a liberal check. Her husband's chief man of business was rewarded with the same proportionate liberality as his youngest stable boy; no more, no less. She employed for the purpose a graduated scale. The schoolmistress spirit

of reckoning and fairness in dealing prevailed.

The love of locality, strong in her husband, was reflected by her in a memorial to him at Lawrence, New York, where was their country home, and where, having grown weary, he had sunk into the long sleep. The little Methodist Episcopal church was struggling with a heavy debt and the need to enlarge its home. Mrs. Sage paid the debt and enlarged the building. This memorial, simple as Russell Sage's habits, humble as his tastes, is visited by pleasure-seekers to Far Rockaway, who stand uncovered beside the plain white house of worship built on the green slope of a hillside above the sea.

The largest and the most helpful single beneficence was that for which she quietly sat down and in an instant had written a \$10,000,000 check to establish. The purpose of this beneficence, "The Sage Foundation," is vast and deep. The fund, which yields an income of \$450,000 a year, is applied to "The improvement of social and living conditions in the United States." Broadly is the distribution provided for, for it includes "investigation and the study of adverse social conditions, including ignorance, poverty and vice, to suggest how these conditions can be remedied or ameliorated, and to put in operation appropriate means to that end."

Cumbersome verbiage this, yet breathing a passion of pity for those who enter, handicapped, upon the diverse journey of life. Many charities are of little use because they merely chop off the recurrent branches of evil conditions, leaving the root for continued growth. The idea of the Sages was to dig up the causes, to exterminate the evil at its beginning. To this end they were eager for coöperation with any other deserving agency.

"The Sage Foundation" is a torch held aloft by which we see the late multimillionaire and his wife, a childless old couple, looking with eyes of pitying parenthood upon the world of other people's children. How to make those children happy and useful to all other children of the world was their concern. Assuredly the best way to make them happy was to cause them to be good. The positive means of usefulness was to train intelligence.

So this man and women, looking from the high tower of their own calm lives upon the pain, the mistakes, dark spots in the panorama of the world, resolved they would try to make the world's pain and sorrow less.

Countless and endless are the other benefactions to which Mrs. Sage is devoting the steady lessening of her fortunes. She believed that surroundings are an educational influence and set about reducing the sin sowing in the slums. Last year she, with some friends, purchased forty-eight acres at the outskirts of Jamaica, a suburb of New York, on Long Island, and is erecting there model tenement houses, with light and air and the means of cleanliness for physical as well as moral health. She gave to Sag Harbor, Long Island, a park and playground that its children might be happier and healthier—the whole to cost \$100,000. To the same town she has given a library, and it was illustrative of the tender side of the ex-school-teacher that, when the Woman's Improvement Society of the town pointed out to her that to save one of the trees on the site it would be necessary to lose the value of a house which she was moving from the site, she ordered that the house be torn down to save the tree.

Three years ago she gave \$1,000,000 to the Emma Willard Seminary at Troy, of which she is an alumna. Once I called to interview Mr. Sage on a matter of finance. I got an interview, but it was on the splendid life-work of Emma Willard, who Mr. Sage said was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, with a beauty of soul yet more radiant than that of the body. Quite naturally it had come about that the Russell Sage hall, costing \$125,000, had been built before the seminary received the greater donation. The school in which she was once a teacher in Syracuse, Mrs. Sage has also remembered with a generous gift. The building fund of that school, St. Paul's Episcopal Parochial Society, is richer from her contributions.

With an eye single to making humans better and more useful by making them better and more intelligent she gave to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute a million dollars. She gave to the Teachers' College of Syracuse \$100,000.

The gift of her closest friend, Helen Gould, of a Y. M. C. A. building for the boys of the navy; at Brooklyn, she supplemented by doubling the capacity of the original building. Erected and equipped by her is the Young Men's Christian Association for the employees of the Long Island Railroad Company, at Long Island City, and the Institute for Seamen in New York. That the condition of the aged and infirm has claimed her pity is proved by her gift of \$300,000 for the founding of an institute of pathology on that spot of despair, Blackwell's Island, the home of the city's unfortunate in the East River. The needs of woman have always made strong appeal to the motherly heart of this woman who has never been a mother. To the young girls of Sag Harbor, Long Island, she gave the privileges of higher education by building the Pierson high school for girls. Women who are old and poor and deserving she has helped through money contributions, but especially by the gift of \$250,000 made to the Association for the Relief of the Aged, Respectable, Indigent Females. Three Presbyterian churches have been aided by her—one in New York, one at Manila. The Far Rockaway Presbyterian church on Long Island is her greatest church gift. Two million dollars was her donation for a site and building, a parsonage and Sunday-school building and for four city blocks which will be converted into a lawn about the church.

The eye wearies, even while the heart kindles, at the enormous list of her benefactions. In four years, it is estimated by the financiers who have watched her sow the seed broadcast in this land, she has given away half of the Russell Sage fortune. In four years more it will be all gone save her home at 632 Fifth Avenue, New York, and her country home at Sag Harbor, and an income sufficient for the simple needs of her tastes and her probably few years. For she is eighty-two, and her more robust husband grew weary and fell into the final sleep at ninety.

Mrs. Sage, with the wisdom of the teacher, knows that there is in beauty an educational force. She noticed a stretch of bare land in Central Park and offered to decorate it. To this end she spent

\$50,000 buying and having set out in brilliant regularity millions of rhododendron plants. Thus she has given the city a mile of beauty, and she has said that this blaze of midsummer bloom is not for the careless eyes of the satisfied rich galloping past on their horses, or whirling past in their automobiles. It is for the work-tired, dust-dimmed eyes of labor to gaze upon on its day of rest.

Often passers-by in the park look curiously at her slight figure, bent somewhat at the shoulders that were, until before the passing of her companion, erect, and that still wears the black gown and the long somber veil of its four years of widowhood. She always feeds the squirrels on her morning walks in the park. She looks at no one except the children. At them she smiles. Often she stops to speak to them, and those with pinched faces and thin clothes frequently find a wondrous gold coin shining in the hand she for an instant held, and remember a word of simple counsel. The teacher is abroad and teaching.—*Ada Patterson, in The Continent.*

Evil Speaking.

Keep clear of personalities in conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. As far as possible, dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows. But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fraught with gentleness and charity.—*John Hall.*

Oh, brethren, watch over your own hearts! Keep out sinful passions and worldly inclinations; keep up the life of faith and love; be much at home; and be much with God.—*Richard Baxter.*

"You can always judge a man's character and religion by his conversation."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Missions in the West.

REV. R. J. SEVERANCE.

Prayer meeting topic for March 25, 1911.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Temple-building (Zech. vi, 9-15).

Monday—Nation-building (Zech. ii, 10-13).

Tuesday—Growth of the Kingdom (Ps. lxxii, 16-19).

Wednesday—Triumph of good (Matt. xiii, 31-33).

Thursday—The messengers (1 Cor. ii, 1-6).

Friday—The task (Titus iii, 1-9).

Sabbath day—Topic: A missionary journey around the world. III. Missions in the United States (West) (Isa. lxii, 1-12).

This topic concludes the study of missions in the United States. You will remember that in the preceding months we have considered our missionary interests in the Eastern, Western, Central, Southeastern, and Southwestern associations, leaving only the Northwestern Association yet to be studied. But in extent of territory this covers nearly as large an area as all the others combined. This is also a very important missionary field, containing some of our most promising missionary churches, the kind that grow and become self-supporting and active in all denominational activities.

According to the last *Year Book* there were fourteen missionary churches in the Northwestern Association, but since then the Riverside Church has asked to have her appropriation discontinued and is thereby entitled to be dropped from the list. The remaining thirteen churches are served as follows:

Berlin, Marquette, and Rock House Prairie, Wis., have no regular pastoral care but are visited occasionally by brethren from other Wisconsin churches. Rev. O. S. Mills has been doing missionary work in the vicinity of these churches the greater part of the past fall and early winter. Articles from him regarding his work will be found in the following numbers of the *SABBATH RECORDER*: September 12, p.

335; October 17, p. 493; February 2, 1911, p. 171.

The New Auburn Church, at Cartwright, Wis., is supplied by the Rev. J. H. Hurley, who is also general missionary for that section. He is doing a very extensive evangelistic and Sabbath Reform work with gratifying results.

Rev. Madison Harry is missionary pastor of the New Auburn (Minn.) Church; Rev. Geo. W. Burdick of the Welton (Iowa) Church, and Rev. J. T. Davis of the Carlton Church, Garwin, Iowa, with a monthly preaching appointment at Marion, Iowa.

The church at Stone Fort, Ill., is under the pastoral care of Rev. J. A. Davidson, who is also doing missionary work in the surrounding country.

The church at Farnam, Neb., is at present without a pastor. Rev. Edwin Shaw visited there last summer. The *SABBATH RECORDER* of July 18, 1910, p. 76, will tell you about it.

Cosmos, Okla., which really belongs in this association, was considered in connection with "Missions in the South."

Battle Creek, Mich., is looked upon by many as being the home of one of our most promising missionary churches at the present time. Those who are keeping posted upon the denominational interests through the *SABBATH RECORDER* remember various articles of late regarding the work there. The one by the present pastor, D. Burdett Coon, in *SABBATH RECORDER* of October 31, 1910, p. 558, is worthy another reading.

At Boulder, Colo., we have another important missionary church, supplied by Rev. A. L. Davis. Articles in *SABBATH RECORDER* of August 1, p. 141, and August 8, p. 169, by Rev. Edwin Shaw, who visited that country last summer, will give some idea of the field. There is also a letter from Pastor Davis on page 793, of the *SABBATH RECORDER* for December 19, 1910.

Last, but not least, to be noticed, is the church at Los Angeles, Cal., which is under the pastoral care of Rev. L. A. Platts. From the letters in *SABBATH RECORDERS* of January 23, p. 105, and February 6, p. 173, this little church seems to be alive and in earnest for the Master's cause. When we consider what has been accomplished at Riverside in the last few years, the out-

look for its neighboring sister at Los Angeles is very encouraging. By the way, perhaps some of the young people have forgotten, or overlooked, the "Mountain Tops at Riverside" in the *SABBATH RECORDER* of January 16, 1911, p. 73. Inasmuch as this was a missionary church until the first of this year, this article is very timely in showing the result of aiding our feeble churches.

There is another missionary enterprise located within the bounds of the Northwestern Association worthy our notice. I refer to the Hungarian Mission of Chicago, conducted by Rev. J. J. Kovats. Besides preaching he, with a hand printing-press, "prepares a paper regularly and tracts constantly, which he distributes in great quantities among his people" (*Year Book*).

The *SABBATH RECORDERS* of January 2, 1911, p. 15, and January 30, 1911, p. 141, contain interesting accounts of this mission.

TO THE LEADER.

It would not be possible to make a study of all the missionary churches in the time allotted. If a map has been provided, as suggested in our first missionary study, the different places where our churches are located may be pointed out. You might have some of the more interesting mission fields described by different members of the society, previously appointed.

A Matter of Conscience.

Uncle Ben, that witty, philosophical character in the story, "A Matter of Conscience," says that the great share of the people of this world are trying to fool their own consciences. Do you believe it? Are you trying to fool your conscience in regard to the occupation that you intend to follow? Read what Uncle Ben said when Joe told him of his decision to become mail-carrier and work on the Sabbath:

"God can get along without your or Henry's services as a preacher, doctor or lawyer, but he wants your obedience. Don't you try to fool yourself, Joe. You've fallen into the popular notion that it is absolutely necessary to make a business success in life. It's a question of what pays the best, pure and simple. It would have been a fine thing for old Fox, him that wrote the 'Book of Martyrs' if all Christians had been like you. It would have saved him an awful sight of work. He could have got the whole

list of 'em in a two-page pamphlet, and had nine-tenths of the paper for margin."

"You're too hard on me, Uncle Ben."

"Am I? I mean to be harder yet. Do you know what you're saying to the Lord? You're saying, in effect, 'Oh, Lord, I believe in my heart that thou wantest me to keep this day, but when thou didst establish it, things were very different from what they are in this twentieth century. It doesn't fit in at all with the spirit of the times. It is a great drawback to making money, and he who can't make money and keep up with the crowd hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel. I know that Jesus sanctioned the day, and taught us the true spirit of its observance, but he, though a good man, was an uneducated Jew, who of necessity was narrow in his views, and who would be entirely out of place in the world of business. In short, I am going to set up my judgment against thine, and then if I make more by my disobedience than I think I shall want, I will devote the balance to thine honor and glory.'"

You can get these interesting books from the Milton Junction Y. P. S. C. E. for 5 cents a copy, or 3 cents a copy in numbers of fifty or more. Write Miss Mercy E. Garthwaite, Milton Junction, Wis.

The Sabbath Recorder.

VIRGIL B. LANGWORTHY.

Rally Day, Adams Center, N. Y.

The *SABBATH RECORDER* is, as the name implies, a Sabbath paper, and is edited by Doctor Gardiner in Plainfield, N. J. News of the work of the denomination is recorded in it. Letters of encouragement are put into it. Letters from foreign missionaries are published. After associations and Conference a record of what passed at each is put into the paper. The different speakers and what they spoke upon is recorded, so that people who could not be present may get some of the benefit of it all. The progress of the different churches is noted, and the number of members taken into each. When a new mission or church is organized a description of it is given. The deaths of members of the denomination are recorded.

The young people should consider it their duty to read this paper. They will find many helpful things in it. They will receive encouragement from it. Only to-day I was reading in one of the *SABBATH RECORDERS* of the boys' orchestra of the Junior Endeavor class in Milton. They held a concert in Milton and were going

to use the proceeds for the benefit of the home mission work in northern Wisconsin. They received about ten dollars and added enough to it from their treasury to make fifteen dollars. There are fifteen boys in this class. If this is not the true Christian spirit, what is?

Some encouragement is to be found in the fact that in February a new Seventh-day Baptist church was organized in Los Angeles, Cal. The Los Angeles Church has been holding sessions on the Sabbath day for two years or more. It is called the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Los Angeles.

In reading the SABBATH RECORDER the young people may find something that, told to some one else, may get that one interested in Christian work. They may do a lot of good in this way. It will do themselves a lot of good also. They will learn something of the leading men of the denomination. By reading the letters from the Chinese and other foreign missions and the replies which are put into the RECORDER the young people will find much that will be helpful to them.

Doctor Gardiner gives many helpful suggestions in the editorials. Doctor Palmberg tells, in her letters, many interesting things that happen in China. Under Woman's Work will be found what the women of the denomination are doing. The young people should read Young People's Work of all things.

Under Young People's Work there was a letter from a man in California who said he heard a man say that he wished his father, who died about thirty years ago, could open his eyes for one hour upon the wonders of the world today, such as the telephone and flying machines. But the man who wrote the letter said that he wished *his* father, who died about the same time, could open his eyes for one blessed moment upon the great missionary movement of today that is sweeping over the earth. He said he had seen the missionary movement started ten years ago at a meeting in New York. He saw the wonderful advance it had made when he attended a representative conference held in Philadelphia two years ago.

Some children think that there is nothing like the stories on Children's Page.

Four or five years ago there was always a children's page for the little children to read, but now there is seldom a children's page.

It is not the young people alone that should read the RECORDER, but the older people, too, who can get just as much benefit from the paper as the younger ones. But in a few years the young people will be at the head of the church.

Then, how can we increase its subscription so that more young people can read it? First, some one who takes the paper might lend it to some family who does not, and get the members interested enough to subscribe for it. Second, the Christian Endeavor society might canvass the society. Third, some individual who felt enough interest in the matter might canvass the community. Fourth, some person who was eloquent enough might induce another person to subscribe for the paper.

These are some of the ways in which I think we might increase the subscription of the RECORDER, and this is what I think of the SABBATH RECORDER as a whole.

Nov. 19, 1910.

From Jackson Center, Ohio.

The Christian Endeavor Social Committee gave a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. McWhorter, February 6, 1911, in honor of our pastor and family. All branches of the society were represented: the young people's society by W. G. Polan, the church by Rev. D. K. Davis, the Sabbath school by O. G. Davis, and the Junior society by Miss Norma Leininger. In these talks and papers was set forth the high esteem in which Rev. Mr. Lippincott and family are held in the different departments of the church.

Dr. Rosa Palmberg was with us February 16-20. She spoke to us on Sabbath day and on the evening after the Sabbath. On Sunday evening a reception was given in her honor at the home of Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Babcock. She spoke to the people about the China missions and these talks were highly appreciated, as great interest is being manifested among the people here in regard to our work in China. An offering of \$16.25 was taken.

Feb. 27, 1911.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Going Home From School.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

It is four o'clock. The bell in the tower Merrily rings out the passing hour; While from the schoolhouse on yonder street Comes a steady tramping of many feet. There are bright little maids with dancing eyes, And ruddy-cheeked laddies of every size; They always are happy, be it rainy or dry, These gay little school-folks just passing by.

Ah! here come the children from grades two and three.

Yes, they're stopping to talk by the old maple tree;

Now hark just a minute and we'll hear what they say,

For something has certainly pleased them today. There! what did I tell you? Don't you think I was wise?

They're talking to Billy who has won the first prize

In spelling. Just hear them say "Dandy!" and "Dear me!" and "My!"

These wee lads and lassies just passing by.

Now listen once more and a secret you'll hear From that group of maidens just drawing near; "What! a party tonight?" "Yes, a lovely surprise.

With candies and peaches and tiny plum pies." "We'll meet on the corner—remember at eight. Don't fail to be there for we never could wait;" "Such fun as we'll have." "Of course!" and "Oh, my!"

'Tis a gay group of girls that is just passing by.

Again in the distance I hear a loud shout. The ball team is coming. They're late getting out;

But listen—"Hurrah there! there's still time to play,

So togs on! First base, hustle up! You're lazy today."

"Oh, go 'long! You're joking, you're foot isn't lame,

So bring on the bats, we can play a fair game;" "That's right, boys, come on, at least we can try;"

'Tis a fine group of lads that is now passing by.

And so they go on when the bell in the tower Merrily rings out the passing hour; You will find it worth while to glance at yon street,

Whence comes the tramping of many feet. For school time is over, and lessons are done, So each one is ready for frolic and fun; They always are happy, be it rainy or dry. These gay little school-folks just passing by. *Ashaway, Rhode Island.*

A Sunny Afternoon.

Julie had a new tricycle that her Uncle Dick had given her on her birthday. She was six. It was very shiny and new and it went beautifully; it did not squeak a bit.

After lunch, the keen wind of the last few days having blown away and taken the clouds with it, Julie went out on the sunny pavement to have a good time. Back and forth she went, the peak of her red cap standing out behind, while she laughed softly to herself in delight.

Some children were playing on the other side of the street. Julie did not know them; she had not lived at this place long. They had dolls and doll go-carts, but no tricycle. Julie could see that they were watching her, and she made her wheels go faster, and felt very grand and satisfied.

At least she felt that way at first; but presently something that Nurse had talked about yesterday came into her mind and she snapped out loud very crossly, "No! I don't want to!"

"I have been waiting for the weather for three days," she went on quietly in her own mind, but just as crossly. "And the tricycle is mine. It isn't theirs. Uncle Dick gave it to me for my birthday for myself."

It was a mistake for Julie to think that last thing, because what Nursie had said began with Uncle Dick. She had said that he was the finest young man she knew for putting himself in his neighbors' place.

"What does that mean, Nurse?" Julie had asked her.

"It means that he remembers other folks' feelings and he feels with them, and if they need it and he can, he helps them out."

"I suppose," said Julie now, "those children's feelings are that they wish they had a tricycle, too; anyway, that they wish they could have a ride on one. But what Nurse said wasn't in the Bible. I don't have to keep it. And I won't. There!"

She rode off to the far corner and back again. Then, very slowly, with a very sober face, she began to cross the street.

"I don't know all the Bible," she said, sighing. "I think maybe it's got that same meaning in it somewhere, because this

sounds just like the Bible. So I'll keep it."

She sighed another deep sigh, and then she determined, like a wise little girl, that, if she was going to put herself in these children's places, she would do it nicely. She smiled at them and pushed the tricycle toward them and said, "It's my birthday present from my uncle. It goes beautifully. Wouldn't you like to try it?"

They were so delighted, and they thanked her so hard, and they praised the tricycle so much, that Julie did not sigh again. Then when her own turn came after all theirs, it was twice as much fun as ever. She rode to the far end of the street and had turned around to go back when a big black automobile went whirling past her. It stopped at the corner where the children were, and Julie could hear them squeal and could see them jump up and down. In all her six years Julie had been in an automobile once, for about ten minutes; she had talked about it ever since and had dreamed about it a good many times at night.

When she got to the corner the tall man with the long fur coat who had come out of the automobile looked at her through his goggles and said, "Why, yes, indeed!—glad to have such a nice little girl along. Honey, run home," he said to Julie, "and tell your mother to tie your head on tight and give you plenty of wraps, for we shan't be back until five o'clock."

At seven o'clock Julie was still telling about it. Then Nurse took her off to bed.

"Nurse, it was very funny," said Julie. "I started to put myself in those children's place but I couldn't finish, because they turned right around and put themselves in my place! And it was splendid!"

Nurse nodded her gray head with a knowing nod.

"Yes, dearie," she said. "Things are often let turn out just like that. Sometimes I think they do it oftener than any other way."—*Sally Campbell, in S. S. Times.*

"A man whose life can not stand the searchlight is not right with God."

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

The men of the Seventh-day Baptist quarterly meeting of southern Wisconsin and Chicago started an organization Sunday evening around which will center the Men's Brotherhood movement. A large attendance of interested men and boys showed much enthusiasm and authorized the newly formed advisory board to employ for missionary work the Rev. O. S. Mills and the Hon. J. C. Bartholf.

This has been under consideration for some time and it is understood that the work will be financed independently of all other obligations. Indeed, Mr. Bartholf is donating his salary for one year. He expects to open a campaign next week in Chicago. Mr. Mills will go to labor with the church at Rock House Prairie, Wis.

This was the culmination of a session of the quarterly meeting which for interest and enthusiasm has rarely been seen. Despite bad roads many came from Albion, Rock River and adjacent regions, besides a good delegation from Walworth.—*Milton Journal.*

At a recent church meeting of the Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist society a call was extended to Rev. E. B. Saunders to become pastor. Mr. Saunders wrote that it would be impossible for him to accept, whereupon at a subsequent meeting it was voted to extend the call to Rev. Charles Sayre, the present pastor of the church at Dodge Center, Minn.—*Brookfield Courier.*

We notice in the North Loup *Loyalist* that Pastor Shaw baptized six candidates on the last Sabbath in February, and they with others were received into the church on the first Sabbath in March. The evangelical services have tended to unite the churches, and arrangements have been made for three union services each week, until further notice.

It is proof positive of a man's essential soundness if he improves as he grows old.—*James Parton.*

HOME NEWS

JACKSON CENTER, OHIO.—On the evening of January 29, 1911, Pastor D. C. Lippincott and wife invited the families of the church to a home-coming at the parsonage. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, there were only seventy-eight present. The evening was spent in social intercourse and music. Refreshments were served.

The Social Committee of the Christian Endeavor society arranged for a social at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McWhorter, on the evening of February 6, as a farewell to the Rev. D. C. Lippincott and family. The following program was rendered:

Remarks on behalf of the Sabbath school—O. G. Davis.

On behalf of the Christian Endeavor society—W. G. Polan.

On behalf of the Junior Christian Endeavor society—Norma Leininger.

On behalf of the church—Rev. D. K. Davis.

Response by Pastor Lippincott.

Recitation—Gladys Davis.

Music was furnished by the male quartet. After the program a dainty lunch was served.

The church was very highly favored by a visit from Dr. Rosa Palmberg. On Sabbath day, February 18, she spoke at the morning service and again in the evening to a crowded house. Her talks in regard to her work in China as a medical missionary were very instructive and greatly appreciated.

On Sunday evening, at their beautiful home, Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Babcock gave a reception to the church, in honor of Doctor Palmberg. On this occasion Doctor Palmberg gave opportunity to the company to ask questions concerning her work, to which she responded in a pleasing and instructive manner. A collection was taken to defray her traveling expenses, amounting to \$16.25.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. L. M. Babcock gave a reception to the members of the American Literary Society. This society is composed of ladies of the village.

They are studying, this year, The Awakening of China; hence, they were intensely interested in the Doctor's description of her work there.

On the evening of February 26 the Ladies' Benevolent Society met at the home of Mrs. D. K. Davis. After an address by Mrs. L. M. Babcock an album quilt (with the name of the donor in each block) was presented to Mrs. D. C. Lippincott in token of our love and esteem for her. She responded in a touching manner. After a social hour the guests departed, wishing her much happiness in her new home.

MRS. D. K. DAVIS.

SCOTT, N. Y.—Perhaps a word from Scott may be of interest to many SABBATH RECORDER readers. The church is still alive, and loyal to the Sabbath, although sickness and infirmities of its members have made it seem inadvisable to open the church for some weeks past. We have had a very severe winter but we are looking forward to the coming of spring, when we can resume our church services and our loved ones be restored to health. And above all, we do hope some one can be found to come to Scott and occupy the parsonage, which will be newly painted and papered and will be in good condition to receive a pastor.

The Ladies' Aid Society is doing a good work. It has earned over forty dollars the last six months. We have served suppers, pieced and sold quilts, tied quilts for others, and have quilts on hand now for sale. The most we need is a pastor to encourage and help us.

A MEMBER.

It is a comfortable and cheering thing to have some one praying for you. It heartens you; it acts as a tonic. It gives one the power of courage which comes from a sense of fellowship. Even a man as strong as Paul craved the prayers of others, and felt more equal to his apostolic work because of what those prayers secured for him.—*David Gregg.*

"If we want our children to grow up into the love of God, our love to him must be in evidence seven days in the week."

MARRIAGES

BURDICK-AUSTIN.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Alfred Station, N. Y., Wednesday evening, February 15, 1911, by Pastor I. L. Cottrell, Mr. Earl Albert Burdick and Miss Bertha May Austin, both of Alfred.
I. L. C.

SPICER-MORRISON.—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Geo. D. Morrison, 113 Plainfield Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey, at 5.00 p. m., Tuesday, March 7, 1911, by Rev. Edwin Shaw, Mr. Arthur Joseph Spicer and Miss Linda Varner Morrison, both of Plainfield, New Jersey.

DEATHS

HOUGHTALING.—At the home of her son Jasper, in Dodge Center, Minn., February 15, 1911, of bronchial pneumonia, Mrs. Jane Couse Houghtaling, in her ninety-fourth year.

She was born in Davenport, N. Y., March 29, 1817. On February 3, 1837, she was married to Henry Houghtaling. To them were born six children—three sons and three daughters. The family came to Minnesota in 1856. The husband died in 1858.

In early life our sister accepted Christ as her Saviour from sin. Some years after, she embraced the doctrines held by the Seventh-day Baptists, and soon after the organization of the Dodge Center Church she was baptized by Eld. Phineas Crandall and united with this church, where she remained a consistent and loyal member till called to the home above. During all these years she has led an even and remarkably circumspect life. She was prompt and regular in church work, and was an unusually close student of the Bible and sacred hymns. In her departure the family loses a wise and loving counselor, the church a faithful and consecrated member, and the community a kind and generous neighbor. She leaves two sons, eighteen grandchildren and twenty-nine great-grandchildren.

Services were held at the church Sabbath morning, February 18, conducted by Rev. G. W. Lewis, an intimate friend and former pastor of the deceased, assisted by Pastor Sayre.
G. W. L.

DORAN.—Frank L. Doran was born in Cortland Co., N. Y., January 21, 1863, and died at Milton Junction, Wis., February 17, 1911.

He was never married, but lived with his mother.

He leaves besides his sorrowing mother one brother and one sister. Funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist church, conducted by Rev. A. J. C. Bond.
A. J. C. B.

MARYATT.—Bessie Maryatt was born near Janesville, Wis., February 27, 1892, and died at Milton Junction, Wis., February 20, 1911.

Bessie was the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maryatt. When about ten years of age she was baptized and joined the Milton Junction Seventh-day Baptist Church, and was the organist at the time of her death. Death is never a welcome visitor in a community, but when one so young is taken it is doubly sad.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, with an unusually large number in attendance.
A. J. C. B.

HUTCHENS.—At the home of his sister, Mrs. Minnie Beauchamp, at Burwell, Garfield Co., Neb., on February 21, 1911, Eddie Bently Hutchens, aged fifteen years.

He was the son of Charles Hutchens and Ada Harrison Hutchens, and was born in Lane Co., Oregon, on March 23, 1896. His mother, who died several years ago, was a loyal member of the Calamas Seventh-day Baptist Church. Brother Hutchens has the sincere sympathy of many friends.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at North Loup.
G. B. S.

GOODRICH.—At North Loup, Neb., on February 25, 1911, Mrs. Cora Greene Goodrich, aged forty-four years.

Sister Goodrich was the daughter of Philo Greene and Sarah A. Crandall Greene, and was born at Adams Center, N. Y., on February 27, 1867. With her father's family she removed to a homestead near Cameron, Hall Co., Neb., in 1872. In 1882 she was married to John I. Goodrich. In 1886 she, with her husband, was baptized and united with the North Loup Seventh-day Baptist Church. The family removed to North Loup in 1890. She leaves a father, a husband, a brother, a daughter and six sons, besides a great host of other relatives and friends. Sister Goodrich was a devout Christian, a faithful and loving daughter and wife, a self-sacrificing and indulgent mother, a loyal sister and friend.

Her sudden death threw a shadow over the entire village. Brother Goodrich and family have the affectionate sympathy of many friends in this very sad affliction; but more than that they recognize that the Lord will be a refuge in time of trouble.
G. B. S.

The Making of an Optimist.

I had come to the place where only a blank wall was before me. I could not see over it; neither could I get around it. It was there before me—a thing that could not be ignored.

They were not my children, but they were so closely related to me by ties of blood that their hurts hurt me, and their lack of necessities made me feel as though I were starving.

Two years had passed since I had seen them. As I sat at the breakfast table and looked upon these little pinched faces, with their careworn, troubled expression, I felt that I could scream aloud. When the first glass of milk was disposed of with unmistakable relish, and I offered more, a look of surprise and delight came to them.

"Oh, may we really have two glasses!"
"Two! You may have a dozen if you wish."

Poor babies—who asked if they really might have two glasses of milk for their breakfast! I had not known how matters were, for they had been far away, and their mother was one who kept troubles to herself and "got along" somehow, on a pint of milk a day and a loaf of bread. Minds and bodies would be stunted and dwarfed unless conditions were improved. There was no one who felt it his duty to feed and clothe these babies. I knew that the responsibility must be mine. I saw my duty stretch straight before me—a clear road without any bewildering crossroads or by-paths. The only question was whether I would have strength sufficient to walk that road.

My income was barely more than would provide for my needs. What to do, I knew not. While I sat at the breakfast table and observed with what satisfaction the plain fare was accepted, there came to my mind words which I had heard a quarter century before.

"Thy cruse of oil will not grow less though shared with hearty hand." I had not understood it then. Now I realized that it had been stored up in my mind for this particular occasion. The matter was settled then and there. The boy and girl remained with me. I was to provide a home for them. Just how I was to bring this about, I did not know. I looked about me. The stone wall was before me. For several days I felt depressed. Then I took myself to task. "This will never do. You must work—work, unceasingly and effectively."

My pen had provided for my simple wants. Now it must do three times as much. I had been keeping close to the great heart of humanity. I knew that the world needed no pathos, no sadness. It had its full share of these. What it needed was inspiration and brightness; to be

told again and again, by story and precept and song, that man is not an animal that has risen, but a god which has fallen.

This was the message that men and women needed: "Divinity smolders within you. Let it burst into flame." This was the message I meant to send into the world. I was harassed with care. I was depressed with the burdens which I had taken from the shoulders of another. Putting aside my own troubles, I went out to find those whose lives had borne a message.

I found them everywhere. Sometimes they bloomed in luxury like a choice rose in a conservatory; again, choked with weeds, trampled by the feet of the passing throng, they thrust their dwarfed bloom from between the stones of the highway; sometimes they dwelt apart on lonely waste places; or somewhere they found root in soil upon which the sun never shone; but always they fulfilled the part for which nature had intended them. They raised their heads from the earth, and sent their fragrance upon a world which needed their sweetness.

Day after day I found some sweet, rare life. I found it exquisite joy to put the messages into words. Each day was but an hour; while the hours faded so quickly that they were but memories. Then my work was finished, and I myself had become the first convert. I was an optimist who saw life as a glorious condition, while I had been blessed by the privilege of living.

I had but a day at a time before me. There was so much sunlight that I found the shade a pleasant relief. What had I to do with anxiety or sorrow? I was to fulfil my duty as I saw it spread before me. I was to have no thought of that which might or might not come to pass. In my former conceit I had felt myself responsible for that which was in the hands of the Lord himself. Now I could cry out with Pippa:

"God's in his heaven;
All's right with the world."

These sketches are from real life. Some have been given to you in their ruggedness, like a great rock from a quarry; others have been smoothed and embellished like the great rock made ready for building.—
Jean K. Baird, in Sunday School Times.

The Sabbath Recorder

THEY ARE STILL WITH US.

The Pharisee of Christ's day was a religious bigot, but the thing in him that stirred the Christly wrath was his inhumanity, beside which bigotry is a simple thing. The Pharisee of today is the Sadducee who believes neither in angel nor spirit, but only in a force that helps the strong and destroys the weak; he is the pessimist who finds no good or hope of good in the world, and so eats and drinks till tomorrow lights him to dusty death; he is the monopolist who fills his barns while God's poor starve; he is the rich man who will not touch with one of his fingers the burdens of vice and ignorance and poverty that rest on his fellow man; he is the prudent, calculating, persistent builder-up of his own fortune in ways externally fair, but lets every other man go his own way, helps no public enterprise, takes part in no work that does not contribute to his gains; he is the man of cold blood and narrow vision and hard sense, a quoter of prudential maxims, one who believes that the sunlight and the dew and the rain are for the just, and not also for the unjust.

—Theodore L. Munger.

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