

# 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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# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 70, NO. 12.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MARCH 20, 1911.

WHOLE NO. 3446.

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

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

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year ..... \$2.00

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

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

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## EDITORIAL

### The Right to Preserve One's Personality.

The question of a man's right to preserve his own personality has recently been brought to the front in one of our courts, where a verdict was given in favor of a man who had been personated in order to secure films for a moving-picture show.

The country will not soon forget the heroic work of "Jack" Binns, the wireless operator who brought help to a fast sinking ship and thereby saved many lives. He has always been modest about making any display of his brave deeds, and when representatives of a moving-picture concern desired him to pose for pictures, in order that the scenes of that shipwreck might be exhibited for the pecuniary profit of the picture companies, Mr. Binns refused to do so.

Since it was out of the question to secure pictures of the actual scene, and since Mr. Binns could not be induced to make a show of himself by posing to reenact his heroism before the camera, the artists proceeded to plan a reproduction of the shipwreck with a "faked up" Jack Binns as the central figure. An actor was found who could personate him more or less accurately, and the pictures were placed before the public in moving-picture shows, without Mr. Binns's consent. That gentleman brought suit against the show people and the court rendered a verdict in his favor.

There seems to be quite general satis-

faction with this verdict, since it vindicates the right of a man to his own personality, and at the same time rebukes the people who are thus constantly deceiving the public. Obviously it is not right to make use of a man's personality in these ways without his consent.

If some way could be devised to keep the camera fiend and the caricaturist from impersonating and distorting the characters of noted men; if all misrepresentations of public officials in cartoons that pervert and injure their real personalities could be prevented, a great service would be rendered mankind. Business firms should not be allowed to trade upon a man's personality against his will, and picture fiends should not be allowed to publish injurious or belittling representations of men. Even exaggerations and distortions of a man's real peculiarities that make wrong impressions concerning his character should not be tolerated. Such things injure all parties concerned. They hurt the man thus scandalized, they destroy the moral sense of the traducer, and they injure those who read the representations, by destroying confidence in their fellows and by giving familiarity with efforts to malign the character of others.

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### The Ways of the Master.

As I look out upon the world of suffering humanity, with its multitudes drifting away from spiritual things, with its thousands overwhelmed in life's struggles, burdened beyond endurance by the hardships and toils and anxieties that press them down, my heart is greatly moved, and I am led to wonder why the well-meant efforts of Christian people make so little impression upon them. Of course, we understand full well the perversity of the sinful heart, and remember that evil is so strongly entrenched therein that even Christ himself could not win all who thronged him in the days of his earth-life. Much of the blame for the failure of the Gospel to reach and save the lost is due to



the hard hearts and stubborn wills of men who are on the wrong road. Nevertheless we can not put away the feeling that many more might be won to the Saviour if we better understood the Master's way, and could more completely enter into his spirit. Possibly we might see greater results if we studied more carefully the methods of the great Teacher and conformed our efforts more nearly to his example.

What were the ways of the Master and of his immediate followers, as they stood among the wretched, sinful and oppressed? There must have been some secret of success with them, or Christianity could never have made such wonderful progress in the first century of the Christian era. There has never been a century since that time wherein the kingdom of God has made such rapid advancement; and if the workers of today would see greater strides in the onward march of Christianity, they will need to get more nearly in touch with the Master himself.

If we study Christ, we shall find that he had a passion for saving the lost. To be sure he was a good Shepherd caring for his entire flock, but, after all, he manifested the greatest concern for the sheep that was lost. And he was so completely filled with this passion that wherever he went the people soon found it out and flocked around him. When the quibblers over doctrines accused him of eating with publicans and sinners, and criticised his interpretations of the law of Moses, he gave them parable after parable from real life, showing commendable human anxiety over something lost; and, by the sheep that was lost, the piece of money that was lost, and the son that wandered away, he revealed something of his purpose in coming to earth, his reasons for meeting with sinners, his yearning solicitude for lost men, and the joy of God and the angels over the sinner that is saved. He did not think best to attach himself to some aristocratic synagogue and leave the multitudes to attend, or stay away as they pleased; but he lived so that everybody knew his love for the lost in sin, and saw that he was ready to give his very life to save them.

The Master saw the multitudes like sheep without a shepherd and, moved with compassion, entered into close fellowship

with them. At the same time he was stirred by the inhumanity of the self-righteous Pharisees toward the overburdened and suffering masses. He took his stand beside those who toiled in the every-day work of the world, and offered them a simple and positive Gospel. He did not give himself up to speculations or denials or doubtings or philosophizings about revelation and the universe. He spoke directly to men's hearts; he appealed to their consciences in the name of God—in such a way as to inspire confidence rather than to arouse misgivings.

Christ and his disciples taught the precepts of the Scriptures as though they thoroughly believed them. The Master's teachings had power with men because they were so thoroughly incarnated in the men who presented them. There was no suspicion of their having doubts or misgivings about the inspiration and genuineness of the Scriptures. They fully believed in a personal, present God as Creator and preserver of the world, and who at the same time is the Father who can be found by those who turn to him, and who can be seen by the pure in heart. To Christ the kingdom of heaven was as real as the things of earth, and to his disciples, after he was gone, spiritual realities were the most important of all things.

The minister today who would reach the masses in sin must enter into the work in the spirit of Christ, must feel in his soul the truths of the Gospel which Christ brought to earth, and he must preach a positive Gospel. Inasmuch as he manifests a wavering faith in his divine Lord as the Saviour of men; inasmuch as he gives way to misgivings and questionings regarding the fundamentals of Christian faith; inasmuch as he shows any doubt about the Holy Spirit's presence in his own heart or about the Spirit's work upon human hearts, by just so much will the preacher of today come short of reaching the multitudes in sin. Such a teacher will also find, so far as his own people are concerned, a flock that looks to him in vain for spiritual food; he can not offer the things that satisfy the hungry soul. The world in darkness will cry for light, but he has no light to give. The one who can not from his own experience tell hungry men where and how to

find the bread of life will never do much for poor suffering mortals who are most in need of it. The man who has any misgivings about the divinity of the Saviour, and about his presence in the world today still searching for the lost sheep, can not fill the place of under-shepherd as it should be filled. And wherever men speculate and philosophize and argue over doctrines and theories, failing to manifest the heart-burden of a good shepherd seeking the sheep that is lost, there will be confusion and discord, while lost ones will continue to wander and hungry ones will not be fed.

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#### May the Lord Stir His People.

In view of the importance of Christian zeal and activity in order that the Master's cause may go forward; and in view of the Christian's belief that souls not brought to Jesus must die without hope, it is passing strange that professed followers of Christ are so cold, and so indifferent to the work. The one thing most needed in all our churches is a rekindling of the sacred fires of devotion and spirituality upon our hearts' altars. We need to be stirred to the depths of our souls and filled with a burning desire for the salvation of the lost. We sleep in unspeakable indifference while our own children wander from the fold, and our churches dwindle and die, surrounded by multitudes of the unsaved. We remain idle while every form of evil flourishes about us, and the enemy of all good keeps the ranks of his army well recruited with those we love. Why is it so? Why do Christians seem so little concerned over the everlasting welfare of their friends and neighbors, to say nothing of the millions in lands of darkness?

There are those close at hand who must be saved this year, if saved at all. They are walking in the ways of death, and the end can not be far off at best; still we stand unmoved, and act as though it were nothing to us! When we consider these things carefully, we are surprised at ourselves. We wish to do something to help men find the Saviour, and feel condemned because we do not arouse and do more. Still, weeks and months go by and nothing is done. We are not satisfied with ourselves; we long to see the kingdom of God prosper, and evil put away. Here is

a prayer in verse, written by Bessie Porter Head, which breathes the very spirit of true consecration. Would that we all might learn it by heart, weigh its every word, and make the burden of its prayer our own, until all our people are stirred in "passion for the world;" until "heart and will and mind" are so completely the Lord's that the entire church shall awake and unite as one man, to seek and save the lost! May the Lord stir into a flame the dying embers on every Seventh-day Baptist altar.

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord—I care not how,  
But stir my heart in passion for the world;  
Stir me to give, to go, *but most to pray,*  
Stir, till the Blood-red banner be unfurled  
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,  
O'er deserts where no Cross is lifted high.

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, till all my heart  
Is filled with strong compassion for these  
souls,  
Till thy compelling 'must' drives me to pray,  
Till thy constraining love reach to the poles  
Far North and South, in burning, deep desire,  
Till East and West are caught in love's great  
fire.

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, till prayer is pain,  
Till prayer is joy—till prayer turns into praise;  
Stir me till heart and will and mind, yea, all  
Is wholly thine to use through all the days;  
Stir, till I learn to pray 'exceedingly,'  
Stir, till I learn to wait expectantly.

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord! *Thy heart was  
stirred*  
By love's intensest fire, till thou did'st give  
Thine only Son, thy best-beloved One,  
E'en to the dreadful Cross, that I might live;  
Stir me to give *myself* so back to thee,  
That thou can'st give *thyself* again thro' me.

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, for I can see  
Thy glorious triumph day begin to break;  
The dawn already gilds the Eastern sky;  
Oh! Church of Christ, awake! awake!  
Oh! stir us, Lord, as heralds of that day,  
For night is past—our King is on his way!"

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#### A Terrible Disgrace.

Seldom in all the history of this Nation has a more disgraceful state of affairs been unearthed than the cases of bribery brought to light in Ohio. When over two thousand citizens in one county alone sell their votes to the highest bidder, and when all the circumstances point to the fact that this is no isolated case, but that all over the land men are elected to office by bribes that amount to more than the salaries of the men when elected, it is time every



liberty-loving patriot opened his eyes to see whither we are tending.

What can be more humiliating than the revelation of such wholesale corruption? Where thousands of men in a single county fairly run over each other in order to get the biggest price for their votes; where office-seekers unblushingly spend great sums of money to buy their way into office, what hope can there be for good and honest government? What chance is there for justice at the hands of officials who have been placed in positions of trust through bribery? The man who gives a bribe will also accept one, and only those who have money can secure favors at the hands of such officials. A nation is well along on the road to ruin, when unblushing bribery from the lowest rank of voters to the higher ranks of officials comes to be common. The revelations in Albany, Pittsburg, and other high places in the political world, and now the exposures in Ohio among the country people are enough to cause the greatest concern for the future of our country.

No nation has been able to stem the tides of evil very long after political corruption has eaten to the very heart's core of the body politic. Rome could not stand under the curse of bribery and corrupted riches; neither can America. The people of this country must arouse themselves to a higher sense of honor, guard more carefully the sacred franchise, and cherish higher standards of ethics if America is to have a glorious future.

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#### Read This Without Fail.

The Secretary of the Tract Board reported at the last meeting that after all the personal appeals to pastors and churches throughout the denomination regarding the sale of Doctor Lewis' last book, *Spiritual Sabbatism*, only three dollars had been received in the month of February from its sale!

I wonder how many Seventh-day Baptist families have no copy of this last and best work of Brother Lewis? Does anybody wonder that the Tract Board should feel discouraged over the lack of interest in this department of its work? Every copy of the small edition of this book should have been sold long ago.

## EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

### Troops Along Our Borders.

Information received at Washington aroused the fear that the Diaz government in Mexico was about to collapse. At once the military and naval authorities began mobilizing the troops along the borders in Texas, and assembling the battle-ships in both the Gulf of Mexico and along the Pacific Coast. About twenty thousand soldiers are now stationed near the lines, for the purpose of protecting American interests and to prevent the shipment of munitions of war across our borders for the use of Mexican rebels. The Mexican Government had just right to complain when the filibustering, and smuggling of arms from the United States had assumed such proportions that the authorities were greatly hindered in suppressing the uprising. Our government is friendly toward the Mexican Government, and when that government stood in jeopardy, and the President of the United States became convinced that prompt action was necessary to safeguard our interests and to prevent the charge of aiding the revolutionists, prompt action followed.

In this movement the magnificent and prompt workings of the army machinery has been demonstrated, thus showing what quick work can be done by army and navy in case of emergency.

The borders will not be crossed unless some stress of circumstances should demand such a move in order to protect our interests, which are very great in Mexico. Great pains are being taken to save the Diaz government from humiliation or annoyance, while the interests of the United States and of foreign powers are being carefully protected. If we fail to prevent filibustering, and invasions into Mexico by freebooters from our States, we shall be held responsible for any damages that may come to Mexico.

### New Secretary of the Interior.

On account of failing health, resulting from the worry over his troubles in the famous Pinchot-Ballinger case, Secre-

tary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger offered for the third time his resignation from the Cabinet. President Taft most reluctantly accepted the resignation, and expressed the utmost confidence in the integrity of the retiring Secretary. Mr. Taft also spoke in scathing terms of the malicious assaults made upon Mr. Ballinger by his enemies, and said that nothing but the failing health and earnest petition of the Secretary would induce him to accept the resignation.

Walter L. Fisher of Chicago has been appointed to succeed Mr. Ballinger as Secretary of the Interior.

### Son of Tolstoy Here.

Count Leo Tolstoy, son of the late Russian author, arrived in New York on March 10, en route to Trenton, N. J., to visit Edward C. Hill, whom he met in Russia four years ago. The Count is a sculptor and is about forty years old. He is keenly alive to the social questions in America, and our educational systems, and has come to make them a special study. He is spoken of as a retiring man, and it was only after much entreaty that he consented to talk to his fellow passengers on shipboard about his illustrious father.

### Rev. Charles F. Aked to Leave New York.

Considerable interest has been aroused in church circles over the resignation of Dr. Charles F. Aked as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church—Mr. Rockefeller's church—in New York City. Doctor Aked was called to America from England four years ago to take charge of this church. He came with high hopes that in America he might be enabled to work out his ideal in the line of an institutional church, but found the Fifth Avenue Church too much limited for room, to answer his purposes. Therefore, strong efforts were put forth last year to secure a suitable lot upon which to build such a church as would be necessary for the institutional plant contemplated. Finally, after much discussion, in view of the great expense of such a building, the church dropped the matter and decided to go on in the old building. Now Doctor Aked resigns to accept a call to San Francisco, Cal., because he thinks he sees there a chance to realize his ideals and to do a greater work. He said upon

presenting his resignation: "I have failed to reconcile myself to the conditions which limit our work, and you have failed to find a way of changing the conditions." He has refused several calls to return to England, because he believes the best work of his life is to be done under the American flag, and in fellowship with the American churches.

Some of Doctor Aked's parishioners in interviews with reporters show quite a preference for the smaller church and quiet congregation, rather than the crowds that follow after a popular orator. Doctor Aked could not be satisfied with audiences of seven or eight hundred when, if there were room, he might easily have two thousand to hear him.

### The Gospel of Labor.

But I think the King of that country comes out from his tireless host,  
And walks in this world of the weary, as if he loved it the most;  
And here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,  
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead:  
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.

He puts his hand to their burdens, he enters their homes at night:  
Who does his best shall have as guest the Master of life and of light.

And courage will come with his presence, and patience return at his touch,  
And manifold sins be forgiven to those who love him much;  
And the cries of envy and anger will change to the songs of cheer,  
For the toiling age will forget its rage when the Prince of Peace draws near.

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—

The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.

This is the rose that he planted here in the thorn-cursed soil—

Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in "The Toiling of Felix."

"Three hundred convicts in the penitentiary of Alabama were asked by its chaplain how many of them owed their convict stripes to the use of liquor and 281 rose to their feet."

## SABBATH REFORM

### Not a "Model Law" After All.

It will be remembered that when the Sunday law of Idaho was passed, the Reform Bureau was jubilant over the superior character of Idaho's law to enforce Sunday observance. The law was drafted by Rev. G. L. Tufts, the Pacific Coast representative of the International Reform Bureau, and was heralded abroad as a model law resulting from a careful study of the Sunday laws in forty States.

It now seems that this was not such a model law after all, if we are to accept the testimony of Idaho's governor, who pleads with the legislature for its repeal as follows:

The provisions of the act itself are in many respects both absurd and contradictory, and the matter has twice been before the supreme court, requiring construction at the hands of that tribunal, while many others of its provisions still remain in grave doubt. . . . The reasons for many of the prohibitions are simply incomprehensible to the average mind. . . . No law universal in its application can be enacted that will be satisfactory to the varying conditions of this State. As a result of its experience in constructing this law, the supreme court has proposed in its report to the governor, that it be so amended as to be made intelligible. Undoubtedly the act needs amendment if it is continued in force, but I would suggest as a still better remedy that the entire act be repealed, and the subject-matter of it relegated to local authorities in the various municipalities of the State.

### The Sabbath.

REV. L. A. PLATTS, D. D.

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."—Ex. xx, 8.

It is not on the argumentative or controversial side of the Sabbath question that I am about to write; nor do I expect to attract anybody by the novelty of the subject. It is my single purpose to call attention to the design of the Sabbath, and to point out some of the ways in which we may obey the command of the text, and "remember the sabbath day to keep it holy."

Jesus said,—and there can be no better authority,—Jesus said, "The sabbath was

made for man." When and how "the sabbath was made," is told in the first three verses of the second chapter of Genesis. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them, and on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."

Three things are thus made clear at the outset: (1) God, not man, made the Sabbath; (2) In the light of the reasons which he gives for sanctifying the Sabbath, he could make no other day the Sabbath than the seventh day; and (3) On the authority of Jesus, this Sabbath was made for man. Thus at the very time when old things were giving place to things new, when types and shadows were fleeing away by the coming of their substance, Jesus makes it plain that the Sabbath was not among these temporal, transient things, but that it had its beginning with man, was made for man, and is as enduring as man. The principles on which it was founded make it as world-wide and as world-long as man himself. They prove their ignorance of these principles who talk of the Sabbath as Jewish, or who class it among the things of which the apostle Paul tells the Colossians that Jesus took them out of the way, nailing them to his cross.

The Sabbath was never designed to prefigure or commemorate the redemptive work. That work had its prophetic recognition in the sacrifices and symbolic services of the Old Testament. It has its historic celebration in the ordinances of the New Testament,—baptism and the Lord's Supper. The redemptive work reaches back into the darker experiences of human sin, and is the divine remedy for it. The Sabbath antedates sin,—was made for man while as yet he was in a state of Edenic purity and innocence,—would have been made, because made to reach man's spiritual needs, if there had been no transgression, no fall; it will continue till sin and death shall be vanquished. When the world's long week shall be over, it will be merged into God's eternal Sabbath. It is the design of the Sabbath to meet man's

deepest wants, to give the fullest, freest play to those elements of his nature which give him power to think the thoughts of God, to live the life of God.

1. Men are physical beings, with all the conditions and limitations of material substances. Herein lies the possibility of weariness, and the necessity for physical rest. To this necessity the Sabbath comes with a sweet adaptability, giving surcease from toil while mind and heart rove at will in the fields of God's love and care. Too often this physical adaptability of the Sabbath is regarded as its chief, if not its only, design, and many well-meaning people crowd the week with wearying toil, and give the Sabbath to renewing their failing powers with reference to another week of worldly strife, and suppose that they have obeyed the command, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy," while the truth is, they have scarcely tasted the sweets of Sabbath rest.

2. As has already been suggested, man is also a spiritual being, and as such has possibilities of communion and fellowship with God, in whose likeness and after whose image he was made. It was to meet these possibilities that the Sabbath was made for him, and that it was one of the first provisions which God made for him while as yet the divine image in him was unmarred by sin. Because men everywhere need help and inspiration to call them away from things that are sordid and material to the things that are pure and holy, it is plain that the Sabbath was made for men everywhere. While the world stands, and while men shall have need of spiritual helps and inspirations, so long will this the first provision of God's love and grace,—the Sabbath,—continue to offer to men its quiet hours and holy inspirations.

3. While recognizing the wide chasm between the material and the spiritual, and observing the adaptability of the Sabbath to each condition of life which these terms describe, let us not suppose that the proper use of the material, need wholly exclude the spiritual; an apostle has said: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God"; and again, "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the

Father by him." If these Scriptures were spoken of things which were peculiar to the time when they were spoken, they still contain principles which are applicable to all times, and in the language of our time they mean that the Christian should do every kind of work in a Christian manner. Any business which can not be performed in such a manner is not a legitimate business for the Christian. But while the faithful and conscientious performance of the duties of domestic, social, and business life ought to be rendered in the fear and love of God and thus be a service rendered to him, there still remain duties which man owes to God and to himself which are entirely separate from all worldly occupations, and which require the seclusion and the sacredness of the Sabbath for their proper performance. Let the Sabbath be stricken out of existence, let the day like the other days of the week be given to labor, to worldly thoughts, to the cares and the frivolities of life, and the thought of God would soon depart from men's minds, and the fear of God from their hearts. It is the essential design of the Sabbath to keep men in the knowledge, the fear, and the love of God. Its observance, just as God gave it, speaks only and always of him; it brings absolution from the business cares and anxieties of the flesh, and affords opportunity for the study of God's Word, devout meditation, and holy worship.

What, then, shall we say of the manner of Sabbath observance? How shall we use this gift of God that its holy designs may be realized in our lives?

1. We must sacredly observe it. In the beginning God blessed and sanctified it; and his command is, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy," basing the command on his own example.

2. It must be preserved from all occupations or employments of a secular character. "In it thou shalt not do any work . . . for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it."

3. The Sabbath may not be used for traffic, for worldly convenience, or gain. God's people may not compromise the sacred hours of the day because others who



do not regard the Sabbath, thoughtlessly, or indifferently, or purposely seek to crowd their business upon us. Witness the scathing rebukes of the prophet Nehemiah against the merchants of Tyre, and others, who brought their wares into Jerusalem on the Sabbath day for these very purposes.

4. The Sabbath is not a day for idle recreation, or for personal pleasure seeking. God through his prophet Isaiah brings to his people wonderful promises of blessing on condition that they turn away the foot from his Sabbath, from doing their pleasure on his holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and should honor him, not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words.

5. Deeds of mercy are consistent with the spirit and purpose of the Sabbath day. On the Sabbath Jesus restored the withered hand, and relieved a poor woman of eighteen years of distressing infirmity.

6. Jesus taught that works of necessity were permitted on the Sabbath. "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the sabbath day?" But let it be remembered that works of necessity are few and very simple. Labor which a prudent forethought can avoid could hardly be called necessity, much less such jobs as may have been put off for want of time during the week, saved up for a time of leisure from the regular work of the week.

7. The Sabbath is legitimately used for the purpose of public worship. More or less of labor is involved in the assembling of people for such worship. In country places use of teams is a necessity, and in cities the use of street-cars and other public conveyances can not well be avoided if God's people heed the apostolic exhortation, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is,"

8. In these assemblies for public worship preaching and the expounding of the Word of God form a prominent feature, and this, for the preacher, is often the hardest day's work he has to do. "Jesus came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his manner was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up to read." After the

reading, he opened the meaning of the Scriptures read, until "all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." Likewise, the apostle Paul dwelt in Corinth a year and six months, teaching the Word of God among them. "And he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks."

9. Mingled with these acts of preaching and exposition were prayer and exhortation. Paul and his company went down to Philippi, a chief city of that part of Macedonia, and on the Sabbath they went out of the city by a riverside where devout persons were accustomed to meet for prayer, and they sat down and talked with the women who had gathered there. Conversions and baptism followed these Christian labors, and out of this beginning, so far as we know, the church at Philippi grew,—a Sabbath-keeping church of baptized believers.

10. All use of the Sabbath hours which interferes, in any way, or to any extent, with these gracious provisions of God in giving them to us, is in that way, and to that extent, a violation of the Sabbath. If such infractions are unavoidable,—works of necessity and such like,—they are unfortunate, and should be guarded against as far as possible; if they are the result of carelessness, a weak surrender to worldly influence, or deliberate planning, they are sinful violations of the holy Sabbath command. Like all other sinful conduct they call for repentance and reformation.

11. All questions of casuistry concerning the Sabbath can be settled at the court of God's design in the gift of the Sabbath. Listen to the exhortation of the apostle Peter: "But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Freedom from the thoughts and cares of the world, quietness of spirit, the instructions and inspirations of the house of God, and such like exercises, and frames of mind, all contribute to soul culture, elevation of spirit, likeness to God, and so promote the ends for which the Sabbath was given. Whatever hinders the attainment of these ends, however specious in form or appearance, is not the best use of the Sabbath hours; while all that fills mind and heart with thoughts of the world,

is positive profanation of the Sabbath. Are you in doubt about any act, or course of conduct as related to the Sabbath? Bring the doubt to the test of this court: Will it help or hinder the accomplishment of God's gracious designs in giving me the Sabbath? If there is still a doubt, give yourself the benefit of the doubt and don't do it. Let your conscience utter her voice; cherish your own highest spiritual interest; and keep yourself in the love of God.

12. Finally, the use of the Sabbath according to the divine purpose and with a clean conscience, to the child of God, is not a burden but an abounding joy. "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou *delight thyself* in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." "Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil. . . . Also the sons of the stranger, who join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them *joyful* in my house of prayer; their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people."

May God help us all to see in the Sabbath a most precious boon, an institution planned in infinite wisdom, and proclaimed with a Father's love for the spiritual joy and health of his children; and in the proper appreciation and use of its sacred hours, may we "remember the sabbath day to keep it holy."

"The Sabbath, the memorial of the creative power of God in Christ, becomes a sign of God's redeeming and sanctifying and upholding power in Christ; and therefore, as long as the Christian keeps the

Sabbath according to the commandment, he can never forget his Saviour, who redeemed him not from a literal Egyptian bondage, but who sanctifies him from sin."

#### The Revival at Walworth.

The evangelistic services conducted by Rev. L. C. Randolph, D. D., at the Seventh-day Baptist church, closed February 12. There have been added to the churches at Walworth, as a result of these meetings, 63 members. Received into the Seventh-day Baptist church 23 members, 16 by baptism, 7 by letter. Received into the Congregational church 35, 20 on profession of faith, 15 by letter. Received into the Baptist "Brick" church 5 by baptism.

The interest in the meetings did not wane from beginning to end. At the last service at the Seventh-day Baptist church there were over 300 people in attendance. The liberality of the people, which was somewhat an expression of the value of these services, was shown in the free-will offerings to the evangelist and his helpers. Besides the contribution for incidental expenses something over \$200 was given to Brother Randolph and \$36 was given to Pastor Mullan of the Baptist church, who led the singing and who sang so many beautiful solos during the meetings. Besides this a most generous and liberal "pounding" was served on the pastor at the close of the meeting, valued in dollars and cents at something like \$35 or \$40. All this was done voluntarily as a free-will offering.

A word as to the character of the revival as conducted by Brother Randolph. I will quote from Pastor Wm. E. Davidson's article in the *Walworth Times*. He says:

"This is no attempt to pay the tribute of praise which Doctor Randolph and his helpers deserve. It is rather an effort to record one's own impressions, and to express one's personal gratitude for what has been done.

"For one thing, these meetings have been notably free from features that have created a prejudice against revivals. There has been no attempt to create a sensation; there have been no clownish freaks; no overdone appeals to the emotions, no 'play to the galleries,' with the hope of drawing



crowds and with the intention of satisfying an unwholesome curiosity. From the first it was clear that Doctor Randolph did not have 'crowds' and "statistics" in view; what he did have in view and what he kept steadily before us was the winning of souls, the decision of repentant hearts for Christ, the reclaiming and reviving of those who had 'lost their first love,' the reconsecration of believers to the service of Jesus in the building up of the kingdom of God.

"There have been results—results such as pastors and churches rejoice to see. So much has been accomplished that one instinctively cries, 'Behold what God hath wrought!'"

I quote further from the pen of Pastor Davidson, because it is testimony from a pastor of another church in Walworth, but one who was a constant attendant and helper in the work. Mr. Davidson says:

"One can not close without a word about another feature of the recent meetings—perhaps, after all, one of the most delightful of the entire series—the spirit of brotherly love and unity which has prevailed from the first.

"This is the day of union of effort, of federation of Christians for service, of great, world-wide movements to unite all believers in the work of saving men. More and more do the children of God love to linger near the refreshing, exhaustless springs of the Gospel of Christ. Here in Walworth, while true to our convictions, we have forgotten our denominational preferences, our credal differences, in our passion for the redemption of men. We have turned from everything that might divide, to gather around that which always unites—the cross of Jesus; and we have sung, with a renewed sense of its supreme truth, the old hymn:

When I survey thy wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride."

Let the work go forward. To look upon these meetings as the close and the total of the year's work, would be little short of calamity."

My own conviction as a Seventh-day Baptist is, that one so qualified as Brother L. C. Randolph for evangelistic work

should be put into the field as an evangelist, in order that all our churches might get the benefit of the gifts with which God has endowed him.

Walworth, Wis., March 12, 1911.

#### 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

### Let Us Dare to Do Right.

WILLIAM L. CLARKE.

Let all of us have faith that right makes might,  
And in that faith, *let us dare do the right.*  
Though dark our way as Egypt's blackest night  
Our faithful vigilance must win the fight  
And cheer us on to victory's glorious light.  
All power on earth is in our Master's hand,  
And heaven gives loving heed to his command.  
His chosen hour has come, and every land  
Where men abide has pleading souls who call  
On us to bring his light and life to all  
Who know him not. He came to save the lost;  
To save us from our sins he paid the cost;  
If we withhold from them their precious right,  
*Where is our hope of favor in his sight?*

Westerly, R. I., March 13, 1911.

### The Work in Africa.

Extracts from letters of Joseph Booth to the Joint Committee under whose direction he is working.

"The arrival of the \$250 voted for African work for the closing section of the past year has relieved the overpressure. Amounts varying from \$5 to \$10 have been sent by registered letters to six native Sabbath-keeping pastors in the Atonga country, two in the Agoni country, one at Shiloh, Blantyre, and one in Zululand, totaling \$75. To each of these, several monthly report sheets have been sent with letters, some of considerable length, dealing with the special features of their particular position. All of them have been advised that the continuance of the society's grant will depend upon the existing facts as we ascertain them more fully, to which end the record sheets are sent.

"Pastor Tandu for a few months only is appointed to visit the various centers and verify these reports and aid the more inexperienced non-English-speaking pastors to fill the said reports up with accuracy. If the certified reports of each of the existing churches prove to be satisfactory, these churches will absorb \$75 monthly.<sup>1</sup>

"As to the instrument or instruments

1. The appropriation at present and only till July 1 is \$50 by each of the two boards, \$100 in all, which leaves only \$25 for the maintenance of Brother Booth and the work at Cape Town.—Secretary of Committee.

who in the near future shall be chosen, in the providence of God, to foster and develop the many-sided African work, I, for my part, commit the matter to God. When my small part in the work is finished, I feel persuaded he will select the instrument or instruments for the future. On one thing I have clear conviction, namely, that the very best should be made by cautious and cooperative methods of the best native materials available, at the minimum cost, both in the perfecting, maturing and extending of the existing Sabbath cause in Nyassaland, and also in the selection and training of eligible students, many of whom are at this favored time seeking the highest presentation of Bible truth for their respective people, who cover large sections of the African continent. Most of these truth-hungry native students have mastered the English tongue sufficiently to be at once accessible to the sympathetic English-speaking tutor." "There are about two hundred and fifty advanced natives of different South African languages whom I formerly corresponded with concerning Russell's views. These I hope to reach with Sabbath literature."

A report is to hand from Charles Domingo, pastor of a church in Angoniland, which is four days' journey from Lake Nyassa. Hanson Tandu has spent two weeks visiting this church which they call the "Liberezi Sabbath Mission." This report shows an attendance at the Sabbath service on November 19, 1910, of 821 persons, on November 26 an attendance of 835 persons, and that 713 persons partook of the Lord's Supper on November 26. The following are the words of Pastor Tandu: "The people are crying to me for schools. We have opened five, two teachers to each. Many are wanted. I have told the people to wait till I get word from you, hoping to get the help for these teachers. The people are very willing to keep the Sabbath, not Sundays. I believe by the God's power the work will increase here in Angoniland as on the lake shore. At my departure they were very sorry to let me go off from their presence."

"Submission is the secret of spiritual strength."



## New York City and Foreign Missions.

REV. E. D. VAN HORN.

There is an interesting phase of foreign missions that is attracting more and more attention each year in this city and one which should interest the people of our own denomination. This phase has been well characterized by the suggestive phrase, "Foreign missions at home." Contradictory as it may seem, in New York City may now be found the greatest opportunities for effective foreign mission work, for sending the Gospel "into all the world," that have ever been offered to any one nation. As the "Gateway" of the Nation it received at its port last year 896,015 immigrants, or approximately 86 per cent of all immigrants arriving in the United States. This is an average of 2,454 immigrants for each day in the year. What per cent of this vast multitude remain in New York City, I do not know; but this we do know, that the rapid increase in its population is largely due to the foreign immigrant settling within its bounds.

The last census shows New York City to have a population of 4,766,883, more than 1,000,000 of which are foreigners representing upwards of forty-seven different nations. Many of these people in their native countries were under governments less democratic and Christian than our own, in some instances knowing only poverty, cruelty and despotism, until discouraged and downhearted they have turned to this country for relief and the enjoyment of their rights and privileges. Others are lured here by the extravagant tales of our wealth and luxury told by unscrupulous agents of the transatlantic steamship companies to increase their business. Hence those who arrive on these shores are, as a rule, the poorer classes of the foreign nations, notwithstanding the fact that the United States by her immigration laws attempts to sift out the undesirables, such as the criminals, the pauper and the distributors of contagious diseases.

Now the opportunity of foreign missions lies in this fact, that many of these people do not remain here but return to their own countries. Last year there returned 177,982; and with this number going annually from our shores what an oppor-

tunity we have of disseminating the higher and deeper principles of mercy and justice, peace and good will, of universal brotherhood of men and the Fatherhood of God, in all parts of the earth.

But to do this we must take a different attitude towards the foreigner. Too often we look upon him as the "dregs of Europe" or the "offscourings of civilization," and by so doing place an insuperable barrier in the way of Christianizing him. As President Ozora Davis of Chicago Theological Seminary says, "This is a wicked caricature of those who are coming to our shores." Then he adds, "That there are bad men and women among them, that they are often ignorant and superstitious, is all too true; but those who know best the real quality of these people know that there is ambition, hope, physical strength, spiritual possibility, among them to such a degree that the terms just used do not represent them truly. When we get beneath differences in language, dress, customs and religion, we find these people to be like ourselves in all the great yearnings and hopes, love and fears, that make us men. They too seek after God."

Our opportunity to scatter the seeds of Christianity lies not only in our teaching by word but more in our treatment of these foreigners. If they have come to believe that all government is necessarily bad because they have grown up under a cruel and despotic rule, we must teach them that government exists for the protection and promotion of their personal rights and liberties, and as such is to be respected, obeyed and loved instead of being treated as an enemy of human welfare and happiness. If they have been taught that they may cheat, lie and steal and take life with impunity, then we must teach them that the divine law is, "The way of the transgressor is hard." If they have been taught, as many of them have under Roman Catholicism, that absolution from an evil can be purchased with dollars and cents, then we must teach them that only by repentance and turning from their sins and believing on the Son of God and obedience to him may they pass from death unto life. If they have been under a religion of bigotry and intolerance (Catholicism in New York City is still the Catholicism of the medieval

times), we must teach them that "pure religion and undefiled . . . is this, to visit the fatherless and widows . . . and to keep himself unspotted from the world." If they have been taught that religion is not essentially a part of daily conduct for which they are responsible directly to God, who alone forgives sins, then we must teach them that love for the divine laws impels us to a sweet charitableness, forgiveness and long-suffering, to love our neighbors as ourselves, and that Jesus and not the church is our authority for, and our pattern of, the holy life.

When we show these foreigners the value and the power of the higher laws of life, and that to observe them brings blessing and happiness, then they will return to their native countries to spread these same truths and principles, consciously or unconsciously, among their own countrymen. Next article I will tell something about what the churches of New York City are doing to inculcate these principles in the life of the foreigner, and what we as a denomination are contributing towards the same end.

1043 Southern Boulevard,  
March 8, 1911.

## A Vacation Sermon.

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK.

It is Sabbath morning. All night long over the hills has hung the heavy curtain of the fog; but now, at 8 o'clock, rifts begin to appear, a good breeze from the west is clearing all before it, and the dark bank of clouds is surely disappearing, although far off from the sea twenty miles away comes the low moaning of the fog-horns, warning of danger.

The preacher is away on his vacation. At home the people are to have a treat. He would like to be with them to listen to the story, one of the oldest in the world, the story of Job. As he can not be there, why should he not start out to find something that will preach a sermon to him? Shall the people be helped while he remains uninstructed?

Here is a tangled path leading the way down the hill. It winds in and out, through dew-laden sweet-fern and rag-

ged huckleberry shrubs, to a little stream that works its way over and among huge boulders and under sweeping alders. So down we go until we hear the purring of the water and catch glimpses of it under the arched aisles of the branches. We cross the bridge of old slabs and come upon the log road that follows along under the shadow of the ledges. Here we find the deserted mill with the great piles of moldering sawdust. A little way off are the ruins of a house. The roof has fallen in, the hewn beams, rough boards and shingles give us an inkling of its age. Whose fire-side was here under this rotting roof? Some day, long back, children played on this floor. Somebody loved and somebody hated here. But whoever they were, the place where they lived, loved, hated and died is now but a mass of ruins, and the yard dense with sumac and briars, where today the bees are flocking by thousands to gather for the hive. Some day the old house may give me a sermon, but not today. Let us go on following the dark road down the valley.

Ah, what have we here? A gate, and beside the gate an old oak! Here is a good place for a sermon. If the woods were God's first temples, I think an oak must have been his pulpit from which the sermons were preached. This one has arms thrown out wide like the arms of love, and it looks solid like the Rock of Ages. Well, old oak, if you will preach a sermon, I will try to listen.

A breeze rustled the leaves of the old tree softly and they seemed whispering together as if questioning one another as to what reply should be made me. A silence, like a prayer unspoken but felt, fell on the whole forest. Then I heard this: "Think on these words, O man: 'He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,' and again, 'He shall flourish like a cedar in Lebanon.'

"These words are for the patient man. Do you see how I have worked my way? The tangle of white birch could not stop me; I even pushed aside that great elm and made her give me room. I had rivers of water, and I flourished; but I had to work patiently. Remember this: There is a way through every obstacle that meets your life; all may be overcome by patience



and perseverance. White birch or elm or hemlock will give way to the patient life within the heart of oak."

"Thank you," said I, "I will try to remember so good a lesson as that."

"Another thing," said the tree, "is, that although I have had these oppositions, I wish you would notice how I have spread."

So I paced from tip to tip of opposite branches and found that the old tree spread over one hundred feet. When I had expressed my surprise, the tree said: "Oppositions did not make me narrow, did they? Nothing narrow or small about me, is there? I am really broad-minded you see. I even think these seeming hindrances have helped broaden me. See how friendly I am with all the rest of the trees. We lock arms with each other and leaf kisses leaf at each stir of the breeze, and none are the worse for it. This is the lesson: Be friendly with others. Recognize the good in them. Greet them in the spirit of love. Help them all you can. But notice: In my broadness I stand my own ground. Do not leave your own ground for the sake of being thought broad. The broadest-minded are those who stand in their own convictions with charity. Those who are constantly changing ground in order to broaden get no chance to grow. Those who are thus changing are like the 'waves of the sea, tossed about by every wind.' These are the narrowest of all."

"Another good lesson, dear tree," said I. "I will try to profit by it."

"But what mean these ugly scars upon your body?" I asked. "Well," replied the tree, "those show the places where branches once grew. They were in the way and were brushed against so much that they died. In that one there was a worm and it killed the branch. The owner of the field came by one day with his ax and cut them off. A dead limb is a bad thing for a tree. The heart is trying to send life into the dead fiber all the time, and it saps the strength. When one dead branch was taken off, two new ones started higher up. Some of the branches now gone I had when I was a little tree. When I grew up I dropped them of my own accord. They were too near the ground. Remember, O man, that some parts of our

lives get in our own way and in the way of others. They are brushed against and become nothing but dead wood. They take our strength, and are parts of our being where the worm of disease works. Some were ours early in life, and need to be cast off. Let the Master of the field hew them away. They are an injury to you. Of course it will leave a scar. But remember that an ugly scar is better than a dead branch. One does not need to be ashamed of scars and knots. On most trees it is the knot that brings out the beauty of the grain. Is it not your light affliction that works out for you your glory? Remember also that which is written: 'Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.' Do not forget that for every low limb lopped off, two new ones will start higher up and nearer heaven than those put away."

And so ended the sermon given by the old oak.

Let me summarize the lessons. Patience is a great factor in progress both spiritual and earthly. Breadth is truest when deeply rooted in its own ground. There are some things clinging to us that it would be well for us to lay aside. Three good points and enough for any sermon, however learned.

Thinking such thoughts I turned from the shade I had been enjoying, and slowly climbed the steep in the midst of the yellow glory of the autumn Sabbath noon.

#### The Christian's Prayer.

Give me the eye of faith, O Lord!  
That sees thee in the darkest night;  
That views aright thy chast'ning rod;  
That knows thou dost in mercy smite.

The arm of strength, O Lord, give me,  
To lift a burden by the way;  
To guide the erring ones to thee,  
Whose feet in sin have gone astray.

A heart of love, O Lord, I crave,  
That's pure and true and rich and sweet;  
That knows Christ died my soul to save,  
And finds in him a joy complete.

—J. A. Mitchell.

"Woman may possibly not know enough to vote, though we don't admit it; but she certainly knows enough not to sell that vote to the first briber who may happen along."

## WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY,  
Contributing Editor.

### Jubilee Hymn.

AIR: "Fling Out the Banner."

Lord God of nations, East and West,  
We lift our grateful hearts to thee,  
We praise thee for triumphant years  
And hallow this, our Jubilee.

Through fifty years of service sweet,  
Thy hand hath led us all the way,  
Thy hand omnipotent to guide  
Through doubt to trust, through dark to day.

To all thy daughters, near and far,  
Vouchsafe thy grace for days to come,  
And grant that we may faithful stand,  
Until thy voice shall call us home.

Lord God of nations, East and West,  
We lift our grateful hearts to thee,  
We praise thee for triumphant years  
And hallow this, our Jubilee.

—Grace June Jones.

We are all glad to learn of the safe arrival in Shanghai of Dr. Grace Crandall. Under date of February 7 she wrote to her people in Milton, that she had reached Shanghai, that the journey had been pleasant and that she was feeling well. That she may be abundantly blessed in her work in China is our prayer.

### Budding Blossoms in the Shaowu Girls' School.

"Germs have burst, buds have blown and blossoms have bloomed into fruitage," in the Shaowu Girls' School. Springtime is the time for buds, and springtime is also the time for new pupils to enter the schools in China, but the Elizabeth Sheldon Lombard School has as yet no fast and hard rules forbidding the receiving of a few new scholars at the beginning of the fall term. So when school began the last day of September, among the seventy-five girls present could be seen one or two new faces. And because these new faces mean difficulties overcome and hardships endured; because they mean daily struggles, con-

quests and growth; and because they will mean untold power for good in future homes and communities, I am sure you will be as interested in them as we are.

The first day of school there is something contagious about the spirit of it anywhere, either in America or China! But some of our girls look rather more tired; rather more dust-stained and travel-worn than they do in the homeland; for coming to school in Shaowu is no joke. For the majority of them it means a long, hard journey over high mountains and through deep valleys, almost or entirely on foot. It meant this year being drenched by heavy rains. For one poor new girl it meant an unaccustomed walk of twenty miles in a hot sun, that almost resulted in sunstroke. For several more it meant as long a walk on foot as though they had crossed the States of New Hampshire and Vermont. But there are no trains, and if there were they probably could not afford to ride in them, even as they can not afford to ride in a sedan chair. They must save that precious three dollars that is to pay their board and tuition for a term, and the fifty cents for books, and the cash pieces for the church collection.

No, coming to school is not an easy matter even for the initiated. But for the new girls it means even more; for our buds are many of them grafted buds, from trees which have been rooted in paganism.

Here comes, on the day before school, a girl accompanied by the man who is to be her father-in-law. He stands in the place of her father for she has lived in his family for years. They are accompanied by various other members of the family, large and small, and by a Christian man to vouch for their character and standing in the community. The father-in-law has a wonderful story to tell. Four years ago his son, the affianced husband of this girl, went to Foochow to study in the government schools there. One day he fell ill with asthma and with rheumatism, and possibly a few other things, and having a little knowledge of foreigners in Shaowu, he went to a foreign dispensary—our own Doctor Kinnear's dispensary. To quote his father, he was wonderfully cured in one day. What is more, he had the Gospel preached to him there and he



found it good medicine to his soul. So he immediately wrote back to his father that the doctrine is good, that they must all become learners, that the bride-to-be must unbind her feet and must go to the foreign ladies' school, to study not only the doctrine, but everything else that they can teach her. So in the sixth moon she unbound her feet, she began to attend church, and now, will the foreign ladies receive her into their beautiful school? She has studied when she was a little girl for one term.

It is too good an opportunity to miss, for the bridegroom will not be ready for his bride for several years, and in that time she will probably develop in steady Christian growth, and her mind will be trained to meet the growing demands made upon the women of China intellectually, and she will have learned useful lessons in cleanliness and sanitation. She is quite happy, and read half through the First Reader the first day.

Another new girl is "Middle Sheep"; not a very pretty name for a girl, you say, but not so inappropriate, after all, for when she was first discovered in her mountain home she was as shy as any lamb, and not at all inclined to follow the new shepherds out into a strange world where one reads books and lets one's feet, small and lady-like, grow into great awkward ones like boys and slave girls. Fortunately for Middle Sheep, as she has already discovered, I think, she had been betrothed to the son of a preacher, and he was by conscience bound to bring this stray sheep into the fold of Christ, if possible, and so of course she must go to school.

The preacher, accompanied by one of the "finished products" of the girls' school went to see her in her mountain village, and they coaxed, exhorted and commanded until Middle Sheep and all her family consented, and off came the tight bandages from her feet, and on went the new shoes, and Middle Sheep came to school. That was last spring. This fall she has returned, radiant in new clothes. She is a full-fledged student now, and does not care that her feet are getting larger every day, for after all she wasn't a "black" sheep, but only one of the shy, stray lambs of the Good Shepherd's fold.

Some day she will go to be one of the helpers in the women's work in her father-in-law's parish, and will hear for herself the Lord's command, "Feed my lambs."

But a great deal of interest centers this term around two new girls who have just come to us from Kiangsi, the next province. We are anxious to see them develop, but we are not more interested in them than they are in us, for haven't they been talking, planning and looking forward to this for years?

A number of years ago some of our workers went over the borders into Kiangsi and started a little church. After a while workers were scarce and there was no one to send to them. The little church grew less and less in numbers, but the good work had taken root in several homes, and it sprang up and brought forth fruit.

For several years a young man from this community has been in the boys' school, and great was his desire that his sisters should come to our school, and great were evidently the tales that he had carried home to them. Finally the day arrived when they were to start out into this wonderful new world and see for themselves. "Precious Gold" is sixteen and "Jeweled Gold," fourteen, but they are tall for their age. They packed their clothing, each in a neat bundle, and these with a cotton bed and a very thick comforter were the sum total of their baggage.

It was a five days' journey, and they could not hire a load carrier and a chair both, so they packed the bundles in the chair, and taking turns sitting on top of their possessions they alternately rode and walked for five days until they reached the place of their anticipations.

The people talked another language, and did queer things with Indian clubs and dumb-bells, and had board floors all over the house, that had to be scrubbed, and they sang strange songs in strange ways, and played strange games; but Precious Gold and Jeweled Gold were too interested to be shy, and so although they couldn't speak the Shaowu language as yet, the language of a smile is universal, and these girls are rich in smiles.

Therefore with smiling faces they picked up the dumb-bells and tried to do what the others did; and with smiling faces they

swept and scrubbed, and with their heads cocked on one side, more like two birds than two jewels, they smilingly essayed to sing the scale. When Junior Endeavor time came they knew what to do, for the Bible was the same Bible they had read at home, and the doctrine was the same doctrine, and prayer is prayer, whether it be in Shaowu, Kiangsi, or Hindustanee.

They have only been with us a few days now, but we are pleased with them, and they are pleased with us. We are hopeful for these neglected outstations that can send us boys and girls like these, even while we are sad that we can do so little for them. But their hope lies in these very boys and girls who shall go back to be "ensamples of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

Some of the buds are natural growths. One is our pastor's little granddaughter. School is a natural thing to her. Her aunt is here, her cousins are here, and so are all her playmates, and now she has come, too, into her rightful inheritance.

So whether they come from far or near, from Christian or heathen homes, we give them all a glad welcome, knowing that the good Father will multiply the seed sown and that the buds shall burst into flowers, and the flowers shall form fruitage for his Kingdom.—*Miss Grace A. Funk, in the Foochow Messenger.*

#### Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Board met with Mrs. A. J. C. Bond, March 6, 1911, at 2.30 o'clock.

The President opened the meeting by reading the Eighth Psalm, and offered prayer.

The members present were Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. J. F. Whitford, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. J. W. Morton and Mrs. A. J. C. Bond.

The Treasurer's report was read and adopted. The total receipts for the month were \$103.50; the disbursements \$202.00.

The Corresponding Secretary read her letter written in reply to a letter received from Mrs. Anna S. Booth of Cape Town, South Africa. Letters were read from Mrs. Nettie West and Mrs. Jessie Gibbs.

Mrs. O. U. Whitford read a communication from Miss Maggie Swinney in which she declined to write the biography of Dr. Ella Swinney on account of her lack of knowledge of her work in China.

By vote Mrs. O. U. Whitford was requested to write the biography of Dr. Ella Swinney.

On motion the Corresponding Secretary was requested to write to Mrs. Brown, asking her to write a sketch of the life of her aunt, Mrs. Lucy M. Carpenter.

The "Mission Circle Leaflet" for April was read and adopted.

Voted to ask Doctor Palmberg to prepare a "Mission Circle Leaflet" program on "Our Native Helpers and Their Work in China."

Motion made and carried to ask Miss Phoebe Coon to prepare a paper for the woman's hour of the coming Northwestern Association, on the subject, "How Can We Best Meet the Requirements of Christian Service?"

Voted to ask Miss Ethelyn Davis to take charge of the music for the woman's hour of the Association.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. J. H. Babcock the first Monday in April.

Mrs. A. J. C. BOND,  
Recording Secretary.

#### Why I Believe the Old Testament Miracles.

I do believe them when I have time to think about them. But every day there happens some miracle so much greater than ever happened before that it keeps my mind occupied with God's new wonders in our own marvelous time. Some day, when I have made up my mind that God couldn't speak in heaven to a man on earth, I am dragged away from contemplation of the doubtful possibility of such a thing by a man in Chicago who wants to talk with me here in Pasadena, and he tells me that he has just been talking with his brother in Philadelphia. That would have puzzled Moses to profounder bewilderment than anything he ever saw or heard in his life. He believed the passage of the Red Sea because he saw it. What he might have thought about the telephone is mere guesswork. The world was not ripe for the greatest miracles in Moses' day.

If the miracle stories of the Old Testament are the inventions of the old chroniclers and scribes, then the old chroniclers were men of marvelous poverty of inventive imaginations. Shakespeare made Puck say, "I'll put a girdle round the world in forty minutes." The fairies of Puck's age of fable were leaden-footed messengers. Our lightning messenger of today girdles the globe in almost as many seconds.

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

Voices of the dead live in the phonograph. Melba, Caruso, Tetrassini, sing in a hundred cities at the same hour. Actions



of life move across the screens of the picture shows. The first message flashed over a telegraph wire was, "What hath God wrought!" The inventor considered his invention a miracle. Now, the quadruplex instrument crowds our messages along a single wire going and coming without confusion, and the same principle is about to be applied to the telephone. One minute the city lies in darkness. A switch is moved an inch in a power house far away, and lo, miles and miles of street and avenue, home and business block, factory and office, church and theater, spring into dazzling light. Was the pillar of fire more wonderful? Was the crossing of the Red Sea or the Jordan so wonderful as the crossing of the English Channel by Blieriot? I never saw a man caught up from the earth in a chariot of fire. But I saw Hoxsey sweep up into the air like a bird thousands of feet until he disappeared in the faint clouds higher than the mountain tops.

It is a greater work of God to prevent disease than to heal it. What has become of the plague of yellow fever that used to scourge New Orleans and Havana, year after year? A bullet is lost in a man's body. The surgeon does not grope for it, nor guess at it. He turns on the X-ray and sees it. A baby-girl is born with a harelip, and a boy with clubfeet. Surgical science gives the little girl a mouth like Cupid's bow, and the boy a pair of feet straight and swift as the fleet-footed Jonathan. Surgeons almost take a man apart, find out what made him act that way, and put him together again, a better man than he was.

David slew the terrible giant with a pebble because a sling carried farther than the lunge of a spear. Today the infantry soldier carries a rifle that will kill at seven thousand feet—there isn't a rifle in the United States army that will carry a less distance—and the gunner on the battleship strikes with the thunderbolt of his biggest gun a ship seven miles away. The Japanese ships sunk the Russian warships in Port Arthur, not one of which the gunners could see.

Yesterday's imagination is eclipsed by today's achievements. Commonplaces are the greatest miracles. The sunrise is one

of them. And the stars—how many times I strengthen my faith, which may be a little dimmed sometimes during the day, by just waiting for the night. Then I look at a few constellations I have known from boyhood. If I should miss a single star from Orion's glittering belt, or if the guidons of the "Big Dipper" should lead my eye toward the Southern Cross instead of the North Star, I'd weaken. But if they are right where they were when I was a boy, and believed in them, my faith is made strong again. I go to sleep with a calm belief that the love and wisdom and authority that holds the universe in its mighty hands can do anything, and will do everything well. I don't know how long the stars were right there before I was born, and I have no idea how long they will march across the sky in their radiant battalions after I'm dead. But they've kept step ever since I've been here, and have never changed nor swerved in their courses. And the evidence of a lifetime is enough for me. All the years I've watched them there has never been a collision. They have always been on time. I have always found them in their own places. Their organization and their movements are about the most wonderful things I know anything about. I never knew ship or steamboat, railway train or stage coach to move like them. Of all the wonderful achievements of men, I have never seen anything like them for faultless accuracy. I've been here nearly sixty-seven years and I never knew a Fourth of July procession to start on time, though there was never anything to hinder. I consider a railway schedule a thing—as is officially stated on the first page, indeed—"from which the company has a right to depart without previous notice." A steamboat that starts the same day is a model of precision in river navigation. The stars are the only things I know that are perfect in their movements. I am a very small atom in the universe. Or a molecule. If there is anything smaller, I am that. Nevertheless, many, many times I steady my steps by the stars. When I find my information wavering I shout, not, "Guide right," or "left," or "center," but "Guide up!" and I'm in step again in a minute. So long as I can believe that God

marshals and controls the stars in his universe, I can believe him equal to anything.

WHEN THE NIGHT IS CLOUDY.

And they are such splendid guides to faith. They are so handy. You can see them on parade every night. Or, if the night is cloudy, so much the better. For then I say:

"Now, I'll wait and see if they get confused in the clouds and the fog and mist and get scattered like the fleets of men in the stress and whirl of the storm." So I wait till the next night, and then, if they come out of the storm in exactly the same formation, my heart is stronger, my faith clearer, and my mind brighter than ever. The pillar of cloud and the banner of fire, the crossing of the Red Sea, the fall of Jericho, the fountain-bearing rock,—why, these are easy. I'm not so sure that we might not be able to manage these things ourselves, in these days of wonderful development and inventive genius. Only, there are no more deserts left in God's world, and no more Canaanites. That is, at least, not on a scale big enough for extensive experiments.

I accept the miracles of the olden days, as I accept those greater miracles of today. I never ask for miracles, I never pray for them. I just want God to keep on with his wonderful and gracious commonplaces. Less than twenty years ago an Italian, a poor man, went out on a sand waste with a wash of boulders scattered over it, not fifty miles from Pasadena, California. I don't think he could have found a more sterile looking waste in the State. Something must have whispered to him, "Son of man, can these dry bones live?" And he answered, "Yes."

He planted a vineyard on that cheap desert land. Acre by acre he added to his little holdings, until the plant grew to be too big for one man. A corporation holds it now—one of the largest and most productive vineyards in this State of vineyards. And not a drop of irrigation. All because he dug down with his bare hands one summer day and found the sand warmly moist. He smote the rock and found the water from the distant springs. Clever Italian? Yes; it takes a clever man to work a miracle, because then he is working like God. He is using common

sense,—a much greater miracle than genius. Industry works miracles, as well as faith. In fact, industry is one form of faith—the works that keep faith alive.

One thing about miracles that ought to commend them to men in these days of tariffs and trusts and patents and copyrights. There is no patent on miracles. And no copyright. Any man has the right to work them and to improve upon them.

"Father," the boy said, watching the vivid storm-flame zigzag back and forth across the black face of the cloud, "what is that?"

"Oh," the father said, "that's lightning." He said that because his father told him it was lightning, as his father had told him, and his father before him had told him again. But the boy's name was Benjamin Franklin, and he wasn't satisfied. "I don't believe it's lightning," he said; "I'll catch some of it and see." So he wrought a miracle with a boy's kite, caught a bottle of the electric fluid, and studied it, but didn't find out what it was, except that it was not lightning. By and by another man, named Morse, came along and studied it.

"I know what that is," he said, "it's a messenger boy. I'll put it in a uniform, teach it the Morse alphabet, and make it run errands." And so he did.

But presently comes another man. "Morse is mistaken," he said, "that isn't a messenger boy. It's too quick. It runs too fast. It's a candle-wick."

So he twists it into the globe of the incandescent lamp and the arc light, and lo, the midnight glows like the noonday, and there isn't enough darkness left in the night to rest our eyes!

But along comes another worker of miracles. "Candle-wick?" he said scornfully, "that thing is a speaking trumpet. It's a megaphone." He twists it into the telephone box, and sets the world to talking miles apart in stage whispers.

Another man comes on the stage of investigation. "A megaphone?" he says; "nonsense! That's a common street-car horse. All he needs is a little good training, and he'll break his own record." So he harnessed him to a little copper wheel, spelled horse-car with a t and two l's, and sent the trolley screeching along the streets.



So one miracle grew out of another, and each successive one was easier and more useful and more wonderful than the others. The first one was the hardest, as the first step always is.

If the greater wonders of today didn't occupy so much of my time, I should study the wonders of three thousand years ago with greater interest than I do. Today's marvels claim my attention. The press which prints the *Sunday School Times* is among them. So is the linotype. So is the machine that telegraphs a man's signature. And his portrait. So is wireless telegraphy, speaking from the shore a thousand miles to the ship at sea. So is the new wonder, the wireless telephone. And the miracles that yet sleep in the busy brains of men—who shall venture to guess at a wonder that will not surpass the guess when it is wrought into a fact?

THESE ONLY THE WORKS OF MEN?

"But," some one protests, "all these are the works of men."

Well, then, if men can do such things, what can't God do?

Every time a shadow of doubt concerning the mighty works of the Creator drifts across my mind I echo that mighty prayer of Jeremiah in the dungeon, "Ah, Lord God, there is nothing too hard for thee!"

So, when I am puzzled and helpless, down in the darkness of my dungeon, the dungeon of this little life and its limitations, its weakness and its foolishness, its poverty and childishness—this poor prison-house of my life—when the problems of thinking and doing, of freedom and the activities of a broader, higher, richer life than mine weigh upon me, I, too, cry, "Ah, Lord God, there is nothing too hard for thee!"

And I believe God can do anything he says he can.—*Robert J. Burdette, D. D., in Sunday School Times.*

*Pasadena, Cal.*

Look within! You know that in your highest moments an ideal of purity, honesty, sincerity, loveliness, shines within you. Let that be your work day by day, molding your life into its likeness.—*Abby M'Duffy.*

#### Resolutions of Respect.

We, as members of the Ladies' Aid Society, wish to express our appreciation of the exemplary life of our departed sister, Mrs. Milton Davis, who so faithfully performed her every duty in our society, and sought to fulfil her obligations to the church, as a Christian worker in every good cause.

*Resolved,* That while our hearts are deeply saddened at her departure, yet we will bow in humble submission to the will of our heavenly Father, knowing that he does not willingly afflict, but that in his infinite wisdom he has seen best to take Aunt Mary to the better life.

*Resolved,* That we tender our sincere and loving sympathy to her lonely husband and family, pointing them to Jesus who alone can bind up the broken heart and console in every trying hour.

*Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be placed on record, one sent to the family, and one sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

In behalf of the Ladies' Aid Society,  
 MRS. ILEA RANDOLPH,  
 MRS. NANNIE DAVIS,  
 MRS. CLARA KENNEDY,  
*Committee.*

*Lost Creek, W. Va.*

#### Candy for Children.

It goes without saying that discretion must be used as to the time and amount when candy is given to children. The best time for such indulgence is immediately after a meal, not before it. If surfeited with sweets there will be no room left for wholesome food of other varieties. Children who have plenty of fresh air will bring to the table a good appetite for soup, meat, and potatoes, and they would much better have fruit, raw or cooked, and pure candy by way of dessert than rich pastry and plum cake.—*The Christian Herald.*

Rev. F. B. Meyer of London is planning to give a week to Chicago, under the auspices of the Moody Bible Institute, beginning June four.

Special meetings will be arranged for ministers, and in the same connection a conference on open-air work for the summer months will be held.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### Opportunities for Service in Teaching.

PASTOR WILLARD D. BURDICK.

*Prayer meeting topic for April 1, 1911.*

#### Daily Readings.

Sunday—Be strong (Eph. vi, 10-18).

Monday—Be helpful (Gal. vi, 1-9).

Tuesday—Ready to speak for Christ (Col. iv, 1-6).

Wednesday—Be just (1 Thess. v, 12-22).

Thursday—Be loving (2 Tim. ii, 19-26).

Friday—Be Christlike (Col. ii, 6, 7).

Sabbath day—Topic: Opportunities for service in teaching. (Eph. v, 1-16). (Consecration meeting.)

I hope that each of our societies will use this topic, for it is worthy of our most careful and prayerful consideration. There are but few, if any, of our societies that do not have members who are teaching, and many more of our young people will soon enter upon the work.

That I might be able to make these notes more interesting, suggestive and profitable, I have asked several teachers for their opinions and experiences along the line of the topic. I wish you could read their splendid letters. I can only give you quotations from them.

Why do so many of our young people teach school? For the remuneration. Yes, that in part is the answer; but generally they recognize the fact that there are splendid opportunities offered them for service both in the schoolroom and in the community at large, and so the motive becomes a very worthy one.

Prof. W. G. Polan of Jackson Center, Ohio, says: "I do not hesitate to say that the teaching profession offers greater opportunities to our young people than any other profession; I do not except that of the gospel ministry. Of course, we must have preachers and we need many more than we have. But the preacher can not have the influence over the children that a good Christian teacher can have who is with them five days out of the week."

Prof. L. H. Stringer of the West Allis

(Wis.) High School writes: "The opportunities for Christian service in teaching are numberless. The boys and girls, especially those of the high schools, are at the age when they must choose either to do something worth while or to follow the downward road of shiftlessness and sin; and oftentimes their teacher may do more to put them on the right track than any other person, even their parents."

Prof. H. W. Rood, custodian of Memorial Hall in the Wisconsin State Capitol, having had thirty-five consecutive years of experience in the schoolroom, says: "While about this work I could not well help doing some thinking. And this thinking has led to the belief that the influence of the living, present teacher is of greater consequence than both books and apparatus. . . . Do you know, my dear friend, I believe the influence of the real teacher is greater over the boys and girls than that of the preacher. The teacher is with them—in close contact—six hours in the day for nine months in the year. His pupils come to him for the express purpose of learning. In his class-work he does not lecture them as a whole, he talks to them personally every day, drawing them out on this subject and that. If cordial relations exist between him and them, he can lead them, in the course of their recitations, to think and talk of serious things. As I look back now, I can recall some holy seasons in school—times when I may well have removed the shoes from my feet. I am thinking now of one class in particular—the ninth grade, in reading. There are beautiful things in our literature. Though not essentially religious the spirit of the Master is in them; and in seeking the deeper meanings we come often into touch with holy things. Those pupils used to put feeling into what they read, and their hearts were open for the reception of truth. Oh, how well I remember their big eyes—windows of the soul—as they looked up at me, hungry, it seemed to me, for soul-food. Those occasions were about as good as prayer meetings, Will. In order to get boys and girls into this receptive attitude one must first get himself into a right attitude with his pupils—and with his Master.

"And then I remember another class—in



psychology. There were some earnest young men and women in it, and, by some means, they liked the study. It was easy now and then to get upon holy ground, and for them to feel that soul-culture was worth while. If I guess correctly, some of the best resolutions were formed there."

One of our Endeavorers is spending his first year after completing his high-school course in teaching in a German district. He says: "If I go out to supper or to any special gatherings, I am sure to be offered wine from three to ten years old. Almost everybody plays cards here, so it is sometimes rather hard to live up to my principles." But he has good stuff in him, and his influence will be felt for good.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher Davis writes from the Fouke School: "Since its beginning, over ten years ago, about twelve teachers, men and women, have taught in the school for periods ranging from several months to several years, gratuitously. This speaks well for the teachers of our denomination. A teacher is always doing more than 'keeping the school' and hearing the recitations, for constantly the teacher's manners, habits, personality, attitude toward God and religion are being impressed upon the pupils; so that the influence which these twelve men and women have wielded, directly and indirectly, in school and out of school, on the young people of Fouke, will never be known 'on this side.' . . . To keep the work going, at least four teachers of ability, piety and 'sanctified common sense' are needed each year."

Prof. Allen B. West, after an experience of twenty-five years as principal, says: "I know of no profession in which one is quite so free from the difficulties of keeping the Sabbath." "I have always had my Sabbath to myself. It has been early known wherever I have taught that the Seventh-day was my Sabbath and that I would not do any work on that day. People as a rule respected my wishes. There have always been opportunities for church and Sunday-school work wherever I have been. While teaching at Downsville I helped maintain a Sunday school, and there was no church within nine miles."

Last fall a young man began teaching in a city of about 2,500 population and 20 saloons. "Dances and card-parties are

the popular thing. Charity balls and card-parties for the benefit of the public library or church choirs are not at all uncommon." I'll warrant you that this young man did not stand for such things in the sermon that he preached at the Congregational church recently in the absence of the pastor.

A year ago this winter Miss Emma Rogers of Farina went into a Wisconsin mining town of about 700 inhabitants, that had three saloons. Gambling, drinking, swearing and immorality were very general. It was not long before Miss Rogers felt keenly the needs of the people. Last October she wrote to the Farina Y. P. S. C. E. of the conditions in this town. In closing the letter she said: "Do you wonder that I spend much time in earnest prayer for my boys and girls? Do you wonder that, sometimes, I lie awake in the night hours, thinking of them and wondering what will become of them?" "I know that my pupils are looking at me; for they know that I stand for Christ and religion. They are judging my Christ by me. They have seen so much hollow Christianity that they expect to find that I am only a sham, too." She recently wrote: "I feel sure that no one has a greater opportunity for service than the teacher, especially the teacher in the high school. Here he is constantly coming into the most intimate contact with boys and girls who are forming ideals and building character. . . . Last December we had a great revival in the little village where I am teaching, and I had the pleasure of seeing all my pupils but five give their hearts to Christ. God used me, I am sure, in helping some of these boys and girls to make the right decision. Now he is using me in helping them to abide by their choice and to walk the narrow path—and few know how hard that is in a town like this. It is sometimes hard for a Seventh-day Baptist to know just how fully he can enter into Christian work in churches of other denominations. I believe that we can do much to help people of other faiths and still be loyal and consistent. I am a member of the Epworth League here and am now president of that organization. Besides this I have a class of men and boys in Sunday school. Many of the

members of this class are new converts. . . . The people here know that I am a Sabbath-keeper. The church people understand it, and my pupils have learned that I never go to a ball game or an entertainment on Sabbath day or the evening before the Sabbath. I take pains that they shall know that I do this for reasons of conscience. Somehow I feel that they respect me the more for it." Miss Rogers has had several talks with people on the Sabbath question, and has made it possible for several to receive Sabbath literature.

Mr. Stringer writes: "My experience with night-school work among the foreigners of this city has been a very pleasant one. These men are in a strange land and it seems that no one takes any interest in them except the saloon man. He places his trap in their paths and swings the door open and invites them to enter as they come from the factories with their hard-earned cash. But, through our night school, we have succeeded in keeping quite a number of them away from the saloons, at least part of the time. We teach them how to read, write and speak English, and we try to weave into it lessons on cleanliness and right living. It would do your soul good to see how eager these men are to learn anything that you try to teach them."

One writer in this way speaks of a line of service that is great in its responsibilities. "Perhaps one of the greatest means of helping the boys is to enter into their sports, and show them that pure manhood *can* win and is of priceless value. If one can do this, it is an easy matter to speak of college days; and soon a higher ambition is aroused, and time only will tell the result."

I wish to outline a letter from a lady teacher of several years' experience. The letter was planned to be suggestive for country teachers. 1. Assist in local church and Sunday-school work. 2. Help in forming and conducting a literary society. 3. Form a reading circle. 4. Organize a botany club, a bird club, or a sewing club for the girls. 5. Teach music. Drill quartets, trios and choruses to sing for public occasions. 6. Train pupils or others in declamation, and arrange for contests. 7. Get up a play, using home talent. 8.

Prepare literary and musical programs, using those who seldom appear before the public, as well as those who are especially gifted in singing or speaking. (I wish I could quote the letter.)

Well, well! I caught myself just now leaning back in my chair and thinking of the influence of teachers on some of the boys in district schools in Minnesota thirty years ago. But I will not tell of those days, for I wish Professor Rood to talk to you again. "I think a teacher's example is very important, and I believe the best boy or girl in school has as good a right to the teacher's example as the worst. Your own children neither smoke, play cards, nor dance—at the very best, all those things are questionable. Now, a teacher may do all of them and still be quite exemplary—comparatively—for Bill Jones who is a fit candidate for the reform school; but for your children his example is bad. I think your children have as good a right to an uplifting example on the part of their teacher as Bill Jones has. I do not believe the teacher should do any of these things, even though most people seem to think they are not very bad. . . . There ought not to be anything in a teacher's conduct that will not tend to make his boys and girls the better for being under his influence. Professor Hutton, superintendent of our State Reform School at Waukesha, told me the other day that he had to fight harder to keep his boys from the use of tobacco than from any other form of evil. 'Yet,' said he, 'the most of the men about the institution smoke, even the teachers.' Think of the influence of these men on the boys who are not allowed to smoke openly, yet will do it under cover."

I consider the following by Professor West as good advice for those who contemplate teaching: "Young people should secure the best of preparation for their work. Take a full course in one of our colleges and then specialize in another school. I believe that young men would do well to specialize in agriculture, or in school supervision. Let them make a good deal of athletics, of literature—not forgetting the sacred literature."

Let me close these testimonies from our teachers with one from Prof. Frank L.



Greene of Alfred, N. Y., who has taught for many years:

"I have a very, very high appreciation of the service and influence of the devoted teacher among young people. Such a teacher is not separated from the boys by the barrier of the 'cloth,' an obstacle which the minister not infrequently has to meet. He has the vantage of an inner circle of influence, a closer daily touch. Children and young people in the formative age are very responsive to his lead—particularly boys. In fact, the high-souled teacher has often, I believe, a stronger, deeper influence on boys than their own parents have, especially in certain stages of their development. This is particularly true in the matter of their personal habits and life choices.

"It was my privilege a few years ago to organize an anti-cigarette league of 400 members among the boys of the higher department of my school. After a kindly talk to them on the objects and benefits sought, a pledge was taken to each room and laid upon the desk, and then was passed by them from boy to boy without persuasion or pressure of any kind. The readiness and honest purpose of the boys were a surprise to me. In the pledge the boy agreed to abstain wholly from the use of tobacco until he reached the age of twenty-one years, and to cast his influence against the habit, persuading others to abstain in like manner. We felt confident that if they could be safeguarded till they reached their majority, their good sense would then come to their rescue.

"Representatives were chosen from each class to form a governing board or council. These elected their officers, chose a pin as a distinctive badge, and began practical work.

"Occasional general meetings were held for common sense instruction, and programs were prepared by the boys for pleasure and profit. It gave them something to do. Shopkeepers were warned to obey the law (in the matter of selling), weak-willed boys were drawn out of temptation and helped, and backsliders were reclaimed by the boys themselves. The whole tone and standard of the school in cleanliness, manliness, and honor were distinctly raised.

"One of my saddest experiences was when a boy of twelve years came to my office of his own accord and, with downcast eyes, told why he had not signed the pledge. He confessed that he had tried again and again and could not break himself of the habit, and he would not lie. Is not such a boy worth saving?

"The teacher's life and activity should say: 'I love the boy, but I hate beer and whiskey drinking and cigarette smoking, as unmanly, wicked and unchristian.'

"I would that the girls, just budding into womanhood, would firmly, wisely and lovingly take their stand on this subject, for the sake of their brothers and other boys' brothers, and for the purity and sanctity of the home.

"Who has greater opportunity to place before the child pure and high ideals of manhood and womanhood than the teacher? Ah, the influence of the liberally educated, loving, high-souled woman in the class-room and in the circle about the evening lamp! What a blessed work to reveal beauty before unseen, to disclose to waiting ears the harmony all about us, to lead the way to the treasure-house of the world's best thought, and point the path of youth up to the 'vantage ground of truth.'"

I am indeed grateful to these teachers for their earnest words and helpful examples. We have scores of other teachers who are doing splendid service, and in this service are obtaining the larger life.

#### SUGGESTIONS TO LEADERS.

Leaders, you have a splendid opportunity to make this meeting interesting and helpful to all who attend. Carefully plan for the meeting, taking plenty of time for the preparation of the lesson.

Ask some one to find out how many in your church have taught school or are now teaching. (I wish I knew how many teachers there are in the denomination. Please let me know how many there are in your church.) Have an old teacher give some personal experiences in teaching.

Have another speak of the influence of the teacher on the moral and the religious life of scholars.

Close the meeting with testimonies on the topic.

#### "Stories of Moses."

MARY CAMENGA.

*Recognition service, Brookfield, N. Y.*

The Israelites multiplied so rapidly that Pharaoh was afraid they would soon become a greater nation than the Egyptians. To prevent this he ordered all the boy babies killed.

When Moses was born his mother hid him for three months. Then she put him in a basket, putting the basket to float in the river.

One day Pharaoh's daughter came to the river to bathe. She found Moses and took him home and brought him up as she would have a boy of her own. When Moses was grown up he went to his own people. One day he saw an Egyptian whipping an Israelite. Seeing no other person was near he slew the Egyptian. When people found out what he had done he fled to Midian. Here he kept the flocks of Jethro.

One day when he came to a mountain with his sheep, the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of a bush. The Lord spoke to him and told him to go deliver the Israelites. So Moses went back to Egypt.

God sent plagues on the Egyptians, the last one of which was the slaying of the first-born. Pharaoh was frightened and called Moses and Aaron, saying, "Rise up, and get you forth from among my people."

The Israelites journeyed from Rameses to Succoth. And the Lord told Moses to camp between Migdol and the sea, for Pharaoh would think the children of Israel were in the wilderness. The Lord said, "I will harden Pharaoh's heart, that he shall follow after them."

When Pharaoh found out the people had gone he went with six hundred chariots to pursue them. He overtook them camping by the sea. Moses stretched out his hand over the sea and the Lord caused the waters to part and the children of Israel went into the sea on dry ground. The Egyptians pursued them, and when they were in the midst of the sea Moses stretched his hand over the sea again and the waters returned and covered the Egyptians.

One day Moses went up on the mountains to talk with God. He was gone a long time and some of the people thought he was not coming back. They had Aaron make them a golden calf.

When Moses came back he had the commandments written upon tables of stone. When he saw the golden calf he was very angry and cast the tables out of his hands and broke them. Then he tore down the golden calf and destroyed it.

After this Moses went into the mountain again and stayed forty days. When he came back he had the commandments written on the tables of stone once more.

When Moses was one hundred and twenty years old he went up on the mountain to talk with God and never returned.

**The Sabbath Recorder—Our Young People's Duty to Read It: How Increase Its Subscription?**

EVA JONES.

*Rally Day, Jackson Center, Ohio.*

The resolution has been passed that the SABBATH RECORDER should be in every home in the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination. A paper containing so many rich gems of thought should certainly have a wider circulation than has this. We do not wonder that we have so many about us who are indifferent to the Sabbath question and the interests of our denomination, when we take into consideration the fact that so many homes are without the SABBATH RECORDER, or that the inmates seldom read its pages.

Early knowledge gained by readers of this paper will follow one through all the changing scenes of his life and impress upon his mind the truths concerning the Sabbath. Articles are given which if carefully read, will fill the mind of the reader with noble aspirations. Topics which are prepared for, and read at, the associations and General Conference find place in the SABBATH RECORDER, thus reaching and benefiting those who do not have the privilege of attending. It is especially helpful to the lone Sabbath-keepers. Think of the inspiring thoughts which the pages of this paper would give to them.

Empty hours, empty hands, empty companions, empty words and empty hearts



draw in evil as a vacuum draws in air. To be occupied with good is the best defense against the inroads of evil. Therefore read and study our denominational paper.

As young people, it is our duty to read the SABBATH RECORDER. First, we should read it for our development in denominational affairs. When a child is born into this world it must be fed in order to obtain physical development. Likewise, we, as Endeavorers, being born into this society, must be fed the food of denominational interests in order to grow in strength. If we grow spiritually, we must be fed with spiritual food. Second, the denominational work must soon be carried on by the younger generation and this will require the best possible service. It will be much better for the cause and much easier for the workers if they have had previous knowledge of the work; and this knowledge can be obtained by a study of the SABBATH RECORDER; hence, our duty to read it. Third, we should read it in order to keep in touch with other societies. By doing this we may increase the interest in our home society. Fourth, it will help keep us in touch with the denomination and denominational affairs.

How shall we increase the subscription of the SABBATH RECORDER? In order to do this we must be able to get others interested in it. The question may then arise, "How can we get others to become interested?" This is simple. For example, if a piece of honey is placed in the open, the bees, one after another, collect there. It seems as though one, having tasted the honey, scatters the news about to others, and they quickly come. Are we not as intelligent as the honey-bee? Then why can not we, as Endeavorers who have become interested in the SABBATH RECORDER, scatter the news about to others, that they, too, may become interested? Tell them of the interesting articles found on its pages. Tell them of its "helpfulness" to us, and show them by our daily lives that it is a help to us. Let the Endeavorers send it to lone Sabbath-keepers, and it might be well for us to hand ours to those in our home society who are not subscribers.

#### Alfred University.

We are glad to say that President Davis is back from the Hornell Sanitarium and is much improved in health.

Principal Ellis has been in Dodge Center, Minn., since the middle of February, where he was called by the illness of his mother. During his absence Miss Grant is principal pro tem. Professor Cummings from the State School of Ceramics is teaching plane geometry; Walton B. Clarke, trigonometry; and Burr Streight, 'II, intermediate algebra. Word has been received that Mrs. Ellis is improving and Principal Ellis and family will return about the middle of March.

Different classes of the college have been enjoying sleigh-rides lately.

The second annual Farmer's School at Alfred was held in connection with the State School of Agriculture, February 27-March 2. The sessions were held partly in the assembly room in Agricultural Hall and partly in Fireman's Hall. The attendance was good throughout. On the last night the attendance was over thirteen hundred.

Monday evening, February 20, Dean Shailer Mathews of the Chicago Divinity School delivered a lecture to the students and people of Alfred. The subject of his address was "The Remaking of Public Opinion."

The physical-training classes of the college freshmen and the Agricultural School are preparing for a public exhibition and contest, which is to be given on March 22. Club swinging, climbing, kicking, jumping and vaulting are the contests open to the members of the gymnasium classes. Contests on the horse, parallel bars, horizontal bar and flying rings are open to all students.

The Athletic Association is planning for the four college classes to select teams for a handball tournament. Each team is to play all the others and the one winning the most games is to receive a neat banner.

Alfred, N. Y., March 7, 1911.

#### News Notes.

MIDDLE ISLAND, W. VA.—Missionary Pastor Seager has so far recovered from his recent serious hoarseness that he has conducted a meeting at Conings, and is now engaged in a similar series at the Lick Run schoolhouse.

SALEM, W. VA.—A decision-day service was recently held, at which time four definitely made

a stand for Christ and expressed their desire to join the church.—Pastor Hills has been assisting Mr. Seager in special meetings at Greenbrier, and has been conducting services at the Industrial Home the past month.—The W. C. T. U. is actively engaged in temperance work. A Mr. Hoar, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League gave a splendid temperance lecture in each of the churches on Sabbath and Sunday, recently. Other temperance lecturers are expected to be with us soon. We are working for state-wide prohibition in 1912.

ALFRED, N. Y.—The Junior Christian Endeavor held a social on the evening of February 14. Games suitable for St. Valentine's day were played and heart-shaped refreshments were served. Seventy-six children were present and all reported a good time.—The annual Washington's-birthday sale of the Woman's Evangelical Society was held at the parish house, with a good attendance; a progressive supper was served; proceeds about \$30.—The second number of the Abram Herbert Lewis lectureship was given at the church, Monday evening, February 20, by Dean Shailer Mathews, of the University of Chicago Divinity School, to a large and appreciative audience.

SHILOH, N. J.—The Shiloh Christian Endeavor society began the new year with new officers. A change has been made in the time of holding the weekly meetings, from Sabbath afternoon to Sunday evening. The constitution has been revised and several new members received. During the winter we have conducted an entertainment course consisting of six numbers. All the numbers have been well attended and enjoyed.—In January a social was given at Pastor J. L. Skaggs'. One feature of the evening was a denominational contest.—New singing-books have been purchased and a social held at the chapel to learn some of the new songs. A reading was given in between. Interest is on the increase.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

#### Tributes to Rev. L. M. Cottrell.

Since the brief editorial of last week regarding the death of Rev. Lebbeus M. Cottrell several loving tributes have come to hand, from which we take the following. The correspondent for the DeRuyter Church says:

"Our church, and the community as well, have met with a great loss in the death of our dear brother, Eld. L. M. Cottrell. He had been rather feeble all winter, but attended church whenever he was well enough, and always took part in the service. His prayers will long be remembered for their fervency and the entire consecration which they expressed.

"After the death of his wife, last October, he lived in the home of Dea. G. W. Burdick and wife, where he was very happy,

being most tenderly cared for. He was expecting to go in a few weeks to Hornell, to live with his son, but was taken ill Sunday afternoon and in a few hours passed quietly away.

"The funeral service was held at the Seventh-day Baptist church, Wednesday afternoon, March 8. Pastor Wing read the Twenty-third Psalm and Paul's triumphant words: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' He then spoke with much tenderness of some of the characteristics of this noble life and its influence. The choir rendered two selections, 'Nearer, Still Nearer,' and Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar.' We who knew him well, knew him as one who loved his fellow men, and everything that had for its object the uplifting of humanity. The advancement of God's cause and kingdom in the earth had in him an earnest supporter."

Among the good words penned by the editor of the DeRuyter Gleaner we find these:

"Sunday evening, March 5, 1911, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Burdick in this village, came the final summons suddenly to one of our worthiest and best beloved citizens, Rev. L. M. Cottrell. No call, however, could have found him unprepared for the final transition, for the pages of his book of life were ever ready to be closed and handed in for revision and approval.

"Mr. Cottrell was born at Potter Hill, R. I., November 12, 1817, and was consequently in his ninety-fourth year. He was educated at Alfred University and Union College. In early life he became a minister of the Seventh-day Baptist Church and was for many years engaged in home missionary work in Illinois, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. He was the pastor of churches at Persia, West Edmeston and Lincklaen Center, in this State, at Rockville, R. I., and Walworth, Wis. Over fifty years ago he was for some time a resident of DeRuyter, while pastor of the 'Burdick Settlement' Church, and for some eighteen years past he has also lived in our village, preaching occasionally at Cuyler Hill, Otselic, Lincklaen Center and DeRuyter, and retaining to the last a deep inter-



est in the cause beloved above all others.

"Mr. Cottrell was first married to Miss Lucy Maria Babcock of Hopkinton, R. I., by whom a son was born, Dr. Boardman Cottrell of Hornell, N. Y. Many years after her death he married Mrs. Angeline Page of this village, who died last autumn.

"Funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist church yesterday afternoon, Rev. L. A. Wing officiating. The large room was well filled with mourners, who gathered for the last look at their venerable friend and to thus mark their appreciation of this worthy life. The speaker was deeply affected and, while deprecating eulogy of the departed as a rule, gave tender and effective testimony to the character of the deceased, his worth to the community, the church and the world as a worker, his sweet spirit and generous heart, his noble instincts and keen intellect.

"The remains were taken to Alfred last evening by his son, where services will be held today and interment be made beside his first wife.

"As a fitting close to this imperfect sketch, little data being available, may be quoted approvingly the words of one who had known him long and most intimately: 'He was as kind-hearted and pure-minded a man as ever lived.'"

The *Westerly Sun*, in an article signed "S", gives some pleasant reminiscences of this aged brother, and adds:

"To have lived nearly a century, to have seen the change in religious thought, and yet to have retained an inexhaustible loyalty to the discipline of his early ecclesiastical training, is an extremely rare example. This could only have been obtainable by a person of much spirituality.

"Rev. Mr. Cottrell possessed a kind and tender nature, a candid and loyal affection for his friends. By birth a Rhode Island man, a native of Westerly, he never lost his love for his home country. Instances of this which one may mention come to memory. During his last visit to relatives here, a carriage and the offices of a kindly interested driver were placed at his personal disposal for days; he made a pilgrimage among his friends, and no one ever received more cordial welcome than

this aged man to whom the ties of friendship were sacred.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Rev. Mr. Cottrell's love for children is also recalled. With them he had unflinching gentleness, sinking his own adult personality for their pleasure. Many persons now middle-aged recall with genuine affection his lovable traits and feel that their loss is a personal sorrow."

"O what a glory doth this world put on  
To him who, with fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed and days well spent!  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves  
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear."

#### Things to Forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the temptations. Forget the faultfinding, and give little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all disagreeablenesses of life. They will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them; and the constant thought of acts of meanness, or worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday. Start out with a clean sheet for today; and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.—*The American*.

The attempt of modern culture to produce character without Christ must ever fail even as "the law made nothing perfect." But Moses finds his complement in Christ, and we also "are complete in him." Let us catch both strains and harmonize them in our testimony and our life, as we learn even here to sing with the mighty chorus yonder the song of Moses and the Lamb.—*Selected*.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### The Change About Club.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

Donald and Dorothy, the twins, were in despair. It was a beautiful morning in May, and the sun shone brightly in at the windows. A little bird on the branch of the big maple tree sang blithely. Perhaps he was trying to say:

"Cheer up! cheer up!  
'Tis a beautiful day;  
The sun shines above us  
And brightens our way.

"Cheer up! cheer up!  
There are flowers by the brook,  
Blue violets and Mayflowers;  
Oh, cheer up and look!"

Everything was bright out of doors; but in the cozy sitting-room at Meadowcroft it really looked more like April than May, for two big tears were chasing each other down Dorothy's face, and Donald looked as though he wanted to cry, too, but wouldn't because he was a boy.

"Whatever can be the matter?" said Mamma Stewart, as she glanced into the room and spied the twins huddled up on the big couch in the corner. "Why, children! what are you doing in the house this beautiful May morning? And crying, too!"

"But I am not crying," Donald interrupted her, as he stuck his fat little fist into one eye.

"Oh, excuse me!" mamma said, when she had seated herself in the little, low rocking-chair by the window. "I thought you were, but I must have been mistaken. But do come here as quick as you can and see this pretty little bird. He's trying to pick up those tiny pieces of thread from the rose-bush under the window. You just watch him a minute and see what he does."

But Donald and Dorothy were not interested in birds this morning, so they sat right still on the big couch in the corner.

"Oh, hum," Donald began. "We don't want a bird. We want a club."

"A what?" answered Mamma Stewart. "A club," Donald informed her again,

as he rubbed his eyes a little harder.

"Why—what—" mamma said, not at all understanding what the twins should want of a club. "Why, I don't know what you mean, dear!"

"Didn't you ever belong to a club, mamma?" Dorothy asked. "A club what meets every week and—and you have ice-cream and candy and lots of good things to eat?"

"And go on straw rides?" Donald interrupted her.

"Oh, now I see!" exclaimed mamma, as she began to understand what the twins were talking about. "It's that kind of a club, is it? But aren't you pretty small to belong to a club? I didn't know that such little folks as—"

"Oh, but they do, mamma!" Dorothy broke in upon her. "They do. Annie Matthews belongs to one, and it's the T. N. S. Y. G. Club, and she isn't but two years older than me; and they meet every single Monday afternoon to sew and—and last week they had ice-cream."

"But what do the letters T. N. S. Y. G. stand for?" asked mamma.

"Oh, I don't know, mamma! Donald says it's Ten Naughty, Silly, Young Girls' Club, but I know better."

"An' Elwood Jones has got a club, too," argued Donald. "An' they meet every week, an' 'lect officers, an' Elwood's the pres'dent, an' they've got twenty-one cents in the treasurer, and they're going on a straw ride. Oh, hum!"

Now mamma thoroughly understood the situation. She could remember when she was a little girl and had worked samplers and patchwork, but there had been no ice-cream nor straw rides to make the work attractive.

"I'll tell you, children," she said, after a while. "You and I will have a club all by ourselves, and we'll call it the Change About Club."

Donald and Dorothy puckered up their eyebrows as they tried to think what kind of a club it could be.

"Can we have pins?" asked Donald.

"And ice-cream?" asked Dorothy.

"Perhaps, sometimes," said mamma. "But let me tell you what I mean. We'll call it the Change About Club, and then we can change the name of it every month.



This month we can call it the May Basket Club."

"Oh, goody!" said Dorothy, and "That's jolly!" added Donald. "And," he continued, "we can each wear a bunch of Mayflowers 'stead of a pin. Huh! I guess it'll be lots better than the T. N. S. Y. G. Club or the P. N. L. M. Club, or any other old club."

So that was how the Change About Club, or rather the May Basket Club, came to be organized. Mamma was elected president, Dorothy secretary, and Donald treasurer, though where the money was coming from nobody seemed to know, for they had decided not to have any dues. But, of course, they had to have a treasurer just the same.

The very next day the club had an opportunity to begin its work. It was Aunt Nellie's birthday, so they decided to make her a beautiful May basket, and then after dark to go and hang it on her door. The whole club decided to go, and papa thought that he ought to go, too, in case they should get lost, so there were four of them hiding in Aunt Nellie's yard that night soon after dark.

In the basket were two big oranges, a box of chocolate creams, some frosted cupcakes, and a big bouquet of Mayflowers, which the twins had found down by the brook. On top of them all was a dainty little card that said:

"With many birthday greetings  
To dear, good Aunty Nell.  
Of course, you'll know who sends them,  
So we're not going to tell.  
We wish you many birthdays,  
And happy may they be;  
With lots of love and wishes  
From the jolly M. B. C."

And Aunt Nellie and Uncle John came out and chased the members of the club until they succeeded in catching them, so of course they had to go in while the May basket was examined. Then Aunt Nellie treated them to popcorn and big red apples. It wasn't ice-cream, but it tasted almost as good.

So this was the beginning, but not the end, of the doings of the May Basket Club. All through the month Donald and Dorothy, with mamma's help, made pretty little May baskets, and then what fun they had hanging them!

One of the nicest of them went to old Mrs. Bascom, who was lame and couldn't walk a step. Among the many dainty things which it contained was a little card that said:

"Now please just confess  
That you never could guess  
Who would come here at night  
And, with knock soft and light,  
Leave this box, white and pink.  
Do you know? Can you think?"

And old Mrs. Bascom still wonders where the box came from and who made the dainty white shawl that it contained. And the May Basket Club tell no tales.

Little Helen Greene, who was very fond of pets, but had none, found a big basket on her front porch one night, and in it was the cutest little white kitten, with a blue ribbon around its neck. In one corner of the basket she found a tiny white card which said:

"My name is Fluff, and I've come here to stay;  
I just love to frolic and run 'round and play.  
If you've got any string or a new rubber ball,  
I'll show you some tricks that I like best of all."

And there was nothing on the card to tell who had sent it. Two letters, M. B., were written across one corner, but nobody knew what they meant.

"It's the nicest club I ever heard of," said Dorothy, on the last day of May, "and the best part of it is that nobody knows who we are."

"Nor what our letters stand for," added Donald. "And jus' think, Dorothy Stewart, tomorrow we're going to have a new name."

"And wear a new kind of pin," suggested mamma, "and do some more new things, too."

And the twins sang happily as they sat on the big couch in the corner:

"Do a kind deed today,  
Speak a kind word while you may;  
Just try a bit harder to make some one glad;  
Bring sunshine and love to those who are sad;  
No time's like the present, so do it today,  
You'll find in the end that it surely will pay."

So I can imagine that this is the motto of the Change About Club, or rather the M. B. C., for the month of May.—*The Beacon*.

"O what can little hands do  
To please the King of heaven?  
The little hands some work may try,  
To help the poor in misery;  
Such grace to mine be given."

## DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Eld. and Mrs. S. H. Babcock Celebrate Fifty Years of Married Life.

Several times in the past few years the good friends of Albion have been called to rejoice with certain of their number who have reached the golden mile-stone in their married life. Such an occasion took place on Tuesday afternoon, February 21, 1911, when about 100 friends gathered in the pleasant home of Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Babcock to help them celebrate their golden wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. Babcock were married at the home of the bride's father, Valentine McCormick, near Jackson Center, Ohio. For eleven years they pursued the calling of the farmer, and their home had been blessed with three children, when Mr. Babcock acknowledged the call of the Lord to the gospel ministry. The family then came to Albion, Wis., where he entered school and supplemented his early education by advanced studies. Thirty-six years in preaching, teaching, evangelistic and missionary labors, conducted in twelve States, have been spent in devoted and efficient service. Within the past year, Elder Babcock's failing health demanded that he take a much-needed rest. Leaving his pastorate at Little Genesee, N. Y., he and Mrs. Babcock returned to their home in Albion, where he has twice been the well-beloved pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church. Here among warm friends of former days they are passing the winter most happily.

On Tuesday of this week hearty congratulations greeted the happy pair. After social chat among the guests, Elder Babcock read a poem from friends of his recent parish, Little Genesee, which was accompanied by the gift of a golden eagle.

He then in well-chosen words reviewed briefly the fifty years which had passed since he and his bride first started on their way together. Some one requested a song, and Elder Babcock, who possesses a fine tenor voice, sang with great sweetness and expression the song, "I Live for Those Who Love Me."

The sons and daughters of the family then served the guests with a delicious luncheon. It was after this that Pastor Van Horn addressed the bride and groom of half a century, and paid a glowing tribute to their long and honorable life together. He said in part that these are degenerate days in which we are living, when the sacred ties of home and marriage are lightly broken and basely desecrated. He rejoiced to do honor to those who have maintained this home and holy relation unsullied through all the years, and set the valuable example of what God intended when he first ordained these institutions.

Beautiful and valuable gifts in gold and china and coin gave expression to the esteem in which Elder Babcock and his wife are held.

Of the five children of the family, all were present with their families, except Mrs. H. C. Van Horn of Brookfield, N. Y. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Humphrey of Edgerton, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Coon and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Babcock of Milton.—*Edgerton Reporter (Wis.)*.

Rev. S. R. Wheeler, according to a private letter to a friend, has had a severe illness which sent him to the hospital, where he endured a serious surgical operation. He went near to the river's brink, but has recovered sufficiently to again be at home and thank God that his life was preserved. Before Brother Wheeler had been home from the hospital long enough to get about or do anything, his wife met with a serious accident, breaking both bones in her right arm and unjointing the wrist. She is now doing well, and her arm is growing stronger. Brother Wheeler thinks he is on the way to permanent recovery. His friends will be glad to hear this.

Brother Wheeler writes: "Praise the good Lord, this affliction has brought a general spiritual uplift to us both. In the hospital God did give me such an assurance of a home in glory, that I look back upon that time with great satisfaction. Bless the Lord for a religion that sustains and comforts in the most trying times."



## SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 25, 1911.

### REVIEW.

*Golden Text*.—"Happy is the people whose God is the Lord." Psa. cxliv, 15.

### DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 1 Kings xii, 1—xiii, 6.  
Second-day, 2 Chron. xv, 1-15; xvii, 1-13.  
Third-day, 1 Kings xvi, 15—xvii, 24.  
Fourth-day, 1 Kings xviii, 1-46.  
Fifth-day, 1 Kings xix, 1-21; xxi, 1-29.  
Sixth-day, 1 Kings xx, 1-43.  
Sabbath-day, 2 Kings ii, 1-18; iv, 8-37.  
(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*.)

### NOTICE.

An opening for a carriage painter in a Seventh-day Baptist community. For particulars address S. V. Davis, Shiloh, N. J.

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

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 1043 Southern Boulevard.

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

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

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock, preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. L. A. Platts, pastor. The pastor's address is State and Chestnut Streets, Long Beach, Cal.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium), 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor, 216 W. Van Buren St.

### WANTED.

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

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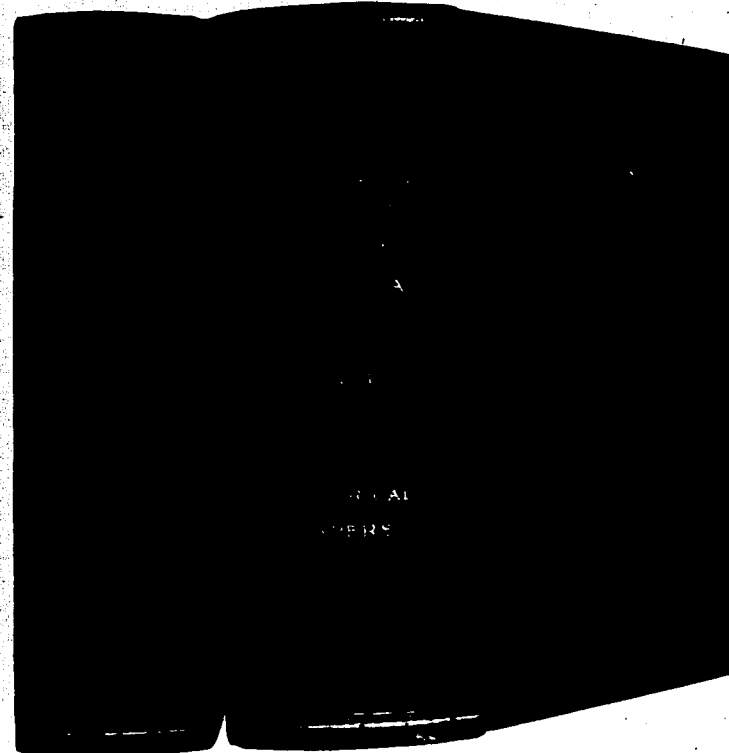
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I thank thee for the sunshine, Lord,  
That falls across my way;  
I thank thee for the shadows  
That sometimes veil the day.  
I thank thee for all sorrow,  
All discipline, all strife,  
For they have helped to mold me  
Into the best Christ-life.

I thank thee for the gift of love,  
For friendship warm and dear,  
And all the blessings thou hast sent  
To crown my way this year.  
May I give to those I meet  
A smile or words of cheer,  
Or sing a song of happiness  
To one who's lone and drear;

That when life's sun for me shall set  
Toward the western sea,  
And I am gathered home in peace  
To rest for aye with thee,  
Some lonely heart, some saddened life,  
May nearer heaven be,  
Because I tried to give that heart  
The love thou gavest me.

—Alice Phillips Aldrich

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