

The Sabbath Recorder



HERBERT L. COTTRELL.

—CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—Dangers of Blossom Days; The Bible in New York; Exaggerated Self-complacency; Fifty Years of Free Italy; Palestine Exploration "Find;" "The Lord Reigneth;" Summer Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association	609-611	Battle Creek Opportunities	624
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES	612	WOMAN'S WORK—Letter From China; Meeting of the Woman's Board	625-627
Ordination of Herbert L. Cottrell to the Gospel Ministry	613	Stealing Other People's Time	627
Biographical Sketch	614	Did You Ever Notice It?	628
SABBATH REFORM—God Has Made a Difference; The Martyred Adventist	616	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Japan and Korea; End or Means? News Notes	629-631
The Church and Local Option	617	CHILDREN'S PAGE—The Joke on Grandma (poetry); Jonas Hanway's Pluck	632
THOUGHTS FROM THE FIELD	618	"Living on the Border Line"	633
The Ruined House	618	Seventh-day Baptist Central Association	633
MISSIONS—From Attalla, Ala.; From Los Angeles; From Logan, Ala.; From Denmark	621	DENOMINATIONAL NEWS	634
		HOME NEWS	635
		Rev. Seth Inman Lee	66
		MARRIAGES	638
		DEATHS	638
		SABBATH SCHOOL	640

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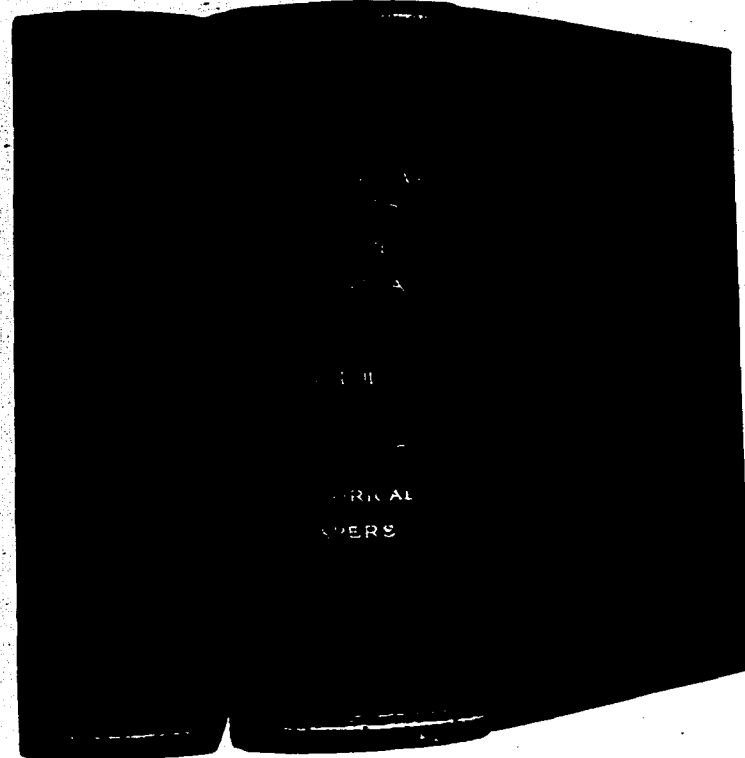
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EDITORIAL

Dangers of Blossom Days.

It always makes me sad to see a frost in blossom time. There is something, to me, almost human in the tender buds and delicate blossoms, after being wooed into life out of the grave of winter by the glowing sunshine and genial warmth of spring. My heart responds with joy to the messages they bring, so full of love and beauty. And whenever a belated blizzard sweeps the fields of earth in blossom days, with its wintry breath, I can not help feeling deep sympathy for the flowers. They seem almost conscious of the freezing night, even before it touches them.

Last week when that cold breath of winter blew upon us from the north, threatening all the buds and tender plants, I hastened out with an armful of covers to protect my transplanted flowers. Gladly would I have covered the white blossoms of the great cherry trees that looked in at my window if I could, they seemed so delicate and unprepared for frost. But this being impossible, I had to content myself with covering the flowers I had planted.

The next morning was clear and crisp, and I let the pansies and geraniums stay under cover until the sun was well up before exposing them to the cold. When I did remove the covers, it seemed as if the pansies looked up into my face and smiled, and I was glad to see how bright they were.

It pays to save our tender flowers from frost. And when I saw how easy it was to protect them, and thought how careful everybody is of his flowers, and how solicitous lest frosts shall nip their tender leaves, I could not help wishing that all people would be equally careful of childhood's flowers in their homes.

The little ones in life's springtime are beautiful; they are buds of richest promise; and yet they are all too near the frosts and chilling breath of sin. Why can not people be as careful of their children as they are of their flowers? Many are not so. They are solicitous enough over the blossoms when frosts are near; but during all the days of childhood's springtime, with the blighting influences of irreligious and evil companions threatening destruction, hundreds of parents seem unconcerned, and take no special pains to protect the little ones. Their children run the streets with bad company day and night, but this does not seem to arouse any anxieties. The saloon, a scourge that takes off thousands of the boys, is allowed to plant itself close by the homes, where its every influence is most baneful, but fathers do not seem to care. Instead of making the home a pleasant refuge for the boys, where they may be safe, this is too often so comfortless, and so lacking in loving care that boys prefer the club and the saloon.

The other day I saw a strong, robust father, who looked as though he might be of the better class, lead his little four-year-old boy into a saloon where rough men were talking and drinking, and after a few moments he came out wiping his mouth, still leading his boy by the hand. Some day that father will awake to find his child smitten by the frosts of sin, and as hopelessly ruined as roses would be by the chill of a wintry storm. I have seen a father pour out whiskey day after day and sweeten a "sling" for his own little boy, and laugh to see him drink it. That same father was real fussy over his gar-

den of flowers and plants whenever there were signs of frost; but he never seemed worried over the influence of his whiskey drinking, and the effects of such a habit upon his bright four-year-old boy!

Have you ever seen a mother hugging and caressing a dog, while her children were being cared for by a servant? There are thousands of children in cultured homes, surrounded by evil influences the moment they go upon the street, who are likely to perish for want of a mother's proper care. Many of these might be saved if their parents were as careful of them, in proportion to their worth, as they are of their dogs and their flowers.

The heart aches when we realize how many young lives are being bitten by the frosts of sin, while parents and guardians are apparently indifferent! It is sad to think how many homes know nothing but the chilling atmosphere of unbelief, which the children must breathe continuously, never knowing the gracious warmth of spiritual life and the protecting power of faith.

Fortunate indeed are the children who live in homes where fathers and mothers prize them enough to throw around them every safeguard against blighting evils, who protect them from every chilling frost that might steal upon them in their blossom days. There is some hope of good fruit in such homes.

The Bible in New York.

Just now much is being made of the Bible in New York City. Several great tercentenary meetings have been held, and great enthusiasm is manifested over the glorious work of the King James Version during three hundred years. Last week, at a great sale of ancient books, one copy of the Gutenberg Bible sold for \$50,000, and the newspapers are full of the particulars about several other Bible and manuscript sales which netted great sums of money.

These facts are being made much of to show the hold the Bible has upon the hearts of the people. They are indeed significant. But there are other movements in New York, along the lines of Bible work and Bible purchases, that are much more significant though not heralded

abroad as are the various tercentenary meetings and the purchases of ancient copies of the Book.

Last week, in one day, 6,500 immigrants landed at Ellis Island, seeking homes in America. These people were met by Christian colporteurs of the New York Bible Society, and given twenty-five-cent copies of the New Testament. The missionaries have free access to the immigrants who have passed the government examination and are waiting to be sent on to their destination. Many of these have had to wait for days before necessary arrangements could be made, and they are often homesick, and hungry for something in their native tongue to read. Those who know, say that these newcomers are eager for the Bible and read it with delight. Day after day the work of distribution goes forward and little is said about it; but no man can estimate the good to come from such work. Again, great pains are being taken to place the Bible in the hands of sailors. Letters received from captains, engineers and firemen, as well as from sailors themselves, show the missionaries how much these Bibles are appreciated. No class of people seems more glad to accept the Bible than these followers of the sea.

Ten thousand Bibles have recently been placed in the hotels and lodging-houses of New York, and effort is being made to extend that work. Over eighty institutions and homes for the poor, including many prisons, hospitals and workhouses, have also been supplied with Bibles.

Again, the American Bible Society, which also has its headquarters in New York, is spending many thousands of dollars in this kind of work. The two societies do not act as rivals in competition, but in a way to complement each other's work.

Exaggerated Self-complacency.

Now and then we find one so completely satisfied with himself that he seems to think everybody else is wrong. Setting up his own standard against the world, he fails to recognize the superior advantages others may have, by which they may be nearer right than he; and assuming that he knows it all, he takes no pains to investigate, sees only the narrow world about

himself, and though he may be the only one at fault, blames everybody else when things go wrong.

Nothing can make a man more ridiculous than the self-conceit which causes him to see faults in everybody else and at the same time to recognize none in himself.

I think it was Henry Ward Beecher who said that some men are like one in a band of music who plays the only horn that is out of tune, and then frowns upon all the others for making discord.

Again, some people can see nothing wrong in their own children, but view them with such admiring eyes that every shortcoming is lost sight of. Our children are too apt to look all right to us, while those of our neighbors appear ugly and ill-behaved. There is sometimes too great a tendency to assume the attitude of the fond Irish mother whose son had just become a raw recruit in the army. As the regiment marched by, the mother proudly turned to some bystanders and exclaimed: "Did you notice that every blessed man in the regiment was out of step save my own darling Patrick!"

It is well to have fond eyes for our own, and a proper conceit of ourselves, but he makes a great mistake who overestimates his own merits until those of others sink out of sight. And he makes just as great a mistake who allows himself to be blinded to the faults of his own children.

Fifty Years of Free Italy.

A few days ago Italy celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her freedom from the temporal power of the Pope. It was a great day in Rome when King and people together rejoiced over the advancements made in fifty years. Every form of the Christian religion is now allowed in Italy; and the Pope, a voluntary prisoner in the domain of the Vatican, has no power to hinder its promulgation. More and more complete is the separation of church and state; and the people of United Italy, with Rome still as their capital, stand for that peaceful coexistence of church and state which guarantees complete liberty in religion and civic development, and fosters higher ideals in lines of universal progress.

Palestine Exploration "Find."

The newspapers are just now commenting on the discovery of an ancient palace of Herod the Great on the plain of the lower Jordan, near Jericho. Professor Ernest Sellin, a celebrated Egyptologist, announces the discovery and claims that the foundations are in a complete state of preservation, so that the original plans of the palace can easily be traced.

"The Lord Reigneth!"

When "clouds and darkness are round about him;" when everything seems to go wrong, and the wicked appear to triumph; when the machinations of evil men prevail against the people of God, it is a blessed source of strength to know that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne," and therefore Jehovah shall triumph. No matter how dark the way may be, if one can say, "The Lord reigneth," he can stand every taunt of the enemy, and possess his soul in peace.

Summer Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association.

The National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America will hold nine conferences during the summer, an early spring conference having already been held in California. These conferences are chiefly for members of student, city, rural and industrial associations, but any young woman would be made welcome. The program includes Bible and mission study, technical councils on association work and inspirational platform addresses.

For detailed information address the Department of Conventions and Conferences, 125 East 27th Street, New York City.

The following are the dates and places of the Conferences:

- Southern General Conference, June 9 to 19, Asheville, North Carolina.
- Southwestern General Conference, June 13 to 23, Eureka Springs, Arkansas.
- Western General Conference, June 20 to 30, Cascade, Colorado.
- Northwest General Conference, June 23 to July 3, The Breakers, Washington.
- Eastern Student Conference, June 20 to 30, Silver Bay, New York.
- Eastern City Conference, July 1 to 10, Silver Bay, New York.
- East Central Student Conference, Aug. 22 to Sept. 1, Granville, Ohio.
- Central City Conference, Aug. 15 to 25, Geneva, Wisconsin.
- Central Student Conference, Aug. 26 to Sept. 4, Geneva, Wisconsin.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Affairs in Mexico.

When the armistice between the rebels and federals in Mexico was agreed upon, everybody was hopeful that peace would be restored as a result. Then when formal peace negotiations were actually begun, it seemed all but certain that the war was practically ended. Both the leaders expressed themselves as confident that satisfactory arrangements would be made.

Madero's first demand was that both the President of Mexico and the president of the provisional government—Madero—resign, and Senor de la Barra, minister of foreign affairs, hold the reins of government until a general election could be held. There were other demands, such as a free general franchise for all parts of the republic in all elections, anti-reelection laws to prevent high officials from succeeding themselves, reforms in the judiciary, and general amnesty for those rebels who should cease all opposition to the government.

Most of the reforms asked were likely to be embodied in the agreement of the peace conference, and President Diaz had published his determination to resign as soon as convinced that peace was really restored. His paper announcing this purpose, pledging his resignation, is a masterly document, filled with an admirable spirit of patriotism. He feels that at his age he would rather retire from public life with all its perplexities and burdens; but his conscience will not allow him to desert his post and leave his country in a state of anarchy. Before he resigns, he must be assured that peace is restored, so the country, when left without its head, shall not be plunged into anarchy. So long as it seems necessary for his country's good, he proposes to stand firm as its President; but in the spirit of unselfish patriotism, he will step aside the moment he can conscientiously do so. Even the rebel leader pronounces the offer of Diaz as evidence of "the highest kind of patriotism."

President Taft was greatly encouraged

over the prospects, and the announcement of President Diaz had a most salutary effect upon the Mexican people.

Unfortunately, before the negotiations were completed, a serious insubordination broke out among the rebel troops of General Madero; and while their leader remonstrated and refused to allow a general attack, an assault was made upon the city of Juarez, resulting in an all-day fight and the killing of five people on United States soil. General Madero seems heart-broken over the affair, and he did what he could to prevent the fight, in view of the armistice and negotiations for peace then in progress. Just who is to blame for the unfortunate affair is not known as yet, and what the effect will be upon the peace movement is now uncertain.

Compulsory Insurance.

David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has introduced a bill in the English Parliament, looking toward the insurance of laboring men and women in cases of sickness, and of idleness caused by being incapacitated for work. Idleness from strikes and lockouts, however, is not provided for in this bill. The measure is designed to protect 14,700,000 men and women, and if carried will call for an expenditure of \$35,000,000 the first year.

Every worker between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, whose wages fall below \$800 will be compelled to insure against illness so as to assure him a weekly income of \$1.25 during any incapacity for work. About one half of this fund is to come from the wages of the worker, and the balance must be paid jointly by the employer and the state. Provision is also made for mothers in childbirth to receive \$7.50 if they remain away from the work one month.

Imitating the Boston Tea Party.

The failure of the government to respond to the appeals of Alaskans for the opening of the Alaska coal-fields has aroused great indignation on the part of the people in Alaska. The feeling reached a climax when three hundred business men formed a mob, and headed by the president of the Chamber of Commerce, marched to the docks of the Alaska Steamship Company in Cordova, armed with shovels, and

pitched several hundred tons of British Columbia coal overboard into the sea. They are bound to secure the opening of their own coal-fields and are resorting to the methods of the old Boston Tea Party.

Bribery is Charged.

The unearthing of bribery in Ohio seems to be the order of the day. This time it is not the private voter who is in the toils, but the public official. Fifteen bribery indictments have been found against legislators in that State, including three senators and two representatives.

Three Burns detectives were arrested, charged with bribery, and when taken into custody it was discovered that they had been employed on purpose to entrap members of the Legislature who were suspected of accepting bribes. They did their work well.

Congress has opened the way for a thorough investigation of the methods of four great trusts: the United States Steel Corporation, the American Sugar Refining Company, the American Woolen Company, and the United Shoe Machinery Company.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has also determined to get at the facts regarding the enormous profits of the express companies, in response to the merchants' associations and commercial bodies of the country.

The longest line of long-distance telephone in the world was perfected last week between New York and Denver, Colo., a distance of 2,011 miles. Over this wire the human voice in Denver was distinctly heard in New York, and now the line is open for the public. The line to Omaha, Neb., 1,229 miles, has been in use several years, and the additional distance has been spanned after more than a year of persistent experiments with the "loaded phantom" circuits. Eight telegraph and three telephone operators can use the line at the same time at each end, thus making sixteen telegraphers and six telephone operators sending messages at once.

It took 1,520 tons of wire and 87,000 poles to establish the line. The telephone engineers are now confident that another 1,000 miles can be added within a year.

In the New York State Legislature a bill has passed the House making it unlawful to employ minors or women in factories for more than fifty-four hours in any given week. This makes nine hours a day about one hour too much.

If the bill now pending in the New York Legislature, called the Boylan Bill, passes, it will be unlawful in that State to sell a hypodermic syringe unless the purchaser has a written order from a licensed physician. Each such sale must be registered.

Ordination of Herbert L. Cottrell to the Gospel Ministry.

The council for the ordination of Brother Herbert L. Cottrell to the gospel ministry was called by the Friendship Church. At the request of the church, the Ordination Committee of the Western Association arranged for his examination and ordination, Sunday morning and afternoon, March 26, in connection with the semi-annual meeting of the churches of the Western Association, which was held at Nile.

The council was called to order by Rev. Walter L. Greene, chairman of the Ordination Committee, and was organized by his election as chairman, and R. R. Thorngate as secretary. The council consisted of delegates from the following sister churches: First Alfred, Independence, First Genesee, Richburg, Second Alfred, Hartsville, Andover, Hornell, First Hebron, Hebron Center, Wellsville.

Upon completion of organization of the council, the candidate, being present, presented by request of the council a carefully written paper which he had prepared, setting forth in a clear, concise and satisfactory manner the facts of his call to the gospel ministry, his Christian beliefs, and his attitude toward our denominational policies. Following a short interval, which was given that the members of the council might ask questions on any points that had not been made clear, and after several personal testimonies had been given, testifying to the candidate's fitness for the gospel ministry, the council voted that the statement of the candidate be accepted as adequate, and that the council proceed with the ordination of the candidate.

Voted that, after ordination, the chairman and secretary of the council be instructed to recommend Brother Cottrell to the General Conference for recognition as a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel for the denomination.

The ordination service occurred at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and was opened by singing by the congregation. The Scripture lesson was read by Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell from 2 Timothy ii and iii, and Corinthians i. Prayer was offered by Rev. Wayland D. Wilcox, after which an anthem was sung by the choir. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell, father of the candidate, who used as his theme, "The High Calling of the Christian Minister." It was based upon Matthew xxviii, 19, John xiii, 15, and 1 Peter ii, 21. Brother Cottrell presented a high ideal for the Christian minister, and his sermon throughout was marked by great tenderness of feeling, due no doubt in no small degree to his significant relation to the candidate. Following the sermon a double male quartet sang, "Just as I am, without one plea."

The charge to the candidate was given by Dean Main, who said that there are at least seven things for which the Christian minister should strive. (1) He should make an effort to be truly Christian. (2) He ought to be a man. (3) He ought to be a teaching and preaching minister. (4) He ought to study to rightly set forth the word of life. (5) He ought to be human in interest and sympathy. (6) He should be a missionary minister. (7) He should be far-sighted.

The charge to the church was given by Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, and was based upon 2 Corinthians vi, 11-13. His charge was both touching and helpful. He set forth in a very effective way the close relation that should exist between pastor and people, and that while the people have a right to expect much from their pastor, the pastor can not do everything alone, but needs help and encouragement as well as people. A praying people makes a strong pastor.

The consecrating prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, D. D., while the elders present, some eleven in number, joined in the laying on of hands.

Fitting and sincere words of welcome on behalf of the ministry were spoken by Rev. A. G. Crofoot, after which the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell.

Following the regular ordination program, the congregation was invited to come forward and shake hands with Pastor and Mrs. Cottrell, and nearly the whole congregation availed themselves of this opportunity to express their good will, and bid them Godspeed in their life-work.

WALTER L. GREENE,
Chairman.
R. R. THORNGATE,
Secretary.

Biographical Sketch.

Rev. Herbert Lewis Cottrell was born in the "Gothic" building, at Alfred, N. Y. He is the son of Rev. Ira Lee and Angelia (Dye) Cottrell. His ancestors on his father's side run back into the Saunders, Babcock, Main, Clarke, and Samuel and Tacy Hubbard families, and on his mother's side into the Dye, Crandall, Maxson and Burdick families, most of them from Rhode Island originally.

When Herbert was about two years old, his parents moved to Independence, N. Y., where his father was pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church. After a little more than three years at Independence, he also went with them to Ashaway, R. I.; again, after seven years, to Shiloh, N. J.

Herbert's physical health, in early childhood, not being rugged, he was not sent to school until he was older than most children when they enter, and was not then crowded in his school work. He commenced school at Ashaway, and attended the public school at Shiloh. Being much alone, his natural taste led him to take up music and he became attached to the organ and piano. Finally he acquired a quiet perseverance in his efforts that later made him a thorough, hard-working student.

Having completed the course of the public school at Shiloh, he entered the South Jersey Institute at Bridgeton and was graduated from that institution in the summer of 1898.

In May, 1897, more than a year before he finished school at South Jersey Institute, he suffered a great loss in the sud-

den death of his mother with pneumonia. He was then past eighteen years of age and they were becoming more and more wrapped up in each other as, he being at home most of the time, they enjoyed singing and playing together and were much company for each other.

He commenced school at Alfred in 1898 and finished his college course in 1902. After spending the vacation with Mr. Lyon, surveying in Pennsylvania, the following year he was principal of the school at Little Genesee, while the next school year he taught in Atwood, Ill.

Before the close of the school the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church of Brookfield engaged him to supply their pulpit for the summer vacation of 1904. This seemed like a providential settling for him of his professional life. He had been supplying them but a short time when the church was so well pleased that they wished to extend his engagement for a year, and he continued to serve them for more than two years, until he came to Alfred to pursue his theological studies in the Seminary. These he completed in 1910. During these four years he supplied the pulpits of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Wellsville and Scio, weekly, until the close of the last school year, and then accepted a call to supply, for the summer vacation, the Shiloh (N. J.) Church, where he had spent a good share of his boyhood. Before leaving Shiloh he was called to become pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Nile and commenced his services there about the first of October, 1910.

In each of the five churches mentioned above he has labored very acceptably for a longer or shorter time, in all nearly seven years. While preaching in Wellsville an acquaintance was formed with Miss Margaret L. Stone. In time this acquaintance ripened into a happy matrimonial union, which was consummated in Wellsville, October 18, 1910, at the home of her brother, Mr. E. E. Stone, Rev. I. L. Cottrell officiating. Soon after a short wedding trip they took possession of the parsonage, where the new couple have been "stealing the hearts of the people" young and old.

Not coming under much outside influence in childhood, his religious development un-

der home influences was early and normal, and in the winter of 1890-91, with some others at Shiloh, he publicly confessed Christ, was baptized by his father and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of that place. While serving his first pastorate at Brookfield, the church desired to call a council to examine and ordain him to the gospel ministry, but he decided it would be better to wait until he had completed his theological course. Accordingly, when this was done, when he was located as pastor of the church at Nile, had taken unto himself "a pastor's pastor," as a pastor's wife has been aptly called, and his church extended to him a call to ordination, he saw no good reason why he should not comply with the request, as he expects to spend his life preaching the blessed Gospel of our Lord, and was ordained, as the clerk of the council states in the report accompanying this sketch.

It may be noted that the beloved and lamented Mrs. A. H. Lewis, wife of the late honored and beloved Dr. A. H. Lewis, who was living in their home in Alfred at the time of Herbert Cottrell's birth, said to his mother, "I can not give him my name, as he is a boy, but I will name him Herbert Lewis, after my husband."

When Doctor Lewis attended the annual meeting of the Central Association, in 1904, at Brookfield, while Herbert Cottrell was pastor of the church, he preached Sabbath morning and spoke very beautifully and tenderly of the joy it gave him to welcome his namesake, Herbert Lewis Cottrell, into the gospel ministry, and congratulated the church in their choice of him as their pastor.

The subject of this sketch was born in a minister's family living in the Gothic building, but years later this building became the home of the Alfred Theological Seminary, and he completed his seminary course in the same building where he had been born; and he took his A. B. and B. D. degrees in the same college and seminary where his father had received like degrees.

Herbert (counting only entire years) was ordained when he was thirty-two years old. His father was ordained thirty-two years before, when he was also thirty-two years of age.

SABBATH REFORM

God Has Made a Difference.

Rev. Dr. Lyman is quoted as saying, "I want something better for America than the Sunday of Continental Europe." Why not take "the Sabbath of the Lord thy God"? Next to Christ himself, it is God's best and most blessed gift to the human race. It was blessed and hallowed by the Lord when given to the world. That blessing and that sanctification were never repealed by the One who only could have the right to repeal them. The institution itself was never set aside by the command of the One who only could have the right and power to make such a change. One of the purposes of its establishment was to keep always in men's minds the memory and the love of the Maker of the "heaven and the earth." God pronounced a blessing upon those who would remember to keep it. Christ kept it. He neither changed it nor intimated that he ever intended to change it. His disciples kept it. There is no record, sacred or profane, that they ever ceased to keep it, or that they ever kept any other day. No statement of the New Testament can, by any fair or impartial interpretation, be made to teach that they kept any other day as a Sabbath, or sought to teach others to do so.

We are free to admit that the world needs something better as a Sabbath than the "Continental Sunday." And we know there is something better. It is the Sabbath of Jehovah, given in Eden; given with his seal; protected by him through all the ages; still in force as when he spoke the law concerning it; never to be repealed. "Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil" (Isa. lvi, 2).

This is God's own promise to the man that honors his hallowed Sabbath day. The one who does it God will cause to "ride upon the high places of the earth," and to be fed "with the heritage of Jacob" (Isa. lviii, 14). That is better than anything which can be provided in the "Continental

Sunday" or the "American Sunday," or any other kind of a pseudo-sabbath. Man is not a source of divine blessing; so no sabbath that he can institute can carry a divine blessing with it.

The speaker above referred to declares that "there is no distinction in the days," and proposes to have the Sunday preserved, "one half for religious culture, and the other half for real rest and recuperation." Now that is a man-made arrangement, pure and simple. There is no blessing pronounced upon it by him who alone can bless humanity with spiritual blessing. No one who has the right and power to hallow a day or a sabbath has hallowed that one. As no divine blessing has been put into it by the One who alone has authority and power to do it, it can carry no divine blessing.

More than that, it is distinct defiance to the Author of the true Sabbath; for the would-be founder of this half-and-half, Sunday sabbath has declared that there is no difference in the days. To him and to many others it makes no difference in the days for God himself to declare one blessed and hallowed, and command it to be kept.

But God has put a difference between the days of the week; and in the body of the law which he wrote "with his own finger," he has declared that difference. He is the same unchangeable God, "yesterday, and today, and forever." "I am the Lord, I change not" (Mal. iii, 6). The difference is still there; the blessing is still there; and he who honors God in the keeping of his holy day will receive and know that blessing, and he will have something better than the "Continental Sunday." Then, why not take him at his word, honor the day which he appointed for the Sabbath,—the only one he ever did appoint,—and get the blessing he has in it for us? Let us be loyal to the great King now, if we expect to dwell forever under his government by and by.—C. M. S., in *Advent Review and Herald*.

The Martyred Adventist.

Public opinion throughout Germany has been not a little touched by the case of the common soldier, Paul Naumann, who has just been condemned by the imperial military court martial to a sentence which is practically imprisonment for the rest of his

natural life. Naumann is a member of the sect of Adventists, a body which holds fast to the sanctification of Saturday instead of Sunday. He is a strong young man, clean of limb, intelligent, well read, especially in the Scriptures. Before he was called to join the army he had joined the Adventists, and held tenaciously to their peculiar doctrine. Four years ago he was forced into the army, and had he been an ordinary person without "views" he would have been liberated from military service after two years.

On the first Friday evening of his service he declined to do any more work or to fulfil any duty asked from him. He was at once arrested and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. During his imprisonment he made himself further obnoxious by declining certain duties in gaol demanded on his Sabbath. From then until now the man's life has been made a torture to him. No sooner was one term of punishment over than another began, and practically the entire term of his military career has been spent in gaol. His case has been before the courts martial on several occasions. Generals of high rank have endeavored to change the man's views, have argued with him from the Bible, but to no purpose. Finally, his case came before the Imperial Court, and Naumann has been sent to prison to spend the rest of his natural life there. Even if he abjures his faith his accumulated sentences amount to twenty-five years.—*Berlin Correspondent, in Christian World, London.*

The Church and Local Option.

REV. H. D. CLARKE.

The SABBATH RECORDER recently gave this quotation from Woolley: "When the church gets as much in earnest in serving Jesus Christ as the liquor sellers do serving the god of greed, your State will get local option." I most sincerely hope the quotation does not carry with it the endorsement of the RECORDER. Careful study of this question in the light of principle and history will convince the sincere temperance reformer that local option is a compromise with evil and a most dangerous fallacy. When the church gets as much interested in this question as above

indicated, it will not want, nor accept, any kind of local option. It will get what it wants and that is straight ten-commandment prohibition. God is no local optionist.

A few years ago many of our good Seventh-day Baptists were insistent that high license was the great cure-all for the liquor evil, or at least a stepping-stone to reform, but today every one *knows* that it was vicious in principle and under it the drink traffic has taken leaps and bounds and become more firmly than ever entrenched in politics. The people are constantly being fooled by these substitute measures. It is now known that when a State is "in danger of prohibition" the liquor forces advocate and promise local and county option, and when the church has been caught in this net of compromise, and prohibition defeated, the powers that be have nullified all effort to check their soul and nation destroying traffic. If one-half the money and energy that Christian people have expended in local option fights had been for straight-out annihilation of the traffic, we doubtless would have had national prohibition ere this.

I appeal to the church to cease shambling along with these compromise and half-way measures. They have for years been entirely ineffective in staying the growth of the traffic. These methods are weak, unstable and uncertain in the character of their work. I appeal to Seventh-day Baptists to cut loose entirely from optional methods, seesaw methods. No law is righteous that gives permission to vote an evil upon the community. The only attitude of any *Christian* voter is an uncompromising one with any and all evil. Local option can not be, from its very principle, such an attitude.

Give no more money and no more energy and no more votes for these compromise measures. They are wrong in principle and wrong in final results. I challenge successful contradiction of this statement.

"When sickness and death have a tug-of-war, liquor takes the graveyard end of the rope."

"For the drinker there is no room at the top."

THOUGHTS FROM THE FIELD

A brother in Texas writes: "There are no Seventh-day Baptists in this county that I know of, neither does any one keep the real Sabbath day; but for more than two years my wife and I have been trying to keep it as the Bible teaches. While we belong to the Missionary Baptists here, it is with the understanding that we keep only the Seventh-day as the Sabbath. I was taught as a child that Sunday is the Seventh-day, but it was always plain to me from the Bible that the Seventh-day is the Sabbath. Thanks be to God! we were led to study the matter from all sides, from both the First-day and Seventh-day writers, and found without a shadow of doubt that Sunday was not the seventh day of the week and we immediately began keeping the true Sabbath."

An aged minister writes: "I appreciate and realize the force of your writings about ministers who have been obliged to retire with but little to live on. It does seem hard, after a lifetime of hard work with closest economy, that wife and I should have to work so hard and economize so closely in order to get along."

"As I review my life-work I am comforted with the thought that I have at least stood up so as to be counted in the grand army of Christian workers, although I feel humbled to think that my work has not been more effective. Praise God for the blessed assurance in these days that heaven is to be my home at last."

This good brother and his wife are faithfully working to keep the wolf from the door, while the twilight of life gathers and they wait the Master's call to go home.

The Ruined House.

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK.

The shadows begin to lengthen across the valley. The refreshing breeze has died away, and hardly a leaf is stirring. We can hear the tinkling of the cow-bell as, wending through the woodland paths, the herd comes homeward bound. The sound of music is in the air. The whir of insect

wings, the hum of the bees about the goldenrod, the scolding of the brown thrush above her nest in the brush heap mingle sweetly. The chipmunk on the wall is chattering to his mate, and from the distance up the valley comes the baying of the hound following the rabbit trail. It has been a warm day, but at this late season, as the sun sinks behind the western hills, the air grows cooler, making it just the time for a quiet walk.

There is the ruined house which calls me. It seems to say, "Now is the time to see me. When shadows fall, and woods grow dark, and mists begin to rise from the creek, I look the best. Ruins should be visited amid darkening gloom and twilight shades." And that is true. When dust begins to cloak the earth, then is the time when fancies and dreams come. Then troop forth men and women unknown at other times—ghosts, if you please; shades of what may have been. We build our castles then, and get acquainted with many a one, the true and the false, the ugly and the beautiful, the rich and the poor, as we find them in real life, only here we can make them think and do just as we would like to have them. In actual life they will do as they please, act as they wish, be good or bad according to their own desire. Here our desires are supreme. Let us go down the hill and look the old house over.

The woods are lovely this afternoon. There are the forecasts of the varied hues that later will be taken on in greater brilliancy. Tinges of red begin to show on sumac, and the soft maples of the bottomlands. Up in the birches yellow gleams are here and there telling what is to come. Once in a while a stray leaf, loosened by some mishap, falls at our feet. By the side of the path the blueberry bushes show dried fruit which escaped the children's busy fingers, and the hungry birds. We go slowly today for we like to look on all these things. And so dreaming our dreams we pass down the hill, by the smoking coal-pit, across the old bridge and out under the ledges where we follow the brink of the little stream, which further down becomes the Ashawaug River, until we come upon the domain of the old house.

I call it a pretty situation. Surely rest

and quiet may be found here. It is a long way from any traveled road; no other house within half a mile at least. It is near enough the little stream to catch the murmur of the water among the rocks where it dashes with many a fall. On east and west rise the boulder-strewn hills. They are hills, too. No make-believe about them. Heavy timber covers them for the most part; but in places it has been cleared of the larger trees and is now known as sprout land, a regular jungle.

The house itself was built on a little knoll rising out of the level space of the narrow vale. There is cleared land for a distance around. An orchard of apple trees is spread on every side, and a sparkling spring of very cold water is a few rods to the rear, which sends down a tiny rill to join the larger stream. The grass is dark green on this knoll, for it is moist even in the driest season.

The house could not have been very handsome. It was far from being a mansion. The siding was unplanned, the timbers were clumsy and rough-hewn, and the shingles were home-shaven. The whole has fallen to a heap which makes one think of the body of a man from which the life has gone. Quite a portion of it has crumbled to dust. A part of an old stairway is left, and of this there remains a portion of the first-floor landing, clinging about the remnant of the old chimney which stands with head lifted above the ruins like a monument over the dead. The yard about is a tangle of vines and bushes with here and there a few stunted lilacs among them. If the place had been trimmed and well kept, it might have been a beauty spot on the earth. I sit down on the old landing and wonder why it was deserted. What is the reason for such a sad ruin? Who lived here in the old days? Ah, old house, what stories you could tell if only these crumbling walls could speak; and what secrets could you not reveal if everything said and done within you should be made known. Do you know I have often wondered if this would not be true, and that the Almighty should lay hold of the dust and ashes of a house and make plain all that had happened within it? That he would take it in his hands and throw it in the air, and have it spread itself

in moving pictures of everything it knew? There surely would be some awful things shown, as well as some delightful ones, if that should be.

I lie down on the landing and close my eyes. What is it I hear? Ax and adz are ringing, and saw and hammer join in the music they are making. Down fall the great trees with thundering report. Hew them straight. Make the chips fly as you strike for the line. Load the long logs on the sleds and drag them to the mill where the saw can rip them into boards. Raise up the frame and clothe it with roof and sides. Pin it strongly and drive the nails to the head. Let everything be done well. Here is to be a home, and a home is the most wonderful thing in the world. It is not needful that there should be frescoed walls and ceilings, or rich tapestries, or velvet rugs. Some of the worst homes the world has ever seen have been carved and gilded, and hung with silk, but after all were nothing but dust. They have lacked the best furniture of all, without which there can be no true home, and that is, love. With that, all else may be ugly and uncouth, and poverty may be there, and hard labor and disappointment, or even sorrow; it will still be, "Home, Sweet Home." Was it such my old house sheltered? Was it a nest lined with contentment and virtue? Let us hope so.

What is it I hear? That is the patter of little feet upon the floor, the echo of little voices in the room below, the tapping of playthings in little hands. This is no home where there is fear that the children will injure things. No place that is called home has a right to the name unless children have sanctified it. I pity the house in which children have never lived. Dreary and cold must it be if it has never resounded to their voices. Little hope can it have of the future if it has never sheltered their forms, nor heard their fanciful talk, their make-believes or their mellow music: yes, and if you say so, the sad things in which they imitate their elders; their crying for things they can not have, their quarreling even. It is better with these things than not to have them at all. A house that never has been marred by naughty hands or had its casings written over with naughty pencils has hardly been

a real home after all. It has been too stiff and conventional and prim for a home. It may have been an elegant place of habitation, but it could not have had the real comfort such as childhood brings.

The years have passed and it is a gay time in my old house tonight. People have gathered from all that section to the little home in the valley. It is a very gay company, and the talk is incessant and the laughter is loud. In one corner of the room a bank of flowers has been built up; apple blossoms and ferns. In one of the rooms upstairs there are a few flushed and nervous people who seem to be waiting for some signal to be given. Soon there is a hush, then down the stairs slowly, with rustling garments, they come, out through the crowded rooms to the place where the ferns glow with the pink and white of the blossoms. Now a few solemn words are spoken, a prayer is offered, and two lives started on either a happy or a sorrowful way. A new home is to be made, and many a heartfelt kiss and wish are given in the hope that these lives shall be happy ones. Thus out from the home goes a part of its light and joy; out for a life in another home which these shall make, that will be full of joy or sorrow as the choice consummated here is either true or false. So the children go off to far countries and into distant States to test the world for themselves. I wonder if they all went out this way and left the old folks to live and die here in loneliness. Perhaps they did; perhaps soon another company gathered in these rooms, yet composed largely of the same people. With sad faces and tearful eyes they have come to look for the last time upon a form they have loved. There are flowers now as at that other time, just as many and as beautiful as before, but there is now a change somehow. There is a stifling sensation in the odor they give. Did you never notice that the perfume of the flowers is the same at a funeral as at a wedding? In one case it depresses and in the other it makes light-hearted. In one place it brings tears and in the other laughter.

Maybe there was no funeral in the old house, but the folks just moved out. Maybe the inmates were filled with the lust for village or city life and left the farm to a

tangle of briars and shrubs, and the house to decay, while they made themselves a new place of abode. They may have gone where the smoke of the factories obscures the blue of the sky, and where the rumble of wheels and the hiss of engines take the place of the songs of the birds and the calling of the cattle. Any way, here the house has been left to rot. It can not tell its own story, but we may suppose that it is like that of many another round about; for New England has a multitude of deserted houses.

The house in its decay and desolation, its barren beauty, is like this house of clay in which we dwell while on the earth. We go out of it and it is left a ruin. Over it a granite slab is placed to tell by what name it was called. That stone stands with head lifted above the little mound of earth as stands the old chimney over this pile of ruins. We go out to another country. The desire for another land drives us. Another house more beautiful than this is to be ours, one that does not decay or grow old. This may rot, sides, roof and all, until but a handful of dust remains. But, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The shadows have deepened, the woods have grown dark, the katydids have begun their rasping song, and the night wind breathes softly in the tops of the trees, all reminding us that it is time to stop our dreaming and seek the camp on the hill.

Though for ordinary cleansing of marble, soap, water and a soft cloth are usually sufficient, stains require more vigorous treatment. A mixture of two parts of soda, one of pumice stone and one of finely powdered chalk sifted together through a fine sieve, and made into a paste with water, will be found effective. Application should be followed with soap and water. For black marble gum arabic dissolved in water until of a consistency a little thicker than cream, has been suggested. Paint with this and let harden. When dry rub off, and the dirt will come with it.—*The Continent.*

MISSIONS

From Attalla, Ala.

[We have just received, from Secretary Saunders, copies of the following letters.—Ed.]

Secretary Saunders,

DEAR BROTHER:—I have just returned from Cullman, where I went to see the brethren. I reached Hanceville last Friday afternoon and found Rev. W. H. Edwards waiting to carry me to his home, eight miles away. We reached his house about nine o'clock at night. Brother Edwards has five children.

Sabbath day was a rainy day, but about twenty people came to church. We had a good meeting and the night following we had a better attendance and a better meeting. Sunday was a fair day; we had a full house and a good revival. There were many tears shed and many testimonies given.

I am greatly encouraged over the interest there. All the Sabbath-keeping families own their own homes. There are seven families who keep the Sabbath. Besides these, one lady keeps the Sabbath but her husband does not. Those who live near Sunshine are as follows: Rev. W. H. Edwards, J. M. Sandlin, A. A. Granthum, E. Baker, H. D. Swan and E. Duckett, all of Hanceville, Ala., Route 4, and J. A. Wooten of Warrior, Ala., Route 2. Brother Wooten lives about twenty miles south of Sunshine. . . . I met Brother Leath here. He will try to locate there somewhere. Brother Edwards came to the Sabbath by reading a tract and the Bible, and others followed. He then got Brother Leath to go and preach for them and help get them into the church. Brother Wooten united with our church last Sabbath. There are three or four Sabbath-keepers who have not yet united with the church. I wish the Southwestern Association could go there next time. A Mr. Downing was with us on Sabbath and Sunday. I think he will come to our people soon. I hope they will be faithful. There is another family up near Brother Bottoms' home.

Including Brother Bottoms and Brother

Hyatt we have about eleven families in Cullman County. They want me to return next summer and assist in holding meetings. . . . My necessary traveling expenses were about \$5.00. Please pray for us.

Yours in Christ,

R. S. WILSON.

April 11, 1911.

From Los Angeles.

DEAR BRETHREN OF THE MISSIONARY BOARD:

As you may remember, the burden of my last report was the church building which seemed to be so near to our hands. In various ways you have been advised that its possession is practically an accomplished fact. The Memorial Board generously met our request for one half of the price. Of the remainder we have paid \$700.00 and have \$400.00 to pay May 1 and \$400.00 July 1. For the first of these latter payments I have on hand and in good pledges about one half of the requisite amount; for the balance of this and the whole of the final payment, I may have to make some temporary loan; but I am sure there will be no difficulty in doing this, and there are some pledges not yet definite as to amounts to pay this obligation. Some of you may hear more particularly about this when I shall have come to something a little more definite about these tentative pledges. We have held the house under contract since about the middle of January, and have occupied it since the same time. To say that we are delighted with it is to put it very mildly. I hope to make complete report on this matter in my next quarterly statement.

As you know, the work of this quarter began with the part I had at the annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Association at Riverside. Since that time my work has been confined to Los Angeles, city and country, and two or three trips to Santa Ana, near which we have one member, with several Seventh-day Baptist families, or parts of families; and some others looking our way. The quarter has been an unfavorable one for Sabbath work for two reasons: first, there have been an unusual number of stormy Sabbaths—almost unprecedented storms some of them have been, Californians say; and second, there

has been considerable sickness this winter, so that our average attendance has been a little less than fifteen, the smallest being three, the largest twenty-three. . . . I have attended every service throughout the quarter. I have also made forty-two calls and visits, written eighty letters and cards, distributed about eight hundred pages of tracts and furnished a few SABBATH RECORDERS to interested parties.

We have received two new members to the church: Mr. Theophilus A. Gill, by letter from New York, and his wife, formerly a Presbyterian, whom I baptized last November.

Our faces are toward the new quarter with renewed hope and courage. Mrs. Platts, as secretary of the Pacific Coast Association, is finding much in the work to interest and add to the strength of our cause on the coast. The organization of this Coast Association is, I think, very satisfactorily defining the relation of the two churches to the entire work of the coast.

The Los Angeles Church is meeting promptly all its financial obligations to the pastor, and for running expenses, and will, I am sure, meet the required amount of \$1.00 a member to the societies.

Praying that you may be divinely guided and helped in all your difficult and important work, and that we may all find our supreme joy in knowing and doing our Father's will, I am as ever,

Yours,

L. A. PLATTS.

March 31, 1911.

From Logan, Ala.

DEAR BROTHER SAUNDERS:

Your letter was awaiting me on my return from Sunshine to Brother Bottoms' home. . . . I thank the board for renewing my appropriation. I requested it to be discontinued for six months that I might save the board \$150 and make a little money by teaching, with which to publish more Sabbath literature. I am again on the field arranging my appointments. I have purchased a horse and buggy in order to cover this field. I have invitations from seven different localities outside my regular appointments at Sunshine and Walkers for holding services. In order to fill these appointments I shall have to

preach nights during the week. Brother R. S. Wilson has recently made us a visit at Sunshine. When he saw the number of Sabbath-keepers, their spirituality and zeal and the size of our congregations, he was evidently surprised. . . . We have twelve Sabbath-keepers within one and one-half miles of the schoolhouse where we hold our meetings. They are all Sabbath converts since I came here last summer. At our services last Sunday night a member was received into our church who is a recent Sabbath convert. Our Cullman County Church now numbers nineteen members. There are eight more Sabbath-keepers whom we expect soon to join us.

We shall expect you at the association; Brother Wilson thinks we can have it. It is about seven miles from the railroad station. I want to do the best work of my life and more of it. I send you my little pamphlet complimentary, "Letters to Preachers." I am feeling well and young, as I think the inclosed postal-card picture will attest. God bless you and the work.

Yours in Jesus,

D. W. LEATH.

April 11, 1911.

From Denmark.

[Rev. F. J. Bakker of Asaa, Denmark, writes the following in connection with his quarterly report.—E. B. S.]

The winter has been a very mild one. While there has been much sickness, our people, including my wife, daughter and self, have usually remained well. With the exceptions of two stormy Sabbath days I have been able to keep all my appointments.

We are very grateful to God. We watch constantly for an interest that will bring God's Sabbath more to the light. We have watched through the SABBATH RECORDER with much interest the work of Brother Kovats of Chicago, and that in other places. We are glad to see that the Sabbath is being known and honored. We are also much interested in the work among the Javanese.

I have held during the quarter thirty-one meetings. We have the most largely attended meeting at the village of How, a fishing town. Calls made are fifty-two; letters written seventy; many tracts distributed, and twenty New Testaments.

The Poem of Genesis.

Published by request.

Many learned men, and among their number not a few ministers of the Gospel, make the claim that the first chapters of Genesis are merely a poem, and especially that portion of them that has to do with the creation of man. It seems that the doctrine of evolution and these accounts of Creation conflict, and therefore the latter are relegated to the dreamy realms of poetry.

It is not the intention of this article to either deny or affirm the truth or falsity of evolution, but merely to undertake to point out the fact that these opening chapters of the Bible must be true whatever their rightful meaning, else the whole Bible must of necessity go with them into the class of poetic literature.

Centuries after the events here recorded were supposed to have transpired, God, speaking to the assembled hosts of Israel from Mount Sinai, is recorded as saying, "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."

These memorable words are found incorporated in the Ten Commandments, and are quoted by God himself almost literally from Genesis ii, 2 and 3.

If these first chapters of Genesis are merely a poem, then not only the Sabbath but really the whole Decalogue are predicated upon a "pipe dream." But as this does not touch directly upon the creation of man, suppose we lap off a few more centuries and come down to Jesus Christ himself. It may be well to note carefully what Christ claimed as to his words. He said, "As my Father hath taught me, I speak these things." "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." So there should be no doubt as to Christ's veracity and authority. Afterward, Matthew heard him say, "Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh?" Mark records him as saying, "But from the beginning of the creation God made them

male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife." Thus we hear Jesus Christ, who spake only what God had taught him to speak, quoting literally from Genesis i, 27 and ii, 23 and 24.

He emphasizes the fact that from the beginning of Creation they were made male and female, and that the man should therefore cleave to his wife. It is plainly evident that Jesus did not establish any of his precepts upon what he considered an unauthenticated poem.

Space will not permit other quotations of Jesus from the poem of Genesis. Paul said, "Man is not of the women; but the woman of the man," practically quoting Genesis ii, 20-22. Again quoting from the same verses he says, "Neither was the man created for the woman; but the woman for the man." Thus we find the most learned of all the apostles quoting the poem as godly authority. But Paul made two more astounding assertions: "And so it is written (in Genesis ii, 7) the first Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." And again he says, "For as in Adam all die (Genesis ii, 17), even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

There can be but one conclusion, if that which he quotes about Adam is only a poem. Then salvation and resurrection through Jesus Christ is also a poem, for the latter is wholly predicated upon the former. In these opening chapters of the Bible it seems there are still hid from the knowledge of man some of the most profound wisdom of the ages.

If one will take the trouble to read carefully he will notice that the beasts, the fowls, the fish, and in fact everything that moves was created "after its kind," and brought unto Adam to see what he would call them, "and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof." They were created after their kind, showing that the Creation line spoken of was no experiment, and Adam having the mind of God was able to call each one by its name.

If any part of the Bible is the truth, and science can finally demonstrate that evolution is the truth, then they must agree if properly understood, for a great scientific

fact is only a simple truth after all. But if the opening chapters of the Bible must be cast aside, then every portion must go down to oblivion with it, because it is so closely connected, one portion with every other portion, that it must stand or fall in its entirety.—*R. H. Adams, in Minneapolis Tribune.*

Battle Creek Opportunities.

REV. D. BURDETT COON.

I said that there are other matters of interest in Battle Creek than missionary sermons and addresses. The following items concerning the necessary food supply for the Sanitarium will be interesting to many of you. Perhaps some of you would like to come here and enter a business by which you could furnish some of these supplies. You would find a ready market for your products. The items below are furnished by the *Battle Creek Inquirer*, one of the three daily papers of our city. I have no moneyed interest in a single bit of Battle Creek property. I am not in league with any of the real estate men. Neither am I sending this to advertise the Sanitarium. I simply want you to know that if you want to put yourself in touch with Sabbath-keeping enterprises and Sabbath-keeping people where you can touch the world with our spirit and mission, here is a real opportunity for you.

Every one in Battle Creek has noticed the patients of the Sanitarium as they were wheeled about by loving relatives, kind friends, or more often by careful attendants. Or you may have noticed them as they were escorted through the grounds of the great institution, tenderly cared for, and their every wish gratified.

But you never stop to consider what an enormous task it must be to feed these people. Do you realize what must be contended with by a chosen few, especially as the ground work of the institution is diet?

Do you know that it requires the total output of twenty-eight different dairies to supply the cream consumed daily? These twenty-eight dairies have a total of about eight hundred cows, and are all located within a radius of twenty miles of Battle Creek. On an average one hundred gallons of cream are brought in each day by teams, and interurban cars, and consumed by the patients of the Sanitarium.

In addition to this, fifty-five cows, which are cared for on two different farms, supply 140 gallons of milk daily.

The milk and cream are bought by the pound, however, and not by the gallon. A clerk is maintained whose sole duty it is to weigh the

milk and cream, and keep account of the other dairy products received. About 50,000 dozen eggs are consumed annually, and each egg is plainly marked with the name of the farmer. The management requires these eggs to be shipped in weekly or oftener if possible, thus insuring the patients against cold storage product.

The following statistics obtained by a reporter represent only a part of the annual shipments received:

Six thousand bushels of potatoes, and nearly 3 carloads of canned peas are used each year.

Three carloads of tomatoes are received and consumed annually.

About 1,000 barrels of apples are eaten and converted into sauce annually.

Three carloads of apples are received and converted into apple juice annually.

An average of \$15,000 worth of Kellogg food products are consumed annually, representing cereals and nut-foods of various descriptions.

During the tomato season, 1,000 bushels of fresh tomatoes are used.

Also at the beginning of the season two hundred dozen ears of green corn are required for a single meal. Between five and six hundred cases of lemons are shipped here each year from Italy.

The Sanitarium maintains two of its own farms with a total of 175 acres devoted entirely to truck farming. These, however, are able to produce only about one sixteenth of the products necessary. These farms are located just outside of the city and employ between ten and twenty men, the number varying at different seasons of the year.

The Sanitarium also maintains its own cannery, which is under the direct supervision of O. C. Edwards, the assistant steward; 50,000 quarts of fruit are canned at this factory annually, and between twenty-five and forty men are employed in this branch of the service. All fruits, however, are placed in glass jars, as no tin cans are used. Strawberries, huckleberries, peaches, apples, and other products are put up during the summer, and between twelve and fifteen thousands quarts of unfermented grape juice, for use at the Sanitarium.

Great care must be exercised by those in charge of this branch of the institution, and they have many things to contend with.

For instance, they are unable to make use of the canned spinach grown in Michigan, on account of the sandy loam.

According to the assistant steward the process of canning spinach does not remove the sandy particles which accumulate upon it while growing, making it unfit for the patients.

There are, at the present time, fifty-two waiters and five cooks employed. This number, however, will be increased in the summer, for according to an official, the Sanitarium will have the largest number of patients in its history, during the coming summer.

Testing is the proof of ability, the revealer of character, the shaper of destiny. He who under all circumstances dares to say, "Test me" is brave.—*The Continent.*

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor.

"It is not the deed we do
Though the deed be ever so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair."

I wish you, readers of this department, might all have attended the May meeting of the Woman's Board, and have shared the duties and responsibilities with the members. Doctor Palmborg's presence was an inspiration to all.

While discussing the subject of a helper for the girls' school in Shanghai, Doctor Palmborg told in a very touching way of the work Miss Burdick is doing, and of her unselfish devotion; of the very great need of an assistant for her, and also of the great good that is being done through the girls' school.

When the question of ways and means came up, it was the judgment of the board that the women of the denomination, who have furnished Miss Burdick's salary all these years, would come to the support of an assistant for her, especially when they realize the great need. Miss Burdick should have her vacation this year, but she is unable to leave unless the school is shut down, and that would not be wise; neither would the women wish Miss Burdick to stay on the field indefinitely without her much-needed rest. Some of the money for Miss West's salary has already been pledged, but more will be needed and more will come. If there were six women who could pay one hundred dollars each, how easy it would be! If there were one hundred women who would pay six dollars each, wouldn't that be easy, too? This is not so much a call for funds as it is a statement of need. Doubtless a call for funds will soon be made, but let us not stand on ceremony and wait for a special invitation. I am sure the money will be thankfully received at any time.

Miss West, who has offered to go to Shanghai as Miss Burdick's assistant, is

known to many of us, but for the benefit of those who have never had the pleasure of meeting her, let me tell you about her. She is a Wisconsin girl, born in Utica, Wis., where so many loyal Seventh-day Baptists have lived in days past. Her father, who died when Miss Anna was a young girl, was Lemman West, a son of the late W. B. West so well known among our people. Her mother, Mrs. Nettie Brown West, is a daughter of Robert Brown of Milton, Wis., also well known among us. Miss West was graduated from Milton College with the class of 1908. Since that time she has taught in the high school of her home town. The past year she has been taking special work in Alfred University, preparing herself for the work in China, should her offer to go as Miss Burdick's assistant be accepted. She has one sister, Miss Mabel West, who is a teacher in Salem College.

Just think, you mothers, what it must mean to this girl's mother, who has been both father and mother to her girls, to see one of them leave her and go so far away. If this mother can make this sacrifice with such a sweet spirit as she has, how small does our little giving of money seem. May we each have this spirit of sacrifice within us. Just think, too, if you please, how it would seem to *want* to go on the mission field and prepare yourself for that work, and not know whether other people would be enough interested in the work to send you. May God bless Miss Anna and all of us.

The letter from Mrs. Davis is very interesting and all will be glad to read it. May their visit to the homeland be full of pleasure and many happy reunions!

Letter From China.

MY DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

Your kind letter of February 21 reached me at this place, where Mr. Davis and I have been staying for a week and will probably remain another week attending to some necessary repairs on the buildings, especially painting all the outside wood-work which if not kept well covered decays so rapidly in this climate. There is a high bamboo fence enclosing the compound, which requires a new coat of coal-tar! This may not sound to you much

like mission work, but necessarily more or less of it comes into the routine work of the lives of most missionaries and I sometimes think my husband has found his full share of it.

This is a bright, beautiful spring morning, and as we look out over the fields with here and there a grove of trees, indicating the presence of a farmhouse, one might almost imagine one's self in the dear homeland, were it not for the numerous mounds here and there, some of them perhaps fifteen feet high, cone-shaped, with the apex tipped with a tuft of grass, while others are capped with a small inverted cone of earth. I suppose in the Western States of America we might call them Indian mounds, but we do not require to be long in this land of the Orient to learn that these innumerable tombs contain the remains of millions of this people who for centuries have been passing into eternity.

As we follow the narrow country roads and observe more closely the homes of these people, those of us who have known the comfort and happiness of rural life in America are led to wonder how they exist, and above all, what of happiness can enter into their lives, which seem so full of drudgery and hardship, while their homes contain so little of what we Westerners consider the necessities, say nothing about the comforts of life. Certainly our sympathies do go out to them, yet we are somewhat comforted in the fact that they have never known a different life, so can not fully realize the vast contrast. They are now preparing their fields for the spring sowing, though many of these fields are already green with the winter wheat or the varieties of vegetables and greens which are growing at this season.

Within this mission compound there is a large vegetable garden which I fear must lie idle this year, but there are fruit trees, shrubs and flowering plants, and a nice strawberry bed. Our hearts are again saddened over the fact that Eugene Davis so soon had to leave this field which is in such great need of workers, but we were cheered yesterday by receiving a letter from them telling of their safe arrival in Riverside and of his almost complete recovery to health.

Doctor Crandall accompanied us here to

attend to an important matter in the line of fumigating some of the rooms, especially in the dispensary building where there has been so much sickness. The young man who was here with Eugene for some months after Doctor Palmborg left for America was very ill several times, and Eugene gave him treatment, hoping he would regain his health and be able to remain in the work, but it was of no avail. He returned to Shanghai and soon passed away. We did not know that his disease was tubercular or he would not have been brought to assist in the work here. There is so much of this disease broadcast in this land, the wonder is we any of us escape, for the Chinese are so unsanitary in their habits.

The widow of Yau-Tsoong (the young man who was Doctor Palmborg's assistant for so many years) with her three small children and her father-in-law have charge of the place when no one of the missionaries is here. They are counting the months to the time of Doctor Palmborg's expected return.

We all feel great satisfaction that on her return she will not again be here alone, but is to have so valuable an associate in her medical work as Doctor Crandall.

We had rainy days when we first came out, but as soon as the weather made it possible Doctor returned to Shanghai to resume her study of the language, which she is taking up with her characteristic determination.

Mr. Davis brought a native evangelist with him, who for the past week has been doing good work. Sabbath forenoon we had the study of the Sabbath-school lesson in the dining-room with the people on the compound, but in the afternoon we had a preaching service in the waiting-room of the dispensary. The few Christians, with the three men from the town who are probationers, and a number of strangers, made up a good congregation. The preaching I know was good, but the singing was indescribable; even those of us who might have kept together were prevented by the jargon of the crowd. However, perhaps it meant just as much to them as the most beautiful harmony.

Since coming here we have received a letter from Doctor Palmborg, written while

at Jackson Center. She speaks of going from there to West Hallock and Peoria, her childhood home. Perhaps by this time she is with you in Milton. We wish, instead of one month at Battle Creek, she could have remained three, for we are jealous of her strength. She needs to acquire a good supply of new vigor and nerve power before returning to her work here.

We are booked to leave for the homeland the first day of July by the intermediate steamer *Monteagle*. Mr. Davis certainly is in need of his furlough and we are looking forward with great eagerness to once again seeing our dear children and all the loved ones in our native land. I remember with pleasure my visit in your home in Albion. May God bless and strengthen you for the new work which he has recently placed in your hands.

Yours in the Master's service,

SARA G. DAVIS.

Lieu-oo, China,
March 27, 1911.

Meeting of the Woman's Board.

The Woman's Board met in regular session with Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Monday p. m., May 1, 1911.

The members present were Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. J. B. Morton, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. J. F. Whitford and Mrs. A. J. C. Bond. Visitors: Doctor Palmborg and Mrs. L. C. Burdick.

The President read the fifty-second and a portion of the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, and Doctor Palmborg offered prayer.

The Treasurer reported that the total receipts for the month were \$284.25; expenditures \$213.12. Report adopted.

The Corresponding Secretary reported a communication written to Mrs. L. Adelaide Brown regarding the biography of Mrs. Lucy Carpenter. She also reported letters received from the Associational Secretaries of the Eastern and South-eastern Associations, asking for a paper to be read at their associations.

Letters from Miss Phoebe Coon and J. R. Mott, chairman of the Committee of the World's Missionary Conference, Edinburgh, were read, also a letter from Secretary E. B. Saunders in which he enclosed a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Missionary Board at its last meeting, among which was the following:

"Voted that we extend a call to Miss Anna M. West of Milton Junction, Wis., to go to China as a missionary provided that the salary will be paid annually by the Woman's Board, her traveling expenses to be paid by the Missionary Society."

The Board was greatly pleased to have with them Doctor Palmborg, who gave us an inter-

esting account of the work of the girls' school at Shanghai, China, under the management of Miss Susie Burdick. She also spoke of the need of a helper for Miss Burdick in her work.

Mrs. Babcock presented the following resolution:

In view of the call by the Missionary Society extended to Miss Anna M. West of Milton Junction to go to China as a helper to Miss Burdick in the Shanghai school, provided the Woman's Board assume her salary annually,—

Resolved, That the Woman's Board through the women of the denomination so assume Miss West's salary.

Voted to adopt the resolution as conveying the sentiment of the Woman's Board and to forward a copy to the Secretary of the Missionary Board.

The Corresponding Secretary read the asked-for message to be given at the Eastern and South-eastern Associations. The Mission Circle Leaflet for June was read and adopted.

Voted that we as a Board send, through Doctor Palmborg, our love to our sisters in China.

Before adjournment a paper headed as follows was presented to the members of the Board, which bore fruit to the amount of \$37.00: "I agree to give the sum opposite my name for the support of Miss Anna West as assistant to Miss Susie Burdick in the Shanghai Mission school for the coming year."

A member of the Board not present at this meeting has since pledged five dollars more, and there is yet another member to be heard from. Aside from the amount pledged by the members of the Board, Doctor Palmborg pledged ten dollars annually.

Mrs. Crosley surprised the ladies by serving dainty refreshments, which were greatly enjoyed by all.

Adjourned to meet the first Monday in June with Mrs. J. F. Whitford.

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

Stealing Other People's Time.

DEAR MR. PUBLIC SPEAKER:

Did it ever occur to you that you sometimes take that which does not belong to you—that which is very valuable to other people and ought to be to you?

Perhaps you do not intend to do this but you do it nevertheless, and your victims have no means of defending themselves and no redress; the valuable once taken is gone forever. Let me explain.

I listened to one of you last evening. You were preaching a sermon on an assigned topic which you said was an important one, and I think all agreed with you. But you had not taken sufficient time in the preparation of your sermon, and so you told us, at length, many things with which your hearers were already familiar, for the topic was one often spoken upon. You quoted many Scripture texts, or rather, you read many and you had not

made yourself familiar enough with them to find them quickly. You repeated statements, not by way of emphasis, but apparently to take time to consider what you were to say next.

You had about one hundred and fifty hearers. Your discourse lasted at least fifteen minutes longer than it would have, had you taken time to get it thoroughly organized. What was the result? Multiply 150 by 15 and see how much time you took from other people.

Today we suffered again. Another of your number appeared before an audience. Perhaps he does not call himself a public speaker, but he speaks often in public. He used no notes, but he repeated statements again and again. Had he taken the time to write out what he had to say, he would have saved fifteen minutes, which time he took from the speaker who followed him, as well as from the audience.

Won't you please take the hint?

Respectfully yours,

A BUSY PERSON.

Did You Ever Notice It?

REV. EDWIN SHAW.

It was no unusual sight. I see it several times almost every day, but I never grow weary or tire of looking.

I was passing along Park Avenue. A woman came out from a grocery store. She was extremely plain looking in dress and features, so much so that my attention was attracted; faded red hair, freckles, bony face, large ears, long neck,—I should call her "homely," but my English friend would use the adjective "ugly."

As she came down the steps, she turned and faced about right in my path; she was not aware that I was looking at her, but she stooped and looked into a baby-carriage, and oh, the wondrous transformation in her face as she chirruped softly to the little one looking up into the eyes shining with mother-love.

I passed on smiling in my heart, cheered by the sight, and glancing to the left I saw a carriage coming along the street. A man was driving, apparently a coachman. A woman with a baby in her arms was sitting by his side; her hair was blowing wildly in the wind, but on her face was the

same mother-love as she looked down at something in a bonnet of lace and ribbons.

At the corner of Park and Front was a young colored woman pushing a carriage; I caught a glimpse of a dark little pickaninny in it. The mother stopped to adjust the coverlet, and as she looked at her baby, again I saw the same love-lit expression.

An automobile came whizzing along, slacking its speed slightly to turn into Park Avenue. On the back seat sat a woman looking down into a bundle of clothes she was holding in her lap. I was waiting for the car to pass, and was so near I could almost touch it; and the woman's face told me as surely as any words could have done, that a baby, yes, her baby, was looking up to her from that bundle.

Musing to myself, smiling outwardly I imagine, I went on my way to the post-office. A baby-carriage was standing by the door. A very pretty woman came out as I approached and again I saw the same sight. She was a stranger to me, but I could not help speaking. Here in about five minutes I had seen the same vision five times, and I said as I paused just a second and then passed on, "One of the most beautiful sights in all the world is a mother looking at her baby." I really was talking more to myself than to her, and I trust she took no offense. But really, did you ever notice it? The mother must not realize that any one is watching her, and so the crowded street is sometimes the best place to get a real good view of a mother looking at her baby.

Little Edward had been visiting his uncle's ranch, where they were very much bothered by rats. When he came back, he started to school, where he received the information which he gave his grandmother one day. He said:

"Grandma, do you know how to get rid of rats?"

"No, Edward. How?"

"Why, a soft answer turneth away rats."
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"What is wrong with the church? Nothing. What makes its progress so slow? Its freight."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Japan and Korea.

REV. HENRY N. JORDAN.

Prayer meeting topic for May 27, 1911.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Refusing Christ (Matt. viii, 28-34).

Monday—The call (Acts xvi, 9, 10).

Tuesday—Missionary examples (1 Thess. i, 5-10).

Wednesday—Spiritual darkness (Rom. i, 18-25).

Thursday—The light (2 Cor. iv, 6, 7).

Friday—The effect (Acts ii, 41-47).

Sabbath day—Topic: Missions in Japan and Korea (Acts xvii, 1-14). (V. In a missionary journey around the world.)

In an opening address at the Student Volunteer Conference at Rochester, N. Y., December 29, 1909 to January 2, 1910, George S. Eddy from India asked the significant question, "Is our Christianity worth propagating? Not, Is CHRISTIANITY worth propagating? But Is *our* Christianity worth propagating? Have I a salvation that is worth passing on?"

In the empire of Japan and in its dependency, Korea, we find our answer to Mr. Eddy's pointed question. Yes, we have a religious experience that is worth relating; we *know* a Gospel that has not one single evidence of weakness but "is mighty to save to the uttermost"; we worship a God whose divine purpose is to bring every nation under his loving rule and to teach every tongue to say, "Our Father."

The island empire of Japan has made remarkable strides toward a complete civilization since 1854, when Commodore Perry forced her to sign a commercial treaty opening her ports to the commerce of the world. That act marked the close of Japan's complete isolation, and from that moment the eyes of the civilized world have seen with interest and wonder the evolution of a mighty world power. Since the great Russo-Japanese war Japan has taken her place among the nations who in their international policies will have to reckon with the "mistress of the Pacific."

In 1858 treaties made possible the entrance to Christian missionaries from America. The Protestant Episcopal Church was the first with its workers, Liggins and Williams. Presbyterians followed with Hepburn and Verbeck. Little active missionary work, however, was done until the famous revolution of 1868 when Japan adopted Western civilization. In 1873 she revoked the proclamations which she had publicly posted for years against Christianity. Today Japan is sending her young men to the best Christian universities and seminaries to secure the best training possible in arts, religion and science, that they may return to the island empire to assist in helping the government solve its industrial, social, moral and religious problems. Now, in every phase of life, commercial, industrial, educational and religious, Japan's progress is the amazement of the world.

The two great religions of Japan are Shintoism and Buddhism. While these have good points, yet their philosophy is destructive of progress in morals and spirituality. The Christ religion alone meets the needs of the sin-cursed life of the Oriental.

"As the natural outgrowth of the widespread educational advantages enjoyed by Japan, there is a general intelligence among the masses not known in other Oriental lands. The press has been a powerful factor in bringing about the change. It seems remarkable that a people, until recently, isolated from the rest of the world should, in so short a time, come to feel a deep concern in the affairs of outside nations" (Rev. J. L. Dearing, Osaka).

"Work for Japan does not mean work for Japan alone. A Christian Japan means the mightiest force for the Christianization of China. Japan, in a real sense, is leading the Orient. Japan, with the Gospel of Christ, will become a strong Christian power and her influence will extend, not only to China, but to India and the whole East, and she will lead the Orient Christward" (Dearing).

"A great many well-meaning people in America have an idea that no more missionaries are needed in Japan, that it is a Christian country and that money expended for more workers is wasted. It is far

from being a Christian nation; and so long as there are more Shinto and Buddhist temples in the country than there are professing Christians Japan will need Christian missions" (Miss C. C. Crosby, teacher in Japan).

"After nearly fifty years of missionary effort Japan has 800 missionaries, 80,000 Protestant Christians, 1,300 Japanese pastors and native workers, and 186 schools. But 35,000,000 in that land have never heard the name of Jesus, the Saviour of the world."

Korea, the hermit nation, presents a field in which is taking place the most remarkable religious transformation of any nation where missionary enterprise is carried on. Travelers and missionaries unite in the statement that the responsiveness of the inhabitants to the teachings of Jesus Christ is almost without parallel. Historically the great change began in 1894 with the war between China and Japan. The little backward nation was caught between China, the upper millstone, and Japan, the nether millstone, and terribly did the Koreans suffer. No wonder it has been called the nation of "deep disconsolation", that death is as welcome as life.

By the treaty between Japan and Russia in 1905 Russia recognized Japan's power over Korea. Now Japan has absolute rule over the little kingdom. May its sovereignty be tempered with justice, mercy, brotherly kindness, the fruits of the Spirit of Christ.

Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism are the prevailing religions. Confucianism has the strongest hold upon the religious thought, for its laws enjoin ancestor worship. This custom binds the superstitious minds of the Koreans with ties stronger than steel.

In personal habits the native Koreans were slovenly, filthy, and shiftless to an extreme degree. The people lived in villages that were wretched, and showed every sign of poverty. Now in the personal as in the spiritual life is the transformation great, for the people are inspired with a living hope "that maketh not ashamed."

Dr. John Z. Moore says: "The awakening in Korea has come like an avalanche. It is significant that it is a religious awakening. It is not a desire for the education of

the West, nor yet for the material things, but for religion,—the Christian religion. Literally, there are more hands stretched out in non-Christian Korea for the Gospel of Christ than there are hands stretched out in this Christian land with the Gospel for them."

"Why Korea has been turning so rapidly to Christianity is something that can not be explained. We can only look on with amazement and say that God's time for Korea has come" (Robert E. Speer).

Speer tells of an unusual experience he met with while on a tour in Korea. One morning he noticed some native Christians arranging chairs for the evening prayer meeting, and thinking they were planning for a large number, he asked how many they expected at the service. He evidently had in mind the number that would come to such a service in America. What was his unbounded surprise to see twelve hundred natives fill the chairs at the meeting and join devoutly in the singing and prayers. He felt like saying, "Lord, increase my faith."

End or Means?

REV. L. A. PLATTS.

There is a world of activity all about us. In business, men scarcely pause to eat, or sleep, or to be sociable or to keep Sabbath. When a young man applies for a job the important questions asked concerning him are: Is he capable; is he honest; is he a Hustler? (with a big H). This spirit of activity has taken possession of almost every department of human effort. Another tendency is manifesting itself in all associated effort,—religious, benevolent, or social, and that is to create a society, or a new organization of some sort for every kind of work. Here in California we are witnessing great activity among a class of religious workers for the promotion of the Sunday-school (let us say Bible-school) work, and this activity is centering about the "Organized Class." In county conventions, in district conventions, in state conventions, great enthusiasm is manifest at this point. There are strifes among schools over the number of organized classes each can report. Parades are organized, in which schools carry banners,

transparencies, or other devices to show the number of such classes, etc., while inside much time is given to the discussion of the "Organized Class",—what it is, how to get and maintain it, what its advantages are, etc. A similar tendency may be traced in almost every other form of Christian activity. These lines are not written to criticize, much less to condemn, these things, but to ask a question which a thoughtful Christian woman asked of me not very long ago, when she said, "Does it not look to you as though people were losing sight of the heart of this work in the absorbing attention they are giving to the manner of doing it?" In other words, is there danger of exhausting our energies, wasting our enthusiasm on the machinery of Christian work, while minimizing the object of all Christian work? In the economy of such work, nothing exists for itself. The church, the Sabbath school, the Endeavor society, and every other organization has for its end the conversion of souls to Christ and their training in Christian knowledge, experience and service. None of them is worth the time, labor and expense of its organization and maintenance if it have no object beyond its own existence or upbuilding. They are means to a great and nobler end. With that end in view as the thing of paramount importance, the means can hardly be made too efficient. If the means become so elaborate that the end is obscured or minimized, it would better be simplified. If we spend so much time, and thought, and energy on the machinery of Christian work that we are not doing the work, we would better reduce the machinery. A good engineer will keep his engine in first-class condition, but if in doing so he lets the fire go out in the furnace, it is time that a re-arrangement of the business be made.

Let us look well to our work as Christian Endeavorers. Let us do it according to the most approved methods and with unflagging interest. Let us also magnify the end, which is not in the organization but in the souls to be converted and built up in the knowledge and service of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Long Beach, Cal.,
April 24, 1911.

News Notes.

ALFRED, N. Y.—Three members have been added to the church by letter since the last report.—A special musical service was given by the church choir, Sabbath morning, April 22, under the direction of Prof. Neil Annas. It consisted of an Easter cantata, and several solos in addition. Pastor Burdick also preached a short sermon.—A "7" social was given by the Christian Endeavor society, April 11. Admission fee 7 cents. Refreshments served at 7:77 o'clock for 7 cents. There was an interesting program of 7 numbers, each 7 minutes long. All who attended received a 7-fold welcome.

CHICAGO.—Rev. J. J. Kovats made a missionary trip this month to St. Paul.—The April meeting of the Brotherhood was held at J. M. Maxson's; a fine address was given by Dean Edwin H. Lewis.—Pastor Webster preached in South Chicago Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Cutler have moved to Michigan.—Pastor and Mrs. Webster and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sherman attended quarterly meeting at Milton Junction.—A "comfort luncheon," in honor of Mrs. Elizabeth Ordway, was given by Mrs. J. Harry Parsons, Friday, April 14. Mrs. Ordway leaves the city for a time on account of ill health.—C. U. Parker and family have moved to their farm in Gentry, Ark.

An Unusual Magazine

We are in receipt of a copy of *The Rescue Magazine*, a quarterly which is being published in Atlanta, Ga.

This unusual publication is devoted to the rescue of the fallen as well as to prevention from this awful life. The editor (who has had many years' experience in rescue work) paints in vivid colors the tragic life of girls of the underworld—their complete blight—their utter ruin and destruction.

This magazine is absolutely free to the fallen, but to others the price is 25 cents a copy, or \$1.00 a year.

The publisher wishes to create more widespread interest in the restoring of the fallen, and requests all who are interested to please write, sending 25 cents for sample copy. Free distribution can not be made, except as stated, to the fallen.

This publication contains 96 pages, neatly gotten up and illustrated, and interesting reading throughout.

Copies can be had by addressing *The Rescue Magazine*, 1019 Fourth National Bank Building, Atlanta, Ga., and remitting price mentioned above.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Joke on Grandma.

We played the very best joke today,
Dorothy, Daisy and I.
We played it over at Grandma's house,
And we didn't more'n half try.

We each put on a trailing gown,
And each piled her hair on her head.
The girls chose bonnets with floating strings,
But I a veiled hat, instead.

We wore kid gloves, and we'd parasols,
And a bead-bag at the side
(With a calling-card case, and a handkerchief,
And a small coin purse inside).

Then we went to call on Grandmama,
Dorothy, Daisy and I.
And we fooled her the best you ever saw,
And we didn't more'n half try.

The maid who met us at Grandma's door
Just stood with a foolish grin,
But we never smiled when we asked of her:
"Is Mrs. Morello in?"

Then "swish" came Grandmother down the stairs,
And "swish" she came through the hall,
And 'we almost laughed when she reached the
door,
For she didn't know us at all.

"Why, ladies, how kind in you to call,
I am very glad," said she,
"For no one has been here all day long,
And I'm lonely as I can be."

Then we talked of the weather and all the things
That grown-up ladies say;
But when we announced that we really must go,
Grandmother made us stay.

And she gave us tea and her good spice cake,
And asked if we'd like its rule.
Then we just had to clap our hands and shout,
"Oh, Grandmother, 'April Fool!'"

Then you should have seen how we laughed and
laughed,
And Grandmother laughed till she cried.
'Twas the very best joke we ever played,
And we hardly even tried.

—Clara A. Alexander, in *Presbyterian*.

Jonas Hanway's Pluck.

It was in London many years ago—no,
more than that; many, many years ago—
well, perhaps a hundred and fifty, that he
did it.

It really was very strange that he should
have done it. You see, no one had ever
done it before—at least, not in the city,

not in broad daylight. But he made up
his mind that it would be a capital thing
to do, and he said, "I am going to do
it!"

His sister, who kept house for him, said,
when he went out prepared to do it:

"I do wish you wouldn't be so silly!"

And his little niece exclaimed:

"O uncle, they will make fun of you if
you do!"

But he just put on one of those don't-
talk-to-me-I've-made-up-my-mind looks,
and then he kissed his sister and her lit-
tle girl, and went away intending to do it.

"Poor thing!" his sister exclaimed, as
she looked out of the window and hoped
it wouldn't be wet. And his little slip of
a niece hoped so too. Because, you see,
if it kept fine, he wouldn't have to do it.

But about 12 o'clock the weather chang-
ed its mind, and determined to make every-
body wet. And it did. And people got
crosser and crosser, until they happened to
catch sight of him; then they nearly
doubled over laughing. For in spite of all
his sister and her little girl had said, he
had actually done it!

He had been walking with a friend, but
when he told his friend what he was going
to do, his friend said:

"I don't think I would. You will look
so foolish!"

But he began to do it at once. So his
friend went up a side street in Cheapside,
muttering something about "silly business."

But he did it all the same. And the
people kept on laughing. One father
went home and told his children what he
had seen, and they laughed too, at the very
idea. But the man didn't know that.

What he did know was that everybody be-
gan talking about him. They pointed him
out in the street as the "man who did it,"
and if it ever rained hard, he would be
seen doing it again.

One year passed by, and then two men
might have been seen doing it. It was
still very funny, but the people grew used
to seeing them in Cheapside, and only
strangers laughed. But if ever the first
man went out to Lancaster Gate, or For-
est Hill, or Hampstead, or Greenwich to
get a bit of country air, then everybody
laughed again. And his poor sister used
to get red in the face with embarrassment,

and the girlie didn't like it at all. But the
man did it all the same.

Several years went by, and now quite a
number of people did it; for they saw it
was a sensible thing to do; it only needed
some one to begin it. And at last, after
thirty years had gone by, everybody did it.
And shops were opened, and children went
to them to buy birthday presents for their
fathers to help them do it, too, and nobody
laughed any more.

Now we laugh if any one is out in the
rain and doesn't do what Jonas Hanway
did long years ago for the first time—carry
an umbrella!

It took lots of pluck to carry that first
umbrella. But Jonas Hanway had the best
kind of courage. He didn't mind being
laughed at; not at all! And he didn't mind
being talked about; not a bit!

I don't wonder he started saving the lit-
tle chimney-sweeps, who had to climb
chimneys and sometimes broke their legs;
nor that he started training-ships for rough
boys, and a lot of other things. A man
who could start carrying an umbrella had
pluck enough for anything.—*The Continent*.

"Living on the Border Line."

REV. O. D. SHERMAN.

"Beloved, let us love one another: for
love is of God; and every one that loveth is
born of God, and knoweth God. He that
loveth not knoweth not God; for God is
love" (1 John iv, 7, 8).

"If a man love me, he will keep my
words: and my Father will love him, and
we will come unto him, and make our
abode with him" (John xiv, 23).

Living as I have been for the last few
months on the border line between the two
worlds, I have reconstructed my theology;
not that I have discarded the old, but rather
I have been among the vast multitude, that
having eyes, see not. There are two great
permeating convictions of my being. They
are, that God is love and that he can and
does, if we will let him, dwell in us and we
in him. O how rich the thought! Love
the Giver—our Father—who sends his rain
and sunshine even on the unthankful.

He that *loveth* is born of God and *know-
eth*: God, for God is love. True, and the
test of true love is obedience. Then the

law of the Lord is more precious than gold,
sweeter than the honeycomb. The Sab-
bath becomes a delight, the days are filled
with praise, and the nights give songs of joy.

Seventh-day Baptist Central Association.

West Edmeston, N. Y., June 1-4, 1911.

General Theme: Importance of the Missionary Spirit.
PROGRAM.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1.

Morning.

10.00. Devotional Service.
10.15. Address of Welcome by Lauren Stevens.
Moderator's Address.
Report of Program Committee.
Communications from the Churches of the As-
sociation.
Appointments of Standing Committees.
11.20. Annual Sermon—Rev. L. A. Wing

Afternoon.

2.00. Devotional Services.
2.15. Reports of Delegates to Sister Associations.
Messages of Delegates from Sister Associations.
Messages of Representatives of Denominational
Societies.

3.15. Sermon—Rev. H. N. Jordan.

Evening.

7.00. Song and Devotional Service.

7.15. Business.

7.45. Prayer and Conference Meeting.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2.

Morning.

9.30. Devotional Service.
9.45. Business.
10.15. Address—Spirit of Missions Evidenced in Recent
Developments—Rev. E. A. Witter.
11.00. Education Society Work, conducted by Rev.
Walter L. Greene.

Afternoon.

2.00. Devotional Services.
2.15. Business.
3.15. Woman's Board Work, conducted by Miss Agnes
Babcock, Associational Secretary.

Evening.

7.30. Song Service.
8.00. Sermon and Conference Meeting, conducted by
Rev. R. G. Davis.

SABBATH DAY, JUNE 3.

Morning.

11.00. Sermon—Rev. E. B. Saunders.
Missionary Spirit—Its Relation to the Individual.
Joint Offering for Missionary, Tract and Edu-
cation Societies.

Afternoon.

2.00. Sabbath School, conducted by Fred H. White,
Superintendent of the West Edmeston Sabbath
School.
3.00. Sabbath School Board Interests, conducted by
Walter L. Greene.

Evening.

7.30. Devotional Service.
7.45. Business.
8.00. Young People's Work, conducted by C. C. Wil-
liams, Associational Secretary.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4.

Morning.

9.30. Devotional Service.
9.45. Business.
10.15. Missionary Society Interests, conducted by E. B.
Saunders, Corresponding Secretary.
11.15. Sermon—Rev. T. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
SABBATH RECORDER.
Joint Offering for Missionary, Tract and Edu-
cation Societies.

Afternoon.

2.00. Devotional Services.
2.15. Business.
2.30. Sermon—Rev. R. J. Severance.
3.15. Tract Society Interests, conducted by Rev. T. L.
Gardiner, D. D., Representative of the Tract
Society.

Evening.

7.15. Unfinished Business.
7.45. Sermon and Closing Consecration Meeting, by
Rev. Herbert Cottrell.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Dean Main was the speaker at the Y. M. C. A. Sunday night, giving a talk which struck deep at some of the vital problems of life. He distributed complimentary copies of his newest pamphlet, "The Book of Job."—Rev. A. G. Crofoot tendered his resignation as pastor of the Independence Church last Sabbath to accept a position with the Rockville (R. I.) Seventh-day Baptist Church.—*Alfred Sun*.

Between forty and fifty friends of Pastor and Mrs. R. G. Davis gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mert Burdick last Thursday evening at the reception. Pastor and Mrs. Davis received, besides many heartfelt good wishes, the sum of about fifteen dollars. For two and a half years Pastor Davis has acceptably served this church and it is with sincere regret that his congregation heard his announcement of his intention to sever his connection with the church. All hope that he and his estimable wife may find health, happiness and true usefulness in their new home in Syracuse, where he will assume the pastorate of the Seventh-day Baptist church in that city.—On account of repairing and making some change in the interior of the church, the Seventh-day Baptist congregation will hold their service next Sabbath in the parsonage. Also the preaching service will be held at 2.30 p. m., when the Rev. R. J. Severance of Leonardsville will preach. The Sabbath school will begin its service at 1.40.—*Brookfield Courier*.

Rev. H. C. Van Horn gave his farewell discourse to a large congregation at the Seventh-day Baptist service Sabbath morning, April 29. He spoke feelingly of his pleasant relations with this church and the pleasure and inspiration coming from a fellowship with this people, expressing a regret that he had not been able in the two years of his pastorate here to accomplish more for the Master and to do more for the upbuilding of the organization. His expressions of regret at leaving this people were plainly most earnest and sincere. Mr. Van Horn has filled every requirement as pastor and citizen and has endeared himself to his parishioners and our citizens generally. Though possessed of high ideals, and fearless and outspoken, he has retained the friendship and respect of all, and regret that he has seen fit to go to another field is felt and expressed on every hand. As a citizen he has been interested in every worthy move, and his zealous service has been of much advantage to our village, which fact is fully appreciated. In the evening a reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. Van Horn at the church which, except for the element of leave-taking, was a most pleasant affair. It will not be easy to find those who will fill the place of this worthy family. They left yesterday for Ashaway, R. I., where Mr. Van Horn enters at once upon his new pastorate.—*Brookfield Courier*.

The regular Sabbath morning service of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination at Ashaway is to be postponed until 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, when Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn of Brookfield, N. Y., will be installed as pastor of the church.

It is expected that a large congregation will be present, as a cordial invitation has been extended to all to be in attendance.

A reception will be held at the parish house in the evening, when an opportunity will be afforded the members of the congregation to meet the new pastor and his wife.—*Westerly Sun*.

Dr. Rosa Palmborg, medical missionary at Lieu-oo, China, spoke to a crowded house at the Seventh-day Baptist church last Seventh-day morning. She gave a review of her work there and told many personal experiences with the natives, making a very interesting discourse on the work of the Seventh-day Baptist mission in China. Doctor Palmborg is well known to many Milton people, having been a student in the college at the time she decided to study medicine and take up mission work. It was to become her assistant that Dr. Grace Crandall recently went to China.

Doctor Palmborg will speak again Friday evening in an informal meeting, will exhibit pictures from China and will answer questions.—*Milton Journal*.

Missionary Travelogues.

An opportunity for churches and young people's societies.

Rev. E. A. Marshall, who has just given a series of addresses in connection with the Laymen's Missionary Movement in Chicago, is in his ninth year of service as the instructor in missions of the Moody Bible Institute of that city, which has sent out over five hundred men and women to the foreign field.

The institute has a collection of over one thousand stereopticon slides of missionary interest, made from photographs taken by Mr. Marshall in two tours around the world. He uses these in his popular lectures which he is planning to give in other parts of the country during the coming fall and winter.

The institute will be pleased to make dates for him with churches, Christian Associations, or young people's societies, the design being to spread missionary information and awaken interest. The lectures will be without cost other than that incurred for necessary expenses. Application may be made directly to the institute.

"The prudent man takes note of the plans of others, but keeps his own to himself."

HOME NEWS

DODGE CENTER, MINN.—A short time ago our ladies' society collected and sold old newspapers and magazines which netted the neat little sum of \$10.56.

On the evening after the Sabbath, April 22, a reception was given at the parsonage in honor of Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Lewis, who left the following Tuesday for their new home at Jackson Center, Ohio. A very enjoyable evening was spent in music, readings and conversation. Dainty refreshments were served by the ladies. Rev. and Mrs. Lewis will be greatly missed by their many friends here. It is our prayer that they may be very successful in their new field of labor. B.

WATERFORD, CONN.—It is with sad hearts that we announce the death of Sister Russell Gavitte in her sixty-seventh year, and Sister Lizzie Maxson in her sixty-sixth year. They were both godly women. Sister Gavitte was the widow of Brother Russell Gavitte, who died several years ago, and Sister Lizzie Maxson, the only child of Sister Sally Maxson, whom we laid away last October. While they have gone to be with Jesus, they have left a holy fragrance behind which will be a lasting inspiration to our dear old church in Waterford.

Our small ranks are being broken, but our faith and trust are unshaken and we are looking for great things from God. Pray for us. A. J. POTTER.

May 7, 1911.

Pensions and the South.

In the closing hours of the Sixty-first Congress, early last month, a bill greatly increasing the aggregate amount of pension money paid to Union veterans, which had passed the lower house, and was about to pass the Senate, was defeated upon a point of order raised by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts. The country is wholly generous in its attitude of mind toward the survivors of the war that began fifty years ago. It does not follow, however, that new pension laws, carrying large appropriations,

ought to be passed without careful study and thorough discussion. There is one phase of the pension question that is not often emphasized, yet it deserves to be stated in a spirit of candor. So far as the Northern States are concerned, large pension payments involve no economic waste or drain. The money is collected from the people by taxation and is paid back, somewhat unevenly, to the communities from which it is drawn. The South, however, is not affected in this way. The number of Federal pensioners living in the Southern States is comparatively small. The annual pension bill for the veterans of '61-5 affects the South somewhat as if it were paying each year,—year after year,—a substantial war indemnity as punishment for a devastating struggle entered upon half a century ago. It is probably true that if the Federal veterans now surviving could by their own free will extend the pension system to the survivors of the Southern armies they would be heartily glad to do it. Several of the Southern States have recently increased very greatly the amounts paid by them to surviving Confederate veterans, and in these cases,—as recently in the Tennessee Legislature,—Republicans and sons of Union soldiers are as ready to appropriate these necessary sums as are the sons of Confederates. It is merely just that Congress should remember that the Southern States today are not only caring for Confederate survivors but are at the same time contributing toward the payment of Federal pensions in the North a much larger sum than they are able to devote to the welfare of indigent Confederates.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews, for April.*

Notice.

Will delegates to the Eastern Association please send their names to Mr. Edgar R. Greene, Berlin, N. Y. Those coming via Troy can leave at 7.45 a. m., or at 5 p. m. This will enable those who come from New York by boat to come Wednesday night and reach Berlin in time for the first meeting. If it should be necessary for any to leave Sunday night, there is train service out of Berlin either direction.

J. E. HUTCHINS.

Rev. Seth Inman Lee.

Rev. Seth Inman Lee departed this life at his home in Fouke, Ark., April 3, 1911. The funeral was conducted by Prof. Luther S. Davis.

Brother Lee was born in Plymouth, N. Y., April 24, 1831, lacking only twenty-one days of filling out eighty years. He lived for awhile in West Sutton, Mass., where he experienced the new birth in Christ, and where, in 1851, he was baptized and received into the fellowship of the Baptist church.

Returning to his native village, Plymouth, he on December 31, 1857, was married to Miss Melisse A. Beach of Binghamton. Some years afterwards he felt it his duty to labor in the ministry, and was licensed by the church at Plymouth to do so. Removing to Victory he was ordained to the full work of the ministry, and served the Victory Church two years. He then served the church at Williamson one year, served one year at East Pembroke, two years at Johns Creek, and a year and a half at West Portland. In 1877 he removed to Arkansas, and served the Huckleberry Mountain, Magazine, and Alma Baptist churches.

While serving these churches, his attention was called to the Sabbath question through the *Sabbath Outlook*, which led him to write some questions to the *Tennessee Baptist*, published at Memphis, Tenn., respecting the Sabbath. This led to considerable correspondence between Elder Lee and the writer, in which Elder Lee attempted to defend Sunday sabbath. He at length gave notice that he wished to close the correspondence, as we could not agree.

He then removed to Oregon and accepted the pastorate, first, of the Oak Creek Baptist Church, and then of the Springfield Church. While he was serving the latter church, two Baptist papers, one at San Francisco and the other at Portland, raised the subject of the ground of authority for Sunday observance. Elder Lee thought to take a hand in the discussion, intending to prove that the Sabbath had been abrogated. His intense desire to prove his position to be right led him into the toils; and the investigation led him deeper into the subject than he had ever

gone before, resulting in his conversion to the Sabbath truth and to Sabbath observance. He at once tendered his resignation as pastor to his church, asking to be dismissed. He then opened correspondence with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Fouke, Ark., and after stating all the circumstances, asked to be admitted into membership of the church. This request was most cordially granted and his credentials as a minister were endorsed on October 20, 1889.

The church at Springfield afterwards took up his case, for the purpose of discipline, and summoned him to trial; and although he prepared an able defense of his conduct, he was not allowed to present it, and was formally excluded from the church.

He began keeping the Sabbath on the first Sabbath in July, 1889. Leaving Oregon he went first to Taney, Idaho, and served the church there six months in 1890, and in the same year joined the colony of Seventh-day Baptists at Fouke, Ark., where he lived, with the exception of a little while at Columbus, Kan., and Gravett, Ark., until his decease. He served as missionary for six months in 1891, and was general missionary in the Southwest from 1893 to 1898.

No man was ever truer to conviction than Elder Lee; and as he made the greatest sacrifice of his life to accept the Sabbath, and as he felt that the special mission of Seventh-day Baptists above all other denominations is to propagate the Sabbath truth, he not only stood for its defense, but was ready at all times to put it forward, believing he could not be true to his trust, to the truth and to the denomination if he did not give to them his earnest, active service. Living in the midst of a large class of Christians who urgently preached the abrogation of the Ten Commandments, he was often called upon to contend against the doctrine; and because of this he was regarded by some of his brethren as an extremist, and was charged with being a legalist. He could see no middle ground between legalism defined as a rule of godly action, and antinomianism, and he therefore boldly contended for his convictions. Yet no man was more earnest in the belief that re-

generation by a spiritual birth in Christ is the sole means of salvation from sin. His conception of Christian life, here on earth, was the willing, loving conformity to the spiritual example set by the divine Master; and this was worth the sacrifice of all things else.

He leaves to mourn the loss of his earthly presence and companionship, his aged wife, bosom companion for fifty-three years, and four sons: F. H. Lee, Columbus, Kan., Arthur E. Lee, Fort Smith, Ark., and F. C. and Orville C. Lee, Fouke, Ark.; also a number of grandchildren. Their only daughter, Nellis Melisse, died in 1877, aged about four years.

As a friend and neighbor, all miss him; and all with one thought join in saying, "A good man is gone from us."

"Yes, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen:
Home's golden gates show on our ravished sight;
And though the tender ties we strove to strengthen
Break one by one, at evening time 'tis light."

J. F. S.

Living for Others.

The only thing worth while in life is service to others—a life that will brighten and lift up all it touches. Any trial, any hardship, any victory over difficulties that can give the sweetness and strength for such a life of cheer and helpfulness is a wonderful blessing.

When some brother or sister who is passing through the "valley of the shadow" reaches out an appealing hand to you for help, *it's worth while* to be able to give that help. The burden and the pain in all walks of life give glorious opportunities to the strengthened, purified, valiant soul.

He who came into a sinful and suffering world with miracles of love and helping was a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He uttered his most inspiring message when he said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do." Certainly he spake not to cringing, doubting, selfish, or ease-loving men. His promise, his wonderful legacy, was for those who are willing to gain through pain and struggle his meek and kindly spirit. Is there any more wonder-

ful blessing in all of human life than such a legacy and the experiences which fit a man or woman to claim it?—*The Christian Herald*.

For the Doctors.

"I can't stand this any longer, doctor," said the nervous woman. "If the patient in the next room to mine, No. 22, doesn't keep quiet at night I must change my room or leave the sanatorium altogether."

"What's the trouble?" asked the physician.

"She has one of these squeaky old wooden bedsteads, and every time she turns over it awakens me. Last night she did nothing but toss to and fro, and I didn't get a single wink of sleep."

"I'll see to that at once," he assured her. "A woman in your condition certainly must have absolute quiet at night. I'll have the patient in No. 22 sleep on the roof. The fresh air will be better for her, anyway."

The next morning the nervous woman appeared in the consultation room of the sanatorium in radiant mood.

"How did you sleep?" asked the doctor.

"Perfectly," she replied: "I'm so much obliged to you. It made a great difference."

"I knew it would," he said gravely.

He was telling the truth, because he knew the power of the imagination in disease, especially of the nerves. As a matter of fact, No. 22 had not been occupied at night for three weeks. The patient had been sleeping on the roof all the time.—*New York Tribune*.

Who do you suppose?—"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?" "Yes; and there's always one more than you think."—*Exchange*.

Mama—"Willie, what do you mean by breaking all those eggs?" Willie—"I heard papa say that there's money in eggs, and I'm trying to find it."—*Exchange*.

A friend is such a valuable asset that a man can afford to go a little out of his way to convert an enemy into one.—*The Christian Herald*.

MARRIAGES

STUTLER-BOND.—On April 16, 1911, by the Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Oris O. Stutler and Miss Velma Bond, all of Salem, West Va.

SCOTT-TUCKER.—At Alfred Station, N. Y., April 15, 1911, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Burdick, by Pastor I. L. Cottrell, Mr. Leighton Scott of West Almond, N. Y., and Florence May Tucker of Ward, N. Y.

SAUNDERS-BURDICK.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Richburg, N. Y., May 4, 1911, by Pastor R. R. Thorngate, Mr. Claude Saunders of Richburg, N. Y., and Miss Edith Burdick of Nile, N. Y.

DEATHS

STROTHER.—Oliver C., son of Arden and Lucinda Strother, was born in Doddridge County, W. Va., September 13, 1852, and died February 16, 1911, aged 58 years, 5 months and 3 days.

September 2, 1890, he was united in marriage with Sarah E. McKinley, who with their three children and one sister are left to mourn his loss. He was a constituent member of the Greenbrier Seventh-day Baptist Church. Though living at a distance from the church, he was ever loyal to its covenant.

He was buried at the Broad Run Baptist church, near his home, in Lewis County, W. Va.
L. D. S.

GREEN.—Asa Green, son of Benjamin and Louisa Monroe Green, was born in the town of Alfred, December 5, 1844, and on April 2, 1911, he was found dead by a barn, out of sight of his house, where he had driven his team for a rack.

As he did not return as soon as expected, his wife went to look for him and was the first one to find him. Both horses were down and he was under one of them. Just how it all happened, probably no one will ever know.

He was married to Samantha Logue in 1869. To them were born four children: Mrs. Edna Wilber of Bolivar, N. Y., Melvin Green of Alfred, and Mrs. Gertrude Stillman of Almond. The youngest, a little girl, died in infancy. Besides his widow and children he leaves eleven grandchildren and many other relatives.

Brother Green united with the Seventh-day Adventist church of Wellsville about 1865. He has been a lifelong resident of East Valley. As a child he was known as a good boy and a good student; as a man, a hard-working, honest man, always straightforward in his business.

A few years ago he had the misfortune to break his leg when alone in the woods, and

crawled on his hands and knees some distance, to hail the mail-carrier for assistance.

The neighbors and friends especially sympathize with the wife and family in the sudden, sad and strange manner of his departure, but trust it found him ready.

Funeral services were conducted in the Second Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred by the pastor, excellent music was furnished by a church quartet, and interment made in Alfred Rural Cemetery.
I. L. C.

ALLEN.—In Ann Arbor, Mich., April 10, 1911, Mrs. Carrie Terwilligar Allen, in the forty-fourth year of her age.

Mrs. Allen was the wife of Mr. N. F. Allen, of Ann Arbor, Mich., and was born in Binghamton, N. Y., but for nine years her home had been in Ann Arbor. Her genial nature, sunny disposition and helpful ways had won her an unusually large circle of friends. It had been her delight to serve others, and when she came to know that she could not get well, she submitted to the inevitable with cheerfulness, planning for her departure as calmly as one would for a journey and cheering her husband and those about her.

Funeral services were held in their home, April 13, and after incineration, burial took place, April 20, in Alfred (N. Y.) Rural Cemetery, where a brief service was held.
WM. L. B.

HADSELL.—Nathan Gardner Hadsell, son of Daniel and Eunice Gardner Hadsell, was born in Allegany County, March 12, 1829, and died April 12 at his home in the town of Almond, where he had lived most of his life.

He lived in different places in the county until about twenty years of age, when he commenced to learn the trade of wool-carding, which he completed in three years. He continued the work in the same mill, and later bought out the entire business, which he conducted until the mill was burned September 26, 1889.

In 1878, during Dr. A. H. Lewis' pastorate of the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred, Brother Hadsell was baptized and united with the church.

April 8, 1854, he was married to Miss Aurilla Elizabeth Lewis. To them were born three children: Orville Clayton of Perry, Ethel Clarinda, who died in 1889, and Israel Herbert, who lives with his family in the homestead. Mr. Hadsell was a kind-hearted, genial man, who would suffer personal loss rather than have trouble. He sought to make good his word, and was a hard-working, industrious man. He carried his good cheer into age and enjoyed the company of young people. Though he failed as his years increased, he was able to be about until after he had passed his eighty-second birthday anniversary, and his last sickness lasted only a couple of weeks. The night before his death, when the family thought the end was at hand and had gathered about him, he said to his wife, "I am going away off where there is no pain." And she said, "To see Clara?" "Yes," he answered. We trust that hope may be realized. And so may all those who love the appearing of

the Lord realize the blessedness of uniting with the loved and lost, in Christ.

An unusually large number of people attended the farewell services at the church, conducted by the pastor Sabbath afternoon, when two of the church choir beautifully sang, "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," "Face to Face," and "The City Four Square."
I. L. C.

TEFFT.—At the home of her son, Edwin A. Tefft, Janesville, Wis., April 19, 1911, Mrs. Clark R. Tefft, in the eighty-ninth year of her age. (Extended notice in last week's issue.)

LOBDELL.—John Burdick, the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lobdell, was born at Wirt, N. Y., October 14, 1907, and died at Friendship, N. Y., April 22, 1911, aged 3 years, 6 months and 8 days.

His life was all sweetness. He was winsome and lovable; a little favorite among all who knew him; a choice little flower-bud, plucked by the Master for his garden in heaven.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor Herbert L. Cottrell, were held at the home, and interment was made at Mt. Hope Cemetery, Friendship, N. Y.
H. L. C.

BEE.—Benjamin Wilson Bee was born in Doddridge County, W. Va., January 22, 1826, and died at his home at Salem, W. Va., April 23, 1911, aged 85 years, 3 months and 1 day.

He was the oldest son of the late Rev. Ezekiel Bee. Mr. Bee was twice married; first to Priscilla Hughes, September 9, 1847. This union was blessed with seven sons and seven daughters. All but one are still living. Five sons and five daughters were present at the funeral. He was united in marriage with Mrs. Emily Davis, December 26, 1893, with whom he happily spent the remaining years of his life.

He was a member of Company K, 14th Va. U. S. A., serving his country in the Civil War. In early life he gave his heart to God and became an active Christian and continued faithful unto death. He was ever a loyal Seventh-day Baptist.
L. D. S.

LEWIS.—Anna Lewis, daughter of Charles D. and Lydia E. Lewis, was born April 28, 1893, and died April 24, 1911, aged 17 years, 11 months and 24 days.

Since the death of her parents she has made her home with her grandparents, William and Martha Davis of New Milton. In June, 1910, she united with the Middle Island Seventh-day Baptist Church. She was loved by all and leaves a precious memory, the ennobling influence of a charming personality consecrated by God's grace.
L. D. S.

DAVIS.—Everett Clyde, son of C. P. and D. E. Davis, was born in Doddridge County, W. Va., November 21, 1889, and died at the home of his parents on Lick Run, Doddridge County, May 1, 1911, aged 21 years, 5 months and 10 days.

He was brought home after an absence of more than a year, seeking his health, but after a few days with loved ones, passed on to the home above.
L. D. S.

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SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON VIII.—MAY 20, 1911.
SONG OF THE VINEYARD.

Isa. v, 1-12.

Golden Text.—"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to drink strong drink." Isa. v, 22.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Isa. v, 1-12.

Second-day, Isa. v, 13-30.

Third-day, Isa. xxviii, 1-13.

Fourth-day, Isa. xxviii, 14-29.

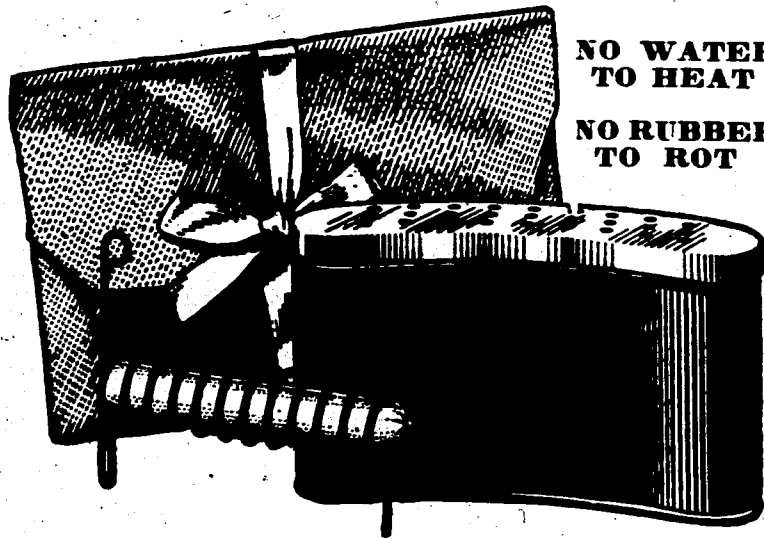
Fifth-day, Matt. xxv, 14-30.

Sixth-day, Titus ii, 1-15.

Sabbath-day, Psa. lxxx, 1-19.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand.*)

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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.

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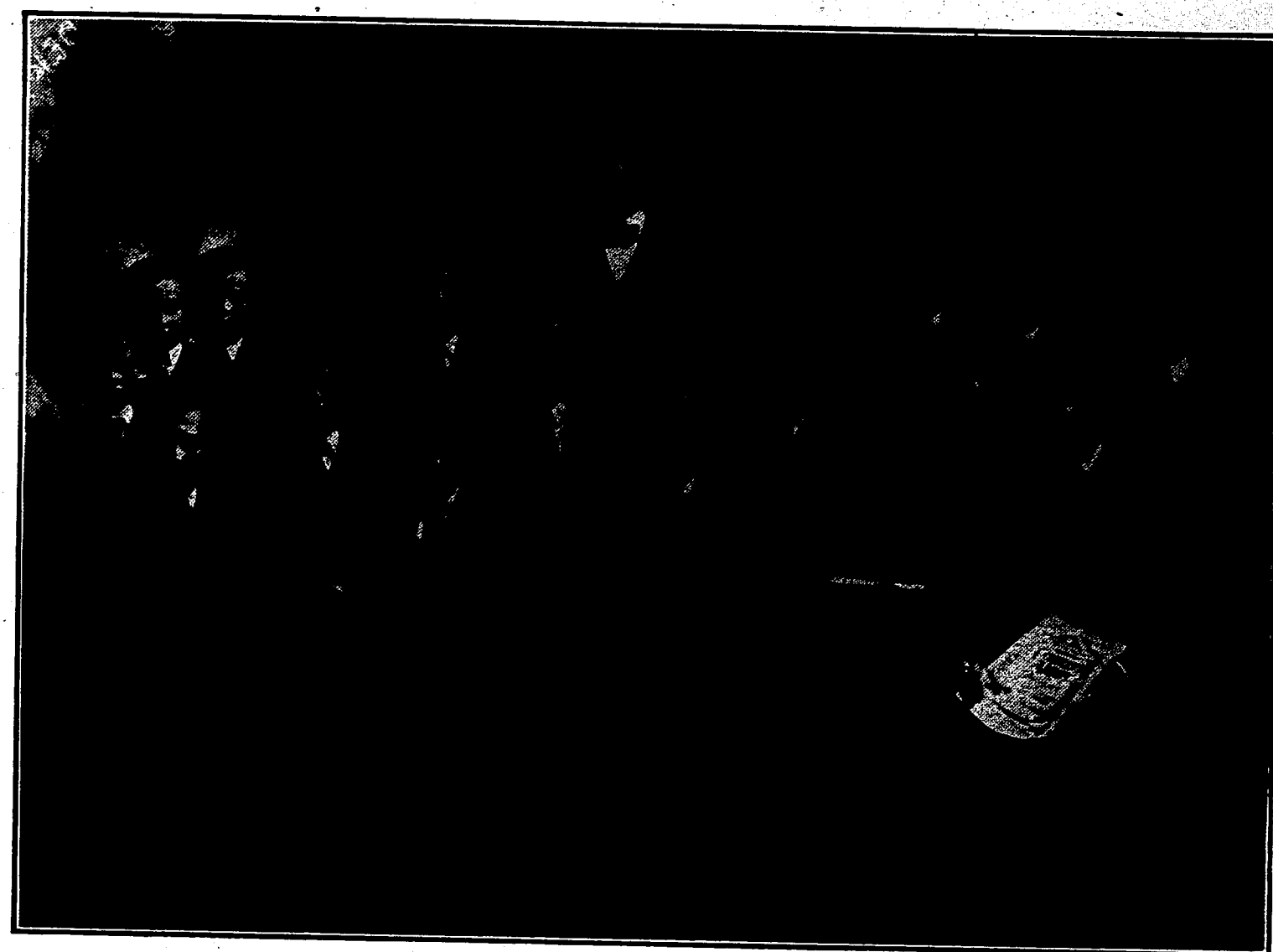
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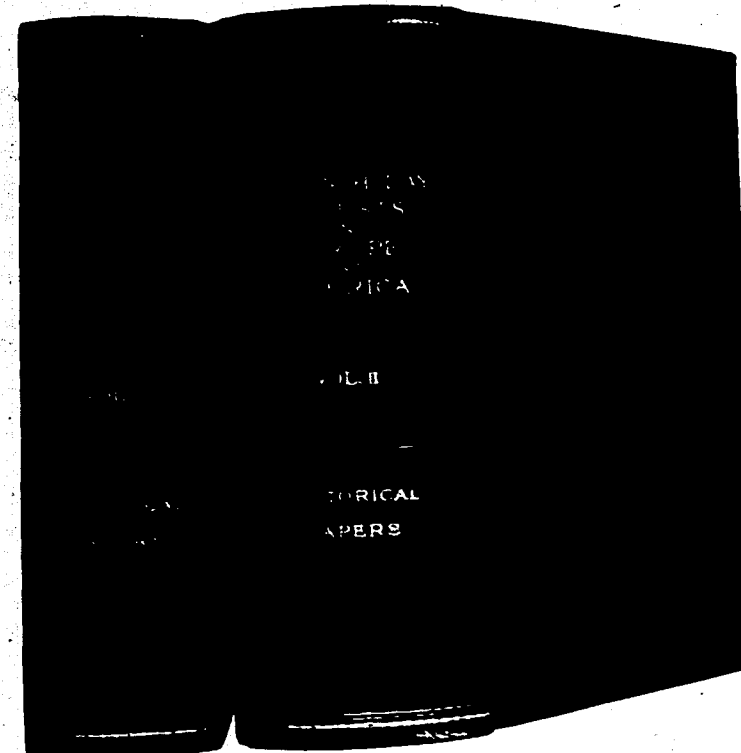
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—CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—Sunshine in a Cold Day; Influence of Pictures; Southeastern Association in September; An American Preacher Called to London	641-643
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES—Mexico; New Secretary of War; The Standard Oil Decision	643-645
His Wonderful Works	645
One Hundred Years	645
SABBATH REFORM—Testimony From the Other Side; Back to the Bible; The Inconsistency of the "Weekly Rest Day" Plea	646-648
Origin of the Seventh-day Adventists	648
THOUGHTS FROM THE FIELD—Proposed Abridgment of the Ten Commandments	649
The Work in Nortonville, Kan.	649
MISSIONS—Items From the Field; Letter From Dr. Grace I. Crandall; Monthly Statement	651-653
Divine Power on Earth	653
Meeting of the Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society	658
WOMAN'S WORK—Have Any Been Omitted? The World in Boston	659-661
Program of the Western Association	661
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Seventh-day Baptists in History; Boys' Junior Society, Milton, Wis.; The Christian Endeavor Business Meeting; Atlantic City, July 6-12, 1911; At Milton, Wis.; News Notes; Lily Blossoms (poetry)	662-668
CHILDREN'S PAGE—Good Night (poetry); The Rabbit Who Was Going to Tell; The Cherry-colored Kitten	669
HOME NEWS	670
Alternates Will Serve	671
SABBATH SCHOOL	672



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