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—*Elbert Russell.*

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

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EDITORIAL

"You Have Never Stood in the Darkness."

The words of this heading are the words of an Indian chief as he pleaded for the Gospel to be sent to his people. He prayed for the white man's "book of heaven" to be sent that they might learn the way of life.

Jesus said, "Ye are the light of the world," and he commanded his followers to go "into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." When the disciples were filled with the Christ-spirit, they immediately began carrying the Gospel into the "regions beyond" and gladly responded to every Macedonian cry. They pushed into every region round about them; and not satisfied with faithful work in their homeland, they pushed forward into heathen lands, to the islands of the sea, and far-distant cities. Some of them went into Africa, some to Italy and some to Spain, bearing the message of God's love.

If they had failed to do this, they would have failed utterly in the work whereunto their Lord had sent them. Wherever they went, the seed was sown that was to bring a glorious harvest in far-away lands and in ages to come. The light and civilization of our time, all the conditions that make the lot of men in China or in Africa today, have come to us through the faithful missionaries who have been sent to foreign fields with the light of the world. Our own land was once a "foreign field."

Indeed, this spirit of missions is the very essence of Christianity. The moment the early disciples became filled with the Holy Spirit themselves, that moment they began to reach out after those who were in darkness. I do not see how any lover of Christ can partake of his spirit and feel the movings of his love without longing to send or to carry the light to a world in darkness. How can one be a true follower of his Lord, and be content to bend every energy toward money-making for himself, without doing a thing for his fellows in heathen darkness? How can one hear the heartrending cries from hungry multitudes beyond the seas without being moved with compassion for them, and fired with a desire to help them? How can one bearing the precious name of Christian feel justified in placing obstacles in the way of those who are trying in the missionary spirit to obey the command of Christ? How can any one who has studied the blessed and direct influence of foreign missions as seen in the last fifty years be opposed to such mission work? How can any one, if he has noted carefully the blessed reflex influence of foreign missions upon the home churches, have a heart to discourage those who are pushing such work forward? Indeed, if the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination owes its life to any one thing more than another, it is to the fact that it has been a missionary people.

I have been deeply interested in the clear testimonies of Roosevelt and Taft regarding the transformation brought about in Africa and China and other heathen lands through the faithful works of Christian missionaries. It would undoubtedly put new life into all our churches, if we could have a wide-spread revival of interest in missions at home and abroad. If we could only stand in the darkness and realize for a time in our own hearts the hopeless desolation of the heathen; if we could put ourselves in the place of the Indian who ut-

tered the words at the head of this article, we might see things in quite a different light. In such a case those who are doing most for the heathen would feel that they are not doing half enough. The following poem by Mary Gorges is right to the point.

"You have never stood in the darkness
And reached out a trembling hand,
If haply some one might find it,
In the awe of a lonely land.
Where the shadows shift so strangely,
And the quick heart-beat is stirred,
If only a leaf be rustled
By the wing of a passing bird.

"You have never stood in the darkness,
And said good-by to the wife,
The little child or the mother,
Who have sat in your house of life,
And knew not where they were going,
As the birds who cross our sight,
Flitting within from the darkness,
Flitting without to the night.

"You have never stood in the darkness,
When soul after soul went by
In the mighty rush of battle,
Where kinsman and comrade die,
And something says they are living,
Although we hold them prone
With eyes that stare out blindly,
As yet shall do our own.

"You have never stood in the darkness;
You do not know its awe;
On your land a great light shineth,
Which long ago you saw.
For the light of the world we ask you,
We plead for the Book which shows
The way to win to His footstool,
Which only the white man knows.

"O voice from out of the darkness!
O cry of a soul in pain!
May it ring as the blast of clarion,
Nor call God's host in vain!
By the pierced hand which saved us,
Let *ours* do their work today,
Till from those who tremble in darkness
The shadows are swept away."

Advance Step in Salem College.

All SABBATH RECORDER readers will be glad to learn about any new move that is likely to benefit Salem College. The people have, for twenty years, had an abiding interest in the good work in West Virginia, and every one who attended Conference last summer in the fine new building was made to rejoice over the many signs of growth in the school. For years there has been great need of a teacher-training

school there, but the crowded conditions in the old building made such a move almost out of the question. With the new building, the college has ample room to enlarge the scope of its work and to organize departments hitherto impossible.

Announcements are now out for a six-weeks' summer school, to begin June 19, 1911, with a strong force of nine teachers and several lectures by prominent educators of the State.

The purpose of this summer school is given in four particulars: first, for teachers and those who desire to prepare for teaching; second, for any who may be behind in one or two subjects and wish to enter classes in the fall without being "conditioned;" third, for those who desire to go on with regular work and secure credits in courses; fourth, for children who wish to enter the training classes in the "Model Training School."

It is a good thing for the college thus to offer, at a minimum expense, its entire resources of teachers, equipment, library, reading-rooms, gymnasium, and laboratories, for the work so much needed in the education circles of the Mountain State, and everybody will wish the school complete success.

Alfred's Banquet in New York.

The annual dinner of the Alfred Alumni Association of New York and New Jersey was held in the beautiful banquet hall of the Hotel St. Denis, on the evening of February 16, 1911. There were about one hundred and thirty guests, who began to arrive about six o'clock and continued to come until the parlor and corridors of the St. Denis were well filled with the classmates and friends of other days, who faithfully improved the time until seven-thirty. This was indeed a pleasant hour and it passed all too quickly.

Finally the guests were invited to the dinner room, and Mr. William C. Hubbard, the president of the New York association, accompanied by Gov. Augustus E. Wilson of Kentucky, led the way. The guests of honor had been announced as Gov. Wilson, ex-Gov. Geo. H. Utter of Rhode Island, President Boothe C. Davis of Alfred University, Senator Wm. J. Tully of New

York, Director O. S. Morgan of the agricultural school, and Prof. Fred C. White, president of the Alfred Alumni Association. All these guests were present excepting ex-Governor Utter, whose health did not permit his attendance.

The dinner was over at half past nine o'clock, and the real feast of the evening then began. The banquet room was well filled with men and women in about equal numbers, all of whom were in excellent spirits; and with William C. Hubbard at his best as toast-master, all were sure of a good time.

After bidding all a most hearty welcome, President Hubbard said:

It is a good thing for us to come together at these annual banquets to renew old friendships and live over again the helpful, endearing associations formed long ago at our beloved alma mater. It is our desire to have these meetings as informal as possible. Let them be like the reunion of a large family, met for sociability and the interchange of thoughts and experiences full of interest to one another.

The Alfred heart is *large*—large enough to include its friends and well-wishers as well as those who have matriculated.

This is the seventy-fifth year since the founding of Alfred Academy, the forerunner of the University. The seventy-five years have been years of slow and patient growth—years of toils and trials, and successes, in which some but not all the problems have been solved.

Many noble sons and daughters have gone forth from Alfred's halls into life's battles and have brought credit to the institution that sent them out. Some of these are back tonight and honor us by accepting a place at this board. They are men of national importance and of high ideals. Alfred is proud of her children.

One hundred and two years ago this week, there was born among the rugged mountains in the State of Kentucky one of the grandest men this country has ever known—Abraham Lincoln. His birth is celebrated and his praises sung throughout this entire land. He was a man, seeking the good of all people, speaking peace to all who should come after him; and when, in the supreme hour of victory, he died, the vanquished lost their best friend, the human race one of its noblest examples, and all friends of freedom and justice joined hands as mourners at his grave.

Tonight we have with us another of Kentucky's illustrious sons—one whose life, with the exception of a few brief years spent in Alfred and in Allegany County, N. Y., has been spent in that rugged mountain State. In school and in society he was a favorite with both the boys and the girls, and his name is familiar to every alumnus of Alfred. Since entering upon the sterner duties of life he has successively and successfully filled many important positions, until

called by the State of Kentucky to become its chief executive.

I now have the very great honor and pleasure of introducing to you his excellency, Hon. Augustus E. Wilson, Governor of Kentucky, who will speak to us.

Governor Wilson arose amid great applause, and looking over the company of one hundred and thirty people, saw only one among them—Dr. Daniel Lewis—who had been a student with him in Alfred. He had not seen Alfred since he left it in 1864. His words of tribute to the memory of his old teachers, Allen, and Sales, and "Miss Elvira," were appreciated by all present. His reminiscences of some of Alfred's citizens, of the lyceum life, and of social gatherings were greatly enjoyed; and everybody laughed when he repeated a stanza of Silas Burdick's quaint poem written upon the new observatory which had been built while the Governor was in Alfred. He spoke of the excellent influence of the school over himself and others; told some amusing experiences with "Boss Kenyon," and also of the power of that man's life over him. He spoke in highest terms of his own beloved State.

He reminded us of the fact that life itself is a school, in which we are all learners, and spoke of the help of such gatherings as the alumni were holding, as giving opportunity to compare notes and strengthen the ties that make us one.

At the close of Governor Wilson's address, the entire company joined in singing, "Hail to thee, Alfred!"

President Davis then told of the success in securing pledges for the debt, mentioned the good work of the alumni in averaging over \$1,000 a day for the last ten days of the canvass before last commencement day, the outlook for the new Carnegie library, and of the need of increased endowments in order to meet the growing needs of Alfred. The President made a happy reference to a fine candy bouquet sent to his plate from the Sunshine Society, and spoke of the great pleasure with which he meets Alfred's old students in these banquets.

Space will not permit a full report of all the addresses, nor the publication of the letters received from absent ones. We would gladly give some of the happy hits made by the toast-master in presenting the speakers, but they have cooled off and

would lose their flavor if written in cold, deliberate pen scratches; so we forbear. Senator Tully followed with reference to the work of establishing the school of agriculture, and the blessings likely to come from that school to rural New York. He was much impressed with the personnel of the gathering. He had never attended a banquet where fully half the persons present were ladies, and spoke of the good results from coeducation in Alfred.

Next came Doctor Morgan of the agricultural school, who showed the excellent practical work in farming and domestic science being done in Alfred.

One of the most interesting items of the entire program was an address by Mrs. Morgan, who is enthusiastic over the work in which her husband is engaged among the country people on their farms. She makes a specialty of folk-songs in country homes. She works with the people and gathers material from the people. The best folk-songs of Italy, Ireland, Scotland and England have been collected and studied, and she makes it a point to cultivate the spirit of the dear old songs. She goes to the country districts and teaches the people the simple, touching old home songs, and is so enthusiastic in her work that no one can hear her speak five minutes without feeling that she is doing a good thing for our modern home life. She urges people to cling to the songs that come out of the heart, songs that last, and to despise the "yellow" edition in music, as they would the "yellow literature." The old lifetime hymns too are best. This fine talk was closed by asking all present to join her in singing "Annie Laurie." Really we wanted to say amen to every word of Mrs. Morgan's address.

After a few words from Edward L. Felton, the designer chosen by Mr. Carnegie to make plans for the new library building, and a spicy speech from Fred C. White, who invited us all to go to the next commencement, the banqueters began to hustle for the midnight trains, filled with pleasant memories of Alfred's last home gathering.

The officers for next year are, president, C. C. Chipman, secretary and treasurer, Dr. M. L. Clawson.

Rev. Horace Stillman.

Rev. Horace Stillman, who died at Trenton, N. J., February 17, 1911, was one of our consecrated missionary pastors, and will be greatly missed by the small churches in Rhode Island that he served so faithfully. For nearly thirty-seven years he had been going and coming over the hills and vales of the country about Ashaway and Westerly, ministering in spiritual things to the little flocks that gathered Sabbath by Sabbath, and that were aided by the Missionary Board to sustain public services. He had reached the age of seventy-one years, and yet up to the last Sabbath before his sudden illness and the long sickness following, he filled his Sabbath appointments with the First and Second Westerly churches. His labors during the last year had been blessed of God, and at least twice during the year Brother Stillman had the joy of baptizing candidates for church membership.

His life-work had been given entirely to the home field in his native State, and those who knew him best were able to appreciate his sterling qualities of character as no others could. Brother Stillman was a man who bore acquaintance, and could always do his best work among those whom he had longest known.

He was born and reared near Ashaway, R. I. There he attended school and there he began his church life. In 1861 he enlisted in Company I, 4th Rhode Island Volunteers, and was discharged in 1864, after a severe illness that came near costing him his life. He was a faithful soldier, and during the latter years of his life was a loyal comrade in the Grand Army of the Republic, serving his post as chaplain for many years. He never fully recovered from the breakdown that came by exposure and hard service in the army, and always suffered something of a handicap in his work, owing to loss of the sight of one eye, the result of army hardships.

After the war Brother Stillman spent a year or so in Albion, Wis., where he studied some in the academy at that place. In 1867 he entered school at Alfred, where the writer first made his acquaintance. With the exception of a year or so of teaching school, he spent the years from 1867 to 1874 in college and seminary work

at Alfred. He was much interested in the student missionary movement of the early seventies, going with "the boys" to schoolhouses on Sabbaths, in work for the Master. In 1873 he, with Rev. D. H. Davis as a yokefellow, did excellent work in Hebron and Hebron Center, Pa.

In 1874 he was graduated with the first theological class of the Seminary at Alfred, with George J. Crandall, Benjamin F. Rogers, John L. Huffman, David H. Davis, Durias K. Davis, Oliver D. Sherman and Theo. L. Gardiner, as classmates. During the autumn of that year he was ordained to the gospel ministry at Ashaway, R. I., by the First Hopkinton Church. This church had licensed him to preach three years before his ordination. His labors as missionary pastor under the auspices of the Missionary Board began in 1875 with Woodville church as headquarters. Later he moved to Niantic, making headquarters there until he settled in Ashaway. During his first year at Woodville twelve members were added to that church. For nearly thirty-seven years his labors have been blessed in strengthening the things that remain.

About three months ago he was taken suddenly with what appeared something like a paralytic stroke, and for the time it seemed as if the end had come. But he revived and for three months endured intense suffering under the ravages of disease. In order to secure better attention than could possibly be given at home, he was placed in the hospital; but nothing could save him. Kind hands did everything that human skill could devise, in order to relieve his suffering; but pneumonia set in at last and in less than a week his sufferings were over.

A good, conscientious, humble and faithful Christian, a sympathetic friend, a loyal, patriotic soldier of the Grand Army of the Republic, has gone to his everlasting reward.

The funeral was held in the old home church at Ashaway, which was well filled with his old friends and neighbors, who came to pay their last respects to a beloved brother. Beautiful tributes of flowers literally covered the casket. The services were conducted by the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, who was assisted by

three pastors of the Eastern Association. Rev. Clayton A. Burdick read the Scriptures, Rev. Henry N. Jordan offered prayer, and Rev. Lewis F. Randolph closed by prayer after the address by Editor Gardiner. Two beautiful solos were sung during the service, and the body was laid to rest near the "minister's circle" in the old Hopkinton Cemetery.

The Scripture text used to give appropriate thoughts for the occasion was, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

The Grand Army veterans attended the funeral in a body, and conducted the burial services at the grave. One of the most affecting scenes I have witnessed for many days was that where the gray-haired veterans of the Civil War, bowed in form, and some of them feeble in step, marched at the head of the procession through the cold and snow and mud, leading the way from the home of their fallen comrade to the church. Then again, as these faithful soldiers stood, with heads uncovered and with locks shaken by the bleak February winds, around the open grave, with the casket ready to lower, while they brought their tribute of flowers and evergreens and spoke their good words of committal, all hearts were touched, and we realized the power of a common brotherhood and the ties of a special comradeship.

Brother Stillman leaves a wife, two daughters, four sisters and a brother to mourn their loss. Many unto whom he had ministered will miss him greatly. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the entire community.

"The Messianic Jew."

This is the name of the magazine referred to by Brother Lucky in the interesting article about his work found elsewhere in this paper. It is a twenty-two page magazine about the size of the SABBATH RECORDER, and appears at present as only an occasional paper, with no stated time of issue. The next number is expected to ap-

pear in April. Subscription price is two shillings and sixpence for four numbers.

Vol. I, No. 1, is an interesting and strong paper, filled with pleadings for Israel, and giving the reasons for such a publication. It contains an urgent call to Hebrew Christians, full of pathetic references to their glorious history and showing the folly of relinquishing the Jewish principles and God's commandments as so many do when they become Christians. Every article seems timely and the writers appear to be consecrated men. We do hope Brother Lucky's wishes regarding his work may be fully realized. The paper's address is 134, Third Avenue, Melville, Johannesburg, South Africa. Read Brother Lucky's letter.

The British-Israel Ecclesia.

This little paper in magazine form is a strong advocate of the true Sabbath. It is edited and published by W. T. Wiseman, "Canfield," 10 Knollys Road, Streatham, London, S. W., England, and is just completing its fourth volume. The fifth volume will begin with March. So far as the Sabbath question is concerned, we think the paper is sound. No one can mistake the editor's meaning upon any question regarding which he writes. The cost of the *Ecclesia* is one shilling, sixpence, English money.

He Will Remember.

Sometimes, when things go wrong and you are in deep trouble, you may be tempted to fear that Christ has forgotten you and left you to bear your sorrows alone. But so long as he remembers his footsore and weary walk of earth, so long as he remembers his own heartaches, his dark days and dreary nights, he will not forget you in yours. When Christ forgets the agony in the garden, the burden of the cross, and the darkness of Calvary, he will forget you in your distress, but never before. When he forgets the darkness of the tomb, he will forget you in the hour of death, but he never will before.

"Think every day of beautiful things. If you do not, you will soon get so that there will be no beautiful things to think of."

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Trouble Brewing Between Russia and China.

The relations between Russia and China have become strained almost to the point of breaking. Russia has notified the powers of its intention to make a military demonstration on the Russo-Chinese frontier, owing to China's persistent failure to observe the treaty of 1881 made with St. Petersburg. It all depends upon China's attitude whether or not the demonstrations shall go farther than mere threats of war. The questions at stake are free trade in Mongolia, extra territorial rights of Russians in China, and the establishment of a Russian consulate at Kobde, Mongolia.

Closing Open Seas.

A most interesting international question seems to be coming to the front through the introduction of a bill in the Russian Parliament, the object of which is to extend the territorial waters to twelve miles beyond the present recognized boundaries of the White Sea. The enforcement of this measure would practically destroy the immensely rich fishing industries now carried on there by England and other nations. This bill, if enacted, will destroy the ancient and invariable precedent established by international law,—the three-mile limit between the mainland and the high seas. Great Britain, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Japan have already put in a vigorous protest against this measure, and it now remains to be seen how far the Russian bear will dare go.

By a general concession much of the White Sea is already closed to the other nations, and is regarded as Russia's territorial waters; and it does not look as if the other nations would consent to this new move on Russia's part. The waters between two capes one hundred miles apart are now generously regarded as exclusively Russian waters; and since in the recent Newfoundland treaty, ten miles apart between capes was considered all too large, it is no ways likely that this new grab bill will be accepted by the nations without controversy. What if the United States,

not satisfied with the sole proprietorship of the Chesapeake Bay, should claim exclusive right to all waters within twelve miles of the Virginia capes?

Trouble in the University of Moscow.

As the result of the students' rebellion in the University of Moscow, the rector, M. Manuiloff, was removed by the Ministry of Education. This move was promptly resented by the faculty, and thirty-five of the professors presented their resignation as a protest.

China Aroused.

China is fully aroused upon the question of prohibiting the opium trade. The Anti-opium Bill has passed the Chinese Parliament and is to take effect next year. Great Britain is greatly to blame for forcing the terrible curse of the opium trade upon China, and now that country is said to be pressing a new opium agreement upon the Chinese, by which the trade may continue until 1917. The Chinese are strongly opposing this move for continuing the trade, and insist upon immediate prohibition. China has been the loser in three British opium wars, and it will be a great pity if she is again overcome by a so-called Christian nation! The World's Missionary Conference, it will be remembered, made a strong appeal to England, urging that the government, in the interests of Christian civilization, release China at once from the opium treaty. The Chinese Parliament began by an appeal to Great Britain to release China from this treaty, and followed the appeal with the passage of a prohibition bill. All the world should stand by China. Indeed, I am not sure but China will yet teach the Christian nations some sensible lessons on the matters of "personal liberty" and prohibition.

Jezebel's Palace Unearthed.

For some time the expedition sent out by Harvard College has been excavating among the ruins of ancient Samaria in Palestine, and news from there tells us that the palace of Jezebel, Ahab's queen, has been unearthed. The work has been under supervision of Prof. George Andrew Reisner. Five thousand objects of archeological interest have been brought to light, among which are the jewels, amulets and

charms which are described in the Bible as essentials of a queen's outfit. According to Turkish law all art treasures have to be left within the borders of that government, but Professor Reisner hopes that the Sultan will present some of these relics to Harvard. It is interesting to know that this find corroborates some of the stories told of Jezebel in the Bible, and also establishes many facts about customs and habits of life in Bible times.

Several persons were killed and hundreds made homeless by an earthquake in Monastir, European Turkey. Monastir is in Macedonia, eighty-five miles northwest from Salonica. It is an important military center and a city of 45,000 inhabitants. Four American missionaries are stationed at that place. The inhabitants are suffering severely from the intense cold, and hundreds of tents have been asked for by the local authorities. Several mosques and houses were completely demolished.

Since the item regarding the Russo-Chinese trouble was written, the reports from China are more favorable, and show that China's reply is likely to be satisfactory to Russia.

One of the best evidences that modern invention has practically annihilated space was to be seen this week in the fact that President Taft at the White House in Washington touched the electric button that opened the Elk's carnival at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. By a direct line to the Pacific Coast connecting with the ocean cable, the President could press the button that illuminated a clock at Honolulu, thus giving the signal for opening the festival.

President Taft has more than intimated that he will surely call an extra session if the Senate refuses to act upon the reciprocity agreement. This will bring Congress to terms if anything, since so many members dread the extra sessions.

At the request of President Taft, Congressman Bennett's resolution looking toward the annexation of Canada was reported unfavorably by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.

SABBATH REFORM

Did God Change the Sabbath Day?

W. T. WISEMAN, F. R. G. S.,

Editor *British Ecclesia*, London, Eng.

"Did God change the Sabbath day?" It is a great question, because it implies that if he did not, some one or some power did it that had neither the authority nor the right to do so. We need not enlarge to Bible students that there are no such phrases as "Christian Sabbath," "Jewish Sabbath," "or Mosaic Sabbath" in the Bible. Did God change the Sabbath day? We answer at once, Never! We challenge any man to prove that the divine Legislator, who gave the Sabbath law and the Sinaitic law, has ever changed it or abrogated it. We challenge any man to prove that the Messiah, or his apostles, ever changed Jehovah's memorial Creation Sabbath day. Any man, any set of men, or any man-made council that has attempted a change of the divinely appointed Seventh-day Sabbath has never had any divine, prophetic, Messianic, apostolic, or Scriptural authority for such an unwarrantable act.

Historical proofs, outside the Bible records, can be given that the Sabbath of Jehovah has always been kept by some of God's witnesses. Historical proofs can be given from the first century down to the present day of this important fact. There is no proof in Holy Scripture that the Sabbath is Sunday. There is not one instance in Clement, Justin Martyr, or any other writer, that during the first century Sunday was called the Lord's day, or that the Lord's day was called Sunday. Up to the end of the fourth century Sunday was not called Sabbath. The Lord's day (Jehovah's day of Apoc. i, 10) did not succeed Sabbath as Sunday, but it was wholly changed by the Papacy, according to the testimony of writers of that anti-Christian Church. The prophets kept the Sabbath of Jehovah. The Messiah, who always obeyed his Father's commandments, kept the Sabbath. The apostles kept the holy Sabbath day. Historically, God's wit-

nesses kept the Seventh-day Sabbath in small scattered groups from the third century forward, and refused to depart from the teachings of the Messiah concerning the true Sabbath. Though hunted, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death by that murderous power that has "changed laws and times," they stood firm to the law of God, the example of the Messiah, and the practices of the Apostolic Ecclesias. Pagan influence, from the time of Constantine's edict, A. D. 321, and the influence of the apostate Roman Ecclesia, gradually expelled the Sabbath; but the true witnesses stood firm. Those who continued to keep the Sabbath, link modern Sabbatarian-immersed-believers, such as "Israelites of the New Covenant," "Seventh-day Baptists," "The Church of God," "Seventh-day Adventists," etc., with the Messianic and the Apostolic New Covenant Ecclesias. The witnesses in their earlier history were known as "Nazarenes," "Corinthians" and "Hipsistari." In the latter history they were known as "Vaudois," "Cathari," "Toulousians," "Albigenses," "Petrobrusians," "Pasagii," "Waldenses," etc.

Their doctrines were simple and Scriptural, and their lives were holy, in contrast with the ecclesiastical corruption that surrounded them and their enemies who tried to exterminate them. The dominant "Church," so-called, followed them with unceasing persecution. "In her was found the blood of the prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth" (Apoc. xviii, 24). There is no command to keep the first day. The Roman Catholic Church commands it. Therefore, Protestants, Puritans and other sects obey the Pope and not God. Neither do they obey his Anointed One, the messenger of the Covenant, or the commandment of the Holy Bible. Carlstadt, the great reformer, was for a complete return to the Holy Scriptures. He was a Sabbath-keeper. The thousands of pounds per annum spent by Reformation societies will be useless, unless they return to the apostolic faith of the New Covenant Scriptures. The Sabbath was instituted in Eden (Gen. ii, 2, 3): "And he rested on the seventh day from all his work. . . . And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." We read of no alteration all through the

Bible. The law of Jehovah, given to all Israel through his servant, Moses, says, in Clause 4, "Remember the sabbath day." This proves that the Sabbath day was a prior institution to the giving of the law on Sinai. Exodus xvi, 23, 27-29, before the written law, also proves it: "Tomorrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto Jehovah. . . . Six days ye shall gather it [the manna]; but on the seventh day, which is the sabbath, in it there shall be none." Some went out to gather on the seventh day. Jehovah said unto Moses: "How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws? See, . . . Jehovah hath given you the sabbath." "So the people rested on the seventh day." We learn from these Scriptures that the Sabbath and other laws were in existence before the "ten words," called "the Law," were codified. The crowning confirmation that the Sabbath began in Eden (Gen. ii, 2, 3) is by the Messiah himself. He said, "The sabbath was made for man," that is, Adam, and so for all mankind (Mark ii, 27). The Sabbath is mentioned in Moses, the Psalms and the Prophets, and in the New Covenant Scriptures. Saith the Creator of heaven and earth: "Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep. . . . It is a sign between me and the children of Israel for ever." "To a thousand generations" (Ex. xxxi, 13, 17; Ps. cv, 8).

Rome claims to have changed the Sabbath, as will be seen from an editorial in the *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, the official organ of Cardinal Gibbons and the Papacy in the United States. The opinions of the following notable men on the subject of the Sabbath day are to the point:

Mr. Gladstone: "The seventh day of the week has been deposed from its title to obligatory religious observance, and its prerogative has been carried over to the first, under no direct precept from Scripture."

Canon Eyton: "There is no word, no hint, in the New Testament about abstaining from work on Sunday. No commandment of God bids us do this or not do that on Sundays; we are absolutely free so far as his law goes."

Sir William Domville: "Centuries of the Christian era passed away before Sunday was observed as a Sabbath."

Dr. R. W. Dale: "It is quite clear that however rigidly or devoutly we spend Sunday, we are not keeping the Sabbath. . . . There is no command for the observance of Sunday."

We have six sets of men who vary in their teaching about this great Bible question: "Did God change the Sabbath day?"

First set declare that "Sunday is the seventh day."

Second set declare, "Constantine changed the day."

Third set: "We, the Church of Rome, changed the day by divine right."

Fourth set: "It does not matter which day we keep, so long as we keep a day."

Fifth set: "Genesis is a book of myths. Moses was a myth."

Sixth set: "We do not believe what the Bible says about the Sabbath."

We Sabbath-keepers declare: "The Bible is true! the seventh day is the Sabbath." Some say that there was no Sabbath law until Moses. The knowledge of the Sabbath by the sons of Noah proves that it was known to the antediluvians, or the preaching of Noah would have been in vain. It was known to Adam, from the beginning, as is proved by the record (Gen. ii, 1, 2). The Messiah said, "I am not come to destroy [the law], but to fulfil." How can any man, who pretends to be a divinely ordained apostolic preacher and teacher, say that the Sabbath of the everlasting Covenant has been changed, in the face of the sacred declaration of the Son of God. Do you really think, can any sane man, who pretends to be biblically taught, imagine that the Creator, the mighty God of Israel, would allow the birthday of his creative power to be forgotten? Never! Neither should we, his witnesses of the house of Israel. The house of Judah, our brethren, is another witness to Jehovah, that the seventh day is the Sabbath. Do you think that the Jews would have suffered the loss of wealth, imprisonment, and loss of life for keeping holy the Sabbath day if it was not the right day? Look at Russia, red with the blood of the Jews who keep the Sabbath. The bricks and stones in the British Museum witness to the word Sabbath and shame the Sabbath shunters. The Sabbath stands, and will stand until the eternal Sabbath begins. We who keep

the holy Sabbath day are a waiting remnant, a divinely kept minority. We occupy the place of witnesses, like Elijah and the lone prophets of old; a position of obloquy and persecution in the world, and yet a place of divine honor and blessing with God. It is easy to go with the crowd, to float with the popular current. "Lifeless fish float with the tide. Life-leaping salmon mount the difficult cascades, and find the source." Hold on to the holy Sabbath, for "it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Emigrants From the United States.

W. H. MORSE, M. D.

It is to be contended that although the Italians come to this country at the rate of a round quarter of a million every year, it would be inexact to speak of them as "immigrants." This is not in defence of them as socially superior, however. Instead, it is a matter of etymology in the first place, and a matter of fact in the balance. According to Webster,—

Immigrant, One who comes to a country for the purpose of permanent residence."

Immigrate, To come into a country of which one is not a native for the purpose of permanent residence." "To bring in as permanent residents."

Immigration, A going into a country for the purpose of permanent residence."

The stress is laid on the word "permanent." The majority of the Italians who come to this country do not come for permanent residence. The Italian is a home-lover. He comes to better his condition, and his aim and object is to better it as speedily as possible and then to return to the old country. Therefore, etymologically, he is not an immigrant, and by the fact itself he is entitled to the same description. Instead,—and still speaking with a varying etymology,—he is an emigrant. Referring again to the dictionary, we find that,—

Emigrant, emigrate, emigration are used with reference to the country from which migration is made, and *immigration, immigrate* and *immigrant* with reference to the country to which migration is made."

And the Italian is an emigrant. That is

his tendency, and it is overpowering. He comes to this country (nominally as an "immigrant") to better his financial condition. Having done so, his one idea is to return to his homeland, and to do this he must "emigrate."

We talk in a sort of pitying way of "emigration from countries of the old world," when, actually, we have an "emigration problem" of our own, set to the same tune as the familiar "immigration problem." Now and then, in political campaigns, we hear dissertations on "the time coming when the United States will send out emigrants"—to Alaska, Siberia, or South America. The time is the present. We are sending our emigrants every week, emigrants not to be ashamed of, the Americanized and Christianized Italians. And this emigration problem is rectifying the immigration problem. Senator Dillingham, chairman of the Senate Committee on Immigration, and author of the immigration law, writes me that "the necessity of securing statistics concerning outgoing aliens is a most important one, which will have considerable effect in setting the problem at rights before the people." And our emigrants do not go out to a new, but to an old country, their own old home. We criticize Europe sometimes for sending us her offscouring, but we, in sending out these, our emigrants, send trained men, able to the accomplishment of the Redeemer's last command. Ours is the training and the equipment. If some European countries were careful to send us fewer paupers and criminals, and if all countries were as careful as some are to send their thrifty people, the problem would read and work differently from what it does.

Praise God that we are sending out emigrants, and that by them, equipped with the Gospel in their hearts and hands, we can have a part in the evangelization of Italy. Look though we may askance and with doubt on the Italians, are they not "chosen vessels" to bear the name of our Lord to their old home from which, twenty centuries ago, the uncorrupted Word went forth from the lips of Paul, and was instrumental in the conversion of our own ancestors? "They of Italy salute us," they who perish for the Bread of Life, and who, if we fail to train and equip these

missionaries, can reproach us with a pathetic "Inasmuch" at the bar of the Master.

Hartford, Conn.

The Work of Brother Ch. Th. Lucky.

[The following is taken from a personal letter, written to Pastor Edwin Shaw by our missionary friend in Galicia.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER:

I have sent you today a copy of a new paper, which is edited by my friend, a Jewish brother in Christ, and by me. Of course my name does not appear on the surface, neither as editor nor as contributor, or as any one that has a share in the work. But it is so. My name appears as "Jedidjah." You would write it "Jedidiah." So it is in the English Bible.

Now I would like you to know all about this work. You know my love to the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination. And why do I love them? Because they—as a denomination—walk in the ways of God. They "keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." The church at large has thrown aside the obedience to God's commandment. I love God's Word and his commandments; therefore, my heart was made glad when I learned to know there is a group of non-Jewish Christians who are obedient to God, doing what he commanded.

To my great grief I have a hard struggle with Jews who have joined "the Church." They are taught to forsake everything that the Old Testament teaches to do. Harder struggle have I, therefore, with Jewish brethren who reject Christ. It is impossible to make them see that Christ Jesus is the Christ, the promised Messiah, whom God the Father has sent to redeem the world from sin and transgression. Because—my brethren would say—the true Christ wouldn't abolish God's Word and commandment. They believe what the so-called Christians are doing, they are doing by the strict command of Christ.

I won't enlarge on this. I only mention this in order that you should understand me. You know this is the greatest object of my life, to work for the Master among his people Israel. To this work I devoted my life. I see it as the calling

which the heavenly Lord gave me. And I do my work on a different plan. I am working hard to establish a *distinctly Hebrew Christianity, or distinctive Jewish Christianity, if you prefer this way of expressing it.* Many, many years there was all a failure. The Lord kept back the blessings. I succeeded many a time to build up a small community of Hebrews who accepted Jesus as their Messiah, but Satan took all away. Satan destroyed all work. I do not want to tell you all the grief and sorrow I have had. Therefore, I kept silence years and years and only here and there did I let the brethren in America know of my faring.

But now the sun seems to break through the clouds. The Lord has awakened a Jewish-Christian brother in Johannesburg, South Africa, and through him a few more staunch Jewish Christians. With these brethren I begin a new "era" of work, if I may express it that way. This whole year since my returning home I am given to this work. Think a moment. These brethren are living in Johannesburg, South Africa, and I in Galicia, Austria. It takes almost two months to a return of letter—and I have to sit and write letters, one after another, to direct and to explain and to answer different questions on biblical subjects—to awaken and to strengthen. To be sure *the Lord* awakened the Brother Ph. Cohen there. The Lord did it. He, a Jew, born in Russia, in the Jewish pale, came over to England and heard the message of salvation. He accepted the message, and became a member of "the Church." Friends saw the gifts of this brother, and sent him to college to improve his gifts. He became a missionary to Israel, of course in the sense of "the Church." But some two or three or more years ago he became uneasy. He saw the great mistake the Jewish Christians are making. In becoming Christ's disciples they forsake all and everything that has the savor of "Jewish." They believe to have the strict command of the Lord to throw overboard the commandments of God. They become so assimilated, so Gentilized, if you pardon this expression, that their next generation can not be recognized at all as being descendants of Jews. This is against God's plan. Brother

Ph. Cohen found this out. He then published a booklet: "The Hebrew Christian and His National Continuity." This led to our mutual acquaintance—of course, only by writing—and we are joint now to do a good work.

We began now to publish a paper in English, *sub titulo* "The Messianic Jew," of which I send you today the first issue. Brother Cohen will not remain in South Africa. We plan to make our seat either in Palestine or in some other fit place, in Europe, from which we can reach Jewish Christians, and Jews that are not disciples of Christ, as yet.

This way the Sabbath cause will be promoted in wide Jewish-Christian circles. Of course, we take in other commandments, but the more so the Ten Commandments, and amongst them is the Sabbath of God. We will have to speak and to write much about the Sabbath, for this is the chief issue now. I hope the Lord will bless our work and we will ere long have congregations of Hebrew Christians keeping Sabbath among a Christendom that is desecrating the Sabbath of God. Then there will be a great host of battling people for the cause, which you and I are standing for, long ago.

This way I believe to have made you see that the work of "The Messianic Jew" is really a work for the Sabbath. But besides this we all are commanded to preach the Gospel to all mankind. "The Messianic Jew" is a missionary work. Its last aim is to preach the Gospel to unconverted men and women. Of course we direct our efforts to Jewish men and women, but these are also included in the command of our Lord. The Seventh-day Baptists, as Christians, are also commanded to promote the Gospel everywhere.

Now I beg you to help us in our work. You, of course, can not do much from your own. If it be possible, send your name as subscriber and, if not, I will send you the paper anyhow. But you can do two things: (a) You can make the paper known amongst the denomination. Perhaps will some be found who would subscribe. (b) You know I try to reclaim the money which the late D. C. Burdick and Hannah his wife have left for the cause of spreading the Gospel, undefiled by Gen-

tile influences, amongst the Jews. Till now I have found no form, under which I could again work with the two boards, the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary and Tract boards. I hope the Lord will help. When Brother Cohen will come over to Europe or to Palestine, and we will arrange our work on a sound basis, then I hope we will enter, as a church, the General Conference and then there will be a possibility to make use of the Burdick Jewish funds.

Meanwhile you can help me in making the people understand my aspirations and my hopes. If you have a moment to spare write something, give a review of the paper from your side. I expect others will also do that. But it would do a great good if you too would write.

With best wishes to you and your dear family, and to the whole denomination,

Yours in the Christ of God,

CH. TH. LUCKY.

An Explanation.

Through a letter from Milton Junction, Wis., I learn that exceptions are taken to the little item called "An Old Friend in New Guise," presented at a recent session of the Woman's Society for Christian Work of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Plainfield, N. J., on the score that to the late Rev. N. Wardner, and to him alone, is due the conversion of the late Rev. G. Velthuysen to the Sabbath and the founding of the Haarlem Church in Holland.

In explanation permit me to say, that in the first place there was no thought of anything, save a little item, hurriedly written to fill a need. Naturally, with the thought of Sabbath truth and Sabbath tracts, the names of the two men who had been most active in preparing and disseminating those truths came to my mind, and with no thought of detracting an iota from the just claims of the real originator of the little church, who without doubt was the Rev. N. Wardner.

Trusting this explanation will be satisfactory, I am

Sincerely,

S. L. WARDNER.

MISSIONS

"I am the Good Shepherd; and I know my sheep and my sheep know me, just as the Father knows me and I know the Father; and I am laying down my life for the sheep. I have also other sheep, which do not belong to this fold: those also I must bring, and they will listen to my voice; and they shall become one flock under one Shepherd."—*The New Testament in Modern Speech.*

"The World for Christ."

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations.—Matt. xxiv, 14.

The history of the rise of the New Testament shows that it is only in the exercise of the missionary spirit that Christianity in its true power and essence really comes to light. True it is that the Gospel found the heathen, but in finding them it really discovered itself, coming as it did to a consciousness of its own depth and height and illimitable breadth. No caged bird knows the joy of real flight, no seed demonstrates the marvelous potency of the life that is within it till it finds a suitable soil. The richest gospel heritage has ever been out of the soil of a lost world. It means little apart from such an environment. Today, as ever, Christ does not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. The task of the Christian Church today is to send the Gospel to the Christless nations; the task of the so-called Christian nations is to discover wherein they are lost when brought face to face with the searching question: "What do ye more than others?" For the successful accomplishment of the one task one generation of consecrated men and money is all that is necessary; for the other, millenniums may not suffice. But though this may cause regret, it ought not to cause alarm. The center of gravity of the kingdom of God has shifted too often, even in that short space of time we know, for us to think that God has anchored the fortunes of his

kingdom to any type of civilization we are acquainted with. In the early morning of revelation Babylonia seems to have held the secret for a while; then for half a millennium Egypt, with its wondrous Nile; for a thousand years thereafter the Shekinah glowed on Mount Moriah's heights; then for a season Constantinople ruled; then Rome reigned with iron hand as long as all the rest combined; and if today Berlin, London, and New York lead the world in Christian aggressiveness, is this an argument that the day will not come some time when Tokyo, Shanghai, and Calcutta shall forge to the front and take their places in the van? To say that the materialistic Occident has exhausted the potencies of Christianity is to talk rubbish. We owe it not only to the heathen, but much more to Christ himself, to plant his standard in the regions beyond. We must save the heathen in order to save our Christ from becoming a merely national hero. The bane of paganism is its local deities. A merely Anglo-Saxon Christianity runs the same perilous risk. We must carry Christ to the Orient in order that we may get the contribution their love and worship will make to his character and person. Today, as in the olden time, Christ, and Christ alone, stands ready to break down the middle wall of partition that divides the East from the West and thus create a new mankind; and in the creation of this new humanity out of hitherto incongruous and warring elements Christ will grow to hitherto unimagined proportions. It is only when the water of life satisfies the thirst of the world that we properly appreciate its depth and fulness of life-giving power; it is only when the uplifted Christ draws all men that we can really love and worship him aright.—*From "A Monument to Missions," by Thomas C. Carter, D. D., in the Missionary Voice.*

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek,
Thy erring children, sad and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
—F. R. Havergal.

Opportunities for Physicians in Mission Lands.

Albert B. Smith, acting candidate secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on the subject above, says:

"Thirty vacant fields for medical men and twenty-two for medical women, with no competition and unlimited opportunities for original research, have been brought to my attention by various missionary societies. Some hospitals have had to be closed for lack of workers.

"For men with pioneer instincts there are great fields entirely unoccupied; while for expert surgeons there is work at hand which is already self-supporting. Several internships, from one to three years, are also open for recent graduates.

"For women to whom the experience of Dr. Susie Rijnhart, of Tibet, appeals, there are great fields entirely unoccupied; while for experienced surgeons there are hospitals waiting.

"All this work is under the missionary societies of the various Protestant churches of the United States and Canada.

"The work requires men and women of good health and rugged constitution, not over thirty-five years of age, graduates of first-class medical schools (in some instances only those who have had both collegiate and professional training, together with either postgraduate or hospital experience), members of some Protestant church, and definitely interested in the religious motives and purpose of medical missions.

"Comfortable support is provided by the missionary societies. This includes traveling expenses for physicians and their families, provision for outfit, living quarters, language teachers, etc., in addition to which a salary is paid which is based on what experience shows to be needed to maintain the worker in the highest state of efficiency. This varies in different countries. The net result is the same. It is not a work which will attract one who seeks large financial returns. The work demands those of heroic mold, who want to find the place where their medical skill is needed and where all their training will be utilized to the utmost. The work demands devotion, wide sympathy, and earnest purpose. From a purely professional

standpoint these opportunities are unparalleled. A woman graduate of a Canadian university, who went to Arabia a few years ago, reported after a fortnight in the only hospital along the coast of a thousand miles: 'During my visit here we have had twenty operations on the eye, one amputation, the removal of a large tumor, and numerous teeth extracted. In medicine we have had pleurisy, tuberculosis, tetanus, smallpox, leprosy, paraplegia, different varieties of heart lesions, and other interesting cases. In gynecology we have had the usual run of inflammations and displacements, with atresia for a specialty. One of the peculiarities of the people here is that they never present themselves for treatment until the disease is far advanced; but of course there is an excuse for them in some cases, as they may have suffered for some years before there was a hospital to come to. About seventy-five per cent of the people seem to have eye trouble of some sort. Trachoma, trichiasis, ulceration, and opacity are the commonest forms; yet inside a week one meets everything from simple ophthalmia to panophthalmitis. In fact, one would have to be a specialist in every branch of medicine and surgery to do justice to the amount and range of material.'

"Calls are now in my hands from great cities, as well as country districts of China, Africa, Persia, the Philippine Islands, Egyptian Soudan, Arabia, Mexico, Turkey and Korea. I shall be glad to give further details to any physician to whom this opportunity for service appeals."

"God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with him."

"I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify, to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God all things are known?"

"There is nothing which so refines the face and mind as the constant presence of good thoughts."

California.

WARDNER WILLIAMS.

In complying with a request to write something for the SABBATH RECORDER in regard to Seventh-day Baptist interests in California, allow me to present four scenes.

SCENE 1.

When in California three years ago I received an invitation from Pastor Loofboro at Riverside to address his people. I persuaded Bernie Saunders, my wife and little girl to go with me up to Riverside, but did not tell them that I had consented to speak. Bernie not feeling very well said that he would not attend church as the sermon might be "long and dry" (with no reflections on the pastor, however) but I persuaded him that it might not be and at any rate he could take a back seat where he could slip out if he could not stand it. When I went forward to speak, my wife was amazed, my little girl laughed and Bernie nearly fell off the back seat. I gave them fair warning by telling them that I could not preach but that I could tell a story. Well, after a while we got down to "brass tacks", sometimes called plain facts. After the talk was over, as fine a cluster of young people as I ever saw came crowding around to shake hands and ask if I would not go to all our churches and talk that to them. I do not remember what my reply was, but undoubtedly it was, "They do not want to hear it." I have never been to Riverside since, only passing through on the "Salt Lake Limited", from which I could look into the back yard of Pastor Loofboro and see his flock of beautiful chickens "scratching for a living" while he was in the front yard or in his study doing the same thing. My Riverside experience convinced me that they are ready over there to undertake great things.

SCENE 2.

Having been given the address in Los Angeles where our people hold a meeting for the study of the Sabbath-school lesson, my wife and I called at the appointed hour. There was no one there I had ever seen before or who knew us. We were invited in and soon fell into conversation about things back East, etc. The lady of

the house said she once lived in Leonardsville, N. Y., to which I replied that I knew of Leonardsville but had never been there. Finally I was asked what my name was, to which I replied, "Mr. Williams." "What Williams?" I said, "My father was Thomas R. Williams", to which she replied, "What is your name?" and I said, "Wardner." The lady quietly stepped into the adjoining room and began to wipe away the tears and finally returned and said, "I knew your father and mother in the old days of DeRuyter Institute; they were very dear friends of mine." Then followed a heart to heart talk of their trials and consecration, how the children had drifted away from the Sabbath, of their efforts to keep together in some form if only to study the Sabbath-school lesson.

SCENE 3.

On a later trip I learned that services were being held in a rented church some little distance from the center of the city. I took a car and went out there. As I came up a lady was unlocking the church door of whom I inquired, "Do the Seventh-day Baptists hold a meeting here today?" If I remember correctly, it rained and only a very few were present. It was one of those days in which the mercury in the spiritual thermometer goes pretty near down into the bulb. They said, "The people do not want to let us use this church for our services any longer." I asked why. "They say if they take rent for the use of the church, they will have to pay a tax on the property." I replied, "What is the matter with their giving you the use of it and thereby saving their taxes?" Then the spiritual sunshine began to break and they decided to go back into the city and rent a hall right in the midst of things and go to work. It was suggested that they might some time have a pastor and a fine church organization be perfected which would become a power in Los Angeles. They asked me if I would not look out for a pastor for them, but the Lord took that job off my hands and there they are today—church, pastor and all—as a result of the leading of the Spirit.

SCENE 4.

A church in one of the most beautiful and flourishing cities of southern Califor-

nia, surrounded by beautiful orange groves where is grown some of the finest fruit that is raised in the world. This church is the result of the earnest desire of Rev. John T. Davis, Mr. Charles B. Hull, Mr. Frank Titsworth and others who wanted to establish a colony in this goodly land. While they have all returned to the homeland, their works and hopes have remained and the Riverside Church is there, and there to stay, in this goodly land of promise. There is no one but that would now say, "Good for you, Davis, Hull, Titsworth, Coon and all the rest, for you builded better than you knew." In Los Angeles there is that veteran saint, Dr. Lewis A. Platts, pastor over that growing flock. The Lord picked a man in answer to their fervent prayer who knows what service, faithfulness, loneliness, faith, sorrow, hope, self-sacrifice and joy all mean. Like "The Bright and Shining Star" of which he wrote when on his way to this new field, his life floods the world with light and hope. Scene 4 closes with the promises of God fulfilled in a wonderful manner. Down goes the curtain to rise again on scenes doubtless more wonderful than those here depicted.

801 Equitable Building,
Denver, Colo.

Help for Suffering Chinese.

This week another remittance of \$10,000 has been forwarded by cable through our State Department in Washington from the *Christian Herald* China Famine Fund to the Relief Committee in the field. This is the fourth remittance which the *Christian Herald* has cabled through the State Department since the opening of the Relief Fund, making the total sum cabled to date \$26,000. Although the contributions haven't yet reached that total, the *Christian Herald*, in view of the immediate need, has followed its usual custom of anticipating the gifts of its readers to the extent of several thousand dollars.

Shanghai dispatches received during the week state that the situation in the famine provinces of Anhui and Kiang-su is steadily growing worse. Thousands are perishing of starvation; in many places there is not even an attempt made to bury the dead,

"Nearly two million persons," the dispatch adds, "are in danger of death unless prompt relief is forthcoming." This frightful condition of affairs affords little hope that even the labors of the two large Relief Committees may be able to avert the impending calamity.

The whole civilized world is touched with sympathy for China and is now striving to hurry forward relief. Meanwhile, money cabled through the *Christian Herald* saves precious time and gets relief most quickly to the field. A gift to China now, forwarded by cable, will do much more towards saving life and lessening suffering than any aid sent later could possibly accomplish.

A cable dispatch from Peking indicates that fears are entertained for the personal safety of the American missionaries. There is little doubt that these devoted workers, who are now distributing food to the multitudes of sufferers in and around Chin-kiang, are in real danger. The nature of this danger may be gathered from a letter to the *Christian Herald* from Rev. Mr. Longden, the chairman of our Interdenominational Missionary Committee at Chin-kiang, in which, after acknowledging the receipt of a remittance from our Relief Fund, he describes the almost hopeless character of the situation. He writes:

"China's condition seems almost desperate. The flood covers about the same district as that of four years ago."

Missionary Lobenstine says that the people, seeing starvation ahead, were so desperate that thousands of them banded themselves together and marched through the country, robbing every one who had any foodstuffs laid by, or who was reported to have any money. Doctor Cochrane, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Anhui, reports the famine as more severe than the last, two thirds of the inhabitants of the districts from which he writes having been obliged to abandon their homes.

Another missionary writes that refugees from the North are being sent back again. He adds: "These people had put their all in boats and barrows and gone away. It is little wonder that there is threatened trouble when the tide is turned back. One's heart-strings get many a tug as one

sees the pitiful barrow-loads going aimlessly hither and thither."

Missionary Henry S. Ferguson, Yung-Chow-fu, writes: "One meets many refugees on the road; many are eating their last food now. The distress will deepen as the season advances. This is a famine which money will relieve, as the source of supply begins about fifty miles to the south."

Practically all the missionaries who have written on the subject agree that the death-roll of the coming month will be an appalling one, unless adequate relief can be afforded. Miss Ellmers, a missionary of the China Inland Mission, says: "The destitution around Antung is even worse than in the last famine. The people have not recovered from the last inundation and have no reserve to fall back upon. This is true of the greater part of the native population."

A worker of the North Presbyterian Mission states that in a territory of seven thousand square miles in Anhui, between two and three millions are affected by the famine, and of these over a million are practically without anything to carry them through the months between now and spring. In the magistracy of Huaiyuan alone, approximately 175,000 people must be assisted or die.

Refugees are pouring into Chin-kiang. The officials there are distributing soft boiled rice to about 10,000 people daily. As in the last famine vast crowds of destitute are surging up and down the country in the hopeless quest for food, and the missionaries are simply overwhelmed by the demands for aid which, owing to their very limited resources, they are unable to satisfy. It is not surprising that there should be danger of violence from these famine-stricken mobs, whose sufferings have driven them to desperation. Chairman Longden adds that his associates on the committee will see that money sent to them reaches the sufferers in the form of life-sustaining food.

The floods have destroyed large areas in Hunan and Hupeh provinces and great destitution is reported in these localities. An urgent appeal for help has come to the Chin-kiang missionaries from Chan-teh-fu, Hunan.

It may soon become a question whether the plague or the famine will be the more terrible, should the former continue to spread southward. While Europe is agitated over the possible spread of the contagion to Western countries, and all civilized governments are taking precautions to bar out the plague by rigid quarantine, China is fighting her double battle with grim stoicism. The pneumonic plague, still raging with undiminished violence in several parts of Manchuria, has already spread southward to the sea coast and Shantung. In the city of Harbin, lately, 2,300 bodies of plague victims were burned in sixteen heaps and the remains buried in seven pits. The authorities are considering the advisability of burning the whole Chinese section of the city, which had a population of 10,000 and where 5,174 have already died of the plague.—*The Christian Herald*.

If.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream and not make dreams your
master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your
aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out
tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold
on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!
—*The American Magazine*.
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WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY,
Contributing Editor.

"Just as of old the world rolls on and on,
The day dies into night, night into dawn,
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold,
Just as of old.

"Time loiters not, the river ever flows,
Its brinks are white with blossoms or with snow,
Its tide is warm with spring or winter cold,
Just as of old.

"So where is the beginning, where the end,
Of living, loving, longing? Listen, friend,
God answers with a silence of pure gold,
Just as of old."

On Christmas day of last year there died, in Castile, New York, a woman whose memory all Christian women everywhere should delight to honor. This woman was Dr. Clara A. Swain, the first woman physician to go as a missionary to the Orient.

She was graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia in 1869—not long ago as the years run, but a long, long time as we consider the changes that have come to our good old world during these years.

A change that is especially noticeable to us is found in the attitude of this same old world toward the work that a woman may do. Then, for a woman to become a physician and to establish an office and secure a practice was to subject herself to ridicule and, in many instances, insult; but for an unmarried woman—a "woman doctor" at that—to go as a missionary was "disgraceful."

Doctor Swain succeeded in overcoming all obstacles in gaining her medical education, and in the same year in which she was graduated she was sent, by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a medical missionary to Bareilly, India. During her first year in India she opened a dispensary and treated 1,300 patients. She also started a class of girls in the study of medicine. Three years later thirteen of these girls were given certificates allowing them to practice medicine.

Her work became popular with the people whom she sought to help and through the gift of a Mohammedan prince she was able, in 1874, to open a hospital—the first hospital for women in the Far East.

Doctor Swain retired from the work in 1895, after having given twenty-seven years of her life to this service.

It must have been a great source of joy to Doctor Swain during these later years of her life, to know that the work she had started alone so many years before had grown and extended its activities, until now many women, physicians and nurses, working in many dispensaries and hospitals, in all heathen lands, were, while ministering to the physical distress of the people, helping to point them to the great Physician who is able to give to them "the peace that passeth all understanding."

As a special instance of the change in public sentiment we publish this week the story of the Chinese girl who came to New York to enter Johns Hopkins University.

We of the present can scarcely realize the opposition that the organizers of the first woman's missionary society had to meet in forming that society fifty years ago. The organization of this society was followed, in 1861, by the work of the Sanitary Commission of the Civil War. At the close of the war the women were ready for other forms of benevolent work, and thus readily organized more missionary societies and societies for Christian work of all kinds, until now all cities and towns have their woman's missionary societies, societies for the support of hospitals and schools, and societies for civil or municipal betterment. Few indeed are the hamlets that may not boast of at least one such society.

Last year the money raised and disbursed by the women's foreign mission boards of the different denominations amounted to over \$4,000,000. Think how many schools, hospitals and dispensaries were helped with this money. The work in this country was done largely by women who gave their time and tried in every way possible to save expense.

Mrs. Hillis in the *Outlook* expresses the opinion that there was in this work "probably as small a percentage of expense in

the handling as such a sum ever involved."

One object of the jubilee meetings that have been mentioned in these columns before has been to raise through the various woman's boards of the different denominations one million dollars—a thank-offering of the women of America—for the work in the Orient. Are Seventh-day Baptist women thankful? Why are we thankful? How much are we thankful?

Jubilee meetings are to be held in Albany and Troy, March 1, 2; Springfield, March 3, 4; New Haven, March 6, 7. Other dates will be given later.

Chinese Girl Braves New Land to Become Nurse.

Hsui Lan Pai, a Manchu girl whose race for four hundred years has controlled the Chinese Government, arrived here yesterday on the *Laurentic* to study medicine in the nurses' training school connected with Johns Hopkins University. Although she is only eighteen years old and can not speak English, Miss Pai is willing to work two years or more in the university so she can return to China and become a nurse and teacher.

With her is Dr. Yamei Kin, the foremost woman physician in China, and head of the Woman's Medical Department of Northern China and of the Training School for Nurses in Tientsin. Doctor Kin is a graduate of the Women's Medical College Infirmary of New York, now run in connection with Cornell University, and she frequently has visited this country. She is enthusiastic about American methods of teaching medicine, and it was she who persuaded Miss Pai's father to let the girl come to the United States.

New York was a revelation to the Manchu girl, and through Doctor Kin she admitted her astonishment last night in the Hotel Martha Washington. Although well educated and a traveler in her own country, Miss Pai confessed the rattle and bang, the big buildings and the glitter of lights along Broadway were "something different."

"Very fine, very wonderful," she repeated in Chinese to Doctor Kin, shaking her head and smiling. But she would not go into detail because she said she could not compare "American cities with our cities."

"She says," interpreted Doctor Kin,

"that China and America are so different that she is confused and can't put in words the strange impression New York has made on her."

Miss Pai was reticent on the subject of woman suffrage, also, saying she "hadn't thought of it," but Doctor Kin, who has studied conditions here, said:

"American women have almost everything they desire. Why do they seek suffrage? I don't think they are sincere in asking for it. Your women who are doing national work, who really are helping your race and who are bravely forgetful of self, are not supporting such a movement. I believe in woman's rights, and in better conditions for women, but truly it seems to me the women who are the most prominent agitators of the suffrage cause are the women who have no serious life-work to do, and who are talking to kill weary time."

Doctor Kin explained the double purpose of her visit to this country. After Miss Pai has been placed in the school to learn English the physician will remain here two months, during which she plans to lecture and to study American hospital conditions.

Miss Pai laughed when told the story that she had brought six trunks filled with gorgeous Chinese dresses. One small trunk contains all her belongings, and although her dresses now are either Manchu or Chinese, Doctor Kin will see that she is fitted in gowns fashionable here.—*New York Press*.

If we could know that this day were our last,
Our very last:
That with the shadows of the sinking sun
Our busy hands would find their work was done,

All labor past,
Would not our yearning hearts retreat and pray
For only one more day?

* * * * *

Ah, would today seem but a trifle then,
Of little worth;

As one of myriads that come and go,
Unnoticed, silent, as the winter snow
That falls to earth?

Could we, without regret or wistful sigh,
Say to its hours, "Good-by"?

O heart, thy golden days are passing on—
God's days and ours;
Alas, we have no power to stay or keep,
For all too soon they softly fall asleep,
Like summer flowers.
Who knows but these swift hours that pass away
May be our only day? —*Selected*.

McLaren on Pulpit Prayers.¹

As to the special question which you ask, I have never thought of making any preparation for the devotional part of the service. I may be wrong, but I strongly feel that to do so would take all the reality out of prayer. It would certainly have that effect in my own case, and I believe that with every one it would reduce prayer to a mere act of the memory, and ruin the worth of worship to preacher and people. Let our public prayers be the spontaneous outcome of our inward life. That seems to me to be the first condition. Then all the preparation that will be of any use will be the effort to make and keep that inward life true and close to God. There is no way to pray but to be good and full of God.

As to form and expression, let that take care of itself. Solicitude about that destroys the genuineness of our supplications; and I believe one chief reason why so much of our public prayer is wearisomely ineffectual is because the man who prays is thinking more about his sentence than about God—that is to say, he is not praying at all, but trying to make fine phrases. If he would forget all about his phrases, and try to feel God near, and to be conscious of his own needs, and then speak, the result would be very different.

The same thing spoils sermons and prayers—want of reality caused by the intrusion of personal considerations, and occupation with the mere dress of our thoughts, rather than with the thoughts themselves; or, I would rather say, with the solemn realities to which the thoughts profess to turn. I care very little, in my own practice, about the shape of my sermons or my prayers, but I try to get a real grip of the things I am going to talk about, and the rest will come all right. If I may advise you, I would say, prepare yourself, by getting head and heart into your subject, keep your mind active, and try to keep your spirit simple and devout; fix clearly the general course of your thought in a sermon, and let the inspiration of the moment shape your words. There will be a ring of directness and gen-

¹. From a letter dated March 27, 1887, written by the great Manchester preacher to Rev. John H. Goodman, and published in the *British Weekly*.

uineness in such preaching, which is worth all the correctness and "eloquence" in the world.

A Signal Example of Church Social Service.

The reason for writing this article is implied in the title itself. It is because the Brick Church Institute of Rochester, N. Y., which was formally opened last June, is a signal example of what the church can do, must do, and is doing in the work of active social service. Social service is an idea which no longer needs to be defined. It is a phrase that is becoming more and more familiar in the press, in public speaking, and in casual conversation; and the weight of its meaning is bearing down upon us more and more heavily as the lines of its opportunities multiply and develop, and the horizon of its possibilities expands before our eyes. But in the minds of many the ideas of social service and church work are entirely disconnected; in fact, they have never been connected. Social service suggests progressive plans, up-to-date methods, expert direction; while much church work stands for kindly intention, narrow routine, and indefinite results. Needless to say this wide-spread impression is not a true one, for a rapidly growing number of churches throughout the country are trying out some phase of institutional work and grappling with the problems of their own neighborhood. Indeed the very conception of social service was inspired fundamentally by the power of preaching, and its branches are now being directed by men and women who bear the impress of a deeply religious spirit. Nevertheless, it is true that many other churches, and many more individuals, consider conventional church work as one thing and the effort to provide amusement and instruction for boys and girls quite another. Indeed there are trained, conscientious workers who say openly that social settlements thrive best where the church is relegated to the background and the Bible taught in disguise.

Therefore, when the fourth largest Presbyterian church in the country erects and furnishes a building for social and educational purposes, at a cost of \$105,000, and thereby proclaims itself not only in word, but in brick and stone, as a definite agency for the broadest, most comprehensive serv-

ice it can perform for the community, the event is emphatically significant. It means, as William R. Taylor, the pastor of Brick Church, stated in his dedicatory address, "our recognition of the comprehensive unity of life, and it is a frank acknowledgment of the legitimacy of the impulses which lead people, and especially young people, to seek society, recreation and sport."

The Brick Church Institute is the unsolicited gift of one man, Henry A. Strong, a member of Brick Church congregation, the cost of furnishing being met by many generous gifts from others. It is a four-story brick building with basement, standing next to the church to which it belongs. It is sixty-one feet wide, 150 feet deep. In the basement are bowling alleys, gymnasium, a plunge bath, and meeting room for boys. The main hall or entrance lobby on the first floor is more attractive than that of many a summer hotel, with broad staircase, convenient office, comfortable wooden settees and chairs, and two large open fireplaces. Fine pictures hang on the walls, and a sense of comfort and hospitality is felt as soon as one enters. Just beyond the hall are church parlor, dining-room, kitchen and gymnasium, while on the floor above are class-rooms, an unusually large reading-room, rooms for small clubs, and an assembly hall provided with a stage and two dressing-rooms. The third and fourth floors are devoted to eighty-two sleeping-rooms for men, each with a closet, two electric lights, steam radiator and call bell. There is a telephone on each floor. The rooms rent for from two to five dollars a week, and are an unique feature of the plant.

So far the institute is not unlike a modern Y. M. C. A. building or an up-to-date social settlement. The uses to which many rooms will be put are identical in all three, but in neither of the latter will be found one feature which the architect has provided for the institute. On the first floor, at right angles with the main hall, a passageway leads directly to the church, and this passageway is symbolic of the ideas and ideals which have led the Brick Church from the pulpit to the class-room, and from recreation halls back to the church again. In every possible way this close connection between church and institute is being emphasized.

The formal opening of the building, which took place on a week night, was followed by a Sunday devoted at all its services, including the Sunday school, to the interests of both. At these services Doctor Raymond of Buffalo and Professor Coz of Union Theological Seminary spoke on various phases of the great problem—how to bring the church into helpful and recognized touch with the every-day, commonplace life of the individual and of society.

This problem is no experiment in Brick Church. Ten years ago its solution was attempted, and the present building was erected to supply the demands of a work grown at last to the proportions dreamed of by its superintendent, Winfred J. Smith. Doctor Taylor's confident hopefulness, his far-seeing wisdom, and personal inspiration have led his people into an opportunity of which this equipment, finer than anything of its kind in the United States, is but the tangible evidence. The greatness of this opportunity can hardly be overestimated. The time is come when, to represent Jesus Christ truly, the ministry of the church must consist not only in the stated preaching of the Gospel, but must be commensurate with the threefold ministration of Christ—teaching, preaching and healing. And if the church is to minister to the actual needs of humanity, it must control the formative forces which are turning the currents of our complex modern life. This need for a thorough readjustment of methods the Brick Church recognizes and is meeting in masterly fashion. To quote from a recent sermon by Doctor Taylor: "Our institute represents, first, our effort to conform our life and work as a church to changed conditions; second, to represent what Doctor Judson calls 'organized Christian kindness'; and third, our desire and purpose to do what we can to restore religious education to its proper place in the church."

To give special attention to this last named department, as well as to superintend all branches of the institute work, the services of Herbert W. Gates, of Northwestern University, have fortunately been engaged. Mr. Gates is an expert in this line, and from him, with his efficient co-workers and experienced advisory board, a large success is anticipated.—*Katherine Stebbins, in the Survey.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Aid for the Tempted.

REV. R. J. SEVERANCE.

Prayer meeting topic for March 11, 1911.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Aid in despair (1 Kings xix, 4-8).
Monday—Angel aids (Matt. iv, 11; Heb. i, 14).
Tuesday—Aid in prayer (Matt. vi, 13).
Wednesday—Aid in promise (Luke x, 19).
Thursday—Aid by resistance (Jas. iv, 7).
Friday—Aid by watchfulness (1 Cor. x, 9-13).
Sabbath day—Topic: First aid for the tempted (Heb. ii, 14-18).

This topic is one which will naturally appeal to all thinking young people, whether they are Christian Endeavorers or not. Temptation is very real to every one of us. People may say what they will about belief or disbelief in a personal devil, experience teaches us that there is something which is holding us back in our efforts to live the higher life; and that something is indeed most personal. We find ourselves, I imagine, confronted by the same obstacle which hindered Paul. In his letter to the Romans he tried to explain his difficulty in living the perfect life. The language is rather abstruse but the substance is, that he finds within him two forces, one prompting him to do good, the other to do evil. You may call it what you will. I believe there comes to every professed follower of Christ, temptations. It may be a temptation to do positive evil, or it may take a negative form and the temptation be to neglect or disregard a known duty. But temptations there are and with Paul we cry out, "Wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" A topic, then, which promises some "aid for the tempted" is welcomed with joy.

NOTES ON THE LESSON.

Heb. ii, 14-18.—The writer of this epistle has been calling attention to the exalted position in which man is placed on account of being created but a little lower than the angels, and to the fact that, whereas man is intended to have dominion

over all things, yet we find that there are some things which he has not succeeded in putting in subjection, and God, through his grace, sent his Son into the world to destroy sin and death. Jesus Christ, who is our brother, took upon himself flesh and blood, that by his sufferings and death he might free man from the fallen condition into which sin has brought him. Christ was in no way responsible for the sins of the world, he himself is without sin, and man's condition is the result of his own choices, he has no one to blame but himself, he has no just claim upon God or Christ; and yet our lesson teaches us that it behoved Jesus "in all things to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people."

It is interesting to observe the emphasis which the author lays upon the complete humanity of Jesus, accrediting to him full human experience. He was chiefly thinking, no doubt, of the temptation, suffering and death, but from what we learn of his habits from other sources, we find his humanity showed itself in various ways and not least of these was his sympathy with the afflicted. It was because Jesus shared our characteristics and experiences and has sympathy with us, that he can be our representative, our mediator, our "high priest." "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

In another connection the author speaks of having learned obedience by the things which he suffered, and again of his being made perfect through suffering. He was prepared for his mission, made perfect as a leader, as a Saviour, by partaking of the common experiences of mankind. Prof. A. S. Peake in New Century Bible says, "The special qualification gained through suffering is sympathy, the fellow-feeling which grows out of identity of experience. He could not be perfect in sympathy unless he endured the sorrows and temptations of men."

But how is this to help us—you and me and every one who feels the tightening of the Tempter's snare? Speculation about the work and mission of Jesus will shield no one from temptation. Mere intellectual

belief in the saving power of Christ can keep no one from falling a victim to the wiles of the evil one. Even the acknowledgment of how we have been helped in the past will not suffice to keep us from yielding to the present temptation. The temptations of life are real, but the presence of a living Christ is just as real. When one has Christ in his heart, is striving each day to do the things which he did, and looking to the same Father for strength and guidance, the temptations will be met and overcome in the same way in which our Saviour conquered.

A Matter of Conscience.

In the choice of a life-work are the young people of the denomination considering as seriously as they ought the question of Sabbath-keeping? Is it a question in their minds of business and the Sabbath, or business *versus* the Sabbath? Do they think that the greater moral obligation rests upon the life-work or upon the keeping of the Sabbath? These are important questions. "A Matter of Conscience," by Fred Ainsworth, deals with them in a pleasing, logical way. It is a story about the temptations that came to a young man starting his career in a Sunday-keeping community. All young people should read this story before choosing an occupation. Are you ever tempted to give up the Sabbath because you think that you can not keep it and get a living? Read the following:

"But I've got to live, Uncle Ben."

"Sure, why not? That's been the cry of heroes all through the ages. You remember at the battle of Bunker Hill when the provincials saw that the Redcoats had two to one and that they really meant to shoot, Putnam, he says to Prescott, 'We've got to live' and they both climbed out of the trenches on the back side, and went back to their farming, and so the British were driven clear out of Boston. And then, don't you know when the Six Hundred got the order to charge at Balaklava, they took a look at those long lines of cannon, and knew the cannoners wasn't any friends of theirs, and Cap. Nolan, he says, 'We've got to live.' And he led 'em all back behind a big hill where they was as safe as a frog in the mud. And so Tennyson wrote a long piece of poetry praising 'em. And don't you recollect when our forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence, one of 'em says, 'Now we've all got to hang together, or we shall all hang separately.' And another one, Jefferson, I guess 'twas, says, 'I never thought of that. Well, we've got to live,'

and he lit his pipe with the Declaration, and they all lit out, and the Colonies was free and independent ever after. And then, Garibaldi,——" "But I'll tell you what Garibaldi really said. When he drew up his army and asked who would follow him over the Alps, they asked what he offered them. He said, 'Cold, hunger, sickness, suffering, wounds, death,——victory.' Every man followed. But in your case, it ain't a question of living. The farm will bring that; it's only a matter of more money or less. As I told you before, it is setting a money value on your conscience. You wouldn't do it for fifty cents, but you will for eight hundred dollars."

Christian Endeavor societies and individuals are urged to read and study this story. It is published in leaflet form for the Milton Junction Y. P. S. C. E. They are distributing these leaflets at five cents a copy or three cents a copy in numbers of fifty or more. Write Miss Mercy E. Garthwaite, Milton Junction, Wis. Read and choose right.

Missions—What Outpost Work is Our Society Doing?

GAEL V. SIMPSON.

Rally Day, Jackson Center, Ohio, November 19, 1910.

Everybody knows the meaning of the term "mission," as used here. It simply refers to the business or duty on which one is sent.

Christ's mission in the world was to seek and to save those who were lost.

The Christian Endeavor of the future will have no new mission. It must seek to carry on the same work Christ left unfinished, and there can be no better methods than his. Advancement in knowledge and culture and civilization will not change the needs of the soul, or alter its relations to God. Man will always crave the assurance of eternal life, and in a world of trouble will yearn for peace with God.

The church is vitally interested in every movement that will contribute to the true upbuilding of humanity; but it must not forget that back of all socialistic schemes, back of every system of ethics, back of every code of morals, back of everything which changing conditions and circumstances may thrust into temporary prominence, there still stands the Christ, the living Person, in whom God's love is revealed, and without whom lost men have never found hope.

Therefore, it is our mission of today to proclaim the Gospel of the risen Christ, and the brotherhood of man.

So long as a people's attention is turned *inward* upon self—merely trying to promote one's own existence—there is little progress.

If you will notice in the SABBATH RECORDER which churches or societies have interests in trying to help others outside of their own numbers, you can easily see which churches are making the most progress among their own members and maintaining the highest moral standards.

The liquor interests go about their work scientifically: they study social conditions and advertise accordingly; they study the appetites and then drug their wares to suit the appetites. They must necessarily be very systematic about this business. Shall we, as Christian Endeavorers, be less systematic, or less scientific about our Christian work?

Some people have ventured to say that Christian Endeavor has spent its force; that it is now a lost cause; that, like many other organizations, it has arisen, had its period of enthusiasm, and is now on the decline. However, I think that the best days of Christian Endeavor have only just begun. So far, Christian Endeavor has been perfecting its own organization. The activity now must be a pouring out process. Christian Endeavor must no longer be concerned about merely keeping its own members good. We still need the old "Look-out Committee," but now the emphasis of our work must be placed upon a thorough study of social conditions and upon the movements which will best encourage the best tendencies and check the worst; upon the study of missions; upon outpost activity.

It is true we have organized a missionary society! But have we visited the sick and carried them flowers? Have we lent a helping hand at the right time? These, with a great many other questions, we ought to consider more often than we do.

Have you been reading of the evangelistic campaign in Chicago? of the seventeen sermons delivered in seventeen minutes at the noon hour, upon "Why am I a Christian"? These sermons were delivered by

the most influential ministers of the Gospel.

Do we as a society know of the offers made by Miss Anna West and Dr. Grace I. Crandall for the China Mission field? If we want to boom our society, just encourage this spirit of inquiry, and help to find out *what is being done*, and before long we will surprise ourselves to see what our society can do.

Moral Antitoxin.

Some dreaded diseases have lost much of their terror by the discovery of a new method of treatment. Vaccination has stayed the spread of smallpox. The danger from diphtheria has been greatly lessened by introducing a counteracting poison. Hydrophobia has been warded off in like manner. The search for ways of combating many serious scourges has been directed along the line of finding the principle that causes them and offsetting it perhaps by the use of the same in a milder form.

There are signs of a disposition to follow a like course in dealing with a different class of cases. The temptations that surround men in the army are evident, and it is proposed to meet these by supplying a saloon within their own quarters. It is a stock argument among a certain set of respectable people that to provide facilities for Sabbath-breaking sports will keep boys from getting into worse habits in bad company. Some persons talk sagely about teaching their children to play cards and dance at home as a kind of inoculation against the gambling-den and the low dance-hall. It remains for some sapient moralist to make further practical applications of the idea. It may be urged that the practice of vivisection will insure one against any inclination to cruelty or murder. A course in pocket-picking under the expert guidance of a skilled Fagin may be recommended as a safeguard against becoming an embezzler.

No man in his senses, unless he was a self-sacrificing investigator, would for a moment submit to receiving into his system the poison of an antitoxin without good reason for believing that it would ward off a greater evil. It is only the demonstrated value of such treatment that leads to its

Alfred University.

President Davis has been obliged to leave his work in the University for a while on account of ill health and overwork. At present (Feb. 10) he is in the sanitarium at Hornell.

Dean Main and wife, who have been in Florida for several weeks, are expected to return about the middle of February.

On the evening of January 12 the Freshman class was very pleasantly entertained at the home of President Davis.

Mid-year examinations are over and the second semester's work is well begun. A few changes have been made in the schedule for the rest of the year; but, for the most part, it remains unchanged.

The University faculty has chosen a committee on student life. The work of this committee is to keep an official University date book, in which activities shall be duly entered when authorized. A bulletin of standing engagements and approved activities is published each week. The object of such a regulation is to provide an official program of engagements and dates of the week, and to avoid too many and conflicting student activities.

The Freshman class has been arranging for a debate with Houghton Seminary for some time. The date has been fixed at the twenty-ninth of March, and the debate will be held at Alfred.

Alfred, N. Y.,
Feb. 10, 1911.

News Notes.

GENTRY, ARK.—Blocks for the Christian Endeavor album quilt are not all out yet. Salem, W. Va., was the first to respond, returning a full block with two dollars and twenty cents.—The budget from the Young People's Board was read in our meeting, Sabbath day, February 4.—While people are wading waist deep in snow in Chicago, Gentry is sitting with open doors, while birds carol in the trees, soft maples are in bloom and lawns begin to look green—but 'tis not always thus. However, we are reminded of the "good old summer-time."

CHICAGO, ILL.—Pastor Webster preaches Friday nights at the Hungarian Mission. The Men's Brotherhood held their regular monthly meeting February 5, at the home of Deacon Maxson, an address by Dean E. H. Lewis being the chief feature of the event. The night was stormy, and many were prevented from coming.—The ladies held their social the evening of February 11, at the home of Doctor Larkin.

adoption. The whole weight of experience is against the worth of fancied moral antitoxins. Instead of giving immunity they only render one the more liable to attack.

Nor would any person be thought in his right mind if he should persist in urging the use of some offensive and dangerous remedy while admitting that better results could be secured by other means that had no evil features. Yet this is precisely the case when the question has to do with morals. It is assumed as self-evident that no wise and loving friend would offer a serpent in place of a fish or a scorpion for an egg, but that is just the sort of substitution that some would-be healers prescribe for present evils.—*Burgess, in Christian Endeavor World.*

Salem College Notes.

The one thing that is of most interest, to the students at least, is the question of mixed lyceums. We now are supporting two separate lyceums, a ladies' and a gentlemen's lyceum. There is a movement on foot to change them into two mixed lyceums. It is a question left to the students and there are strong advocates on both sides.

Doctor Worley, one of the leading dentists of the city, gave a very interesting and helpful talk, the third of February, on the subject, The Relation of Health to Teeth. We have been greatly favored in having the leading business men of the town frequently visit our chapel exercises and give us talks, each along the line of his own profession.

The basket-ball boys are making preparation to win more victories in the near future.

If they do, you'll hear us crow;
If they don't, you all will know.

Owing to the fact that many students and school-teachers have expressed a desire to attend a summer school at Salem College, it has been thought wise to take a step in that direction for the accommodation of such individuals. The faculty will be principally the same, with the exception of two county superintendents, who will have charge of the common school branches. Effort is being put forth to make it a success.

A pleasant time was had by all.—Nearly every one has a cold or the grip.

LITTLE GENESSEE, N. Y.—January 31 the Christian Endeavor society gave a supper and social at which about \$10 was realized.—At the regular Sabbath service, January 11, Professor Franz Rosebush gave a very interesting lecture on the Passion Play.—The Rev. G. H. F. Randolph has accepted the call of this church and is now with us as pastor. Prof. Clarence Clarke of Alfred has been supplying the pulpit since January first.

Religion in the Popular Magazines.

The veritable rush of the popular magazines just now to print religious and ecclesiastical material is an index to the tenor of common American thinking that no watchful reader can miss. These magazine men are as keen as game dogs on the scent of the public's latest and liveliest interest, and they are astonishingly agreed at present in smelling out the religious trail. It is the best sort of presumptive evidence that the average man and woman today is a great deal readier than five years ago to hear and talk and think about religion, and the church ought not only to be encouraged by the indication but ought to be very much aroused to take advantage of this state of popular mind.

Of the present magazine trend there is no better example in the current month than the appearance in *Everybody's* of Dr. William Hanna Thompson's remarkable essay on "The Subject of Miracles." This article is a peculiarly good omen because it is not only religious but substantially religious. The editor who accepted it evidently rates the public taste to call no longer for sensational froth such as was once the only guise under which religion could be served at all at a magazine table, and now recognizes a popular appetite quite equal to strong meat. For Doctor Thompson's article is strong meat of the stoutest faith-building fiber. He writes, as befits one of the eminent scientific authorities of the times, in terms quite un-sermonic, but the effect is most orthodoxly sermonic, culminating with a fine confession of faith in Jesus Christ, the supreme miracle-worker. The whole is well worthy the son of the author of "The Land and the Book." It is interesting to note too that Doctor Thompson is the authority to

whose work on "Brain and Personality" Thomas Edison appealed in his recent interview ridiculing immortality. Mr. Edison apparently overlooked the fact that Doctor Thompson in all his writings just as in this article has always taught personal immortality with emphasis.—*The Continent*.

A Hint to the Wise is Sufficient.

"I got my best lesson in 'pastoral theology' in my first pastorate," remarked a successful minister. "When I was installed, the senior elder of the congregation was a rare old saint drawing close to the end of life. A few months later he fell sick, and he knew that his time had come. So he set his house in order, and then sent for his pastor.

"When I entered his room he spoke with a brusque bluntness which I had learned to know as the sign of his kindly heart. 'Come over here and sit down and talk to me,' he said. 'And now remember, I haven't much time for this, and I don't want you to talk to me like a minister; talk to me like a man.'

"Well, that hit me hard; it came near throwing me clear off my balance. But I pulled myself together, and honestly tried to talk to him straight out and without any ministerial twang. He heard me in silence for a time, when suddenly he interrupted: 'Now, I want you to pray, and mind you, don't pray like a minister; pray like a man.'

"And I prayed. I like to think I satisfied him. And I can tell you here that I never have forgotten that lesson; ever since then I have tried to do my work like 'a man' and not like 'a minister, and if I have been saved from professional manners and professional spirit in my ministry, it's due, not to the training I got in the theological seminary, but to the training I got beside the deathbed of that fatherly old elder."—*Exchange*.

Notice.

The time has about come to print the second number of the Junior Quarterly. It is desired that all new and additional orders should be sent in very soon to serve as a guide to size of the edition to be printed.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Best to be True.

Dear Pussy, I love you, an' I'se your true friend,
'Cause I saved you a whippin' today,
When cook missed her custard and every one
said
It was puss that had stealed it away.

You know you are naughty sometimes, pussy,
dear,
So in course you got blamed, an—all that!
An' cook took a stick, an' she 'clared she would
beat
The thief out that mizable cat!

But I didn't feel comfor'ble down in my heart,
So I saved you the whippin', you see.
'Cause I went to mother an' telled her I s'pect
She'd better tell cook to whip me,

'Cause the custard was stealed by a bad little girl,
Who felt dreffly sorry with shame,
An' it wouldn't be fair to whip pussy, in course,
When that bad little girl was to blame!

"Was it my little girlie?" my dear mother said.
I felt dreffly scared, but I nodded my head,
An' then mother said, "Go find nurse, for I
guess
There's some custard to wash off a little girl's
dress."

Well, then, course they knew it was I and not you,
Who stealed all the custard an' then ran away;
But it's best to be true in the things that we do,
An' that's how I saved you a spankin' today.
—*Southern Churchman*.

Polly's Victory.

So the little brown cottage was rented at last. Mrs. Skinner, the very rich but very "close" owner, looked the rough stone-cutter over as he handed her the money for the first month, and informed him that she had no money to spend in repairs.

"Fambly?" she asked.

"One," was the answer.

"'N' ye didn't s'pose I thought ye'd hev two famblys, did yer?"

Mrs. Skinner's voice was thin and shrill. The stone-cutter didn't like it.

"There's just one in my family besides myself. That's Polly, my little girl."

"Ugh!" Mrs. Skinner counted the money the second time, looked the silver over carefully, and held the bills up to the light.

"If you don't find that money all right, just let me know, will you?" was all the stone-cutter said as he went away.

They moved into the little brown cottage that very evening, after his day's work was done. Mrs. Skinner, from her window opposite, noted how very few "things" they had. She also noted that the little girl was followed by a white Pomeranian dog, and that she carried a large white something in her arms.

"Great girl like that to be playin' with dolls!" sniffed Mrs. Skinner.

But as Polly turned about to look down the street a long, fluffy white tail moved itself back and forth just under the little girl's arms.

"A cat, as I'm a live woman! Poor folks allers burdens theirselves down with dumb critters. The poorer they be, the more dumb critters they has. These here folks'll bear watchin'. I'll insist on havin' my rent the very first day in th' month—in th' mornin'. I'll collect it myself. J'siar's too tender-hearted. One peek inter that little girl's face ud use him all up. Like's not he'd cut down on th' rent."

Mrs. Skinner hadn't much to do. Her husband managed to keep away all day, and not many people cared for her friendship; so she had time to watch the little family of one. She saw that the stone-cutter helped about the work, at morning and night; that every day at twelve and at five the little girl and the cat and dog posted themselves at the window, and when the stone-cutter appeared at the rickety gate she saw the door fly open and all three run to meet him.

"Must be kinder nice t' have somebody so tickled when you come home," said Mrs. Skinner to herself.

Rent day came. Mrs. Skinner set her lips together, tied on her bonnet, and rapped at the door of the little brown cottage. Polly opened it. Her sleeves were tucked up, and she had on a big gingham apron.

"O, good morning!" she said. "I think I know who you are. I'm so glad you called; though I wish I'd been sprier with my work. I'm having a lot of trouble trying to make a cake for papa's birthday—it's today, and he doesn't have to work this afternoon; and he's going to take me for a trolley ride. I'm afraid the fire isn't right. And I'm trying to make an icing for the cake; but it won't ice!"

Mrs. Skinner had come after the rent, and not to assist in baking.

But Polly's welcome touched her, and Polly's appeal to her skill in cooking was a very wise thing, since Mrs. Skinner was proud of her cooking.

She put down the thought of rent and went to the stove, held her hand near the oven door, and looked wise. "That's about right," she said. "How long has it been in?"

"Ten minutes."

"Then I'll wait five more before I look in. It makes a cake heavy to keep openin' the door an' lettin' the air onto it."

"Dear me!" said Polly, "you know all about it, don't you?"

"Well, I've baked cakes enough ter know somethin' 'bout it," said Mrs. Skinner. "Now let's see yer icing. Why, land sakes! yer should a-beat the whites of your eggs all inter a froth afore ye added th' sugar!"

"What shall I do?" cried Polly. "I'm so disappointed. I must have something nice for him, because it's the first birthday since mamma—and I've bought three pretty candles, one for the birthdays past, one for the now birthday, and one for the birthdays that I hope will come. O, if you'll wait I'll run to the grocer and tell him about it and ask him to trust me till next week. You see, I used all my money on this and the presents Tom and Tab and I are to give him. I'm sure the grocer'll trust me, if I tell him it's a s'prise to papa."

"Just you wait here," said Mrs. Skinner, "and don't you worry." Then she opened the oven door very carefully and found that the cake was baking beautifully. "Five minutes more'll fix it," she said. "Now jest you wait."

She went across the way and returned with two eggs, a bowl of powdered sugar, a bottle of flavoring, and a gingham apron.

Polly flew to open the door. Mrs. Skinner's heart grew warm. "O how good you are," said Polly, and the white cat came up to rub herself against the visitor's gown, while the white dog came over and gave her a friendly snuff or two.

This icing iced, and the cake was a dream of snow, Polly said, as they stuck the candles on the edge of the plate.

"Now," said Mrs. Skinner, "you just run

over with me and I'll give you some rose geranium leaves to lay 'round it. Then if yer pa don't think it nice he's no friend of mine!"

They both went over, and both came back with the geranium leaves. Mrs. Skinner was becoming interested in the supper.

"I'm going to make a veal loaf for our supper t' home," she said. "I'll bring ye over some slices an' a plate uv my riz biscuits. Folks mostly likes my riz biscuits."

Polly was in ecstasies. "I don't know what I'd have done without you," she said. "I was ready to cry when you knocked."

"There, there! never mind. What time'll you hev this supper?—'cause mebbe there'll be one or two other things that I kin spare's well as not."

"I—I wish you would spare yourself," said Polly, hesitatingly. "And maybe Mr. Skinner would come, too. I've seen him go in every day. And he looks so kind. Won't you both come over and make a truly party out of our birthday? Papa would like it, I know. Sometimes we two are lonesome."

And they came. You'd hardly expect it, but they really had a happy little time. Mrs. Skinner thought the white dog and cat were good to keep the little girl from being lonesome, and Mr. Skinner suggested, as the rent was handed them by the stone-cutter, that a good part of it should be used in repairs on the little brown cottage.—*Author unknown.*

The Temper and Tone.

It isn't so much in the clothing,
Nor in what we may possess;
Not in the toil or station,
Nor in any idleness.

It's not how much collected,
Nor in what can be "shown,"
But how much of heart-perfected,
How good the temper and tone.

It isn't so much the polish,
It isn't so much the birth,
As it is the simple being,
As it is the personal worth.

Whether in town or country,
Whether right here or afar,
Our joy rests not in having things,
But it rests in what we are.

—*Exchange.*

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. G. H. F. Randolph of Fouke, Ark., has accepted a call to the Little Genesee Church in Allegany County, N. Y., and wishes his correspondents to address him there.

Rev. H. C. Van Horn has accepted the call to become pastor of the First Hopkinton Church at Ashaway, R. I., and will begin his labors there the first of May.

Rev. F. E. Peterson has resigned his pastorate at West Hallock, Ill., and expects to move, March 1, to Minnesota where he has purchased a farm, which he and his son, Lester, will work.

The C. B. Cottrell & Sons Company, printing-press manufacturers, of Westerly, R. I., have presented to Milton College, to be placed in the President's room for the use of President Daland, a new Smith Premier typewriter, number 10, containing all the most recent improvements; also a cabinet desk for the same, a beautiful piece of office furniture, corresponding to the furnishings of the room. A revolving chair has also been received, the gift of Dr. S. C. Maxson of Utica, N. Y. These additions make the President's room a perfect room for its purpose.

The quarterly meeting will be held in our church, February 24-26.

Fifteen members have been added to the Walworth Seventh-day Baptist Church, seven by letter, and others are to follow. The other churches will also receive additions. The most valuable result of the meetings, however, is seen in the spirit of work and coöperation. Four of the converts have signified their desire to prepare for the ministry or missionary work.—*Milton Journal.*

"To pray for abundant blessings without putting forth our best efforts to obtain them by our labor, is like praying for plentiful harvests with the plow in the barn and the furrows unturned. God answers prayers for the harvest after the furrows are turned and the drill has done its work."

HOME NEWS

SOUTH OTSELIC, N. Y.—I have not seen anything written from here in some time. I will tell you that we have a few members left, although somewhat scattered. We have not had any meetings (only church meeting) in some little time. Mrs. Rogers' death leaves a vacant place that it will be hard to fill. We have one member ninety-one years old, who, although nearly helpless, is still trusting in her Saviour, keeping faithful to the end.

MRS. OLIVE STILLMAN.

Some Daily Wrinkles.

Hang your shovel up on a good hook. Don't stand it up against a post or the side of the barn to be knocked down into the filth.

Get the cows in just the minute a cold storm comes up. You may have feed you can afford to burn warming up cold and wet cows; I haven't, and few farmers that I know of have.

Hustle the pails of milk out of the stable as soon as you can after milking. Milk is just like a sponge when it comes to taking in foul smells. These are what spoil milk and butter.

When you milk in the stable, have a shelf, if it be nothing more than a box, to set the pails of milk on. It is not cleanly nor the sign of a good farmer to let the pails stand on the floor.

Don't think that you are cheating somebody else when you let the milk-pails stand all night and use them in the morning without washing. You are cheating nobody but yourself, and surely cheating yourself. Don't forget that.

A currycomb, such as you use for the horses, and a good stiff brush, in the hands of a man that has the grit and patience to use them, are worth lots of good feed at any time of the year. Does the cows good and makes them look good, too.—*Sylvanus Van Aken.*

"It is worth while going through a lot of dust to get one diamond."

DEATHS

LANGWORTHY.—William A. was born in Hopkinton, R. I., November 7, 1821, and died in Daytona, Fla., January 23, 1911, having reached the ripe age of nearly ninety years.

Mr. Langworthy was the son of Robert and Lois Langworthy, was brought up a farmer, but early entered business in Westerly, R. I., as a contractor and builder, and was thus engaged during his active business life. After retiring from business he lived for a time in New York City, but during recent years has spent about half his time with his son, Dr. Wm. P. Langworthy, in their summer home at Watch Hill, and the other half at their winter home at Daytona, Fla., from which latter place he was called to the home beyond.

In early life he united with the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, of which he remained a consistent and greatly beloved member till his death. He was little in the public eye, seeking the peace and quiet of home rather than public honors or preferment.

Besides his son and family, with whom he lived, he leaves a granddaughter and family, Mrs. Clara Stillman Burdick of Milton, Wis.

Simple funeral services were conducted at Daytona by Dr. A. E. Main and at Westerly by the writer, and the body was laid to rest in the family circle at the Ashaway Cemetery.

S. H. D.

CRANDALL.—In Alfred, N. Y., February 8, 1911, James R. Crandall, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Mr. Crandall was the son of Rogers and Hannah McDougal Crandall and was born in Alfred, N. Y., September 14, 1832. He did not appear to be an old man, but his departure took from the community one of few lives that linked the early part of last century with the present. His eyes had seen his community and this part of the State change from a new country with privations to a well-settled and prosperous one; the University start as a select school, grow into an academy, and expand into a university with ever increasing departments and equipments; and the church receive many hundred members into its fold. Not alone had his eyes seen all this transformation and advance, but his hands and mind had participated in much of it, for his life had been inseparably linked, in his own quiet, faithful way, with that of the community.

In 1862 he enlisted in the 130th New York Infantry, Company H, which afterwards became the 19th New York Cavalry, called the First New York Dragoons. He was a gallant soldier and served till the close of the war, participating in more than forty battles. For his distinguished service he was made sergeant and later was brevetted first lieutenant. His intelligent participation in so many important actions of the war, together with his retentive mind and wide reading, gave him a knowledge of that momentous struggle which very few possessed. He had also

for many years taken a deep interest in the affairs of State and Nation and was therefore better informed regarding these matters than most men. For twenty years he served his town as justice of the peace, then as police justice, and for many years as overseer of the poor. His knowledge of law and his wise counsel prevented much litigation and other trouble.

In early life he became a member of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred, N. Y., and continued a faithful member till called to join the church triumphant. He was a regular attendant at the morning service and Bible school. It was his custom to read his Bible each night before retiring, and the book-mark indicated that the portion which he read the night before he was stricken was Christ's last words to his disciples before his ascension, including the Great Commission.

October, 1872, Mr. Crandall and Miss Almira Sherman were united in holy wedlock. To them were born three children, Winfield R. Crandall of Wellsville, N. Y., Mrs. Blanche Thomas of Plainfield, N. J., and the first-born who died when thirteen months old. Besides the bereaved wife, children, and two grandchildren, he leaves one brother, Chas. H. of Alfred, N. Y., and two sisters, Mary A. of Alfred, N. Y., and Mrs. Lucy Chadwick of Grand Rapids, Mich., who together with a large circle of neighbors and friends will, while missing his presence in home, church, Bible school and town, cherish his memory.

Farewell services were held in the home Sunday afternoon, February 12, conducted by Pastor Wm. L. Burdick assisted by Rev. B. F. Rogers, and interment took place in the Alfred Rural Cemetery where the B. Frank Maxson Post performed the last sad rites for their beloved comrade.

WM. L. B.

WILSON.—Mrs. Mandane E. Wilson, wife of Hiram Wilson, died in Salem, W. Va., February 10, 1911, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. See obituary elsewhere.

ROGERS.—Mrs. Bertha Ray Rogers died February 9, 1911, at her home at South Otselic, aged 47 years, 5 months and 9 days.

At an early age she experienced religion under the preaching of Elder Joshua Clarke, joining the Seventh-day Baptist church, of which she was a faithful member. She was married, December 24, 1882, to Mr. Emmett Rogers. Most of her life was spent on a farm north of this village. She moved to South Otselic a few years ago, where she leaves her husband, one son and an aunt, with a large circle of friends, to mourn her loss.

The funeral, held on Sunday, was largely attended. The remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at Seventh-day Hollow.

She has only gone just a step ahead.
We are waiting here for the day to come,
When we shall meet our dead.

O. S.

BROCK.—Margrette Rossman was born at Pine Creek, Pa., March 20, 1835, and died at the home of a granddaughter, Mrs. Maud McCarter, in Kiowa, Kan., January 13, 1911. July 1, 1859, she was married to Isaac Almon

Brock of Hebron, Pa. Five years after their marriage they moved to Marringo, Ill., and after a residence of six years at the latter place they moved to Nortonville, Kan., in the fall of 1870, where they spent the rest of their lives. She was baptized by Eld. G. M. Cottrell in 1891, and thereafter to the time of her death she remained a faithful member of the Nortonville Seventh-day Baptist Church. Four children, a brother, and a large circle of friends mourn her loss, the husband having passed on nine years ago.

The body was brought to Nortonville, where the funeral sermon was preached by her pastor in the home church, and the body laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery near by.

M. B. K.

STILLMAN.—Rev. Horace Stillman of Ashaway, R. I., died in the hospital at Trenton, N. J., February 17, 1911, aged 71 years.

He was the son of Ephraim and Milly Potter Stillman, and had spent most of his years near the home of his birth. See obituary elsewhere.

T. L. G.

HITCHCOCK.—Mrs. M. A. Hitchcock died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Adelbert Tompkins, Norwalk, Conn., on February 17, 1911.

She was born in the Isle of Man, April 13, 1826, and had she lived until April she would have been 85 years of age. She leaves a brother, Mr. John A. Corlett of Iowa, one sister, Mrs. P. Galvin, Barrytown, N. Y., two daughters, Mrs. Estelle Ruland of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Adelbert Tompkins of Norwalk, Conn., and five grandchildren. Several years ago she embraced the Sabbath and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church in New York City, of which she was a member at the time of her death. She was a woman of strong faith and a sweet Christian spirit.

E. S.

In Memory of Mandane E. Wilson.

Mrs. Mandane E. Wilson died February 10, at her home in Salem, W. Va. Her death was unexpected as she was sick but about a week, and on the morning of her death her condition seemed much improved.

Mrs. Wilson was the daughter of Jesse M. and Lucinda Hall Lowther, and was born on the South Fork of Hughes River, Ritchie Co., Virginia, near the present village of Berea, W. Va., June 5, 1842. She was the sixth child of a family of twelve, two of whom died in infancy. The youngest of the remaining ten was forty-eight years old before the circle of brothers and sisters was again broken. Her brothers who are still living are Dea. Stillman F. and Thomas Lowther of Salem, W. Va., Dea. J. J. Lowther of Middle Island, W. Va., Sylvanus Lowther of Oklahoma and Mansfield Lowther of

Idaho. But two sisters survive her, namely, Mrs. W. S. Smallwood, Piedmont, W. Va., and Mrs. G. W. F. Randolph, Salem, W. Va.

Mrs. Wilson was baptized by Eld. Ezekiel Bee in early life, and united with the Pine Grove Seventh-day Baptist Church, now extinct, at Berea, W. Va. Since removing to Salem in 1872 her membership has been with the Salem Seventh-day Baptist Church.

She was married May 27, 1862, to Hiram Wilson who survives her and who was seventy-three years old the day Mrs. Wilson died. To Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were born four children: Mrs. Clara Hamilton who died nearly thirteen years ago, Dr. E. A. Wilson, Mrs. Metta Van Horn and Mrs. Laura Randolph, all of Salem.

Mrs. Wilson was a great sufferer for years about the prime of life, which caused her to lean heavily upon her Saviour, in consequence of which she had a blessed experience, the which she delighted in relating. She zealously urged her friends, both in public and private, to seek the same blessing which was so dear to her. She was a diligent and almost constant student of the Bible. Unable to go about much she would sit and study her Bible and commune with her Saviour for hours at a time. And leaning alone upon the power of the spirit to interpret, she reached conclusions much in advance of the average religious thought of the day. Frequently she expressed deep regret that so much time and effort were wasted in useless denominational differences and wished that all Christian people might unite in the spread of the true Gospel. Thus full of the Christ-spirit she was full of the spirit of true helpfulness, and no one sought her in vain when she was sought for courage and help, as was often the case, in bearing life's heavy burdens. The church, the community and all who knew her have lost a broad-minded, courageous, helpful Mother in Israel.

M. H. V.

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand:
'Twill soon be dark:
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON X.—MARCH 4, 1911.

ELIJAH GOES UP BY A WHIRLWIND
INTO HEAVEN.

2 Kings ii, 1-18.

Golden Text.—"Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." Gen. v, 24.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Isa. vi, 1-13.

Second-day, 1 Kings xxii, 1-12.

Third-day, 1 Kings xxii, 13-28.

Fourth-day, 1 Kings xxii, 29-40.

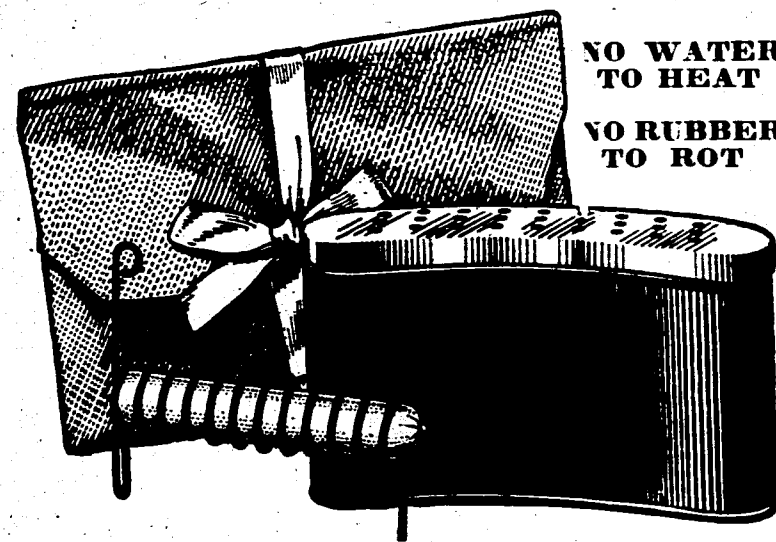
Fifth-day, 1 Kings xxii, 41-53.

Sixth-day, 2 Kings i, 1-18.

Sabbath-day, 2 Kings ii, 1-18.

(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.

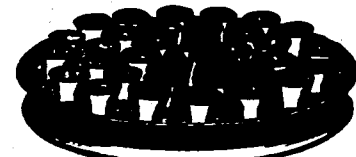
The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

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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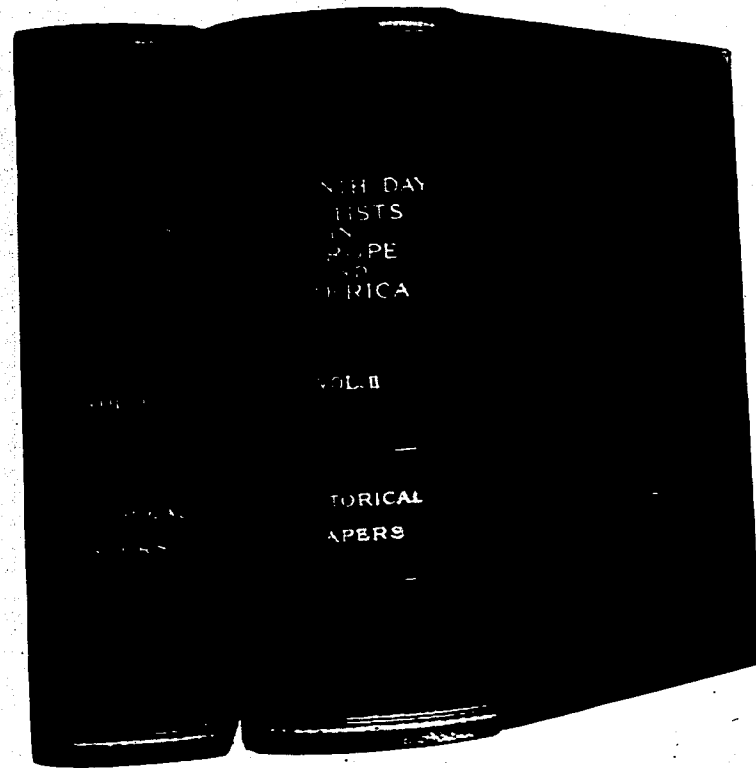
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—E. H. Gillett.

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