

Bible Studies on The Sabbath Question

For use by Pastors, Sabbath Schools, Young
People's Classes, in Home Study, etc.

By Arthur Elwin Main, D. D., L. H. D.

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Besides the table of contents, a Preface, and an Index of Scriptural References, this
book has an up-to-date Bibliography, and an Introduction by Professor J. Nelson Nor-
wood, of Alfred University. The following is a paragraph from the Introduction: "There
are multitudes of people who would derive greater spiritual satisfaction from the ob-
servance of the Bible Sabbath than from the day they now observe. This fact alone would
make the Sabbath an important issue. Hence the need for spreading the knowledge of
this truth far and wide. This is a fundamental part of our strictly denominational mission.
Toward accomplishing our task Dean Main has given us in this his latest work an instru-
ment at once spiritual, scholarly, and sane."

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The Sabbath Recorder

There is a spiritual omnipotence in a
holy sanctified character. Argument and
logic, eloquence and persuasion, appeal and
entreaty, admonition and injunction, all may
be resisted; but the power and influence of
a sanctified life, through Jesus Christ, have a
might which nothing can resist or destroy.
It is truth embodied, Christ incarnate, silent-
ly yet powerfully speaking to men, and
invincible, goes on from victory to victory.
The seen but silent beauty of a holy sancti-
fied life is irresistible, and the effect thereof
is greater than the purest and most eloquent
language. The need of the world and the
church today is not so much words for Christ,
as holy, consistent, sanctified living in and
for Christ.—*Rev. O. U. Whitford.*

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EDITORIAL

Trusting When 'Tis Dark.

Some one has said, "The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark." It is easy to live the life of trust when everything goes well, when we enjoy health and strength, and while our loved ones are spared to us. But when sorrows come into our lives, when health fails, when the shadows gather about our homes and our loved ones are taken from us, the way becomes so dark that our faith is sorely tried—we find it not so easy to trust. Happy is the Christian who, in such times, can feel the everlasting arms underneath, and who can hold firmly to the assurance that those arms will never fail. No sickness or sorrow can overwhelm the one who from the depths of his soul can say, "Underneath are the everlasting arms," and "I will trust and not be afraid."

I can think of many homes among the churches, that have been led into the darkness in the years gone by. From some of them the death angel has borne away one after another, until nearly all are gone, and now those left must sit in the darkness and wonder why they have been led into such a night of sorrow. At such times we know there is no retreat, but that we must go on in the dark; for like Bunyan's

Pilgrim we can only say, "I can not see but that my road to heaven lieth through this very valley." We can not discover the "why" of our troubles, and at such times the adversary is likely to try us sore. Bitter thoughts about the hand that has meted out our lot will creep in. The tempter will deepen the darkness, and magnify our troubles, and try to blind our eyes to the light that is promised. He makes us feel that heaven is far off, and uncertain because unseen, and he would shatter every hope, destroy faith in every promise, and take away every prop upon which we lean. He will make the darkness doubly distressing and rob us of the sense of a loving Father's presence.

Does any dear child of God suffer to-day from fears of being left alone in the dark? Has the evil one filled any soul with misgivings lest the light of day shall never come to him? If so, *now* is the time to trust God, while the way is dark. Study this little poem of Mary Rolofson, published in the *Sunday School Times*, and mark the assurance expressed in the last half of each stanza.

"I want to trust thee now, dear Lord,
Now, while the way is dark,
And not a gleam mine eye can see
The narrow path to mark;
I want to trust thee all the night,
For the day comes on apace
When faith and trust shall fade before
The shining of thy face.

"I want to trust thee now, dear Lord,
While faith and trust may be,
While drear and sullen are the skies
That hide thy face from me;
For from these clouds shall break the sun
In wondrous splendor bright,
And o'er the mountain tops afar
Shall haste the shades of night.

"I want to trust thee now, dear Lord,
And feel no doubt or fear,
For short the time that I may trust
In lonely darkness here.
And, oh, when breaks the light of day
And my glad eyes shall see,
What joy will take the place of faith
Because I trusted thee!"

What Makes the Difference?

While riding through the vast corn belt of the Middle West last summer I saw several instances where there was a great difference in the crops of two adjoining fields although the land seemed equally rich in both. In one field the corn stood thick and tall and strong, having a healthy color and good burden of well-developed ears. In the other, close at hand, the corn was spindling, sickly stuff, with very little show of ears, while all through it, sapping its moisture and crowding its stalks, were rank, tall weeds bearing abundance of seed. In the one field a splendid harvest awaited the husbandman—a rich reward for his toil. In the other the corn was hardly worth gathering, and the weed crop was a positive damage—worse than a mere loss of harvest.

What made this difference? When could the poor crop have been helped to become good? When could that disastrous crop of weeds have been easily prevented from growing? We all know that the difference was caused by careful attention and cultivation in the one case and by sheer neglect in the other, *when the corn was young*. The first few weeks in the life of the corn settled the question. While it was small, the farmer of the good field rooted up the weeds with the harrow and cultivated his corn with care day after day, while the owner of the poor field allowed the weeds to grow. Soon the corn in field number one under proper care grows rank and tall and then it spreads out its leaves, covers the ground to keep it moist, and is able to keep the weeds back itself—it overshadows them and roots deep until they can not grow at all. In field number two the case is just the opposite. Weeds have taken full possession, and it is now too late to secure a good harvest of corn.

These two fields illustrate the different conditions between two homes. In the one proper care has been given early in life to the cultivation of the graces which have taken root and have grown until there is no chance for the evils that sap character and rob of manhood. In the other the young lives have been neglected, the parents have been careless about the Sabbath, and have cared little for the church or for spiritual things—indeed, their own hearts

have been like neglected gardens, and as a result the good has had little chance in the hearts of the children. The weeds have all the advantage, and good fruit is choked down.

What folly to thus neglect the souls God has given us, until the evil supplants the good.

"But Morn Will Bring it Back."

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," are words of wisdom uttered long ago by one who had learned to listen to nature's teachings and to profit by her lessons. Day and night, summer and winter, God's great star-book of the skies, all the unchanging orders of nature, have in all generations been speaking to man of God's invisible hand upholding them throughout the centuries. Over against all the changing conditions of human society, the rise and fall of nations, the breaking up of families, the passing away of generations, the knowledge that we too must soon pass away, there stands the unchanging order of the universe, teaching man that God's purposes change not and that he cares for all.

Add to this the teachings of Revelation, that the mighty God whose glory shines in the heavens, the maker and upholder of all worlds, the constant caretaker of the universe, is also our Father, loving his children with more than human love, pledging his infinite power to uphold those who trust him, and assuring them that they shall come out of great tribulations to dwell with him in glory, and what more can we desire? No matter how dark the night of earth may be, no matter what trials may come, the trusting child may cling to his Father's hand, assured that out of all his tribulations God will bring him safely to the mansions of peace with all the saved of earth.

What a comfort such a hope is amid earth's cares and sorrows. Who would be without it? How dark must be the outlook for one who does not possess it! May all the dear readers of the RECORDER see "the bright light which is in the clouds." Job saw it, and God brought him safely out of all his troubles. Paul saw it, and was sustained by grace sufficient, until his triumphant death. John on Patmos saw it and the heavens were

opened to him. Friends, the heavens were opened by faith to Job, Paul, John and all the worthies of old, and we must not forget that they are opened to us also.

The following stanzas entitled, "Over the Sea," by Henry Burton, D. D., of Holyoke, England, will no doubt find a response in many hearts in America.

"I sit in the fading light,
And watch the shadows fall;
My day has turned to night,
And darkness covers all;
The sunlight's gone far over the sea,
But morn will bring it back to me.

"My summer birds are gone,
I can not hear them sing;
I missed them one by one,
Till all had taken wing;
My summer birds flew over the sea,
But the spring will call them back to me.

"My summer flowers are dead,
The jasmine and the rose;
The autumn leaves are shed,
And buried in the snows;
But the flowers are blooming over the sea,
And the spring will give them back to me.

"My darling child has passed
Up to the Promised Land;
The anchor she has cast
Away on the golden strand;
But I shall follow over the sea,
And Heaven will give her back to me."

That Sabbath Recorder Day.

An aged friend in the West, ever loyal to his church and denomination, writes as follows:

Yes, I say let us have a "SABBATH RECORDER day." And to emphasize it in a slight way I herewith send my subscription money for 1912.

Yours for the cause of Christ and the advancement of his kingdom on earth.

Thank God for the many aged men and women who have stood by the standard of Sabbath truth for many a year and who still stand in the front ranks, bidding the younger ones Godspeed in the work. When we rejoice over the goodly company of young people who are faithful, we must not forget the fathers and mothers who have done their work so well and who are now looking toward the sunset. I will venture to say, there is not a single aged saint among all the RECORDER readers, who has had the SABBATH RECORDER in his home for years, who will not join most heartily in this response from our Western

friend. In imagination I can hear the fathers and mothers in a thousand homes say, as they read the appeal for a SABBATH RECORDER day, "Yes, I say let us have such a day."

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported yesterday to the Tract Board, that the RECORDER subscriptions had increased by about twenty during the month. This being true some must have dropped off, for one church sent in fifty new subscriptions. Friends, let everybody do his best to increase the number of homes that welcome the SABBATH RECORDER. Let no subscribers drop off. Where can you spend two dollars in a way that promises better results? Think of it! For less than four cents a week you can secure fifty-two copies of the denominational paper, as full as it can be of studies on the Sabbath question, news from the churches, young people's work, woman's work, stories for children, and the best thoughts of Seventh-day Baptist writers. Your families can thus be brought into touch with the work of our people, keep informed as to matters of faith, and find helpful reading for spiritual food.

Would that RECORDER day might bring us one thousand new subscribers.

Salem College.

A brother in Michigan sends ten dollars for Salem's new building, and requests that we publish the address of the one in Salem to whom such gifts may be sent. Direct them to M. H. Van Horn, or to L. D. Lowther, Salem, W. Va. I hope people will snow them under this Christmas time with missives bearing liberal gifts to Salem College.

Uplift of a Genuine Faith in God.

Let us cling to the old faith in a personal God to whom we are responsible. This is the foundation of vital personal religion. Take away the idea of personal responsibility to God, and you rob man of his highest inspiration and incentive for good. A religion based upon ethics merely, lacks vitality, and mere love of duty toward our fellows can never supply the highest motives for conduct such as come with devout recognition of a personal God, and faith in Christ.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

The President's Message.

We are accustomed to call attention to the President's message, but this time we should speak of several. Mr. Taft has adopted a new plan, which seems like a great improvement over the old way. He now presents his annual message to Congress in parts. The great number of subjects that have to be treated in this annual document makes it too long and too tedious to be set forth in one address. The President's ideas regarding the trusts were read to both houses of Congress. He puts his points forcibly, upholding the Sherman law, and asking for the enactment of supplementary laws that will enable the government to enforce it, and also laws that will enable the interstate trade corporations to obey it. In order to accomplish these two things, the President would have the laws declare what acts characteristic of corporations or monopolies in restraint of trade, are illegal. Then the government would be relieved of the necessity of proving a combination, and would only have to show the illegal acts. At the same time the corporations would have fair warning as to what specified acts would be illegal. The opinion seems to be quite general that the President's message will clear up the question a good deal. Evidently a majority of the people favor the President's view.

Strange and Foolish Will.

A woman in Morristown, N. J., bequeathed to the Protestant Episcopal church of that place her diamonds, "rings, pendant, and breastpins," on the condition that they should be "inserted and kept in the holy communion service of that church, and for no other use whatever." This was a very foolish bequest. What use could such a gift be to any church? We are glad to note that this church promptly filed with the surrogate a formal refusal to accept the gift on such conditions. The church would be compelled to guard such a communion service as it would a fortune, keeping it in safety deposit vaults. Furthermore, many members objected to

such decorations in communion cups, to say nothing of their repugnance to having a dead woman's jewels exhibited at every communion season.

American Citizens in Russia.

For some time our President has been trying to secure satisfactory guaranties from the Russian Government that the treaty of 1832, regarding citizens of the United States in Russia, shall be observed. Many Jews have been persecuted there, who have passports as United States citizens, and Mr. Taft has earnestly tried to settle the complicated and difficult controversy. Russia thus far has persistently refused to accept the American interpretation of the treaty or to act upon the President's request regarding the passports. Russia, it seems, is willing to recognize passports of Jews who are American born, but refuses to recognize those of Jews who have gained citizenship here by naturalization.

The excitement in this country had become so intense that an immense mass-meeting was held last week in Carnegie Hall, New York City, addressed by several noted men. With some there was a clamoring for an abrupt abrogation of the treaty, and for a movement to "bring Russia to terms." With others the plea was for arbitration with Russia at The Hague. This plan was urged by Andrew D. White, former ambassador to Russia, and the other plan was approved by some who prophesied that Congress would abrogate the treaty within thirty days. There were several Congressmen and state governors on the platform. It is a question now whether the great meeting, so openly expressing intense feeling, will help or hinder the President in his negotiations. One thing is certain, the Russians can now see that Americans are determined that the treaty laws protecting our citizens abroad shall be observed regardless of nationality or creed.

Russia makes the mistake of thinking that what she calls "four per cent" of the Americans within her borders are not worth making such a fuss about. She does not seem to understand that the comparative fewness of Jewish citizens there has nothing whatever to do with the question. The principle by which a great nation protects its citizens in foreign lands holds

good, even if there is but one man abroad to be protected. If that one man should be German, Italian, French or Russian born, it makes no difference. When he is naturalized, or becomes a citizen of the United States, all the power of this Nation is pledged to protect him against oppression.

Points Established by Investigating the Maine.

Now that the official report has been rendered regarding the manner in which the battleship *Maine* was destroyed, we have the main points established thereby, and we also understand that the wreck keeps well her secret as to who did the dreadful work.

It is a satisfaction to know that the *Maine* was blown up by a mine outside the vessel, rather than by any fault with the inside. The insinuations that her destruction was due to some fault in construction, or to carelessness on the part of her officers or crew, or to faulty ammunition, or to any such cause, are now disposed of forever. It is settled that the magazines that blew up were exploded by the outside mine.

One secret which everybody wished to find out, as to who set and exploded the mine, still remains a secret. We can never know for certain whether the Spanish or the Cubans destroyed the vessel. Some suspect that Cuban patriots did it, to gain the sympathy and secure the assistance of the United States. Others think it was done by Spain. Unless some conscience-stricken soul shall make a death-bed confession, we shall probably never know where the blame belongs.

Poor Persia.

It really looks now as if the powers of the world were going to sit still and see the Russian bear fleece the Persian lamb. Russia is said to be jubilant over the prospect, since she sees no sign of England's calling a halt. Turkey too is said to be sending troops across the Persian border. Nothing now is likely to prevent Russia from annexing Persia, unless there should come a peremptory order to "halt," given by Great Britain. Every day of silence on England's part adds to the jubilation of Russia's feelings. Northern Persia is now practically in Russian hands.

According to Chicago papers, Gladstone Dowie, only son of John Alexander Dowie, founder of Zion City, has forsaken his father's creed and is preparing for the Episcopal ministry. Gladstone Dowie is already a graduate from several law schools and has practiced law in Michigan for some years.

A woman supposed to have been a pauper died last week in Indiana, leaving stored in an old leather bag a fortune amounting to \$47,000. There was the sum of \$7,000 in gold, and \$40,000 in government bonds. The owner left a most barren house, with scarcely any furniture, and her neighbors supposed her to be penniless; but her sister discovered the old leather bag she had used many years for a bank.

Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, is seriously ill at Colombo, Ceylon. He has endured an operation for appendicitis, and much anxiety is felt for him. Though everything is being done that can be to bring him through, still his case is considered critical.

Notwithstanding the fact that the postal service has been extended greatly during the last two years, Postmaster General Hitchcock has succeeded in turning a postal deficit of \$17,000,000 into a surplus of \$219,000.

When Did Christ Enter the Holy of Holies?

REV. C. S. SAYRE.

Christians everywhere recognize a wondrous analogy in the work of Christ and the Jewish priest. And to start with, let us notice a few of these analogies that bear on the subject.

I.

The priest shed the lamb's blood, and offered his body on the altar for the sins of the people.

Christ shed his blood, and offered his body on the cross for the sins of all the world.

II.

The priest offered the lamb in the *outer* court of the earthly temple in *sight* of the people.

Christ was offered in the *outer* court also in *sight* of the people.

III.

One day in each year the priest entered the *inner* court of the earthly temple *out of sight* of the people to make atonement for them.

Christ likewise entered the *inner* court, *out of sight* of the people when he ascended from Olivet and sat down at the right hand of God. We can think of no holier place than the immediate presence of God; and we remember it was the immediate presence of God that made the *inner* court of the *earthly* temple the "Holy of Holies." And if we are willing to accept the record of Mark xvi, 19, where it reads, "So then the Lord Jesus, after he had spoken unto them, *was received up into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God,*" we are sure that the event of Christ's entering into the Holy of Holies took place upon the occasion of the ascension from the Mount of Olives. The Lord's own words corroborate this: "But from henceforth shall *the Son of man be seated at the right hand of God.*" Luke xxii, 69.

And just a short time after this, Stephen, the first Christian martyr, actually saw him there, "*standing on the right hand of God.*" Acts vii, 56.

These passages alone are sufficient to answer the question, When Did Christ Enter the Holy of Holies? And alone they present formidable difficulty with our original notion that he spent some eighteen hundred years in some other apartment of heaven, completing the redemptive work, and did not enter the holy place until 1844 A. D.

It is quite generally believed that Paul did his writing less than one hundred years after Christ; and he said in his letter to the Hebrews (ix, 24), "*Christ entered not into a holy place made with hands, like in pattern to the true.*" That is, he did not enter into the holy place of the earthly temple, "*but into heaven itself, now to appear before the face of God for us.*" This last clause could hardly be stated more clearly and definitely to convey the idea that Christ had already, in the days of Paul, entered the holiest place to carry on his "investigative" or "intercessory" work in our behalf.

He embodies the same idea in still more

definite and pointed language in Hebrews ix, 11, 12 in this way: "But Christ having come a high priest of the good things to come, . . . *entered in once for all into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption.*" You notice the act of going in is put in the past tense, "*entered in once for all.*" You notice, too, the expression, "*once for all,*" precludes the notion that he could enter into the inner court in 1844 A. D. or any other time. "*Once for all*" and the business was done never to be repeated.

But that Paul considered Jesus already in the inner court is brought out in such plain and definite language in Hebrews vi, 19, 20 that no one can mistake his meaning; for there he speaks of a "*hope both sure and steadfast and entering into that which is within the veil; whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us.*" Every Christian's hope is in God, and God is in the holiest place of all,—in back of the veil, if you please,—and Paul declares that *there is whither* Christ has *entered* for us, and that he had already done that thing in his day.

Now notice a few passages where the two transactions are referred to as already having taken place. I mean the sacrificial work and the beginning of the intercessory work of Christ, corresponding to the two works of the priest in the outer and inner courts of the earthly temple: "*When he had made purification of sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.*" Heb. i, 3. This shows that both transactions had been already accomplished. And precisely the same truth is stated in Hebrews x, 12: "*But when he had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God.*" Both deeds had already been done. Again we find the same truth brought out in Hebrews xii, 2: "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him *endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.*" Without my quoting any farther, you may look up the following passages, and you will find the same truth expressed: Heb. vii, 25, 27; viii, 1, 2; 1 Pet. iii, 22; Col. iii, 1; Eph. i, 20; Rom. viii, 27, 34.

Certainly Jesus entered the holiest place before the New Testament was written.

(Concluded next week.)

SABBATH REFORM

The Best Reason They Can Give.

The *Defender* (Nov.-Dec., 1911) tries to show the contrast between these times and those of the middle of the second century by quoting Justin Martyr as follows: "Sunday is the day on which we all hold our common assembly, because it is the day on which God, having wrought on the darkness and matter, made the world, and Jesus Christ our Saviour on the same day rose from the dead." This is quoted as good authority for supplanting the Sabbath of Jehovah and of Christ by the Sunday of Baal and the pagans.

Justin Martyr was a Greek philosopher who accepted Christianity after he had lived a pagan to the years of manhood. He retained many heathen sympathies throughout his life, and refers to the days by their heathen names, Saturn's and Sun's days. His reasons for assembling on Sunday are not scriptural reasons, but peculiarly fanciful. He was also the first man who taught no-Sabbathism. He sympathized with both heathenism and Christianity and tried to soften the feelings of the emperor by bringing points on which Christians and heathen might agree. In other places he wrote of Sun's day in such a way as to show that he had no idea of regarding it as a Sabbath.

Probably our Sunday-keeping friends would not care to quote Justin Martyr's words in his dialogue with Trypho: "Do you see that the elements are not idle, and keep no Sabbaths? Remain as you were born. For if there was no need of circumcision before Abraham, or of the observance of Sabbaths . . . before Moses, no more is there need of them now."

It seems remarkable that Christians of our time should quote the words of a semi-pagan philosopher, an expounder of no-Sabbathism, as though they were specially good authority for Sunday as a Sabbath; and that, too, when the words quoted give no ground for claiming sacredness for Sunday. Justin Martyr does not apply the term "Lord's Day" to the day of the sun. He does not speak of Sunday as the Sabbath. He does not even claim a divine

command for a change. The only reason for assembling given in the *Defender's* quotation above is the fanciful one that God wrought on darkness and chaos on the first day, and that Christ rose from the dead.

Is this the best that can be said for Sunday? Is this so strong and clear and convincing as to be worthy of a prominent editorial paragraph as a clincher for Sunday arguments? Would it not be much better if one little "Thus saith the Lord," one clear-cut passage of Scripture, could be found upon which Christians could base their faith in Sunday as a Sabbath?

A Beam of Seven Colors.

Look at the fourth commandment carefully, and you will find that it is a beam of light that may be separated into seven distinct colors. First, is the law of work: "Six days shalt thou labor." Next, we have the law of rest: "The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." Third, we have the law of equality, or anti-caste: "Thou shalt rest, thou and thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, and the stranger that is within thy gates." An anti-caste law coming from the East, the home of the caste! Yet here it is in the fourth commandment. I confess to being astonished that such an anti-caste law should come out of Asia. Then, in the fourth place, you have the law of commemoration—a commemoration of the creation under the old dispensation and of the resurrection under the new. In the fifth place, you have the law of divine companionship. We are to rest because God rested. In the sixth place, we have the law of periodicity. This you shall do one day in seven. And last, we have the law of worship, of holy convocation. Here we have these seven colors in this one white beam of heaven falling upon the earth. The more I study the fourth commandment, the more I find in it of unfathomable wisdom. The Decalogue looks no more like human work than the sun itself.—*Joseph Cook.*

Very Appropriate.

The *Defender*, organ of the "Lord's Day League of New England," is "greatly cheered" over having seen an edict from China decreeing that Sunday shall hereafter be observed as a day of rest in the

Chinese Court, and that no business shall be transacted unless urgent. It exclaims: "Can we dream of anything stranger, a Chinese republic with a Christian Sabbath!"

It is not so strange after all, when we think of it, for a pagan nation to take to the pagan Sun's day! I should think the "venerable day of the sun" might be quite appropriate for a Chinese "rest day." If that far-away people get their ideas of what this so-called *Christian Sabbath* should be from many of its advocates and supporters in America, they will certainly make it a holiday rather than a holy day. And if the Chinese stop to investigate, they will find their missionary teachers who plead for a Sunday rest day, entirely out of harmony with the Bible.

Sabbath Visiting.

We need to be continually on our guard lest the standard of the world around us in the observance of the first day of the week, does not become our standard of Sabbath observance. With the multitudes, Sunday is not regarded as a sacred day, but rather as a holiday. This is due no doubt to the fact that in the Sabbath controversy of the last few decades, the majority of Christian people have come to recognize that Sunday, as the Sabbath, has no divine recognition, that in its very nature it is but a holiday, the same as Christmas or Washington's birthday, etc. But this is not true of the Sabbath of the Lord.

The seventh day of the week is the one day in the weekly cycle which has been set apart for a sacred and holy use. God has reserved this day for himself. He tells us that in it we shall not do our own ways, nor find our own pleasure, nor speak our own words.

It is not a day for the discussion of business plans, nor for the making of social calls. It is proper to call upon the sick and the afflicted, or upon any one whom we can strengthen and encourage in the Lord, but it should not be made a day of social visiting, the same as Sunday is made by those around us. There is a tendency in some of our churches to let down the high and holy standard of Sabbath observance in this respect. Let us recognize the high and holy standard which God has erected, and see that we do not

permit in our experience the banner of truth to trail in the dust.—*F. M. W., in Review and Herald.*

The Present Crisis in China.

SARA G. DAVIS.

Women's meeting, Plainfield church.

I have been asked by friends to say something regarding the present revolution in China, and so have written what I understand to be the causes and the probable future effect on the empire.

It may be remembered that in the beginning of the Ming dynasty the great wall of China was built to keep out the Mongols. This wall is 1,400 miles long, and required about twenty years to build. This dynasty lasted about 276 years, and like its predecessors, was very narrow in its policy toward foreigners, rejecting all overtures of other nations to engage in trade, and bitterly opposing the Catholics, who were then making every effort to introduce their religion into China. However, with all their conservatism, rebellion became rife, and two of the aspirants to the throne made themselves masters of two whole provinces. The last of the Ming emperors, realizing that all was lost, hanged himself in his garden after stabbing his daughter as a last proof of paternal affection.

Immediately following this event, the commanding general of the army in desperation threw open the gate of the great wall and asked the Manchus to come in and help him to overthrow the rebels. They complied with his request. Combining their forces, they advanced on Peking and expelled the rebel chiefs, but when General Woo offered to pay them for their services and asked them to retire beyond the great wall, they smiled and coolly replied "that it was for him to retire or enter their services." Then began the reign of the Manchu dynasty, with a child of six years as emperor, his uncle acting as regent. The latter was an able man, and though his task was not an easy one, in seven years he effected the subjugation of the eighteen provinces, everywhere compelling the natives to wear the cue, or pigtail, as it is sometimes called, as a badge of subjection. To this the Chinese were bitterly opposed and some of them preferred decapitation. Until a

few years ago it was considered an offense against the government, requiring severe punishment, to refuse to wear the cue.

It was in 1644 that the Manchus gained ascendancy, so now the Chinese have suffered 267 long years of bitter oppression, in many respects equal to that endured by the children of Israel at the hand of the Pharaohs of Egypt. Much of their suffering is due to the excessive taxation imposed upon them.

Naturally enough, the Chinese do not wish to be under the yoke of a foreign conqueror, and as some one has remarked, an unspeakable yoke it is. While the population of China is about 400,000,000, the whole Manchu population in the entire empire does not exceed 10,000,000. Many of the Manchu officials are supported in luxury by the exorbitant taxes imposed upon the people. Until quite recently every Manchu in the empire was given a monthly allowance from the public treasury, the equivalent of \$5 in gold. Many of them live in utter idleness, while the mass of the laboring class of Chinese find it difficult to eke out an existence, not because they are indolent and profligate, for as a rule the common people are very industrious, and are not afraid of work, but chiefly because of the heavy burden imposed upon them by their rulers, and the terrible curse of opium which has come upon them during the present dynasty.

Some of the Manchu high officials are known to have millions of dollars safely deposited in European banks, aside from the enormous wealth stored in the Imperial City. It is said the old Empress Dowager received about \$15,000,000 annually from the government.

In case of floods and famine the government has been unwilling to contribute funds for the relief of the suffering, but is very lavish in its own expenditures. In the recent flood and terrible famine the government contributed only about \$12,000 in gold, while it spent half a million on the festivities of the birthday of the child emperor.

The Chinese have endured this misgovernment until, to a man, they are ready to fight for liberty. The uprising in China is distinctly of the people. It is not a sudden outbreak, but many things have been leading up to it. For eight or ten years there have been anti-dynastic societies in

operation, and the government has been watching and intimidating those who gave any evidence of being connected with them. Many have been put to death for agitating reform and publishing articles in its favor. Newspapers have been suppressed and a close watch kept on every aggressive movement. These things show something of the conditions that have led up to the present revolution.

About September 10, last, thirty-two revolutionists were arrested in the city of Wu-chang, and four of the number were beheaded in front of the viceroy's or mayor's official residence. Then the troops stationed there rose and went over to the reformers, forcing the commanding officer-general, Li, to take the lead. He is now said to be the leader of the revolution. By the way, a recent letter from Shanghai reports that he is a member of the Episcopal Church.

Politically considered, the place where this reform movement began is very important. It is 600 miles from Shanghai, up the Yang-tse River, and at the terminus of the Peking and Han-kow Railroad. In this section there are three very large and important cities—Wu-chang and Han-kow, on opposite banks of the Yang-tse, and then again, opposite Han-kow, across the Han River, is Han-yang, where there is a large arsenal and very important iron works. These three cities constitute a center where several severe battles have been fought.

From this point the revolutionists advanced down the river as far as Nanking, taking other important cities along their course. Nanking is 150 miles from Shanghai, and was formerly the southern capital in the Ming dynasty, and has since been a stronghold of the Manchus. From all accounts there has been a fearful struggle on both sides at this city. Just what will be the result we are not able at present to know.

A recent letter from Mr. Crofoot informs us of the peaceful taking of Shanghai and the large arsenal and powder magazine located one mile south of our mission. This was accomplished almost without any fighting. The mayor's official residence in the walled city was burned the same night. Of course, this letter was written a month ago. Up to that time our mission work had gone on without any

interruption, except that about one third of the boys had left the boarding school. Mr. Crofoot says: "Should the Imperialists attempt to regain possession, it might be quite a different story." A young man, who was formerly our cook and went to Mr. Crofoot's on our leaving Shanghai, had enlisted in the new army. Miss Burdick remarked, "This makes the war seem more real to us."

Perhaps the most dangerous element in the present uprising against the Peking government is the fact that the revolutionaries are the best fighting material that China commands, and that they are imbued with the spirit of true patriotism. The imperial army, as a rule, is composed of the roughest class—men without homes, or those influences which make good citizens, while those among the most enthusiastic of the revolutionists are the students of China, the educated classes, and especially those who have studied abroad. One Japanese writer speaks of them as martyrs and apostles of the new China.

Since 1900 there have been in the schools at Tokio, Japan, from 3,000 to 20,000 students every year. These are not counted in the large number who have been in the universities of Europe and America, returning to their native land, filled with the love for Western civilization and a burning desire to see China take an honorable place with the leading nations of the world. I say it is these students who form the backbone of this great revolution that has now reached a point where its plans and successes are of grave concern to the rest of the world. Europe and America are sending troops to the Orient to guard and protect their interests. If the revolutionists are successful there will doubtless be no anti-foreign spirit exhibited, but if the Imperialists are temporarily victorious, there may be serious complications and continued unrest, for the Chinese will never again meekly bow to the misrule under which they have so cruelly suffered for nearly three hundred years.

As a rule, all foreigners in China are in sympathy with the revolutionists, but it may be at present a silent sympathy, for if they want protection they must remain neutral.

There has been terrible suffering in the cities where the fighting has taken place. We learn from recent telegrams that there

is lack of cohesion and lack of funds among the revolutionists, but Wu Ting-fang, former minister at Washington, is reported to have said in Shanghai that all existing differences between the revolutionist leaders would be reconciled. We certainly hope that such will be the case, and that better days are in store for China.

Ladies' Aid Society, New Market, N. J.

On account of illness, which has been prevalent in our homes, the Ladies' Aid society has not served the usual number of suppers during the past year. But our treasurer's report shows that we have raised over one hundred dollars for home work and benevolent purposes.

We served our annual Thanksgiving supper at the parsonage, Monday evening, November 27. Although the attendance was not as large as usual, yet seventy-four suppers were served for which we received twenty-three dollars and ten cents. As a part of the social entertainment a short program was given which consisted of an anthem by the choir and a selection by the male quartet; the report of the treasurer and secretary; a dialogue and select reading. It was a very pleasurable and profitable evening.

For a long time we have been in great need of a church kitchen and dining-room. Now we are working towards securing that much-needed place where the various church sociables may be held and we may find a real church home. While our society is small in numbers and limited in means, and the task of building will be a heavy burden, yet our members, strong in the faith that the addition will be a blessing to the church and will greatly aid us in our work, have courageously undertaken the project.

While our hearts and hands are engrossed in the toil and burdens at home, we do not forget the larger interests of the denomination and Christ's kingdom. These are close to our hearts and we are praying for a deepening of the spiritual lives of all.

MRS. A. H. BURDICK,
MRS. H. N. JORDAN,
Committee.

"Extravagance is generally a blood relation of dishonesty."

MISSIONS

Attalla, Ala.

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

In all of our journeyings we have usually had good roads and weather. Occasional rains have made what are called, in Alabama, mud roads, rather rough and heavy in places. The State has made stone pikes, with convict labor, running out from some of its large cities like Attalla; roads branching out from the pikes through the "flat" rich forest and farm lands are worked very little and are the "mud roads." The Curtiston schoolhouse is located on a pike road, two miles out from Attalla, and is rather central for our people. Here was where most of the meetings were held by Brother Hurley and myself. He came here direct after the association and had been at work for two weeks when I came. I remained for one week and he went to visit the little church in Cullman County, where our people are more widely scattered, and the place of meeting is some eight or ten miles from the railroad, I judge. Brother Hurley will have to tell you about this people; I have not been permitted to visit them. They are all converts to the Sabbath; some of them have been keeping it for a number of years. Some came to this State on account of Sabbath persecutions in others.

At Attalla we held several night-meetings through the week. On Sabbath morning before the regular service the Sabbath school was reorganized. There were people enough to form three good-sized classes: one Bible class, one of young people, and one primary. There are several of the young people who are awaiting a suitable time for baptism. The weather was raw and conditions not favorable. This church is to lose for the winter the family of Deacon Hawkins, who are going to Florida. There are six or seven members in this family, all Christians, and grown up. It is going to be a struggle to keep up the Sabbath school through the winter. They need our prayers.

The people took hold well on Sabbath morning, evidently determined to "rebuild the walls." Rev. R. S. Wilson, former

pastor, will spend almost all his time on the outside fields, where he has found a Sabbath interest. The question of placing a man on this great Southwestern field has for a long time been the wish of both the boards. This man should visit and work regularly the fields where we have churches and smaller interests, which need help. During this trip I have found the several churches anxious to help in bringing about such a plan of work. It seems as if God is opening the way and it can now be established. People are hungry; good congregations have given evidence of this everywhere I have been. While at Attalla, one day was spent at Chattanooga, and investigation made in regard to the "Steele Home." I wish to request of people who are asked to give support in any way to this enterprise, that they first make investigation as to the worthiness of it. Either address Miss Emma Rogers of Farina, Ill., who went there to assist, or write me and I will gladly give you information or give you reference to the local committee of such charity.

It has been two years since I was at Attalla before. Then we had a blessed revival. The little church has just about held its own during this time. The next visit will be at Stone Fort, Ill.

Yours fraternally,
E. B. SAUNDERS.

Letter From China.

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

Again it is my privilege to be writing to you from this side of the world. In some ways it seems natural to be back, although I find many changes. When I went home I left Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Davis in Lieu-oo and Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Davis were here in Shanghai. Now these four members of our mission are gone and two new ones are added to our number. In Shanghai there are also many changes. In the native city is a street wide enough for carriages which has been made by filling up a canal and including two small streets. One can hardly realize that it is actually within the city walls. In the settlement are many new buildings and changes in business places. It is taking me a little time to get back into the Chinese feeling. Wheelbarrows and rickshas over stony roads are things that I have become ac-

customed to anew, after riding so much on trains and electric cars and in the automobiles of my friends at home.

One of the greatest surprises I have experienced has been at the absence of cigarettes. When I left China it seemed to me that every one was smoking them and now I think I have not seen a dozen cigarettes in three weeks. On inquiry I find that this wholesale discarding of them has taken place in about two months and is due to the agitation against them by the Chinese press, influenced by the anti-cigarette league, which has pointed out that they contain morphine and are very injurious, as well as a source of great expenditure of money.

A Chinaman told me that the papers published arithmetical problems showing how much a few cigarettes a day amounted to in a year, etc., and what a drain they were on the poor people. He added that no person who cares to be considered at all respectable, now uses them. That is the way I have felt all the time; so in this I certainly agree with the Chinese. This shows how the Chinese can do when they make up their minds, and I feel even a greater respect for them than before. What a reflection it is on our American people, who have many times read and heard the same arguments and still cling to the cigarette habit, which is on the increase at home rather than otherwise. Does it mean that as the Chinese advance in self-respect, Americans and Europeans are losing it? China is certainly moving! In justice I ought to state that many who have given up cigarettes have replaced them with cigars and pipes, but as they are more expensive and inconvenient, it must mean that very many here have put nothing in their place.

After my arrival my first thought was to get out to Lieu-oo as soon as possible; but there was so much to talk over about the work, and so much to attend to that we could not go immediately. In the meantime I became very anxious about Miss Burdick, as she seemed so tired out; and remembering what a hard summer she had passed through, with no rest at all, I felt it was really not safe to leave her with so much work. I suggested that I go alone to Lieu-oo for a time leaving Doctor Crandall with her, but this she would not listen to. I was afraid a breakdown would

come, and perhaps it was far-sightedness, perhaps partly a selfish desire to prevent the possibility of having to leave the work at Lieu-oo soon after starting it, that suggested to my mind the plan of staying in Shanghai at least two weeks longer, taking charge of the school and sending Miss Burdick off for a complete rest. Doctor Crandall agreed with me and we did it.

While she has been away the revolution has broken out and the American Consul advises that we do not go to Lieu-oo until things are more settled, as it is a place where famine refugees and other wild spirits seem easily to collect; so it is providential that we did not go at first. Miss Burdick is back at work, looking more rested; and as I do not want to be idle I will continue part of the work in the school, making it easier for her. Miss West has also taken some classes in English.

The young lady who started with me before I left China was taken into the Methodist Woman's Hospital in Soochow during my absence. They liked her and wanted her to regularly join their nurses training class which she also rather desired to do. She yielded very gracefully, however, to my persuasions, and to what seemed to be her duty, and came away to go with us to Lieu-oo. Since then she has had a vacation for a month but is now to teach Doctor Crandall while I in turn teach her a little. I am also to have some time for the study of the written character, which I really need. Of course these plans are only temporary and as soon as it is considered safe to do so we will go to Lieu-oo. You must be hearing reports about the revolution and we hope they are not disquieting. It is a new thing in my Chinese experience to have missionaries and other Europeans protected by the belligerent parties, and Chinese wanting to join themselves to foreigners for greater safety. I hope this will continue to be the case.

So far, there has been no disturbance in Shanghai but plenty of excitement and disquieting rumors. I think the sympathy of most of the people is with the revolutionaries, but whether it will be intense enough to cause them to jeopardize life or property remains to be seen. We are praying that in God's hands it will all

work out toward the advancement of his Kingdom here. Some of the revolutionary leaders are reported to be Christians. We know many of you are praying for us here. May we all be kept in God's love.

Sincerely yours,
ROSA W. PALMBORG.

Shanghai, China,
Oct. 31, 1911.

Monthly Statement.

November 1, 1911, to December 1, 1911.

S. H. DAVIS, Treasurer,
In account with
THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Dr.

Balance in treasury, November 1, 1911..	\$428 43
E. J. Potter	25 00
American Sabbath Tract Society	31 24
Wm. Stillman	19 89
Young People's Board of Milton	45 00
Syracuse Church	1 00
Chicago Church	28 00
First Verona Church	14 00
New Market Church	20 00
A Friend	5 00
Portville Church	4 30
Farina Sabbath School	6 78
Adams Center Church	20 00
New York City Church	16 24
First Alfred Church	38 53
	\$703 41

Cr.

E. B. Saunders, acct. of salary	\$ 70 81
D. B. Coon, October salary	50 00
J. J. Kovats, October salary	20 00
Joseph Booth, Nov. salary and exchange ..	50 30
G. H. Utter, for printed postals	3 00
Treasurer's expenses	13 25
	\$207 36

Balance, December 1, 1911	\$496 05
Bills due and payable, December 1, 1911..	\$323 50
Notes outstanding, December 1, 1911	\$2,500 00
E. & O. E.	S. H. DAVIS, Treasurer.

Words of Appreciation.

At a special meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union it was voted that the following words of appreciation of Mrs. Celina Hulett be read at her memorial service, November 29, 1911, and spread on the minutes of the organization.

"The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Little Genesee, N. Y., desire to express their deep sense of loss in the death of their beloved coworker, Mrs. Celina Coon Hulett, who during the thirty-one years since its organization has been an interested and faithful worker. Though her activities have been restricted by physical weakness, her interest, perhaps for the same cause, has been peculiarly strong, the orbit of her life being circumscribed by her devotion to the duties of her home, her church and denominational interests, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Un-

ion, which she justly considered equally with the church an organization for the salvation of men. She was a constant reader of our temperance literature and every interest of our cause was dear to her heart, our last meeting, but one, being held with her, at her request, that she might hear the report of the state convention. We thank God for her life of simple and steadfast faith, and the inspiration that her presence and counsel have given us in our work. Through all her days of suffering, so bravely endured, our sympathy has gone out to her, and now we mourn with her beloved son and husband as for our own."

"We lay them down with tears, our dead ones, leaving
Half of our life, it seems, beside them low;
Our upward lonely path still bravely taking,
We labor yet where the glad reapers go,
Until the day break.

"We lay it down, the work done for the Master,
The ranks close up and leave us laid apart,
Waiting to answer when heaven's roll-call echoes
Unto our name, with brave and tranquil hearts,
Until the day break."

MRS. F. E. HULL,
Secretary.

Salem College.

The following shows progress of canvass:

Amount required	\$17,000 00
Subscriptions already reported \$4,785 00	
New subscriptions:	
E. O. Davis	200 00
Owen T. Davis	40 00
A Friend	10 00
Total subscribed to date	5,035 00

Balance needed

E. O. Davis has paid, in addition to the above subscription, on the recent permanent improvements \$500.00, and Owen T. Davis \$50.00.

M. H. VAN HORN.

Dec. 8, 1911.

Howell—"Edison says that we sleep too much."
Powell—"Well, it isn't his fault; he has invented enough things to keep us awake."
—Life.

"The man who deposits regularly at the bar has little left for the bank, as a general rule."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

The Nameless Saints.

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came,
Brought all he had across the sea
To live and work for God and me;
Felled the ungracious oak;
Dragged from the soil
With horrid toil
The thrice gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty piled the haggard mountainside;
And at the end, without memorial, died.
No blaring trumpets sounded out his fame,
He lived,—he died,—I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his moldering bones.
Only a cheerful city stands
Built by his hardened hands.
Only ten thousand homes
Where every day
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes.
These are his monument, and these alone.
There is no form of bronze and no memorial
stone.

And I?
Is there some desert or some pathless sea
Where thou, good God of angels, wilt send me?
Some oak for me to rend; some sod,
Some rock for me to break;
Some handful of His corn to take
And scatter far afield,
Till it, in turn, shall yield
Its hundredfold
Of grains of gold
To feed the waiting children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send me.
And though this body lie where ocean rolls,
Count me among all faithful souls.
—Edward Everett Hale.

The Value of Missions.

I assert it to be a fact beyond contradiction that there is not a ruler, official, merchant, or any other person from emperors, viceroys, judges, governors, counselors, generals, ministers, admirals, merchants, and others, down to the lowest coolies in China and Japan, Siam and Korea, who, in their association or dealings with their fellow men in that quarter of the globe, are not indebted every day of their lives to the work and achievements of the American missionaries.—Admiral Belknap, of the U. S. Navy, in *Helping Hand*.

Your missionaries have done good for the morals of our people, but they have done far more for our health and strength as a nation. They come to us with doctors and nurses, hospitals and schools. Before Perry's coming two million infants were born every year in Japan, and for want of proper sanitary measures most of them died. Now with the hospitals and sanitary and hygienic methods introduced by the missionaries, the two million children are born, but they do not die.—A Japanese statesman in an interview with Mr. Melville E. Stone of the *Associated Press*.

Our Greatest Need.

This world would be redeemed to God in a very few years if all who bear the name of Christ knew the full meaning of the love of Christ, the love that passeth knowledge, that conquers, that is irresistible, the love which the human heart everywhere craves. May God fill our hearts with such a love and send us forth with something like a seraph's zeal and a Christ-like love to the nations sitting in darkness, waiting unconsciously for messengers to come from some place in the name of Christ. These messengers will not come from the skies; they will not come back from the dead. The people who are to save this world are living in it today, and Christ begs of us to take his name with his commission and go forth in perfect confidence that the time is hastening on when all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ forever.—Bishop Thoburn.

Rejoicings in Natal.

The most notable event in South African mission life during the past year has been the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the coming of the Gospel to the Zulus. A jubilee convocation of twelve days' duration was held in Durban, Natal. There were united native Christian conventions for the deepening of the spiritual life; also exhibitions of the products of industrial education: harness-making, shoe-making, carpentry, tailoring, pottery and the fabrication of an admirable rustic furniture from "monkey rope." One telling feature of this exhibit was a native village

school in full operation. The culmination of the celebration was a great missionary meeting in Durban Town Hall. This beautiful building, holding some 4,500 people, was filled to its utmost capacity with the élite of the colony, Lord Gladstone, the Governor-General of South Africa, presiding. A chorus of 350 Zulus sang, with electrifying power, Sir John Stainer's "Trust ye in the Mighty God," Grieg's great setting of the seventh of the Revelation, and other anthems. Sixty thousand black church members, representing a Christian community of fully 200,000, presented an address to the Governor-General.

A ZULU ORATOR THANKS THE MISSIONARIES.

Admirable was his reply, but even more so the speech of John Dube, head of the Zulu Christian Industrial School at Ohlange.

"The Zulu people were grateful," he said, "for so signal an opportunity to voice their thanks to the Christian missions for the Christian faith and the Christian civilization they had received from them. He had been in England and in America and had visited the homes whence the missionaries came. He had seen that they were not of those who had left their country for their country's good. They were of the choicest sons and daughters, who might have obtained high places of wealth and fame. And when he thought that they had left all this to come out there and crawl on hands and knees into a Zulu hut in order to find and raise the oppressed, to give hope to the despondent, to heal the sick and bind up their sores, he said to himself: 'What are we, that we should deserve such self-sacrifice and how shall we requite it?'"

"It was this that had inspired him to contribute his small share in the founding and carrying on, under almost crushing financial difficulties, of the Ohlange Christian Industrial School.

"Enough were it to express thanks for the bringing of the good tidings of our Lord and Saviour, for that included all the rest. Yet the missionaries brought arts and the ways of civilization, by which the Zulus' burdens were lessened and their lives made more comfortable and happy. They first introduced the plough and taught the Zulu its use.

"Go into a native Christian home. It was a humble dwelling, but it had a door which

swung on its hinges, and through which a man might walk erect, as becomes his dignity, and there was a window or two to let in the light of heaven, and separate apartments for the sexes, and a bed to sleep upon and a table to eat from, and chairs to sit upon and a book or two to read; and last, not least, all live stock was harbored outside. All very humble and plain, but compare it with the hut of a heathen, into which one must crawl like a reptile, to sit on the floor in the darkness along with goats on the one side and calves on the other; with no other furniture than divers evil-smelling things in the hinder portion of the building.

"Who was it that taught this cleaner and more comfortable life? Who was it that taught the benefits and the decency of wearing clothes? Who was it that taught the Zulu that every disease was not caused by witchcraft in the hands of an enemy; that most diseases were induced by filth and intemperance and impurity and other abuses of the flesh, and that with cleanliness, purity and sobriety they might be avoided? Who was it that taught them that a message could be transmitted by writing on a piece of paper? Who was it that unlocked to them the fountain of knowledge by reading and thus brought them into contact with the greatest minds of the world? The missionaries! It is they to whom they were chiefly indebted, after God, for all these blessings. And with all their hearts they thanked them. But they thanked them most of all, because, above all these things, they brought them to the knowledge of their high birthright."—*Record of Christian Work*.

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Board met according to adjournment at the home of Mrs. Morton, Milton, Wis., on Monday, December 4, 1911, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Members present: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. J. B. Morton, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. J. F. Whitford and Mrs. J. H. Babcock.

Mrs. West opened the meeting by reading a portion of Psalm cxxv and Psalm cxxvii. Mrs. Clarke asked God's blessing on the work of the Board, on all our women, and especially for the comfort and protection of our missionaries in China.

The minutes of the November meeting were read.

The Treasurer gave the report of the month in detail. She read a letter from Miss Ethelyn Davis of Garwin, Iowa. Miss Davis sent contributions for the work and gave a hopeful outlook for the cause among the women of the Garwin society; also a communication from Prof. M. H. Van Horn of Salem College, was read.

The Corresponding Secretary reported letter-heads printed as per instructions, and stationery sent to the secretaries.

The Secretary reported correspondence from the Secretary of the Southeastern Association; a letter from Mrs. Powell of Alfred, N. Y., who sent interesting writings of Mrs. Olive Wardner; also a letter from the Treasurer of the Missionary Society concerning the time of payment of Miss Anna West's salary; and a request for advice in placing a box of clothing from the Plainfield society.

Voted to forward \$50 to the Missionary Society to complete payment of Miss West's salary from August 28, 1911, to January 1, 1912.

Voted to take from the unappropriated fund a sufficient amount to make up the quarter's salary for Miss Susie Burdick.

The Mission Circle leaflet program for January was presented, and adopted.

The Milton Junction society asked for twenty-five copies per month of the Mission Circle leaflet and wished to pay for the same. The Board voted to make the price the actual cost of printing and mailing.

Parts of recent personal letters from Miss West, Doctor Crandall and Doctor Palmberg were given to the meeting, adding much interest.

The minutes of the meeting were read, and approved.

Board adjourned to Thursday, January 4, 1912.

METTA P. BABCOCK,
Secretary pro tem.

The Judge—"Did you arrest this chauffeur for speeding?"

The Policeman—"No, yer honor; I pulled him in fer obstructin' th' road; he was goin' only thirty miles an hour, an' he was complained about by them that was riding at th' regular rate."—*Exchange.*

The Saviour's Grief Over Lost Souls.

REV. J. E. HUTCHINS.

Yearly meeting of the churches of New Jersey, New York City and Berlin.

Text: "And when he drew nigh, he saw the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things that belong unto peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." Luke xix, 41, 42.

The two sentences which form this passage of Scripture are among the most pathetic of the utterances of Jesus. Contrast of scenes always makes deep impressions. These words of Jesus bring one of those great contrasts. As we read over the verses preceding, which tell of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, we should expect to hear anything but these words. Jerusalem—the city of his fathers, the city of holy memories, the city of Jehovah, the city about which clung all the sacred history of God's chosen people—now being entered with a demonstration greater than that which has ever surrounded a victorious king, greater because it speaks a message of peace. It may lack the pomp and glorious splendor of a worldly monarch, but on the other hand it is characterized by a majesty and simple beauty more glorious than all the dominions of empire have been able to produce. For what is greater than the spontaneous and unbidden enthusiasm which arises in songs of rejoicing and praise when multitudes recognize the mighty works which are being done by the Saviour of men? "Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven, and glory in the highest." So fitting was this praise that if it were checked, "the stones would cry out."

If it were possible to take the triumphal entry into Jerusalem as an evidence of Jesus' success, his mission would have been established without the crucifixion. Even his enemies, the Pharisees, have about given up all hope of defeating his purpose. For when they see the company along with him, swelled by the multitude which went out to meet him and to inquire concerning this prophet who was to be the Messiah, they reason among themselves: "Behold how ye prevail nothing; lo, the world is gone after him." But he who knows what is in man, and is able to understand

him in all his purposes, is able to see what lies deeper than the outward demonstration of enthusiasm. He sees the beloved Zion of Israel in heart opposed to him. He knows that it is here where the prophets have been killed, and where those who were sent unto her have been stoned; where those who have given their own lives for the sake of her children have been persecuted and cast aside. He sees the destruction which is bound to come upon it. Had they but known that these were the things of peace instead of that which they attempted to set up in place of it! He realizes that the city which rejected these messengers of God will also reject the world's Redeemer. He looks into the not far distant future and from that vision is able to say, "For the days shall come upon thee, when thine enemies shall cast up a bank about thee, and compass thee around, and keep thee in on every side, and shall dash thee to the ground, and thy children with thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation." How hopeless was the task in such a place, even to the Son of Man! No matter how much the Father desired to save them, they stood in their own way, and destruction was to be their reward, when the peace of God should have reigned supreme. For salvation is not a matter of desire and choice with God, but it requires the cooperation of man with God. This, Jesus knew, and must in vision see the downfall of that city of which he expresses his love in the beautiful words describing the care of the mother hen for her chickens: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" So we find the deep pathos of these words of our text in the sharp contrast when the joy and gladness of Hosanna is mingled with the Saviour's tears—tears of grief over lost souls, rejected prophets, a crucified Saviour, their own ruin, desolation and woe.

"Why doth my Saviour weep
At sight of Sion's bowers?
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well his holy pains,
'Tis not in pride or scorn,
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn.

"If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
At least in this thy day,
The message of thy peace! but now
'Tis passed for aye away.
Now foes shall trench thee round,
And lay thee even with earth,
And dash thy children to the ground,
Thy glory and thy mirth.

"And doth the Saviour weep
Over his people's sin?
Because we will not let him keep
The souls he died to win?
Ye hearts that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made him mourn."

From this scene in the closing days of Jesus' life we are able to see not only his attitude toward Jerusalem and his grief because the people had rejected salvation on every hand, but we also see the meaning of his grief because of the sins of the world. The reason for this was because of his love. The sorrow is just as real today. The love for souls enables him to see man's need of cleansing from sin. With such love in his heart he realized the awfulness of it. The greatest evidence of Jesus' hatred of sin is that he was sinless. It was his love for God which kept him away from sin, but led him out to those who had fallen under the bane of evil. It is not what we may say in opposition to any form of evil which counts the most, but what we may testify by refraining from that which is wrong.

Christ's sinlessness enables him to see what an awful thing sin is. He also knows the helplessness of those who continue in sin. The first sinful act, if it is left unrepented of, soon appears as a little matter because of the habit unto which it has led. The conscience becomes seared and the sense of the fitness of things is lost. Higher thoughts, better purposes, helpful suggestions no longer appeal, so that room is left for only the baser and unrefined qualities of the soul. Naturally, there follows this a sinking deeper and deeper in sin. This is what Jesus sees and of which he speaks, "But now they are hid from thine eyes." Not that the possibilities of salvation are withdrawn from them, only as sin has made separation from God complete. We are sometimes confronted with the question, "Will God permit any soul made in his image to be lost?" "We need not doubt that the everlasting Father would gladly, in any age

or in any world, welcome any lost spirit that turned freely from his sin and cried for gracious restoration. But we do not know that any such spirit will ever thus freely turn unto God." With all the opportunities which this life affords rejected and spurned, how could we expect a different course to be followed in another life? Sometimes we younger people in the course of our study are led into certain channels of thought, but as we do not hear others express themselves in just our way we wonder if it is reasonable to form such opinions. But when in our further study we come upon some noted student who has framed our thought in language which reveals our ideas in a manner stronger and plainer than we had dared to think, what a burden is rolled away, and what satisfaction we find in it; just as when, a few years ago, after we had labored for many an hour over a problem in mathematics, at last the answer would come bringing great relief. Such was my experience in regard to the awfulness of sin. A year ago at this time I was at home in the North Loup Church. I was surprised when a brother came to me and said that it had been reported at the association that I was a higher critic. I felt complimented to learn that some one thought I knew enough to belong to that worthy class (although the one who told did not tell it for a compliment). But if the giving up of the idea that the future punishment will be in a lake of literal fire will make one a higher critic then I shall claim the honor of belonging to the critics. This is the thought which finally brought me such satisfaction when in a work of W. N. Clarke's I found these words: "There is also an evil state for man beyond this life. . . . The man who has entered it is morally separated from God,—not separated from God's presence as if by local withdrawal from where he is, for that is of course impossible; but morally and spiritually alienated from God, with God left out of the life that he chooses. He is present with himself and the sin he has made his own. Fleshly sin is past, but not the sin of the spirit,—pride, wilfulness, and evil choice. He moves on in the life of progressive sin, tending to grow more like the moral evil that he has chosen. With preference for companionship of his own kind, he finds help enough in living

as he ought not. He is in a life of action, where opportunities for wrong-doing are not wanting, and unholy life opens before him, with no end in sight. It is the life that he loves but ought not to love, and in which he may find unworthy delight but never true satisfaction. He may suffer unspeakably, or he may take delight in evil, in which case he inherits the evil that is worse than pain. His course contains in itself no efficient principle of reformation, but naturally tends to go on downward. This is the life that is death indeed, the fruit of persistent sin." This of course is but a theoretical speculation, but I believe that it is the truth, not that I wish the worst possible punishment to come to the sinner, but because it reveals the awfulness of sin so vividly. When I accepted this statement of belief I felt as never before that I wanted to give my life in Christian service if I might possibly be able to save a sinner from such an awful punishment,—the direct consequence of sin.

The preaching of the awful condition of those who die in sin has saved very few men, yet I believe that it is well for us to have some idea of what this means, not merely as a state into which the sinner must enter but as a condition of heart which is ever present with him. A few days ago I went into a pool-room. I saw there an illustration of this truth. The man who runs the place is a man of naturally splendid ability, but the work in which he was engaged had brought about him a class of men which had entered far into the way of the downward course. One was a murderer at large, another a lawless drinking man, others were making fast time on the way. It is the reality of the present which shows that the future is real. But what an awful reality it must be in such a course of life!

A knowledge of sin and future punishment on the part of the sinner may never save him from his sinful life, but on the part of Christians such knowledge can never be separated from a desire to save those who have gone this way and to keep others from going. What a sad picture it would be if this word of our Saviour weeping over Jerusalem had been the last possible hope he had extended. His prophecy was fulfilled in regard to the literal destruction of the city; but in the

hearts of a few men there were sown the seeds of eternal life and truth which have sprung up over all the world, and out from this city has been carried the knowledge of the Christ because he who wept tears of grief over a lost city also wept blood for the sins of the world. If he thus wept over the lost, how great must be his love for those who hear his voice and enter into the joys of eternal life! "There is rejoicing among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

The joy connected with salvation comes as the result of consciousness of truth, the holding of which leads the believer into richer and fuller experiences with the heavenly Father. With this thought in regard to the eternal truth of God's redeeming love, which in this case is shown in grief because of a sinful world, the message to us is, If the Saviour wept over the lost we as Christians must enter into his life and follow him: not to sit down and weep because there is sin, but through his abiding love to be so conscious of its destructive power that we shall work unceasingly to overcome it, first in ourselves, then in others.

There is the need of tears of sorrow as we see about us some of the conditions which we have to face as a denomination. The father weeps over the life of his wayward child. The church weeps over those who have gone from her. Our beloved Zion weeps as she sees the effect of these conditions upon the work as a whole. There are many troubled hearts because there seems to be so much indifference to our cause. In regard to this, I have a few things to suggest which have fittingly grown out of this theme. Many of our good men have been putting the blame for such conditions upon the interest which has been taken in foreign missions. Others lay it to the neglect of the home fields. There is nothing as beneficial as a well-balanced machine. No part can be neglected without injury to another. I am interested in missions in every sense of the term. The terms "foreign" and "home" have no meaning to me except for geographical convenience; the spirit of missions is one. However, I wish to speak definitely concerning the work at hand which seems to have been neglected. Permit me, first, to draw a few lessons from history. A few weeks ago Brother Walter Greene

and myself made a trip up into Vermont at the request of a few Sabbath-keepers living near Rutland. I had seen an account in the history of Seventh-day Baptists that there used to be a church near this place. In the records I found this data, "A church in Reedsborough, Vt., consisting of about 100 members, with their pastor became observers of the Sabbath, and soon after called Elder Satterlee (of Berlin) to preach for them. He visited them several times; but as his duties were too arduous to admit of many such visits, he was obliged to decline continuing, when, shortly afterwards, their pastor died and the church became scattered. He was also invited to visit another church which had embraced the same faith on the Green Mountains, but he could not comply." It is beneath me to criticise Elder Satterlee, for he did a grand work. But are we not able to read in this paragraph of history conditions which have brought about the downfall of many a promising field? I mean that our churches are too selfish of their pastors in relation to the individual church which they serve, and do not expect enough of them in relation to the whole cause for which we stand. If it means anything to keep the Sabbath as far as our own individual experience is concerned, it directly follows that we should be led out unto others. I believe that pastors should spend more time away from their own churches on these neglected fields. Some of the blame can be laid on the pastors. We love our families and love to be with them. It is much pleasanter to have a home of our own even with meager conveniences than it is to go from place to place eating and sleeping where the time overtakes us, which thing we are required to do in this outpost work. Then, most of us, especially where there are children, are needed at home to assist in the work of the household. The mother has a wonderful place in shaping the destiny of the child, but the father's sterner ways emphasized with a slipper are just as essential. Were it not so, God would have ordained something else to take the place of the Christian home—the work of father and mother. These things tempt us to stay close at home. But now a suggestion to the laymen. Most of the pastors work with salaries so low that in order to make ends meet we have to drag them together

with an ox-team. We are obliged to spend much of our time in work about the house, which ought to be given to you in the work of the parish, because we are not able to hire. Of course we might get along without children and so enable the pastor and wife to give their whole time to church work. But I'll tell you it is mighty little love you could expect us to have for some of your children were we denied the privilege of having our own children to teach us the meaning of fatherly love. Again, the people expect too much of the pastor in that whenever he is to be away from his pulpit the work can not be arranged for among the people. I can't blame the people, especially the Berlin people, for wanting to hear a different preacher once in a while, but it is better to go to another place to do this than it is to sacrifice the up-building and development that the lay members would obtain by doing something of this kind of service for the church. This method needs the earnest coöperation and mutual encouragement of the people. I believe that this is one of the things which help to make the North Loup Church so strong. Whenever any of the young people come home from school or from their work, the people expect to hear them and demand it. It is a splendid means of encouraging the young people.

A plan which I would suggest concerning the work of our cause on the home field is this (I had not learned of the suggested plans of the Tract Board until after this was delivered). Let several of the pastors go together onto a field which lies within easy reach of one of the pastors. For a few weeks let them pour in the message of the Gospel and of the Sabbath with all the earnestness and power that is within them. *Then let not the field be left alone.* Let the church nearest send its pastor regularly to carry on the work, while the church at home conducts its own services. My first experience in gospel work was at Holgate, Ohio, where a good deal of interest was aroused in regard to the Sabbath; but where is it now? The seed was left to be choked out. Other places have been the same.

One more suggestion. We all believe in the power of music in church work. I believe that we should have in special training for evangelistic singing some of our young men who might thus spend all their

time in this kind of service along with an evangelist. Others are doing this and are succeeding mightily. Why can not we? We have some who are especially adapted to this kind of work. Such a one, in company with an evangelist, I believe would be a wonderful help to our cause. Maybe I am just dreaming, but we are told that the young men shall dream dreams. But it is no dream, and I don't say it in slang either, that we younger men are compelled to face the future of our cause which our older men are telling us is losing ground. Where does the burden lie? Christ weeps over Jerusalem but it will avail nothing until we, preachers and parish, weep with him until our sorrow is turned to joy at the sight of redeemed souls coming into the fulness of his kingdom. So let us seek to know in this day the things that belong unto peace; lest at some time we hear the Saviour say, "But now are they hid from thine eyes."

Andrew Carnegie says: "There are three dangers in the path to success. The first is the drinking of liquor, the second is speculation, and the third is 'indorsing.' When I was telegraph operator in Pittsburgh, I knew all the men who speculated. They were not our citizens of best repute; they were regarded with suspicion. I have lived to see all of them ruined, bankrupt in money and bankrupt in character. There is scarcely an instance of a man who has made a fortune in speculation and kept it. The third danger is the perilous habit of indorsing notes. When a man in debt indorses for another, it is not his own credit or his own capital that he risks; it is the money of his own creditors. Therefore I say that if you are ever called upon to indorse, never do it unless you have cash means not required for your own debts, and never indorse beyond your means."

A boy who applied for a situation was asked by the business man what his motto was. "The same as yours, sir," was the reply. "The same as mine," was the astounded response, "I was not aware I had a motto." "Yes, sir," the lad responded, "I saw it on your door as I came in." "Oh! indeed, what was it?" "Push, sir." Unless we have the push of perseverance we shall stop at the half-way house of failure.—*Exchange.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Things I Want to Do Better Next Year.

REV. H. L. COTTRELL.

Christian Endeavor topic for December 30, 1911.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—In daily tasks (3 John i, 5; Col. iii, 17).

Monday—In Bible study (Ps. i).

Tuesday—In self-control (Prov. xvi, 32).

Wednesday—In church attendance (Heb. x, 19-25).

Thursday—In missionary gifts (2 Cor. viii, 1-5).

Friday—In personal work (Acts xi, 25, 26).

Sabbath day—Topic: Things I want to do better next year (Phil. iii, 12-14). (A memory meeting.)

This subject provides the occasion for a heart to heart talk with one another. It affords an excellent opportunity for each Endeavorer to review his life as a Christian during the past year, tell to his fellow workers his mistakes as well as his successes that they may profit by them, and then, with God's help, to resolve to render a better account unto his Lord at the close of the coming year. We have all had many precious experiences in Christian work this year and perhaps all of us have been compelled to mourn because of our failures. We have not all had the same successes, nor have we all experienced the same failures; so an open-hearted confession by each one will prove a source of strength and helpfulness to all.

One way in which we may do better work next year is to be more willing to fill our individual niches in the temple of service. This, many times, seems very hard to do, especially when the niches which our friends are called upon to occupy are so much more beautiful. But it is needless to say that a society whose members possess this beautiful Christlike spirit of willing service is a most efficient society.

But if we are to fill our individual niches in the temple of service better during the coming year, we need to be prompt and regular in our work. Promptness and reg-

ularity are two of the essentials that help to make a good prayer meeting. If the leader of each prayer meeting will be ready to open the meeting on time, if the organist and the chorister will be ready to conduct a rousing song service and if each individual Endeavorer will make a special effort to be early at every meeting and regular in his attendance, then the society will take on new life and renewed interest, and hope will be manifested. Tardiness, irregularity and shiftlessness in the performance of duty on the part of Endeavorers many times foster those same qualities in others. Young people who once had a habit of getting to prayer meeting on time now come late; for they say, "The meeting never begins on time when I am early." Lack of promptness in this one respect may destroy interest, encourage religious indifference, and spell ruin to the society. Promptness in closing the meeting at the proper time has a good effect. We do not like to hear a preacher keep on talking after he has finished his sermon; neither do we like to see a meeting allowed to drag on after it is through. Promptness in all our work in home, church and society will increase the value of our service many fold.

May we face all the duties and responsibilities of the coming year with that Christlike spirit of service, which finds expression in the following stanzas:

"If you can not in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
That the careless reaper leaves,
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

"Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Time moves on with rapid motion,
Life and death are both in view;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere."

Topic Writers for 1912.

You will be pleased to learn who are to prepare for us the material on the topics for next year. We may deem ourselves fortunate in again having such an able corps of lesson writers. They are as follows: for "Christian Virtues", the Rev.

Alva L. Davis; special denominational topics, Rev. W. D. Burdick; one topic each month, members of the Young People's Board, the remaining topics, the Rev. J. L. Skaggs and the Rev. T. J. Van Horn. It will be a source of much encouragement to these writers, to know that so many more Endeavorers will read this material, due to the campaign of efficiency as outlined in our Young People's Board.

Who's Who.

I have been wondering if a little biography of each of these writers would not be helpful and of interest to our younger members. Not having data at hand I shall not be able to give definite dates, depending solely upon personal knowledge of these people.

Alva L. Davis, general missionary of Colorado and pastor of the Boulder Church, was born at Middle Island, W. Va. His elementary training was obtained in that State, in which also he taught for some time in a business college. During his last year of school work in Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y., he was student pastor of the Main Settlement Church. The two or three years succeeding his graduation he was the efficient principal of the high school of Leonardsville, N. Y., from which occupation he was called to become pastor of the Verona (N. Y.) churches where he labored with abundant success for several years. While there he pursued postgraduate studies in the Syracuse University, from which he received a master's degree. He has been in his present position a little over one year.

He is already quite well known to many of our readers, having written topic material at several different times, to the pleasure and profit of all who have read after him.

Willard D. Burdick, pastor at Farina, Ill., is also known to the readers of this department, having most faithfully and acceptably prepared denominational topics and material thereon for two years past. Mr. Burdick is a Western man, having come in the early eighties from Minnesota to Milton College. His record in that institution is an enviable one, being marked by no tardiness at chapel and by but two absences from class recitations, and that

because of sickness—a most remarkable record. His theological training was secured at Morgan Park, Ill., since known as the Theological Department of the University of Chicago. Being a beautiful and gifted singer, he was a member of the original male quartet, that figured prominently in many revivals and which pioneered the way in that sort of evangelistic work. Since graduation he has been an efficient, much loved and honored pastor in churches at Jackson Center, Ohio, Nile, N. Y., and Farina, Ill.

(The other writers will be treated in another paper.)

Christmas Greetings.

This will be read by you while you are busy getting ready for the Christmas entertainment, putting the finishing touches upon the gifts prepared for loved ones or making your last and hurried purchases before the holiday. So I must make this greeting brief. Be a blessing to those in the home, and wherever you go. Remember Jesus brought blessings into the home life. He gave to the world neither silver nor gold; but of himself he gave freely, joyously and fully, the greatest gift of all. So at this season, when our hearts naturally turn to this rich source of every blessing, let us put ourselves, our very best, into our gifts. Then shall we be a blessing to all we may meet. Thus shall you have a Merry Christmas.

Meeting of the Young People's Board.

The regular meeting of the Young People's Board was held at the home of the President, December 3, 1911, at 7 p. m.

Members present: Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Fred Babcock, Philip Coon, Linda Buten and Carrie Nelson.

Prayer was offered by Mr. Coon.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The committee to arrange suggestions for a study of the Sabbath reported that 500 envelopes for use in sending the suggestions to the societies had been printed, and a bill of \$4.00 was presented.

Voted that this bill be allowed.

Answers to circular letters sent out by the Corresponding Secretary were read from the societies at Nortonville, New Market, Nile, Albion and Fouke.

Correspondence was also read from Rev. Edwin Shaw, Rev. E. A. Witter, Rev. G. W. Hills and Rev. H. C. Van Horn.

Voted that Philip Coon be a committee to consider the matter of and to recommend plans to the societies for Christian Endeavor socials.

Minutes read and approved.

Adjournment.

CARRIE NELSON,
Recording Secretary.

A Sabbath Scene.

MARGARET E. LA MONTE.

O'er wooded, western hillsides,
The glorious sun has set;
The evening shades are dark'ning,
The grass with dew is wet.

The peace of God's dear Sabbath
Lies gently on the earth
And hushes into stillness
The noise of work and mirth.

The merry laughing children
Have ceased from romp and play;
The wife has laid her sewing,
Folded with care, away.

The goodman has fed the cattle
With tender stalks of corn;
And now all things are ready
For holy Sabbath morn.

In the mellow glow of the lamplight,
The happy household meet
To worship God who giveth
The Sabbath's calm retreat.

The father reads from the Scriptures
God's Ten Commandments blest,
Then, to the Gospels turning,
How Christ kept the day of rest.

As devoutly he shuts the volume,
All heads are bowed in prayer—
A prayer to the great All-Father,
That each his cross may bear;

That none may forsake the Sabbath
But the blest command fulfil,
However much it cost him
To do God's holy will.

Then the Doxology rises,
In solemn tones and slow,
The simple worship ending
With no vain outward show.

Would that among all nations
The Sabbath eve were spent
In a way thus hallowed, holy,
In church, or home, or tent!

But in thy good time, Jehovah!
We believe thy day of rest
Unto thy erring children
Shall be made manifest.

The Sabbath truth is mighty,
We believe it must prevail,
And though we be few who keep it
In thee we can not fail.

Then give us thy strength, O Master!
On bended knees we pray,
To teach to a world in error
Thy sacred Seventh-day.

Alfred, N. Y.

Salem College Notes.

On November 15 President Clark gave an interesting and practical talk on "The Sport Side of School Life."

On November 20 the Weatherwax Brothers gave the opening entertainment of our lecture course, which was well attended. Every one seemed to appreciate the type and character of the entertainment. These young brothers show from their interest in school and school life that they are not out for the money merely, but for what good they can do. One of the brothers stayed over one train and met the cabinet of the Y. M. C. A. and talked over the work of the lecture course and how we might carry it out most successfully; he also attended chapel services and gave a very interesting talk.

In November Mr. Preston F. Randolph gave a talk on "Some of the Changes in School and School Life."

School closed Wednesday evening for Thanksgiving recess and work will not be resumed until December 5. *

News Notes.

MILTON, WIS.—Several of our church members have suffered severe losses in the cyclone which swept between Milton and Milton Junction, Sabbath afternoon, November 11, between two and three o'clock. They are Dr. Grace Crandall and her brother, Calvin Crandall, Mrs. Mabel Arrington, Prof. D. N. Inglis, Daytus Coon and son Elam, Mr. Burnett and Mr. Rasmussen. Nineteen buildings within a radius of a mile were completely demolished and many badly wrecked. The two houses owned by Doctor Crandall and Mrs. Arrington were fortunately vacant at the time. The Milton gas plant was carried away.

About twenty ladies of Circle No. 3 spent the day of November 15 with one of their members, Mrs. A. L. Burdick, in Janesville. A bright day added to the pleasure of the trip.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

To Every Boy and Girl.

Within your hearts a Christmas tree
This day is set a-growing,
That on its branches you may hang
The gifts most worth the showing.

A sunny smile, a pleasant word,
For every one about you,
And willing hands, to make folks feel
They can not do without you.

An honest speech, a fearless eye,
A kindness without measure—
'Tis gifts like these upon your trees
That give the sweetest pleasure.
—Our Dumb Animals.

A Mother's Party.

"O Claire, I know the loveliest secret I ever did know. You will never guess it." Blanche threw her books down on the table and dropped, flushed and breathless, into a chair by her sister's desk.

"I think I could guess," said Claire, "without much trouble, knowing, as I do, that the seventh is drawing near. It's something that has been promised you for your birthday, isn't it?"

"No, indeed, it's lots better than that. It's about mother's birthday, not mine. It is something I am going to give, all myself."

"I hope it won't be made of teneriffe, this time. That's too hard on the eyes, to say nothing of the slight ruffling of temper it is guaranteed to produce," said the older girl, smiling down into the eager face at her side.

"No, it's to be made of roses and ice-cream. It's a party, mother's party, the very first one she has ever had,—since I can remember, anyhow. Won't she be surprised? I can hardly wait. I am going to ask all the people mother cares the most for—Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Carson, Mrs. Oswald, and oh, everybody. I'll tell you what put it into my head. I went up to Miss Julia's yesterday evening to return that book you had, and she met me at the door and made me go in. She was just as sweet and lovely and they were all so good to me that I just kept on staying. I noticed Miss Julia was all dressed up, and

Miss Bertha too, and then Mrs. Bennington came down-stairs, in her best black silk. I saw a lot of lovely carnations standing around the room, and then some one brought a basket to the door for Mrs. Bennington and I could see that it was full of good things to eat. But even then, I didn't think anything till a carriage drove up and Mrs. Ellesley rustled in. She came right up to me and shook hands, smiling at me just as if I were grown up and said, "Why, I thought I would be the first one here." Of course, then, I thought it was some sort of society, and I was just leaving when four or five others came in, and Miss Bertha came over and sat down by me and explained to me that it was her mother's eighty-first birthday and they were having a few friends in, and she wanted me to stay. She was just as sweet as could be and you know I always thought she didn't like me a bit. She made me stay and every one was lovely to me. Of course, I planned then and there to have a party for mother, and oh, Claire, I am going to earn every bit of the money myself," and Blanche stopped for breath.

"How can you, Pussy?" asked Claire, gathering up the papers on her desk.

"I don't know yet, but I mean to do it," said Blanche emphatically. No, don't you say you are going to help me," as Claire started to speak, "for I want to do this all alone. You mustn't even tell me how I can make the money."

"I am just to be a sympathetic onlooker, am I?" laughed Claire.

"Yes," said Blanche, "but you mustn't look on until I tell you to. I will let you finish your letter now, I am going up to the den to think of ways and means," and gathering up her books, she hurried from the room.

The eventful fifth was drawing near and not a word could Claire get out of the little enthusiast about the party. She had begun to think that she had given it up, when Blanche rushed in one day, with the brightest face she had worn for weeks.

"O Sister, I have every cent I need and more too. What do you suppose I did?"

"Sold your red rooster or the pigeons, or—" but the slow Claire was interrupted.

"You might as well let me tell you. I know it will be hard for you to believe that I made all this money" (spreading it out in view) "down on my knees in the hill-

side meadow—I, the laziest of lazy people, but I did."

"But, Pussy," said Claire, "you are not making yourself very clear. Do you want me to believe that you dug this up out of the earth, or fished it from the brook, or just what impression are you trying to convey? If all you had to do was to kneel on the hillside, you might still be lazy—"

"Well," interrupted Blanche, "I will begin at the beginning. First, I tried making candy and dressing dolls for the children in the third grade, but the candy wasn't good and the dolls weren't pretty, and the girls stopped coming for them. Then, one day, I had, or thought I had, an inspiration."

"I hope you were not inspired to sell some of my shirt-waists, like you did once before," said Claire, teasingly.

"Now, Sister, that isn't fair, because I was little then, and hadn't learned to use my own judgment, as auntie says. Besides, I thought you were through with them and I wanted to surprise you with a new parasol."

"You surprised me all right," said Claire, laughing at the thought. "You surprised me twice, once with the parasol, and once again when I looked for a waist to put on. You remember, you mistook some of my new ones for my old ones. But that's all right," she added kindly, "tell me about this inspiration."

"Well," continued Blanche, "you know I always did want to write stories, and I thought I would tell the whole truth, I mean, write about a little girl who wanted to give her mother a party and needed some money. So I did, and got Uncle Ned to copy it for me and send it on. Then I studied hard and tried to forget about it, but one day—just two weeks ago, yesterday—I got a big fat letter and I knew they had sent it back. I sat down on the floor and cried, I couldn't help it."

"Was that the evening you were trying on your new shoes?" asked Claire.

"Yes," said Blanche, "and you thought I was crying because my shoes weren't pretty, and you sent them back to O'Masson's before I had a chance to tell you I had bigger troubles than that, though the shoes were big enough, I admit. You know, once before, I tried writing stories, and failed. But this time I wasn't writing for fame or glory, or anything like

that, but just because I loved my mother and needed the money. And so I thought I would succeed. I never was so disappointed in my life. I was about in despair then. I thought mother would have to postpone her birthday, but one day I heard Amy wishing for some dandelions to make wine. It came to me like a flash that that was something I could do and I didn't waste much time finding a bucket and going up on the hillside, where they are thick as stars."

"Was that where you were hiding every afternoon last week, when I searched the house for you?" interrupted Claire.

Blanche nodded, and went on. "It wasn't quite as easy work as I thought, because you had to be particular not to get any stems in the bucket, and I began to get tired and I just knew I was getting sunburned. Do you know how I hate to get sunburned?" Blanche waited for a sympathetic answer, then continued. "After a while my head began to ache and I thought I couldn't stay another minute. But when I thought of mother and of all the things she had done for me all her life long, without a murmur, and how I had never done anything to prove to her how I loved her, I determined I would stick to it, if it took me weeks to earn enough. And I did. Aunt Bessie found out about it and she wanted some, and then Amy told me about some other people who did, too, and I picked gallons and gallons—bushels, I should think. It was only two cents a quart, but just look at this!" And once more Blanche spread out the nickels and dimes before her, stacked them in a little pack and gazed upon it fondly.

"That's a veritable monument to industry, isn't it, little sister?"

"I don't know what you mean. Maybe it is. I am too excited to think," and Blanche ran off to order the ices and flowers for the all-important day.

When the birthday came, she persuaded her mother to go out for a long drive with her Aunt Bessie, who was in the plot; and with Claire's help, the house soon looked like a cool, green spot in the woods. And when her mother came in bright and smiling, and saw the trailing vines and her favorite flowers nestling in every corner, and the dear faces of the friends who even then were gathering, Blanche thought she could never be any happier.

But lovelier still were her mother's appreciative words when all the guests had gone and they were having a happy twilight talk. Then it was that Blanche determined that she would try to bring some pleasure into her mother's life, each day, for that evening she had discovered what many little girls have not yet found out—that there is no other treasure so priceless as a mother.—“Patsy.”

Rejoice in the Lord.

We can not rejoice greatly in ourselves. We may try to find joy in our own wisdom, or strength, or goodness, or possessions and achievements. But all such rejoicing is vain. We can not rejoice in the world, for the joy of the world passeth away. Joy rooted in the world, like grain rooted in shallow soil, will soon wither.

To rejoice in the Lord is to rejoice in sacrifice. The song and the sacrifice go together; This is contrary to the thoughts of men. They try to avoid sacrifice and toil because they imagine that this is the way of sorrow and pain. But Jesus knew better. He knew that the path of life lies through the valley of death, and the way of joy is in a vale of tears. He went to the cross that he might fill the world with joy. The Man who has done more to make mankind happy than all others was “a man of sorrows.” The joy of a mother is not found in shirking sacrifice. She lays down her life for her children and rejoices in the sacrifice.

Doctor Jowett says, “In the world the coveted plums are the places of ease, and men are counted lucky in proportion as they attain leisured indolence.” But in the kingdom of God the case is reversed. They are to be congratulated who have the hard places. The soldier counts it an honor to be sent to the post of danger. He glories more in the scars of battle than in all the badges the government can confer on him. So Paul said: “God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,” and again, “I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.”

Dr. John Griffith, one of the bravest missionaries to the Chinese, tells us that one day he found himself surrounded by a howling mob of savage pagans, who gnashed on him with their teeth, as if they would tear him to pieces. They tried to crush

him with violence, and when he put his hand to his face, which had been smitten, he found it covered with blood, and felt himself possessed with an extraordinary sense of exultation because he was counted worthy to suffer pain and shame for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

Let us learn this lesson. Shirk sacrifice and pain, and you will live and die without tasting one drop of real joy, but deny yourself, take up your cross and follow Christ, and your cup of joy will be full and running over.

To rejoice in the Lord is to rejoice in hope. “Rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.” The Christian has a splendid outlook. Some men tell us to dismiss from our minds all thoughts of the future, because it is hid from our view. Think only of the present, for this we can see, and this only is our own. Shut the eye and close the mind against the future. This is vain counsel. The beasts of the field may obey this counsel, for they have no powers of anticipation; but hope is a large part of the life of man. Tell me not to dismiss the future. I can not. I belong to the future even more than to the present. The Christian anticipates the future with joy because Jesus died and rose again.

To rejoice in the Lord is to rejoice continually. “Rejoice evermore.” We expect happiness in the young. It is their nature to be glad. Joy beams in their eyes, glows on their cheeks, rings in their shouts, bounds in their steps and throbs in their hearts. But in the old the springs of joy have dried up. Yet we see Paul, bowed down under the weight of years, bound with fetters, tortured with persecution and thrust into prison; shouting to his fellow disciples, “Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!” Roman authorities could shut up his body in prison, but they could not imprison his spirit. The Jews could torture his body with persecution, but could not touch his soul. Paul was as free as a bird and as happy as an angel, because his joy was rooted in the Lord of life and glory. Earthly joy is short-lived. It springs up in the morning, in the evening it is cut down. Where are the joys of youth? Where are the joys of ten years ago? They are only a memory. But the joy of the Lord which filled the soul in childhood and in youth is with us still. It is the same yesterday, today and forever.—*Exchange.*

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

All-day Sewing Meeting.

The members of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Plainfield spent the entire day yesterday sewing for the interest of the church in general. Sewing-machines were brought out while some of the ladies worked on baptismal robes; others sewed articles by hand, and still others pieced quilts. The ladies all brought their lunches, and at noon the social committee, of which Mrs. Henry Maxson was chairman, furnished coffee and tea for them.

Toward the close of the session in the afternoon a paper on the “Revolution in China” was read by Mrs. D. H. Davis, who, with her husband, has been engaged in missionary work in the interest of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society in the Orient. They have spent thirty years in this work and are home from China on a furlough.

Mrs. Davis read the paper in answer to the question, What brought about the present crisis in China?—*Plainfield Courier-News.*

[The paper mentioned above will be found on another page of this issue.—Ed.]

Sunday was Rev. H. D. Clarke's birthday and in honor of the event all his children and their families came home to celebrate the event, a bounteous dinner being served. In the evening a large company of friends came and treated him to a surprise, spending a long to be remembered evening and wishing him many more happy birthdays.—*Dodge Center (Minn.) Star.*

Pastor Randolph spoke Sunday at Oshkosh and Horicon and is giving this week his popular lecture, “That Delightful Fellow, The American Boy,” at Robbinsdale, Clearwater and Dodge Center, Minn. He will return tomorrow.

Pastor Randolph preached a very fine sermon at the Congregational church on Thanksgiving morning. The Rev. F. D. Jackson, the Rev. M. A. Drew and Pres. W. C. Daland assisted in the services. A collection of \$5.50 was taken for the relief fund of the cyclone sufferers.—*Milton Journal.*

Rev. W. L. Davis of Hebron has accepted a call to become pastor of the Second Brookfield Church, his work there to begin the first of April.

Rev. D. H. Davis is giving some interesting stereopticon lectures on China, showing scenes made prominent by the war in that country. He has recently visited Shiloh and New Market. The people seem interested and the audiences have been large.

A True Friend.

OLGA F. ARRINGTON.

Go unto him, O tired soul,
Don't wait until you fall,
Go rest your head upon his breast,
There's joy and peace for all.

God knows your burdens are not light,
He knows your heart is sad;
Go place your hand in his, dear soul,
And he will make you glad.

He knows you're sorry for mistakes,
He knows you're full of sin;
Remember he forgiveth all,
He'll make you pure within.

Your earthly friends are naught to you
Compared to God above;
His heart is full of tenderness,
Compassion, and of love.

Go unto him, O tired soul,
Go, every one who will;
The truest friend is One who knows
Your faults and loves you still.

Welton, Iowa.

Here is a good dog story, which has the further merit of being true: An Irish retriever, who had been taught to bring his master's slippers when required, was one day expelled from the room when visitors were calling, as he was making himself rather troublesome and intrusive. The dog, feeling himself in disgrace, in order to propitiate his master, went to every bedroom in the house, and collected all the slippers and old shoes he could find, which he deposited outside the drawing-room door. Imagine the feelings of the lady of the house when the door was opened for the departing visitors, and this scene was revealed to view!—*Exchange.*

“We should never think we have done enough until we have done all divine grace will enable us to do.”

A Man's Mother.

Man, if you have an old mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Kiss the faded old lips. Hold in yours the work-knotted old hands.

Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them.

Don't wait to put all your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into a costly marble inscribed "Mother."

Don't wait to throw all your bouquets on her grave. It's doubtful whether an angel in heaven takes any interest in cemeteries or gets any satisfaction from revisiting earth and contemplating a flattering tombstone; but it is utterly, certainly certain that you can make your old mother's heart sing for joy by showing her, while she is alive, just one tithe of the love and appreciation that you will heap upon her when she is dead.

These words are written for some one particular man who reads this page. I do not know his name, but I know his story.

He is a middle-aged man, married, prosperous. He is a good man, highly respected, and he hasn't an idea but that he is doing his full duty by his poor old mother who lives in his home and whom he supports. He supplies her wants. She eats at his table, is sheltered by his roof, is warmed by his fire, is decently clothed by his hands; but that is all.

He neglects her.

He never says a word of affection to her.

He never pays her any little attentions.

When she ventures an opinion, he cuts it short with curt contempt.

When she tells her garrulous old stories, as old people will, he does not even try to conceal how much he is bored.

In a thousand unintentional ways the old mother is made to feel that she is a cumberer of the ground, an impediment in the household, an old-fashioned and useless piece of furniture of which every one will be glad to be rid.

Under this coldness and neglect the poor old mother's heart is breaking, and in a letter, written in a trembling and feeble handwriting, she asks me if I can not say something that her son will read, and that may make him think.

Ah, if I only could!

If I could only say to him, "Man, man, give love as well as duty to your mother. Give her the wine of life as well as the bread. Don't forget the woman who never forgets you."

Of course the man will say, and truly, that he is busy, overworked, care-burdened; that he has the claims of wife and children upon him; that he is often irritable through sheer physical weariness and overstrain.

Granted. But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not the eight or ten-hour day of the union, but the twenty-four-hour day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph.

She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on.

She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked.

She did without the dress she needed that you might not be shamed by your clothes before your fellows.

Stop, man, and think what life would have been to you if she had treated you in your childhood as you are treating her in her old age!

Suppose there had been no warm, caressing mother love?

Suppose there had been no soft breast on which you could weep out your childish sorrows, no clinging arms to enfold you and comfort you when the things of your little world went wrong?

Would it not take away from you the memory of all that is best and sweetest in life? Is there anything else so pitiful on earth as the little child that is motherless—that is an alien in a strange home—that has no one to love it?

Yes, there is just one other figure more forlorn than the little unloved child, and that is the old mother who is unloved by the children she has raised and who is doomed to spend the last years of her life

in a glacial atmosphere of neglect, her devotion, her labors, her sacrifices forgotten.

Remember them now while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all, but pay down something on account this very night.

Go home and put your arm around the shrunken old figure. Kiss the drooping old mouth with a real, live, warm kiss instead of giving her a perfunctory peck on the cheek. Tell her that she is the greatest mother a man ever had, and that all you are she made you.

It will cause her very soul to leap with joy, and make the world a place of circling joy, and life itself swim in a rosy mist of bliss for her—if she doesn't drop dead with surprise.—*Phila. Evening Bulletin.*

The Story of Stories.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, a missionary in Persia, has recently communicated the following remarkable incident from his own experience:

"I wish I could take you to a scene in the kingdom of Hyderabad fourteen years ago. There, in a city, a walled town of 18,000 inhabitants, the people had risen in a mob to drive us out because we tried to speak of another God than theirs. We had gone to the market-place, and I had endeavored to speak to them of Christ and his salvation; but they would not hear. They ordered us to leave the city at once, but I had declined to leave until I had delivered to them my message. The throng was filling the streets. They told me if I tried to utter another word I should be killed. There was no rescue; they would have the city gates closed and there should never any news go forth of what was done. I must leave the city at once, or I should not leave that city alive! I had seen them tear up the paving-stones and fill their arms with them to be ready, and one was saying to another, 'You throw the first stone, and I will throw the next.'

"In a way I need not stop now to detail, I succeeded in getting permission to tell them a story before they stoned me, and then they might stone me if they wished. They were standing around me, ready to throw the stones, while I told

them the story of all stories—the love of the divine Father that had made us of one blood; who 'so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.' I told them that story of the birth in the manger at Bethlehem; of that wonderful childhood; of that marvelous life; of those miraculous deeds; of the gracious words that he spoke. I told them the story of the cross, and pictured, in the graphic words that the Master gave me that day, the story of our Saviour nailed upon the cross—for them, for me, for all the world, when he cried in agony, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

"When I told them that, I saw the men go back and throw their stones into the gutter and come back; and down the cheeks of the very men that had been clamoring the loudest for my blood, I saw the tears running and dropping off upon the pavement they had torn up. And when I told them how he had been laid in the grave, and how, after three days, he had come forth triumphant, and had ascended again into heaven, and that there he lives to make intercession for them, for us, for all the world, and that through his merits every one of them there might receive remission of sin and eternal life, I told them that I had finished my story, and they might stone me now.

"But no; they did not want to stone me now, they had not known what a wonderful story I had come here to tell them. They came forward and bought Scriptures, and gospels, and tracts, and paid me the money for them, for they wanted to know more of the wonderful Saviour."—*Ex.*

Secret Prayer.

"As the tender dew that falls in the silent night makes the grass and flowers and fruit to flourish and grow more abundantly than great, hard showers that come in the day, so secret prayer will more abundantly cause the sweet fruit of grace, love and holiness to abound in the soul than all those open, public and visible duties of religion which too frequently are mixed with the sun and wind of pride and hypocrisy.—*Brooks.*

"The man with a 'mind of his own' usually finds a lot of mighty stubborn people in this old world."

SABBATH SCHOOL

Plea for the Sabbath School Board.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

The Sabbath School Board has need again of your help to have their troubles passed along to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. It is this: payment of current expenses as bills have been presented up to date has caused an overdraft. Instead of paying off the outstanding indebtedness, it has been necessary to borrow another hundred dollars.

It does seem as if the demands upon our people for money come so frequently that a new demand is at hand long before the last has been met. For this reason the distress of the Sabbath School Board has not been announced before. Small contributions systematically and regularly given to this branch of our denominational work will provide the necessary money to pay the year's expenses, and also pay the two hundred dollars of outstanding indebtedness before the close of the year. Our present need is a most pressing one, and prompt aid is necessary to prevent the necessity of borrowing again.

We feel sure that help will come soon, and that the Christmas time will be happier because of the small sacrifice necessary to help the Master's work.

Fraternally,
ESLE F. RANDOLPH.

Dec. 10, 1911.

Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON XIII.—DEC. 23, 1911.

MALACHI REBUKING AND ENCOURAGING JUDAH.

Lesson Text.—Mal. iii, 1—iv, 3.

Golden Text.—"Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts." Mal. iii, 7.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 2 Cor. viii, 1-24.

Second-day, Neh. xiii, 1-14.

Third-day, Neh. xiii, 15-31.

Fourth-day, Mal. i, 1-14.

Fifth-day, Mal. ii, 1-17.

Sixth-day, Mal. iii, 1-12.

Sabbath-day, Mal. iii, 13—iv, 6.

The Kitten That Went to War.

He was a black kitten and his name was Christopher Columbus. Perhaps there never was a cat in the world more patriotic in his actions, for he went to war when Lincoln first issued the call for soldiers, and stayed till after the war was over and peace was declared.

He was in a hundred battles. He was in danger of his life more than a hundred times. He was wounded by gunshots in four places at least. He lost one eye in the service of his country. His tail was cut off. He was lamed in one foreleg. He was shot through the body so that his breathing was short and uncertain; but he lived through all the vicissitudes of battle and camp life and came home with the company—or, rather, the sad remnant of the company—the war-scarred veterans. When he died, several years afterward, the boys of the city and the veteran soldiers with whom he had fed and fought, united to give him a military funeral; and I am sure that his grave ought to be decorated with flowers on each Memorial day.

He was only a half-grown kitten when the war broke out, and he rode away tied on the top of his master's knapsack. His master went through the whole four years of the war, taking Christopher with him in each camp-moving. And then—just as it was all over and peace was declared—he fell—shot in the last skirmish. But Christopher was brought back home—an enormous cat, wearing a collar fairly covered with buttons, badges, buckles, tags and other mementoes of the regiments his purring had cheered.

Isn't he a cat who deserves a place in our country's history?—*The Morning Star.*

"There goes Spriggins. They say that man has been given up by half a dozen doctors."

"What's the trouble with him?"

"He won't pay his bills."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Hen—"That gobbler is awfully swelled up."

Mrs. Goose—"Yes; he is so swelled up that he is about to lose his head."

"Trouble is one of the things you can get for nothing."

DEATHS

HULETT.—Mrs. Nancy Celina (Coon) Hulett was born in the town of Little Genesee, N. Y., June 30, 1840, and died at the same place, November 26, 1911.

In the year 1854 she was baptized by Rev. Thos. B. Brown and united with the First Genesee Seventh-day Baptist Church. She has remained a lifelong member of this church and has given constant witness of her love for God by a faithful Christian life. On her thirtieth birthday she was married to Daniel W. Hulett and for about forty years they have lived together in their comfortable little home, from which she is now called away to the "Better Home."

There was born to them one son, Dr. H. L. Hulett of Allentown, N. Y. He has been a "mother's pride and joy." Her last concern of this life was for him and his family, and her faithful husband. Almost her last words to her pastor were, "Oh, I wish I could see the darling children once more." And yet, before the Doctor and his family could reach her bedside, in answer to a message of haste, she said to her anxious husband, "I can't see you." Her eyes closed to all earthly scenes; but heavenly scenes were just beyond.

G. H. F. R.

BURDICK.—After a few days' illness, Mrs. Mary Ann (Jaques) Burdick died from the infirmities of age and heart trouble, near Little Genesee, N. Y., November 28, 1911, aged 100 years, 6 months, and 6 days.

Mrs. Burdick, familiarly known as "Aunt" Mary Burdick, was born at Rockville, R. I., May 22, 1811. She was a daughter of Samuel and Sarah Jaques, there being five children in the family. Mr. Jaques was a native of Hopkinton, R. I., and was a cooper and farmer. In 1827, when she was sixteen years old, Mrs. Burdick came to Little Genesee with her parents. Mr. Jaques brought his wife, five children and all his household goods with one horse and a wagon. He had to cut a road through the wilderness for a mile and a half from Little Genesee to Willow Brook, where he built one of the first log houses and cleared a farm. They were among the first settlers in Genesee. Mr. Jaques died at the age of ninety-seven, while his wife passed away when eighty-one years old.

On September 5, 1833, Mary Ann Jaques was united in marriage to Jabes B. Burdick, by Justice John Edwards. After their marriage they lived for a number of years in a log house, built by Mr. Burdick. To them were born nine children, five of whom survive. They are: Hiram B. Burdick of Friendship; Mrs. W. W. Curtin of Independence, Kan.; Wayne and George Burdick of Little Genesee, and Mrs. Clara Bellamy of Wellsville. Mr. Burdick died a number of years ago.

For more than fifty years Mrs. Burdick had lived with her sons, Wayne and George, in the Burdick home in Genesee Township. Mrs. Burdick had enjoyed good health for one of her ad-

vanced age until her late brief illness. Until a few years ago she did all her own housework. She was intelligent, hospitable, an interesting story-teller and was held in high esteem by all who knew her. She retained all her faculties to a remarkable degree. Mrs. Burdick attributed her long life to regular habits, plenty of fresh air and the eating of plain foods. She was the oldest woman in Allegany County, if not in this part of the State.

A very large company of relatives and friends gathered at the funeral services, which were conducted by her pastor at her late home.

G. H. F. R.

The Christmas Editions.

Santa Claus looked at his paper,
And snatched up a bundle of toys.
"They will think I forgot them," he shouted,
"The dear little girls and the boys.
My calendar's wrong, for this morning
The Christmas editions are out;
I fear that my senses are failing,
What have I been thinking about!"

He leaped in his auto, and breaking
All speed laws that ever were made,
Ere long he arrived in the city
In its winter regalia arrayed.
But no little stockings were waiting,
Hung up by the shelf in a row.
And no tree in the parlor was waiting
With tinsel and tapers aglow.

He halted a man who belated
Was hurrying home through the night.
Cried Santa: "Just look at the papers,
You see it is Christmas all right."
"Ha, ha!" laughed the stranger, "you're early.
Go back to your pipe and your bed,
For these are the Christmas editions
And printed some three weeks ahead."
—*Leslie's Weekly.*

December.

There are snowdrifts by the wayside, there is
writing on the pane,
Where Jack Frost has left a message about winter
come again;

There's that tingling in the blood and there are
sleigh-bells in the air,
There is coasting down the hills, and slipping,
sliding, everywhere!

There's a stocking by the chimney hung on
Christmas eve, because
There's a chance you'll have a visit from our
old friend Santa Claus.

There's a bright star in the heavens that pro-
claimed a wondrous birth
When the chosen Child of children brought his
Christmas day to earth;

There are mistletoe and holly in the woods to
deck the hall.
Here's the Christmas spirit wishing Merry Christ-
mas to you all! —*Saint Nicholas.*

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in Snow's Hall, No. 214 South Warren Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

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 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 264 West 42d St., Los Angeles, 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, 136 Manchester St.

Uncle Sam's Horn of Plenty.

That old question, Which is the best part of the United States to live in? was answered very effectively by the New York Land Show, held in Madison Square Garden, New York, during the ten days beginning November 3. The great hall was jammed from cellar to roof with exhibits presided over by vociferous exploiters of various States and sections of the country; and after one had made the round of the main hall, the galleries and the basement, nothing but prejudice would have prompted a decision in favor of any one section. All, for one reason or another, seemed equally good.

"Come with us to the Northwest and help us raise apples like these," urged the representative of one railroad. "You can not do it in the East."

He indicated row after row of great rosy cheeks, greens, yellows and russets, beauties every one, and every one so big that the hands of a large man could not have closed completely around them.

"That's right!" agreed an exploiter from Virginia. "We don't raise such big fellows in the East, but ours, if smaller, are

sweeter and juicier and we can put more pound weight in a crate because the chinks between ours are smaller, and where you pay fifty cents a crate freight to the Eastern market, we pay only nine."

"Ever hear of Kansas?" boasted another booster, who stood under a bunch of corn-stalks twelve feet high. "You Easterners don't know what big farming is. Go West! Go West!"

"Why should we," retorted another, "when we've got hundreds of farms right here in New York State going to waste for proper development?"

"New York State!" snorted still another. "Why leave home? Over on Long Island, over the East River, mind you, there's enough undeveloped land to raise crops sufficient to feed every soul in New York City. I tell you it isn't land that's wanted, it's brains."—*The Christian Herald.*

Mrs. Perkins—"Josh, now that you've seen the great sights in New York City, what's the first thing that'd naturally strike a visitor from up-state?"

Mr. Perkins—"One o' them speedin' automobiles."—*Lippincott's.*

"That cherry-tree story may be but a passing myth, yet we can hope the moral it points of the value of truthfulness will abide yet awhile."

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