

# Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question

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# The Sabbath Recorder

## WAVE AND TIDE.

On the far reef the breakers recoil in shattered foam,  
While still the sea behind them urges its forces home:  
Its song of triumph surges o'er all the thunderous din;  
The wave may break in failure, but the tide is sure to win.

The reef is strong and cruel; upon its jagged wall  
One wave, a score, a hundred, broken and beaten, fall:  
Yet in defeat they conquer; the sea comes flooding in,  
Wave upon wave is routed, but the tide is sure to win.

O mighty sea! thy message in clanging spray is cast,  
Within God's plan of progress; it matters not at last  
How wide the shores of evil, how strong the reefs of sin,  
The waves may be defeated, but the tide is sure to win!

—The Outlook.

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## EDITORIAL

### "Lady Bountiful" and the Bread Line.

It was a cold blustering night in February, nearly midnight, when I saw for the first time the famous Bread Line in the streets of New York. The searching wind of a spent hurricane, which the day before had strewn the pavements in many places with broken glass from blown-out windows, was still playing its pranks with every pedestrian who ventured out.

As we came out of the warm, pleasant hotel St. Denis, after the Alfred Alumni banquet, I noticed a line of men beginning at Eleventh Street, and stretching along Broadway toward Twelfth Street until the farther end of the line was shrouded in darkness. There was nothing in sight to attract attention and hold so many men at dead of night, shivering in the cold, rubbing their ears and slapping their bodies to keep from freezing, but when a friend who was waiting with me for the Broadway trolley, pointing toward the men said, "There's the Bread Line," it was all explained.

For years the New York dailies had given descriptions of this Bread Line,—how hundreds in the coldest winter nights would line up along the curb on Broadway and around the corner on Twelfth Street, and patiently wait for hours until a famous bakery on Twelfth opened its door to deal

out bread and coffee to the hungry and homeless. I remembered that this bread-giving usually begins at one o'clock in the morning, and knew that these shivering men must have already stood there, some of them, for hours, and that it would be more than another hour yet before those at the head of the line could receive their loaves and coffee, and get away to give these a chance.

Who could help being impressed with thoughts of the stern necessity and the suffering which compel these men, night after night, to thus seek the bread of charity? Probably most, if not all, would gladly work for food and raiment if work could be found. Some of them may have been persuaded to leave homes in the country and seek positions in the city, only to find themselves stranded and starving in sight of wealth and abundant luxury. Some may have wives and children waiting in squalor and misery for a little of this charity bread. Oh, no imagination can fully portray all the sad conditions, the heart-rending stress of circumstances, the ever-losing fight for respectability and for a livelihood that have combined to drive them into the midnight Bread Line! Nothing short of dire distress could force men to such a method of seeking bread.

And then the contrasts suggested by this scene,—such painful poverty in close proximity to every sign of wealth! There within a stone's throw of each other were two companies, one of which was starving and freezing while the other for hours had been feasting in a bright warm room. It made one wish he could have shared his dinner with some one who needed it more. Just across the street from these men stood one of New York's great and wealthy churches, and all about them stood magnificent department stores and business places representing millions of money, and a world of comfort. Only a block or so away could be heard the sound of splendid touring cars thronging the Avenue, carrying their occupants along toward palace homes with the multitudes who in costly



silks and furs, sparkling with jewels, had spent the evening in expensive places of amusement. Probably enough money had been spent that night in luxurious pleasure, and in harmful amusements and revelry, to provide wholesome food and comfortable fires for New York's starving thousands for one whole month! But who among the pleasure-seeking throngs seem to take a thought for the comfort of the starving poor all about them? One of the great problems of this age is how to remedy the conditions of suffering and misery that exist under the very shadows of our churches, and close by homes of wealth and luxury.

To the men of the Bread Line in a city like New York the outlook must indeed be dark. No one can tell how dark unless he is able to put himself where he can see things from the poor man's standpoint. Let us be thankful that many social betterment workers can do just this thing. It is Christlike to place oneself beside the lowly, so close and in such sympathetic touch as to be able to understand their needs, to aid in relieving their suffering and to bring cheer to their hearts.

It was to tell of one who recently was moved to do this for the men in the Bread Line, that I took up my pen. Rays of light at midnight are so rare among these men, that when one does come to cheer them they do not soon forget it.

The other night a big touring car, driven swiftly along Broadway, suddenly slowed down and came to a stand by the curb close to this Bread Line. A lady's voice was heard calling to a policeman near by, "Officer, we need your help." There were two ladies in the car, but neither one gave her name or address. The younger one said to the officer, "You see, we are having a birthday party. I had first intended to have my friends come to a birthday dinner, but decided that this would be so much better." She then asked the officer to escort the men of the line, two by two, in file close by her car door, and as they came near she placed in each man's hand a fifty-cent piece. The effect was wonderful upon those stranded derelicts of the big city. Many who received her gift manifested a gallantry that marked them as having seen better days. Even the most stolid seemed to be touched at heart and received his portion with a fervent "thank

you." When the last man of the four hundred in the line had been given his silver piece, the women thanked the officer, and left him standing with four hundred men, every one of whom must have caught a glimpse of the better side of humanity.

No wonder the hearts of those men were cheered, and no wonder they named the messenger who brought that cheer the "Lady Bountiful," and blessed her for her gift, and for the kind words that accompanied it.

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### Now for the New Flag.

The orders are already issued for changing the stars on the field of the national ensign and the union jack of the navy, making forty-eight instead of forty-six, owing to the addition to the Union of two new States. Unless there should be a division of some of the larger States, as Texas for instance, this is probably the last change that will come to our flag.

The new flag comes into use on July 4, and the stars on it will stand in six rows of eight stars each and the rows will run perpendicular as well as horizontal. This plan has been recommended by the joint board of the army and navy, and approved by President Taft. Some of the RECORDER's older readers can well remember when the flag contained but twenty-six stars. The writer, when a child, learned to say "thirty-two" States, when asked how many were then in the Union.

The study of the growth of the Stars and Stripes from the days of the "pine tree" banner and the "rattlesnake" flag of the colonies, through all the stages in which the "union" of Britain was supplanted by the thirteen stars in a circle; then the stars arranged in one large star; and finally, as States multiplied, stars placed in rows, the stripes limited to thirteen, would be practically a study of the nation's entire history. Some of the stars suggest matters of wonderful interest in connection with the States for which they stand, and American citizens can not be too familiar with the stories they tell.

One does not fully realize all his country's flag means to him, or how much he really loves it, until he sees it in foreign lands, after being under the jurisdiction of

other nations, and seeing how inferior some of them are to our own land of liberty. I have seen strong men burst into tears at the sight of the Stars and Stripes while touring in far-away countries. Let the new flag float over every schoolhouse and every home in America. Teach the children to sing the Star-spangled Banner, and the Red, White and Blue until the principles for which our flag stands are burned into their very souls. Teach them to revere the nation's emblem until the nation's spirit of religious and civil liberty is enthroned in every heart. Let them know that our flag stands for national honor, for pure politics, for statesmanship, rather than for the spirit of mere political intrigue and graft.

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### Electric Lights Flash for Churches.

New York is preparing for her part in the Men and Religion Forward Movement, the closing series of meetings of which are to be held in that city. Men are accustomed to see great flashing electric signs advertising every kind of business, but the electric advertiser for religion has not been so common. Therefore, when people near the Metropolitan building saw last week an enormous electric sign, 13½ feet high and 62 feet long, on the roof of a Twenty-third Street building, where it could be seen several blocks away, flashing a "welcome for everybody in the churches of New York," it is no wonder they stopped and opened their eyes.

One end of this immense sign has a large cross with the words, "Religion for Men;" at the other end is another cross and the words, "Men for Religion." All along the bottom run the words, "Men and Religion Forward Movement." Other signs of similar character are to be placed along Broadway, and posters, large and small, will be placed on bill-boards all over Manhattan. The fiery messages will force this great subject upon the attention of men in the darkest night, and keep them thinking about their obligations to God, whether they will heed the call or not. Like the handwriting on the wall in days of old, the flashing, fiery letters must awaken the consciences of men who are in the midst of revelry, and we trust may result in something better than that which came to the ancient king.

### "Fatal and Unforgettable" Blunders.

One writer speaks of the window-smashing methods of some leaders in the woman suffrage movement in England as a "fatal and unforgettable blunder."

It is a pity that so many times, after leaders in reform movements have done magnificent work for a good cause, they seem to lose their heads and resort to lawless deeds which inevitably prove disastrous to the very movement they wish to advance. Had Mrs. Parkhurst and her followers in London stopped to think soberly upon the probable effect their window smashing would have upon the public mind, both as to the suffrage movement and as to their own reputation, it is probable that no such disgraceful affair would have happened.

No matter how good and just a cause may be in itself, it can seldom be helped by displays of bad temper or by rash unlawful deeds. Carrie Nation hatchets, wielded ever so vigorously, could never advance the cause of prohibition. The good and commendable purpose of bettering the condition of the laboring man is thwarted when unwise leaders resort to dynamite. The desirable ends sought in the strike are seldom secured by a resort to the brick-bat and the torch. And the suffragettes ought to have known that their sledgehammer, stone-throwing destruction of property would be a "fatal, unforgettable blunder," bringing ruin to their cause.

It will take a generation at least to overcome the feelings, the deep-seated prejudices, engendered by these unwomanly acts. The movement had really been gaining ground rapidly in England, and the hope of victory was great; but the prospect for juster laws seems now to be blighted, and respect for the leaders is lost. The sympathy of every law-abiding, order-loving citizen in England must be against those who resort to mob law in order to promote reforms. The one using such tactics is like a general who commits a fatal blunder in battle, which results in the rout of his army and in his own downfall.

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Rev. Eli F. Loofboro's home with its contents has been destroyed by fire. As we go to press, we have few particulars; but trust we may have data for a full report next week.



## EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

### Funeral of Thirty-four Maine Victims.

March 22 is the date set for the funeral at Washington, D. C., of the last thirty-four bodies recovered from the *Maine*. The Navy Department will have charge, and after the services caissons will be used to bear the remains to Arlington National Cemetery, under escort of both the army and navy. The militia of the District of Columbia, and the Spanish War veterans, with the surviving officers of the *Maine*, will also take part.

### Yuan Takes the Oath.

On the tenth of March Yuan Shih-kai was inaugurated provisional president of the republic of China, in the presence of a great gathering of delegates, provincial envoys and naval officers.

Yuan Shih-kai appeared in military uniform and read a declaration promising faithfully to develop the republic, observe the constitutional laws and to retire when the National Assembly shall appoint a permanent president. The ceremony is spoken of as being "solemn—almost pathetic, and typical of China's transition."

There was little in connection with the ceremony to mark it as Oriental, as most of those assembled wore uniforms or European dress. The one Oriental feature was the presentation of scarfs by two yellow-robed lamas.

Disturbing reports reached Peking regarding the movements of General Sheng-Yun, governor of the province of Shen-si. Sheng-Yun is commander of the imperialists, and fears are entertained lest a large number of the republican army in North China are seriously inclined to a reaction toward the imperialists. One thousand republican cavalry and infantry have already deserted to join the army of Sheng-Yun.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the ex-President, appears anxious to escape the strain that has been on him during the few months of the struggle, and expresses a determination to retire to his home at Kwang-Tung to rest, as soon as the Cabinet is appointed.

The international phases of the Chinese problem have grown more serious owing

to friction between the legations. Japan and Germany have had quite a squabble, each charging the other with violations of the neutrality laws. Much feeling has been engendered, and owing to the loose manner of observing neutrality rules the republicans have received considerable help.

It seems that the main troubles in China now are not so much in the line of revolution as in that of brigandism. Loot rather than change of government is evidently the principal object of the marauders and rioters. It is hoped that the new government by the help of the soldiers of other nations will succeed in restoring order before the brigandism seriously menaces the integrity of the republic.

The United States, England, France and Germany have entered into arrangements by which the new government secures a heavy loan to meet its obligations and enable it to get under way.

### The Exodus From Mexico.

The exodus from Madera and Pearson, two American built cities in Mexico, and from the surrounding camps still continues. Trains for the United States are well loaded with refugees. Although no violence has been offered the Americans, still the non-combatant Mexicans who are friendly advise foreigners to seek places of safety. Most of those who go are well to do, and are accompanied by their servants. Many are widows and small children. Some of those who cross the lines say there are many Americans left behind because they have not the necessary funds with which to travel.

In Mexico City monstrous demonstration has been held in favor of peace and in support of the government. The parade was three hours passing Madero's palace, and many speeches were made pledging support to the government in its efforts to put down anarchy.

Colgate University has decided to abandon its academy as a preparatory department for the university. After this school year the Colgate Academy will be a thing of the past. The competition of the public high schools has so reduced the attendance at the academy that the university has been compelled to take this step. The graduating class of the academy numbers

only six, but more than four hundred men are in the college department.

A sad illustration of the "down and out" class in this country was seen on Broadway, New York, last week, when Colonel W. Wayne Belvin, once president of the San Francisco and Eastern Railroad was arrested for begging. At one time he lived at the Waldorf, and was a member of the Lotus Club.

It would be interesting to study the downward steps of one who has fallen so low. It would probably reveal the same old story of trifling with questionable habits that appeared harmless and easy to break at first, but which riveted merciless chains about the victim until no human power could break them.

Three million dollars' worth of J. Pierpont Morgan's famous art collection arrived in New York this week from London, on board the White Star liner *Oceanic*. It will be remembered that this great collection comes to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. That institution is to make another large addition to its building, in which to place this gift.

A bill appropriating \$30,000 for the repairs and preservation of the trophy battle-flags now stored in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., was recently passed by the national House of Representatives. Great enthusiasm was manifested when Representative Bates of Pennsylvania, who introduced the bill, unfurled four tattered naval flags as mute pleaders for its passage. The four flags were stretched on a rack before the speaker's desk. One was the famous Perry flag with its motto, "Don't give up the ship," the flag of Commodore Perry on his visit to Japan in 1853, and two ensigns captured from British ships of war in the War of 1812.

One of the recent discoveries in connection with the excavations in the ruins of Pompeii is what some writers call the "Broadway" of that ancient city. It is a street leading to the Forum, which had been closed at both ends by stone pillars to exclude carriages and chariots, and which now seems to have been one of the chief market streets of the city. It has yielded a large quantity of archeological treasures of great historic value. Much petrified fruit and meat has been found,

and in one terra-cotta kitchen a cooking range was discovered upon which stood a well-preserved copper boiler containing water which scientists claim must have been there since the time of the eruption, perfectly sealed for nearly 2,000 years. Well-preserved inscriptions are found on the walls of the shops, and many implements for household use.

Italy has issued a statement showing the casualties thus far during the Turco-Italian War. The figures show 37 officers and 949 men known to have been killed. Aside from these, one officer and 323 men are missing, of whom the record gives no further information. It is believed, however, that these men too have been killed, although there is no data to show it.

It is announced that Turkey has given up the expulsion of all Italians from her territories, and will adopt some concentration plan, forcing them into certain camps, somewhat as England did in Africa during the Boer War.

The coal strike in England is making trouble for manufactories and machine shops, and even for the steamship lines. The American Line has canceled this month's sailing schedule of her steamships, the *Philadelphia* and *New York*, now at Southampton, and announced that they will not sail until coal is cheaper.

One of the McNamara detectives, Mr. Bert H. Franklin, not only pleaded guilty to the charge of attempting to bribe a juror in the McNamara trial, but has also testified before the grand jury that Clarence S. Darrow, the Chicago attorney for McNamara, furnished him the money to buy the juror.

Although Cuba has had great difficulty in making progress in civic and in constitutional affairs, or in establishing stable government, still its material progress has been phenomenal. In the thirteen years since the war with Spain, Cuba has much more than doubled her foreign trade. In 1899 the balance was twenty-five and a half million dollars against Cuba, and in 1910, eleven years later, the balance was in her favor to the amount of forty-three million three hundred and twelve dollars. It would seem that a country so highly favored with material resources ought to be able to solve the problem of civic pros-



perity. This we believe Cuba will do, since every uprising—every threat of trouble—is less formidable, and every effort to establish constitutional authority becomes more effective than the one before it. Cuba is on the right road.

### Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

REV. ARTHUR E. MAIN.

#### *The Fatherhood of God.*

In the Old Testament the idea is by no means absent (Ex. iv, 22; Deut. i, 31; viii, 5; xxxii, 6; 2 Sam. vii, 14; Ps. ii, 7; lxviii, 5; lxxxix, 26, 27; ciii, 13; Isa. i, 2; lxiii, 16; Jer. xxxi, 20; Hosea i, 10; xi, 1; Mal. ii, 10). The Divine goodness and even gentleness are found in the Old Testament (Lev. xix, 9, 10, 13-16, 32-37; Isa. xl, 11; xliii, 25; lxvi, 13). But the Fatherhood of God here is national, more than universal. The great doctrine was revealed to Israel that through them it might be made known to the whole world. The progressive history of revelation, religion and doctrine involved growing conceptions of what God is and does.

A one-sided development of the doctrine of God came to pass, owing to a wrong emphasis upon his holiness, or separation from the world; and upon his character as ruler and law-giver. Ideas of Divine transcendency and Divine immanency were not kept well-balanced. The Old Testament gave to God the name "Father"; but Jesus enriched the content of the name. The Jewish conception of God, however, in the time of our Lord, was based on traditional interpretation of the Law, not on the spiritual teaching of the Prophets. In thought, God was put further and further from men. Moses did not go up to God in the mount; but up to the mount of God (Ex. xix, 3). Moses and those with him did not see the God of Israel, but only the place where he stood (Ex. xxiv, 9-11). The heavenly visitants did not eat of Abraham's repast; they only seemed to eat of it (Gen. xviii, 8). In connection with such efforts to safeguard the holiness of God by removing him from personal fellowship with men, there grew up an elaborate doctrine of angels,—a natural if not necessary correlate of this transcendental conception of God. But still their conception of him was very unspiritual. In the

Talmud of Jerusalem he is as a great Rabbi. He studies the Law three hours a day; observes its ordinances, and keeps the Sabbath. He makes vows, and upon their fulfilment is released by the heavenly Sanhedrin. To such extremes did a ceremonial and external religion go. How different Jesus' doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood! The scribes put God in the seventh heaven; our Saviour taught that he is very near, and full of love and care for his children, as the gracious heavenly Father of all men. (Adapted from the *Hastings Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, I., pp. 581, 582.)

Jesus claimed to have a unique knowledge of God, of his nature and purpose (Matt. xi, 27). Therefore his doctrine of God must have been really a new teaching; new in the sense of being a higher and more complete revelation.

Jove, "the Author and Frammer of man," is addressed as "Father;" and Jehovah, the covenanting God of Israel, is a "Father" to his people; but the God and Father revealed in Jesus Christ, comes into closer, more personal, gracious and friendly relations with men, than he had ever before been thought of as doing.

The Old Testament idea is that God must love his people, because he is holy and great; the New Testament, that he must be holy and great, because he so loves his children (Matt. v, 16, 43-48; vi, 1-18, 26-32; vii, 11; Mark xi, 25; Luke vi, 36; x, 21-24; xi, 2, 13; xii, 30-32; xv, 11-32).

Such words as "Father," "love," "goodness," and "mercy," are fit word-symbols of the character of God; and the word "kingdom," of his holy and revealed purpose. The kingdom of God grows out of the love of God. Jesus came to reveal and interpret the divine fatherhood and love as the motive and basis of right human relations, which relations are to be realized in the universal brotherhood of a spiritual kingdom.

The great God is our Maker and Ruler, the Lord of heaven and earth; but it is not the idea of creatorship, power, knowledge, wisdom, or will, but of holy love, that, according to the teaching of Jesus, takes us closest, in thought, to the very heart of the Divine Being.

Jesus' doctrine of God is the content of Hebrew ethical monotheism enlarged, spi-

ritually developed, elevated, enriched, purified. It is not metaphysical, scientific, and philosophical: but a concrete description of how God feels and acts toward men; of the kind of Being he is in his relation to the world. The content of our Saviour's doctrine, however, and his life and work, are the normal basis and standard for the science and philosophy of religion.

God would not be perfect if he were not perfect and universal in his love (Matt. v, 43-48; vii, 7-11). And in goodness, he is absolute (Matt. xix, 16, 17; Mark x, 17, 18; Luke xviii, 18, 19).

The fatherhood of God makes him the God of providence; and our pardon and salvation spring out of the Divine love and goodness.

In some very real sense God is not only the Creator but the Father of all men (Luke iii, 38; xv, 11, 24).

We are his children because created in his own image, which divine likeness is the ground of our ethical and spiritual possibilities. In a truer and higher sense we become the children of God, through faith and obedience. He makes and cares for birds and lilies; but he is not their Father (Matt. vi, 25-34).

Men are made for true sonship; and because of such Divine relations as are expressed in creatorship, goodness, personality, fatherhood, God seeks to save men, and to give them the best they will receive (Luke xv, 3-7, 8-10, 18-24).

Divine fatherhood and human sonship are correlative; so far as this correlative falls short of ideal realization, the fault is ours (Matt. vii, 11; Luke xv, 18-20).

Jesus' revelation of Divine Fatherhood was historical; that is, it entered, normally, into the stream of Hebrew, thence into universal history (Matt. x, 5, 6; xv, 21-28. See John iv, 22). Its redemptive universality was more than foreshadowed (Matt. viii, 5-13; xxviii, 16-20; Mark vii, 24-30; Luke xvii, 11-19).

"Fatherhood is love, original and undervalued, anticipating and undeserved, forgiving and educating, communicating and drawing to its heart. Jesus felt, conceived, and revealed God as this love which,—itself personal,—applies to every child of man. That he really desired to characterize the eternal heart of God in this way as the prototype of the human father's heart, is shown by his own express compar-

ison between the two (Matt. vii, 11). . . . If earthly fathers are good, and givers of good things to their children, how much more is the heavenly Father."—*Beyschlag, New Testament Theology*, I., p. 82.

The Fatherhood of God emphasizes the real nature of sin; it is sin against a loving Father. The doctrine also makes clear and reasonable the conditions or elements of true childship,—teachableness, love, trust, and obedience, and the use of our "dominion" (Gen. i, 26-30) over fish, birds, beasts, trees, plants, and fields, according to our Father's probable wish.

Progress in the fields of science increases our knowledge of our Father's thoughts, power, and wisdom. History and experience reveal his purpose and will. Philosophy is the effort of finite reason to know more and more of the ways of our heavenly Father who himself is perfect Reason.

The Fatherhood of God furnishes the supreme motive for individual and social righteousness. (Matt. v, 9, 16, 44-48; vi, 1-15, 25, 26, 32, 33; vii, 11, 12, 21). Envy, hatred, lust, falseness, unkindness, injustice, cruelty, oppression, are all sins against the children of our one heavenly Father (Matt. v, 22-24; vii, 3-5).

One's estimate of oneself and of others, and of human relations and duties, depends upon one's ideas of God and of the world. And the two great doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man furnish the one ideal point of view, and the one perfect rule of life,—the principle of love.

### Northwestern Association Postponed!

By vote of the last session of the association held at Garwin, Iowa, last June, the matter of selecting a place and date for the next session was left to the discretion of the Executive Committee.

Only one invitation was made for the next session and that was conditional upon whether the Conference met near or west of them. As Conference goes to North Loup, Neb., we are without an invitation.

Through correspondence with the pastors and others of the association we find there is a general feeling that the session should be postponed this year and therefore the Executive Committee has taken such action.

J. R. JEFFREY JR.,  
Moderator.



## SABBATH REFORM

The following letter, sent us by a friend, is from the Riverside (Cal.) *Enterprise*, and sets forth clearly the position of Sabbath-keepers in this country regarding the matter of "Sunday closing," and laws to compel people to observe any religious tenet. Christians are not justified in arbitrarily closing by law every avenue to enjoyment save the one which they enjoy. Only through appeals to conscience can matters of Sabbath observance be established in our country. If we fail in this, we fail in everything, so far as any sacred day is concerned.

### EDITOR ENTERPRISE:

In connection with the present move to close the pool-rooms and places of amusement on Sundays I desire to say a few words.

I in no way lend my influence to either the pool-room or places operated purely for amusement purposes. I exercise my right. No one compels me to go nor to stay away. I choose to stay away. Every other person has the same right and surely, with about half a hundred churches in the little city, with such an array of trained servants as is claimed, and all of them more or less well paid, if they possess any divine power at all, they ought to be a match for a few moving-picture shows and pool-rooms.

The opposition is to these places running full blast on Sunday—not to the pool-rooms and amusement places as such.

Does the present complaint come from the church teachers because in the present competition the places of amusement are more frequented than the church? Because they present greater attractions?

In my judgment if these places of amusement are right on Monday they are right on Sunday. Those who wish and choose to frequent them on Sunday have just as much right to do so as do those who wish to go to church on that day. . . .

It is the duty of the state to protect all in the enjoyment of their unalienable rights. It is a pleasure and a joy to me to meet with God's people. I love to sing and pray and read and hear his word. This

might be bondage and misery to another. Am I justified in closing up every avenue save the one in which I find pleasure? This would be bigotry personified. Every man is accountable alone to God for his religious faith, and should be protected in worshiping or not worshiping according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. If you can't persuade a man to believe as you do, never attempt to force him. If I choose to pray and he chooses to play pool am I to say him nay, simply because it is Sunday? Nay, verily. The public weal can be sought only on the basis of absolute separation of church and state. This is not only an American idea but it is distinctly a Christian principle. Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's.

In this time of demand for compulsory Sunday observance, an object lesson may be found in the fact that there are in this country more than one hundred thousand Christians who observe the Seventh-day Sabbath, and their number is constantly increasing. They are scattered throughout every State in the Union, and live in the cities, in the towns, and in the country districts. The day which they observe as the Sabbath has become the busiest day of the week in the commercial world, and they are surrounded by those who are pursuing their ordinary work on that day. When they go to their place of worship their eyes necessarily behold what they regard as a desecration of a holy day, and their ears are saluted with the hum of secular industry. They would be glad to have all observe the Sabbath "according to the commandment," and thus honor the Creator, but they never have asked, and never will ask, for legislative enactments which would compel those to pay an outward regard to this day. They must be fully convinced by their own consciences that they ought to keep it holy. They simply ask to be left free to observe the day of their choice without being fined either directly or indirectly—without being compelled to pay a fine of money into the state treasury or to pay a fine in the way of loss of time by enforced idleness upon a day which the Scriptures designate as a working day—

and they freely concede to others the civil right to work on the seventh day of the week and to rest on another day if they choose to do so, or to refuse to observe any day as the Sabbath.

Now if such a body of Christian observers of the seventh day of the week can be developed in this country by the power of conscientious conviction alone, in the face of all those circumstances which the advocates of Sunday observance regard as so fatal to their cause, is it not apparent that no Christian institution needs the support of the civil power? We commend this object lesson to the consideration of those who are claiming that what they designate as "the Christian Sabbath" will perish from the earth unless they can secure the passage of laws to protect and preserve it.

EVANGELIST F. W. PAAP.

February 10.

### Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question.

#### *Some Testimonials.*

The present edition is a great improvement upon the mechanical form of the first. This is superb. . . . I greatly admire the high level of scholarship of the book, and its non-controversial tone. It is a magnificent piece of work.

The book is certainly fine. When the afternoons get a little longer I shall try to have a short service Sabbath afternoons for its study. Enclosed find one dollar to help in the good work. I wish it was five dollars.

I hope the book will have a wide circulation.

May God wonderfully bless it in the mission upon which you have sent it.

You have added to my holiday pleasures by sending me a copy of the book. It is another testimony of your love for our father and of your belief in his work.

It is certainly a thorough, scholarly, and instructive work. If all would read it as helping them to know the Bible what great good would be done.

I am greatly pleased. The former edition was good; but I see several points in this edition that I believe are a great improvement. I am very much interested in Mr. Norwood's Introduction. I am pleased with the headings of the Studies, the

larger type, the index of Scripture references, and the full bibliography.

It has been a great light and help to me in bringing my mind to the real need of keeping the Sabbath day holy. I want to thank you for this help, and for the beautiful thoughts the book contains for a mind not clear with regard to the holy Sabbath. I have found place for a copy in one First-day home.

### Folks, Places and Things.

Here's a story told me by a Chicago detective—told with a matter-of-factness and absence of boast that certified it for a true transcript of experience. I had asked him: "How long have you been a Christian?"

"Just about three months—that is, what you would call a feeling Christian," he answered. "I was always interested in these things with my head, but I didn't feel them in my heart. It was this way that I came to it:

"I knew a poor fellow named Schwartz—he was a Jew—and he was always getting into the bridewell. One day I saw him after he had got arrested again, and I said to him, 'What's the reason that you're always getting pinched?' And he said, 'It's because I ain't got no chance.' So I said to him:

"Well, if that's what the trouble is, I'll see that you get a chance. When you get out of the bridewell this time, you come to me and I'll make it so you can get on your feet."

\* \* \* \*

"So when he got out of the bridewell, he hunted me up. He was a bad-looking sight; his clothes were awful. I went first to the United Charities to see if I could get him a suit, but they didn't have anything that would fit. Then I went to the Jewish Charities, and it was the same there. Then I went back to the United Charities, and they said that a lady in Oak Park had telephoned that she had some clothing, and I went out there and got two suits from her that looked very respectable.

"I got him a bath and a shave and had his shoes polished, and then we went round to the Howard Association, and they got him a job at his trade—with a tailor over on the West Side. I found him a good



cheap boarding house, and he went to work.

"I went over to see him every evening. Saturday evening, after he got his pay, I stuck close to him. I took him out on Madison Street and told him to look up and down the street:

"Don't you see how it is tonight? You're better off than any one of all these people on this street."

"He seemed to appreciate it, and when I left him I thought he was all right.

\* \* \* \*

"But just about daylight the next morning I got a message that Schwartz wanted to see me—in the police station. After I left him, late as it was, he had gone on a tear and the police nabbed him again. I went over to him. He wanted me to get him out, so he wouldn't lose his job.

"I tried getting bail for him. I went over to the saloon just across the street. The saloon-keeper took me for a mission worker, and told me what a measley mean business it was for a man to keep a saloon. But he didn't have any bail for any man.

"So I went back and hunted up the judge. I got into his private room and tried to coax him to let the man out, but he said he couldn't do anything till the case came up on the regular docket. I had to wait then till court was called, but when Schwartz came out, the judge said to me, 'What have you got to say for this man?' And I stood up and made such a plea for the man that the judge paroled him to me for thirty days.

"Well, I managed to hold on to him for that day, and the next morning he went back to his job sober.

\* \* \* \*

"But that evening when I went to his boarding house to find the man, he was gone. He had left word for me saying that I shouldn't hunt for him—that he couldn't keep straight and that there was no use of my bothering about him. Well, I didn't want to let him go, and so I hunted for him two days.

"It was Wednesday night when I found him—down in the Ghetto—standing on a corner making a socialist speech. He was still awfully drunk. I got to him and tried to coax him to come with me again. But he only shook his head and said:

"'Tain't no use; there ain't no chance

for me; you hunt some young fellow and try to keep him from getting into this.

"And so I just had to give him up.

\* \* \* \*

"But it all made me realize that a fellow like that needed something that I hadn't got—something inside of him that would make him stand up—some Power that would make him strong enough to resist, you know. And I couldn't tell him of anything like that.

"And besides I realized that what would be the right thing for him was what I needed, too. We don't all have the same kind of sins, you understand, but we all have something that's hard to fight down. I needed that same kind of Power myself.

"So I went down to the Pacific Garden Mission and got it."—*One of the Folks, in the Interior.*

### Friends.

It is not the seeing one's friends, the having them within reach, the hearing of and from them, which makes them ours. Many a one has all that, and yet has nothing. It is the believing in them, the depending on them, assured that they are true and good to the core, and therefore could not but be good and true toward everybody else—ourselves included, aye, whether we deserve it or not. It is not our deserts which are in question but their goodness, which once settled, the rest follows as a matter of course. They would be untrue to themselves if they were insincere or untrue to us.—*Miss Mulock.*

### Character.

Thou gem of priceless worth!  
How far above the price of paltry gold,  
Of rubies or of aught this world doth hold  
Is thy possession great!

Men pass thee heedless by,  
But, oh, the fading, transient things of earth,  
Which they esteem as wealth or prize as worth,  
Are fleeting as a dream!

Why all this restless rush?  
This life at length is but a little day,  
Where all things earthly quickly pass away,  
That we may have or hold.

One thing alone endures,  
And after suns and stars have ceased to roll,  
We may possess that priceless wealth of soul,  
A godlike character.—*S. Lela Hoover.*

## MISSIONS

### Charles Darwin on Missions.

Mr. Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, was an observer as candid and honest as he was keen. He never allowed his prejudices to disturb his clear vision of facts or of the influences that were energetically and nobly at work for the physical and moral elevation of mankind. And being a traveler, whose search after the phenomena of nature took him all over the world and gave him an intimate knowledge of many peoples, he was quite competent to speak with authority upon the kind of influence exerted by the missionary of Christ upon barbarous tribes. Here is what he once said about some critics of foreign missions:

"They forget, or will not remember, that human sacrifice and the power of an idolatrous priesthood; a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world; infanticide, a consequence of that system; bloody wars, where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these things have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things is a base ingratitude; for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."

These are remarkable words. They are valuable, not because the facts stated in them needed any verification from Mr. Darwin for Christian people; but because there are yet, strange to say, some loud talking skeptics who declare missions a failure, and who affect to despise missionary influence as a factor in the intellectual and moral regeneration of humanity. It would indeed appear, as Mr. Darwin says, that a little experience with unevangelized natives on the part of these skeptics would quickly change their notions. It was, for example, customary for the Japanese before the introduction among them of Christianity, to slay any luckless sailors or others that might be thrown by shipwreck upon their coast. Death was the

hospitable treatment accorded to the unfortunate and the stranger; and the same law prevailed in many other places. Mr. Darwin may well say then that it is "base ingratitude in a voyager to forget these things." He did not himself show such ingratitude, but on the contrary was a generous supporter of the cause of missions during all his life. The irresistible evidence of the beauty, beneficence and power of the Gospel shines out when a poor, distressed creature that was once demoniac—once covered with all evil passions, such as cruelty, superstition, dark and dreadful vices, fondness for war and scenes of violence, horrid tyranny over the weak, etc.—when such a creature is found at the feet of Jesus clothed in his right mind, filled with heavenly aspirations, and bent on leading a new life for the honor of God and the good of his brethren. Here is an epistle written, not with ink, but by the Spirit of the living God whose authenticity no man can deny. The savage once delighted in human sacrifices, in idolatry, infanticide, in man-stealing, murder and diabolism generally; but now he is another being, transformed into an image of the pure and gracious God. It is simply idiotic to refuse to recognize the blessedness of the transformation when the Holy Spirit comes down like a blessed benediction and takes up his abode with sinful man.—*Christian Work.*

### Systematic Benevolence.

The Church of Christ suffers an almost incalculable loss of consecration of power because her members fail to practice systematic beneficence. The treasures of our various boards would be filled to overflowing if every Christian were only trained to give the Lord one tenth of his income. What a tremendous and happy change such a law of giving, enforced by voluntary love and intelligent prayer, would work in every branch of the Redeemer's kingdom. There would be no lack of funds to aid young men in the ministry, no unanswered cry from poor churches in the West, no struggling pastor seeking a higher salary in order to get enough, without begging, to educate his children, no prospective missionaries refused a hearing on account of exhausted means, no spot in all heathendom unvisited by the gospel



herald and the offer of eternal life. The results of small, but systematic expenditures are mightier far than most persons imagine. For example, in the city of London there are plenty of men who use tobacco systematically, that is, they smoke or chew or both every day, and the consequence is that thirteen times as much money is spent for the "vile weed" in that opulent and splendid metropolis as is given by all the churches put together for the cause of evangelizing the world. What a commentary this on the sluggishness of Christian life on one side, and on the imperious and habitual demands of a factitious appetite on the other! If the boy could only be educated to the *habit* of setting apart to divine uses a certain portion of each day's receipts, whether bestowed upon him by indulgent parents, or earned by his own hand, all mankind would at no distant day feel the thrill of divine truth that would be proclaimed through the globe.

Nor is the abundant means of doing good the only benefit which would spring from regular giving. The reflex influence upon the giver himself is always ennobling, as it is also a source of happiness. To give spasmodically under a sudden impulse, aroused by a piteous and eloquent appeal, involves no great virtue. To coldly neglect our duty until some church debt-lifter comes along to assail our pocketbook with a perfect storm of inflammable oratory, or until some returned missionary flings a few fire-balls of zeal across our darkening horizon is not exactly the highest method of developing Christian character nor of obtaining help. The disciple above all others should be a man of principle, of thoughtful, deliberate, persistent, habitual energy in right doing. His charities should be a subject of constant forethought and prayerful solicitude. He ought to be looking out with conscientious wisdom as intelligent as his love is ardent, for channels through which to bestow a certain amount of his income where it will do the most good. Instead of shirking his responsibilities as a steward of his wealth, nay, of his daily earnings, he ought, on the contrary, to hail every prospect which promises the most fruit from systematic and carefully considered beneficence. In this way his character would be disciplined, his desires would become broad and unselfish,

his spirit catholic and magnanimous, his sympathies wide as the sufferings of his fellow men, and his purposes akin to those of his self-denying and all-loving Saviour. To give with as much regularity as we partake of God's bounties from every morning's breakfast table, and to give from motives of lofty principle is to become even more and more educated in the purest experiences of Christian manhood. Many of our pastors, no doubt, are endeavoring to train their people to this admirable grace of systematic benevolence, but they need encouragement and aid from all parents. The children are to be taught in the household to practice daily self-denial and daily liberality in the cause of the Master, before the millennium dawns. "Many a mickle makes muckle," says the Scotch proverb. Our Catholic friends understand this. Not long since one of their archbishops said that he would rather have a church of Catholic poor people from whom to draw money, than a church of Protestant rich people. Why? Because in the Catholic Church all give, and give systematically; while in the Protestant Church the gifts, though sometimes large, are too irregular and spasmodic to be very great in the aggregate. Let us awake to the educative influences and splendid results of systematic benevolence.—*The Christian at Work.*

### How I Wrote My First Book.

I have been asked to tell how I came to write my first books, and to adopt the pen-name of "Josiah Allen's Wife."

Thackeray, when asked if Becky Sharp, the heroine of his *Vanity Fair*, was a good woman, replied, "I don't know."

So I could answer the question, why did I take the name of "Josiah Allen's Wife" as a nom de plume? I really do not know.

Perhaps I may have had a thought that it was an original name that no one else would be likely to want. And though at that time decidedly unfashionable, my first sketches were as full of woman's suffrage arguments as the most ardent suffragette importuning Parliament today could desire. Probably I thought that it would soften somewhat the edge of unwelcome argument to have the writer meekly claim to be the wife of Josiah Allen, and so stand in the shadow of a man's personality.

At any rate, I can remember distinctly that the two leading characters of my first book, Samantha and Betsy Bobbett, stood in my mind for the two sides of the argument—the plain, common-sense woman who, although devoted to home and home duties, was still desirous of claiming all the just rights belonging to our common humanity, while in Betsy Bobbett was portrayed the lackadaisical, romantic female, who, in an endeavor to please the forever masculine, professed herself willing not to have any rights, and was only too desirous to become a clinging vine if a tree were forthcoming to which she might cling.

How far off those days seem when, alone, but not lonely, I sat in the small cottage room and wrote and wrote and re-wrote! And looked through the lilacs and roses that grew about the low window, and saw beyond the long green fields the sunset behind the drooping elms, and saw what Youth sees, what Hope sees, the clear waters springing up in the desert over the flat fields of the Present, the blue mountains of my desire.

But I never hoped to win favor by my dialect sketches—no, decidedly. It was my essays, my poetry, my castles in Spain that were to bring my heart's desire.

But on sending specimens of the three different styles of writing—poems, imaginative sketches in good English, and dialect—it was a great disappointment to me that the keen-eyed publisher, who had already made a success of Mark Twain and several other humorous writers, chose the dialect stories.

I can not say that I had the hard time that young writers not infrequently have to get their books before the public, for this publisher (who proved a helpful friend ever afterward) wrote me, after reading the specimens I sent him, to go on and write a book and he would be glad to publish it. But to my grief it was the dialect he insisted upon, and not the finer writing I esteemed so much more highly.

I vainly endeavored to convince him that he was making a mistake, and made the most mournful prophecies concerning the forthcoming book, which he met bravely but unflinchingly; in fact, had he not held up my drooping courage by his constant encouragement (by letter, for I had never met him), Betsy Bobbett would surely never have seen the light. Truly it was

no idle words I wrote in the preface, but a question I was constantly asking my soul: "Who will read the book, Samantha, when it's wrote?"

And no one was more surprised than myself at the kind reception it met from the public. The name chosen by the publisher and myself was *My Opinions and Betsy Bobbett's*. I wrote it *Betsy Bobbett*, but by a printer's mistake it was printed *Bobbett*, and was allowed to remain so.—*Marietta Holley, "Josiah Allen's Wife," in Harper's Bazar.*

### Opportunities at Home.

The gift we should pray for is vision. Missionary work lies all around us. The story is told of a German girl in a large American city who prayed for years that she might be sent to a foreign field as a missionary. One morning, after her usual prayer, it seemed almost as if the Lord were talking to her, and her thoughts ran something like this:

"Where were you born?"—"In Germany."

"Where are you now?"—"In America."

"Who lives in the room next to yours?"

"A Swede girl."

"Is she a Christian?"—"No."

"Who lives in the flat below?"—"An Irish family."

"Christians?"—"No."

"Who lives next door?"—"Italians."

"Christians?"—"No."

"Have you ever done any missionary work in this neighborhood?" And she was obliged to answer with shame and humiliation, "No."

In a foreign land, in the midst of foreigners who knew nothing of God, she had not recognized her opportunity. Is she the only one of whom that could be said? How is it with you?—*The Youth's Comrade.*

At the last moment Rev. W. L. Burdick was obliged to give up the African trip, and Rev. C. S. Sayre, responding to a telegram from the committee, has consented to go in Mr. Burdick's place.

The Depot Was Lost.—Chinaman: "You tellee me where railroad depot?" Citizen: "What's matter, John? Lost?" Chinaman: "No! Me here. Depot lost."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### "Keep Sweet."

Keep sweet! O, yes, there is baseness  
Enough to be found, I know;  
You will meet the bad, and the sour and sad,  
Wherever you choose to go.  
'Tis not a heaven we live in;  
'Tis a land of falling tears;  
And pain and sin must be reckoned in  
To the end of the weary years.

Keep sweet! Are the Fates against you,—  
Hemmed in on every side?  
Are friends untrue? Is the world askew?  
Does the jostling hurt your pride?  
Why, then, all the better reason,  
When everything else is wrong,  
For the sake of some who are crushed and dumb,  
That you should be brave and strong!

The "whole creation" suffers;  
There are sorrows you've never known;  
There's many a heart that lives apart,  
And carries its load alone.  
Discouragement's ways are crowded;  
There's bitterness far and near;  
But room and scope for the souls that hope,—  
For courage and strength and cheer.

To smile when cares are heavy,  
To sing, though the shadows fall,  
To turn from doubt, and put fears to rout,  
Are the hardest tasks of all.  
But Love and Peace and Goodness,—  
Rare gems from a precious mine,—  
Though the vein lies deep, may be yours to keep,  
Free gift from the Love Divine.

Would you know the joy of living?  
Be part of that mystic leaven  
Which shall be to earth in its want and dearth  
A promise and taste of heaven.  
Think not of your own vexations;  
Be gentle and warm and true;  
"Keep sweet" as long as there's grief or wrong,  
And life will be sweet to you!  
—Mary E. Allbright.

### George and Martha Washington Visit Nile, N. Y.

Perhaps some of the readers of the Woman's Page might be interested in hearing from the Ladies' Aid society of Nile, N. Y.

We have an enrolment of thirty-four resident and three non-resident members and hold our meetings every two weeks at which time we serve either dinner or sup-

per for the fabulous sum of ten cents. Dinners are generally served from the first of October to the first or middle of May. When the days get longer, suppers are served. The meals are served by divisions and last year the average number served was thirty.

The work at our meetings is tying comfortables, quilting and doing plain sewing for any one who wishes it done.

We helped pay for the new gas stoves placed in the audience-room of the church, repair done at the parsonage, bought flowers for deceased friends and necessary supplies for the society. We have also paid twenty-five dollars for the Betterment Fund.

Last year we paid twenty-two dollars and fifty cents for missionary and tract work and this year expect to do better, as one-third of all money received, and not specified, is laid aside for our missionary fund. The society voted to send this money away twice a year, in January and July. In January the treasurer sent to the Woman's Board seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents, so we feel quite sure we will do better this year. It might be well to say that our year began July first, 1911.

Since January first we have been using the Mission Circle leaflets and like them very much. The study of our Holland Mission has been interesting and instructive. We are going to continue the leaflets the remainder of the year.

On Thursday night, February 29, the ladies served a Washington supper in the church parlors. It had been postponed one week on account of the weather. George Washington and his wife were present, the Custis children, Betsy Ross and several other celebrities. Nearly one hundred people were present, and a sum over eight dollars was netted.

MRS. H. L. COTTRELL,  
Secretary.

### An Old-time Dialogue.

[While most of our societies took up *Western Women in Eastern Lands* last year, there are always a number who are a year later in the study of the topics. For them and for the benefit of circles that would like to have a social or entertainment to close the jubilee year of 1911 the account of a very successful program prepared a year ago is given. With the help

of the very clear directions given by Mrs. Leete, president of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Michigan, there will be little difficulty in arranging a similar program that may bring a real missionary message to a church social, for example, even if the text-book were studied last year.]

With the thought in view of attracting the younger women and those not yet deeply interested in study, we planned a dialogue representing a scene which might have taken place in the home of Mrs. Doremus in New York just fifty years ago, when the first union society of women for missionary work was organized, the society whose jubilee we celebrate this year.

The purpose was to show by typical women some of the influences which were shaping women's lives and leading them to think of helping others. Instead of the usual papers or talks on Education for Women, Women's Rights, the Anti-Slavery agitation, the influence of the Local Mite societies, we had women dressed in old-fashioned costumes, telling of their experiences in these things. The characters were all imaginary except Mrs. Doremus, "the elect lady," whom we called "the woman of vision." With the help of a very few accessories and a vivid imagination, the platform of the lecture-room became the parlor of Mrs. Doremus, and there she was, in quaint plaid silk gown of fifty years ago, with sweet face framed by a lace cap, lighting her candles and talking to her guest, Mrs. Spendlove, the wife of a missionary from Burma. Mrs. Doremus explains that she has invited some of her friends in to have a cup of tea with Mrs. Spendlove and also that, if all comes around as she hopes, she has a plan to propose to them.

The first arrival is Miss Languish, who is of the "clinging vine" type, and whose only work for others is embroidering slippers for her young minister. During the dialogue she furnishes amusement by her protests against women ever adopting any new ideas. Her boast is that she hasn't changed her opinions since she was a child. In striking contrast, Miss Minerva appears, strong and vigorous, just graduated from Mt. Holyoke. She and Miss Languish clash conversational swords as to higher education for women, and Miss Minerva comes out ahead with her account of the

strong missionary influence of her college.

Then comes Miss Emerson, just returned from a visit to Boston, and an enthusiastic convert to Julia Ward Howe's efforts in behalf of a woman's right to earn a living, to have an education and to possess her children.

Mrs. Greatheart is a late arrival. She has been detained by ministering to a runaway slave, and the discussion following her entrance showed how the sympathies of women in 1860 were being enlisted for suffering women and children of all races.

Last of all, comes Mrs. Knickerbocker, a member of the Fayette Street Church. She has come from a meeting of the little missionary society of their church and she tells how they became interested in the Judsons forty years before and have always kept up a missionary society.

As each newcomer has brought her contribution of thought as to woman's work in the world, Mrs. Doremus has shown her interest and pleasure, and now she tells them all about the plan that has been on her heart for thirty years—ever since she heard Mr. Abeel tell of the need for women missionaries and since the women of England had organized their "Society for promoting Female Education in the East." She thinks now American women are ready for a similar organization. She thinks it is not her plan alone—but God's plan. They all speak for their denominations, expressing approval. Mrs. Spendlove tells them of the needs of women in Eastern lands. They discuss the money problem and recall the stories they have heard of the servant's gift of \$350, the great legacy, the twelve dollars and the twelve shoe patches, and so on.

They decide to call a meeting one week from that day for an organization. Even Miss Languish is aroused when Miss Minerva offers her young life for missionary service under the proposed society, and clasping hands they sing, "Shall we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high, shall we to those benighted the lamp of life deny!"

Just a simple little dialogue, yet I venture to say that no one who took part or saw it will ever forget the date of the first union organization of women for foreign missions or the influences that led up to it. It is said often, "What we hear



with one ear goes out the other, but what we see with our eyes, that remains." It is worth trying occasionally.—*Mrs. T. T. Leete, in Helping Hand.*

### A Few Questions.

DR. W. D. TICKNER.

Is God a personal being? Is he an intelligent being? Is he the originator of law? Did he ever create a law that he could not annul?

Do we know that these laws which we recognize are unchangeable, eternal?

Does God superintend the operations of his laws?

Do we know that these natural laws that we recognize are the only ones that God ever made or that are in operation at the present moment?

Do we know what effect would be produced were some unknown law made to act in connection with a known law? If we do not know, can we deny that unexpected results would follow such a union of forces?

Are the laws which we recognize entirely independent of other laws?

Are these known laws *fundamental*, or are they merely phenomena, beneath which there exist other subtle, uncomprehensible and indispensable laws?

When God answers prayer, does he necessarily set aside or temporarily suspend any natural law? Does he not rather so combine his laws that results follow?

A child falls asleep on the railroad track. The fast express approaches. The oncoming train will surely crush out the little life, is the thought of one rushing to the rescue; but just before it touches the child the train stops, then goes backward a few feet. Was any natural law suspended? No. The passengers were unaware of anything unusual until the train stopped; but the engineer saw the child, shut off the steam, set the brakes, and as the train stopped, let loose the brakes, reversed the lever, and turned on the steam.

Is God's great universe less complex, less under control than a locomotive? Once set in motion *must* it continue ever to move onward with no power to reverse the movement? With God's great power and wisdom did he plan less carefully than the inventor of the locomotive?

### The Minister's Wife.

There is a page in the book of the recording angel, gold bordered, and illuminated by Fra Angelica, and other talented and beautiful artist spirits now in heaven; and on that page, in letters that shine afar, are inscribed the names of ministers' wives. When the names are read of those who have come up through hard trials and great tribulations, these will come near the head of the list. Who is it, while the minister preaches, who sits in the audience, praying for his every word, fearful lest this plain utterance may offend, anxious lest this sentence be not understood, hopeful that the message will reach the hearts of those to whom it is addressed? Who is it that goes to bed on Sabbath night more weary than her husband, because she has borne equally all the day the strain of his work, and that without the afflatus of his public duties? Who else in all the parish knows how the preparation of that sermon has been interrupted, how many unavoidable duties broke in upon the time set apart for its preparation? Who else notices with the same sympathy the involved sentence that has lost its nominative case in dependent clauses, and splits an infinitive in its desperate run for the home base? Who else notices with the same keen sympathy what is ludicrously apparent to the whole congregation, that the minister's necktie has broken from its moorings? And did she not hear at the close of the service, and feel it as if the fault had been her own, that such a family, which came for three Sabbaths, has decided to attend the other church, thinking this cold and inhospitable? And that Mrs. Somebody feels hurt because the minister has not called on them since they moved? And that Mr. Somebody is going to give up his Sabbath-school class if the boys do not behave better, and every one knows that the boys will not so behave?

All these? Yes, and a thousand more burdens she bears, wearing the while a sweet smile and her last season's bonnet, that rests above her dear face like a halo. No criticism aimed at the minister but reaches her heart with keener thrust than his. No sorrow in the parish but the burden of it falls on her love and sympathy. No knowledge of estrangement between neighbors in the church, but she thinks

about it as the friend-of both; no grief but it burdens her prayers. And no one ever knew it, but like the sweet woman of old, she keeps all these things, and ponders them in her heart.

An artist recently gave to the world the composite resultant of 271 classic paintings as the typical Madonna. I could have told where to find a gentler, stronger, sweeter face in the composite photograph of 271 ministers' wives. And I know of some individuals here and there among them who might sit singly for the portrait, and not lower the type.

There is no truer word in the Bible than that a minister ought to be the husband of one wife; and with that wife he should live on terms of such perfect sympathy that slander shall die in the presence of their perfect and reciprocal affection. My wife has liberty to open all my mail, but is strictly enjoined to open all that is marked "Private." Alas for the minister with a shallow, silly, gossipy, jealous, dictatorial, or worldly wife! But he who is married to a good wife and confides in her, can face almost any situation where women are concerned, without danger or fear.

Women know some things which men merely guess at, and then guess wrong. There are matters in which a woman's intuition is safer than a man's reason. "That's a good letter, my dear, but I wouldn't send it," says the minister's wife. You can advance argument which she can not answer, but she feels that she is right. Into the stove goes the letter, if you are a wise man. And when a good wife gives her husband a gentle hint about any matter relating to other women, he is safe in heeding it. He can not afford to ignore it.—*W. E. Barton, D. D., in The Presbyterian.*

The Governor of Maine was at the school and was telling the pupils what the people of different States were called.

"Now," he said, "the people from Indiana are called 'Hoosiers'; the people from North Carolina 'Tar Heels'; the people from Michigan we know as 'Michiganders.' Now, what little boy or girl can tell me what the people of Maine are called?"

"I know," said a little girl.

"Well, what are we called?" asked the Governor.

"Maniacs."—*Exchange.*

### A Creed.

There is in man a hunger for the bad and for the good. I believe in the possibility of checking the bad and of attaining the good.

Character is formed by means of ideals. I believe in Jesus Christ as the sufficient ideal.

The Bible contains the records of Jesus and of those who either sought or followed his way. I believe in the Bible as the way of Jesus which is the way to God.

Man is a social being and finds his progress in and through association. I believe in the church as the voluntary association of those who have pledged themselves to walk in Jesus' way.

Loyalty to the Christian pledge must issue in sympathetic service. I believe in the effort to bring the knowledge of Jesus to the people of the world.

Man demands an unseen, spiritual God. I believe in the Father-God of Jesus and in his present help to all men.

There is in man an undying hunger for unceasing and progressing life. I believe in the life everlasting.—*Clarence R. Minard.*

To engage in the performance of home duties faultlessly, without petulance, without haste, without fretting—to repress the sarcastic and unkind word, to be calm in the hot moment of anger, to do without weariness, and to suffer without murmuring, to be charitable in judgment and trample out of the heart the Pharisee spirit, deeming life at once too short and too costly for quarrels and for pride; to maintain a chivalrous honor in all business relations; to hold back from the temptations of doubtful or hasty gain; to wear "the white flower," not "of a blameless life" only, but of a life cleansed from its earthliness and made pure by the Holy Spirit; to walk about the world and before men with a calm heart filled with love; to shed abroad the "sweet savor of Christ," and allure men to the heaven to which they know you to be traveling—these are but many-sided exhibition of the one holy character, many facets of the one jewel of fidelity by which you are to be "approved" of your Father which is in heaven.—*Punshon.*

"Honey blended with the butter before spreading on Boston brown bread makes a delicious sandwich filling."



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### A Bird's-eye View of Our Foreign Missions.

MRS. W. D. BURDICK.\*

*Christian Endeavor* topic for March 30, 1912.

#### Daily Readings.

- Sunday—A missionary church (1 Thess. i, 5-8).  
 Monday—The power behind mission (Acts xiii, 1-3).  
 Tuesday—Pioneers (2 Cor. x, 12-16).  
 Wednesday—Generous support (Phil. iv, 12-20).  
 Thursday—Visions beyond (Acts xvi, 9-12).  
 Friday—Great ambitions (Rom. i, 8-16).  
 Sabbath day—Topic: The foreign missions of my denomination. A bird's-eye view (Matt. xxviii, 16-20).

A bird's-eye view of our foreign missions must necessarily be a hurried, as well as a distant view.

But if we can, in our minds, travel swiftly across the ocean and over the countries, obtaining a mental picture of our workers in foreign lands such that we can almost see them in their homes and about their work, it would be a source of great help and interest to ourselves at least.

Most of the notes on this topic will consist of references to the reports and letters from these workers; which may aid you in forming in your mind a picture of these missions at the present time.

First of all let me urge you to use a map in your own study of the topic as well as in the meeting. Perhaps you do not realize how much map work will add to your interest in the various stations, but try it, and I'm sure you will be ready to agree that we need to study the "geography" as well as the "history," of missions. A perfect mental picture of our work in foreign lands can not be obtained without locating with the eye the places where this work is being carried on. So with our maps before us let us visit briefly the various stations where our missions are located.

\* Prepared at the request of Pastor W. D. Burdick.

#### CHINA.

*Shanghai.*—This city on the Whang-poo River will be our first stopping place. Get a general view of the city, its size, etc., from your atlas, and from recent RECORDERS, note some of the changes taking place. Then let us visit the West Gate section where our mission grounds are. (See RECORDER of March 21, 1910.) Along the road in front and on the east side of the grounds are canals. In the foreground is the beautiful red and gray chapel, on the spot marked, "Land we hope to get," which was obtained finally. Passing under that wonderful arch over the carriage road at the right of the chapel, notice as you come closer to the grounds where the houses are,—at the left the Crofoot home (3) and just back of it the boys' school (4). Turning to the right, picture the Davis home (1) with its grass plot in front, while back of it stands the girls' school building (2). Remember the workers who are in the homeland for a rest, Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Davis, and complete the picture by thinking of the workers left there; of

Mr. and Mrs. Crofoot in their home, and he in his work in the boys' school, and in the church on the Sabbath; then of Miss Burdick as she oversees and teaches the girls in the boarding school, which numbers something like twenty-six pupils; and of Miss West, as she studies the language, teaches some English, and prepares herself as a helper to Miss Burdick.

We must not forget the native workers who teach in the day schools and assist in other ways. (Read "Message of the Missionary Board" in the RECORDERS of September, 1911; also letters from China in the RECORDERS of the last four months. Pictures may be found in *Conference Minutes* of 1909, 1910 and in RECORDERS.)

*Lieu-oo.*—Passing from Shanghai we go on to our next stop at Lieu-oo, a place with a population of about 20,000. Were we on the ground we might go by train about eleven miles northeast to Wu-sung and then by wheelbarrow northwest to Lieu-oo, or go entirely by water. But we find the place a little west of north from Shanghai, and perhaps something over twenty miles distant.

We remember that the mission here has had no regular workers lately, but we do not forget the work that was done there

before Brother H. E. Davis and wife and Doctor Palmborg had to leave on account of ill health.

Recent letters say that Doctor Palmborg and Doctor Crandall left Shanghai the last of January in a house-boat, taking their things to Lieu-oo to begin the work there again; so we can picture them there, busy in their medical and other work. (You will find views in recent *Conference Minutes*. Read letters in recent RECORDERS, also Doctor Palmborg's reports in *Conference Minutes* of 1909 and 1910.)

#### JAVA.

From here we go southwest about twenty-eight hundred miles to the island of Java where we find a neighboring mission—neighbors in about the sense that the Westerly and Los Angeles churches are neighbors. Here we find a thickly populated island, 30,000,000+, an island that is valuable for the richness of its soil.

There are missions and mission schools in various places on the island, and it has been said that more Mohammedans have been converted on this island than anywhere else. Here is where our map fails, but somewhere (it is thought toward the western part) is the mission in which Miss Jansz has worked so faithfully, helped by Miss Alt. It seems to be a sort of industrial mission, with a home for the homeless and helpless. The two stations are Bethel and Pangoengsen, with the postoffice at Tajoe. (Read letters from Miss Jansz in RECORDERS for June 5 and October 16, 1911; and January 22, 1912; also page 407 of RECORDER for September 25, 1911. Pictures are found in *Conference Minutes* of 1909.)

#### AFRICA.

From Java we go to Nyassaland in southeastern Africa where are many Sabbath-keepers under native teachers; to Cape Town where Mr. and Mrs. Booth are living; then up the west coast to the church at Ayan Maim. (For view of these fields see RECORDER of November 27, 1911, p. 690, also of January 29, 1912, p. 140.)

#### HOLLAND.

*Rotterdam.*—Our next stop is at Rotterdam in southern Holland. Here we find a church of about twenty members with a Sabbath school of twenty-five. It has been in charge of Peter Taekema during the last year.

*Haarlem.*—At Haarlem in northern Holland we find a church that has long been familiar to us and in which we are greatly interested. It has a resident membership of sixty or seventy and during the year has received several new members. It has non-resident members in several places, and the pastor speaks of "Sabbath-keeping Hollanders in Java and South America." The work in Java was begun by this church. Its pastor is Brother G. Velthuisen Jr., whose letters to the RECORDER are so full of interest to all. (See RECORDER, February 19, 1912, p. 238.)

*Amsterdam.*—At this place Brother Velthuisen holds Sabbath evening services which are attended by ten or fifteen people.

#### GERMANY.

*Harburg.*—From Holland we go northeast to Harburg (near Hamburg), where for a number of years there has been a small church. It has at the present time but few members but is visited occasionally by Eld. F. J. Bakker, at which times he often preaches to others with an audience of from sixteen to sixty.

#### DENMARK.

*Asaa.*—Our travel takes us to this place next, up in northeastern Denmark. Here is the present home of Eld. F. J. Bakker, who is doing a faithful work here and at three other stations, varying in distance from his home from four to eighteen miles. His trips to these stations and to visit the lone members of his congregation are made on foot.

#### ENGLAND.

We finish our bird's-eye view with a brief stop at London to visit the Mill Yard Church, which has a membership of nineteen (total) according to last reports.

For an outline of the work here and of the correspondence work carried on by Pastor Richardson see RECORDER for December 4, 1911.

### Our New Serial.

We are most fortunate, indeed, in again obtaining an interesting and helpful story from the versatile and gifted pen of Miss Alice Annette Larkin. Those who have read her charming stories for children—*The Doings of the Brambles*, and especially those who followed her earnest and entertaining serial—*The Cloud With a Sil-*



ver Lining, will be anxious from week to week for the next instalment of *By the Side of the Road*. It has a charm for young and old, and we bespeak for it a hearty reception by all RECORDER readers. Do not miss it. You will be sorry if you do.

### Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question and The Sabbath Tract Study Course.

The revised edition of Dean Main's book, *Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question*, is being distributed. Free paper bound copies may be had by any young person who agrees to read it in a reasonable time and with due care and thoughtfulness. With the new Scripture index it becomes a complete Bible commentary on the Sabbath question; any passage is easily found. Its fuller table of contents gives one easy access to any phase of the subject treated. While the book is informing and convincing, it is at the same time inspiring and devotional. Its power is not in its cold logic or its emphasis upon the letter of the law; it is a warm and sympathetic treatment of a subject which is felt to be of fundamental importance in the development of the spiritual life.

Every young person ought to read it. Read it alone. It might well be your companion in observing the Quiet Hour. It would give you the Sabbath spirit for these moments of each day. One society has used it as a text-book in a study class, another is using it as a supplemental reading course. It is admirable for either use.

However it is used, and I would urge our young people to read it in some connection, you need the course arranged by the Young People's Board. This course is largely from the pen of the late Dr. A. H. Lewis, of whom Doctor Main says in the dedication of his book, "The passing years witness to the real greatness of his work." In historical research on the Sabbath question Doctor Lewis has done a lasting service. Our young people owe it to his memory, but far more to themselves and to the cause of truth, to make some use of the material which he has placed before us. Some of this material is available in this tract study course arranged by the board, "The Sabbath in Scripture and History." We would be glad

to mail you a sample of the course, in a neat envelope made for that purpose, or a number of sets, if you can use them. They are free. Send to the Young People's Board.

A. J. C. BOND,  
President.

### By the Side of the Road.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

Author of *The Doings of the Brambles*,  
*The Cloud With the Silver Lining*, etc.

Oh, to live in a house by the side of the road!  
With the folk all a-coming and going:  
Some buoyant with youth, some bearing a load  
That we could but ease were we knowing  
How kind words will help, or only a smile,  
One that comes from a heart true and willing,  
Will brighten some pathway or shorten some mile;  
Then our place in the world we'd be filling.  
For there's many an one passing by us each day,  
Overwhelmed with the weight of his load,  
Who will never forget the kind words that we say,  
We, who live by the side of the road.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### An Arrival.

"There, there, Abbie Frances, you've got the wrong counterpane on that bed after all, just as I expected you would. No living girl would ever want to sleep under all that heavy covering."

Miss Abbie quickly drew off the blue coverlet and hurried to put it back in its place in the right-hand corner of the top shelf of the clothes-press.

"It's the one her mother made before she was married, Susan," she said hesitatingly, "and I reckoned maybe she'd like to see it 'round. She used to set a lot of store by her mother's things."

"Pshaw, Abbie Frances! What does a young lady like Niece Janet care for such old worn-out things when she can buy such pretty new ones any day she takes a notion to. Give her a nice, comfortable bed to sleep in and a chair to sit down on, and that's all she'll ask if she's anything like the Prescotts. You're too sentimental by far, Abbie Frances. You'd ought to get such notions out of your head, you a-going on seventy years old."

"Sixty-five, Susan, come next March."

"Well, sixty-five don't lack much of being seventy, does it? There, I believe I'll put this big chair with the cross-stitch tidy over by the south window though I don't

suppose 'twill make much difference to Niece Janet what window it sets by. I never knew her to stay in one place more'n ten minutes at a time unless 'twas when she was eating or sleeping."

"Maybe she'll like the view from here," Miss Abbie ventured timidly. "The river does sparkle so in the sunlight. I'm real glad she's got the pleasantest room in the house. Don't you think, Susan, that the pink bureau-scarf would look more cheerful-like than that plain white one? That one I worked the pink carnations on, you know."

Miss Susan made no reply but went calmly on with her dusting. When the last tiny particle of dirt had disappeared from the bureau she opened the top drawer and took out the plain white scarf.

"Now, Abbie Frances," she turned around long enough to say, "you should always keep it in mind that I am the oldest; also that my judgment is better than yours for that reason. Now I want you to hurry right downstairs and fix up the kitchen fire. I'll finish putting this room to rights. Tell Lyddy I wish she'd run down to the post-office and see if there's any further word come. There, there, your hair's all right; don't be a-fixing and a-fussing so all the time. We've no spare minutes to lose today."

Miss Abbie Frances looked longingly back at the little pile of books her sister was arranging in the old-fashioned book-case, but did not linger; her duties plainly were elsewhere.

When at last Miss Lydia had been told of the errand to the post-office, and had donned her little black bonnet and cape, and closed the door behind her; and the kitchen fire had been kindled exactly according to directions, Miss Abbie sat down in the big, old-fashioned rocking-chair by the window and drew a letter from the pocket of her stiffly starched white apron.

"DEAR AUNTS," it read—

"You will probably be greatly surprised to know that I am coming to Sharon to live, as I have very recently had a chance to teach your little school. I shall begin my duties the first Monday in November. Now I have been wondering whether you can find a place for me in the little old house by the side of the road, as I always think of your home though I well know that many changes have taken place there

since I was in Sharon. I would like to be with you if you have room for me, but don't want to come if it is going to put you to any trouble. We won't settle the matter till I get there, which will be sometime Friday afternoon. Please don't do anything extra for me; just to see you and visit with you will be enough for me. Remember that I shall appear to you like the bad penny that always turns up.

"Affectionately your niece,  
"JANET STANLEY."

"Bad penny indeed!" Miss Abbie said to herself. "Allowing for all her mischievous goings-on when she was little, I guess she ain't committed any great crime. I'm so glad that school-teacher resigned her position to get married. Susan says she wouldn't hear to Janet's coming here if she wa'n't grown up so's she ought to be ready to settle down. I never dared to let on to her any of the things she used to do, like that time she was visiting here, and the party she had one night after Susan and Lyddy had gone to bed. Somehow I always felt guilty for making that cream-cake for her unbeknown to the rest, and then a-sitting up there and helping her eat it, and toasting marshmallows over the lamp afterward. It's funny Susan don't believe in cream-cake and candy. She'd ought to have let her have a party like other girls do. Somehow she don't seem to think folks ever want to be young."

And Miss Abbie suddenly put her hands up to straighten the little blue bow that she wore at the neck of her dress. Miss Susan didn't approve of blue bows. Then she went to the china-closet and began to take out the gold-banded china, which was to be used in honor of the expected guest.

So this was the reason for all the excitement in the usually quiet house close by the side of the road. An old house it was in truth, but recently remodeled and repaired, and the coming visitor might have some difficulty in recognizing it.

The three sisters, familiarly known to old and young as Miss Susan, Miss Lydia, and Miss Abbie Prescott, had certainly been greatly surprised at the announcement of Janet Stanley's coming to Sharon. They hadn't seen her since she was a little girl in short dresses; then her hair had hung down her back in long, black curls that Miss Abbie had almost envied.

Now she was just out of school, and



ready to begin her life-work. Why had she chosen Sharon for her starting place?

Miss Abbie couldn't understand why she should want to settle down in their sleepy little village when she might live in a big bustling city, and teach in a high school. Miss Susan, older by some ten years, said that it was simply because she had some good, common sense in her head, sense that she had inherited from her mother, who was a Prescott before she married Horatio Stanley. Miss Lydia thought it was because she had always heard that Sharon was a real healthy place to live in.

Whatever the reason for her choice, they were all glad that she was coming. Of course she would make her home with them; who else was there to take an interest in her welfare.

"Abbie Frances," Miss Susan said, suddenly coming into the dining-room where Miss Abbie was arranging the table, "hasn't Lyddy got back from that post-office yet? Seems to me she's gone even longer than common. There, there, why didn't you put on the snowflake table-cloth, the one I expected you to?"

"But this one is mine, Susan, and I thought maybe we could kind of divide things up so's we could all have a part in it. The dishes are yours, and the doilies belong to Lyddy."

"Oh, well, I don't care as long's you get through sometime before night. You can put on quarter of Lyddy's new chocolate cake, and my raised doughnuts—"

"And my sugar cookies, Susan? Janet always was real fond of my sugar cookies. She used to say—"

"Yes, yes, Abbie Frances, we've heard all about that before. If Niece Janet is anything like the Prescotts, she won't care over and above much for sweetened bread. If she takes after the Stanleys, she's probably inclined to be puny. All the Stanleys I ever knew were lank and lean."

"But Janet wasn't when she was here last, Susan; she was short and fat. Don't you remember how she tried to squeeze through the little window in the cellar and got stuck; and we had to send for Sam Tilden to pull her out? I guess you ain't forgot how the story got in the Sharon news of *The Times*."

"There, Abbie Frances, I guess that table is set enough. Now you'd better put on your hat and run down to the post-

office. It's most time for the stage to come, and she'll probably get off there. Being as I am the oldest, I suppose I am the one to meet Niece Janet but I've got to change my dress. I don't see why Lyddy stays so when she knows there's company a-coming. And she a-teasing to be the one to meet her, too."

Miss Abbie, much elated, hurried down the short street and into the post-office. The stage had just turned the corner but Janet Stanley was not a passenger in it. There was only one occupant in the back part of the roomy old vehicle, and that was a small boy.

"Wh-why!" she said, as she sat down in the only chair that the post-office afforded. "What can ever be the matter? You don't suppose there's been a railroad accident, do you, Mr. Newall?"

The postmaster hastily glanced up from the card he was trying to read.

"Laws no, Miss Abbie," he said, pushing his spectacles up higher that he might the better see his visitor, "there ain't been no accident that I know of. Here's a letter that came for Miss Susan on the last night's mail; but I was pretty nigh asleep when she came in, and I up and forgot all about it."

"Didn't Lyddy come in here a little while ago? She started for here."

"Not that I've heard of, Miss Abbie. Lawsy me, if I didn't come near to forgettin' that this card here was for some of your folks, too! It says something about somebody's coming to see you. Reckon you'll know who 'tis. I couldn't make it out for the life of me."

Miss Abbie took the card that the postmaster reluctantly handed to her, and, without waiting to inform him as to its writer, hurried out to the street.

"Well, I'll give up," she exclaimed, as she glanced at the card in her hand. "Here Janet must have come already, for somebody was going to meet her at Freedom and bring her over. Now where to look for Lyddy I'm sure I don't know."

But Miss Lydia was not difficult to find for she was at this very moment coming out of a nearby front yard.

"Abbie Frances! Abbie Frances!" she called. "Do for mercy's sake wait for a body, can't you? I'm just full of news."

"Janet's come, Lyddy, and we'd ought to hurry right home," Miss Abbie said, as

she waited for her sister, who was somewhat slower of movement. "Why, there's Susan," she added a minute later, "and she's going out of Deacon Gifford's; something must be the matter at home."

Miss Susan waited for them and relieved their anxiety by explaining that she had only been out to get a pint of cream, and had to wait for it to be skimmed.

"Didn't she come, Susan?" Miss Abbie suddenly asked.

"Why, who come, Abbie Frances?"

"Our niece, Janet Stanley, of course. This card says she was to get here about half past four, and it was after that when I left the post-office."

"Oh my patience!" Miss Susan exclaimed when she had read the card. "If this don't beat all. Here we've been a-fussing as to who was going to be the first to meet her, and now look at us! Abbie Frances, why didn't you stay home and 'tend to things just as I expected you to?"

But there was no opportunity for Miss Abby to reply. They all hurried up the back steps, and Miss Susan took hold of the door-knob but before she could turn it it was pulled from her hand, and she was in the embrace of a tall, dark-haired, smiling young lady. Whether she resembled the Prescotts or the Stanleys I can not say.

(To be continued.)

### News Notes.

COSMOS, OKLA.—Our pastor is holding Sunday night meetings at Sid, Kan., with good interest and attendance.—We are beginning to plan for and anticipate the Bible-school convention to be held with our Sabbath school the first Sunday in April.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.—On February 3 Pastor and Mrs. Loofboro entertained the young people in honor of Miss Cornelia Randall of Deary, Idaho.—February 10 a Christian Endeavor business meeting was held at the home of G. E. Osborne, followed by an informal reception for Miss Rhua Maxson of Walworth, Wis.—February 17 the Ladies' Dorcas Society held an informal reception at the home of Dr. W. B. Wells in honor of our guests who are spending the winter with us.—February 24 Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Hurley entertained the people of the church, and friends, in

honor of Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Moore.—Pastor Loofboro went to Moreno Valley, February 24, in the interest of the Men and Religion Forward Movement.—The pastor has been preaching a series of sermons on the Lord's Prayer which are proving an inspiration to all.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.—One member, from a First-day Baptist church, recently joined with us by letter.—A very successful 15-cent tea was held at the home of Mrs. I. A. Crandall under the auspices of the Ladies' Benevolent Society.—The February business meeting of the Christian Endeavor society was held at the parsonage, at which time nine new members were voted in.—Rev. E. B. Saunders has been with us some time holding evangelistic services. Several conversions have resulted and we will have baptism soon.

BERLIN, N. Y.—We are engaged in revival services, Pastor E. D. Van Horn of New York City assisting Pastor Hutchins. Pastor Shaw of Plainfield is expected soon to assist us.—Rev. D. B. Coon of Battle Creek presented the interests of the work of that place the last Sabbath in February.

ASHAWAY, R. I.—The Ladies' Aid society gave its annual boiled dinner, February 13. An excellent program, consisting of music by a male quartet, a ladies' quartet, vocal and instrumental solos, and readings by two young men, was rendered to the delight of a large audience.—The last number of the Christian Endeavor lecture course was given February 24, when Prof. W. D. Wilcox of Alfred University rendered a very pleasing program of interpretative readings and impersonations. He also occupied the pulpit in the morning, preaching a very helpful sermon. The Christian Endeavor society held an experience social at the parish house, March 5. Notice was sent out to all members as follows:

Dear C. E. friends, this note we send  
To let you understand  
That calls are coming thick and fast  
To lend a helping hand.  
So March the fifth, 'tis Tuesday night,  
The Y. P. S. C. E.  
Will bid you welcome, one and all,  
And you will happy be  
If in your hand you try to bring  
A dollar you have earned;  
Whate'er it is, a bill or dimes,  
No offering will be spurned.



Or should you choose another way  
We think 'twill be quite right  
To bring with you this generous gift—  
Two yards of pennies bright.  
Don't fail to come, 'twill be such fun  
To tell how we our dollars won.

A most interesting evening was spent by the twenty-five or more present, when experiences were presented in verse or acted in pantomime. We realized \$30.39. The evening was otherwise occupied with games and an appetizing lunch served by the committee.—Harris W. Taylor has recently been elected to the superintendency of the Sabbath school. A teachers' meeting has been established and an effort is being made to form new classes. A mothers' class has already been started with a fine attendance, Miss Gertrude Stillman, our former superintendent, being its teacher. The Baraca class has taken on new life with the addition of a fine lot of young men from another class. The spirit of the class is for better Bible study and more members.

### Church Going.

It is sometimes thought ministers put too much emphasis upon going to church. Some men have said they had too much of it in their childhood and are not going to impose it upon their children. Others say they had so much of it in their early days they are taking a rest. It is also said that these are surfeited with church going and so go to the other extreme. We believe these are rare cases, rare by comparison with those who, taught in their early days to attend the church services, keep it up and feel its influence in their lives.

A canvass some time ago in New York showed some singular results. In Harlem it was found that fifty per cent of those canvassed did not attend church. A large number were found who professed religious beliefs but had no church connection or did not attend church. Arranged in denominations the non-churchgoers were as follows: Jews, 80 per cent; Protestants, 31 per cent; Roman Catholics, 12 per cent; miscellaneous, 54 per cent. The most common reason attributed was "need of rest." Others were, "no need for a church"; "not interested, instructed or enlightened"; "physical infirmity"; "Sunday employment." These may be real or imag-

inary reasons; with most the real reason is indifference. There should never be a let-up in the urging of church attendance. One of the greatest forces for character building is attending church; nothing can take the place of it. It is safe to say that most of the people who do not attend are never asked to go. Simply opening the church doors at stated times will not bring men to church; there must be systematic and persistent effort to draw people. Two or three times a year every church ought to have a conference on this subject and devise methods for inviting the people. Christians should be most scrupulous in their attendance on the services of the sanctuary; their presence is a witness to the truth of the Gospel even if they do not get a great deal out of the service. One's presence at church counts more in influence than we think for. In a large church the other day an elderly woman came up and spoke to the visiting preacher of the day. She said: "I can't hear a word you say, but my presence here is a testimony."

The minister can not be too urgent when insisting upon church attendance. It is not for the sake of the minister; it is for the sake of the person worshiping and for the influence of that person's presence on the spread of the Kingdom of God. The writer of the Hebrews was inspired with an appreciation of values when he wrote: "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."—*The Watchman*.

Speaker Champ Clark tells of a Missouri lawyer named Strange who became ill and feared he was about to die.

Calling his wife to him, Lawyer Strange said:

"Now, my dear, when I die, I would like you to put a little headstone at my grave and on it simply say, 'Here lies an honest lawyer.'"

The wife expressed surprise that her husband did not wish his name on the stone.

"That will not be necessary," he said. "Every one who passes and sees the inscription will at once say, 'That's Strange.'"  
—*McCall's Magazine*.

A weak nature goes down equally before great good fortune and great misfortune.  
—*The Christian Herald*.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### Who Likes the Rain?

"I," said the duck; "I call it fun,  
For I have my little red rubbers on:  
They make a cunning three-toed track  
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! Quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I:  
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."  
And she lifted her little yellow head  
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"  
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray bark door;  
"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,  
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook, "I laugh at every drop,  
And wish they never need to stop  
Till a big river I grow to be,  
And could find my way to the sea."  
—*Zion's Herald*.

### The Shepherd Boy and the King.

One autumn morning, many hundred years ago, when Henry IV of France and his court were passing the hunting season at the great chateau of Blois, a young peasant lad was watching a small flock of sheep in the meadow near the river Loire. He was dressed in a ragged hempen tunic, wooden shoes and a heavy fur cap. As he watched his feeding flock he kept his fingers busy knitting a woolen sock, one of a pair that he would wear the coming winter.

The boy's face was arch and bright, and his dark eyes flashed with intelligence; but he was very poor, as his ill-kept clothes and forlorn looks indicated.

He had dropped a stitch and was counting up the threads before rounding off the heel of his sock, when he was startled by the sound of approaching hoofstrokes. Turning sharply, he saw a man mounted on a large white horse. He was a small, thin person, well advanced in years, whose profile once seen could not be forgotten; a hooked nose, a protruding chin, a brow full of wrinkles, a short grizzled beard, and a stiff gray mustache, bristling like a cat's. His alert, upright carriage bespoke unshaken vigor, and his clear eye was full of buoyant life. He was dressed in a slashed doublet and trunk hose of black

velvet, a scarlet sash over his shoulders, a hat with a long sweeping white plume on his head, and he wore tall cavalry boots that came up to his knees.

"Some officer of the king's guard who has lost his way," thought the peasant lad, scanning the approaching horseman.

Meanwhile the stranger was glancing doubtfully around, and seeing the shepherd boy, accosted him with a frank, hearty voice, that yet had something of a tone of command.

"Halloa, my lad, canst tell me how far it is to the castle, and whether this road will lead me thither?"

"Nay, your honor has certainly gone wrong. Blois lies in the opposite direction, at the distance I should say of half a dozen leagues."

"I was pretty certain I had lost my way, but I did not suppose I had wandered so far in the wrong direction," said the officer. "So it is more than twenty miles to the chateau?"

"Yes, all of that by the highway," answered the boy. "You must follow this path till you come to a tall oak, and then take your right till you come to a wood where the road forks, and you follow the left round a big park."

"I shall certainly lose my way again if I try to follow your directions." And the horseman shrugged his shoulders and looked rather grave. "Can you not guide me to Blois?"

"Nay, I can not leave my sheep," answered the lad, lifting his heavy cap and scratching his head dubiously. "I would cheerfully help your honor, but my master would not pay me for my day's work were I to leave my sheep and ride off to the chateau with one of the king's officers; and my mother needs the money to pay the tax collector."

"So you know me as belonging to the court? Well, my good lad, if you will help me you shall not lose by it. What do you earn a day?"

"My master pays me three francs a week, and then I earn something more by knitting."

"Well, here is a ten-franc piece; so come with me. Your sheep will not wander far while you are away."

So the boy mounted up behind the king's officer, and as they rode the stranger asked him what he would do with his money.



"I shall give it to my mother, who will pay it over to the tax collector."

"And can you always pay him?" inquired the officer.

"Oh, no, sir! Sometimes mother is sick and it takes all the money we earn to pay the leach. Last Lammas-tide (August) mother fell and broke an ankle, and so it has been hard for us. This gold piece is a Godsend, and if you will tell me your name, mother and I will bless you in our prayers."

"No matter about my name," replied the stranger, with a kind smile. "You can pray as well without knowing, and God will understand what you mean."

But though the horseman smiled, his face grew thoughtful as the boy told of his poverty.

"Why does not your mother petition the King for aid?" he asked.

"The King! What does he care for poor peasants like us?"

"He cares a great deal. Have you never heard that his greatest desire is to have his peasantry happy? I have heard him say that he hoped to reign so every poor man might have a fowl in his pot on Sunday."

"No, I have never heard of it. That speaks of a good heart in his majesty's bosom. But I should never dare ride to Blois to tell him our story."

"Go with me. I know the King well, and he will not turn you away without a hearing."

"But I don't know him, and among so many courtiers I might make a mistake."

"Pshaw! You will have no trouble on that score," declared the horseman. "You will know the King because he will have his hat on; all the others will have theirs off."

"I will remember that," said poor Jacques, humbly.

By and by, as they rode on, they saw a troop of mounted officers coming toward them at a gallop. Their plumes and mantles and scarfs fluttered on the breeze, and their rich caparisons and accouterments glittered in the sun.

As the gay company rode up, at sight of the little man with the grizzled beard and pointed mustache, dressed in the black velvet suit, every one of the brilliantly clad horsemen sprang to the ground and pulled his hat off. The peasant lad's wind-tanned

face turned a ghastly hue, and he stared at his companion with eyes that grew as big as saucers.

"Well, my lad, do you know the King now?" asked the little man, with a queer smile.

"I' faith, your honor," answered the boy with a bewildered air, "either you or I must be the King, for we are the only ones that have our hats on."

"True," laughed Henry the Fourth, "and as you are not, I am the King. Here, Rosny," turning to one of the dismounted courtiers, "give this boy a purse of gold; he deserves it." Then, addressing the astonished lad once more, he continued: "Take your gold home to your mother, and tell her it is a gift from her king. For yourself come to Blois tomorrow, and I will find a place for you. You are honest and faithful, and you shall be a page at court."

And history tells us how the King kept his word, and the once humble shepherd lad rose in time to be a royal guardsman and did good service under Henry's successor, the young King Louis XIII.—*Fred Myron Colby, in Southern Presbyterian.*

### Ted and the Woodpile.

"I'll be glad when I get that whole pile of wood in. Then I'll be through with it, won't I, mother?"

"No, Ted. You know I shall want you to carry out the ashes after the wood is burned up," answered mother.

"Then I'll be through with it, mother?"

"No, I think not," answered mother, while Ted's eyes grew big with wonder. "You will scatter the ashes on the cornfield, and father will plow them in in the spring. Then you will help him plant the corn, you know. The corn will grow, eating the ashes and ground about it, and by and by you will eat the sweet corn."

"Oh, we'll sort of eat wood ourselves, and that will be the end of the old woodpile."

"Not quite," said mother: "There will be cobs left, and stalks of corn. We may feed them to the pigs, or to the cows, and that will give us meat or milk."

"Well, I never knew before that there was so much in a woodpile," said Ted.—*Unidentified.*

## DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. Henry N. Jordan has just closed two weeks of service as teacher in the New Market graded school, to bridge over a vacancy made by the resignation of the regular teacher.

### Illustrated Lecture on China.

Rev. D. H. Davis of Shanghai, China, will lecture Wednesday and Thursday evenings in the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church. The lecture is illustrated with colored slides taken by Mr. Davis. Wednesday evening the lecture will be on Shanghai and will include many pictures taken in and around the Seventh-day Baptist Mission. Thursday evening's lecture will be of interest now because of the revolution. It will deal with Peking, Ming Tombs, Great Wall and Summer Palace. No admission fee. Collection taken.—*Westerly Sun.*

Ex-Pastor W. D. Burdick of Farina, Ill., came to Nile Friday afternoon and preached at the church Sabbath morning. Sabbath evening after the Endeavor meeting there was a reception in the church parlors and our pastor of years ago was made to realize that he still had many warm friends in Nile.

Professor Titsworth addressed the Y. M. C. A. Sunday evening. He took for his subject, "Lessons From Amos." Professor Titsworth brought out two lessons derived from the teachings of the prophet Amos. The first was that the joining of morality to religious worship was largely the result of Amos' teachings, and second, that the working out of God's laws determines that those who are immoral will not prosper.

Prof. Cortez R. Clawson, Litt. B., A. M., has just received from the publishers his "Bibliography of Education," which he has been at work upon for some time. The edition contains over one thousand references to all subjects of education found in our University library. It is of special value to students in educational work.—*Alfred Sun.*

It is because men see only their bodies that they hate death.—*Chinese Maxim.*

### Are Our Boys Worth While?

*The Boy Scouts of America, One Answer to the Question.*

No organization for boys has ever held for me such a personal appeal as the Boy Scouts of America. This has caused me to investigate and the more I have investigated the stronger the appeal has become. But this impression is clear. It would be little less than a crime for any one to associate himself with this benign movement who did not seek by such connection to save, interpret, propagate the order for all boys. In the minds of many prominent men, who are authority in this matter, it is believed that this organization, simple, sensible, and natural as it is, has taken into itself, in its almost spontaneous and widespread inception, most if not all of the best features in other orders for boys, and that it offers opportunity in the most normal way for the inculcation of the four big m's, muscle, mind, morals and manhood, during play hours.

### HISTORICAL.

In the coming years the boy scout idea seems destined to play an important part in boy life all over the world. In this country the movement, although in its initial stages, has enlisted with active cooperation in its behalf such men as President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, Ernest Thompson-Seton, Dan Beard, Secretary Bonapart, Admiral Dewey, Hamlin Garland, Doctor Gulick, Presidents Jordan and Wheeler, Gifford Pinchott, Jacob A. Riis, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, John Wanamaker, Major-General Leonard Wood, and many others. Such prominent endorsement and direction suggests confidence that our boys may be entrusted to the spirit of the order with every expectation that it will do them good. As developing in the community the movement seems to meet the approval of the best citizens and be of fascinating interest to the boys who enroll.

Dan Beard in his "Boy Pioneers of America," is the originator of the boy scout idea. In the *Churchman*, New York, of November 5, 1911, Mr. Beard gives the credit to General Baden-Powell, of England, the hero of Mafeking, and Ernest Thompson-Seton, the naturalist, "for their great and disinterested work in nationalizing the movement." It should be noted here also that the American Boy Scouts, founded by



William R. Hearst, has nothing to do with the original organization and must not be confounded with it. The principles of that organization, as given to me in a personal conversation with its secretary, had the note of narrow Americanism and militarism, which is foreign to the Boy Scouts, an order of international fraternity, and the ends of peace.

#### WARM HEARTS AND FULL LUNGS.

The boy scout idea is good because it is founded on the great principles of obedience, loyalty, cheerfulness, service, and because these principles are put to practice in the way of greatest common sense and closest appeal to boy life and manly development. It brings down to an age of peace, for the furtherance of manhood, that rich heritage from our pioneer and warrior ancestors. It breathes of the open air, of full lungs, of unselfish enjoyment of the treasures of the forest, stream, sky and earth. No boy of whatever station is denied its privileges, no boy but should and will, if he is of manly mold, feel the generous impulses of its teachings and be honored indeed in its attainments.

Another prime quality is that the order is not formally religious; that is, its oath requires belief in God and service to him, but there is no prescribed ritual to embarrass the vital faith of personality. Religion must be taught, or better imparted, through life on life. Each scoutmaster, as in his own character he is qualified, impresses the truth of his relation to the divine and the eternal. On the other hand, there could be no order more restrictive on sectarianism or the use of a good cause to further local ambitions. Its wholesome principles demand that it be the possession of all boys who will translate the simple creed into their lives, as by right of their boyhood the hills and the lakes are theirs for occupation. The motto of the order is "Be Prepared." Scout signifies one who finds and leads the way. There are no frills, no millinery. Everything that is taught is practical for both boy and adult life. The man will never outgrow his youthful experiences in the patrol, simply interpret them. It fosters initiative, self-reliance, a high and gentle code of honor, courage, persistence, the quiet ways that run deep. There are three grades of scouts, tenderfoot, second and first class, and beyond this a long series of badges of

merit, some or all of which could be won by any thoughtful and helpful boy in the way of his everyday life.

#### CAPITAL IN THE HEAD AND IN THE BANK.

A boy qualifies as first-class scout after satisfactorily passing in the following requirements, all of them sensible and useful: He must be able to tie the standard knots, know the composition of the American flag and the right way to fly it, prove that he has the knack of quick and accurate observation, have an elementary knowledge of first aid and bandaging, signaling, cooking, judgment in distance, size, the sense of direction and time, preparedness in case of accident or drowning, must be able to swim, run, read a map, make a rough sketch map, use an axe, show proficiency and care in fire lighting and tending, and have at least 50 cents to his credit in a bank.

More than any other resource our boys are the major asset of our communities. Does not this movement suggest a way by which their energies may be both directed, encouraged and utilized to common advantage in civic training, pride and helpfulness? The above requirements, sensible for all boys, and any boy over twelve may now qualify as a scout, form a basis for the attainment of local information and usefulness as learning the topography of the home district, important boundaries, points of historic and scenic interest, location and product of factories and shops, information as to fire, water, sewer systems, time-tables, location of public buildings, names, of streets, general details of village, borough or city government, indigenous trees, crops, birds, game, etc. These matters should be in the curriculum of the education of the street, that neglected phase of our system of training of which President Luther, of Trinity College, spoke so eloquently several years ago. In this way civic pride would be engendered, good citizenship inculcated, and perhaps best of all, there would be enrolled a reserve for fire, police, guide and hospitality service that could not fail of common profit and pleasure. The Winsted warden and burgesses have created a medal, and prominent citizens have agreed to act on an examining committee of award to first-class scouts qualifying in this information. This is a paternal and "big brother" suggestion to the boys of the com-

munity that will meet them on their own ground with a practical appeal to their sense of the fitness of things.

#### ORGANIZING.

The usual method of community organization is through a council composed of leading men in public esteem and service. The national office clears through this council, and through it are awarded the honors of the scout order upon qualification of each individual scout. The normal start of the organization in a given locality is in the interest of some friend of boys, who qualifies as scoutmaster and enrolls a troop from his church, school, club, Y. M. C. A. The troop is formed of patrols of six scouts. The scout is the unit of the patrol, the patrol of the troop, and the troop of the brigade. The use of such terms as these does not indicate a military character of the organization. The object is to build a boy into manly usefulness along the lines of his individual aptitudes and resources rather than measure him by a military yardstick.

The formation of the order in any district would depend probably upon the interest and desire of the boys of the community themselves. It is not the principle of the order that a boy should run away from his present church or social relationships to join somewhere else because, by chance, the organization has been founded there first. This would be like a boy who at recess has tasted his chum's lunch, coming to his mother after school with the demand for a certain kind of pie, at once, on penalty that he will leave her home for his chum's. He should, under the laws of the scouts, bring his patient mother the recipe and then hustle around to fetch wood for the fire.—*Franklin D. Elmer, Scoutmaster, from the Standard.*

#### Lincoln.

A great man comes and stands, like Moses, before a nation of slaves, and says, "I will lead you out of your bondage." "It is impossible," comes the answer back from each crushed and broken spirit. Another man stands on the beach of the uncrossed ocean and says, "I will sail across it, and find land on the other side." Again the answer arises from a whole unenterprising world, "It is impossible." Another great man says, "The church is all corrupt;

she must be reformed!" Another cries out at the thought of a nation growing up in ignorance, and says, "Each child must go to school." To all of them the mass of men answers, "Impossible!" And the reply which the great, bold man make by their lives, if not by their lips, is always the same: "To you it may be impossible, but it is not so to me; if it be marvelous in your eyes, should it also be in mine?" And soon the slaves are marching out of their bondage with songs, and the ship is sailing westward through the unknown seas, and the reformation has begun, and the schoolhouses are blossoming all over the land. When once a great deed has proclaimed the possibility, a hundred little ships put out from shore—a hundred little arms are raised to strike the giant wrong.—*Selected.*

#### Blessed Secret.

Blessed secret, to learn how to do without things. We need to learn this secret of full life in Christ in spite of minor deprivations, because we can not have all the things that we want—even rich men have been known to want more things—and some of us have to do without things which on the plane of physical life are quite desirable. If we can gain wealth, it is well to have it, if we receive it as coming from God and use it for his glory; but if we do not possess this wealth, which is the lowest wealth in the gifts of God, we are exhorted to "earnestly covet the best gifts"—that wealth of heart and soul which lies open for the taking to every follower of Christ. Here is wealth worthy of ambition; wealth which is offered freely and without stint; the "unsearchable riches" of Christ, which will make us wealthy to all eternity. Christ never asks us to do without this wealth, the "true riches," but he says: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—*Advance.*

"Emerson was right in declaring that the glory of a nation does not depend upon the size of its census, or the size of its cities, or the size of its crops, but upon the kind of man the country turns out. We may add that the right kind of man is produced only under the warmth and the light of a full-orbed Christianity."



## HOME NEWS

BERLIN, N. Y.—It was arranged for Brethren E. D. Van Horn and E. Shaw to visit this church and hold a series of meetings, from which we were anticipating much good. In view of this Pastor Hutchins appointed cottage prayer meetings for the week preceding, to prepare the way for the good work.

Mr. Van Horn arrived February 25 and gave us some excellent sermons. But contagious diseases are prevailing to such an extent that Sunday schools are closed. Berlin day and high school closed for four weeks. Many homes are quarantined with measles or scarlet fever and it was deemed wise to close the meetings. At this writing Pastor Hutchins is a shut-in with measles. Dea. F. J. Greene's symptoms indicate the same and many other middle-aged members have never had it. La grippe also holds the fort and our people are naturally depressed in consequence of all this. However, there are some radical changes taking place in town for which to be grateful. Some of the newly elected town officers seem to be the right men in the right places, and are doing good work. As a result the suburban haunt known as "The Crows' Nest" has been broken up and the matron placed under bonds for good behavior.

Berlin has work for two good doctors, and just now it has but one, as Doctor Sweet is locating near the Hudson River. If a good Seventh-day Baptist physician could locate here I am sure he could make good. The contagious diseases now so prevalent are calling for more care than one physician can give. E.

SCOTT, N. Y.—While reading in the RECORDER the other evening the happenings from different places and of the pleasant social times enjoyed by Christian people at church services, socials and so forth, I thought of the condition of the church and society here and I wondered whether the said people ever thought of the pastorless Scott Seventh-day Baptist Church.

There have been no services a great part of the winter at the church here. Rev.

R. G. Davis was here in the fore part of winter and said it had been arranged in this way,—that Rev. L. A. Wing of De-Ruyter would preach one Sabbath in January; also during the two succeeding months the pulpit here would be supplied by other pastors. The weather being bad at the time for Brother Wing to come, we were not privileged to have him with us. Further on we heard nothing more in regard to a pastor being here as specified. Has the little Scott Church been forgotten and overlooked? Do no prayers ascend to the throne of grace for it? The Ladies' Aid society is doing its best to help by raising what money it can in making quilts, serving dinners and so on.

It is a sad thing to see many who would attend church, if there was an interesting service to attend, finding satisfaction in going elsewhere on the Sabbath. Pray that the interest in the cause of Christ may deepen and that better days may come to the Scott Church. A MEMBER.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.—A company of about 175 of the good people of Alfred Station had gathered quietly on the evening of the second in the church parlors, with heavily curtained windows, that no secrets within might be revealed outside.

As Pastor Cottrell came down from the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, he was informed that some people wished to see him, and thinking it meant a committee meeting, he was conducted into the midst of the throng, without having imagined a thing of the "well laid plot." He was reminded that there were some birthdays about that time. Very true, Mrs. Cottrell had one, a few days before and as many days later one would come to him.

The only thing to do was to yield to the inevitable. After a social hour of good cheer and music, a nice sum of money was presented as "an expression of the people's regard for Mr. and Mrs. Cottrell."

The friends had not forgotten to bring a good supply of refreshments, which were then served, and as they dispersed to their homes another invisible tie bound the community and the occupants of the parsonage.

"To experience religion is not the event of an evening, but the work and the joy of a lifetime."

## DEATHS

WALLACE.—Mrs. Lydia (Mitchell) Wallace, wife of Franklin Wallace, died at Nady, Ark., February 14, 1912.

She was a member of the Little Prairie Church, and will be greatly missed by the church, and by her husband and the little babe left behind. R.

BOND.—William F. Bond, a son of Dea. Jonathan and Mary Bond, died at his home near Lawrenceburg, Tenn., February 19, 1912.

He was born in Fayette County, Pa., June 19, 1812. His last thoughts were of his faith in God and of his assurance that all who trusted and served the Master would be blessed. He leaves a wife in a lonely home. His three children—two sons and one daughter—all have homes in Missouri. His brothers and sisters are, Samuel M. Bond, James G. Bond, J. D. Bond, Mrs. J. W. Morton, Mrs. Mary B. Burdick, and Fannie B. Dennett, all of Milton, Wis. M.

AYERS.—At his home in North Loup, Neb., on March 2, 1912. Caleb Ayers, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Caleb Maxson Ayers was the son of Caleb and Lydia Maxson Ayers. He was born in Pike County, Ohio, on July 27, 1838. In 1854 he removed with his mother's family to Rock County, Wis. In 1861 he enlisted in Company E of the Fifth Wisconsin Infantry. He served three years. Caleb Ayers was a good soldier.

He was married at Janesville, Wis., in 1872, to Henrietta French, who survives him. He is also survived by a half-brother, John H. Babcock of Nortonville, Kan. When fifteen years of age he confessed faith in Christ as his Saviour, but he never removed his church membership from Ohio. He was a man of few words, with good ideals, who died confident of his acceptance with God. G. B. S.

BURDICK.—Mary Frances (Palmer) Burdick was born March 7, 1846, in Hopkinton, R. I., and died in Rockville, R. I., March 8, 1912, aged 66 years and one day.

April 3, 1864, she was married by Rev. L. M. Cottrell to Pardon C. Burdick who died Jan. 12, 1906. To them were born nine children, all of whom are living to mourn the loss of a good mother.

When she was about thirteen years old she was baptized and joined the Six Principle Baptist Church at Woodriver. Oct. 10, 1877, she joined the Rockville Seventh-day Baptist Church and continued a faithful member till called home. She was a woman full of good works and greatly beloved in the church and in the community. A. G. C.

God does not comfort us to make us comfortable, but to make us comforters. —Jowett.

## Our Largest Indian Tribe.

Here are some facts regarding the largest tribe in the United States; many of the same conditions exist in other tribes. The Navajos, numbering 30,000, live in northern Arizona and northwestern New Mexico. They occupy an area about as large as the State of Pennsylvania, most of which is a desert. Here for centuries they have made their own living by raising sheep and goats. A part of the wool is woven by their industrious, resourceful women into the beautiful and durable Navajo blankets, which promise to become a fair competitor of the imported rug. On account of scarcity of water and forage for their flocks and the fact that there is but little of the land that can be cultivated, their lot is not an easy one; but they keep up the struggle, which is rendered more difficult each year by the further and often illegal encroachment of the white man. They are the special wards of our nation, and the day is rapidly approaching when they must touch elbows with our civilization, which will be the final solution of the "Indian problem," but they are not prepared for that contact.—*The Christian Herald.*

In many homes there is almost an entire absence of the thanksgiving spirit. A shadow rests on all the life. There is an immense amount of whining everywhere. Nothing is quite satisfactory. There is little singing. The quest seems to be for spots and mistakes, something to blame and condemn. How much better it would be, how much more of heaven we should get into our homes; if we would train ourselves to find the beautiful things and the good things in each other and in all our experiences and circumstances! Anybody can find fault; it takes no genius to do this. Genius is far better shown in finding something to praise and commend.—*Dr. J. R. Miller.*

We give nothing to the missionary society. The organization is simply the reservoir that collects the thousand rivulets of missionary offerings to concentrate them in large streams of well-directed power.—*P. S. Morom.*

"Bent whalebones can be straightened by soaking them in boiling water for a few moments and then ironing them straight."



## SABBATH SCHOOL

REVIEW.—MARCH 30, 1912.

**Golden Text.**—"The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." Matt. iv, 16.

### DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Luke i, 5-23, 57-80.  
Second-day, Luke ii, 1-39.  
Third-day, Matt. ii, 1-23; Luke ii, 40-52.  
Fourth-day, Mark i, 1-13; Luke iii, 1-20; Matt. iv, 1-11.  
Fifth-day, Mark i, 14-28; Luke v, 1-11.  
Sixth-day, Mark i, 29-45; Matt. iv, 23-25.  
Sabbath-day, Mark ii, 1-22.

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

### Waiting for You.

The world is waiting for somebody,  
Waiting and watching today,  
Some one to lift up and strengthen,  
Some one to shield and stay.  
Do you thoughtlessly question, "Who?"  
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,  
Somebody brave and strong,  
With a helping hand and a generous heart,  
With a gift of deed or song.  
Do you doubtfully question, "Who?"  
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,  
This sad world, bleak and cold,  
Where wan-faced children are watching  
For hope in the eyes of the old.  
To your wondering question, "Who?"  
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you.

The world is waiting for somebody,  
And has been years on years,  
Some one to soften its sorrow,  
Some one to heed its tears.  
Then, doubting, question no longer, "Who?"  
For, oh, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,  
Some kindly deed to do.  
"Yes, that is every one's business,  
Every one that ought to know."  
"Then up and hasten, every one,  
For everybody is you, my friend,  
Everybody is you." —Anon.

Foreign missions have added at least seven hundred and fifty regiments to the Christian army of conquest, seven hundred and fifty thousand men who, had it not been for foreign missions, would have had their place in the devil's army rather than in the ranks of King Jesus.—*F. L. Anderson.*

## 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, 450 Audubon Ave. (between 187th & 188th Sts.), Manhattan.

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.

Friendship must forever take many things for granted; it can not exist without trust. The friendship that must be continually called to account and forced to prove itself still in good and regular standing is not worthy of the name, and there is nothing that will more effectually weaken and destroy the blessed tie than the indulgence of petty jealousy. "When love the gift, grows love the debt," with frequent reproachful exactions of full payment, it soon becomes a harassing chain.—*Selected.*

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By Arthur Elwin Main, D. D., L. H. D.  
Dean and Professor of Doctrinal and Pastoral  
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# The Sabbath Recorder

## THE TWO SONGS.

"I will write me a poem," the poet said,  
"That shall lighten the hearts of men."  
Then he leaned far back in his easy chair,  
And he gazed far out in the sweet, pure air;  
And the words and the rhythm were wondrous fair,  
As they rippled away from his pen.  
Ay, the song that he sang, it was wondrous sweet;  
But the crowd passed on with unheeding feet.

"My brethren are toiling," the strong man said;  
"I grieve o'er their pain and need."  
Then he took his place in the struggle and press,  
And he won the child by his kind caress,  
And manfully labored to cheer and bless,  
And to bind up the hearts that bleed.  
And lo, in his toiling he sang a song  
That brought new hope to the hurrying throng.

—May Griggs Van Voorhis.

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