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The Sabbath Recorder

PLAINFIELD, :-: NEW JERSEY

The Sabbath Recorder

GOOD-BY—COME IN.

E. W. BLACK.

Good-by, Old Year, thy course is run,
Thy worries and thy cares are o'er,
Thy loves and hates alike are done,
Temptation called, but calls no more,
Thy Satan oft' did turn and flee—
Thy Christ was ever kind to me;
Good-by, Old Year!

Come in, New Year, with rosy morn
From out mysterious future's realm,
To cheer the fallen and forlorn—
Man at the oar—God at the helm!
Upward, O Soul, thy slogan be;
God's love, God's truth, shall make us free—
Come in, New Year!

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The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 30, 1912.

WHOLE NO. 3,539.

A New and Effective Educator.

Last evening we attended for the second time one of the moving-picture shows being given once a week in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association in our city. I have often thought of the power of the moving picture as an educator, when properly censored and cleared from everything objectionable. Laws and ordinances are rapidly being made to this end, and already in many places no films are allowable in public entertainments that have not been approved by authorized inspectors.

I know of nothing in modern times in the line of amusements that promises greater good to the masses than the right kind of moving-picture shows. Of course, any kind of exhibit capable of so much good would, if not carefully regulated to keep out the harmful, become the source of much evil. This very fact makes such entertainment as the Young Men's Christian Association offers, all the more welcome. It furnishes an opportunity for young people to avoid the shows where vaudeville, often of questionable character, is interspersed between the few pictures shown. Even the ordinary moving-picture show affords a much better place for laboring people, young and old, to spend their evening hours in than does the saloon. Almost any place is better than that. But the clean, instructive, entertaining exhibits of the Young Men's Christian Association are far better than either.

A new field of humane and reformatory education has suddenly been opened to the world. There never was a time when it was more needed than in this strenuous age. It offers the much needed relaxation from mental strain, complete rest from physical toil, and at the same time spreads before the mind in the most pleasing and winning way the great truths of reform, of social betterment, facts and events in history and literature, scenes of world-wide travel, the splendors of natural scen-

ery, and illustrates all the industries and trades in such pleasing and fascinating ways that they are not easily forgotten.

For instance, last evening we saw exhibited the work of the national forest fire-fighters, in a way that made it more real than any mere word-picture could ever do. The panorama of the vast forests, the watch-towers and stations, the discovering of a fire, sending messages and signaling for help, the men at work in a burning forest, the devastation made by the fire, the distress of the settlers with homes destroyed, and the careless thoughtlessness of the campers who left their camp-fire burning and thereby started the conflagration,—all these were shown, by pictures taken in the actual fight, in such a manner as to instruct the audience in every phase of the national forest fire-fighters' life and work.

What is true in this line is equally true in other educative lines. No lecture, or entire book even, could so impress the evils of the child-labor system, and so move an audience to sympathize with the oppressed and the poverty-stricken in the heartless world of business, as did the scenes from real life, or scenes to represent actual conditions, in the entertainment referred to.

A few moments of recreation there, gave an idea of the scenery, the people, the industries and conditions of life in the island of Ceylon as nothing short of actual travel in that land could do.

This line of exhibition is being taken up by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, by various organizations for cleansing of the slums in both country and city, for the better housing of the poor—in short, in every line of reform, in a way that will surely arouse public sentiment for the work of human betterment. The educational possibilities of moving-picture shows are almost unlimited. With proper regulations and careful censorship all the influences should be for good. Then the toilers and brain workers may find in them the much needed recreation, and also the helpful and enlightening education that tends to make the world better.

What Rumsellers Think of Their Business.

The bartender should be well qualified to judge of the effects of liquor drinking. He deals it out and watches it as it disappears, and has an opportunity to notice every step in the process of getting drunk. He has more practical experience with drinking men than does any judge who tries them and metes out punishment, or any physician who cares for them in hospitals or prisons.

All this makes the testimony of the secretary of a bartenders' union, given in the Bartenders' Temperance (!) Club, all the more valuable. In a talk to bartenders upon the effect of liquor upon a man as to his business prosperity, this man summed up his arguments as follows:

The boss won't like it if you drink on the job. A guy can't tend bar and hit the booze and make good. It gets him just as quick as the guy in front who pays for it. If any one wants to drink, let the man on the other side of the bar do it.

This is a remarkable warning, eloquent in its simplicity. Every man who stands on the outside of the bar should read it and take warning. Even liquor dealers do not want a man who drinks to tend bar. And here is a bartender posing among his kind as a temperance advocate, making it clear that even in such a business one can not make good if he drinks. Is it any wonder that presidents of railroads and superintendents of great business enterprises insist that the men they employ shall not drink? Men in every calling, profession or trade, should heed the words of this man who has the best chance to know when he says, "The boss won't like it if you drink on the job." More and more let us emphasize the terse saying of this bartender: "A guy can't hit the booze and make good."

The Last Volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Some days ago Volume XV of the Catholic Encyclopedia reached the editor's table. This is the last volume of the great work. It contains 800 pages, a size uniform with the other fourteen volumes. For all data regarding the Catholic Church and its tenets and for the history of Cath-

olic countries this encyclopedia is complete and up to date. It contains much valuable information upon other matters commonly found in cyclopedias, and its maps are most excellent; still, as would naturally be expected, its main purpose is to forward the interests of the church that puts it out. Its attitude toward "Modernism" is unmistakable, and its loyalty to the Vatican is seen on almost every page. Still it is fair and impartial in its treatment of matters outside the Catholic faith.

The last volume covers such topics as Tradition, Transcendentalism, Trent, Trinity, Turkish Empire, United States, Universe, Vatican, Venice, Versions, Virgin Mary, Westminster, Woman, World, and many other subjects of general interest.

The last twenty-four pages are given to "Errata," in which occur corrections for the entire fifteen volumes. The wonder is that in publishing such an extensive work of more than 12,000 pages, in so short a time, there should be so few errors. There must have been great painstaking in preparing copy and in reading proof on the part of authors and publishers in order to have so few mistakes appear in the entire work. Probably there will never appear a more complete "international work of reference on the constitution, doctrine, discipline, and history of the Catholic Church" than we have in this fifteen-volume encyclopedia, of the Robert Appleton Company, New York.

To Banish the Drum.

A French military commission some time ago decided that the drum was no longer a necessary article of military equipment. The points against the drum were that it is an incumbrance in marching; its usefulness is easily impaired by rain and bad weather; its calls are too easily drowned by the noise of battle; and it requires too much time to make an efficient drummer. Now, according to some papers, it seems that other European nations have decreed that the drum must go.

These decisions will sound strange to the American boy, and to those whose blood in childhood was stirred by the thrilling music of fife and drum. And somehow I feel that the American soldier who was aroused to the height of patriotism by the rattle and bang of drums which he follow-

ed into battle, will be loath to see the time-honored drum remanded to the scrap pile. We like the drum. It recalls the picnics, Fourth of July celebrations, stirring campaigns, recruiting stations, and marching boys in blue of our childhood days. I would lay down my pen now and go a block away to listen to such martial music as some of the country boys of fifty years ago made with nothing but the fife and drum. What memories are stirred whenever we hear the distant sound of a real good drum! One of the most picturesque figures I have seen in years was that of the drum-major with his great bass drum, and with drumsticks flying over his head, passing from hand to hand, as he proudly marched with a band of Scotch Highlanders.

The drum has an honorable history. As early as 1,600 years before Christ drums were in use among the Egyptians. Greek and Roman alike followed the drum. It was probably introduced into Europe by the Saracens and Moors. When the Spanish conqueror Pizarro went to South America, he is said to have found drums in the temples used in worship. New England Puritans used the drum to call people to church. For five hundred years the drum has been prominent in military music. Long live the drum!

Somebody Cares.

Two letters lie before me approving the action of the publishers, made necessary by the postal laws, in dropping names of delinquent subscribers. They reveal a genuine sympathy with the RECORDER, and the interest they show in the matter of trying to help regain the losses is truly encouraging. The simple fact that they cared enough about the matter to write and make suggestions is in itself helpful. It is a great thing sometimes, when the load is heavy and things go wrong, for a friend to show interest in the case, speak a word of cheer, and offer kindly suggestions of help. Even if he can not take away one ounce of your burden, his words of appreciation put strength into your purposes and courage into your heart until the burden grows lighter and the way seems brighter. You sometimes feel that absolute indifference is more disheartening than opposition. In such cases every sign

is watched that gives assurance that somebody cares and longs to see the work go forward. When nobody responds to your cry for help, everything looks dark and your own hands grow weak. It would put strength into your heart at such times for some one to show interest enough to stand up in open opposition. Then some others would likely be aroused and new zeal would be shown in the good work. Give us anything—anything but cold, stolid indifference. This will kill the best cause on earth in a very short time. So we hail with joy whatever indicates an interest on the part of the people in the welfare of our denominational paper. We are encouraged by every response to supply the needs of our boards, by every sign that people are really interested in the work they have in hand.

What About the Debt? Who Cares?

In the light of what is said in the last item above, we can't help thinking of the debt, concerning which several pleas have been made. We said nothing about it last week because we did not know what to say. Some three months ago we laid the matter before more than two thousand families who read the SABBATH RECORDER, telling them of the burden upon the board from a \$1,000 debt and pleading with the people to rally and wipe it out before it had to be increased. Since that time it has been doubled, and it looks now as if the \$2,000 debt would have to be made still larger by the beginning of the new year. I never remember attending a board meeting that seemed so depressing as was the last meeting of the Tract Board. The brethren have been faithful with the work entrusted to them, have freely given much time and careful thought in working out the vexing problems, and have acted according to their best judgment with what light they had. The field work at home has been pushed as best it could be, and genuine efforts have been put forth to do the best possible for other lands. Careful planning for the publishing house and needed support for the SABBATH RECORDER and the *Sabbath Visitor* have been given, for all of which the board has been forced to hire \$2,000 to date. This is not half so much as the debt of five years ago, which then amounted to \$5,000. Then the

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Ambassador Reid's Funeral Ship.

On December 21 the first-class British cruiser *Natal* sailed from Portsmouth, England, for New York, bearing to his native land the body of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, whose death was announced in last week's RECORDER. Impressive ceremonies had been held in Dorchester House, Mr. Reid's late home. Waiting thousands had stood with bared heads along the route to Victoria Station while the boom of guns in St. James' Park marked the progress of the funeral car. The special train had brought the body from London to Portsmouth, when all ships in the harbor placed the Stars and Stripes at half-mast and minute guns boomed as the casket was borne to the mortuary chapel on the deck of the *Natal*. The Lord Major of London accompanied by many officials in robes of state had shown every mark of respect; the wreath of President Taft and those of King George and the Queen, together with others from the members of the Ambassador's family had been placed around the casket to cross the ocean. Then the *Natal*, accompanied by a guard of honor, consisting of eight torpedo boats, sailed away to sea. The British flagship *Victory* fired a salute of nineteen guns, and every ship the *Natal* passed in the roadstead paraded guards in honor of the dead. Thus did England pay loving tribute to our dead Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

It now remains for America to receive the funeral ship as she approaches our shores. For this purpose a special squadron consisting of two battleships and four destroyers has been detailed to meet off Nantucket Light about sunset on January 2 to meet the British cruiser *Natal* and escort her to New York during the forenoon of January 3. Rear-Admiral Fiske will be in command of the naval escort. The highest possible honors will be paid by this nation as a tribute to the memory of Whitelaw Reid. Every peace-loving American will join in doing homage to the man who has done so much to draw two great nations together in the strongest bonds of international good will.

people responded and lifted all the burden. Of course, there is no other way open to the board now but to appeal to the people for help. This we have done. The plea began in the RECORDER of September 23, just thirteen weeks ago today. Since that time \$394.15 has been sent in for the debt and the African investigation. So we know that somebody cares. For this we are glad. If it were not for this, small as it seems, we should be thoroughly discouraged.

Since our last statement, made two weeks ago, five persons have contributed \$18. This includes \$13 received by the editor previous to that time, while in West Virginia. Thus really in the last two weeks of this Christmas time, after the special plea was made for all hands to take hold and make a Christmas offering that would wipe out every dollar of indebtedness, just five dollars has been given especially for the debt. Of course this shows that somebody cares. But really, friends, is the showing good enough to be real cheering and helpful to your board? Is the response strong enough to inspire the readers of the RECORDER in the churches and fill their hearts with enthusiasm for the cause we love?

To be sure, there is yet another day before Christmas morning, and we do not know how many encouraging gifts may be made in that time. We hope for many. In view of the fact that there is no other way to meet this debt, why is it not best to meet it now and stop paying interest. What more can be said to help the work along?

"Good-by—Come In."

By some mishap we let the little poem on the cover, by our friend E. W. Black of North Loup, Neb., go to our readers without giving the author's name. Since the first stanza bids the old year good-by, and the second bids the new one come in, it is just as appropriate this week as it was last, so we give it again.

May all RECORDER readers welcome the New Year in the spirit of its last stanza. Trusting God to guide, and doing our best to work in harmony with him, we have nothing to fear. The SABBATH RECORDER wishes its readers a Happy New Year.

General Sickles' Family to His Rescue.

For some time Gen. Daniel E. Sickles has again been in financial distress. This time it is due to a shortage of some \$28,000 belonging to the New York State Monuments Commission, which the General held in trust as chairman. His son claims that his father lost heavily in Wall Street. As the commission was about to bring suit, General Sickles' rejected wife and his son Vincent again came to the rescue. Vincent paid part and promised the rest as soon as it could come from Spain, where it is said Mrs. Sickles holds considerable property.

It is sad to think of this old war hero spending his last years under such a cloud. The saddest of all is that he can not live with his wife who seems so devoted to him.

The President Off for Colon.

On December 21 President Taft sailed from Key West on board the battleship *Arkansas*, for the Panama Canal zone. Mrs. Taft was with the presidential party. It is the President's purpose to spend Christmas in Panama and get back to Key West on December 29. His mission is to investigate conditions in the Canal zone, to determine whether the time has come for establishing civil government there. In case conditions are favorable, the order for the immediate setting up of civil government will be given.

It is thought that Col. George W. Goethals, the canal builder, will be appointed governor if he will accept the position.

Mrs. Russell Sage rode to the Arsenal in Central Park, New York, a few days before Christmas and delivered to the park commissioner a box tied with ribbon, saying, "My annual gift to the park employes." The box contained 327 envelopes, each of which held a five-dollar gold piece for the one whose name was written on the outside. Mrs. Sage gives these to every employe of the city in Central Park who receives \$2 a day or less.

John D. Rockefeller Jr. has given \$20,000 to the Curran Committee for investigating the charges of maladministration and corruption in police circles of New York. He also promised \$10,000 more for the same purpose if it is needed

to make the investigation thorough and complete.

President Taft has pardoned Captain Van Schaick, who commanded the *General Slocum* in 1904 when she caught fire and 1,031 people perished.

In South Cheyenne Street, Tulsa, Okla., stands a large tree known as the Creek Council Tree. When the ordinance to pave the streets was passed, it was proposed to remove the tree, but public sentiment ran high in favor of its preservation as a historic relic, and it was saved.

Tradition says that when the Creeks came to Oklahoma they brought the ashes of the Cherokees from the old council ground in Georgia and buried them under this tree, and here the first important meetings of the tribe were held.

The commission in charge of the work started by the Rockefeller fund to devise means for the eradication of the hookworm in the mountains of Kentucky has reported that in some schools every pupil is suffering from the disease. In Breathitt County out of 1,785 persons examined 1,263 were found to be affected. It is estimated that, at the rate found so far, there must be in the mountain counties of that State no less than 20,000 cases.

The United States Steel Trust employs 200,000 men. According to published statements this corporation pays annually, over and above the amount paid for salaries and wages, the sum of \$5,450,000 for what is called welfare work, for which it receives no financial returns. This money goes to increase safety appliances to prevent injuries by machinery, to care for the superannuated by pensions, and to aid the men and their families when accidents do occur. Aid is given for sanitation in homes and mines, for baths and playgrounds for children, and other things "to improve the condition of the workmen."

Gen. Domingo Diaz, who was instrumental in the acquisition of Panama by the United States, died of pneumonia at the Hotel Endicott, New York, on December 23, and his body was not identified until it reached the undertaker's office. He had been traveling from Paris to Panama stricken with the fatal disease and died without revealing his identity.

The horrors of the traffic in girls now being revealed in the graft investigations concerning police bribery in New York are enough to make one's heart stand still. Thousands of dollars, according to the witnesses, are given to the police every month, in certain sections, to buy their friendship so the white slave trade can thrive. It is to be hoped that justice will overtake these high-handed criminals and place them where they can do no more harm.

Two summers ago Miss Esther Sleight, a poor girl living in Kingston, N. Y., was employed as a maid in an Atlantic City Hotel. While there she met a wealthy widow from Vancouver, Mrs. Charles Vandewater, a guest in the same hotel, and won her friendship. The young lady heard but little of the woman after they left Atlantic City. The other day, while working in a cigar factory to help support the family, she received a letter from Vancouver announcing the death of Mrs. Vandewater and informing her that she had been made heir to the entire fortune of \$7,000,000.

When asked by the immigration inspectors how much money he had with him, a Russian immigrant immediately pulled from his pockets \$7,000 in cash, a check for \$2,800, and \$40,000 in securities—\$49,800 in all. He is a farmer, and was bound to the home of his daughter in South Dakota. His wife and six children were with him.

Zigzags No. 4.

REV. GEO. W. HILLS.

By a zigzag trail we reached Nortonville, Kan., our old home and pastorate for twelve pleasant years. As pastor we watched the children grow to maturity; baptized many and welcomed them into the church; married many; tried to comfort the sick and dying; and stood by the open grave with not a few, as the remains of loved ones were consigned to the embrace of old mother earth, while we entered into their sufferings and shared in their sorrows. How can a pastor avoid being attached to his people by ties stronger than the ordinary bonds of affection?

Our stay at the old home continued four days, in which we tried to see all the dear

faces. We preached three times, made fifty-three calls, and to help the matter along the good people gave a reception at the church on the night before we resumed our journey. Those faces wore the unmistakable expressions of welcome, the hand-clasps gave the grip of genuine friendship, and our stay was a period of continuous enjoyment from first to last, marred only by the great regret that our old-time friend of college days, Pastor Kelly, was absent holding meetings at Garwin, Iowa.

Today we are again out on the plains, our native element. We are at home on that great stretch of undulating country that the geographies of our boyhood days called "the great American desert." If it was desert then, it is not now. The desert has been made to blossom like the rose. The productive farms, sleek cattle, commodious farm buildings of Kansas and Nebraska, through which we are passing on the old reliable Burlington Railroad, show great thrift and prosperity.

The sun is setting. Sunset on the plains is a glorious sight. The sky-line in the west is tinted with gold and fire in many hues, which shimmer up against the blue sky and floating clouds, reaching to the zenith, and glisten across the snow-crested billows of the plains.

Twilight soon passes and darkness mantles the earth; but only for a brief time; for the great smiling moon shows her cheerful face above the eastern sky-line. Have you ever studied and admired the "moon-path" on the sea? If you have you can judge something of the beautiful moon-rise on the snow-coated plains. There is not a breath of wind, but the oxygen-laden air is invigorating, and just cold enough for real comfort.

Dear ones left behind in another State, and many friends in several States, people our mind for a time, until drowsiness and the ebony porter come, and soon "lower 9" is prepared and occupied by your scribe. Good night.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands God's ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart."

Death only this mysterious truth unfolds—
The mighty soul how small a body holds.

—Juvenal.

SABBATH REFORM

Danger Ahead!

Reader, we may well apprehend danger to our liberties, and disturbances of our peace and happiness, if national reformers succeed in their object to change our form of government, to nationalize religion, and to enforce religious institutions upon a free people. They have said that once committed to "the moral laws," and "God's authority behind it," government must lay its hands on any religion that does not conform to it; "that by external force of sheriffs" they propose to "arrest and punish all violators of the law of God" (as interpreted by them); "that they want church and state, and are going to have it;" in short, national reform proposes to gain control of the civic, and in the realm of political law and force, dominate and direct the powers of the state. It aims to set up a national religion, and to compel the citizens to conform to that religion. And in no other way can national reform, and its allied organizations, be at all understood.

In this enlightened age, with the awful lessons of the past before us, with all the splendid principles of our free government everywhere emblazoned, it is passing strange that professed followers of Christ are once more calling for the secular power of the state to further their ends. Yet such is true, and we can only account for it by the fact that human nature is ever the same.—John S. Wightman.

All Busy When Wanted.

A few Sundays ago a farmer drove over to the county attorney's home and demanded the arrest of a neighbor's threshing crew that was "violating the Sabbath." The county attorney was busy pulling weeds in his garden and suggested that the complaint go before the justice of the peace in his own township, but he was informed the justice was out fixing his windmill. He was then asked to telephone the sheriff and have him attend to the matter, but he was busy loading cattle at the stock-

yards. The farmer was exasperated and resolved to saddle a horse and go for a constable, but his good wife, who was busy canning fruit, informed him that the boys had driven the horses to the village, where the boys were in the line-up for a ball game, and that the girls had gone to a picnic.—Ellsworth (Kan.) Messenger.

Some Things That Undermine Faith.

We hear much in these days about the things that tend to undermine faith in the precepts and doctrines of the Christian religion. I suppose there are those who can cling to their faith through thick and thin; who can stand undisturbed and unshaken, no matter how many skeptics there may be or by how many inconsistent professors they are surrounded. But such believers are few when compared with the number whose faith is shaken, whose fears and misgivings are aroused and strengthened, by glaring inconsistencies between the profession and the life of Christian leaders.

I do not speak now of the effects produced by conspicuous and outrageous sins, when professors fall from grace and bring reproach upon the cause of Christ. But I do refer to cases where Christian people, otherwise all but faultless, claim the Bible as the only rule of life, and then persistently strive to find excuses, however illogical, for violating the plainest teaching in it. This is a thing that staggers me in regard to Christianity more than all the theories and philosophies of critics and infidels combined.

We see men claiming to have experienced the new birth, and to enjoy the special favor of God because they believe in the Bible, which they say is God's word, binding upon all men; and yet every week they live they violate one of the fundamental laws which Christ himself always observed. They deliberately turn away from the Sabbath, and that, too, while they admit that it is the Bible Sabbath, and observe in its place a heathen festival day for which they can find no authority in the Book of God! Then when reminded of their error, they use arguments of which they would be ashamed if used in other matters, by which to excuse their action.

I insist that these things—these glaring discrepancies between the practice of Chris-

tians and the teachings of the very Book upon which all our hopes are built, have more than once shaken my faith in human professions, and brought shadows to my soul. And what is true in my case must be so in the case of others. Whenever men fail to practice what they preach regarding the Bible, it is inevitable that those who have not yielded allegiance to its claims will discount its value. Every one whose life is transformed and made better by consistent obedience to the word of God becomes one of the best commentaries upon that Book; and by the very consistency of his life with its teachings he commends it to others, and so disarms its enemies. But what must be the effect upon its enemies if the best of men, professing to be made good by obedience to its precepts, shall constantly violate its plainest law?

Every intelligent sinner in Christendom, if he knows much about his Bible and stops to think, must know that all the pretensions about Lord's day or Sunday as the Sabbath have no ground or authority in the Bible. He must also feel in his heart of hearts that the one making these claims for Sunday does not himself believe the Bible teaches that the first day of the week is the Sabbath. The effect can not fail to be disheartening when one hears certain leaders say, "I believe the Bible from Genesis to Revelation," even insisting that all God's commandments are perpetual and binding, while in real life they refuse to keep the Bible Sabbath, and even go so far as to claim they are enforcing the fourth commandment by making civil laws to compel men to keep Sunday! What wonder that the world is full of skeptical men who look askance at our religion as exhibited by those claiming the Bible as their guide! It is not strange that so many have misgivings either regarding the profession of Christians, or regarding the guide they claim to follow.

There lies before me a letter written by one convert to the Bible Sabbath and addressed to another who embraced it some years ago. The writer speaks of several discussions with a minister who keeps Sunday instead of Sabbath and whose chief arguments for Sunday were: "The day doesn't matter, so long as all are agreed to observe it in peace and for the sake of harmony. Sunday is universally observed

and is sustained by the laws of the land; so it is too late to change it for the Sabbath now."

When asked to give Bible proof for his assertion that the Sabbath was abrogated by Christ and Sunday placed in its stead, this minister did not try to show such proof! He claimed no authority but the traditions of men, and so set God's word aside. He pleaded the "majority" plea for the sake of peace! I suppose it would be consistent for such a man, if his lot were cast among the Turks, to make the same plea for Friday, and for the sake of peace, to give up Christ for Mahomet.

If the pastor be such, what must his people be? Indeed, I must insist that many of the things that tend to undermine faith in the Bible and to overthrow the religion of the Bible are found in the church itself rather than among its critics. If the professed church of Christ would immediately accept whole-heartedly, and faithfully practice, the precepts of God's law as found in the Book of books, I believe this generation would see the greatest reformation the world has ever known.

Alchemy of Imagination.

Jacob A. Riis was discussing in New York his experiences as a police reporter.

"They were intense experiences," he said. "The pathetic ones had, indeed, such an intensity that they couldn't be used in literature—they'd seem overdrawn.

"For example, one cold and dreary Thanksgiving evening, as I passed a famous restaurant, I saw a little urchin standing before the area. Through the area gratings the kitchen brilliantly illuminated, could be seen. The cook, in his white dress, basted a half dozen great brown birds.

"Hi, Timmy!" the urchin cried, and a second youngster turned toward him.

"Hi, Timmy! Come an' eat yer crust in the smell from this here kitchen. It makes it taste just like roast turkey."—*Exchange.*

Public instruction should be the first object of government.—*Napoleon.*

Education is our only political safety.—*Horace Mann.*

THOUGHTS FROM THE FIELD

An aged brother in the West writes:

"I like this new feature of stopping delinquents rather than carrying them along from year to year at the expense of the publishing house. It seems too bad that so many families are without the RECORDER. This is not confined to the poorer ones of society. Families in good circumstances are frequently found without it in their homes. If such could be shown that they are the losers in the matter—not in dollars and cents, but in spirituality—it might arouse them from the indifference that holds them.

"We could not think of doing without the RECORDER in the home. We would that every Seventh-day Baptist might feel that way, and so be willing to help sustain the interests we hold dear."

Another says, in substance:

"I have just read your editorial about being obliged to drop so many from the RECORDER list. May it not be for the best? In the main I am sure it is, judging by the delinquents I know around here and in other places.

"As a rule where they do not pay, they do not read it; hence it does them no good, but only makes so much extra work and cost for nothing. Some of my members tell me they did not read it and that they are sorry it was not stopped when it came into arrears.

"Any faithful readers who may have been dropped will now be more likely to pay up and resubscribe than if the paper had been continued as before. I am glad the law compelled the dropping of such names. One year's indebtedness is enough. If agents could be given the names in their communities which had to be dropped, they might be able to persuade some of them to start anew."

"My being several hundred miles from any one who fashions his life according to the teaching of the Scriptures regarding the Sabbath makes the SABBATH RECORDER a welcome visitor to me. I certainly enjoy the Sabbath Reform department. It

is fine! May our Lord and Saviour keep and strengthen you that you may teach this truth as he would have it taught."

Lone, Yet Not Alone.

EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER:

I herewith enclose my thoughts of today. It may be they will help others. Do with them as seems best. I am very grateful for your attention to a lone Sabbath-keeper, who is not quite alone. I can not do much, but what I can do I do willingly. I have been in a lonely camp for a long while, but the Lord has been with me and I have been led, I trust, by the Holy Spirit in the right direction.

"O'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise."

and thus I go on simply trusting, working, watching, waiting, warning.

Some day the pearly gates will open, and I shall see Him face to face and dwell forever with the Lord.

Better put me on the lone Sabbath-keepers' list, so that all can pray for me, and I for them, and you for us all, that we may be kept till the end. Once I thought I was another Elijah, all alone, but there are many prophets yet in Israel.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. BRAMLEY.

Bath, N. B.,

Dec. 1, 1912.

EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER:

In looking over a copy of the RECORDER of October 14, 1912, I came across an article on page 484, headed "A Sabbath Morning in Alfred," which brought forth a flood of memories, some very pleasant and some sad: pleasant because my childhood and youth were centered in and around the church on the hill, spoken of in the article; sad because I have had to isolate myself in far-off Oregon on account of my health, and have lost nearly all trace of friends and relatives at Alfred and vicinity.

I also saw a letter from Elder Van Horn of Dodge Center, Minn., in the RECORDER of October 21, "boosting" Dodge Center, and the thought came to my mind that Seventh-day Baptists were overlooking the chances to establish colonies that so often arise.

So I am going to do what every isolated

Seventh-day Baptist ought to do, if it can be done consistently, and that is, write of the conditions in my own locality, that our people who are seeking a change may be helped to change for the better instead of losing what they have and being obliged to go back to the old home to get a new start. Eastern Oregon comprises all that part of the State east of the Cascade Mountains. It is a semi-arid country, rough and mountainous. It is pretty well watered by springs and mountain streams. Tillable land averages about one fourth of the area. The bencke lands, that can not be irrigated at present for lack of reservoirs and high-line ditches, produce excellent crops of grain under the dry-farming process. There are 1,000,000 acres of such land open to the enlarged homesteads of 320 acres each.

In three years' time there will be the Eastern Oregon Railroad, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Chicago and Northwestern; and the Great Northern will have entered or built across this great country. Two of these roads are under construction. The Eastern Oregon, a Harriman line, will come within fifteen miles of Drewsey. A branch line will go up this valley to the Blue Mountain timber belt.

My father, the late Wells N. Burdick, used to say that the country around Alfred would produce more in three months than any other place in the world. But it can not compare with the land here that is under irrigation. This country produced 200 sacks or about 300 bushels of potatoes an acre this year. Grain made big yields, some fields of oats going as high as 110 bushels an acre. The elevation here is 3,500 feet above sea-level; the climate is fine and healthful. People came here for lung trouble, as I did, and get well as I have. Deeded land sells for from \$20 to \$75 an acre with water rights.

The churches are very few in this interior country, and there would be an excellent chance to establish a colony here and there by a church. The Catholic people are just finishing up here at Drewsey a fine church building, 25 by 41 feet. Any one interested who hears of a demonstration train of the hill lines will do well to go and see it, for it will contain produce, some of which was raised in this valley.

If you write me for further information,

please enclose stamp for reply, which will be cheerfully given.

J. WILLARD BURDICK.
Drewsey, Harney Co., Ore.,
P. O. Box 23.

Letter From Texas.

DEAR ELDER GARDINER:

On November 19 Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Green and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Green, and the "Bell-ringer" and wife (Conference, 1912) left North Loup, Neb., for Texas. We traveled together until we reached Granger, Tex., when Brother Williams and wife side-stepped for San Antonio—the rest for Port Lavaca via Houston, which we reached Friday just before sundown.

This town, which is old in years, has about 2,000 inhabitants, and so far as rapid growth is concerned, has not kept up with some of the Texas towns. Nevertheless it has made some first-class improvements: a fine three-story brick schoolhouse, a nice courthouse, several business buildings, two banks, two hotels, and many stores. This is the home of Brother D. S. Allen of oyster knife fame and, so some have told me, a man with more friends than any other in Port Lavaca.

This is a large fish and oyster market and a great cotton market. There are three cotton gins, an ice and electric light plant located here. There are a great many boats of various sizes, that belong here, engaged in the fish and oyster business.

The farms have doubled in value since my first visit, four years ago. Now prices are from \$100 upward. The land is mostly black, waxy, and very rich. One peculiarity of this country is, all kinds of timber and shrubs have thorns. Farmers say this has been the best year ever. Some raised 19 bales from 20 acres; corn about 40 to 70 bushels an acre; potatoes, 100 bushels; sweet potatoes even more.

We expect to go to Corpus Christi soon after Christmas. Oh, yes, one light frost, but yet lots of the finest roses we snow-diggers ever saw. Various kinds of vegetables are in the market. We had turnips yesterday for dinner.

Kindly yours,

H. S. DAVIS,
Conference Bell-ringer.

Port Lavaca, Texas, Dec. 8, 1912.

CONFERENCE, 1912

The Problem of Education.

Abstract of sermon delivered before the Education Society by Pres. William C. Daland.

Text: "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—I Thess. v, 23.

President Daland said in substance:

In these words is set forth the comprehensive ideal of human life held by the great apostle to the Gentiles. A myriad-minded man such as he, in whom all the richness of three civilizations were blended could have no less broad a conception of an ideal life than this, one whose whole nature, spirit and soul and body, is kept spotless forever.

The problems of education are many, but the problem of education is one. It is the problem of life. Till the question of how to live is settled, the question of education will be a debatable one. Education is the process by which the people of one generation, in any state of civilization, seek to fit their children, the people of the next generation, to live better than they themselves have lived. This is true in any essentially civilized nation, that is, in a nation that is in the least degree progressive.

This being the case, the single problem of life is seen to be divided into two parts or elementary problems. The lower or more primitive is how to live at all; the higher or more developed is how to live well. These two elements are present, though not always consciously so, in every view of the vast problem of human life.

The elementary problem of living is simple, though not easy. It is to find out how to prolong and preserve our life on this planet, how to exist as human beings, fulfilling our natural destiny. The primitive man solves this problem in part when he sees one of his fellows eat a poisonous berry and die, as well as when he eats nutritious fruit or nuts and grows thereby. He makes a bow and arrows or a spear,

to kill animals for food and clothing, as well as to defend himself against his foes, who seek to shorten his life. Then he teaches his child the difference between poison and food and instructs him in the use of weapons. This becomes his education. We do much as does the primitive man, except that we make antitoxin and tuberculin, as well as Maxim guns and battleships. We teach our children chemistry, sanitation, and mechanic arts. And all this is to help them live. For many, life itself is but a vain hope. The struggles of the poor, the frantic efforts of the weak and the sick, the despair of the incompetent,—all testify to the constant presence of this vast elemental problem, still unsolved, *How to make sure to live*. Till it is solved, education will be a moot question.

But the higher element of this problem, though secondary, is more complex, *How to live well*. This phase of the problem requires leisure for its solution. When men are too busy about how to live at all, they can not think about how to live well. If you talk to a poor woman, vainly trying to support herself and her children by the few cents a day that are all she can earn with her needle, it will be difficult to interest her in ways and means of living better. Sanitary improvements, refined cleanliness, culture of the mind, religion,—all in her view are secondary to the sterner and more present problem of living. Tell her, in the words of St. Paul, of the value of preserving her "soul and body blameless," and she will say, "I have too much to do keeping soul and body together to think about improving them."

But nevertheless this higher part of the problem is of the greater moment. Our life is not "length of days." Jesus of Nazareth with his thirty-three years, not Methuselah with his nine hundred and sixty-nine, is the "Lord of Life." "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." We are to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, not meat and drink and "the prolongation of the existence of the hu-

man organism." Our life is intensive, not extensive.

But living well is not easily conceived, as it is not easily achieved. The race has blundered on and on. More than one Cain has experimented, assuming that in order to live well he must first get the other fellow out of the way. There are now many such who do not use the rock or the bludgeon. Many a Jabal thinks that to live well is to amass wealth. Some follow this theory in practice, though they scorn it as false to truth. Better are the Jubals who think that to live well is to make music and poetry to lighten the somberness of this transitory life. Millions of Tubal Cains go on manufacturing tools and weapons, printing-presses, bridges, automobiles, and airships. Now and then a Lamech fancies that if one wife is good (or the reverse) another will be better. There are as many notions of what is the desirable life as there are souls with appetites and desires.

The earliest widespread ideal of living well was that of a full physical life, having the life of the soul and of the spirit associated therewith to make the physical life more nearly perfect. This was the ideal of the Greeks. The best man is the perfect physical being. This ideal is still maintained, in our schools of physical training and in our athletics. Then came the ideal of the middle age, which was that of living as benefits one's noble descent. This is the ideal of the English universities. Then came the ideal of pure knowledge and learning, in the centuries following the renaissance. The ideal man is the one who knows the most, regardless of his family or of his physique. This is the ideal of the German universities. But last of all comes the best modern view, slowly emerging, that the ideal man is the man of character, or moral and spiritual culture. This is the ideal of the American college. It is the ideal also of Christian manhood. It is the ideal of the great Master, at once new and old. Of course, when in former days, or at the present, any or all of these views have been held, the primitive elemental aim of making a living is more or less blended with these higher ideals of living well. But let us first teach our children to live well, to be strong and healthy, to be proud of their good name, to increase in wisdom and

knowledge, and above all to be men and women of character, to seek first the life of the eternal world. Let us then give them our blessing, and they will find a "way to live," and to live long enough to thank us that we have inspired them to *live nobly* rather than to *make a living*.

The problem, therefore, of education in general is to attain a just blending of what we call vocational, cultural, and religious training, just as with St. Paul the end sought was the blameless preservation of spirit, soul, and body. The order in which the apostle mentions these elements is significant of his valuation of them. He puts religion first, culture second, and making a living third. This order is logical and biblical; it is also practical, if faith in God is to count for anything.

Our pioneer forefathers had great respect for St. Paul. They founded schools and colleges in which religion and culture were dominant. The vocational problem was met and solved outside the school.

With the growth of our state systems of education religion has been eliminated from schools, and is only preserved in our colleges in a sympathetic atmosphere created by the personality and life of the members of those institutions. The Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teaching has given religion in the college its death-blow.

While the culture of the soul has remained always present in all our institutions as a prime element, the most marked change that has come over our schools and colleges is the introduction of vocational studies, until now the end of education in the minds of all our young people and the most of their parents is preparation for a calling or the making of a living. The high schools are dominated by this tendency. Here in the West the state universities are compelled to accept the preparation offered by the high schools. The colleges have to follow the leading of the universities and thus the difficulty of maintaining a just balance is accentuated.

In earlier days the home afforded a means of offsetting the one-sided nature of the school. In the home the boy learned his Bible and the use of tools, as well as literature and history; in the home the girl learned to cook and to sew and was made familiar with good English writers. Now

all is left to the school. The result is that our young people do not know their Bibles at all, and all the literature and history they know they get at second hand from text-books. Manual training and domestic science have to be crowded into the school course, making the sacrifice of some other studies an absolute necessity.

The result in general is a complete reversal of the true valuation of the three divisions indicated. For since parents leave all the work of education to the school, and since the legislators and state departments of education consist of men who are dominated by the value of a dollar rather than of a human soul, the younger people of our day think that vocational training comes first, cultural training second, and spiritual training third in importance. We are all more or less affected by this perversion of truth.

President Daland then told the story of the healing of the deadly pottage by Elisha as recorded in the fourth chapter of the second book of Kings, which he used as a parable to show that education should be under the guidance of spiritual men and under religious influences, that religion is the remedy for the errors of undue secularization of education, and that it is the duty of our people to bring the first-fruits of their increase to the support of our schools.

President Daland closed by impressing upon the audience the excellence of all our schools. In no other institutions, he said, is to be found a juster or more nearly ideal blending of the necessary elements of a true education. In no institutions is the care for the welfare of our young people more truly committed to men of God. Nowhere are the life and the surroundings of the students so nearly what we desire for their moral and religious development. Nor are the affairs of any institution in the land administered with greater economy and efficiency, when the ends sought and attained in our schools are considered. To our young people I say, Seek not the wild gourds, but come to the humble but nourishing fare that we offer you. To those who have money to bestow for worthy purposes, I say, Bring your first-fruits that the needed support of our excellent schools may be given at this important crisis in their history.

A Study in the Gospel of John.

REV. T. J. VAN HORN.

(Resumed from the study in the issue of December 2, page 751.)

PART V (concluded).

III. Jesus' Heart of Love Revealed in His Prayer of Intercession for Us All.

There were three apartments in the structure of the main temple in ancient Jerusalem,—the area of the altar of burnt offering, the holy place and The Holy of Holies. Very jealously was this last named place guarded.

No one but the chief priest might enter there, and the law was that he could go within this sacred shrine only once a year.

I have thought of what has gone before in our study as corresponding to the first two apartments in the Jewish temple. But it is the Holy of Holies to which we now come. Jesus the Great High Priest has entered and is making once for all his prayer of intercession. It is our sacred privilege to listen and reverently study the inmost heart of Jesus.

Studying as we are this Gospel in harmony with its stated purpose (xx, 31) we can not fail to mark some utterances in this pouring out of the soul of Jesus in intercession. You may expect the prevailing current of a man's thinking to show itself when he engages in earnest prayer. There are emotional elements in this prayer of Jesus, but it is the joy of a task gloriously completed. Whatever a superficial reading may suggest, the student will discover the great sub-processes in the soul of Jesus in a number of verses in different parts of this chapter. Find the verses that show how the mind of Jesus is holding steadily to the ultimate end of his coming into the world.

Example, vs. 2, 8, etc. There are a number of others. "Jesus knew his hour had come that he should depart out of this world" (xiii, 1. v. 11). There is evident joy in the thought (v. 1). But what about the disciples who must be left to complete the work?—"As thou hast sent me into the world, even so send I them into the world" (v. 18).

The hatred of the world that confronted him they must meet (v. 14). The dangers that they must encounter seem to weigh upon his soul (v. 15).

Up to their present capacity they have been prepared by his teaching and his example for this glorious yet difficult work. And he leaves them rich in a vital belief in him as having come from God (v. 8). But the divine protection and watch-care must be continued. Only thus will they be equal to the task. So we hear him in earnest intercession to his father,—“I pray for them” (v. 9).

Notice some definite things he asks for them that they may be fully prepared for their task.

UNITY OF PURPOSE.

Verses 11 (last part), 21, 22, 23. Give illustrations of great enterprises being carried to completion by the united effort of many. The enterprise of redemption has difficulties infinitely more and greater than any other. How much more, then, the need of unity on the part of the workers here.

What is being done, and what may we do, that this great essential to successful Christian work may be realized, and the yearning heart of the Christ be satisfied?

He indicates

JOY AS A PROXIMATE END.

Verse 13. Look up the references in this Gospel alone to learn the importance Jesus attaches to this quality. For other proofs find many passages in other portions of the Bible, using the concordance under the subject.

He pleads for their

PRESERVATION FROM EVIL.

Verses 15, 19. To be pure in a world of lust and uncleanness, to be in the world and yet not of the world, is to be so charged with the spirit of holiness as to walk in the midst of impurity without defilement, is the problem which Jesus solved. The work he left his followers to do can be done only as they walk in the same way he has cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to travel on.

Notice, first, that one source of the world's hatred of the disciples is the distinctive mark of separateness from defilement (v. 14); second, the means of sanctification: The word (v. 17); The example of Jesus (v. 19).

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER MEDITATION.

I. The basis of the joy so evident in

this last conversation of Jesus with his disciples and in his holy converse with his father.

a. Victorious himself in his task, the assurance of victory for his disciples. They were to tread the same thorny pathway, but they were to be of good cheer from his emphatic statement, “I have overcome the world” (xvi, 33).

b. Then as he turns to the inner sanctuary of prayer to his Father, it is the joy of victory in a completed task,—“I have glorified thee on the earth, having accomplished the work which thou gavest me to do” (v. 4).

c. Notice the infinite longing twice expressed (vs. 1 and 5) for home and the glory of his Father's presence. The homing instinct of all humanity is thus voiced from the soul of the Son of Man, as with finished work he turns his face toward his heavenly home.

Intimate indeed must have been the fellowship of John with his Lord. Profoundly must he have listened to the very heart-throbs of Christ during that supper hour. Does it not seem that the words of this prayer inspired the resolute purpose of John to write this book? Jesus' revelation of himself to the disciples had drawn them into a vital faith in himself. John believed that this book should bring men to accept Jesus as the Son of God.

(To be continued.)

Making a Monument.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts of those you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Thomas Chalmers, D. D.*

Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected. Revere a teacher even more than your father. A scholar is greater than a prophet.—*Jewish Sayings.*

MISSIONS

Letter From Africa.

Rev. Edwin Shaw.

DEAR BROTHER:—Am glad to let you know how happy and thankful we are to you dear friends—the Seventh-day U. S. Americans. We, the Seventh-day Baptist Nyasas, are very much indebted to the American Sabbath Tract Society and the Seventh-day Missionary Society for deciding to send two men from America to visit the Sabbath-keepers in Africa to cheer and instruct us as to what you are in America, and to learn about us in Africa.

You wrote me that I should go down to Blantyre or some other place to meet the two men. You also wrote me to make an arrangement by writing to Rev. William L. Burdick at Cape Town and at Chinde too, as to where I was to meet them and as to how they were to find me.

Now, I did carry on all these requests to communicate with Brothers Burdick and Moore at the appointed place, and to meet them at Blantyre, or some other place to be agreed upon, to be their helper in Nyasaland. I started from Chipata for that purpose; but before starting I wrote two letters, one at Cape Town and another at Chinde as was arranged.

After reaching Bandawe I was told that Brother Chihayi had taken my place to meet the two men from America. I did not trust to what I was told, and I waited at Bandawe for the steamer, and after a week one of the Seventh-day preachers told me that they had a conference at Sanga and arranged to send Brother Chihayi to go down to Blantyre to meet the two delegates, and at the same time gave him a fare of 7s 6d for his trip. I asked the preacher if they did not know of my appointment; he told me they knew all about it, but that it was said I was far away and therefore somebody was requested to fill in my place. This made me to withdraw myself and return back to Ngoniland to attend to my own business until the brothers came (arrived). I don't know whether this preacher could form some lies out of his head and cheat me thus. If

that is the case then his conscience must have been dead—then the man can not qualify himself to be useful in this world. It seems to me the preacher spoke truth—there must have been some meeting held somewhere at Sanga and arranged to send Brother Gilbert Chihayi to go to meet the men from America. I was awfully sorry to hear from Professor Wilcox that I did not care anything of them, and I told him all these facts which caused me to be at my place rather than going to meet them somewhere between Fort Johnston and Blantyre.

You people in America do not know our manners and behaviors, neither do you know what kind of people we are, nor can you try to reconcile us and be in unity. Why? You are far off from us. Too much evil jealousies cause too much evil confusions among us, the natives of Nyasaland; this seems to me is the reason made Brother Booth stop every one of us to write directly to you, but that correspondence should be carried on through him. I was the one to obey his orders. Had he behaved himself more wiser in using the means, the whole thing would have come to its unity. However, the Unseen One knows all things that we his sons do and he being our Father prepares a way—a much better than we think of.

Regarding the two brothers, Professor Wayland Wilcox and N. O. Moore, they arrived in Nyasaland safely. I, as a member of Nyasaland Seventh-day, do show my thankfulness to the two societies in sending the two men to come and investigate Nyasa Sabbatarians. I also thank God for fulfilling the plan of sending them here.

Prof. Wayland D. Wilcox and Mr. Olney Moore entered Nyasaland very wisely. Though I have not seen Moore, still I saw him through Wilcox. We were very much encouraged because of them; they deserve a great deal of honor. I praise them for answering the questions asked by the fellow natives in the wisest way. They explained the whole doctrine regarding the Sabbath of God given to man; the baptism and so on. They really came for our people, whether half educated or uneducated; whether Christian or non-Christian; evangelist or mere believer; great and small. Their faces beamed as the full moon when it shows out its full light, and our African children play happily under its full light.

after they are sufficed. Mr. Wilcox has a name given to him by the natives of Nyasaland—he is *Mseka-Na-Wana*, and it means, The Smiler-together-with-the-children, or more rather the word should mean, The Laughter-with-the-children; one who laughs or smiles when he sees the Wana, meaning children. The name itself given by us the natives shows the good humor of the person than an angry man.

Brothers Wilcox and Moore have left Nyasaland for, or in, their homeward trip. We are still remembering them in our prayers before that loving Father. We are hoping they will give a good and splendid report, and will then resemble or behave like Joshua and Caleb who, after investigating that promised land, came to the camp and encouraged the Israelites to go and possess the given land. Now, Nyasaland is a land of milk and honey, and if you would arrange for it the Jericho and the rest will be defeated and destructed. There are the tall children of Anak in Nyasaland country (the tall children of Anak means the inclinations of fellow natives in wishing the money, not for "Give and it shall be given you," but for self-satisfaction), and these can not make the U. S. A. friends to withdraw and turn tail.

However, we hope the whole thing will stand erect in the sight of the two boards.

I am,

Sincerely your brother in Christ,

CHARLES DOMINGO.

P. S.—Kindly please, dear Reverend, send me some almanacs for 1913, and also some writing papers and some envelopes. The ones sent by Brother Booth in a case of school materials are finishing.

C. D.

Chipata, Mzimba P. O., Nyasaland,
Sept. 25, 1912.

Household Gods.

The baby takes to her bed at night
A one-eyed rabbit that once was white;
A watch that came from a cracker, I think;
And a lidless inkpot that never held ink.
And the secret is locked in her tiny breast
Of why she loves these and leaves the rest.

And I give a loving glance as I go
To three brass pots on a shelf in a row,
To my grandfather's grandfather's loving-cup
And a bandy-legged chair I once picked up.
And I can't, for the life of me, make you see
Why just these things are a part of me!

—J. H. Macnair, in *London Spectator*.

The Redeeming Power of Friendship.

It had been my unfortunate fate to do more talking than to do good in the world. I am, however, a thorough believer in what is known as the evangelism of personal contact. It seems to me that the efforts now used look too much toward moving humanity as a mass. If I have ever done any good in my life, it has been by first making myself a friend of some individual man, associating with him, and convincing him, not of the perfection of my own life but of my desire to do the right thing. Then, if I convinced him that my motives were right, however faulty my conduct might be, I was in a position to say to him that something more than morality is needful.

It does not do much good to sweep a house and leave it tenantless; it does not do much good to arouse remorse and regret in a man's soul and straightway leave him to his own devices. All public orators, myself included, will shriek enough about reform. In a way, reform is a good thing, but you and I know that regeneration is the needful thing. Therefore, cultivate the soil of an individual man's heart, which soil is friendship.

If you and I then have the right sort of faith, a Higher Power than yours or mine will implant in this cultivated soil a seed which will grow up into a new life. Big meetings and fervent speeches are desirable, but what humanity wishes today is the same thing it cried for in old Galilee—a friend. I could say much more, but it would come back to the same thing.—*Thomas R. Marshall, Governor of Indiana.*

A highwayman plunged out upon Whitefield as he rode along on horseback, a sack of money on the horse, money that he had raised for orphan asylums, and the highwayman put his hand on the gold, and Whitefield turned to him and said: "Touch that if you dare; that belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ!" And the ruffian slunk into the forest.—*Exchange.*

If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what he can make you like.—*Charles Kingsley.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

New Year's Thoughts.

Let us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us, all untrod;
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine and mine, O friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend;
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,
To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk gladly, friend;
Perchance some greater good than we have
known
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown
Shall yet return, O friend!

Let us walk humbly, friend;
Slight not the heart's-ease blooming round our
feet;
The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet,
Or lightly gathered, friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend;
We can not tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be overpast;
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work with our might while lasts our little day,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend!

—*Lillian Gray.*

Thirty-ninth Annual Convention National W. C. T. U.

Portland, Oregon, October 19-25, 1912.

MARY DAVIS TOMLINSON.

(Concluded.)

One of the most telling events of the convention was the welcome given by five hundred Loyal Temperance Legioners of Portland and its suburbs. They marched up and down the aisles, singing an L. T. L. song and finally went upon the platform. Twenty little girls in white placed themselves upon the platform, so as to form the white ribbon bow and the letters L. T. L., singing Miss Gordon's welcome song,—

"You are welcome to our city,
In the name of Native Land,
Loyal daughters of our country,
As you labor hand in hand;

Old King Alcohol must tremble,
For he can not long withstand
The W. C. T. U."

Twenty-five children dressed in the costume of foreign countries whose representatives had sent to Miss Gordon these varied costumes next appeared and each one was introduced by Miss Gordon, who told the audience about the work of the L. T. L. in the nations as follows: Bulgaria, Burma, Egypt, England, Japan, Scotland, New Zealand, Uruguay, Germany, Iceland, India, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Chile, Canada, France, Funchal, Madeira and Newfoundland. A boy and girl dressed in Quaker garb—Legioners from Lentz, Ore.—engaged in an argument in song, in regard to cider drinking. The boy finally yielded to the entreaties of the girl and said that he would take the pledge.

The evening after the Sabbath we received welcomes from Governor Oswald West, who related his bitter experiences as a boy in a drunkard's home, declared he was going to enforce law and get even with the business that caused his mother to suffer, and who advocated a state drunkard's home and a law making it a crime for a saloon-keeper to cash a check, etc.; from Mr. Cohen, the substitute for the mayor, who told us of the vice crusade, as they have a vice commission and a society for hygiene; from the women's clubs; from the churches; Anti-Saloon League; Prohibition party; and from the president of Oregon W. C. T. U. Responses were given by the president of the District of Columbia, by Mrs. Holman, president of Tennessee, and Mrs. Irvine of California, national superintendent of Sunday-school work.

Seventy pastors had, through the pulpit committee, invited our women to speak in their churches in the morning and evening services. On Sunday afternoon Rev. Edith Hill Booker gave the annual sermon, from the text, "Who art thou?" "I am a voice" (John i, 22, 23). "Each individual member should be a voice to declare to the people the truth. As to our name, it matters not who knows, or who knows it not, if our Lord will only trust us to be a voice for him. Yours is a voice crooning over the cradle of a precious charge; yours, a voice of intercession in the closet of prayer; yours, giving a message of hope to the prisoner; yours, counseling the soldier to a life of sobriety;

yours, encouraging the members of your union to greater effort in the holy warfare; yours, teaching temperance in day school or Sunday school; yours, bearing the message in hard, unorganized fields; yours, lifted in song for Jesus' sake."

On Sunday evening the convention church was crowded, and an overflow meeting was held in the Methodist church on the opposite corner. Mrs. Edith Smith Davis, our world's and national superintendent of scientific temperance instruction, gave an admirable address on "The Vision the World Needs," an earnest plea for a clear-eyed, clear-brained, clear-souled people, free from the influence of narcotics and alcohol.

Miss Anderson Hughes from New Zealand, one of our white-ribbon missionaries, gave an account of her work. She said: "When I was in Great Britain, I was told that 340 deaths are caused by strong drink every twenty-four hours. I began to think what that meant, but my imagination failed. I recalled a death in the garret of some slum in London city; began to think of a woman I visited on the Southern coast who was dying because of drink; to remember those in the hospitals, in the asylums, in every part of the land, from palace to poverty. In my own mind I multiplied this number day after day, and day after day, and I realized that hundreds of the deaths every year were those of little children. When I reached Liverpool, where the first branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was started, for two weeks I conducted open-air meetings in the streets, standing on the steps of the building of the society. There was not a single night that some policeman during the course of the hour's meeting was not crushing his way through the crowd of people with a little bleeding, or crying, or dying child, and when I went into the building the matron showed me the little beds, pictures of the terrible sights that were to be seen, saying, 'Miss Hughes, go on; press forward and do your work. When you close the bars, we close this house.' In 1910 one thousand little starving children were brought to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Some days ago a lady made this statement to me. You know better than I do whether or not it is true. She said, 'Miss Hughes, of all the boys who grow

up in America one out of every five homes goes into a drunkard's grave.' I say to you tonight that if instead of one out of every five homes, which must represent many thousands in the course of twelve months, if instead of that you only sacrifice one lad in all the United States every twelve months to the liquor traffic, who here is prepared to supply next year's demand for that boy? Where is the parent who will give a child, if it is only one?"

Monday evening we observed World's night. A letter was read from the president of Japan—Madame Yajima—telling of the appreciation by the Japanese of the work of Miss Ruth Davis. Miss Davis went out to Japan four years ago, and is working especially among the children, that they may be trained in scientific temperance truths. A post-card was read by her mother, Mrs. Edith S. Davis: "My boat goes out in the morning, but I am so tired I can not write you a letter tonight. I am just home from the factory girls' night school and my work has been so hard that I am utterly worn out. Please give my love to the women of the National W. C. T. U. Tell them the joy that is in the work here, and thank them for the splendid response they have made to the call for funds for the national W. C. T. U. headquarters in Japan."

A message from Miss Flors Strout of Burma was read by Miss Gordon, and words of loving remembrance were spoken for Miss Elma Grace Gowen of South America, who has passed on since the last convention. Mrs. Ella H. Thacher, our world's and national superintendent of soldiers and sailors, then spoke of her visit to and with the unions in the Madeira islands, southern Europe, India, Burma—where she organized a Loyal Temperance Legion of one hundred pupils—Japan, and the Philippine and Hawaiian islands.

Mrs. Stevens then presented Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of New York W. C. T. U., who said: "The next World's W. C. T. U. is to be held in Brooklyn, N. Y., and all the newspapers are beginning to inquire where and when this great meeting is to be held, and how many nations will be represented, and all the club women are saying this is the greatest thing that has come to New York."

Miss Hughes appeared on the platform followed by twelve young girls dressed in

costumes made of New Zealand flax. She spoke of the work in Australia, while her brother with the aid of the stereopticon threw upon the canvas the faces of leading white ribboners of Australia and gave us some idea of the beautiful scenery of New Zealand. She related a number of incidents to prove that prohibition prohibits, and dwelt upon the work being done in the way of prison reform.

Tuesday afternoon twenty-five of the national superintendents had one hour in which to present their work, and to present their prizes. Mrs. Stella B. Irvine of Riverside, Cal., has for nineteen years been superintendent of the national Bible-school work of the W. C. T. U. There are nearly five hundred different kinds of publications sent out from headquarters annually. During the year 1,300,000 Sunday-school children signed the pledge. Seven important steps since Mrs. Irvine took this department, nineteen years ago, have been taken, namely, temperance teaching in the Sunday school as supplementary work; temperance teaching established through a regular quarterly temperance lesson; demonstration of the value of the quarterly temperance lesson; establishment of world's temperance Sunday in accordance with the plan of the British Sunday-school workers; day fixed and universally-observed; the placing of the quarterly temperance lesson on Temperance Sunday; securing the adoption of the temperance department by the International Sunday School Association and the securing of Bible temperance lessons in the new International series.

Mrs. Edith Smith Davis said: "I consider scientific temperance instruction the most important phase of our work; for through it we are reaching the school children, the men and women of the next generation. The W. C. T. U. succeeded in having passed laws requiring temperance instruction in the public schools. More recently we have been able to put into some of the leading colleges and universities courses teaching the nature and effects of alcohol. These courses have been placed in Yale, Harvard, Leland Stanford, University of Wisconsin and University of Pennsylvania. In the normal and training schools of Pennsylvania three specialists in the subject of scientific temperance are employed in the teaching corps. The writ-

ing of competitive essays on scientific temperance by the public schools of the nation has grown to mammoth proportions. Last year more than 1,000,000 of these essays were submitted. We offer a cash prize of \$100 for the best essay written by a college student; \$50 for the best one submitted by a high school student; and \$30 for the best one sent in by a student in the grades. Doctor Wood of Columbia University says: "This work of scientific temperance is the greatest of any temperance work."

Mrs. Thacher, for the department of soldiers and sailors said in part: "Officers, including the chaplains, gladly welcome our work. The opposition to the Anti-Canteen Bill is being gradually lessened, as it has been found by actual statistics that there has been less drunkenness, illness and disease since the canteen has been abolished. We petitioned Congress to appropriate \$1,000,000 for the post exchange, and the request was granted, but the amount was cut to \$500,000. So far \$3,216,000 has been appropriated for post exchanges, and they are being builded rapidly. We did not take from the soldier anything but the beer hall and the beer. More than 15,000 soldiers have signed our pledge."

I wish that I might tell you more of the work of our devoted superintendents, but must hasten to the organizers—the bravest, the most heroic, self-sacrificing women in all our work. The subject to which they devoted themselves was "Highways and Byways." One of them said: "It is not unusual for an organizer to travel about 2,000 miles during the year, over the mountains and through valleys, organizing, re-organizing, lecturing before schools, and to the public, and then go home to vote." One from the State of Washington spoke of her work on the legal side of the liquor question, as it had been her privilege to help the communities into which she went get rid of their saloons, get evidence against "blind pigs" and white slavery. She is a citizen. Another said she had traveled over 14,500 miles, had worked in seven different States and secured over 1,200 signatures to the total abstinence pledge.

Thursday evening we celebrated Jubilee night. We formed in line state delegations, national superintendents, organizers, evangelists and lecturers. As we marched up and down the aisles of the church, we sang,

"We'll wind the ribbon 'round the nations, the nations of our God." A quartet of men sang, "There are bands of ribbon white, gleaming round the world." Six States had made a gain of over 1,000, and each state president with her delegation stood upon the platform while the president made her telling speech in five minutes.

Five States had made a gain of over five hundred. One was our hostess' State, and the president presented the chief of police, saying, "Our chief of police can lead a prayer meeting as well as a W. C. T. U. woman." "The very thing that I have feared has happened," said the chief; "I have always said that wherever and whenever I was introduced or took any part in any public meeting the first thing I would do would be to make my confession—that I am a servant of the Lord Jesus." He said much more, and I wondered how many cities could boast of their chief of police as being a servant of the Christ. The president of western Washington stated in her minute speech that they had in Seattle a mayor who belonged to the W. C. T. U. and a chief of police who was an honorary member of the W. C. T. U. Invitations were received for the convention in 1913 from Washington, D. C., Chicago and Atlantic City.

The prospect at the present time is that Asbury Park, N. J., will entertain the national convention from October 29 to November 6.

After adjournment of the Thirty-ninth Annual Convention we clasped hands and sang together as a prayer, "God be with you till we meet again."

[For some of the facts in this article I am indebted to the *Union Signal*.—M. D. T.]

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. Daland on Monday afternoon, December 16, 1912.

The members present were: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. J. B. Morton, Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. J. F. Whitford, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Miss Phoebe S. Coon, Mrs. A. S. Maxson. One visitor was present, Miss Nettie Coon of Milton Junction.

The President opened the meeting by reading Isaiah ix, saying that she had

chosen that Scripture lesson because the Christmas season was at hand. This reading was followed by prayer.

The minutes of the previous session were read and the Treasurer made her report for the month of November. Receipts, \$83.00.

It was then voted that the necessary amount to complete the payment of Miss Burdick's and Miss West's salaries be taken from the unappropriated fund. The Treasurer's report was adopted.

The Corresponding Secretary reported the correspondence concerning the appointment of the Eastern Associational Secretary, and upon her report it was voted that Mrs. Edwin Shaw be our secretary for that association.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Charles Domingo of Nyasaland, Africa, asking aid for his school, and stated that she had written to both N. O. Moore and W. D. Wilcox concerning his requests. She read their replies to her inquiries, advising the Woman's Board to await the decision of the denominational boards regarding the work in Africa, before sending aid.

The Corresponding Secretary also reported having sent out the Mission Study leaflets for January, on the subject of Salem College, and stated that the topic for the next leaflet is The Fouke School. She further reported the supply of stationery, for the use of the Board, as ready for distribution.

Upon motion it was voted that President West be chairman of a committee to prepare the program for the Conference session of the Woman's Board, with Mrs. Daland, Mrs. Crosley and Mrs. Maxson as the other members of said committee.

Mrs. J. H. Babcock presented resolutions concerning the recent loss sustained by our Treasurer, Mrs. Whitford, in the death of her mother, and these resolutions were adopted.

The President read a letter from Mrs. J. W. Wood, a lone Sabbath-keeper of Sumner, Wash., enclosing five dollars to be applied on the salary of Miss West.

It was voted that the January session of the Board be held on the Monday following the quarterly meeting.

After the reading and approval of the minutes the Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. A. R. Crandall in January.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Become a Christian—Why Not?

R. R. THORNGATE.

Christian Endeavor topic for January 11, 1913.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Almost persuaded (Acts xxvi, 24-29).

Monday—If the Lord be God (1 Kings xviii, 21).

Tuesday—Manly decision (Josh. xxiv, 15).

Wednesday—Christ's appeal (Mark x, 17-22).

Thursday—Let Him in (Rev. iii, 20-21).

Friday—Christ, or nothing (John vi, 66-69).

Sabbath day—Topic: Become a Christian—Why not? (Matt. iv, 17-25.) (A decision meeting, led by the Lookout Committee.)

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

Before considering the reasons why one should become a Christian, it is essential that we define what we mean by a Christian. To find a definition let us go to the New Testament itself. The answer is found in Acts xi, 26—"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." At that early date, probably before A. D. 50, the disciples of Christ were called Christians. It was applied to them because they were students, learners, followers of Christ. The definition holds good today. To be a Christian is to be like Christ; to believe him, learn of him, follow him, witness for him, serve him. It is to conform our whole lives to his spirit and teaching.

WHY BECOME A CHRISTIAN?

First, because your personal salvation depends upon it. To become a Christian is to accept God's proffered salvation through Christ. To accept this proffered salvation is to enjoy more abundant life in the present life, and gain life eternal. To reject it is to live under the condemnation of sin in the present life, and forfeit the right to eternal life. Viewed only from the personal point of view, whether or not you will become a Christian is the most vitally important decision to be made in life. The answer which you give not only determines your attitude toward the present life, but determines your relation

to the future life. It is the personal question to which all must give answer.

On that eventful day, nearly twenty centuries ago, as Jesus and the disciples were on their way to the villages of Caesarea Philippi, Jesus put this question to them, "Who do men say that I am?" You know what their answers were. Their answers revealed the fact that there was a difference of opinion among men as to who Jesus was. Some said that he was John the Baptist, some Elijah, others Jeremiah or one of the prophets. No doubt it was for the purpose of leading them up to the more personal question that Jesus asked them this question, for immediately followed that supremely important question of all the ages,—the personal question that comes to us all,—"Who say ye that I am?"—not "Who do men say that I am?" but "Who say ye that I am?" For a moment the mists of spiritual blindness lifted from the eyes of Peter, and inspired by more than human knowledge, he confessed the undying truth of the Christian centuries, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." I presume that Jesus knew full well the consensus of public opinion as to who he was before ever he put the question to his disciples, but whether or not he did, I doubt if he cared in the least as to who public opinion designated him, but he did care for the personal opinion and testimony of the disciples, and therefore he put to them the personal question, "Who say ye that I am?" It was the personal answer that Jesus was seeking, and he is still seeking it today from each one of us. "Who say ye that I am?" It is to me, to you, to each one of us, that he comes demanding an answer to this supremely important question.

You ask why it is that this question is of such vital importance? Because in your answer to it are wrapped up the issues of life and death. Life's usefulness and destiny is determined by the nature of the personality upon which your personality is grounded and nurtured. Shall it be Christ or Satan, which? The history of religion evidences the fact that man's religious and ethical point of view, his whole attitude toward life, is conditioned on his doctrine of God; hence the supreme importance of a right and intelligent understanding of the being and character of God. What we conceive him to be like in character is es-

sentia not only to our religious life, but has a very direct influence upon us in our relations to our fellow men. In other words, the sort of person we conceive God to be has very much to do with the whole of life. Likewise, the answer that we give to the great question of Christ's, vitally affects the whole of life, for it is through Christ that God's character is revealed.

"The power that moves the world is the power of personality." We are dominated and controlled by the power of personality. No individual or nation can rise to a higher moral and spiritual point of view than that maintained by them in their conception of the character of God. The difference between the clean, honest, upright Christian business man and the saloon-keeper is the ground of their personality. With the Christian farmer, merchant, teacher, or whatever he may be, the ground of his personality is Jesus Christ. Sometime in his life has come to him the great question, "Who do ye say that I am?" and his answer, like Peter's of old, has come without hesitation, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." His answer to the question determined his course in life. In every community may be found those who have made the decision for Christ early in life, and who by their excellent Christian characters testify to the worth of the Christian life.

With the saloon-keeper, the personality that is back of his personality and controlling his life, is Satan. And the shipwrecks of life that have resulted from lives thus controlled are too numerous and pathetic almost to even refer to them. The daily newspapers list them by the scores. To whose service shall our lives be given,—Christ's or Satan's, which? "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

The second reason why you should become a Christian is because of the added power which it brings for usefulness, and because the noblest and strongest characters the world has had have been made such by being Christians. I have put personal salvation first because it logically comes first, for first of all we must let Christ come into our own lives before we can touch other lives, but it amounts to far more than a matter of personal salvation. Choose Christ because of the manliness and womanliness of it, and the added power for service which it gives. What

more noble than a life devoted to the service of Christ and our fellow men? Who can estimate what the world owes to Paul? Yet what would Paul's life have counted for had he not had a vision of Christ, and because of that vision given his life wholly and unreservedly to the service of Christ and the world?

There have been scores of men and women who have rendered inestimable service to the world because they have given their lives and their service to Christ. Without him we can do little; with him we can do everything. Recently I have seen a list of fifty missionaries whose names are entitled to be written upon the roll of honor of missionary heroes. How many of the fifty, do you think, would have been willing to sacrifice the comforts of civilization for a mission field with its hardships, had they never given their lives to Christ—in other words, if they had not become Christians? The noblest, strongest, truest men and women that the world has ever had, that the world has today, that the world will ever have, have been such, are such, and will ever be such because they have been, are and will be Christians. "Who dares to follow in their train?"

WHEN SHALL I BECOME A CHRISTIAN?

When shall I make this choice? When shall I become a Christian? In the words of Joshua to the people of Israel, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Do not wait until tomorrow, or next week, or till "some more convenient time." Why should you wait? Why not give yourself in the joy of your youth and vigor to Christ and the world? Not until I was nineteen years old did I publicly profess Christ, although from early boyhood it was ever in my mind that I would sometime become a Christian; for I was convinced by the concrete examples of Christian living about me that the lives of those who consistently professed and lived the Christian life were far ahead in moral excellence of those who did not. It has ever been a matter of regret with me that I did not early make a public profession of Christ, as I was strongly influenced to do on more than one occasion. I feel that my usefulness would have been greater, my experience would have been fuller and richer, and my convictions greatly strengthened. No doubt this parallels the

experience of many others who are now enjoying the Christian life. The Christian life is a process, a growth, a development. Its fruitage is a perfected Christian character. As in the natural world, it takes time and patience to obtain its fruitage. Why not begin now? Why not become a Christian now?

A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS.

The following suggestive illustrations are taken from the Endeavorer's Daily Companion for 1913.

"You will become a Christian some other time? Would you say 'some other time' if you were in a burning building and the fireman's ladder was at the window?"

"You are not good enough to become a Christian? What if you were in a pit—would you say you were not good enough to be helped out?"

"You can be as good a Christian outside the church as in it? Ask a recruiting sergeant what he would say to a young man that insisted that he could be as good a soldier outside the army as in it."

SOME THOUGHT PROVOKERS.

Whose lives count most for the upbuilding of a community, those who are Christians, or those who are the enemies of Christ?

What has been the influence upon your life of those who are Christians?

"What is the alternative of becoming a Christian?"

Are you ashamed, or do you regret, that you have been raised under Christian influences?

Meeting of the Young People's Board.

The Young People's Board met at the home of Prof. L. H. Stringer, December 15, at 1 p. m.

Members present: Rev. A. J. C. Bond, L. H. Stringer, F. I. Babcock and Carrie Nelson.

Prayer was offered by Professor Stringer.

Minutes of the last meeting were read. Correspondence was read from the Fouke Christian Endeavor society, Rev. E. B. Shaw and Rev. H. C. Van Horn.

It was voted that a bill of \$12.50 for stamped envelopes and postage be allowed the editor of the Young People's department.

The committee to see about new topic cards reported that six denominational topics had been decided upon and that arrangements were being made for the printing of the cards.

Mr. Babcock reported a visit to the Grand Marsh Church, December 7 and 8.

The Treasurer's report was read. Voted that \$25.00 be sent to the Missionary Society for Doctor Palmberg's salary.

Voted that the President be allowed \$7.00 for postage.

Adjournment.

CARRIE E. NELSON,
Recording Secretary.

Giving and Receiving.

FLORA HOUSTON CHAPMEN.

Read at special meeting, Riverside, Cal.

All Christians believe that they should give something to the Lord's work; but while some believe the tenth only is required of them, others profess to give as the Lord has prospered them (1 Cor. xvi, 2). The trouble with the first class is that they forget that they can not give the Lord anything until they have paid him that which is really his. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings" (Mal. iii, 8). After this the command comes, Give as the Lord has prospered you.

A man excused himself from giving anything to the Lord's work on the ground that he was in debt. His friend urged that he owed God more than he could owe any man. He answered that he knew that but he was not crowding him like the rest of his creditors.

If you owe a man money, you may forget it; he may not trouble you for it; but the debt remains. Forgetting it does not pay it.

You may forget your debt to God, but he does not forget. It is there unsettled, and sometime there will come a day of reckoning.

God never asks an unreasonable thing of us, but he does require of us the best that we can possibly do.

But the spirit of selfishness is continually creeping in. There is no selfishness in the world like that exhibited by the man who

seizes upon spiritual privileges and rejoices in the good things to come hereafter, without giving anything back to the world. He absorbs everything and gives out nothing, a human sponge.

Some one worked, sacrificed and gave that you might have the Gospel of Christ. What is it worth to you? Are you doing all you can to send it to others?

Do we forget that all we have belongs first to the Lord? He says: "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. . . . The world is mine, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. 1, 10, 12). He alone gives power to get wealth (Deut. viii, 18). "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts" (Hag. ii, 8).

What a small part of all this wealth is given to the work of converting the world to Christ. If each one would adopt some system of giving and then conscientiously give as God has prospered him, our treasures would be full and our boards would not be compelled to plead—yes, beg for more money to do the work which we have laid upon them.

I have here a little tract by the Board of Systematic Benevolence, which I will read:

Systematic Giving.

BOARD OF SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

Friend, can you spare a few minutes to consider a subject that is vital to individual, church and denominational life? Systematic giving is a matter that is not altogether understood, and is therefore slow in adoption.

What is systematic giving? It is regular giving according to some previously accepted plan. Various methods have been adopted by individuals and churches, but most of these have been wanting in a regular and definite time for the giving and have been more or less unsatisfactory.

The Old Testament says, "Bring your tithes and offerings." The New Testament teaching supports this idea and reduces it to a system, when it says, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store according as the Lord has prospered him." We have here found a Scripture foundation for systematic giving and for weekly offerings to the work of the Lord. While we have

recommended a weekly system, it is nevertheless so adjustable that the giver is permitted to pay weekly, monthly, or quarterly as he shall choose.

The question often arises, What are the benefits of this system? There are three of which we will speak briefly.

First, A voluntary obligation to give for a certain object at frequent and stated times is well calculated to keep the thought of this object so before the mind of the giver that his interest will be constant and increasing. This is of no small value.

Second, It is much easier to give a small amount frequently than a large sum at one time. When this giving becomes a part of our religion, then it is an element of enrichment in our life, for "God loveth a cheerful giver." When giving is prompted by love for God and interest in that for which we give, the blessing will follow, as is seen in the case of the widow and the two mites. When this method is adopted and conscientiously carried out, we are surprised to find with what ease, and pleasure, we have given even more than formerly, and the blessing to our lives has been in still greater ratio.

Third, The benefit is not all to the giver. The recipients of our gifts are helped with a regular and constant income. This enables them often to do needed work that could not otherwise have been done. The educational value of this system to the rising generation can not be easily estimated. There is much more that might be said but we will only answer an objection. One says, It is impossible for me to attend church regularly, therefore it would be of no use for me to adopt this system. Let us see. You prayerfully consider the matter and conscientiously adopt the system and then each week put your offering into the envelope to take with you when you go to church. Try this plan for one year. Make it a part of your Christian service, a habit of your life, and we believe that you would not do without the joy it brings.

Giving is easy and natural, if first there is a willing heart and a warm love for him whom we serve in our giving, who loved us and gave himself for us. Friend, read, consider, and ask the Lord to help you into the joys of a newly devoted life.

Salem College Notes.

The primary training-school children gave a Thanksgiving program in chapel just before the Thanksgiving holidays.

The music department, under the direction of Miss Boyd, gave a very interesting musical program during the chapel hour recently. The singing by the College Glee Club was especially appreciated. *

News Notes.

MARLBORO, N. J.—In November the members of the Ladies' Aid, with their husbands, spent the day with a distant member, Mrs. Susie Ridgeway, at Hancock's Bridge. A 25-cent dinner was served for the benefit of the society. In the afternoon the men enjoyed a visit to the Sanitary Barns to see the cows milked by gasoline engines, while the ladies enjoyed a chrysanthemum show.—December 3 our Christian Endeavor society served a conundrum supper. Although the crowd was small a good sum was realized, to be used toward buying an individual communion set.—On November 30 Rev. Mr. Owens of Roadstown preached for us.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.—The Christian Endeavor society had a very successful social in the church dining-room; proceeds \$4.00.—Division No. 1 of the Women's Benevolent society is conducting a lecture course, this winter. Enough season tickets have been sold to insure making it a financial success. At the first number, November 26, the house was well filled, about \$15 being received from the sale of single admission tickets.—The Sabbath school is planning to celebrate Christmas with appropriate exercises, to be followed by a social half-hour, with light refreshments.

• SALEM, W. VA.—The regular bi-monthly Christian Endeavor social was held Sunday night, November 23, in the church parlors. The evening was one of interest and profit to all present.—When our late pastor left for California, it was decided best to hold the church prayer meeting in connection with the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting.—Our Endeavor society has taken up the Efficiency Campaign work and the members have entered into it enthusiastically.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis.—The Rev. Geo. W. Hills, a former pastor, spoke to us, November 30.—Our pulpit was occupied, December 7, by Rev. Mr. Drew, in Pastor Bond's absence while attending the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, held in Chicago, December 4-9.—The Rev. H. Eugene Davis of Walworth gave a very interesting lecture on China, Sunday night, December 15, under the direction of the Brotherhood.—The Ladies' Aid society held a profitable all-day meeting in the church parlor, December 11.—Sabbath morning, December 14, Pastor Bond read his resignation, as our pastor, to accent the pastorate of the Salem (W. Va.) Church.

GENTRY, ARK.—The churches in this place always have union services on Thanksgiving day. This year the services were held in our place of worship. The house was beautifully and appropriately decorated with the proverbial pumpkin and fodder, various kinds of fruits, nuts and flowers. The persimmon was much in evidence. After services the preacher, the writer, and the listener, ate persimmons instead of the "big red apple" to be seen on every hand.—Pastor Davis still preaches at the Trammel schoolhouse.—C. U. Parker of Chicago is spending the holiday month with his family in this place.—Those at a distance who furnished means to help brighten up the inside of the Randolph home at Fouke will be pleased to learn that the money sent did much more than was at first planned. The Ladies' Aid at Marlboro, the Christian Endeavor societies at Milton Junction, Garwin and Gentry have furnished the money to do the work so far, and now, if other societies would furnish means to paint the buildings on the outside, this would place them in good condition again and Elder Randolph could spend his money for the school directly. Who'll be the first to respond?

"Mamma," said little Ethel, with a discouraged look on her face, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, my dearie, what's the matter?" the mother gently inquired. "'Cause it ain't no use at all. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words on me all the time."—*Success Magazine*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Winter Quarters.

Where's the crawling caterpillar?
 Sound asleep in his cocoon.
 Where's the bee, so bright and busy?
 Dreaming in the hive of June.
 Where's the snail and where's the turtle?
 Safely buried in the ground.
 Where's the woodchuck, where's the rabbit?
 In their burrows they are found.
 Where's the thrush and where's the robin?
 Singing 'neath the Southern sky.
 Where's the bear and where's the squirrel?
 In their hollow tree they lie.
 Where's the ant, that careful worker?
 In her underground abode.
 Where's the eighty-eyed spinning spider?
 In a crevice snugly stowed.
 Where's the bat that ranged at midnight?
 He is in his winter's sleep—
 In his cave he hangs head downward,
 And he never takes a peep.
 These and many other creatures
 Hide or drowse the winter through;
 But when spring has once awakened,
 They are up and stirring, too.

—Susie M. Best.

When Trot Saved His Mistress.

We all know about that Mary whose pet lamb "followed her to school one day." But this story—a true one, the *New York Tribune* says—is about another Mary, who had not a lamb but a dog, which, instead of following her, took her to school and brought her safely home again at night. That he was a dog of rare sagacity the story shows.

Mary lived on the Colorado plains, and went two miles to school every day over the prairie, where there was no road or path, nor ever a bush or tree to guide her. Mary was about eight years old, and she had a shaggy shepherd dog named Trot, who went with her every day and waited until school was over. Then he would caper and bark as they started off together for home.

"Mary," said the teacher one day, "why do you bring your dog to school?"

"Oh," said Mary, "I do not bring Trot, he brings me. I could not find the way alone."

"How did Trot learn to find the way?" asked the teacher, "and does he never get

tired of waiting and go home without you?"

"The first time we came," replied Mary, "father came with us. When he reached the school I gave Trot a piece of meat, and when we reached home I gave him some more. No one ever feeds him but me. The first two or three days we had to tie him. If he should go home without me father would bring him right back, and that night he would have no potatoes for his supper. But we have no trouble. He likes school as well as I do. Mother was afraid to trust us at first, but I coaxed, so she said we might try it."

One day about twelve o'clock the wind clouds began to gather. Children who have never seen a western wind storm can hardly imagine what it is like. In Colorado it does not rain at all during the winter, so the sand is very dry and light. The wind lifts it up from the ground and whirls it round as if it were raining sand. It chokes and blinds you. Sometimes the wind is strong enough to take the houses and barns with it. Indeed, the people often build houses only one story high, so that the wind may be less likely to blow them down.

On this day the teacher saw the clouds gathering. She closed the school and sent the children home, thinking they could reach shelter before the storm broke.

But it came sooner than she had expected. The wind howled; the sky grew dark, and the sand whirled. The teacher thought of poor little Mary alone on the prairie. How would she survive the fright even if she were not lost? As soon as the wind subsided she got her horse and rode to Mary's home. The little girl met her at the door.

"Do you not think," said Mary's mother, "that dogs know as much as some people? Mary and Trot were about half way home when the wind commenced to blow. There is an old dugout some distance to the right of the way they always take home. Trot took hold of Mary's dress and led her, for the sand blew so in her eyes she could not see where she was going. They cuddled down in the dugout together until the storm was over."—*The Watchman*.

Pure maple syrup of finest quality, made by S. G. Crandall & Son, Independence, N. Y. P. O., Andover, N. Y.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. A. J. C. Bond Goes to Salem.

About three weeks ago Pastor A. J. C. Bond announced to his congregation that he had received a call to become pastor of the Salem (W. Va.) Seventh-day Baptist Church, and that he and his family, his congregation and the Lord would work the matter out together. In view of his short pastorate of only four years, and the unanimous satisfaction with his excellent work here, few thought he would consider a change at this time.

At the regular service, last Sabbath morning, however, he announced his decision to accept the call and formally offered his resignation to take effect May 1, 1913. His congregation as well as many outside of it express extreme regret that he should resign at this time when he seemed to be getting the best of results from his work. . . . The Milton Junction Church will probably take no action toward calling another pastor before the annual business meeting the first Sunday in January. —*The Journal-Telephone, Milton, Wis.*

The lecture last Sunday evening, in the Milton Junction Seventh-day Baptist church, on China, given by Rev. H. Eugene Davis of Walworth, who was a missionary in China for a number of years, was decidedly good and very much enjoyed by all.—*Journal-Telephone*.

Prof. W. D. Wilcox of Chicago University will leave for Milton Junction Sabbath afternoon, where he will lecture that evening regarding African mission work. Before returning to the city he will speak in other neighboring places.—*Journal-Telephone*.

A reception was held in the Seventh-day Baptist church Tuesday evening in honor of Rev. G. W. Hills, formerly a pastor of the church here. Mr. Hills left for Los Angeles Wednesday morning.—Mrs. M. B. Kelly entertained Monday at dinner in honor of Rev. G. W. Hills.—*Nortonville News*.

Rev. George W. Hills will be in Los Angeles, Cal., his future field of labor, before

this paper reaches its readers. Mr. Hills goes alone for the winter, leaving his wife and daughter in Nebraska until summer, when they will join him in California. On his westward journey he visited his old charges at Milton Junction at Nortonville, where he received most hearty welcomes and enjoyed preaching to his former audiences.

Rev. D. W. Leath.

In the death of Rev. David W. Leath the denomination has met with a severe loss. He was best known in the South, where most of his work has been done since he embraced the Sabbath and united with us. "It was greatly to my pleasure and profit to work with him in several series of meetings in West Virginia, in Alabama and in Arkansas. If there was a Seventh-day Baptist minister whose knowledge of the Bible and whose gift of power in his message I ever coveted, it was Brother Leath's. I especially remember one sermon of great profit to me. It was on "The Seven Churches of Asia." How he ever came by the flood of light and information that was in his Bible, open and clear as day to him (and not in mine, I could not see. I did see there and then that God had taken him into his deeper counsels. The meeting was in a schoolhouse in West Virginia. The night was very dark. People, mostly men and boys, came with lanterns; the house was full, but whether the congregation was large and inspiring or only three or four people, the message was delivered with just the same care and power. He seemed to realize the value of a single soul. He was true to his calling. He had no other than "the King's business." His whole life was in his ministry. The world had no grip on him. He was dead to its most glittering attractions, but wonderfully alive to the claims of God.

A few months ago Brother Leath sent me a very good photograph of himself, taken at Cullman, Ala., March 23, 1911. At the bottom was written his signature with the following words, "sixty-two years young," and on the other side was written: "born July 17, 1848, in Tishomingo County, Mississippi; converted to God September 22, 1870, at Milan, Tennessee; baptized March 8, 1875; sanctified, 1888, in the

State of Washington, and converted of God to the Sabbath in 1893 in the same State."

After embracing the Sabbath he determined to visit the East, where he could meet and unite with Sabbath-keeping Baptists. This experience he related to me in private. He had no means with which to travel, neither clothing suitable to wear from home. The Southwest gave its ministers very little salary a few years ago, with few exceptions, and then remember, Brother Leath was not making the care of himself his business, but was in search of lost men. In later years he has given away and expended in publishing Sabbath and evangelical literature most of the small salary which our churches and the Missionary Society paid him.

He always drew on God when he had a task to perform or a need to meet. He asked God to open the way for him to go in search of our people. This was answered by his meeting with a stock buyer who asked him to go to Chicago in charge of a car-load of stock. His prayer for suitable clothing in which to appear in Chicago was also met. I can not remember whether this need was met before he reached there, or whether the Chicago Sabbath-keepers were used of God as the providing angel. His prayer was answered and he found our people, who welcomed him cordially to their homes and to the church with which he united. Some of them have since sent him checks to assist in his work. Some of those checks I have known of his giving to benevolent work.

In 1899 I was sent by the Missionary Board to West Virginia for evangelistic work. The group of churches, Middle Island, Greenbrier, Black Lick and Berea, were without pastors. They were asked to call Brother Leath as pastor, pay him a small salary if he proved acceptable, and his traveling expenses from the South.

For two years he remained and served them as joint pastor. The following year he was called to the pastorate of the Salemville (Pa.) Church, where he remained one year. He next returned South, obtained a state certificate, taught school to earn his living and during this time continued to preach in schoolhouses and to pastorless churches, regardless of denomination. At Logan, Ala., he found one or two Sabbath-keeping families. Under his labors

others embraced the day and in September, 1909, he organized the Cullman County Seventh-day Baptist Church, with seven members. The Missionary Board then employed him to work a portion of his time on the field. In connection with this he had the pastoral care of the Cullman County Church and before his death, October 1, 1912, saw it grow to some twenty members.

At the time of his death he was living at Hanceville, Ala. He was sick only about a week, taken with malarial fever with severe chills and for several hours before his death was unconscious. Brother Bottoms, with whom he had lived at Logan, was the only one of his own people present at the last. His life was exemplary. His literature has been sent over this and other countries, some of it to Africa, all at his own expense. He fought a good fight, he kept the faith.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

Resolutions of Respect.

At the time of the last regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, the sad news of the death of Rev. David W. Leath had just been received. By action of the board, a minute of respect was ordered prepared for record and publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

Since it has pleased God to call from the Alabama field of labor one of our most highly esteemed employes, the Rev. David W. Leath; therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply regret this loss of one of our most trusted workers. The blow will be felt throughout the entire denomination, and by both of our boards, since he was one of our strongest preachers and most able Sabbath Reform evangelists.

While we have men of like integrity, and courage of their convictions, we feel this blow the more keenly since we have so few who excel in the strength of their message and appeal to unsaved men, the great need of our time. We are grateful to God for his unselfish life, for the Sabbath literature he has left, and for the work which he has done.

Resolved, That we sympathize most deeply with the little church in Cullman County, Ala., which he organized so recently, and of which he was a member, and also with the bereaved brothers, and family.

In behalf of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society,

E. B. SAUNDERS,
Corresponding Secretary.

HOME NEWS

LOST CREEK, W. VA.—The Ladies' Aid society has been busy as bees. For many years it has been their custom to have an oyster supper the night of Thanksgiving day. Twice now they have added the apron and fancy sale. This has increased the returns. This year we realized from supper and sale about \$60.

For many years our Aid society has kept up the pledge to the Woman's Board of \$25, and last year we raised by the women of the church \$18 also for Miss Anna West, and we are planning to do as much this year. We have also paid \$10 this year on the Fund for Aged Ministers. We meet once in two weeks, and every Wednesday when we have work to do, sometimes taking lunch along and spending the day.

These social gatherings have been very enjoyable, and the good times enjoyed together should be good reward for the extra effort.

We have completed one old-fashioned tulip quilt and have another nearly ready, beside this doing several quilts by the spool for our friends and neighbors. We have used the Mission Study programs, nearly every one, and found them very instructive. We trust that a better interest in the mission work of the denomination will result from it. We are just a small society, but hope to grow until all our women have united with us. This has been one of the best year's work our society has ever enjoyed and we look for still better work for the coming year.

Yours in His service,
MRS. M. G. STILLMAN.

NEW MARKET, N. J.—The Ladies' Aid society held a New England supper, November 26, which was followed by a short program, consisting of music, recitations and readings. Over \$30.00 was added to the treasury.

Material was purchased for garments to be sent to the Children's Home, and an all-day sewing meeting held. Busy hands and happy voices kept time with the three sewing-machines, and all garments left undone

were taken home to be finished. As a result of our efforts, a box of clothing and also one of canned fruit and jelly were sent to gladden the hearts of needy ones at Christmas time. Our young people are preparing a cantata to be given in the church, Monday evening, December 23.

E. B. C.

Dec. 15, 1912.

The Goose That Went to School.

The average goose is thought to be a very stupid creature, but perhaps this is so because geese never had the chance of going to school! Just think how very stupid you boys and girls would be if you were never taught how to do your lessons! There are some geese that have been taught to do things, however, and they do those things in a very clever way, so that makes me think that if every goose had the chance of going to school, no one would ever call them stupid any more.

Just to show how clever a goose can be if it is taught in the right way, I will tell you a story about a goose that went to school. It was not exactly the kind of a school that you boys and girls attend, but it was school for all that, for it was the way in which the goose pupil had been taught to do something useful.

This particular goose lived in France, and every Sabbath, when an old blind woman wanted to go to church, the goose had been taught to take hold of her dress in his beak and pull her gently along the road to the door of the church. Then, when the old woman was inside, the goose pupil spent his time strolling about the churchyard. But when the church service was over, he was always waiting at the door until the blind woman came to be taken home.

Once a gentleman said to the old woman's daughter, "Aren't you afraid to let your mother come alone?" "Oh, no, sir," said the daughter; "we are not afraid, as this sensible goose always goes with her."—*Christian Work*.

There are vast multitudes of isolated people who would be won by the line, but who will never be caught in the net.—*J. H. Jowett*.

MARRIAGES

ROOD-THORNGATE.—At the parsonage, Walworth, Wis., Tuesday evening, October 22, 1912, at six-forty-five o'clock, by the Rev. H. Eugene Davis, Mr. Harry L. Rood of Beloit, Wis., and Miss Belle Thorngate of North Loup, Neb.

BUTTON-FITCH.—At the home of the bride, in Leonardsville, N. Y., December 4, 1912, by Pastor Severance, Mr. Charles Button and Mrs. Martha H. Fitch, both of Leonardsville, N. Y.

DANA-PAFF.—At the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. Dana Mathews, of Friendship, N. Y., December 12, 1912, by Rev. H. L. Cottrell, Mr. Orville P. Dana and Mrs. Mildred L. Paff, both of Friendship, N. Y.

ROGERS-SAUNDERS.—At the home of the bride's brother, Mr. Marion Saunders, of Scio, N. Y., December 16, 1912, by Rev. H. L. Cottrell, Mr. Lewis Merton Rogers of Scio, N. Y., and Miss Laura Mae Saunders of Battle Creek, Mich.

DEATHS

BURCH.—James Garfield Burch was born in South Brookfield, N. Y., August 12, 1880, and died in Long Beach, Cal., November 16, 1912.

Mr. Burch was the son of Azor A. Estee and Mary J. Coon Burch. When a young man he was baptized and united with the First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Church, Leonardsville, N. Y., and was a member of that church at the time of his death. December 19, 1900, he married Miss Fannie Austin, Brookfield, N. Y. To this union little Hazel was born.

Mr. and Mrs. Burch lived in Walworth, Wis., about six years. In 1908 they came to southern California, after spending some months in the northern part of the State. They made their home in Riverside three years and in Long Beach two. Words feebly express the esteem in which Mr. Burch was held by those who knew him the last years of his earthly life. The roots of his convictions ran deep. His loyalty to God and truth was intense. The way he did his work demonstrated his character. The testimony of his employer was to the effect that the work he did testified to the nobility of his life. The owner of a building, one of the finest of the kind, said: "Mr. Burch did most of the finishing. He was the best and most conscientious workman on the job. This interior is a monument to his life." Men who worked by his side learned to love him, and paid beautiful tributes to him, as they gathered about his life-

less body. His was a joyous testimony to the Sabbath truth. If there was a cross to carry no one ever heard him murmuring about it. The last of Brother Burch's earthly life was spent, it almost seemed, in making definite preparation for the heavenly life. He performed new, to him, and hard duties in Christian service, and many were feeling the helpful influences radiating from his life.

Mr. Burch was a very kind and devoted husband and father. None other than a loving heavenly Father can bring more and richer blessings to his bereaved family. It is to him we commend them and all who mourn.

Rev. E. F. Loofboro, Riverside, conducted the funeral services, assisted by Rev. L. A. Platts, Los Angeles. E. F. L.

COON.—Jennette Emily Crandall Coon was born at Little Genesee, N. Y., May 9, 1839, and passed away December 1, 1912.

She was the youngest of ten children of Joseph Stanton and Olive Coon Crandall. The only living members are Mrs. Jane Champlin and Mrs. Narcissa Champlin of Alfred. There is also an adopted daughter, Mrs. Etta Jones of Belvidere, Ill. When Mrs. Coon was fifteen, the family moved West and settled at Christiana. She attended Albion Academy, and there met James Alexander Coon, to whom she was united in marriage September 22, 1856. Before Mr. Coon passed away, in 1907, they had celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Four children were born to them. The first-born died at two years of age. Ellen, Mrs. Charles Burdick, lives in Indio, Cal. Byron E. and Leo Coon Whitford are residents of Milton.

Mrs. Coon was a quiet, home-loving woman, strenuously neat as a housekeeper and given to hospitality. The nieces and nephews loved to come to this home to enjoy "Uncle Jim's joviality" and "Aunt Net's" good things. She was baptized by Eld. Hiram Burdick when a girl and joined the old Genesee Church, her membership being afterward transferred to Utica, then to Milton. She loved to read her Bible and strove to live by its teachings. For several years she has been in poor health. Three years ago, after a hard sickness, the "sweet bells" of the intellect were "jangled" and "out of tune." Two months ago she fell and suffered a compound fracture of the hip. In her weakened condition she could not resist an attack of bronchial-pneumonia, which proved fatal.

She was sweet and sunny and uncomplaining throughout her trials, when she was herself. She has had every care that patient love could give, or money provide. Her mind grew better as her body grew weaker. She wanted to go home. L. C. R.

SHELDON.—In Alfred, N. Y., December 5, 1912, John Sheldon, aged 81 years and 23 days.

Mr. Sheldon was born in the town of Ward (then a part of the town of Alfred), Allegany County, N. Y., and was the son of Henry and Mary Maxson Sheldon. Though the youngest of seven children, yet three—Mrs. Mary Powell of Alfred, and William Sheldon and Mrs. Phebe Fowler of Lamont, Iowa—survive him. For thirty years he was colporteur in Alfred and the

surrounding towns and his fair dealing and genial ways made many friends. June 19, 1875, he was married to Miss Adelia Powell. To them were born three children: William W. Sheldon of Alfred, N. Y., and Mrs. Maud Williams and Milton Sheldon of Oakland, Cal.

In 1882 he made a public profession of religion, was baptized by Eld. Chas. M. Lewis, and united with the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred, N. Y. This church he loved, and of it he remained a member till called home; its welfare he sought and its interests he bore on his heart. An honest man, a good neighbor, a beloved brother, and a kind father has passed away, and his cheery, genial presence will be missed by the entire community.

Farewell services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, assisted by Eld. B. F. Rogers, were held Sunday, December 8, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery. WM. L. B.

BABCOCK.—In Alfred, N. Y., December 7, 1912, Mrs. Isadora Norwood Babcock, aged 55 years, 8 months and 14 days.

Mrs. Isadora Norwood Babcock, the daughter of Simeon and Amy Van Horn Babcock, was born in Jackson Center, Ohio, and until coming to Alfred, N. Y., nearly twelve years since, her home has been in the vicinity of Jackson Center. On September 18, 1875, she was united in marriage to Mr. A. D. Babcock and to them were born eight children: Emile of Sisco, Fla., Mrs. A. E. Sloan of Ludlow, Ill., Elverson of Riverside, Cal., Aubrey and Edmond of Battle Creek, Mich., and Minena, Alvada, and Janette who, with their father, have cared for the mother during her long illness. Besides the immediate family she is survived by two brothers,—J. A. Babcock of Battle Creek, Mich., and Wilber J. Babcock of Farnam, Neb.

In her youth she made a public profession of religion, was baptized and joined the Seventh-day Baptist church of Jackson Center, Ohio, and in this church she retained her membership till death. She loved her home and family and joyfully gave herself to them. Her quiet, womanly character won her many friends, while her patience, fortitude, and unflinching trust during many months of most trying illness have been, and will remain, a lesson as well as a benediction to the living.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held at the home Tuesday, December 10, and burial took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery. WM. L. B.

KENYON.—Cordelia Burdick Kenyon was born in Rockville, R. I., April 14, 1829, and died at her home in Hope Valley, R. I., Sabbath day, December 14, 1912, aged 83 years and 8 months.

October 24, 1842, she was baptized and united with the Rockville Seventh-day Baptist Church, and continued a faithful member for more than seventy years, till called home. February 18, 1849, she was married to Edwin O. Kenyon, who died July 3, 1910. To them were born three children: Prof. A. B. Kenyon of Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y.; Myron A. Kenyon of Cottrell Co. Pressworks, Westerly, R. I.; and Cora

L. Kenyon of Hope Valley High School. The three children, the five grandchildren and the only sister were all present at the funeral. They with other friends mourn the loss of a good woman who was kind and helpful in sickness and in times of need.

Mrs. Kenyon was a woman of sterling Christian character, an example worthy to be followed. She was of a modest and retiring disposition, but interested in the things of the Master's kingdom. She loved her home and was faithful and efficient in training her children to love the Lord and do what was right. The children rise up and call her blessed and are blessed indeed in having had such a mother.

Funeral at her late home, December 17, 1912. A. G. C.

CAPRON.—Royal E. Capron was born in Hopkinton, R. I., November 15, 1835, and died in Ogdensburg, N. Y., December 10, aged 76 years. s.

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, 198 N. Washington Ave.

The Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh-day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida, and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

"Hold on to your hands when you are about to do an unkind act."

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON I.—JANUARY 4, 1913.

THE CREATION.

Lesson Text.—Gen. i, 1—iii, 3.

Golden Text.—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Gen. i, 1.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Gen. i, 1-19.

Second-day, Gen. i, 19—ii, 3.

Third-day, Gen. ii, 4-25.

Fourth-day, Job xxxviii, 1-18.

Fifth-day, Job xxxviii, 19-38.

Sixth-day, Ps. xxxiii, 1-22.

Sabbath day, Prov. viii, 22-36.

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

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"Father," said a thoughtful little boy, "how many feet has a dog if we call his tail a foot?" "Why, five feet, my son." "No, father, that isn't right." "How so, my son?" "Why, he would have only four feet. You see, calling his tail a foot doesn't make it a foot."

Not until we know all that God knows can we estimate to the full the power and the sacredness of some one life which may seem the humblest in the world.—*John Ruskin*.

The enlargement of a man's possessions is very often the contracting of his heart.—*F. W. Robertson*.

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