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Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question

By **Arthur Elwin Main, D. D., L. H. D.**
Dean and Professor of Doctrinal and Pastoral
Theology, Alfred (N. Y.) Theological Seminary

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The Sabbath Recorder

We read in the dear old chapters,
In times when weary grown,
Of the love that never faileth,
To find and bless its own.
And sweet are the words of comfort,
As through the land we go,
For what the Father has promised
He will make good, we know.

No matter what ills betide us
Here in the lower land,
We may turn from the cares that vex us
And find the comforting hand;
We can lean on the love unfailing,
And arm that is strong and true;
And feel it is sure and steadfast
The whole long journey through.

O love, so like a fountain
The summers can not dry,
You fall on hearts grown weary,
Like rain from a pitying sky.
Refreshed by the gentle shower,
All trustfully we say,
The love that has failed us never
Will follow us all the way.
—Eben E. Rexford.

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WHOLE NO. 3,549.

"How Great Things He Must Suffer."

When Saul of Tarsus was seeking light, after being smitten near Damascus, and one Ananias was sent to help him, the Lord said, "For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Last Sabbath our pastor read this story of Saul's conversion and of his beginning "straightway" to preach Christ, and in it this expression, "how great things he must suffer," came with peculiar force, and the words, though often read, gained a deeper meaning under the influences of the hour.

It was communion-day, and the emblems of Christ's suffering and death were before us on the table; so everything about the service tended to emphasize the thought. Joy and sorrow are the two great forces that have moved human hearts in all ages. And strange to say, suffering for others has done more to move the race toward higher things than any of earth's joys. The ministry of sorrow as a moral agency is far more refining and uplifting than that of joy. Its first effect is seen upon the sufferer. To the man himself there is a cleansing, strengthening, enlarging and perfecting power in sufferings rightly borne. Then, outside the man himself, there is a power over others, an effect upon the imagination and upon the hearts and consciences of men, caused by suffering seen in the leader or teacher, that always makes for good. A religion that develops selfish, easy-going lives in its adherents is impotent. It will never make noble men. It is because the whole spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ breathes into men the principle and the duty of suffering, that it becomes the one religion above all others able to transform the sinner. "It behooved Christ to suffer," is the watchword caught up by the early Christians. They felt that only as they became partakers of his sufferings could they hope to be partakers of his comforts.

"For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the

captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings" (Heb. ii, 10).

It should not be counted strange, then, that when a special messenger was to be chosen to carry the good news to the Gentiles and become an ambassador to stand in Christ's stead before the world, it should be said of him, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Really it was the great things Paul was willing to suffer for Christ's sake that made him so powerful among men. At every point in his history we admire and love him for the spirit in which he endured sufferings. When assured that persecutions awaited him as he went bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, and he realized that his friends should see his face no more, he could say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God" (Acts xx, 24).

When Paul's friends besought him not to go to Jerusalem where persecutions awaited him, he exclaimed, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts xxi, 13). He felt that he was an heir of God and joint heir with Christ, if so be that he suffered with him, and said, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii, 18).

At every turn we are impressed with the character of this noble missionary as developed through suffering for Christ's sake. He reached a point where he could glory in tribulation. He could be "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed" (2 Cor. iv, 8, 9). He could endure "stripes above measure," imprisonments, stonings, shipwrecks, perils of robbers, perils by the heathen, perils by his own countrymen, weariness, hunger, nakedness and cold, and glory in his infirmities. "Therefore I take

pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake" (2 Cor. xii, 10).

Thus, on page after page of his writings, we see how truly prophetic the words of the Lord to Ananias were: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." It was Paul's willingness to suffer for Christ that gave him his wonderful power. Take away that characteristic from his life, and you rob him of the most essential element, an element that makes him a leader and teacher to all generations. Moses became mighty because he chose to "suffer affliction with the people of God," rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin.

When men see those who are willing to suffer for them and to do all in their power to help them, the very knowledge of these things touches the deepest and most responsive chords of their being, and starts heavenly music in the soul. If, under the influences of such self-sacrificing services, the very best qualities are not developed in us, it is because we deliberately close our eyes to the light. The influence of men who, like Paul have magnified the Gospel of Christ through suffering and self-sacrifice, are the only forces that can lift this old world out of its misery and shame.

What! "Only a Sentiment"?

We frequently hear some such expression as this, "It is only a sentiment," just as though the thing referred to were unpractical and therefore unworthy the consideration of a person of sound sense. The word sentiment is often used for sentimentalism; but there is a great difference in the meaning of the two terms. The one is ennobling and practical; the other ignoble and unpractical. Therefore the two should never be confounded. There is as much difference between the two as there is between the meaning of the terms childlikeness and childishness. The one refers to qualities belonging to those who are greatest in the kingdom of heaven; the other to qualities unworthy of even an untutored child of earth.

Sentiment is that which belongs to a man's most distinctive personality and is a thing of the heart. We often distinguish between the "sentiments of the heart" and the "opinions of the mind." Heart power is superior to head power when activities resulting in reforms and in ethical or re-

ligious attainments are required. A man may have clear-cut and logical opinions and yet be devoid of any real sentiment. When man's entire rational powers cooperate with his deepest moral feelings he is sure to do something worth while for the betterment of his fellows; for the real measure of a true man is the depth and power of his sentiment. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

There is a difference between the reasons for believing and the reasons for doing. To be sure men are made to believe by arguments, but beliefs alone do not lead them to act. Before anything is actually done to promote a good cause, there must be in human hearts something more than reasons to believe certain propositions as true; there must be feeling or sentiment, making these propositions real grounds for action. No matter how thoroughly I may believe, until my sympathies, my sentiments, my feelings, are aroused, nothing will be done. Sentiment, then, furnishes the motive for action, and he who regards it as insignificant and unpractical makes a mistake. Sentiment is the power behind the throne wherever altruistic work is being done. Mere sentimentality is a weakness, enfeebling to every one who cherishes it, and never brings things to pass. But there is nothing in all the world more practical than sentiment, and he who would move men must not ignore this great truth.

It requires sentiment to make the patriot follow the flag to the field of battle; and sentiment, again, fills man with enthusiasm for his country when the blood-stained, tattered ensign is displayed. Love is an expression of sentiment without which our world would be a barren waste. This it is that makes home life a joy and a blessing. This it is that moves men heavenward when hearts are touched by the Gospel.

No one should be ashamed of showing sentiment, either in home life or in associations with his fellows outside the home. And in spiritual matters, where our relations to God and the Saviour are concerned, sentiment is most natural and appropriate. Spiritual things belong essentially to the realm of heart life, in which should be cultivated a sensitiveness to all good, ennobling impressions. The heart should readily respond to appeals made to our innermost being; it should be easily moved by what is truest and purest and best in

the world about us. And when it is so moved, why should we not give these feelings open and honest expression? I fear we are too much given to cold formalism, especially in our religious life. In the effort to avoid sentimentalism we are in danger of going too far, and so repress the genuine feelings, the real touches of sentiment, that always give to life something infinitely attractive, sweet and beautiful.

Phebe Burdick's Conversion.

When the notice of the death of Phebe Burdick, found elsewhere in this paper, reached the editor, a whole flood of memories came rushing in. Forty-two years ago this spring, in my first revival meeting, held in the old Lanphear Valley schoolhouse, Phebe and her brother, Clark Burdick, found a precious Saviour. I had been invited to stop off one Sabbath evening on my way home from services at the "Head of the Plank," on Knight's Creek, and hold a meeting in the schoolhouse where I had taught a year before. The house was crowded, and when the invitation was given for any who wished to become Christians, to arise, eight young people responded, and an interest sprang up which could not be neglected. So for ten nights the writer walked from Alfred and continued the meetings. More than a score, young and old, found the Saviour, and a number of backsliders returned to duty.

Among the converts, about the middle of that week, were "Clark and Phebe." They were deaf-mutes. Never can I forget their unspoken testimonies, given in a house literally packed, as they arose and yielded to the influences of the Spirit. They had not been able to hear one word, but their hearts had been touched. I can see them yet, with faces all aglow with heavenly joy, standing with one hand on the heart, and the other pointing upward, with tears streaming down their cheeks, and eyes looking toward heaven, telling in a most eloquent way of their love for Christ.

The effect upon the audience was like magic. Every one was melted to tears, and the power of the Spirit was present to save. Night after night, while the meetings lasted, Phebe and Clark bore their testimonies, and none were given that had greater power over the people. Phebe's niece and her husband, who cared for her so faith-

fully during her last years, were also among those who gave their hearts to God in those meetings.

Pilgrims and Strangers.

This morning as I opened my eyes, after a restful night, the words of an old song heard many times in childhood days came vividly to mind:

"I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

Chorus.

"I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

"There the sunbeams are ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there:
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.—*Cho.*

"Of that country, to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light:
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying."—*Cho.*

With the familiar words came the melody in which the dear ones of sixty years ago sang them, and again I could see the faces and forms, and hear the voices of the singers as they went about their work both in and out of the old home.

Every good song has its day of popularity, when both words and music are on everybody's lips, and the spirit of it is in the very air. This was the case with "I'm a Pilgrim" sixty years ago. Mothers and aunts and sisters hummed it softly as they prepared the meals and worked about the house. Boys whistled it in the field, teamsters sang it in the lumber woods; and as the axmen went forth to the forest, the strains of "I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger" fell on the listening ear and always touched the heart.

This morning found me almost unconsciously repeating the stanzas before lifting my head from the pillow. Then as one after another of the singers came to mind, the very scenes when my child heart was impressed by their song were vividly recalled. There was mother, sweet-faced and serene, surrounded by little ones, and singing, "There the sunbeams are ever shining;" and there, again, was her helper, my aunt, with bowed head and mellow voice humming, "Of that country to which I'm going;" and out of doors, amid winter

snows, again I seemed to ride with the hired man going for his load of logs, and singing, "There is no sorrow nor any sighing." All the singers frequently repeated the chorus, "I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

Now looking back through the years, with all those pilgrims gone from earth, how real seem the truths they sang. They "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth"; for they that sing such things "declare plainly that they seek a country." They were pilgrims and strangers seeking "a better country, that is, an heavenly." Their pilgrimage is ended, and we too, strangers and pilgrims still, are nearing the journey's end. We have here no abiding city. Our real home is in the better land.

At the best we are unprofitable servants enjoying the hope of heaven through the grace of God and not through any worthiness of our own. No matter how many may be the years of our journey, we too must feel as Israel did when he saw the end was nigh: "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." Abraham too felt that he was "a stranger and a sojourner" here at best. So are we all. The longest life is but a short pilgrimage. Happy is he whose heart is filled with songs of hope for a land of which he may say, "My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light."

Let those of us who have lived to old age return to the homes of early years, and we would feel now as did the Psalmist, "I am a stranger in the earth." The land to which we hasten will not be a land of strangers. In the Father's house we shall know as we are known, and the songs of the redeemed will all be songs of joy.

Don't Allow Your Recorder to Stop.

Probably you have read the "Notice to Subscribers." by the business manager, on page 274 of last week's SABBATH RECORDER. If your paper stops, you will know that the business manager has no alternative. He has to stop it or lay himself liable to be excluded from using the mails for the paper if he continues to send it to those who are behind one year in their subscrip-

tions. He dislikes to stop anybody's paper, but the postal laws compel him to do so, and the officials keep watch of the mailing lists.

I met a friend on the street today who asked why her RECORDER had stopped, two weeks before. She soon found that the subscription payment was behind more than a year. Notices are sent to those whose subscriptions are behind, not as a dun, but to inform them in time to save our having to stop their paper. If these are unheeded, and no notice to continue or promise to pay is received, Uncle Sam gives us no choice. It must stop or we must pay one cent on every paper. Please look at your label and see how the matter stands with you.

The Debt.

Now and then one expresses an interest in the debt question and sends not only money, but words of cheer. Were it not for these the board might lose heart altogether. Here is a fair sample of the letters received by Treasurer Hubbard. The spirit shown in such messages is prevalent enough to give us hope for better things.

"Enclosed is two dollars to apply on Tract Society's debt. This is a tenth of three weeks' income instead of one, as suggested in RECORDER of January 27. I hope you will not regard this small sum as a measure of our interest in your work. Would that it were many times the amount."

Think of it! If two dollars is one tenth of three weeks' income, then twenty dollars is the income of this family for that time, making an income of only six dollars, sixty-six and two-thirds cents a week. The letter is signed for both husband and wife, and we know the family has hard times to secure the necessities of life, say nothing of luxuries. The self-sacrificing spirit of many families in similar circumstances is revealed in such times of need as our boards are now seeing. It is this spirit of loyalty and consecration that has built up our schools, carried on our mission work, and secured for us our invested funds, so essential to our life and growth.

Since the last report, on February 19, the treasurer has received from thirteen sources the sum of \$97.00. This makes the total receipts for the debt, to March 4, \$751.93.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Indians Declare Allegiance.

An interesting facsimile of a letter, speaking for their tribes and signed by many Indian representatives who are to appear at the inauguration of President Wilson, is going the rounds of the daily papers. While we write, the parade in which these Indians are taking part is in progress at Washington. When President Taft broke ground at Fort Wadsworth, on February 22, for the Indian memorial to be erected there, the red men were greatly pleased and signed what they now call a new declaration of allegiance to the United States Government. This declaration is engrossed and is the thought and language of the Indians themselves. On the strength of it they are in Washington today, marching with the throngs who celebrate the inauguration of the President.

When arrangements were being made for the memorial at Fort Wadsworth, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs grouped the Indians together and told them the story of the flag they were to hoist and what it represented. Three points were made prominent: first, a new allegiance to the United States Government, for many of them had fought and slain Custer; second, the union of the primitive life of this country with the civilization for which the flag stands; third, a prophecy of the memorial that is to rise to their race.

After the Indians had held a powwow they returned to the commissioner and through an interpreter dictated the declaration referred to. Where an Indian could not write, some one else wrote and he affixed his thumb mark. President Taft also signed, attesting the fact that the declaration was so signed. It is headed "A Declaration of Allegiance." One interesting feature of the inaugural parade will be the presence of these Indians.

The inauguration at Washington is the topic on every tongue today and claims the greater portion of space in all the papers. The new Cabinet has been the subject of much conjecture and the country has found that Mr. Wilson can keep his mouth shut when he wishes to. His own chosen time

for announcing the names of those who are to be his counselors was after the oath had been given in the Senate Chamber, on Inauguration day.

At the proper time the Cabinet was announced as follows: Secretary of State, William J. Bryan of Nebraska; Secretary of the Treasury, William G. M'Adoo of New York; Secretary of War, Lindley M. Garrison of New Jersey; Attorney General, James C. McReynolds of Tennessee; Postmaster General, Albert S. Burleson of Texas; Secretary of the Navy, Joseph Daniels of North Carolina; Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane of California; Secretary of Agriculture, David F. Houston of Missouri; Secretary of Commerce, William C. Redfield of New York; Secretary of Labor, W. B. Wilson of Pennsylvania.

It is altogether too early, at this writing, to prophesy regarding the new administration. Yet some papers are doing so. It is evident from first reports that many politicians are somewhat disgruntled and not a few disappointed. One paper puts it this way in heavy black headlines, "Wilson's aloofness as he takes office gives party leaders a shock." The announcement which was made, that politicians were "nowhere," and the complaints of some that the quiet manner in which Woodrow Wilson entered Washington, keeping aloof as he did from party "leaders" and noted demagogues, "showed the unmistakable policy of the new President," are to my mind the very best recommendations he could have. The more such kicks we hear, if they are only true, the better it will be for the country. A President for the common people, who turns a deaf ear to political demagogues, will receive the approval of this great country. When a man of this sort has been chosen and inaugurated, he becomes everybody's President. Therefore each should feel, He is *my* President.

The Navy Department is perfecting plans to locate by chart, about noon each day, every ship on the Atlantic that carries a wireless outfit for telegraphing. The Arlington station at Washington is powerful enough to receive reports easily from ships along the further coast of the ocean, carrying powerful apparatus. These charts will be posted in great cities like New York and Boston and will be helpful in many ways.

Heroic Service Recognized.

On March 2 President Taft presented Captain A. H. Rostron, commander of the *Carpathia*, with a fine gold medal voted him by Congress in honor of his heroic services in saving the survivors of the ill-fated *Titanic*. The presentation was made in the East Room of the White House. Captain Rostron also received the American Cross of Honor at the hands of Ambassador Bryce. Since the service rendered on the morning of the shipwreck, Captain Rostron has been given command of one of the larger English steamships in the North Atlantic service.

The latest treaty with Italy provides for equal protection of citizens and aliens under the law. This means that Italian subjects domiciled here but not naturalized shall have equal protection as to their persons and property with that given to natural-born American citizens. This treaty works both ways. Americans in Italy have equal protection with the sons of Italy. This is fair and friendly. Aliens are subject to the penalties when laws are broken, and they should enjoy the protection and privileges secured by laws, when they are loyal.

The Mexican Government has accused their consul here, E. V. Anaya, of conspiring to secure the intervention of the United States, and has ordered him home, to appear before the officials in Mexico City and answer the charges. Instead of obeying this command the consul turned over his office to the vice-consul and announced that he had resigned and would stay on this side of the border line. Evidently he prefers American air to Mexican just now.

Lady Scott, widow of Captain Scott who perished in the Antarctic regions, first heard of her husband's death when her ship was off Fiji in mid-ocean and while she was on her way to New Zealand to meet him. Confidently expecting his return she had sailed from England before the news of the sad tragedy had reached that country. As soon as she recovered from the first shock, she said, "I must be brave, as my husband would like to have me."

The Madero family leave Cuba for New York. They come to America by the Ward Line Steamship *Mexico*. The fam-

ily of Ernisto Madero are already in New York awaiting the arrival of their friends from Cuba. They came by the same vessel that carried Porfirio Diaz into exile about two years ago.

Ex-President Taft and family are now in the South for rest, where he will remain three or four weeks before taking up his work as professor at Yale.

On March 3 the President commuted the sentence of William Montgomery of Pittsburgh, who was sentenced to prison, in 1908, to serve fifteen years for wrecking a bank. He also remitted the prison sentence of fifteen months for Charles L. Hyde, convicted at Sioux Falls, S. D., of using the mails to defraud in a real estate boom. This action was opposed by the Postoffice Department, since Hyde had not as yet begun to serve his time. He now gets off with a \$1,500 fine, and costs of court.

Among the last acts of Mr. Taft as President was the vetoing of the Webb Bill, prohibiting the shipment of liquors for sale into dry territory. This bill was promptly passed over the veto by both houses of Congress. The President's reason was his fear that the bill might be unconstitutional. Seldom does a bill receive so great popular demand for its passage, and it is to be hoped that nothing will hinder its execution. It is said that only once before in fifteen years has Congress overridden a President's veto.

Italy is using all her influence to induce the Balkan states to be moderate in their demands upon Turkey so that peace may soon be declared. It is argued that terms of moderation on the part of the victors will win the sympathy of the powers and strengthen the Balkan cause in the eyes of all Europe.

Albert O. Ruxton, seventy years old, a poor old man, was found dead in a shanty on William Rockefeller's estate, just north of Sleepy Hollow on the Hudson. He had evidently crawled in there and died from hunger and cold. His identity was discovered by a little child's letter to him as "Dear Grandpa." It is sad indeed that in this land of so-called equality poor men and women are constantly starving and freezing right among millionaires who have to keep busy to find ways to spend the money poor men have earned for them.

A Study in the Gospel of John

REV. T. J. VAN HORN.

(Concluded.)

The plan of study in this Gospel has little room for the question of authorship or authenticity. If, however, the student will be better satisfied to go into the subject, he will find the larger array of scholarship on the side of the genuineness of chapter xxi. The commentaries and dictionaries will have discussions intended to instruct. Philip Schaff, in Lange's Commentary, quotes a long extract from Canon Westcott's "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels," which ought to allay doubt as to the Johannine origin of chapter xxi of this Gospel.

There is quite general agreement among scholars that it was written by the apostle John many years after the preceding chapters, when he was a very old man.

It may have been written, as some think, in the last days of the apostle's life, to refute a popular tradition that John should not see death (v. 22, 23). But in addition to this we shall see that this Gospel is incomplete as a whole without the twenty-first chapter.

I shall, therefore, assume that our search for evidences of close relationship between this and the preceding chapters will be a profitable study.

1. Chapter i, 1-18 we have studied as the Introduction. According to our plan we are to regard this chapter as the Conclusion rather than as the "Appendix." The Synoptic Gospels give in their post-resurrection history as the last words of Jesus, the command, "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations." It expresses the yearning at the heart of Christ for the world lost in sin. In John's Gospel the 1st recorded interview in his post-resurrection story expresses the yearning of our Lord for his church. Here he is directing, feeding, disciplining, correcting and commanding its constituent members.

2. Compare this meeting with the disciples after his resurrection with his introduction to them as related in chapter i.

Which of the disciples named in this last chapter were also named in the first?

Do you think that Andrew and Philip, named in the first chapter, were the "two other disciples" in xxi, 2?

3. The above comparison suggests a

study in the development in character of these men. It is a study in the evolution of faith and love.

The beginning of faith had its rise in John the Baptist's bold testimony, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world" (i, 29).

Its first expression was in the timid following of John's two disciples who heard his testimony and in the timorous question, "Master, where dwellest thou?" (i, 38).

It gained strength in Andrew's joyful announcement, to Simon, "We have found the Christ"; leaping from the skepticism of Nathanael, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" (i, 46) to his bold declaration of the first article in the Christian's creed, "Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel." We see it growing from the doubt in the words of faithless Thomas, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hands into his side, I will not believe," (xx, 25) to his glad acknowledgment, without the full satisfaction of that test, "My Lord and my God" (xx, 28); compare also i, 50 with ii, 11. In Peter, the acknowledged representative of the apostles, we find the development of faith and love best illustrated.

(a) Recall his impetuous declaration of loyalty in xiii, 37 with xxi, 15-23; there a bold, self-confident boast, here a humble but earnest confession of love. Is there an advance in Christian character from an attitude of mere loyalty to a condition of love? Define the two terms. Can there be loyalty without love? Compare Luke ix, 54. Can there be love without loyalty? Compare xiv, 15, 23.

(b) Do you think there was an intended reference to Peter's boast and his subsequent humiliating denial (xviii, 25-27) in Jesus' calling him "Simon, son of Jonas" (xxi, 15) instead of "Peter"? Compare i, 42 and Matthew xvi, 18. Was it a tactful and delicate reminder of his weakness as a man of flesh only? Not until he attained an unshaken and rock-like confidence in his Master Jesus Christ, could he be honored again with the name "Peter."

(c) Observe, next, the thrice-repeated question of Jesus, "Lovest thou me?" (vs. 15, 16, 17). Do you think there was a purpose to thus remind Peter of his three-fold denial? Peter's confession of love must at least equal in volume and intensity his vehemence of denial.

(d) Let us think of another point in Jesus question. How like a surgeon's probe must that question have gone to the core of Peter's pride—"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" With a quivering heart must he have recalled his boast (Mark xiv, 29), "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I." Does Jesus seem to ask of Peter, "Do you yet assert that your love and loyalty for me is stronger than the love which these others have for me?" Peter's answer is a re-statement of his love, but it is now shorn of its pride. His own personal attachment is simply expressed, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee."

The American Revision calls attention, in the margin, to the fact that the word "love" in Jesus' question and that in Peter's reply represent two different Greek words. The word which Jesus uses for the word "love" is of deeper meaning than that with which Peter answers the question of his Lord. Peter chooses not to claim for himself the deep ethical quality of love that is expressed in his Master's question, but humbly yet sincerely expresses the love he himself, as a man, feels for Jesus.

(e) Peter's faith and love are to find under the disciplining leadership of Jesus Christ a still stronger and higher development. His boasted loyalty had failed. His faith was a materialistic faith in Jesus as a temporal king and found its expression in the use of a sword (xviii, 10).

His love must now be shown in more than simple confession of it. Note that every time that Peter says, "I love thee," the Lord gives specific directions for practical service (last clause of verses 15, 16, 17).

His loyalty was once expressed by "I will lay down my life for thee" (xiii, 27). Jesus now plainly intimates that his faith and loyalty are to be subjected to this highest test of following in the darkness his Master to the very kind of death he had suffered on the cross (vs. 18, 19).

As he had once declared his willingness to follow Jesus even to death, irrespective of what others would do, so now, in very fact, he is to die on the cross, and it shall be primarily no concern of Peter what disposition shall be made of the other apostles. Notice Peter's evident interest in the subsequent history of John by the question, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" and

Jesus' answer, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me."

It is worth while to notice that those words, "Follow thou me," close this gospel narrative. It was the command first heard in the day of his first acquaintance with Jesus (i, 43), heard often subsequently and now heard as the final word. Search the record of the Acts of the Apostles; read the two Epistles of Peter to find evidences of Peter's loyalty to that command.

This early morning interview left its indelible impress on the minds of these men who were present on the shore of Galilee. Their pride was eliminated, their loyalty strengthened, their love deepened. And the faith which it was the direct purpose of the book to inspire received the divine impulse which has made it the dynamic of God's people in their victorious career against the powers of darkness. From henceforth, when the soul won by the conquering love of the Christ hears the word, "Follow me," he obeys. Not alone Peter follows with outstretched hands upon the cross, but multitudes have followed unwaveringly in the same path of consecrated, loving loyalty.

"I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
But o'er each step of my onward way,
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy he sends me, comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

"Ore step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence came
His loving 'Follow me.'

"So on I go, not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with him
Than go alone by sight."

NOTE.—This series of studies has been much broken, contrary to the writer's purpose when they were begun last August. This is, however, through no fault of the publishers. For those who may be interested to review for consecutive study the series, I wish to cite the issues of the RECORDER in which they may be found: Aug. 5, p. 188; Aug. 12, p. 215; Aug. 19, p. 241; Aug. 26, p. 275; Dec. 2, p. 751; Dec. 30, p. 877; Feb. 10, p. 183; Feb. 17, p. 206; and the present issue.

T. J. V.

SABBATH REFORM

God's Voice

Not only in the quiet hours of life,
The voice of God we hear;
Behold, amid the tumult and the strife
His message soundeth clear.

Sometimes the gentle accents softly fall
Upon our listening souls;
Sometimes an echoing clarion call
Above the tumult rolls.

God speaks! To us what matters how or when?
Of questioning no need.
God speaks! 'Tis ours his voice to hear and
then,
Hearing, 'tis ours to heed.

—Mary Wells.

"Who heareth the eternal Voice is
delivered from many an opinion."

"The Lord's Day."

[Under the heading, "Scripture Studies," Rev. James Stacy, D. D., gives in one of our Southern exchanges the following article, based on Revelation i, 10 and entitled, "The Lord's Day." Believing the Sabbath to be the only Lord's day enjoined in the Bible, both in the Old Testament and in the New, we could not improve upon these excellent teachings regarding the Sabbath. Of course no one could consistently write thus regarding Sunday.—Ed.]

Fewer passages, perhaps, are more frequently misinterpreted and misapplied, than the saying of our Lord: "The Sabbath was made for man." In the minds of many it means that the day has been relieved of all its sacredness, and put on a level with the others, so that a man may now do as he pleases on that day. Even a learned theological professor, in one of our Southern institutions, as reported to me, teaches that whatever rests the body, is proper to be done on the Sabbath. "If reading a secular paper affords that rest, then read the paper. If riding out refreshes the body, then go riding." But why stop with riding? Why not also baseball, hunting and fishing, and even lounging in bed all day, as well.

The argument assumes that the day was made only for man, whereas God made it

also for himself; it is "the Lord's day" as well as man's day; he blessed and sanctified it, because his. When reduced to a level with the other days, what becomes of his claims? What of the sanctification and blessing?

"The day was truly made for man," but is the man all body? Has the soul no claims to the day? Has it no need of rest? And where else can it find rest but in communion with its God? And how enter into that communion, when the body is giving itself to worldly pleasures and enjoyments? This interpretation not only robs God of his claims, but also cheats the soul of its rest, and perverts the command to "keep the day holy," by removing out of it the very element of holiness.

Can any one, for a single moment, believe that God, after sanctifying and blessing the day, and making it his own, as a day of special communion with his creatures, a memorial of his resting, and a type of the heavenly rest, would suddenly change the purpose, and amid thunderings and lightnings, and awful displays of his majesty on Mount Sinai, would charge the people not to forget it, but ever remember that the day was given only for bodily rest! That his claims and the claims of the soul might be ignored, and they might do anything they pleased, and indulge in anything that would give rest and enjoyment to the body!

We can not but regard such teachings as a complete perversion, if not an entire misapprehension of the Lord's meaning! Without changing the sabbatic law in the least, or robbing God or the soul of their claims, he simply taught that works of necessity and mercy (for he was talking about no other) were entirely compatible with the holy character of the day, and the purpose for which it was given. This is all he meant and no more.

But One Sabbath Law.

Confessedly, there is but one Sabbath law found in the Bible. As already seen, that law originated in the Garden of Eden, at the close of the creation week. In Exodus xx, 8-11 it is amplified in its details, and honored by a place in the bosom of the Decalogue. As there recorded, it reads as follows: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor,

and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it."

The reader will note the fact that the law given above is specific in the matter of the day to be hallowed, requiring the sanctification of the last, or seventh, day of the week. The reasons therein assigned for the sanctification of that day, will apply to no day in the weekly cycle but the seventh, since that is the only one that God ever rested on, blessed, or hallowed.—*W. H. Littlejohn.*

"According to the Pace of the Children."

REV. A. L. DAVIS.

A sermon preached at Boulder, Colo., February 22, 1913.

Text: "I will lead on gently . . . according to the pace of the children." Gen. xxxiii, 14 (R. V.).

There are three great institutions directly responsible for the religious and moral instruction of our children, namely, the home, the school, and the church.

There was a time when the home assumed the task of religious training, of soul culture, of the children. And she did it right nobly. But the home of a generation or two ago had time for such training. In the old home the boy's hair was cut, the cloth spun, the clothing made, and the children ran the errands. But the old home has passed. Today if the boy's hair needs dressing, he is sent to the barber; if the children need clothing, they are sent to the dressmaker, or tailor, or ready-to-wear clothing establishment; while the telephone and the street-car run the errands. The old home is gone, and along with it has gone the family altar.

Our great industrial system has ushered in a new home. The laboring classes, crowded in flats, tenement and apartment houses, know but little home life. Whole families are separated during the long working house of the day, often rarely meeting at a common meal. And those who are more favorably situated are so oc-

cupied with business, lodges, or social functions that they find themselves almost strangers in their own homes. Mr. John L. Alexander tells an amusing incident in his own experience. He had been away from home for three or four months, and on returning, the occasion demanded that he correct his little boy. Whereupon the little fellow turned to his mother with the significant query: "Ma, is that man the boss of this house?" This hurry, forced or assumed, has wiped out almost the last vestige of the old home, and has left but little place for child training. Surely, our homes are not adjusted to the pace of the children, but to the great industrial system of which our homes are a part.

We are proud of our public school system, of this, we assure ourselves again and again. And I would not seem ungrateful. That our schools, in a large measure, are failing to prepare our boys and girls for practical life, is the opinion of many; that they are not giving them the needed moral and religious instruction, is so patent it scarce needs statement.

Fifty per cent of the children of the public schools leave before completing the eighth grade. Only 5.35 per cent complete a high school course, while only 1.61 per cent ever go to college.

The public school used to reinforce the efforts of the parents in moral and religious training. But now that is all changed; such instruction finds no place in our curriculum. This is not meant to disparage our public school teachers. We have a great army of noble, consecrated, God-fearing teachers. God bless them! But the Bible, our great religious text-book, is excluded from most of our schools today by state law. So far as I know, America is the only Christian nation under the sun from whose public schools the Bible is excluded.

The first twelve years of the child's life is the foundation period, when it is possible for us to put into its life almost what we will. During this period our children in the public schools are crowded and pushed, overworked many think. But the most important part of child training, religious instruction, has been turned over to other agencies. This may be right. But recent discoveries of flagrant vices in our high schools have brought many of our educators to a recognition of the fact, that if we are to have a strong, virile manhood and

womanhood the curricula of our public schools must be adapted to the pace of the children; that we can not ignore the religious and moral instruction of our children during this formative period without paying, in after years, most dearly for our neglect.

The homes, for many and varied reasons, have turned over the religious instruction to other agencies. The schools, by the pronounced attitude of the state, are forbidden to give such instruction, save indirectly. If such is obtained it must come through the church, and for the most part through the Bible school (this term is used for both Sabbath and Sunday schools). But here, in a large measure, we are failing to grip the lives of our boys and girls with the great religious truths of the Bible,—failing for the most part because we have not understood the child and the law of his development; failing because we have not adapted our schools to the vital needs of the boys and girls; failing because our Bible instruction is not according to the pace of the children.

According to *World-Wide Sunday School Work* (1910) the total enrolment of the world in the Bible schools is a little over 28,000,000. Mr. Alexander, the boy expert, puts the total enrolment today at nearly 36,000,000. The enrolment in the United States is about 15,000,000. Yet there are over 20,000,000 boys and girls in the United States between the ages of 13 and 20 inclusive. Every year 100,000 boys and girls leave the Bible school; 86,000 of these are boys. The home department, in later life, may reach some of these girls, but the boys are lost. Of all the boys who leave the elementary grade and enter the teen age 76 per cent are lost; only 24 per cent stay in the schools. And 88 per cent of the male membership in the Christian Church come from this 24 per cent. Think of it! In the eight years, the teen age period, 800,000 boys and girls are lost, save only such as may be picked up later by the home department and kindred organizations.

Think what this means! This tremendous loss is going on when our boys and girls are at the very age when God has made it easy for them to be saved. The church of the living Christ is sustaining this tremendous loss when our boys and girls are at the high-water mark of conversion, the great "continental divide" be-

tween childhood, and manhood and womanhood. Some of our very best elementary teachers tell us that the very best time to bring our children into the Kingdom is between the ages of 9 and 12, rather than the teen age.

But study these present-day statistics: 52 per cent of the church members were converted before they were 15 years old; 84 per cent before they were 18; 96 per cent before they were 24; and only 4 per cent after they were 24 years of age. And then think, that only 40 per cent of the Bible school enrolment are ever saved, and that of every child arriving at school age (6) the Bible school gets but one, and two get away.

These statistics startle us. But I would that they might burn their lesson into our very souls. Is it any wonder that the church is making such slow progress? She is sustaining this tremendous loss in the very harvest time. And it is a needless loss, a loss which might be averted, and which can be averted.

But a fourth ought to be named. It is not an institution, but a system, a system which is producing abnormal conditions, and making impossible, for a large number of parents, the rearing of a clean and vigorous manhood and womanhood. It is our industrial system.

According to the National Child Labor Commission, 60,000 boys and girls are in the cotton mills of the South; 100,000 small boys are in the mines and breakers; 6,400 in glass factories, hundreds of them doing night work. Two million boys and girls, under 16, are at work when they ought to be in school.

Four million of our population are dependent upon charity. The same number bear their misery and destitution in silence; and another 10,000,000 have not sufficient income to maintain themselves in a state of physical efficiency. Thus, nearly one fifth of our population, in one form or another, are feeling the pinching, dwarfing, blighting effects of poverty. This condition existing in what we are pleased to call our highly developed civilization. But let me ask, What chance have children in such homes, born under such conditions? The right of every child "to be well-born" is denied them, and such a declaration becomes sheer twaddle.

In view of such social conditions consider our waste. There is spent annually

for liquors \$1,750,000,000; for tobacco, \$400,000,000; for confectionery, \$200,000,000; for jewelry and ornamentation, \$800,000,000. While nearly a fifth of our population are suffering pangs of poverty, crowded in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated tenement buildings, underpaid and underfed, the government of the United States is spending at least 70 per cent of her entire revenue in providing for wars past, and in preparation for war. Yet manhood is worth infinitely more than battleships.

Let us remember, too, that the average workingman is but a few weeks removed from destitution. Says Rauschenbusch: "Disease of the nerves, culminating in prostration and insanity; disease of the heart, through overstrain; disease of digestion through poor nutrition, haste in mastication and anxiety; zymotic diseases due to crowding and dirt—all these multiply and laugh at our curative efforts. Tuberculosis, which could be eradicated in ten years had we the sense, continues to cripple our children, to snuff out the life of our young men and women in the prime of life, and to leave the fatherless and motherless to struggle along in their feebleness. . . . Tuberculosis and alcoholism are social diseases, degenerating the stock of the people, fostered by the commercial interests of landowners and liquor dealers, thriving on the weak and creating the weak." What show, pray tell me, have children of such parents? Who will dare say that our industrial system is suited to the pace of the children?

These are some of the conditions now confronting the church, actual conditions with which the church should grapple. And it is our sin that we have not been awake to these problems. "It is not the paying of somebody else to do something for you that you know nothing about, the tossing thoughtlessly of a sum of money to somebody whom you consider a nuisance; not that, but personal attention, inquiry, and ministry, that is the need of the hour."

The solution of the religious training of our children lies in a new evangelism, in an intelligent teaching of the Word of God to our boys and girls. The kind of revival we need is a revival of child saving. For we shall never save the world by saving men and women—never—no more than we shall make ours a temperance nation by saving drunkards. The battleground of the

Kingdom of God is childhood, and it always will be. And the conflict ought to be waged wherever child life is involved. The hope of the church is the Bible school, though the church has too often been sitting idly by, or half asleep, while the children, who ought to be safely within the fold, have been lured to their death.

God wants the world saved. Yes, and if he wants anybody saved, it is while he is young. For it is worth far more to save both a life and a soul than it is simply to save a soul. "As long as a day is worth more than an hour before sunset, so long is a boy worth more to the Kingdom of God than a man."

A small boy in southwestern Ohio was selling papers, and as he was idly strolling around the small depot, a rapidly approaching train came into view. A child, unconscious of danger, was playing on the railroad track, and the little boy saw her just in time to snatch her from the track as the train went thundering by. The father, deeply grateful, asked the boy what he could do to repay him for his courageous act, and the boy replied: "Teach me to work with that thing you play with." And he taught him. Today every incandescent light, every street-car, tells of him. They call him the "wizard of electricity," but his name is Thomas A. Edison.

Oh, my brother, my sister, let us quit playing with the King's business. Let us demand a new evangelism—an intelligent, high-grade teaching of the Word of God to our boys and girls. Let us demand that our Bible-school work shall be adapted to the pace of the children. Let us teach our children how to work with that which we have been playing with—the Bible—and a better day will dawn in our church work.

The latest reports, on March 4, are that Turkey has given up her policy of prohibitive stipulations in regard to the peace problem, and that she has offered to place her case in the hands of the great powers to secure peace as advantageously for Turkish interests as possible. If now the Turk does not change his mind again before terms can be reached, there may be some hope of peace.

The great curse of the laboring man is intemperance.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

MISSIONS

Prayer for Missionaries.

We plead for those in distant lands,
In shady groves or burning sands
Or on the stormy sea;
Constrained by love divine they went,
And all their energies are spent
To lead the lost to thee.

They left their friends and homes behind,
And at thy call went forth to find
Rich treasures for their God.
In youthful beauty, fresh and fair,
They chose that path of toil and prayer
Which Christ their Saviour trod.

For them and for their work we plead;
Do thou supply their every need
And still their strength renew;
Our hearts with theirs do thou unite,
And let us in thy sacred light
The great commission view.

Grant them, we pray, increased success;
Them with thy conscious presence bless;
To them thy will reveal;
And when they ever feel depressed,
Grant comfort, guidance, peace, and rest,
And all their sickness heal.

And if at times they sadly grieve
For those whom they were called to leave,
To whom kind words they pen,
Or if amid the Christless throng
For home and friends they sorely long,
Do thou sustain them then.

And if upon the mission field
Their witness must at last be sealed
By lives for Christ laid down,
May they through thy sustaining power
Be victor in life's latest hour
And gain the promised crown!

—*T. Watson, in Canadian Link.*

New Grafton, N. Y.

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

You will be interested in reading about some field work which Pastor Hutchins of Berlin, N. Y., and I have been doing up among the hills about eight miles from the old Berlin church. I am writing this letter sitting in a chair more than one hundred years old. The comfortable wood fire is in a red-hot stove fifty-six years old, not a crack or check in it. The home is an ideal Sabbath-keeping one of thrift, with every comfort; the room very pleasant, in a house built partly from a schoolhouse one hundred and eight years ago. From the

window I look out a few miles to the north-east and see very plainly the Green Mountains of Vermont. I look out to the south-east not quite so far and see Greylock in Massachusetts. Do you wonder I feel like writing about it to my friends? I am reminded of a story told about Patrick Henry, who was born among the hills. A man was traveling by rail. The train passed through Patrick Henry's native village. When the cars stopped, the man rushed out, lighted upon the platform, looked on the lofty hills towering above him on all sides and enthusiastically exclaimed, "This the home of Patrick Henry! I see now what made him great; it was such scenery, these hills." A wag stood by, heard it and replied, "These hills have always been here, but there has been only one Patrick Henry." It is good to look on these hills, but it will not make us great.

One man of middle age, bright and fine looking, came to our meeting who had not attended a service for eleven years. Here in this, to me the most inspiring place—a Switzerland in America! There are clean Christian homes, but more of them are not,—simply missionary ground. People have built a very nice little union chapel. It has not been in use of late. A Sunday school, with the help of Brother and Sister Martin, Sabbath-keepers who live here, and occasional visitors of Brother Hutchins, has been maintained more or less of the time.

My home has been with Mr. and Mrs. Martin. Her grandfather Peckham drove from Westerly, R. I., more than one hundred years ago with his family and some of his household furniture. He settled in these forests, and was a pioneer in this beautiful country. It is on the divide of a range of hills, which descend some eight hundred feet in going three miles to the east, opening into a larger valley at the village of Petersburg, which is located about six miles north of Berlin. From New Grafton, or near there, the range of hills divide also to the west down a like descent to Grafton Center. The state road has been built thus far, and is now being surveyed for extension across this divide, passing New Grafton, and extending to Petersburg. This country is well wooded and watered with springs and lakes. The people from the cities are buying the farms very cheaply, and building summer homes about the lakes. These lakes are furnish-

ing light and power for the cities and vil-
lage, and in time will furnish them for the
houses and barns on the farms.

What an opening for missionary work to
lighten and put comforts into homes on the
farm. Do this, and people will return to
the farm. If the boy and girl are inter-
ested and set to doing this, they will not
flock to the city where they lose their char-
acter in the crowd. Non-Christian lands
are waiting for just this feature of Chris-
tian civilization to lighten the load, and
make life more tolerable for those who sit
in darkness. Without this phase of the
gospel work, how can we emancipate men
and women, boys and girls who toil. To
toil in wisdom, builds character; to escape
work, or even try to, is unmanly and de-
structive. Judge Conger, circuit court
judge for Rock County, Wis., when pro-
nouncing sentence on convicts often said,
"Here is another case where idleness has
led to crime." When God said, "In the
sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," he
uttered a truth. He knew what he said.
While Mr. Conger was not a Christian
man, he was very faithful and strong on
the bench. Criminals tried before him
heard Scripture and sermons "without at-
tending church."

At New Grafton one hundred people
live within a radius of one mile from the
chapel. A few of the people occasionally
attend church at Grafton Center, three
miles west, or the distance to Petersburg
would be about the same in the other di-
rection. The children are under no re-
ligious influence except as a few Christian
neighbors bring it to them. The public
school teacher may pass the examination,
get her certificate to teach and then for
lack of character and good sense be more
damage than help to the bright boys and
girls, who as a matter of fact finally run
the school. I wish the conditions describ-
ed above were confined to this place alone,
but they are legion in this fair land we love.

The first day we were at New Grafton,
we had the pleasure of seeing two of the
trustees of the chapel mount the roof with
ladders, let the heavy iron weight down the
chimney, and clear it of a honeycomb, and
the remains of a swarm of bees. Fires
were then built, and the house was made
very comfortable. At noon a snow-storm
set in. In the afternoon Brother Martin
drove me in his sleigh (as Brother Hutch-
ins was nearly sick with sore throat) from

house to house, notifying people of the
meeting to be held that evening. There
was a good interest shown by the people as
to what had become of the bees in the
chimney and in regard to who I was. For-
tunately I had on my fur coat, which very
easily reminded them of the prophet dress-
ed in camel's hair whose voice was heard
crying in another wilderness. One old
gentleman asked, "Who are you?" I said,
"I am Mr. Nobody; I am just a voice come
to tell you of the meeting tonight, and of
the coming of our King. Are we ready
for his coming?"

Three days and nights were very pleas-
antly spent on this ideal missionary ground.
The Berlin Church is interested in this
field. I hope the new pastor will be as
faithful to it as Brother Hutchins has been.
One day he, with me, went from home to
home, playing on his guitar and singing to
the sick and aged people. His good music
also attracted and held their interest in the
meetings. The snow, the cold, the sick-
ness and some prejudice prevented large
attendance. The interest was good but it
was thought best to continue the meetings
now for only three nights. We promised,
God willing, after a few weeks to try and
meet again. One leading man came out
openly for Christ the last night. Pray for
this work. Your brother,

E. B. SAUNDERS.

Tribute of Love and Respect.

Whereas the ranks of our Woman's Benevo-
lent Society have been broken by the death of
our sister, Mrs. Bertha Hurley Campbell, we de-
sire to offer this tribute to her memory:

Her life was one worthy of emulation. Though
not able always to be present at the meetings of
the society, yet she was an interested member.
Her interest was not confined to any one society,
but all the activities of the church had her
hearty support.

She was a devoted wife and mother. She was
a sweet singer and we shall miss her songs, but
we feel the heavenly choir will be sweeter for the
added voice.

We wish to express our sympathy for her
family in this their great loss, and request the
publication of this tribute in the SABBATH RE-
CORDER.

MRS. G. W. BURDICK,
MRS. M. C. MUDGE,
MRS. H. R. LOOFBORO,
Committee.

Welton, Iowa,
Feb. 26, 1913.

"The only good side of the saloon is the
outside."

Prophecy Again.

Daniel viii and ix (American Revision).

REV. C. S. SAYRE.

After Daniel had received the vision of
the ram, the he-goat and the little horn re-
lated in chapter viii, 1-12, he heard one
holy one inquire of another holy one (for
his special benefit), "How long shall be the
vision concerning the continual burnt offer-
ing, and the transgression that maketh deso-
late, to give both the sanctuary and the
host to be trodden under foot?" (v. 13).
And the other holy one replied, "Unto two
thousand and three hundred evenings and
mornings; then shall the sanctuary be
cleansed" (v. 14). This was too vague
for Daniel to comprehend, so the angel
Gabriel was sent and specifically instructed
to "make this man to understand the vis-
ion" (v. 16). Please take particular
notice: it is the *vision* that he is to make
Daniel to understand, the thing he had
seen, the thing that had been partly ex-
plained by the 2,300 years. So have it well
in mind that it is the *vision* that the angel
Gabriel is to talk about. And his very first
utterance reveals a startling but definite
statement in regard to the vision: "Under-
stand, O son of man; for the *vision belong-
eth to the time of the end*" (v. 17). Now
the only time mentioned in the vision was
the 2,300 days or years, so the only rational
conclusion one can reach is, that the vision
belongs to the *time* of the *end* of the 2,300
days or years. And we are confirmed in
this view when we notice that Gabriel, in
order to get this particular point well fixed
in the mind of Daniel, repeats the same
thought in verse 19, "For it belongeth to
the appointed time of the end."

But Daniel was not satisfied; for there
was a very interesting point in the vision
that had not been explained. He had under-
stood clearly that the vision belonged to
the end of the 2,300 years, and that during
this time Medo-Persia would be the first
great world power, that Grecia would take
this power from them, and then the little
horn that waxed exceeding great would
hold the supremacy. But there had been
something said in the vision about the host
and the sanctuary being trodden under
foot: there was to be a time when the sac-
rifice and oblation should cease: and these
things, no doubt, had reference to his own
people and nation. And on that account

he was exceeding anxious to know just
when those things should take place. So
he gave himself to prayer and fasting re-
corded in the fore part of chapter ix. And
we find in the twentieth verse and on, that
in the midst of his devotions the angel
Gabriel appeared to him again, with in-
structions to give him the information he
so much desired. And we find in the
twenty-fourth verse and on, that 70 weeks
or 490 years were allotted to the Jewish
people, and at the end of that time the
events mentioned in the vision would take
place. So it is plain to see that the vision
covered a period of 490 years, and repre-
sents the last great epoch in the 2,300 years,
ending with the introduction of the Gospel
by Christ, who by his sacrifice cleansed
away then and forever that bloody old sac-
rificial service of the temple. And thus the
vision was fulfilled which said: "Unto two
thousand and three hundred evenings and
mornings; then shall the sanctuary be
cleansed."

As this Scripture stands, it destroys ab-
solutely all ground for the theory that
Christ entered the holy of holies of the
heavenly temple in 1844 A. D. And we are
left to the history of the Philadelphian and
Laodicean churches or periods for our
knowledge of Christ's soon coming.

I suppose it is none of our business, but
it is natural for us to wonder when the
2,300 years began, what event marked its
beginning? We could hardly expect to
get it exact, but we ought to find dates
and numbers in the Bible sufficient to ar-
rive approximately at some point of time
when some important event took place, that
could be fixed upon as appropriate for the
beginning of the 2,300 years.

Look at the following and study it care-
fully.

490 years back to the order to rebuild Je-
rusalem (Dan. ix, 25).

70 years, back to beginning of Babylonian
captivity (2 Chron. xxxvi, 21).

11 years, the reign of Zedekiah (xxxvi,
11).

¼ year, the reign of Jehoichin (xxxvi, 9).

11 years, the reign of Jehoikim (xxxvi,
5).

¼ year, the reign of Jehoahaz (xxxvi, 2).

31 years, the reign of Josiah (xxxiv, 1).

2 years, the reign of Amon (xxxiii, 21).

55 years, the reign of Manasseh (xxxiii,
1).

29 years, the reign of Hezekiah (xxix, 1).
 16 years, the reign of Ahaz (xxviii, 1).
 16 years, the reign of Jotham (xxvii, 1).
 52 years, the reign of Uzziah (xxvi, 3).
 29 years, the reign of Amaziah (xxv, 1).
 40 years, the reign of Joash (xxiv, 1).
 6 years, the reign of Athalia (xxii, 12).
 1 year, the reign of Ahaziah (xxii, 12).
 8 years, the reign of Jehoram (xxi, 5).
 25 years, the reign of Jehoshaphat (xx, 31).
 41 years, the reign of Asa (xvi, 13).
 3 years, the reign of Abija (xiii, 2).
 17 years, the reign of Rehoboam (xii, 13).
 40 years, the reign of Solomon (ix, 30).
 40 years, the reign of David (I Chron. xxix, 26).
 40 years, the reign of Saul (Acts xiii, 21).
 20 years, the reign of Samuel.
 20 years, the reign of no one (I Sam. vii, 2).
 450 years, the reign of judges (Acts xiii, 20).
 20 years, the reign of no one (Judges xviii, 1; xix, 1; xxi, 25).
 25 years, the reign of Joshua (usual estimate).
 40 years, time of the wilderness wandering (Acts xiii, 18).
 430 years, sojourn in Egypt (Ex. xii, 40).
 130 years, the age of Jacob at beginning of Egyptian sojourn (Gen. xlvii, 9).
 60 years, the age of Isaac when Jacob was born (Gen. xxv, 26).
 100 years, the age of Abraham when Isaac was born (Gen. xxi, 5).

Adding we have 2,368 years. But Abraham received his call when he was 75 years of age (Gen. xii, 4), and subtracting that from the above, we are able to account for 2,293 years without trying to account for the two reigns that lasted only parts of years. We do not pretend that this is accurate, but it can not be so very far off; for we have the Scripture for all but three, and those three involve but 65 years all told.

As a people called and chosen of God they had their start at the call of Abraham. And I would like to know what more appropriate point, in the history of any people to whom God had delegated a certain important work, could be selected to date from, than their beginning? Everybody knows that the Jews were chosen of God that he might have a select people through

whom the Christ could be given to the world. And I would like to know what events could more appropriately and fittingly close the special work of that people than the completion of the plan of salvation?

The 2,300 years cover the whole sweep of time from the call of Abraham to the time of Christ's ascension. And how natural it seems that in this vision, which showed the last acts in the great drama of salvation, the whole sweep of time involved in God's special work with the Jewish people should be mentioned.

"Unto two thousand and three hundred evenings and mornings; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." These words were spoken in answer to the question, "How long shall be the vision concerning the continual burnt offering, and the transgression that maketh desolate, to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot?"

The answer was, no doubt, intended to convey the idea that at the end of this period it was the divine plan to put an end to burnt offerings, and as he says in Daniel ix, 27, "He shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease." That this cleansing of the sanctuary did take place, every student of the Bible knows, for the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross put an end to all burnt offerings and bloody sacrifices and oblations called for in the old Jewish ritualism, in a broader and more sweeping sense than can be stated in mere words; for the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross so far eclipses and overshadows, and overtowers and supersedes that old system, that it beggars description. And so the sanctuary was cleansed when Christ entered the holy of holies of the heavenly sanctuary.

No man ever lived who could truthfully say, "The saloon has made me a better man." Thousands have had to say, "The saloon has been my ruin."

"Every fifth home must furnish a boy for the saloon." What about your boy? If you vote for license, you must not shrink from the consequences when your boy goes down.

"Stupidity is disheartening, but it's fine discipline for the other fellow."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

David Livingstone.

To lift the somber fringes of the night,
 To open lands long darkened to the light,
 To heal grim wounds, to give the blind new sight,

Right mightily wrought he.

Like Him he served, he walked life's troublous ways,
 With heart undaunted, and with calm, high face;
 And gemmed each day with deeds of sweetest grace,

Full lovingly wrought he.

Like Him he served, he would not turn aside,
 Nor home nor friends could his true heart divide;

He served his Master, and naught else beside,
 Right faithfully wrought he.

He passed like life across the darkened land,
 And dying, left behind him this command.
 "The door is open! So let it ever stand!"
 Full mightily wrought he.

Forth to the fight he fared,
 High things and great he dared,
 In his Master's might to spread the light,
 Right mightily wrought he.
 He greatly loved—
 He greatly lived—
 And died right mightily.

—From "The Pageant of Darkness and Light."

The Livingstone Anniversary.

The Protestant churches of the English-speaking world are preparing to celebrate, on March 19, the centenary of the birth of that illustrious missionary-explorer, David Livingstone, the story of whose life is so inseparably connected with the history of the African continent.

Born in Blantyre, Scotland, of humble parents, his early life was one of great poverty. At the age of ten years he was set to work in a cotton factory where his hours of work continued from six in the morning until eight at night. At this early age he had determined to obtain an education, and it is said that a part of his first week's wages went to pay for a Latin grammar and that he pored over this book as late at night as his mother would allow him to sit up, and in the daytime also whenever he could snatch a few minutes.

His attention was early called to needs of the mission fields, and while he was still a "factory hand" he pledged to missions "all that he might have beyond that required for his subsistence." When about twenty-one he was much impressed by an appeal to the churches of Great Britain and America on behalf of China, written by Mr. Gutzlaff, and he soon decided to enter the mission field. Accordingly he presented himself to the Mission Board and was accepted. An interesting story in this connection has come down to us. It is related that when he was called upon to preach a sermon he very deliberately announced his text and then, after a somewhat lengthy pause added, "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say."

His original intention was to go to China, but the opium war just then prevented, and Robert Moffat, who happened to be home from Africa just at that time, persuaded him to go to Africa instead. Accordingly, in 1840, having completed his education and having taken a medical training, he sailed for Africa.

Much has been written of his work in that country. Stated briefly, he explored a million square miles of that continent, traveling many thousand miles, and adding greatly to the world's knowledge of the plant and animal life of that continent; but always the ruling passion of his life was the saving of souls.

He found his wife in Africa and his choice seems to have been a particularly happy one. The story of his courtship and marriage to Mary Moffat, daughter of his friend and coworker, is more interesting than many "love stories" that are advertised as the "season's best sellers."

After sixteen years of hardship such as few men are called to pass through, he returned to England and Scotland, where honors, medals and degrees were showered upon him. And when the Royal Geographical Society asked him to return to Africa and do work for them, what was his answer? That he could not consent to go simply as a geographer, but he would go as a missionary and do geography by the way.

Who has not been thrilled by the story of his devotion to duty and his refusal to return with Stanley? We are told that he was a man of prayer and that the angel of death came to him as he was on his knees in prayer. Again are we thrilled as we

read that "Livingstone's heart is buried under a *mvula* tree in the African jungle." His body was embalmed by his two faithful African servants, Susi and Chuma, and carried a nine months' journey to the coast and then to England, where it now rests in Westminster Abbey.

What a fascinating study your missionary society might have at your next meeting, about this wonderful man and his wonderful work.

People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God; which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? Away with the world in such a view, and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say, rather, it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering, or danger, now and then, with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver and the soul to sink; but let this be only for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us.—*David Livingstone.*

Paying for "Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America."

In 1902 it was proposed to publish along with the Conference Minutes some twenty historical papers written to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the General Conference. This work was not undertaken without an estimate of the cost. To facilitate the distribution of this Centennial Volume it was proposed that it be sold at the nominal price of one dollar. One thousand copies at one dollar apiece would bring \$1,000. The remainder of the estimated cost of \$1,500 could be paid from the Conference treasury.

The plan grew year by year. Various delays and hindrances were met and overcome. The one small volume that was proposed became two large volumes. Several papers were added, including one of more than two hundred pages about the German Seventh-day Baptists. The value

of the work was greatly increased by numerous pictures and an index. The name of the work was changed to *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America.*

In view of the fact that the size of the work was greatly increased over the original plan, General Conference voted, in 1909, shortly before the books were published, to increase the price to three dollars for the cloth binding and five dollars for the leather binding. The cost of publication increased as the plans expanded till the total is four times the amount of the original estimate of \$1,500.

A certain share of this expense has been met by the sale of books; but this source of income was not expected, even from the first, to meet all the expenditure. General Conference has been from time to time making appropriations from its treasury. In 1906 the \$600 was paid over which was supposed in 1902 to be the outside limit of all the necessary deficit; in the same year \$53 more; in 1907-8, \$64.38 and \$16.35; then, in 1908, to pay a balance due the printers, \$831.46; making in all before the publication of the books, \$1,565.19. The denominational boards have also made certain contributions towards the expense.

Although the amount above mentioned was somewhat in excess of the original estimate of the total cost, it proved to be only a beginning. At the session of General Conference in 1909, at Milton, the committee was given full power, if it had not had it before, and was "authorized and empowered to hire such money as it may find necessary to complete and market the work."

At this same Conference in Milton over three hundred dollars' worth of the books were sold. It seemed a reasonable hope that in the course of a few months enough books would be sold to avoid the necessity of further appropriations; but these hopes were not fully realized. After two years it was found that the committee was heavily in debt, and that the sale of books was slow. It was voted, in 1911, that this debt be assumed directly by Conference. By a misunderstanding the amount was reported at Westerly about \$2,500; but it proved to be \$2,800. Notes for this latter sum were issued, and interest paid thereon previous to the last annual report of the treasurer of Conference, \$70, making the whole amount contributed for this work

from the Conference treasury up to August, 1912, \$4,435.19.

A debt, however, is not really paid when it is carefully reckoned up, and notes issued for it. The really appropriate way to pay the debt is from the sale of books. The Finance Committee at Westerly suggested, as an inducement for the people to buy these books, that receipts for the purchase money be turned in for their face value in payment of the Conference apportionment in each community up to one half the amount of the apportionment. This recommendation was adopted and put into effect to considerable extent last year, and was renewed by vote of General Conference at North Loup for the current year. While it is to be noted that it takes just as much money to pay the debt one way as another, this scheme serves to aid in distributing the books, and gives an appropriate recognition to that community which is energetic in getting the books into the hands of the people.

There has been a popular impression that the debt assumed at Westerly was to be wiped out in one year by the plan proposed. Some who have made a vigorous canvass for the sale of books are considerably disappointed. There is, however, no reason for being discouraged. The debt was reduced \$550 last year, and during the current year \$550 more, leaving \$1,700 principal yet to be paid.

Although we have still a long hard pull to get rid of this debt, we have the satisfaction of possessing a very valuable work which presents the record of the achievement of our Christian ancestors, and is in itself a monument of painstaking diligence and untiring zeal of the committee of publication. Very likely we would not have had the courage to undertake the publication of *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America* if we had foreseen the cost; but now that it is done, we may rejoice that we have so worthy a memorial of the hundredth anniversary of the General Conference.

Perhaps we have learned a lesson in regard to setting a committee at work with no limit as to the expense it may incur. Since we authorized this work and assumed the expense, the only thing for us to do is to pay the debt. There is no household of Seventh-day Baptists that ought to be without these books which we have published. Many people who have already

purchased one or more sets would do well to buy another set to give to some library or individual.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD.

Good Night.

GRACE BABCOCK.

Good night, loved friends, for now the day
To night her golden scepter yields,
And lengthened shadows fall across
Hushed honey-laden clover fields.
The little birds I love so well
Now chant their sweetest vesper song:
Could any music be more sweet
But singing of an angel throng?

Now hark as over field and wood
It floats to us, now near, now far,
As if some notes had drifted down
Through Heaven's pearly gates ajar.
I always loved the twilight hours:
The painting of the evening sky,
Fresh from the Father's artist hand,
Helps me to feel that he is nigh.

And then the slowly deep'ning gloom,
From which the little stars peep out,
Bright messengers that tell to me
There's light beyond without a doubt.
In all life's hours, God's brighter stars
Of Faith and Hope and endless Love
Will bring us cheer like these we see
Now shining in the dome above.

And when at last a time shall come
For some sweet final good-night kiss,
I will not bid you not to weep
For that loved presence you must miss.
Then light from God's own promises
Shall shine through your fast falling tears
And make a rainbow in the skies
Where now the darkest cloud appears.

Then be of good cheer, weeping ones,
For at the rainbow's end you'll find
Not the old fabled pot of gold,
From earth's dark dismal caverns mined;
But looking through a city gate,
'Mid walls of gems, a golden street,
No human hand or mind could plan,
A path for God's own children's feet.

As John on lonely Patmos' isle,
Was strengthened by that vision bright,
So every lonely soul may gain
New strength to wait for morning light.
Then, after all, is "Good night" sad,
Which just reveals to us the shore
Where all shall meet, be known, and say,
"Good morning" to our own once more?
Albion, Wis.,
Dec. 25, 1912.

"In making up your list of martyrs to duty do not overlook the woman who bends over the red hot stove three times every day."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Vital Living.

R. R. THORNGATE.

Christian Endeavor topic for March 22, 1913.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Dead and alive again (Luke xv, 24, 32).
Monday—Quickened with Christ (Eph. ii, 1-6).
Tuesday—Passion to serve (John ii, 13-17).
Wednesday—Source of power (Col. iii, 1-5).
Thursday—Spent for others (2 Cor. xii, 15).
Friday—Bright to the last (2 Tim. iv, 6-8).
Sabbath day—Topic: Vital living: the lesson of Easter (2 Cor. iv, 8-18).

WHAT IS LIFE?

Although it has been so long since Christ declared that he came that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly, there are many who have no adequate understanding of the real meaning of life. What is life? How shall we define it? Is it simply physical existence? Have we life in abundance when every need of the physical being has been satisfied? Life—real life—is far more than physical existence, and yet how apt we are to measure life in the terms of the physical. I believe that we need to be continually asking ourselves, "What is the true meaning of life; what constitutes life in its highest reality?" Important as it is that our physical wants should be supplied, and essential as they are to our happiness, to live simply for that purpose does not constitute life in its highest and best sense, for the real life—the spiritual life—is not sustained by the abundance of the things which we may possess.

Failure to form a correct estimate of life is the fundamental reason why we see all around us so many shipwrecks of life. Failing to understand the meaning of life in its highest sense men have made shipwrecks of both the physical and spiritual natures.

Life in its highest sense is spiritual, and is grounded in the character of God, and only when our lives are lived in conformity to the will of God are we living life in the highest and best sense. It is only the spiritual values that are lasting and satisfying;

for as some one has said, "It is the spirit which links us with God. It is the spirit which is the divine and immortal principle in many, undying. So that if there be no spirit, or it be left to die, there is no immortal life." This, then, is life in its truest reality, that our lives shall be linked with God and conformed to his will through Jesus Christ.

MORE ABUNDANT LIFE.

Christ came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly, that is, that we might have more of this spiritual life which alone can satisfy the cravings of the human heart. Christ's coming that men might have life—spiritual life—and have it abundantly, has been the means of securing to others not only spiritual life, but more of physical life, for when we shall have received of Christ's own spirit we can not look with indifference upon the physical suffering and wretchedness of others. But only as we are transformed by the vitalizing influence of Christ's life can we attain to the highest living. Only as life is lived in conformity to the highest spiritual relations does it become vital living.

VITAL LIVING.

And vital living may be defined as life-giving, that is, communicating spiritual life to others. We can do little if we are not vital Christians. Our spiritual life must be vital, life-giving. Even mere physical vitality has its wholesome influence upon others. A healthy, vigorous person, overflowing with physical vitality, has a salutary influence, as a rule, upon those with whom he comes in contact, and the same law applies in the spiritual world. It is the one who possesses the greatest spiritual vitality that touches most surely the spiritual springs of other men's lives. But only as our lives are hid with Christ can we possess spiritual vitality. But as some one has said, "Let a man press nearer to Christ, and open his nature more widely to admit the energy of Christ, and, whether he knows it or not,—it is better, perhaps, if he does not know it,—he will certainly be growing in power for God with men, and for men with God."

THE TEST OF VITAL LIVING.

After all, the test of vital living is our concrete acts of daily conduct. Nothing tests the influence of our lives like our daily associations with others in every re-

lation of life. If we say we love Christ and believe in the great value of his teaching, yet do not conform our own lives to his standard of life, we are not living vital, Christian lives, and we will possess no power to impart spiritual vitality to others. Speaking at the Rochester Student Volunteer Convention, in 1909, Ambassador Bryce, who was one of the principal speakers, said: "I have spoken of the harm done by members of Christian nations who disregard the teaching of their religion. But apart from these more flagrant cases, the greatest hindrance to the spread of the Gospel abroad is the imperfect power which it exerts at home. I don't mean merely that there is all around us in the lowest parts of our cities a mass of practical heathendom! I am thinking rather of the contrast between the standards of Christian life the New Testament gives, and which we all profess to accept, and the faint effort we make to reach it." In other words, there is a lack of vital living on the part of those who profess to accept the standards of conduct which the teaching of Christ sets forth. Instead of becoming vital and life-giving in the lives of those who profess to believe in them, the constant disregard of them becomes a hindrance to the cause of Christ. Are we as Christian Endeavorers living spiritual, life-giving lives?

THE JOY AND REWARD OF VITAL LIVING.

Vital living brings its own joy and reward because vital living is right living. It brings joy because it is the only sort of life that is worth living, and because it contributes to the greatest good of others. The thrill of joy that comes from imparting spiritual uplift to others is the reward of Christian service that is given out of a life pulsating with spiritual vitality. Its reward is an ever-increasing desire and capacity to discern greater spiritual truths, with a corresponding increase of spiritual power.

SOME SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

The following suggestive thoughts are gleaned from the *Endeavor's Daily Companion*.

Vital living is vitalizing. You are not living for yourself unless you are living for others also.

Vital living is a matter of the soul. Some of the most vital living is done by great-hearted invalids.

A river—or a life—must be straight to

keep the channel deep and the current pure and strong.

The microscope of the biologist has never yet discovered life springing up except born from other life. So man must not expect spiritual life except from Christ.

SOME THOUGHT PRODUCERS.

What is your understanding of life?
What is the source of vital living?
What is the test of vital living?
What is the reward of vital living?

A Foreword.

There are two important things needed in the Study of the Conference *Year Book* according to the plan outlined in this department; namely, the *SABBATH RECORDER* and a copy of the *Year Book* for 1912. If you do not have access to them, subscribe for the one and buy the other and get busy. The lessons may appear a little long, but if the daily readings are not allowed to accumulate but are read *daily* (no great task), the average person will find the lessons of very convenient length. If it is discovered that they are too long for some classes, two weeks may be spent upon each lesson. It is hoped that each teacher may find the suggestions such that he can adapt the material easily to his own class.

Study of the Conference Year Book.

1912.

REV. H. C. VAN HORN.

Preface.

At the last General Conference regret was frequently expressed that so few of our people ever read the Conference Minutes or *Year Book*. With the hope that such neglect might not be the fate of the forthcoming *Year Book*, and especially that the Christian Endeavorers and older Juniors might be led to such reading and study and thus become better informed and more generally interested in denominational work, a resolution was passed as follows (see p. 124):

"1. That this Conference recommend (beginning the second week in January, 1913) a systematic study of our *Year Book* in the Junior and Senior Christian Endeavor societies and in the women's societies of all our churches.

"2. That to unify the work throughout

the denomination the editor of the Young People's department of the RECORDER be asked to supply a brief outline of the work to be covered week by week, and some sort of a review or examination at its completion."

In compliance with this request of Conference, therefore, the following suggestions for study have been prepared. It is greatly to be regretted that the Studies could not appear on schedule time, but the preparation could not be made until after the publication of the *Year Book*, nor would they have been usable before the distribution of the same.

Seven lessons have been outlined, the basis of division being days of Conference. Lesson I takes up the first day, forenoon, including the President's Address. Lesson II takes up the first day, afternoon, and evening; Lesson IV is occupied with the third and fourth days, while Lessons III, V, and VI take up the events of one day each. Lesson VII is given the title Miscellaneous.

It seemed best to depart, somewhat, from the letter of Resolution 2, regarding the closing lessons as a review or examination lesson,—that may best be arranged by the teacher or leader,—and use the last lesson to bring out several matters of interest and importance omitted earlier in the course.

Each lesson is divided into two parts, "Daily Readings" and "Class Study." If the work of the first division is done each day as prescribed, it will not be found wearisome or uninteresting; but if this reading is allowed to accumulate, the average person will feel hurried at the close of the week and finally becoming discouraged will give up the course altogether. Indeed, the real spirit and purpose of the whole plan will be thwarted if this reading is neglected. The "Class Study" section is devoted to questions with the younger ones specially in mind, but it is believed that the older ones will find their content both stimulating and helpful. The material is of such a nature as to be easily adapted and the leader is urged to use his own individuality in planning and teaching the lesson.

At first an attempt was made to give references to the sermons, addresses and papers published in the RECORDER, but this was finally abandoned in the fear that such reference might embarrass the younger ones, and prove a source of discouragement to others in the mere contemplation of the

volume and wealth of material at hand. However, for the sake of those who might wish to make a more complete and systematic study, and for the sake of ready reference, a brief appendix or note will be published in connection with the second lesson, giving the references to published sermons, addresses, etc.

Acknowledgment is hereby made of indebtedness to Mrs. Ida Brown of North Loup, Neb., for helpful suggestions, to Dr. A. E. Main, Alfred, N. Y., Mr. Geo. B. Carpenter, Rev. E. B. Saunders, Mrs. Abbie B. Van Horn and Miss Alice A. Larkin, Ashaway, R. I., for helpful suggestions, criticisms and encouragement; and to the latter especially for valuable assistance in preparing the references for the Appendix.

This series of studies is published with a prayer in the heart that it may go into the homes of our church communities and of lone Sabbath-keepers, and prove of real help to a better knowledge of, and interest in, our denominational life and work.

Lesson I.

FIRST DAY.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Introduction and President's Response to Welcome (pp. 3, 4).

Monday—President's Address, including Conference Organization and Denominational Finance (pp. 5, 6).

Tuesday—President's Address (continued), Business of Conference, and Individual and Church Efficiency (pp. 6-9).

Wednesday—President's Address (continued), Efficiency in Denominational Activities (pp. 10-15).

Thursday—President's Address (concluded), World-wide Efficiency, etc. (pp. 15-17).

Friday—Appointment of Committees, etc. (pp. 17, 18).

Class Study.

1. How long has Conference been organized?
2. Where was this Conference of 1912 held? Locate the place.
3. Who presided at this Conference? What is his occupation?
4. Name the first and present pastors of the North Loup Church.
5. Read in class the President's Response to Welcome.

6. What was the theme of this Conference?

7. How would President Davis have us improve our Conference Organization and Denominational Finance?

8. What is "Efficiency"? What would be Church and Denominational Efficiency?

9. What are the advantages of a Committee on Denominational Activities?

10. What are the duties of our Committee on Nominations?

Why We Need a Delegate at the Los Angeles Convention.

DELEGATE AT ST. PAUL CONVENTION, 1909.

We as a denomination need to be represented at the Los Angeles Convention next July. Loyalty to the cause for which we stand demands it. Four years ago it was my good fortune to be sent as a delegate to the St. Paul Convention. Well do I remember how badly I felt because we had no leader there to represent our cause. One of the meetings was devoted entirely to giving and receiving greetings from different denominations. A leader from each came to the front and spoke a few friendly words. But there was no Seventh-day Baptist present who could represent us. I presume that three fourths of those present at that meeting had never heard of Seventh-day Baptists. It would have meant a good deal to have let them know that such a denomination existed.

Then, too, we need to have a denominational rally at the convention. We have a church in Los Angeles where such a rally can be held. If we could have one of our leaders present at this rally to speak about our young people's work it would mean much to those societies who will be represented there. At St. Paul we had no denominational rally, but each one of our young people had to go where it was most convenient. I attended the First-day Baptist rally, but while I received some good from this it was not like being among our own people.

There is one more very good reason why we need a denominational leader at Los Angeles,—it is this: It is in just such places that our young people, meeting as they will the best young people from other denominations and seeing what a fine lot of Christians they are, will begin to wonder if, after all, it is necessary to keep the Sabbath.

They will ask a question something like this: "If these young people can keep Sunday and still be such splendid Christians, why can not we do the same?" This question is bound to arise. It might be answered by a leader at a denominational rally.

We can have a delegate at Los Angeles if we will, and it need not cost us a cent. Simply get subscriptions for the *Christian Endeavor World* according to the plan explained in the RECORDER of February 3, and be sure and have them credited to the Young People's Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference.

Will you help?

The House Upon the Sand.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

CHAPTER IV.

"The Rain Descended and the Winds Blew."

Jack Chesterfield opened the back door, letting in a draft of cold air. "This is terrible," he said as he looked out. "I wonder if I can reach the barn without blowing away. But I don't see how this door comes to be unfastened; I'm positive that I locked it the last thing last night. I'll ask Mildred about it."

"Mildred," he called to his wife, who had just come down-stairs, "do you know how this door came unlocked?"

"Why, no, Jack; didn't you just unlock it?"

"I did not; it's exactly as I found it. Don't you remember my turning the key while you stood there putting away that candy last night?"

"Yes, I remember very well. What can it mean; has somebody been here in the night and broken in? But, Jack Chesterfield, just feel this house shake, it's dreadful! I'm scared to move."

"Well, why don't you get the girls up to help about breakfast then? They're no nearer tired out than you are, and Doris and Barbara ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"No, it's all right, Jack; I'm glad if they can sleep, but I wish we could get away from here."

"I wish so too from the bottom of my heart, and we must the minute the storm lets up. I can take two of you at a time in the auto and leave you at Aunt Mary's. Well, I'll make another effort to reach the

barn, for we must have wood." Once more he opened the back door, and this time he went out and closed it behind him. His wife watched him as he made his way to the barn fifty feet back from the house.

"Mrs. Chesterfield," a frightened voice called from the dining-room, "I don't want to scare anybody, but Rachel has gone."

"Gone? Gone where, Hope?"

"I don't know, only her suit-case and coat are not in our room, and I've looked everywhere down here. I hate to tell the girls."

"Why, she's probably in one of the other rooms then; I'll run right up and see. The girls ought to get up anyway. Oh, isn't this storm terrible? I wish we were safe at home, don't you?"

"I haven't thought very much about it, to tell the truth, Mrs. Chesterfield; I've been so worried over Rachel."

Mildred Chesterfield suddenly thought of the unlocked door. Did this explain matters? But to Hope, waiting there so anxiously, she said, "If you'll look out for that cereal, dear, I'll run up-stairs and hustle the girls out. You might make the cocoa, too, if you had just as soon."

She didn't wait to hear Hope's reply but hurried up the stairs and straight to Rachel's room. Yes, the coat and suit-case were gone, but here on the wash-stand was a note that Hope must have overlooked. No, the note wasn't addressed to Hope alone, but to Mrs. Chesterfield and the girls.

Mildred Chesterfield opened the folded bit of paper with all possible haste; but how short the message was—only these words:

"I just had to go, so don't worry about me. I must work out my problem by myself. Don't try to stop me, for I shall be far away by the time you read this. Lovingly as ever,

"RACHEL."

Mrs. Chesterfield sank down in the chair that Rachel had occupied only a few hours before. What did it mean, and what could Rachel's problem have been that she should go off in this way?

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "Why did I ever agree to chaperon this house party? I ought to have known better. I shall never forgive myself if anything has happened to one of the girls."

"Are you in there, Rachel?" a cheery voice called from the adjoining room. "Come in here; we're watching the surf and trying to keep our balance."

"Rachel isn't here, Barbara," Mrs. Chesterfield replied soberly. "Come downstairs, all of you; I want to talk to you. Hope must have breakfast ready by this time." And she hurried back to the lower part of the house.

The girls were all astounded when she read Rachel's note to them, and it was a sober party of young people that sat down to the late breakfast. Not one of the girls had any idea that Rachel was in any serious trouble, and only Hope had asked anything concerning her problems.

Altogether it was a tedious day that followed. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind seemed to blow harder and harder. Beth had taken cold and was quite feverish. Mrs. Chesterfield was undecided whether to risk sending her up to Mrs. Dunning's in the storm, or to take the chance of having to spend the night in the cottage.

"Jack," she cried in a frightened voice after watching the surf for a few minutes from one of the front windows, "I believe the water is washing in around that wall. It looks so, and it's coming nearer and nearer the cottage all the time. I don't believe this house will stand another night of this terrible wind and rain. I wish we could get out."

"You don't wish it any more than I do, dear. I've just been thinking that perhaps I'd better get out the auto and take Beth up to Aunt Mary's. I guess I can make it now if you think best."

"Yes, I do, for it's getting impossible to warm these rooms. There, Jack Chesterfield, just look at that water, will you? I tell you this house moves."

The girls, or those of them who did not realize the danger to a house built in the sand, were enjoying the surf—such a sight they had never seen and probably never would again. Barbara was at her best in a time like this, and she stood on the broad, old-fashioned couch reciting for the entertainment of the others an ode to the sea. Her sister-in-law interrupted her in the midst of the third stanza.

"Who wants to go with Beth, girls?" she asked. "Somebody must, so who is the most anxious to get away? I fear we shall all have to leave in a hurry yet. Barbara,

you'd better get down from that couch; it isn't safe when the house rocks so. Come, girls, you will have to decide quickly, for Jack is nearly ready, and we mustn't keep him waiting. Who has her suit-case packed?"

"I have, Mrs. Chesterfield," Louise Raymond was the only one to reply, "so I had better go, I suppose. I am not unwilling, I must confess."

"All right, it will be Beth and Louise the first trip then. Girls, you had better get all your belongings together right away; this house is not safe."

It was three o'clock when Jack Chesterfield started from the cottage with his two passengers, and it was more than a half-hour later when he ran his auto into the Dunning yard. The run had been a hard one, but he wouldn't stop longer than to let out the two girls.

"No, I mustn't," he replied in answer to his aunt's invitation. "There are five more young ladies down there, and how I am to get them safely away before dark is more than I know, but I must try."

"I wish Horace could go with you, but he's shut in with a lame knee today. You'd better stop at one of the neighbor's and ask for help."

But Jack Chesterfield was already half-way out of the yard. He was somewhat disappointed for he had thought that possibly his uncle could hitch up and go down after two of the girls, but of course he couldn't as it was.

His wife met him at the door with a lantern. "You'd better take it, Jack," she said, "even if there are lights on the auto. And oh, couldn't you take more than two this time? The noise is terrible, and I know the water is tearing away that wall."

"Never mind, dear, don't get frightened over it. It doesn't rain quite so hard now, and I will try to crowd in three. I only wish I had the touring car instead of the runabout."

Rilla, Hope, and Doris were the ones to go this time. Doris urged her sister-in-law to go and let her stay, but the brave little chaperon wouldn't hear to such a plan.

"No, Doris," she said, "I shall stay by my post till the last load. Then I shall be more than ready to leave."

She and Barbara spent a lonely hour before Jack came for them. It was very dark, and he had hard work to run the

auto over the muddy roads. Mildred Chesterfield gave a sigh of relief as she alighted at Aunt Mary Dunning's door.

"Thank the Lord," Mrs. Dunning said with tears in her eyes, "that you're all safe. This is going to be a bad night for the houses on the shore. The Nelsons, who live on the big farm half a mile back from the water, have just gone by on their way to their son's; they didn't dare to stay at their own place."

Between Rachel's disappearance and the storm, the members of the house party had had a worrisome day, and the night that followed was far from restful. The morning broke clear and cold, but the wind was still blowing.

"What are the plans for the day, Jack?" Mrs. Chesterfield asked at the breakfast table.

"A trip to the shore first and then home, dear. I want to see what havoc has been wrought on the beach, and then get these young ladies back to where they belong."

"That is my wish, too, Jack, just as quickly as it can be done. Can't you telephone your father to come down with the big car this afternoon?"

"Yes, I can and will. The sooner we get away from here the better."

Jack Chesterfield was back from the shore in less than an hour, and the news that he brought filled the members of the house party with consternation.

"The house is gone," he announced before they had had any opportunity to question him, "utterly disappeared. Only the pipes from the well remain aloft in the air."

"Jack, you don't mean it?" Doris cried, taking hold of his arm.

"I do, Doris, every word of it; the beach front to the extent of sixty feet is gone."

"And the other houses?" Barbara asked, dreading to hear the reply.

"Two of them are wrecked and ready to follow where ours must have gone—to sea; the others are there half tipped over. If they are saved, it will have to be at once."

"Can we go down there, Jack?" Doris asked when he had finished. "I know we can if father comes after us in the touring car; but couldn't you take two of us at a time?"

"Why, I suppose I could, but I think it would be better to wait till father comes, which will be very shortly. He is coming some time before noon, and you are all to be ready to go back with him. Mildred

and I will go as we came, in the runabout."

So it was shortly before twelve o'clock that the two automobiles stopped in the road that had once been just back of The Cliffs. The barn was there, but only an empty, wind-swept space remained in front of it. The wind was still blowing, and the members of the party had difficulty in walking on the sand.

"What if we had stayed in the cottage last night?" seemed to be the one thought in the minds of all.

"It looks a great deal like the old, old story of the man who built his house upon the sand, doesn't it, my son?" Mr. Chesterfield asked as he strode up and down.

"But it's not so bad as though a man built his life upon a foundation as shifting as the sand, father," Jack Chesterfield ventured to suggest.

"Quite true, my boy, quite true; I shall not forget that." And the sober-faced man of affairs held out his hand to his only son.

"Built his life upon a foundation as shifting as the sand," Doris repeated to herself more than once. Surely Jack was building his life on some strong and sure foundation. What a noble young man he was, not much like some others she had met.

(To be continued.)

Milton College Notes.

After the strain and stress of final examinations, the students have entered the new semester with renewed interest for both work and play. Social functions are again following each other in rapid succession.

The college students greatly enjoyed the "backward social" which occurred in the gymnasium on January 14. The program began with the "Home, Sweet Home" march and ended with the address of welcome. Between the marches the boys' glee club and the girls' quartet furnished several excellent numbers.

Through the kindness of Mr. Paul M. Green a copy of the new *Educational History of Wisconsin* has been placed in the library. We prize this volume highly because there is in it a chapter on the history of Milton College, and a portrait and biographical sketch of its writer, President Daland.

The Y. M. C. A. gave a box social and excellent program in the college chapel recently, at which the men brought the boxes, and the ladies bought them at auction.

The Milton Choral Union, under the direction of Prof. A. E. Whitford, recently held, at the Seventh-day Baptist church, a concert consisting of a Christmas cantata, and solos and choruses from Handel's sacred oratorio, *The Messiah*.

The Missionary Committee of the Y. W. C. A. gave a spread to the other members of the association after their regular monthly business meeting, the first of the month.

A short time ago the trustees added to the college course a department of public speaking, with Prof. L. H. Stringer at the head of the new department. *

News Notes.

SHILOH, N. J.—Our Christian Endeavor society held a social and entertainment on Sabbath evening, January 28. Mr. C. W. Moore of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau was with us and gave several readings which were greatly enjoyed. Music was furnished by home talent. A silver offering was taken up amounting to over \$17.—Dr. C. B. Clark of Salem College spent several days in this place in the interests of the school. Our Christian Endeavor society and the Ladies' Benevolent society each voted \$25 for the college.

ASHAWAY, R. I.—The last entertainment in the Christian Endeavor lecture course was given to a full house, February 15, by the Olympian Ladies' Quartet.—The members of the Christian Endeavor society and their friends enjoyed a social at the parish house on the evening after the Sabbath, February 8.—The Kitchen Band, composed of the Ladies' Aid society, have repeated their concert at home, and have also given it at Hope Valley and Westerly, always to crowded houses.—Cottage prayer meetings, three each week at the same hour, throughout the village, have been held the last two months and are still being continued with growing interest. Other ministers of the town are lovably coöperating with the pastor in this splendid work.—Two ladies united with the church, by letter, February 22.—Dr. A. E. Main of Alfred, N. Y., has been a recent visitor in town.—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Starr of New London, Conn.,

recently returned missionaries from British East Africa, occupied our pulpit, Sabbath morning, March 1. They gave us two splendid addresses. Mrs. Starr also spoke at the Christian Endeavor meeting in the afternoon.—Dr. C. B. Clark of Salem, W. Va., is working in our vicinity in the interests of Salem College. The men of the church were invited to meet Doctor Clark at the parsonage, the night after the Sabbath. On account of the stormy night and much sickness only six came. Doctor Clark impresses every one with whom he talks with the greatness of the cause he represents, and wins friends for education and Salem College everywhere.

Letter From Mexico.

George I. Babcock, a son of Elder Oscar Babcock of North Loup, Neb., has for some years been general Y. M. C. A. secretary in Mexico, with headquarters in Mexico City. The following extract from a letter written to his father, February 14, describing the battle in that city, was published in the North Loup *Loyalist* and will interest RECORDER readers.

"I am not very conveniently located for letter-writing, but will drop you a short note to let you know that I am all right. We are having a great time here and the end is not yet. For four days a battle has been raged here right in the midst of the city, with great distress and much loss of life. Our building is, unfortunately, located very near the government arsenal, which was captured by forces of General Diaz, the revolting chief. On the second day of actual battle they occupied our building, placing machine rapid-fire guns on the roof and on the fifth floor. On this day, last Tuesday, the battle raged around our building all day, it being largely the center of attack and defense. This day I remained all day in the building and witnessed the scenes which I never wish to see again. Some 500 to 800 were killed, it is said, during the day. That night they told us that more men and guns were coming to man the building and advised us to get out. So the few of us who were left moved out and have not been back since.

"The Americans are congregated largely in a district near the American Embassy, and here I am living with the family of one

of the secretaries. I am well, safe and comfortable.

"We have no idea when the trouble will be over or who will win. Our building is badly damaged, but not ruined. Many of the furnishings are destroyed. We are waiting and praying for peace."

Millions of Mummies.

It has been estimated that something like twenty million Egyptian mummies have been discovered. Thousands of those best preserved are now in the showcases of the various museums of the world. In the tombs with the mummies were countless other objects. There were paintings on the walls, chairs and tables, jars containing the parts of the body which were removed when the mummy was prepared, mummy cases gaudily colored with funeral screens and hieroglyphic inscriptions, and in the cases along with the mummies were papyri. Beneath each mummy's head, like a cushion, was a little disk of clay or papyrus, covered with mythological pictures and with a stereotyped hymn. The disks, found in great numbers, are nearly alike, varying only slightly with the period from which they come. "Hypocephali" they are called, because they were placed beneath the head. Like the mummies, the objects found with them have been scattered abroad, and in the museum at Cairo any tourist may purchase as many of them as he will.

The inscriptions on the disks and the mummy cases, of course, could not at first be read, nor could the mythological pictures accompanying them be understood until the inscriptions could be read. However, in 1799 the famous Rosetta Stone was discovered, and Champollion, a French scholar, began the slow process of deciphering its hieroglyphic inscription with the aid of the accompanying Greek translation. The process was so slow that it was not until 1841 that a grammar of the Egyptian language appeared. Then the progress in the study of the language was rapid; the strange hieroglyphics became as intelligible as an English newspaper.—*Christian Herald*.

"If saloons help a town, why do not boards of trade and commercial clubs and real estate improvement companies join in advertising them?"

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Birthday Surprises.

The little girl who liked to sew,
But couldn't bear to read—oh, no!
Last birthday found, strange to relate,
A row of books beside her plate
Instead of a new work-box—dear!
She thought it was so very queer,
And cried a bit. At last she took
The very smallest, thinnest book,
And, though she thought her heart would break,
She read it through for mother's sake.
And then she read them all, and lo!
She likes to read as well as sew.

The little girl who liked to read,
But not to sew—oh, no, indeed!
A lovely work-box she received
Upon her birthday. How she grieved
At thimble, needle-case and thread!
She wanted picture-books instead.
And thought she surely never could
Say "Thank you!" for them, and be good.
At last in tears she set to work
And sewed and sewed and did not shirk,
Fill row ro clothes her dollies need.
She likes to sew as well as read.

—Rose Mills Powers, in *Youth's Companion*.

The "B. O. W. H."

Winthrop Appleton, he said his name was, when he joined the school, and that name together with his very nice clothes and the fact that he had come to live in the big house on the hill, made the other boys in the school a little shy of him, for fear that he would be "stuck up."

The truth was that he had never been to a school before, but had been taught at home, and the other boys frightened him very much, and he was quite sure he would be friends with them all, and he never even dreamed that they were equally afraid of him.

"How ever will I get to know the boys?" he asked wistfully of the one friendly boy who sat beside him in school and walked part of the way home with him.

"Say, you join the 'B. O. W. H.' and then they'll all know you, at least all of the best ones. But you wouldn't join them."

"Wouldn't I? Just try me. But why do you think I wouldn't?"

"'Cause they have a president, and you have to do just as he and one or two others say; you have to do some funny stunts

sometimes, and I don't believe you'd like to do some of them."

"But the other boys do them," pleaded Winthrop.

"Yes, but—er—well, you're sort of swell, you know, and you wouldn't do some of the things. I know you wouldn't."

"Swell, nothing!" said Winthrop again. "Perhaps my clothes are some swell, but my heart isn't a bit swelled, and I do want the boys for friends, they all seem to have such good old times together."

Bob, the friendly boy, reported all this talk to the president of the "B. O. W. H.," and as a result Winthrop was seen a few days later going down the main street of the village, with a shovel over his shoulder and a bucket in his hand.

In this shape he was seen by his aunt, who held up her gloved hands in horror, saying:

"Winthrop Appleton, where are you going in that rig, and with that—er—shovel, I suppose it is, and a pail?"

"Where? To dig some potatoes for the Widow Long. I am in training for the 'B. O. W. H.'"

"For the what? Put down that pail and come home! Have you gone quite crazy? Do I live to see an Appleton with a shovel on his shoulder?"

"Can't, auntie, I am on the president's business and must hurry." And with a laugh Winthrop ran off down the street. But at the supper table, his father said:

"Well, Winthrop, I understand that you have joined the shovel brigade. Just what is it all for?"

"Why, you see, dad, all the best boys belong to the 'Brotherhood of Willing Helpers,' and to be really friends with them I'd have to be a helper, too, and all their test stunts are like what I did today, and, honest, it was lots of fun, and the dear old lady was so pleased, and she gave me some cookies which were—well, they were just all right."

"Just listen to that!" said the father. "When I was a lad, and went to that school, the only 'brotherhood' which we knew was one of mischief, of taking apples and melons, letting out hens, and other things too mean to mention. And they say the world is getting wicked. This doesn't look like it. Here's long life to the 'B. O. W. H.' and may our Winthrop live to be president of it!"—S. E. Winfield, in *The Child's Hour*.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

North Loup's Souvenir Room.

In the belfry of the Seventh-day Baptist church is a room eleven feet square and fourteen feet high which is being fitted for a place in which can be preserved the old records of the church, Sabbath school, Christian Endeavor societies, Woman's Missionary Society and the various other societies which are now, or have been, a part of the life of the church; also a file of the SABBATH RECORDER from 1872, and of tracts, publications, minutes, programs, etc., of the denomination, or which may have been a part of the life history of the church. Singing-books used by the church and societies, records, etc., will be kept preserved if they can be secured.

In order to add to the interest of the collection and to cultivate a reverence on the part of young people for older ones and old things, a limited number of relics and things connected with the early history of this vicinity will be received from the older settlers in this valley. Following is a list of things wanted: Pictures of those who settled here prior to 1877, of dugouts, sod houses, log houses, prairie fires and scenes of an early date, of birds, animals, etc., if taken in this vicinity. Pictures of pastors of the church and their wives. Any keepsakes from the first settlers, such as a cane, book or a dish. A piece of the first things used in the valley. First papers published, Indian relics, buffalo horns, etc.—R. G. Thorngate, in *North Loup Loyalist*.

Pastor Webster Burned Out.

Pastor Webster and family had the misfortune to be burned out of their home at 6406 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, on Monday of last week, about 7.30 in the evening. Mrs. Webster had just put the two children to bed and Mr. Webster was down-town. They lived on the first floor of the apartment building. The fire started in the basement, it is thought from the furnace, and gained headway so rapidly that Mrs. Webster was barely able to save the children, escaping through the rear door. In this fire fourteen families were burned out and the total loss was around \$25,000. Mr. Webster's household effects were almost to-

tally destroyed, only a little clothing and a few kitchen utensils being saved. Most of his loss was covered by insurance.—*Alfred Sun*.

Dean Main returned yesterday from Ashaway, R. I., where he was called by the death of his brother-in-law, Nathan S. Carr. Mr. Carr was the son of the late Hon. Sands C. Carr, and grandson of Rev. John Greene, once a well-known Seventh-day Baptist minister and evangelist.—*Alfred Sun*.

Pres. C. B. Clark of Salem College, Salem, W. Va., is spending a few days in town and vicinity endeavoring to raise a balance of \$1,200 indebtedness on the splendid new college buildings erected three years ago, and other recent improvements of the buildings and the grounds of the institution. The improvements were made at a cost of over \$40,000, over \$25,000 being contributed by friends of the college in Salem and other parts of West Virginia.

President Clark reported that during the past four years all the running expenses of the college had been paid for by the tuitions and voluntary subscriptions for the purpose. The speaker also said that the enrolment had been increasing at the rate of 25 per cent each year during his administration as college president.

Those who listened to the address which President Clark gave at the morning service of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church yesterday were greatly interested in the account of the work that is being accomplished and are pleased to learn of the progress that the Southern institution is making, the Westerly people of this denomination, it might be added, always having been especially interested in its welfare since it was founded.—*Westerly Sun*.

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MARRIAGES

LANE-AYARS.—At Good Ground, Long Island, N. Y., November 22, 1912, by the Rev. Mr. Taft, Mr. Horace W. Lane of Good Ground, and Miss Margaret D. Ayars of Shiloh, N. J.

WHITFORD-KING.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Harris King, near Durhamville, N. Y., by the Rev. E. Adelbert Witter, February 12, 1913, Mr. Nathan George Whitford of Adams and Sadie G. King.

VAN HORN-CARVER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carver, near Marion, Iowa, February 12, 1913, by the Rev. J. T. Davis, Mr. Geo. Van Horn of Garwin, Iowa, and Miss Esther Carver of Marion, Iowa. J. T. D.

DUDLEY-YOUNG.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Young of Scio, N. Y., at 7.30 a. m., on February 18, 1913, by Rev. H. L. Cottrell, Harry M. Dudley of Caneadea, N. Y., and Bessie V. Young of Scio, N. Y. H. L. C.

DICKINSON-HOFFMAN.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hoffman, Shiloh, N. J., February 19, 1913, by Rev. James L. Skaggs, Mr. Charles Dickinson Jr. and Miss Edna Belle Hoffman, both of Shiloh.

DEATHS

RANDOLPH.—Charles F. Randolph, son of Madison and Amanda Bond Randolph, was born July 16, 1866, and died near Rockford, W. Va., December 2, 1912.

He was a man of good heart, kind and neighborly disposition. He married Florence Maude Musser, May 18, 1902. To this union were born three sons. He is survived by the wife and three sons, the mother, one sister and two brothers. Burial at Lost Creek Cemetery. M. G. S.

WITTER.—Thankful Witter was born February 6, 1841, and died at her home at Andover, N. Y., February 2, 1913.

She was converted in her younger years and joined the Hartsville Seventh-day Baptist Church, where she retained her membership until her death. She was faithful in church attendance and was constantly administering to the needs of others, sacrificing her own personal interests that she might help some one.

Funeral services were held in the Andover Seventh-day Baptist church on the morning of February 4, and conducted by A. Clyde Ehret. Interment was made at the Hartsville Cemetery. A. C. E.

SHEETS.—Rebecca Wolf Sheets was born in 1833 near Lost Creek, W. Va., and died in Salem, W. Va., February 4, 1913, aged 79 years, 5 months and 17 days.

Her days were mostly spent in Lost Creek valley. She was a woman of excellent heart. For many years she suffered from rheumatic trouble but kept a cheerful, patient faith in divine promises. She had lived many years in the efficient care of Mrs. M. B. Davis, one of her daughters. The burial was at the Lost Creek Cemetery; the funeral service by the pastor of the Lost Creek Church. M. G. S.

MILLARD.—John Morris Millard, son of John and Betsy Coon Millard, was born in West Edmeston, N. Y., August 14, 1835, and died at his home in Walworth, Wis., February 10, 1913, being in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

He was married to Miss Hannah Burdick, who died November 29, 1865. Two children, John and Ida, came to this home. Later in life he married Mrs. Mary Burdick, who with the children and a sister, Miss Emma Millard, survive to mourn a loving father, husband, and brother. Mr. Millard had been a sufferer from asthma for years, which together with heart trouble and grippe caused his death. He became a Christian and united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Walworth, of which church he was a member at his death.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by the pastor. Interment was made in the Cobblestone Cemetery. H. E. D.

HILL.—Annie Crandall Hill was born in Bolivar, N. Y., December 2, 1831, and died at her home in Berlin, Wis., February 11, 1913, aged 81 years, 2 months and 9 days.

She was the only daughter of Rowland I. and Susan Maxson Crandall. When about twenty years of age, she came with her parents and settled near Utica, Wis. While residing there she was baptized and joined the Seventh-day Baptist church of that place. After teaching in the district schools for some time, she was married, April 22, 1852, to Stillman R. Greene, who died May 5, 1862. To them were born three children: Mrs. E. B. Hill, D. F. Greene and Geo. R. Greene, all of whom are living. Sometime in 1863 she was married to Varnum G. Hill. To them one son was born,—Ernest L. Hill, who tenderly cared for her in her declining years. She was a kind loving mother, a sympathetic friend and neighbor, but very quiet and unassuming.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. S. Forward, Thursday, February 13, 1913, at 2 p. m., and she was laid at rest in the cemetery near by. E. G. H.

CROSS.—George W. Cross was born May 24, 1831, and died at the home of his son, Herman J. Cross, near Syracuse, N. Y., February 11, 1913.

The deceased was married to Miss Harriet Burdick of DeRuyter, N. Y., August 18, 1855, which union was blessed with eight children, six sons and two daughters. Shortly after his marriage to Miss Burdick, Mr. Cross accepted the Sabbath and became a member of the DeRuyter

Seventh-day Baptist Church. About twenty-six years ago he with his family settled in the vicinity of Syracuse, and since coming here he has taken much interest in the work of Seventh-day Baptists. Previous to the organization of the Syracuse Church, and during the years in which Rev. L. R. Swinney made regular missionary visits to the community, Brother Cross did much to encourage and support the work. He was one of the constituent members of the Syracuse Church, and remained a loyal supporter until failing health made it impossible for him to take an active interest. When the War of the Rebellion came on, Brother Cross enlisted for a term of three years. He belonged to the 76th Regiment of Infantry, New York Volunteers, and served as drummer. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, but was able to continue in active service to the close of the term, November 8, 1864.

Funeral services were held at his late home near Sherman Park, February 13, 1913, conducted by the pastor of the Syracuse Church. R. G. D.

BURDICK.—Phebe Burdick, daughter of Clark Green and Elizabeth Lanphear Burdick, was born in Alfred, October 7, 1828, and died February 15, 1913, being 84 years, 4 months and 8 days old.

She was the last of five children, all of whom, except one, exceeded their allotted "threescore and ten." On her forty-first birthday, October 7, 1871, with several of her relatives, at the organization of the Andover Seventh-day Baptist Church, she became one of its constituent members, and remained so till her death. On July 15, 1906, she suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, which prevented her caring for herself in her own home, and since that time she has made her home with her niece, Mrs. Agnes E. Langworthy, where she passed away. She expressed childlike faith in Him who "doeth all things well," and in the great suffering which at times came to her, her prayer was, "Heavenly Father, take me home." Early in the evening after the Sabbath, February 15, her prayer was granted and she gently fell asleep.

The funeral services were held at the home, February 18, by her pastor, and burial was in East Valley Cemetery. A. C. E.

DAVIS.—At Lyford, Texas, February 17, 1913, Evelyn Frances Davis, infant daughter of Harry S. and Cora Campbell Davis, formerly of Shiloh, N. J., aged one week.

A short service was conducted by the Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. Phipps. "Suffer little children to come unto me." A. C. S. C.

SMITH.—Thaddeus C. Smith was born almost sixty-eight years ago at South Kingston, Rhode Island, May 22, 1845, and died at his home in Plainfield, New Jersey, February 24, 1913.

At about the age of sixteen he went to Westerly, Rhode Island, and learned the trade of the machinist in the shops of C. B. Cottrell, where he worked till 1870, when he moved to Plainfield and continued his chosen and loved occupation in the Potter Printing Press Company till the time of his death.

At Westerly he professed Christianity, accepted the Seventh-day as the Sabbath, and was baptized by Rev. Abram H. Lewis, who was at that time the pastor of the church there. He transferred his membership to the church at Plainfield in 1880 and was an active, faithful member, being for a time the superintendent of the Sabbath school.

On December 24, 1867, he was married to Susan P. Capron who survives him with their two children, Frank H. Smith of Plainfield, New Jersey, and Mrs. Ernestine Smith Burdick, wife of Dr. Charles M. Burdick of Central Islip, New York.

In all the circle of a wide acquaintance wherever he was known, Mr. Smith was respected and loved for his quiet, genial, friendly manner, and for his daily life so true and genuine in all his ways.

Funeral services conducted by the pastor were held at his late home at 421 Madison Avenue at which time Mr. Charles P. Titsworth sang, "Home of the Soul," a song which Mr. Smith used often to sing to the children in the evening years ago when the work of the day was ended and the night was drawing on. Burial was made in Hillside Cemetery on the day of the funeral, February 28. E. S.

Lest We Forget.

When good old Jacob learned to give
One tenth to God of all he had,
He found that he with ease could live,
And blessings came to make him glad.
Maybe you owe to God a debt.
Pay up at once—lest you forget.

'Tis said this law was set aside—
Some boast they are no longer bound;
But if love makes the path more wide,
It would a better way have found.
No better plan has reached us yet.
Pay up at once—lest you forget.

"But I am very poor," you say,
"With scarce enough to eat and wear."
Perhaps you've robbed God's tenth away,
And lost the blessings he would share.
Of all men you are most in debt.
Pay up at once—lest you forget.

—Victorian War Cry.

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SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON XI.—March 15, 1913.

THE TEST OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

Lesson Text.—Gen. xxii, 1-19.

Golden Text.—"I desire goodness, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt-offerings." Hosea vi, 6.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Gen. xxii, 1-13.

Second-day, Gen. xxii, 14-24.

Third-day, Gen. xxiii, 1-20.

Fourth-day, Heb. xi, 8-19.

Fifth-day, Judges xi, 29-40.

Sixth-day 2 Kings iii, 11-27.

Sabbath day, John viii, 31-59.

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

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. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d St.

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.

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor.

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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"No, dear, your temperature is a little over a hundred, but the doctor thinks you will be all right in a day or so."

Smiles broke through Marjorie's tears.

"Now, mamma, I can have my dollar. Papa said he would give it to me if I could get a hundred in anything."—*The Delineator*.

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The Sabbath Recorder

EASTER

M. E. H. EVERETT

We chime no bells for we are northern folk,
A warm and fragrant breeze befits the bell;
No lighted tapers on our altar stand,
No flowers the story tell.

With sober, reverent feet we seek the church
Wherein our fathers prayed in days of yore;
Self-seeking and all worldly thoughts are barred
By its high, solemn door.

But in our hearts we keep the flower of Hope
That in an Eastern country far away
Blossomed for us on the first Easter morn,
Before the dawn of day.

"Because He liveth, we shall also live!"
No sweeter message silver bells could ring;
And He who looketh on the hearts of men
Will take the gift we bring.

Coudersport, Pa.

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