

# JOB PRINTING

The publishing house of the American Sabbath Tract Society has an up-to-date equipment for job printing of all kinds, and your patronage is solicited. Our growing business is a fine testimonial of satisfactory service rendered.

We are especially well prepared to turn out high class brochures, catalogues, book editions, periodicals, etc., on short notice.

Estimates gladly furnished. Let us do your next job of printing.

**AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT  
SOCIETY PUBLISHING HOUSE**  
Babcock Bldg., Plainfield, N. J.

## *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

### CONTENTS

**Preface, Introduction, General Survey,**  
(pp. vii-xix)

#### **Part One—The Old Testament,** (pp. 1-50)

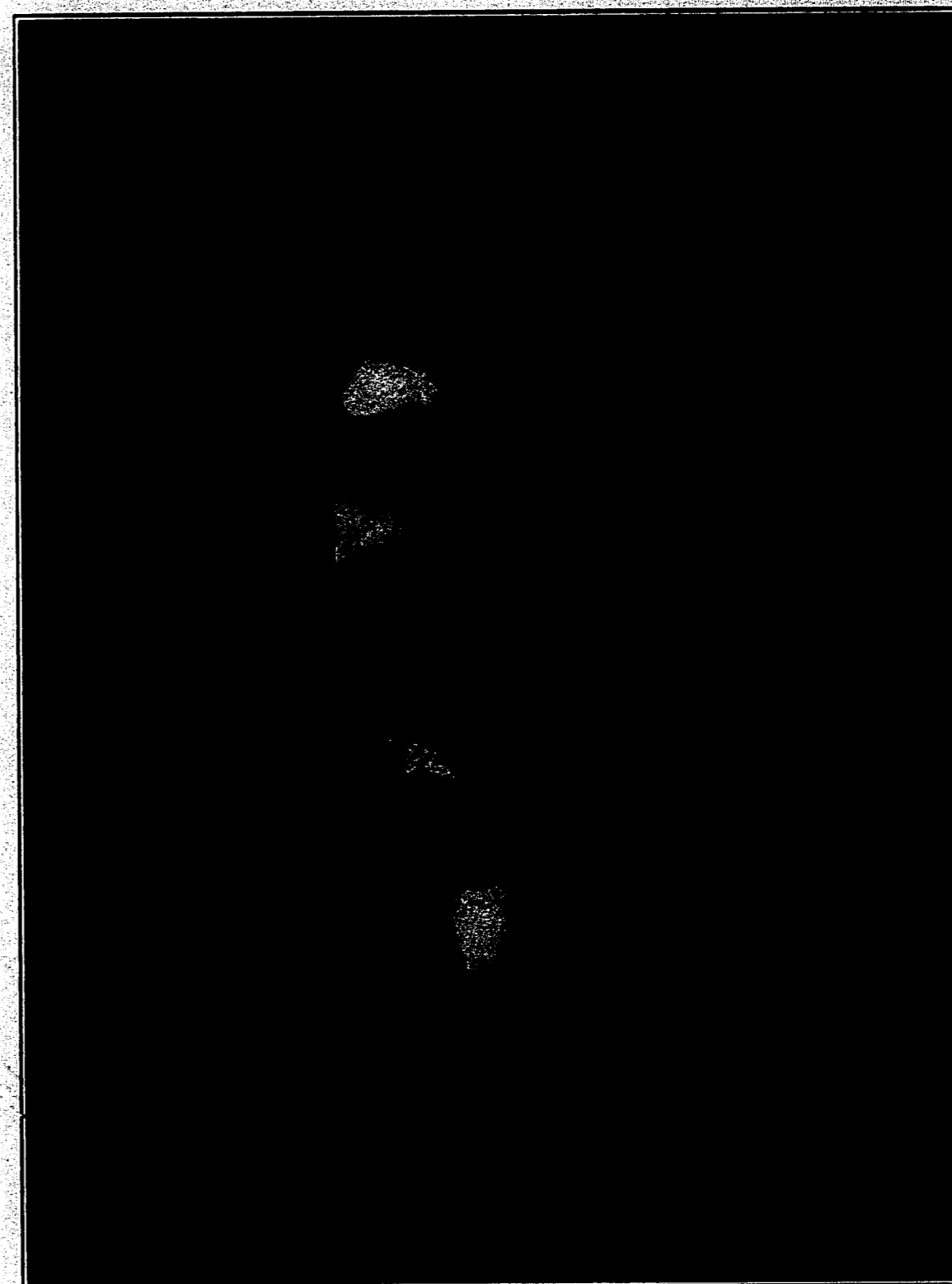
*Beginnings of History*—Foundations; Reasons for the Sabbath; Beginnings of Hebrew History; *Moses, the Exodus, and the Law*—Moses and His Work; The Sabbath Earlier than Sinai; The Decalogue; The Fourth Commandment; The Sabbath a Covenant of Sanctification; The Sabbath a Sign of the Hebrew National Covenant; Sabbath Rest Safe and Rational; Religion and Good Morals Inseparable; The Sabbath Assembly, and the Holy Bread; The Sabbath a Sanctifying Day; The Sabbath in Deuteronomy; Other Sabbatic Time; *The Great Historical Period*—The Sabbath in Chronicles and Kings; The Sabbath under Nehemiah; *The Prophets*—The Sabbath Social and Ethical; Righteousness Essential to True Sabbath-keeping; Meaning and Relations of a Hallowed Sabbath; The Sabbath in Ezekiel; The Sabbath and National Life; Summary of Old Testament Teachings.

#### **Part Two—The New Testament,** (pp. 51-107)

*The Synoptic Gospels*—Relation between the Two Testaments, and the Authority of Jesus; The Sacredness of Human Needs; Christ Greater than the Temple; The Greater Law of Love; Deeds of Mercy on the Sabbath; The Sabbath among Early Jewish Christians; A Sabbath of Teaching and Healing; The Sabbath Made for Man; Doing Good on the Sabbath; Jesus a Sabbath-day Worshiper and Preacher; Jesus Our Judge in the Matter of Sabbath-keeping; Jesus at a Sabbath; Entertainment; The "Preparation"; The Resurrection; *Early Writings Belonging to a Transitional Stage of Thought*—"Proselytes"; The Sabbath in Hebrews and Revelation; *The Pauline Epistles*—Under Grace; Salvation a Free Gift; *The Johannine Writings*—Our Ever-working God and Father; Compassion Greater than Ceremony; Mercy is Free, not Bound, on the Sabbath; Recapitulation and Summary; A Brief Historical Survey; Index of Scripture References; Bibliography.

Price: Cloth, 50 cents; Paper Covers, 25 cents. Address the author at Alfred, N. Y., or American Sabbath Tract Society, Publishers, Plainfield, N. J.

# The Sabbath Recorder



CHARLES CLARENCE CHIPMAN  
(February 6, 1859—January 20, 1913)

# The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh-day Baptist Weekly, Published by The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 74, NO. 12.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MARCH 24, 1913.

WHOLE NO. 3,551.

## Memorial Service.

On Sabbath day, March 8, the New York City Church held a service in memory of Deacon Charles C. Chipman. The principal feature of the occasion was a biographical sketch prepared and read by Corliss F. Randolph. A short appreciative paper was read by the pastor, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, and Stephen Babcock spoke briefly of Deacon Chipman's faith in the accomplishment of high and lofty purposes, citing certain instances in the life of the latter that had come under the observation of the former, to illustrate his meaning. Dr. Harry W. Prentice sang Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." The regular communion service, observed for the first time since the death of Deacon Chipman, still further marked the solemnity of the occasion.

\*\*\*

## Blinded by Prejudice.

Brother Richardson of London, England, in a brief note to the editor relates two incidents showing the different spirit manifested by two men who had seen the truth as published in the *Sabbath Observer*, a little paper used by Brother Richardson in connection with his work as pastor of the Mill Yard Church.

The two incidents occurred in the same week. One was the receipt of a letter, without stamp, four cents postage to collect, addressed, "To the editor of the blasphemous Jewish publication called the *Sabbath Observer*." The writer said: "We Christians are not heathens like the Jews, and we despise the Jews and their religion."

The other incident was a visit from an aged Christian of about fourscore years, who had read a tract left at his home by Brother Richardson, entitled, "The Way to Jerusalem," and straightway had gone in search of the author in order to secure a copy of the *Sabbath Observer*. After going to Wood Green and finding that Mr. Richardson had moved, the stranger secured his new address and went to Tollington Park to find him. He was anxious about baptism, feeling that he had not been

really baptized. The next day he wrote: "I am determined, with the help of God, to keep the Sabbath."

Brother Richardson adds: "Truly the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing; but the word of God is quick and powerful."

The friend in old England who writes the bitter letter against the Jews might do well to study the history of his own kingdom, and that of other European nations, as to the blessings received from Jews, before he allows prejudice to color and embitter his language too much against the race that gave us a Saviour.

So long as England remembers the magnificent services of Queen Victoria's Premier, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, Englishmen should be a little modest about hurling bitter epithets at the race to which he belonged. Once when twitted in Parliament with being a Jew, this noble Hebrew arose in his quiet dignity and replied: "Yes, I am a Jew, but let me remind the honorable gentleman that, when his ancestors were savages on the banks of the Thames, mine were princes in Solomon's temple!"

Gambetta, the hero of the French nation after her inglorious defeat, was a Jew. Germany too honors the memory of Count Von Arnim, her distinguished diplomat; and Prussia will not soon forget her liberal leader, Lasker, who was Bismarck's equal, though a Jew. Spain had her eloquent Emilio Castelar, a Hebrew; and many professional chairs in Germany have been occupied by members of the despised race. In the fields of literature, art and music, the genius of the Hebrew race has ever been prominent; and what would the nations do without Hebrew financial leaders? They are the world's bankers, to whom the nations go when in distress. In philanthropy none have exceeded Sir Moses Montefiore and Baron Hirsch, who have received the homage of the world.

It is ill becoming in any man calling himself Christian, to say, "I despise the Jews," seeing that the Jews gave us the prophets, the Bible, the Christ and our holy religion.

## CHARLES CLARENCE CHIPMAN

### An Appreciative Biographical Sketch.\*

BY CORLISS FITZ RANDOLPH.

To write the biography of any one, however well acquainted the author may be with his subject, is no light undertaking. The task, at best, carries with it a responsibility of judgment, of good taste, and accuracy, that no conscientious writer can escape; and when to this is added a warm, intimate friendship of many years' standing, the task becomes doubly hard. Emotion and personal feelings not only fail to find words adequate to express themselves, but they tend to overthrow the poise of the writer and to foreshorten his perspective until he scarcely knows what to say. Then, a mass of details, necessary for an accurate biography, however brief, must be gathered and verified, requiring time and patient research, all of which make for delay that is often disappointing, baffling, and annoying.

It was six years after the death of Sir Walter Scott before the completed story of his life appeared from the pen of his beloved and devoted son-in-law, John G. Lockhart.

Or, if the chords of the heart be paralyzed by the shock of bereavement and grief, and the pen hangs faltering in a nerveless grasp, delay may be prolonged far beyond even that period. It was seventeen years after the death of Arthur Hallam before Alfred Tennyson's heaven-inspired *In Memoriam* saw the light of public day.

Twice has this present memorial service been delayed at my request, and today I appear before you with a faltering heart to present the product of a faltering pen—a product parts of which have been written since I came into this room this morning.

I knew Clarence Chipman for nearly thirty years; and for nearly a quarter of a century

\*Read at a service held in memory of Mr. Chipman by the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City on Sabbath Day, March 8, 1913.  
Other articles concerning Mr. Chipman, which have previously appeared in the *Sabbath Recorder* are as follows: An editorial notice of his death in the issue for January 27; *An Appreciation*, by David E. Titsworth, *A Prayer* (a short poem), by "His Friend", together with a portrait in the number for February 3. A brief biographical sketch re-printed from the *Alfred Sun* of February 5, in the issue for February 24; and the tribute from the Board of Directors of the Tract Society, March 3.

of that period, I knew him intimately. When I first entered Alfred University, he had preceded me by three years. In a very short space of time—two or three weeks—I had formed a passing acquaintance with him. When a little more than a year afterward he resigned his office as usher in the First Alfred Church, it was upon my shoulders that his mantle fell. In the Alleghanian Lyceum, of which we were both members, matters of mutual interest brought us, thus early, into a certain intimate relation. But it was not until I had come to make my home within the precincts of this, the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City, whither he had preceded me by a year, that we became intimate friends—yoke fellows—with a broad, common ground of similar tastes, but tastes sufficiently dissimilar to make us two distinct, but not inharmonious, personalities. So have we wrought together in this church, in the Tract and Sabbath School Boards, as trustees of Alfred University, and in the General Conference and denominational work at large. For many years, we were in at least weekly consultation with each other, and our church and denominational and school interests were usually the theme of discussion. Our respective families were frequent guests each in the home of the other, often for days at a time; and in times of affliction, he came to me a messenger of comfort and peace, or I went to lend him such aid and cheer as I could, until friendship grew into an intimacy, if not an affection, like unto that of Jonathan and David.

As the years sped by and the burden of care which bowed his shoulders and blanched my hair and impaired the physical vitality of us both, counseling us to heed the warning of impending danger, we were together less frequently; but the intimacy continued, and less than three weeks before his death, came the last of these conferences, when he hopefully looked forward to regained health; and future professional business and social activities were freely discussed.

Now he has slipped away from me; our plans appear to have gone awry somehow; but he'll surely come back soon. I couldn't help but look about to see him when I came into the church today, and I hardly feel as if I could proceed with this service, for I can't resist the feeling that he may come

in at any moment and take the familiar place in which I have seen him week in and week out for so many years.

Charles Clarence Chipman was born at Hope Valley, Rhode Island, February 6, 1859, and peacefully left this life at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan, January 20, 1913.

That one's education begins hundreds of years before he is born, is no longer merely a trite saying, but an accepted scientific truth. For this reason, lineal descent is a legitimate—a necessary—part of biography.

According to the accepted authority\* on the history of the Chipman family in this country, the name is of English origin, appearing in various forms; as, for example, Chippenham, Chipenham, Chipnam, Chiepmann, etc.

The name Chipenham is associated with several English towns of that name. The earliest known public mention of the name is of Willielmus de Chipenham who was chairman of the commissioners in the Hundred of Staplehou, Cambridge County, England, and who by order of William the Conqueror took an inventory of the extensive estates possessed by the Monastery of Elv in the year 1085.

The founder of the family in America was John Chipman, who came from England, where he was born about 1614, to Boston in 1631. In the year 1646, he married Hope Howland, whose parents, John and Elizabeth (*Tillie*) Howland were Pilgrims of the Mayflower.

John Chipman was, for four years, a selectman with the authority of a magistrate in the Plymouth Colony. His wife became a member of the church at Barnstable, Massachusetts, in 1650, and he himself in 1653. In 1670, he was made a ruling elder of the same church.

John's son Samuel was ordained a deacon of the Barnstable Church in 1706. Samuel's son Samuel (2nd) was made a deacon of this church in 1725.

Charles Clarence, the subject of this sketch, was of the eighth generation of the family in this country. His grandfather, Nathan Fellows Chipman, was born at Groton, Connecticut. Samuel Chipman (3rd), the grandfather of Nathan Fellows, had removed from Barnstable, Massachusetts, to Groton, Connecticut, where he engaged in business as a currier. Charles

\**Chipmans of America*. By Alberto Lee Chipman, Poland, Maine. (1904.)

Chipman, the father of Nathan Fellows, was born at Groton, where he died.

Nathan Fellows Chipman, who was a machinist and an iron manufacturer, married Martha, daughter of Ichabod Burdick, of Hopkinton, Rhode Island; Nathan Fellows made his home at Hopkinton, Charlestown, and Locustville, all in that State. He was the first of the family to become a Seventh Day Baptist. His wife had been brought up a loyal Sabbath-keeper, and, after their marriage, her husband embraced the Sabbath and joined the Hopkinton Church, of which he was a deacon for many years.

Charles Henry Chipman, the father of Charles Clarence, was the second son of Nathan Fellows. He was a harness-maker at Hope Valley, Rhode Island, for nearly fifty years.

Charles Clarence, the oldest of five children of Charles Henry and Frances Ann (*Saunders*) Chipman, was born at Hope Valley, February 6, 1859. As soon as he was large enough to mount a harness-maker's "horse", he began to busy himself at learning his father's trade, at which he worked for some time, learning to make not only fine harness, but a superior grade of men's and women's foot-wear. Mechanical pursuits attracted him early, however, and a wood-turning lathe, and metal-worker's and carpenter's tools soon occupied much of his time. Thus early, moreover, the deftness of touch, and the accurate skill, which characterized his subsequent professional work became manifest. Much that he did in his father's shop, and with his wood-turning tools, was well worthy of a much more mature and more experienced hand than his.

His devotion to serious pursuits must not be interpreted to mean, however, that he was in any sense averse to boyish amusements. On the contrary, he was devoted to certain wholesome, outdoor sports, particularly those of winter, possibly because of the fact that he spent the winter months in attending the village school. He was passionately fond of skating, a pastime in which he was, ere long, the acknowledged leader of all his fellows. He was also fond of coasting; and to this day there are told stories of the ease with which he guided by his own hand huge bob-sleds, of his own manufacture, carrying a load of a dozen men, down a long steep hill a half

mile or more in length. Doubtless, it was the memory of those days, with their exhilarating and wholesome effect upon him, both physically and mentally, that made him in after life an enthusiastic patron of athletics in school and college.

Yielding to the stronger inclination for mechanical pursuits, at about eighteen years of age, he deserted his father's shop, and entered the employ of Josiah B. Palmer, of Rockville, Rhode Island, as a carpenter, and continued at this trade for some four years.

Until he was about eighteen years of age, he faithfully attended the graded public school of Hope Valley through the winter. During the spring and summer of the year 1881, his sister Frances was making preparations to enter Alfred University in the following September, and, as the time approached, he began to give serious consideration to the problem of better opportunities for education for himself. At this time, Rev. John L. Huffman was making a somewhat extended visit in Rhode Island, and, during his stay at Hope Valley, Clarence asked his advice as to the best course for him to pursue. Mr. Huffman entered heartily into the plans under consideration, and strongly advised the young man to accompany his sister to Alfred. This he did, and remained there until he graduated in June, 1886, supporting himself by working at his trade as a carpenter. While at Alfred, he devoted himself more particularly to the study of graphics and mechanics than to that of any other subject, and to such purpose that, in the fall of 1886, following his graduation, he entered the College of Architecture of Cornell University, where he completed a course in June, 1888.

About the middle of October, following the completion of his architectural course at Cornell, he entered the employ of Messrs. Harney and Purdy, a firm of architects of high standing, with offices at 149 Broadway (afterwards removed to 71 Broadway—the old Arcade Building), New York City. He remained with this firm for several years, during which period his employers repeatedly gave evidence of the confidence they placed in his professional ability, and the personal esteem in which they held him. Very soon after he entered their employ, they made the plans for erecting the building known as Clinton Hall at the corner of Astor Place,

Eighth Street, and Lafayette Street, not far from Broadway, in New York City, a structure which, at that time, was regarded as one of considerable magnitude. When the actual process of construction was begun, Mr. Chipman was made its supervising architect, and put in immediate charge of that work. Subsequently, in designing a large, new station for the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, at Scranton, Pennsylvania, as well as the Hotel Champlain at Plattsburgh, New York, the more difficult and intricate features of the plans were entrusted entirely to his judgment and to his hands; and here again, in both instances, he was made supervising architect, with some very perplexing problems to solve, particularly in connection with the station at Scranton, and acquitted himself with honor, as usual.

Hoping to enhance his professional interests, in 1895 he associated himself with Benjamin Silliman, an architect, with offices at 39 Cortlandt Street, New York City. Mr. Silliman, by the way, was a descendant of Benjamin Silliman, the celebrated chemist of Yale University, and was, himself, a man of marked ability.

After remaining with Mr. Silliman for about a year, during which time he had acted as supervising architect for a school building in Yonkers, New York, Mr. Chipman opened an office of his own in the American Tract Society's Building at 150 Nassau Street, New York City. He subsequently removed to the St. Paul Building at 220 Broadway of the same city, where he remained until his death.

Soon after his first coming to New York City, or, more specifically, on December 20, 1888, Mr. Chipman was married to Miss Flora Prudence, daughter of Albert M. and Phoebe M. (Gorton) Clarke, of Clayville, New York, and established a home at No. 116 West 63rd Street, New York City, on an income so modest as to compel them to practice the most rigid economy. In 1893, he removed his family to his own home, which he had just built, at No. 1 Stanley Place, Yonkers, New York, where he continued to live until his death.

Soon after opening an office of his own, or on March 11, 1896, he was made architect of a new school about to be erected by the City of Yonkers. This was but the beginning of a long period of some sixteen years' service as the school architect

of that city, which was terminated only by his death. Indeed, after his death, plans for new work were completed in his office, and accepted by the Board of Education. For the first four years of this period, each successive piece of work was awarded him as the Board decided to have it done. Then he was made an officer under the Board, known as the School Architect. There is no one of all the twenty-four public school buildings of the City of Yonkers upon which he has not left his impress. In the sixteen years, in all, of his service in that city, he has built nine new school buildings outright, including the new Trade School. Each of the other fifteen, he has either remodeled, or made one or more additions to. Besides this work, he remodeled the old City Library building of Yonkers, which has now given way to the new Carnegie Library. He also held the position of inspector of buildings, or supervisor of repairs, for many years, resigning that office about a year before his death, failing health protesting against the further imposition of such duties, a burden vastly out of proportion to that of the other and more important work as School Architect. For ten years he was the head of the evening drawing school of Yonkers. That position he resigned at the time of his long, lingering illness of nine years ago. The aggregate cost of the school construction done under his supervision in the City of Yonkers was upwards of \$1,560,000. Two of the nine new buildings cost, in round numbers, \$175,000 each, and several others cost upwards of \$100,000 each.

Besides that already cited, the more important of his professional work embraced the Babcock Hall of Physics at Alfred University, and the new Whitford Memorial Hall, at Milton College, all of which was done gratuitously, although at a large personal sacrifice. He did no work for Salem College, although, when arrangements were making for the new building recently erected there, he offered his services on terms similar to those on which he had done the work for Alfred and Milton. He also made the plans for the State School of Ceramics at Alfred, but the supervision of erecting the building was taken over by the State Department of Architecture at Albany. The Seventh Day Baptist Church at Hornell, New York, is the only building erected of that character which he designed.

While studying at Cornell, he drew the plans for a Lyceum Building for Alfred University, and some years afterward he designed a Club House for Alfred, but neither of these buildings has ever materialized. Besides all this work, there has been that of lesser importance, by way of private dwellings, bank construction, etc., etc., that naturally comes to an office such as his, to be executed.

In all of his professional, as in other, affairs, he sustained a reputation for honesty and uprightness and fair dealing, seldom equalled. By his business methods, he saved to the City of Yonkers about ten per cent of the cost of its building construction, over that of other nearby cities. In other words, as compared with the cost of similar work in other municipalities in this metropolitan district, on the more than \$1,500,000 expended for construction under his direction, he saved the city upwards of \$150,000, a sum sufficiently large to build a magnificent new technical high school, which might well bear his name as a monument to his memory. As a token of their appreciation of his services, the Board of Education placed the following tribute to his memory upon their records:

"The members of the Board of Education have learned with profound sorrow of the death of Charles C. Chipman, who for twelve years, was the permanent architect of the Board. Many of our school buildings will stand as a lasting memorial to his skill and efficiency as an architect. His plans always received the entire approval of the Department of Education of the State of New York, and have been recognized and accepted as worthy models of school construction.

"Mr. Chipman's absolute honesty and integrity were prominent traits in his character. He always insisted upon the building contractors living up to the letter of their contracts, and in all ways protected the interests of the Board of Education. "We deeply regret that we shall not in the future have the benefit of his advice, or the pleasure of meeting him in our office.

"To his family we offer our sincere sympathy, hoping it may be some consolation for them to know in what high regard he was held by those who had an accurate knowledge of his character."

Mr. Chipman's activity in church work began when, under the influence of a series of revival meetings held at Alfred, New York, by Rev. Charles M. Lewis, he was baptized and received into the First Alfred Church in 1882. Sometime afterward, he was made an usher in the church, a position which he held until the fall of the year 1885, when he voluntarily resigned it. On coming to New York City, together with

his wife, who had been baptized and joined the First Alfred Church, on the same day with himself, he removed his membership from Alfred to the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City, on March 9, 1899. Scarcely more than two weeks afterward, he and William P. Langworthy were called to ordination as deacons by the church; and on the 4th of May following, they were solemnly set apart to the duties of that office, at a service conducted by Rev. Judson G. Burdick, the pastor of the church, assisted by the Revs. Leander E. Livermore, pastor of the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church, and James J. White, a visiting evangelist. On May 29, 1892, he was elected a trustee of the church and continued in that office, as well as the deaconate, until his death.

In 1891, he became a Director of the American Sabbath Tract Society. In 1893, he was a member of its Advisory Committee on the distribution of literature at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Soon after he became a member of the Board of Directors of the Tract Society, he interested himself in certain problems connected with the publication of the SABBATH RECORDER, to such purpose that in 1894 he was made a member of the committee appointed on the removal of the Publishing House from Alfred, New York, to Plainfield, New Jersey, which was effected in 1895. In the same year, he was made a member of the Committee on the Distribution of Literature; and in 1896, of the Advisory Committee. He was a member of the Committee on the Revision of the Constitution and By-Laws in 1903-1904; chairman of the Committee on Nomination of Officers of the Corporation since 1905; Vice-President of the Corporation since 1905; Chairman of the Committee on Tract Society Work, of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference in 1909; a member of the Joint Committee of the Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society and of the Board of Managers of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, and a member of the Supervisory Committee of the Board of Directors of the Tract Society since 1910.

Throughout the session of the General Conference at Alfred, New York, in 1885, Mr. Chipman served as its chief usher in a most efficient manner. In 1888, his name appears in the list of delegates at the ses-

sion held at Leonardsville, New York. In 1894, he presided over the General Conference, in the absence of the president, at its annual session at Brookfield, New York. From this time forward until his death, he was intimately connected with many of the phases of the work of the General Conference. For many years during the latter part of his life, he was a member of the Committee on Denominational History. His most signal service for the General Conference, however, was performed in connection with the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of its organization, in 1902. Two years before, or in 1900, he was made chairman of a committee to prepare a programme for that occasion—a programme which, when ultimately presented to the General Conference for adoption, covered the history of all known Seventh Day Baptist activities previous to 1902. This was the original plan of the book which, when published in 1910, was known as *Seventh Day Baptists in Europe and America*. This book, the final preparation and publication of which was accomplished only after many disheartening delays and disappointments, is monumental; and to have brought so magnificent a purpose to so complete a fulfillment under existing conditions was, of itself, a remarkable achievement; and it was through the indomitable leadership of Mr. Chipman that this epoch-making work was carried to so successful an issue; and through the generations to come, it will remain a monument to his foresight, and forceful generalship.

At the time of his death, he was chairman of a Committee on the Incorporation of the General Conference—a subject to which he had already given much time and thought, but without arriving at any decision in his own mind as to what course ought to be followed, so far-reaching in its consequences might such a step prove.

So far as I know, he sustained no official relation to the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, save as a member of the Joint Committee already referred to, and as a member of the Committee of the New York City Church having immediate charge of the Savarese Italian Mission, under the joint direction of the Missionary and Tract Societies. He had been a life member of the Missionary Society since 1890.

His relation to the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society is by no means wholly clear from its printed minutes, beyond the fact that in the year 1902 he appears as a life member of the Society, and as chairman of a committee which raised by popular subscription upwards of \$15,000, as an addition to the endowment fund of the Alfred Theological Seminary. At the annual session of the General Conference held at Alfred, New York, in August, 1907, he served as Chairman of the Committee on Education. For the use of this committee, he prepared a paper covering, briefly, the history of Seventh Day Baptist Education. This treatise was the subject of much favorable comment, and, at the solicitation of several friends, it was subsequently revised and published as a small booklet under the title *Seventh Day Baptist Schools*.

In 1904, he became a member of the Sabbath School Board of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference; and, in June, 1907, he was elected treasurer to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Frank L. Greene, and continued to hold this office until September, 1912. He was one of the incorporators of this Board in 1908. He was greatly interested in the movement which resulted in employing a field secretary to give his entire time to promoting the interests of our Sabbath Schools. He warmly supported the publication by the Sabbath School Board of Greene's *Manual for Bible Study*, and Dr. Main's *Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question*.

He was elected a trustee of Alfred University in 1896, and at once made a member of the important Committee on Buildings and Grounds, of which he became the chairman in the following year, a position for which his professional training had well fitted him; and the mark of his hand may be seen, not only in the Babcock Hall and the State School of Ceramics, but in the remodeling of the Ladies' Boarding Hall and Kanakadea Hall, and in the beautifying of the grounds. Upon the establishment of the State School of Agriculture at Alfred, he was made a director of that institution. He interested himself in the raising of the long accumulating debt of Alfred University, two or three years before his death, and gave freely of his means, and of his time and labor to make the necessary canvass for funds.

For many years he was a director of the

Alumni Association of Alfred University, and, for the year 1911-1912, he was the president of the New York City branch of that organization. He was also a member of the Alfred Club of New York City, and, when in school at Alfred, he was a member of the Alleghanian Lyceum. So far as is known, he was not a member of any students' organization while in attendance at the Cornell College of Architecture, but more recently he became a member of the Cornell Club of New York City. Of his life at Cornell, Professor Alpheus B. Kenyon, of Alfred, who spent one winter with him at Cornell, writes as follows:

"We used to arise betimes in the morning, make out toilets, eat breakfast and climb the four-hundred-feet-high hill in time for eight o'clock classes. No zero-or-below morning was cold enough to prevent a perspiration by the time we reached the campus. I have a very pleasant memory of our winter's chumship. We worked diligently, and enjoyed especially our Sabbath together, when we, of course, had no work. I feel a personal loss in his death."

Here it may be pertinent to remark that Mr. Chipman's uncompromising observance of the Sabbath was steadfastly maintained throughout his entire course at Cornell. He did not obtrude his religious views upon others, but, when occasion required, he courteously, but firmly, stated his convictions, and they were invariably respected. The librarian of the University, who was soon made acquainted with his Seventh Day Baptist practice, provided him with a key to the library so that he could use it on Sunday, when it was closed to the rest of the student body.

Professor Clarence A. Martin, the present Director of the College of Architecture at Cornell, who was a classmate of Mr. Chipman, and with whom more than any other one of his class, perhaps, the latter kept up his acquaintance, writes as follows:

"Mr. Chipman and I were, though warm friends, never particularly intimate. He entered the Department of Architecture at Cornell as a special student in 1886 and completed his work in the spring of 1888. He was an earnest, conscientious and hard working student, had already graduated from Alfred University, and had, I believe, some practical experience in building lines, and was mature, and consequently more serious, than many of his fellows. His work in college was always serious and practical.

"Chipman as I have known him was an ardent Seventh Day Baptist, and when he was in college I had very definitely the impression that nothing short of a matter of life or death could

induce him to work on the seventh day of the week.

"As a student his age and maturity naturally led him to hold aloof from the ordinary pranks of the students, but he always seemed to enjoy a bit of fun when it was passing and on rare occasions lent at least encouragement, even if not actively participating."

It may fairly be observed here that Mr. Chipman held the firm belief that his success as a student at Cornell was due in no small measure to the thorough training he had had in the art and science of graphics under Professor Kenyon at Alfred University.

Nine years ago this winter, he was stricken with a long, severe illness, when he spent many weeks in the hospital at Yonkers. The exact cause of this trouble has been open to some question, but it is generally conceded that it profoundly affected his constitutional vigor, and he probably never wholly recovered from it.

Two years, or more, ago, there was a marked decline in his health, and in company with his wife, he took an extended tour through the South, going as far as Havana, Cuba. This change failed to benefit him, as had been hoped, and he returned north and went to Alfred, New York, where he rested for some time, and regained, in a measure, his strength. Through the following summer and fall, he appeared to improve very much; but evidences were not lacking of a certain physical and mental languor, which doubtless marked the progress of a valvular disease of the heart, which was eventually accompanied by resulting complications. The summer he had spent with his family at Pleasant View Beach near Westerly, Rhode Island, and the soothing effect of the climate there induced him to take steps to provide himself with a summer home at that place.

Accordingly, a year ago this winter and spring he had a cottage built at that beach, which was occupied by himself and family during the following summer. He remained there until about the first of October, when he returned to Yonkers, where he remained, going occasionally to his office in New York City, until the 13th of January last, when, yielding to the persuasions of his physicians and other friends, he went to the Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan. There he found himself amid congenial surroundings; but, unfortunately, he had delayed his coming until it was too

late, and, at best, it was only a question of days until the end should come. For himself, however, he seemed to renew his hope and courage, and felt that he should recover. To this end, he telegraphed home for Miss Elizabeth Johannis, a trained nurse, who, from girlhood, had been brought up in his own household, feeling that with her to serve him, the hospital would seem very homelike. She arrived, though, only a few hours before he closed his eyes for his last slumber and slipped away from earth.

Farewell services were held at his late home, in Yonkers, on January 23, conducted by the pastor of this church, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn. Besides the pastor, brief addresses were made by Rev. Boothe C. Davis, President of Alfred University, and Rev. Edwin Shaw, Corresponding Secretary of the American Sabbath Tract Society. The earnestness of these addresses, the manifest emotion of those who crowded the house, and the profusion of floral offerings, testified to the esteem in which he was held. On the following day, the body was taken to Westerly, Rhode Island, where, after a brief service, conducted by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, it was left to rest in the River Bend Cemetery.

Besides his wife, he is survived by four children—Charles Albert and Phoebe Miriam, both now in school at Alfred, and Robert Clarke and Frances Margaret, both at home with their mother; his mother, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. Richmond of Yonkers; two brothers—George Gleason, of Moosup, Connecticut, and Elisha Saunders, of Yonkers; and one sister—Sarah Frances (Mrs. Charles N. Richmond), of Yonkers. A younger sister had died in earlier life. His father died at Hope Valley, Rhode Island, July 5, 1895.

Charles Clarence Chipman died at an age when, in the natural course of events, he should have been in the prime of life, and have lived many years yet to enjoy his home and the circle of friends with which he had surrounded himself, and to continue the magnificent work for humanity at large, and for Seventh Day Baptists, in particular, which he had so successfully prosecuted for so many years.

Nevertheless, if, in the providence of our Heavenly Father, it was wise for him to be called home, we can survey with a righteous pride and a fullness of satisfac-

tion his long line of noble achievements in so many fields, with any one group of which he might have contented himself, and justly felt that he had contributed in no small degree to the sum of human good and happiness. He was ambitious—ambitious for the cause to which he gave his life; and, if in a literal sense, he has given his life for it, to him must be awarded the meed of honor awarded the victorious leader who falls upon the field of battle.

Among his achievements, of those which will stand out and endure as notable, we may confidently expect that the following will occupy the chief place:

1. Of his professional work, the Babcock Hall at Alfred University, and the Whitford Memorial Hall at Milton College will probably remain standing long after all his other work has disappeared or been overshadowed by another hand.

2. The service rendered in increasing so materially the endowment funds of the Alfred Theological Seminary cannot but endure for generations to come.

3. The celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the organization of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, and the publication of the historical papers written in connection therewith, must, after all, be the great monument to his memory, and it will grow in importance and appreciation as the decades roll by.

I cannot close without speaking of another phase of his life and character—that exemplified in his service as deacon in this church. This was the finest and the most fragrant flower of the full fruition of his character. The functions of this office were to him the holy of holies. Like Moses when he cast his shoes from off his feet as he stood before the burning bush, so here Deacon Chipman stood on holy ground. Here he was the priest of the most High God, and with reverent feet he trod this path to the altar of his Omnipotent Maker. To the stranger within the gates of the church, to the hungry, to the sick and afflicted, he was a ministering servant of the King of kings, and the Lord of lords.

Was there trouble and misfortune in the home of any of the church, there were he and his devoted wife to be found; and the more overwhelming the sorrow, and the further away every one else may have seemed to have withdrawn from the suffer-

ing and unfortunate, the swifter were their feet to bear comfort and sympathy to the lonely and desolate, who, but for them, would have felt deserted by God and man alike.

"He prayeth best who leaves unguessed  
The mystery of another's breast."

Aye, the mystery, truly enough! but not the sorrow and anguish and desolation.

Ministering angels, quietly they came, and quietly they stole away, but with them they brought, and behind them they left, comfort, and peace, and human brotherhood, and—the sympathy of the Master.

Comparatively few, perhaps very few, ever had occasion to know him in this way, but those who did know him thus, knew him as none else, and they will, can, never forget.

Had Clarence Chipman lived to no other purpose than this ministry, that alone would have crowned him with the rarest of diadems, and have made his name, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, lead all the rest, because he, too, loved his fellow men.

A simple faith was his, strong and virile. Once fixed, it was fixed for all time. Of his religious teachers, he was probably most strongly influenced by Wardner C. Titsworth, whose purity of life, sincerity of purpose, simplicity of manner, and clearness of pre-vision, found a sympathetic response in the heart and life of our departed friend and brother, reducing the complexities of theology to the simple terms of every day life with righteous living, and intensifying a rugged faith into a divine intimacy with his God and Saviour, so simply, but so fully, expressed by Whittier, when, at the close of that vivid picture of buried life by a fierce winter's storm in *Snow Bound*, he says:

"Alas, for his who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees;  
Who hopeless lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play;  
Who hath not learned in hours of faith  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown;  
That life is ever lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own."

As the messenger which came to summon him away from earth stood by his bedside, and his spirit prepared to take its everlasting flight, we may well feel that his heart joined in the prayer of the hoary-headed sage of Amesbury, as the latter breathed his *At Last*:

"When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long."

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

### A Tribute From His Pastor, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn.

(Read at the memorial service of the New York City Church.)

Rarely does the pastor of a church have so wise and faithful friend and counselor as the New York pastor had in Deacon C. C. Chipman. He was a man of keen insight and the far vision. At the same time he kept close to the heart problems of his church and denomination. It is remarkable to what degree he schooled himself in an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of every phase of Christian activity, not alone at home, but on the larger field. Keeping closely in touch with individuals, churches, and movements, and desiring the highest welfare of all, he was just such a man as the pastor needs for a personal friend and adviser. Therefore in the death of Deacon Chipman there comes to me a keen sense of loss. During these years, as I have

faced the great and complex problems of this large parish, I have frequently felt the need of help and advice. At such times he was never too busy in home or office to welcome me to heart to heart talks over our problems. Open, frank, sympathetic, his advice was always tempered with wisdom and love. He criticised me when he thought I was wrong and told me where he thought I could do better.

The commercialism of our age and the stern exactions of a business life did not turn Deacon Chipman from his known path of duty. True to his convictions regarding the Sabbath, he sought first the kingdom of God and trusted his heavenly Father for such blessings as might be added. He always acted on the principle that it is better to make a life, than to make a living. And yet his whole life was a living testimony to the fact that a man can succeed in the face of ruthless competition, even in a great city.

It is frequently said that business and religion will not mix. This is far from the truth in Mr. Chipman's case. He believed that religion is something that a man needs every day, and he accordingly carried it with him. His office was frequently the quiet retreat of groups of men trying to solve the problems of the church and denomination. The Bible and the voice of prayer were there. They were vital factors in his life, and whether drawing the plans for a house or helping to work out the problem of a better world, he was equally loyal to his conviction, seeking divine wisdom and strength to enable him to do his best.

This leads me to say that he was not only an architect of buildings, but an architect of human souls. As he planned for the best material to go into his earthly structures, so he planned for the best material to go into human life. It was his ambition not only to help plan, but to assist in building, the holy city, the new Jerusalem, where there shall be no more pain or crying, where all things are made new, and where nothing entereth in to make an abomination or a lie. That he succeeded in this work, no one who knew him can doubt. He could not fail. He was a colaborer with the great Master Builder, and he builded after the divine pattern.

It is needless to say that the loss in his death comes to the pastor with peculiar force. A true and loyal friend has gone,

one whom I loved and in whom I trusted. I gladly offer this tribute of love and respect to his memory, which I shall ever cherish. His life has been an inspiration to loyal and consecrated endeavor. And though he is gone, his influence will abide through all time.

### Remarks by President Davis at the Funeral.

In behalf of Alfred University I bring to the memory of Charles Clarence Chipman a tribute of love and appreciation seldom equaled in the sense of loss sustained and never surpassed in gratitude for faithful and efficient services rendered. Few colleges are blessed with alumni so devoted and loyal as he. During his student days he absorbed the spirit and genius of his Alma Mater and made himself a constructive factor in the student life of which he was a part. After his graduation in 1886 he continued to manifest a growing loyalty, love and devotion to the college, which distinguished him among its alumni. In 1896, ten years after his graduation, he was elected a trustee of the University and made a member of the committee on buildings and grounds. A year later he was made chairman of the committee, and had held these positions with fidelity and distinction until his death. His superior architectural and business ability he has freely given to the University without remuneration during all these years. He designed the Babcock Hall of Physics, the State School of Clay-Working and Ceramics, the rebuilding of Kanakadea Hall after its destruction by fire. He has planned improvements and repairs for Kenyon Hall, Ladies' Hall, and Steinheim. The grading and draining of the campus, and the laying out of walks and drives have all had the benefit of his experience and wisdom.

In the planning of the buildings for the State School of Agriculture, and particularly of the New Carnegie Library, he took a deep interest; all these structures as well as every other building on the campus bear the impress of his genius and of his devotion to his Alma Mater. As a trustee he was faithful in the attendance of all meetings, even though at the cost of much time and money. In all the activities of the Alumni Association he took a deep interest

and rendered many services on committees and as an officer of the association.

In 1910, when the University was making its campaign for the completion of the Betterment Fund, he not only contributed generously himself, but volunteered to spend a number of weeks, traveling with the President and aiding in the soliciting of contributions. No one knows so well as the President the great service Mr. Chipman rendered in all these enterprises in behalf of his beloved Alma Mater. Impaired health and physical weariness were alike no hindrance to his continued devotion and service. Another proof of his loyalty to Alfred and his belief in its ideals was the fact that he wished his own children to be educated there.

He was always solicitous for the moral and spiritual welfare of the students, and constantly advocated a high standard of scholarship and Christian character on the part of the teaching force of the University. He was ever a Christian himself and he expected of others adherence to the same high ideals he held for himself.

Generous in his gifts to every need of Alfred, tireless in labor and lavish in the expenditure of time, jealous of her good name and devoted to her well-being, Mr. Chipman won a high place in Alfred's history, as a loyal alumnus, a faithful and efficient trustee, and a generous benefactor. His memory will be loved and honored by his colleagues and fellow alumni, and generations yet unborn will share the fruits of his labors, so wise, so unselfish, so tireless, so generous, so rich in love for humanity and love of God.

### Service at Westerly.

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK.

Spoken at the time of the burial of Charles Clarence Chipman at Westerly, R. I.

One by one the links in the golden chain of our friendships are being broken, and those with whom we have walked here have passed on to that shore which we can not see, but which is near enough to us so that at times we can hear the sound of its billows as they sweep along its sands. Of course we have been adding new links all the time as new friends have come to us, but those we have known the longest and tested the severest are a little closer and a

little dearer than any of the rest. As we ourselves are carried by the tides of time closer to that realm we call "The Beyond," these friends pass us in a steady flood, a constant procession of familiar faces and forms of those who have helped to color our lives and added a little pleasure to our day. We could not see it, but for them the race was a few days shorter, or they swifter in the running of it, and they have reached home the earlier, while we are left to wander up and down, to meet our trials and bear our burdens until our own day is done. This pilgrimage is but a weary one at best; but how kind of our heavenly King to give to us these godly men and women to meet and know, to make the time seem brighter, and the burden lighter. We have to believe that God made this life as a preparation time wherein we might be fitted for an abode with him; that the characters we have should be somewhat perfected, and if these our friends are ready a short time before we are, we ought not to complain. They have wrought their work, and have entered into their rest.

The good God kindly comes to us for our comfort and help. He knows our need and understands our frailty. "He remembereth that we are dust." He intends no burden for us with which he will not give us the strength to bear it. He prepares the way for our feet to walk in, although the end is kindly hidden from our eyes. He heals the broken-hearted and binds up their wounds. The fatherless and the widowed are in his hands and care. To his will we bow in the power of a living faith which says like one of old, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." So in our sorrow we will not forget his loving kindness nor his tender mercies. We will not forget that he careth for us.

### Thoughts From the Field.

"We are glad the lone Sabbath-keepers are receiving some attention, for we feel sure that most of them have been stanch and true, and that they have contributed liberally of their means for the good of the denomination. We would not do without the RECORDER."

"My interest in the African work is intense, and I am much surprised that there is so little said about it in the SABBATH RECORDER. This is not criticising either

the editor, the boards or the Joint Committee, as they have spoken often and earnestly (some time ago) and are waiting long for responses from those who should take up the responsibility and furnish the sinews of warfare in the Master's work. If there were true belief in him, there would be no shortage of funds or of laborers for mission work."

### Denominational News.

J. Irving Maxson, formerly of Westerly, R. I., who recently went with his family to the Isle of Pines, south of Cuba, to make a home, writes:

"We are all well and enjoy this lovely climate. It is not tropical as we generally think of tropical countries, but only semi-tropical—more like Bermuda, with the humidity left out. We have no jungles except on the edges of a stream and then only very little. The nights are always cool, some of the family sleeping under blankets. We never put on or take off any garment for comfort. We put on in the morning what we want to wear all day and nothing additional for the evening, as the climate is so uniform."

Last Sabbath was the regular communion service at which Pastor Cottrell tendered his resignation that he may accept a call to the church in Berlin, N. Y. Pastor Cottrell and his wife have made a host of warm friends in Nile, who will follow them with love and good wishes to their new home.—*Alfred Sun.*

### Education vs. Legislation.

Unquestionably we have depended too much upon mere legislation. Education is the other oar, which failing to pull strongly, we have been going round and round from "license" to "no license," and from "no license" back to "license," instead of forward to a diminished consumption of liquors. When we get a "no license" or prohibition law we have not done enough educational work in Bible schools and public schools and out of school to get a good enforcement of the law and an increased number of abstainers, which last is the real goal.—*The Christian Herald.*

"What has the saloon ever done for you?"

## SABBATH REFORM

"If the proponents of the Sunday law would use one half the energy and zeal in converting souls to Christ they are using to secure civil enactment for religious dogma, they would secure greater and better results. They are putting man in the place of God in enforced religious dogma, and are thus interposing humanity between the soul and its Saviour. Why do they not see this?"

The Sabbath question is not a mere matter of two different days of like hours of darkness and light; it is a question of loyalty to God. It stands in his word as a memorial of his creative power, and therefore a sign of his power to sanctify and redeem. The day of the Sabbath therefore stands unalterably against the theory of human origin or salvation by evolution. The day of the Sabbath is revealed clearly and enjoined strongly in God's word, and therefore it is unalterably opposed to any Sabbath of tradition. To him who sees this, the observance of the Sabbath is a badge of loyalty to God as his Creator, to Jesus Christ as his re-Creator and Sanctifier.—*Review and Herald.*

### What the Sabbath Really Is.

First, and always, the Sabbath is God's sacred representative in time. Its mission is to bring God constantly and definitely before men, and into the affairs of human life. The Sabbath stands among the days as the Bible does among books, as Christ does among men. The coming of God into human life, in any way, brings a long train of blessings. His purpose is to dwell in close communion with men at all times. The first and last mission of the Sabbath is to promote this permanent residence of God with men. Such a residence awakens man's love, and leads him to obedience. It nourishes hope and strengthens faith. It protects from temptation and sustains in trial. It brings comfort to our sorrow, and wisdom to our ignorance. It leads to repentance, and strengthens us for duty. By drawing men together in common love

for God, it secures regular worship and constant instruction in righteousness. The day of God leads to the house of God, to the Book of God, and to the Son of God.

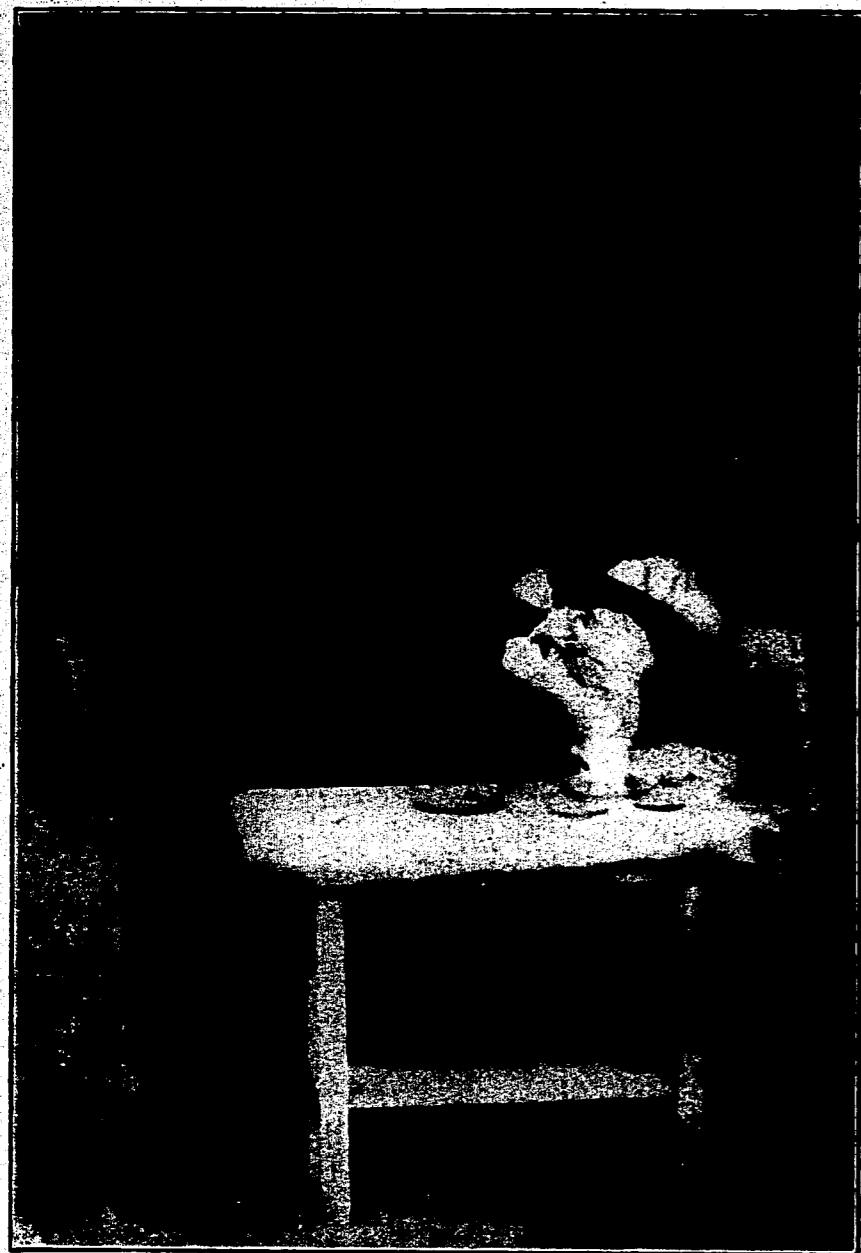
God wove himself into the Sabbath law as he did not into any other. It is the only law among the ten which bears his signature: "Creator of heaven and earth." All this is logical and just, for the idea of Creator involves all else which we can know of God. Creatorship involves Fatherhood. The two can not be separated. Fatherhood carries with it love, care, help, pity, compassion, forgiveness, *redemption*. It was the all-loving Father, who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." It was he who created us for himself, who could and must redeem us unto himself. None but a Father could do this, and a "Father" could not do less. Logically and historically, Creator, Father and Redeemer are one. The Sabbath which represents one, represents all. Watchcare, help, tenderness, guidance, instruction, everything that we know of God as revealed in Christ and in the Holy Spirit, was enfolded in God whom the Sabbath represents in our lives. Light, heat and color pour out from the sun; far more do creatorship, fatherhood and redemption flow out from the great all-creating, all-loving, ever-compassionate God. The no-Sabbathism and anti-Judaism which have for so long asserted that the Sabbath commemorates only the creation of the material universe, and demands obedience from the Jews only, exhibit more of ignorance and prejudice, than of Christlikeness and the spirit of obedience. Whatever God is, that his Sabbath stands to represent.—*A. Herbert Lewis, D. D.*

### Our Tea Party, and Other Items.

REV. H. D. CLARKE.

This is not a picture of the "Boston Tea Party." Boston had nothing to do about it. But New York, Cincinnati and Dodge Center did. Never mind about the boy in the picture, but scan the features of that sweet little girl. "Have a cup of tea," she says, and then the gossip follows! It is gossip about her going 'way out in Minnesota and going to church and Sabbath school and school and finding new friends and growing up a nice and happy woman.





wife and mother and goes to Los Angeles supposing to cover his tracks, leaving wife and stepdaughter homeless and destitute. From necessity she surrenders Emma to her rescuer, who has this tea party and then starts with her westward. She is now temporarily cared for by your humble servant, who is to look after her future welfare in some "providential way."

She is a very bright, promising child, and it is believed that the Lord will open the way for her education and welfare among "our people." She now belongs to "us." Let us pray that the poor woman may find her husband and baby and again be united with them, though Emma has been taken, for her good, by others.

We took a nice little boy from the home to West Virginia a few days ago, and returning, gathered up the "three left" (two girls and brother) and took them near to the little sister placed in January in a beautiful home in the Northwest. There are now four very happy children near each other and who knows but a dying mother prayed for this very thing in some way pleasing to God? The first and oldest boy is doing nicely in another State. Thus five

Seventh-day Baptist children are now cared for in appropriate homes among our good people. We are so grateful for the many expressions of interest in these children and the offer of so many excellent homes. It was hard to decide where to have them go, in view of the many homes offered, but as near as possible we carried out the wishes of the dear father who is unable to provide for them.

The added dormitory to our Children's Home Farm is nearly complete and soon double the number of children will be here. At the city home the average daily through last year was 143 children. The writer placed 14 children in January and February and visited others. Manager and Matron Tappan are greatly enjoying their hard work caring for and training the children, who soon go, leaving their places to be taken by others.

The trifles of our daily lives,  
The common things scarce worth recall,  
Whereof no visible trace survives,  
These are the mainsprings after all.  
—Amelia Barr.

She is on tiptoe of expectation. "Will you go too, and be with me and live with me, Uncle Clarke?" She has always called me "Uncle." This is the little Emma mentioned once in an article in the RECORDER. Briefly reviewed, this is the history of this tea party: Emma's father is a Hebrew; mother, French. Father of child deserted them. Mother later on married another man, and another girl came to her. Circumstances of struggling for a living cause stepfather and mother to board out Emma. Difficulty comes over the board bill. Emma is spirited off by the creditor, a French Catholic, and she is at last taken to an orphanage to be placed away from the mother, who does not see her child in about three years. Emma is lost. The case comes to the man in the picture and after about five months' search by correspondence he finds her and demands that she be restored to the mother. After some vigorous correspondence he gets the girl and delivers her to the mother. The mother in joy receives the lost child. Seven months pass and the stepfather steals the baby (Emma's half-sister) away from the

## MISSIONS

### Letter From Lieu-oo.

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

It is four months since I wrote a letter to you last, though it does not seem possible. Then winter had not begun, and now it is almost over, though the weather is as cold as it has been. We had two or three spring-like days and one result is that we have a few sprigs of plum blossoms in our dining-room which are opening up in the warmth—the first sign of spring.

We are just passing through the China New Year's season. Schools are all having a vacation, and so are my four pupils. The time usually occupied in teaching can now be used in other ways—this way for instance. Patients have also been few and far between, but this is the fourth day of the New Year and they are beginning to come.

Miss West is spending a week with us, which in itself is quite a celebration. People at home say, "Christmas comes but once a year." That is true out here too, but the "once" lasts much longer. About the middle of November we get busy about our remembrances for the home people, if we would get them there in time. Then at Christmas time comes the preparation of those for our foreign friends here and also for any members of our Chinese acquaintances, helpers, and pupils, with the festivities accompanying the season. After that we can breathe more freely and enjoy the gifts and cards and good wishes which have arrived from our friends, and for a month afterward with each mail that comes, there is usually something to keep alive the Christmas spirit, from those who did not realize, or forgot, that it takes a month for mail to reach us.

Just as the Christmasy feeling begins to wear off, comes China New Year, which is really the Chinese Christmas as far as the giving of gifts is concerned and seems to include our Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's in the matter of feasting.

The first of January is now the official New Year's day, but in conservative places like this it has not yet *taken hold*. At least I understood that none of the shops

were closed on that day while on the old China New Year's, February 6, we found as we took a walk through the town everything closed and the streets almost deserted. Everybody stayed at home according to old custom, and ate and slept or played cards. Gambling is allowed for three days everywhere, no matter what the law for other times.

I see by our Shanghai paper that in Wuchang, where the revolution began, people were not to be allowed to observe the old New Year's day, on pain of punishment. Rather drastic measures, it would seem, but probably effective in bringing about the change, if really carried out.

I have often regretted that we had no day school here as of old, but it seemed hard to bring it about. I so much wanted one, however, that I thought seriously of trying to start one at this time. So one day Doctor Crandall and I went to visit the already existing day schools in the town, one of which I mentioned in my last letter. We were astonished to find what good schools they seemed to be. There are three of them, with an average of eighty pupils each. One is carried on by a young man and his wife with the help of two other teachers. He is a splendid fellow, with good ideals and energy to carry them out, and his school impressed us as a very good one. As his wife also teaches, they have girls among their pupils, some quite large ones.

One of the other schools is carried on by the Mercantile Guild and the third is supported by town funds. All had individual desks and seats and there were four teachers in each school. All have military drill and they teach several Chinese subjects, arithmetic and geography—the books being the most modern. One was even introducing kindergarten methods. They all charge a maximum tuition fee of four dollars a year, which is decreased if the parents are unable to pay, and in some cases nothing is charged, and even the books supplied.

I was told that with the beginning of this year all these schools will become government schools, and four others are to be started, one very likely quite near us, and two more in the country near the town. I understand a real kindergarten is also to be attempted.

By next fall a high school is to be estab-

lished in a temple, only about a stone's throw from our mission buildings. The plan is to destroy the idols, but I have heard that the country people object to that, and say that if it is done they will come and destroy the school. In that case we may witness exciting times. We hope that all will proceed peaceably.

In the face of all these facts, we feel that it is not worth while to try to start a day school, unless we can at least equal the others in proficiency and equipment, and that we can not do with the time and funds at our disposal. We might have the proficiency if not the equipment, but the Chinese are much impressed with appearances, and they are demanding in everything the best and the most up-to-date.

It makes one almost gasp with astonishment to see the wonderful changes in so few years and the easy, natural way in which new ways are adopted.

Doctor Crandall spoke of reading a report of an electrical company in Shanghai, in which it was stated that very many of the wealthy Chinese were buying electric coffee percolators, and even Chinese stores are keeping and selling great numbers of electric bread toasters. It looks as if we were to be left in the rear if we are not alert.

Our constant prayer and hope is that they will come to realize that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and by so doing become wise in that which endures.

We are hoping to have Doctor Davis with us next Sabbath for a communion service, and at least one other person expects to ask for church membership at that time. We have now quite a number of probationers, some of whom seem very genuine.

Yours in the work,

ROSA PALMBORG.

Lieu-oo, China,  
Feb. 9, 1913.

A woman went marketing in Faneuil Hall Market. She stopped where were displayed fowls so aged as to seem almost unsalable. "What do you sell these for?" inquired the woman, wondering if the dealer would call them chickens. "We usually sell them for profits, marm," was the curt reply. "Oh," said the woman, "I thought they were patriarchs."—*Selected.*

### Home News.

DERUYTER, N. Y.—Our people have collected and sold old magazines and newspapers amounting to nearly twenty-five dollars. This money is to be used toward the purchase of a new organ for the church.

Pastor Wing completed, last Sabbath, a series of sermons on the atonement. This vital truth was presented so clearly and earnestly, that we trust it will be to us a real spiritual uplift. Our studies on the Sabbath question are still continued and those who avail themselves of this privilege are getting a deeper insight into the spiritual nature and obligation of God's law.

The Benevolent society at its last meeting tied a comfortable for one who has been an invalid during the past year. The society has recently placed a large window in the sitting-room of the parsonage, which adds much to its appearance and also to the comfort of the pastor and his family.

E. M. A.

### Children as Old Age Insurance.

A professor of an important university said the other day that "no man whose wages amount to less than \$600 a year should have children." We would be compelled to dissent from the premises that would lead to such a wrong conclusion—that society should regulate the number of babies born to the size of the purse. Such a rule would take out of society the best that America has had or is likely to have. It would have made impossible a Lincoln, whose father did not have an income of \$600 a year, nor \$600 worth of property all told. To limit cradles to the homes that have an income of more than \$600 would be the worst possible economy, for such children as a rule grow up to be the support of the parents of humble incomes and keep them in comfort and often in luxury in their old age. There are tens of thousands who can say, "Six hundred dollars is above my average income, and yet the best of life was the children God gave to us, and the same children now are our financial endowment, surer than any savings bank, and they are carrying us to the journey's end as we carried them in our arms at the beginning of the road."—*The Christian Herald.*

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### The Risen Christ.

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor,  
The roses are fragrant and sweet,  
The music pours out like a sea wave  
Pulsing in praise at his feet—  
Pulsing in passionate praises  
That Jesus has risen again,  
But we look for the signs of his coming  
In the hearts of the children of men.

Wherever a mantle of pity  
Falls soft on a wound or a woe,  
Wherever a peace or a pardon  
Springs up to o'ermaster a foe,  
Wherever a soft hand of blessing  
Outreaches to succor a need,  
Wherever springs healing for wounding,  
The Master is risen indeed!

Wherever the soul of a people  
Arising in courage and might,  
Bursts forth from the errors that shrouded  
Its hopes in the gloom of the night;  
Wherever in sight of God's legions  
The armies of evil recede,  
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom,  
The Master is risen indeed!

—Mary Lowe Dickenson.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.

For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. . . .

Seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds;

And have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him:

Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all.

—Apostle Paul.

### News From Shanghai.

To the Woman's Board:

DEAR FRIENDS: When I last wrote it was about the middle of the first semester and now the semester is over and vacation is here. Truly time has flown very rapidly this year.

I had planned to write and tell you about

our Christmas festivities, but they seem rather far in the past now. You might be interested in hearing of the tree and the Santa Claus that we had for the Crofoot children and some of the Chinese children. The latter had never seen Santa and at first sight thought him an evil spirit. There was a mad rush for the grown-ups and the far corners of the rooms. Even when they knew who Santa really was, it took much courage to walk up to him and accept their presents.

We had a ten-days' Christmas vacation and now at the old China New Year we are having another vacation. Custom is too firmly rooted and the ceremonies too much a part of life to be able to give up the old New Year's celebrations all at once. This time the vacation is to be long enough to make with the Christmas one a month. The girls went home last Monday—all glad to have examinations over and a long play-time ahead. Our own little girls were invited to the homes of some of the old schoolgirls, so the school is closed up entirely—for the first time since a year ago.

Before school closed, the girls gave a little play in English for the closing exercises. They had wanted to do something of that sort at Christmas time, but I did not feel that I had the time to help them with it. After Christmas they persuaded me that I could find the time and I am glad we undertook it. It was only a little play but in the preparation for it I felt that I came nearer to the girls than I could have come in any other way, and that now I understand them much better than before.

After Christmas the school was somewhat reduced. One girl went home to Nanking to help care for her mother, and the saddest part is that she is not coming back next semester. Her father fears that she will become a Christian, I think, though he pleads lack of funds as an excuse. She is such a bright, responsive child that I am very sorry to lose her.

Another girl left school suddenly and we heard that she was sick. Then I had a letter from her from Foochow, and then we heard rumors that she was married, but this her mother denies. We hardly expect her back next semester.

Another, a new girl, did not return after Christmas because of duties at home, though she said she would be back after New Year's.

Before I left Shanghai two new girls registered for next semester and most of the old girls said they were coming back. We hope for other new pupils to come in during vacation. The girls would like the school full, and as we plan to start a new class in English now, I should be glad of a goodly number that the class may be a strong one.

Just now I am spending a week of my vacation in Lieu-oo. I came out with two of my neighbor-friends the day before New Year's. They had never been quite so much out in the country before and as this is but my second visit we had an interesting trip. We excited much curiosity, of course, especially when we ate our lunch. Some kodak pictures which I happened to have attracted especial attention, together with many questions as to where they were taken and of whom and what. A splendid cool day with the fresh country air made us glad to walk most of the last eight miles, though we found our wheelbarrows, which were following us, very comfortable at times. We three all agreed that the wheelbarrows were not a half bad mode of travel if one were in no hurry.

Out here the atmosphere seems so different from what it did in Shanghai. One feels in these springlike days the call of the country quite as much here in China as at home in America.

One event which has occurred since Christmas may interest you as much as it did me. It was the wedding of a former schoolgirl which was conducted according to the new customs. As I had never witnessed an old style one, I had nothing to compare it with except my foreign ideas of a wedding.

We went first to the future home of the couple, where we were served with the wedding dinner. The bride's home was in connection with a butcher shop and so not stitible or the dinner would have been held there. During the meal the bride sat at head of one of the tables in the women's room. She wore blue glasses, an immense, gorgeous hat affair made of flowers on a wire frame, and a short foreign veil. But according to custom she could neither eat, talk nor smile, while out there. Later they said she could eat in her own room. The groom was having a good time in the room across the open court where the men had their meal. The groom and best man were in foreign clothes. In the open court a Chinese band

kept up a din most of the time. People kept coming in from the street to "look, see" and I fear the foreigner attracted a large share of the attention which the bride should have received.

The wedding itself took place in a big building some distance away, which evidently is connected with the soldiers' barracks. (When we arrived, however, the process of cutting and caring for soap was being busily carried on!)

A crier seemed to be the chief official at the wedding. After a bell had sounded to announce that the time had arrived for the ceremony, this crier called the witnesses one by one, the best man, the groom, and then the bridal party, up on to the platform. I might say that the bridal party consisted of two flower girls—who scattered greens and flowers in the bride's path—four bridesmaids and the woman who always accompanies the bride telling her what to do at every step.

The ceremony consisted mostly of the witnesses' setting their seals to an official looking red document; the bride and groom bowing to each other and the witnesses; and the exchanging of rings between the bride and groom. Then the groom left ahead of the bride and the bride went away, as she had come, with the bridal party.

At their home again there was a series of bowing of bride and groom to the guests, and vice versa, which they told me was as a sort of recognition of the guests. In the evening there was somewhat of the old custom of the groom's friends teasing the bride! It is certainly to be hoped that with the New China such an element as this may be omitted from the marriage customs and that the bride may be able to look forward to her wedding day with a little less of dread and fear as to what it may bring her. But that can only really come with Christianity. Yours in His work,

ANNA M. WEST.

Lieu-oo, China, Feb. 9, 1913.

### Worker's Exchange.

Gentry, Ark.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Gentry, Ark., was organized January 7, 1902, with a membership of fifteen. Before February 1 it was increased to thirty-nine. Of this number only seven are living within the bounds of the society and five identified with its work.

The initiation fee has always been 10 cents, with 5 cents a month thereafter.

The work of the society is piecing and quilting quilts, and other work that can be done during the sessions of the society.

About a year and a half ago we accepted the proposition of J. D. Larkin, Buffalo, N. Y., for selling his goods. That has brought into our society a helpful sum.

During the year 1912 we took in from all sources \$30.57. We paid our pastor \$14.00,—\$10.00 towards his salary and \$4.00 on his traveling expenses to Conference; \$15.00 has been paid to the treasurer of the Woman's Board.

Our report seems small when compared with that of other societies, but everything considered we have perhaps carried out as well as we could the object for which we were organized,—“To help in whatever way we can the cause of Christ and humanity.”

MRS. H. D. WITTER,

Corresponding Secretary.

### The Supreme Court Bible.

It is a tiny little book, only five and a half inches long and three and a half inches wide. It is bound in bright red morocco leather, with the word "Bible" printed in diminutive gold letters on the back. But one does not see that red morocco cover unless he remove the little black leather slip which protects it. Long, long ago the little red Bible began to show wear, and then the black leather slip was made to protect it—so long ago in fact that fifteen of those covers, made to protect the venerated little volume, were worn out in the service. It is without doubt one of the oldest Bibles, if not the very oldest Bible, connected with the government, and is certainly the most historical. It is the book upon which, since 1800, every chief justice, with the single exception of Chief Justice Chase, and every member of the Supreme Court, has taken the oath of allegiance when accepting his appointment to our highest tribunal. More than that, every attorney who has practiced before the Supreme Court since that date, 1800, has pledged his allegiance over the little volume. All, with one exception also, and that exception was Daniel Webster. It is told even yet of the Supreme Court of that day that Mr. Webster's fame as an orator had so preceded

him that on the occasion when he came to argue his first case before the court, the clerk, Mr. Caldwell, in his eagerness to hear the great speaker, forgot to administer the oath.—*The Christian Herald.*

### To My Friend.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

"Would I sing to thee, wert thou lying dead?"  
Yea, at thy feet all night I'd stand and sing;  
I'd strew thy couch with lovage and with rue;  
My grandsire's grandsire's harp I'd bring.  
The harp that once he played in Cameron Hall,  
When Albion was a worthy name to sing.

I'd sing the lips that, touched with holy fire,  
Were consecrated evermore to truth,  
And the brave heart that like a couchant lion  
Waited its hour of triumph, from thy youth,  
And those prophetic eyes that, gazing far,  
Beheld earth crowned with peace and love and truth.

Yet even then, alas, I might not sing;  
Silence, perhaps, would come with bitter rue;  
And I should wave, to fright the bogie folk,  
Three willow wands sprinkled with tears for dew;

For bogies greatly fear the willow charm  
And trembling dread the pale and bitter rue.

Or it may be, when thou dost fall asleep,  
I shall have dwelt afar full many a day,  
Having forgotten all earth's futile speech,  
No song can sing nor any praise can say  
And none beside may tell, for none can know,  
How greatly thou hast comforted my day!

Yet mid the toil and heaviness of life,  
No song I find half sweet enough to sing  
To one who listened with entreating heart  
While unto others all my songs I bring.  
Wait thou until the new world's gates unfold  
And with the white-robed choir we rise to sing.  
Coudersport, Pa.

### Change of Address.

William L. Clarke, president of the Missionary Board, wishes his correspondents to address him in the future at Ashaway, R. I., as he has moved from Westerly to that place.

One of our very small Young Americans believes that the Bible commands him to "Lay up for yourself trousers in heaven." This puzzles him, because he knows the angels don't wear trousers—at least, they don't in the pictures he has seen.

His mother says it is not at all unlikely that he also believes that "where your trousers are, there will your heart be also."  
—S. C. R.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### Christian Humility.

WALTER L. GREENE.

*Christian Endeavor topic for April 5, 1913.*

#### Daily Readings.

Sunday—Ideal humility (Phil. ii, 5-11).  
Monday—Greatness of the humble (Matt. xviii, 1-4).  
Tuesday—Humble toward God (Jas. iv, 7-10).  
Wednesday—Humility's test (1 Pet. v, 5-7).  
Thursday—Jesus' example (John xiii, 12-17).  
Friday—A trying test (Acts xxiii, 1-5).  
Sabbath day—Topic: The ideal Christian. IV. His humility (Matt. xx, 20-28). (Consecration meeting.)

It is well for us to think of this Christian virtue, which the New Testament writers place among the essential virtues that the disciples of Christ should attain. To those who do not regard character as the real estimate of greatness this virtue may not seem of great importance, but Christianity places its emphasis upon what men are and ought to be and not upon what they seem to be. Position, wealth or arrogance was virtue in the thought of some ancient philosophers and the same philosophy continues to our own day. The classical ideal was based on the greatness of man; the Christian ideal on the goodness of God.

The Scripture lesson for the topic speaks of a most unfortunate situation among Jesus' disciples. The two sons of Zebedee came asking that he would grant that one should sit on his right hand and the other on his left hand in glory, a request that shows that the disciples were still looking for a material and political kingdom, that they were moved by jealousy toward the other disciples, and that they cherished the selfish ambition to outrank their fellow disciples. The first was an intellectual error, the second and third were serious moral faults. Jesus did not at this time correct their view of his kingdom, but he did begin at once to rebuke their jealousy and to correct their wrong ambitions. He tells them they are not to lord it over their fellow disciples like the rulers of the Gen-

tiles who exercise arbitrary authority, ruling for their own advantage and not for the benefit of the ruled. Rather should their discipleship be marked by humble service such as he himself exemplified. "Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

#### WHAT IS CHRISTIAN HUMILITY?

The humility of the Christian disciple is to be like that of Jesus. In this, as in other Christian virtues, he is our example. Jesus left the glory of heaven, came to earth and became poor and lived a life of self-sacrifice. This did not make him humble. He was humble before he became poor. Many a man poor and of lowly station in life is far from being humble and many of the world's rich and exalted are poor in spirit. Christian humility then is not a matter of wealth or station, but an attitude of mind.

Paul often refers to the humility of Christ as lowliness of mind, and true humility as a characteristic grace of the man who has come to know God and who has emptied himself and become self-effacing. Humility is essentially a religious virtue and reveals a man's attitude to God. Humility is not self-depreciation; it does not paralyze the will. On the other hand there is courage in humility and it takes a great man to be modest. If one begins in humility and the proper attitude toward God, he rises step by step to the full realization of the blessedness of the eternal life in Christ.

#### HUMILITY AND ITS REWARD.

Jesus promises great reward to the humble. In the Sermon on the Mount he said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"; and again in Matthew he said, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." It is evident that those who exalt themselves especially to positions in the gift of the people are humbled or at least gain but temporary success. The man of true humility steadily rises in the esteem of the people and is honored with positions of trust. The "big-headed" and arrogant are apt to be brought low. Let us not be humble for the sake of the reward, for such humility has lost its real significance.

#### QUOTATIONS.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue  
And he who builds the lowest builds the safest.  
—Bailey.

God hath sworn to lift on high,  
Who sinks himself by true humility.  
—Keble.

Humility is to make a right estimate of one's self. It is no humility for a man to think less of himself than he ought, though it might rather puzzle him to do that.—*Spurgeon.*

#### QUESTIONS TO THINK ABOUT AND ANSWER IN THE MEETING.

What may give rise to feelings of humility?

What did Jesus say about his own humility?

What parables did Jesus use to teach humility?

What classes of individuals did Jesus use as type of humility?

What are the rewards for those who have true humility?

What is said of Paul's letter to the Philippians about the humility of Jesus?

#### Important.

Be sure to have your subscriptions to the *Christian Endeavor World* credited to the Young People's Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Conference. Otherwise the results will be lost to us.

#### Religion in Music.

MARY BROWN.

*Read at a special Christian Endeavor service at Riverside, Cal.*

"No art, I believe, affords such strong evidence of the spiritual in man as music. Hence music and song are the utterance of the fullest perfection of existence—praise of the Creator," says Ernst Hoffman.

Let us refresh our minds about some of the very earliest famous composers whose works are known all over the world.

The most deeply religious composer was Sebastian Bach. In his music is a clear evidence of the spiritual. He developed church music as an art.

Handel, whom we know as the composer of "The Messiah," must have been religious. A friend visited him and found

him sobbing as he was writing the majestic aria, "He was despised and rejected of men." When asked as to his feelings during the composition of the Hallelujah Chorus, he said in his imperfect English, "I did think I did see all heaven before me and the great God himself."

Haydn's religion was simple and child-like. He writes about his oratorio, "The Creation": "When I was occupied upon 'The Creation,' always before I sat down to the piano, I prayed to God with earnestness that he would enable me to praise him worthily." All his sacred works, like those of Bach's, were dedicated to God.

Mozart's immortal "Requiem" furnishes us with evidence of his religious convictions. He composed it in obedience to what he recognized as a voice from heaven and he knew it was his swan song.

We find in Beethoven a great love of nature. The spiritual message of his Symphonies is the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

It is easy, with this glimpse of these composers in mind, to understand how a whole congregation may be brought to tears by the rendering of these masterpieces. Can we doubt that they are uplifting?

Turning now to the songs of David, known as the Psalms, it is said they were rendered by instruments used in whole or in portions and that dancing of a solemn nature formed an accompaniment to the rhythm of the music. Such instruments as the harp, psaltery and dulcimer are mentioned in the Psalms.

Twelve Levites stood upon the broad steps of the stairway leading from the place of the congregation to the outer court of the priests, playing upon nine lyres, two harps and one cymbal, and began the playing of the Psalms, while the officiating priests poured out the wine of offering. The pauses of the Psalms or their divisions were indicated by blasts of trumpets by priests at the right and left of the cymbalists.

If David, the psalmist-king, could visit some of the churches of today, would he not be greatly surprised?

He sang, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand"; "I will sing praises to thy name"; "I will praise the Lord with my whole heart"; "Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee" (not just a few). In many of the churches,

there are paid choirs and soloists. Nothing could be more unfortunate. Did not David say, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord"? Yet many of our best hymns are spoiled by careless, lifeless and thoughtless singing.

Let us put our religion into the music of our services. Let us feel it a joy to serve the Lord by singing his praises, and worship him by the uplifting of our voices in songs of thanksgiving.

### That Quilt.

The many friends who furnished dimes and names for the album quilt gotten up by the Gentry Christian Endeavor society are, possibly, wondering if it was ever finished and what became of it.

This is to explain. The quilt was completed and sent by Rev. D. H. Davis to Miss Anna West, who is having her first experience in far-off China.

A letter of appreciation was received from her a short time ago, and she surely would not object to having a few sentences from the same used in this way.

"How did you know that that was just what I was in need of?"

"The best of it, however, is the names written on it. It was almost like hearing directly from the friends themselves to find their names.

"I went from one block to another, looking for those I knew. Only those who have been far from friends can realize what a pleasure it is just to see the names of those friends.

"Truly you have sent me that for which I am very grateful and which I shall always prize very highly.

"Many thanks for the quilt and many more for the cheer that came with it." \*

### A Letter.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

As we read Pastor Van Horn's greeting to the young people, in which he stated it was the fifth time he had sent them New Year's greeting, I thought of the resolution, made months ago, to furnish articles for his department, which he has so often asked for.

I am afraid that many of us are like the congregation of a First-day church which

I once attended. At the close of a helpful and inspiring talk by the pastor opportunity was given to all who wished to take part. After a long and painful pause three or four of the large congregation spoke. As the pastor arose to dismiss them he said: "You all know what a sponge is and what an inexpensive thing it is; yet, if you put it in a dish of water, it will soak every bit of water it can, never giving any back of its own accord. Only by force can it be compelled to give back the water it has taken up. That is what many of you are—just sponges. You come week after week and *soak up* the sermons, the songs, the testimonies of others, and all the uplifting influences, and never willingly give back one thing. I have stood here week after week, sometimes facing four and five hundred persons, trying to give a message to help some one, and yet when opportunity has been given, I have many times heard but four or five voices. Now, hereafter, let all not only soak up all the good they can, but be willing to give back to help some one else." As the benediction was pronounced and all returned home, somehow that talk "stuck by us" and now we pass it along to "you folks."

And is not that just what we are *all* doing, soaking up all the good we can from the RECORDER, week by week—all the reports from the home and foreign fields, all the poetry, the helpful editorials by Elder Gardiner, "Thoughts From the Field," Letters From Uncle Oliver (and by the way, I saw him at Conference), and the Young People's page? And are we giving back what we might? I am afraid not. So let each one of us resolve in the coming year to surprise the contributing editor by flooding his mail with bright, interesting and helpful articles for his department.

One day an overcrowded wharf gave way under the fearful strain, plunging people into a swift current of water. Many of those on shore, at the risk of their own lives, saved all they could. Meanwhile a man on the shore shrieked above the tumult, "Oh, save the red-headed man! save the red-headed man!" The men battling with the fearful current almost gave up the struggle and still the man on the shore with wild, howling shrieks of "Save the red-headed man! oh, save the red-headed man!" made the men renew their efforts and at last "the red-headed man" was sav-

ed. As they brought him to shore to the man who had pleaded for him to be saved they tenderly asked, "Was he your brother?" He replied: "No, he owed me five dollars!" He was thinking only of the five dollars which would have been lost to him if the man's life had not been saved. Sitting on the bank, out of danger, he had urged the men to go, where he would not have dared to go.

Of course the story is laughable and yet it has its lesson. We should never, in order to gain our point, urge others to go where we do not dare to go ourselves. So many times I have seen people who urged others to go into pastorless communities to take the Gospel to those without religious privileges; and yet when the call came to them of "Come over and help us," they could not sacrifice their *own* interests enough to say, "Lord, here am I; send me."

In the *Journal-Telephone* we read an interesting communication from Pastor L. C. Randolph, in which he spoke of a visit to Walworth, the home of his childhood, and to the church which, with his father and mother, he had attended when a child; of the seat cushions now in use which his mother had helped to make, and of the sacred memories of the past. It touched my heart as I thought of my childhood's home and of the time when, as a little child, I went to church with an older sister. Somehow I had, at that time, the impression that the pulpit was a sacred place, above which God's Spirit hovered as in the holy of holies, pouring power, inspiration and glory upon the consecrated pastor, as he lifted Christ up, drawing all men unto him and to a higher and holier life. After the sermon opportunity was *always* given to those who wished to speak. Never will I forget several old white-haired men who spoke with the eloquence which is now so seldom heard. They were not afraid to say "Amen," "Praise the Lord!" and "Hallelujah!" and when they said it, it was not under their breath. They spoke from deep, heart-experiences and their testimonies today are in the hearts of many who heard them. Today that community is pastorless and friendless. In speaking of it to an old friend I said, "You must remember it," and never was I so touched in my life as when I was quietly told that daily for the past two and one-half years it had been remembered in prayer that a pastor might be sent to that

field, and that Christ might again be lifted up and draw all men unto him. Somehow I can't get away from that reply; it comes back to me again and again. I think of the nine hundred and seventeen times that field has been taken to God in the past two and one-half years, and when the future looks dark I think of that patient, untiring prayer that daily goes up in Christ's name to the Creator of the universe, to send help; and my faith in humanity and prayer is stronger.

May the time soon come when that prayer will be answered. And you who are remembering daily the missionary fields, do not, I plead, forget the rural churches, but extend a helping hand; and when requested to help organize Christian Endeavor societies or Sabbath schools and to pray for them, do not refuse and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but, like this one I have spoken of, stand by the rural churches, if not by work, by daily prayer. Then in a short time there will be no such thing as the "country church problem."

ETHEL LYNN.

### The House Upon the Sand.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### Changed Purpose.

The afternoon of the tenth day of January was nearing its close, and the school-room was almost deserted. Doris Chesterfield sighed as she looked up at the clock. "Half past four," she said aloud, "and these papers are not corrected yet. They're just about the worst ones the children have ever handed in, too. Either something is the matter with them or else it's me. At any rate, they're the hardest children to make understand anything. Perhaps I was never intended for a school-teacher. But I mustn't stay any longer tonight; I'll just have to finish this work at home, much as I dislike to. And I really must stop at Rachel's, too, on the way and find out if her mother has heard anything from her." And gathering up the little pack of papers that remained on her desk, she went out and locked the door. The other teachers had gone, so she met no one on her way out.

Doris Chesterfield found it much easier

to say that she must stop at Rachel Barlow's than it was to actually go up the walk and ring the bell. Rilla and Louise had called a few days before, and their reception had been far from cordial. She thought of this as she waited on the front porch.

In the old days she would have gone in at the side door without waiting to ring the bell, but somehow things were different now that Rachel was away. Mrs. Barlow herself answered the ring, and seeing that the visitor was Doris Chesterfield, she asked her to come in and wait while she went up-stairs a moment. When she returned, she inquired rather abruptly, "Doris, did you know Rachel?"

"Know her, Mrs. Barlow? Indeed I did." Doris could not understand the meaning of such a question.

"Yes, I know that you were friends, but did she ever tell you any of her plans?"

"Yes, always until the last few months; at least I thought she did. But where is she, Mrs. Barlow? What has happened to her?" And Doris Chesterfield grew very pale.

"There, sit down, Doris, for I am going to tell you where Rachel is," for Doris had left her seat and stood with her hand resting on the small table in the corner, as though in need of some support. "First, I am afraid that I shall have to confess that I didn't understand my own daughter, and I fear that you didn't know her very well either. Did you ever meet Henry Marlin?"

Doris thought a moment. "No, Mrs. Barlow," she admitted, "I did not. The name is a very unfamiliar one."

"Did you know that Rachel met a young man at Quohasset last summer, and that she has been hearing from him ever since?"

"No, I have never heard her mention any one."

"Then I guess you didn't know her much better than I did. Well, she has been going to some very questionable places with him, and now he has threatened to tell her father everything if she won't run away with him. And Doris, he is a married man, a hard character indeed!"

"O Mrs. Barlow, it can't be true. It is terrible!"

"But it is true, Doris. Rachel has written the whole story to her father, and he is very angry; I fear for what he may do.

Did you know that people were talking about her?"

"Why, I have heard a few things about her being wild, but I didn't believe the ones who told me. Has she written to you? Oh, of course she must have."

"Yes, I had a letter from her yesterday."

"But she hasn't done anything worse than that, Mrs. Barlow, has she? And she must be very sorry or she wouldn't have written."

"No, nothing worse, and that is what I tell her father we ought to be so thankful for. She is almost broken-hearted over it. Here is her letter that I brought down for you to read, but please don't tell the other girls anything about it. I wanted you to know, and Rachel will probably write to you all sometime. She is with her Aunt Ruth in Quakerville."

Doris Chesterfield took the letter and read it. When she had finished, she said brokenly, "O Mrs. Barlow, I fear we were some to blame; we ought to have been more careful. Rachel is younger than the other girls. I am so sorry and I must go home and think. I will come again soon." And Doris Chesterfield without further words hurried to her own home. There she went straight to her room.

"What have I done?" she demanded of herself when once the door had been closed and locked. "What did I do when I urged Mildred to let us go to that masquerade? It was there that Rachel met that fellow again, and that was why she seemed so unhappy. I guess it was true, as she says, that it was through him that we got the invitation. It was at Quohasset, too, that she met him in the beginning. What have we done? What has our influence been? Just because Barbara and I could do certain things in moderation was no reason why some other girl might not be ruined by those same amusements. Rachel loves excitement, and it seems that she must have it. I wonder that Mrs. Barlow will speak to one of us."

Doris did not spare herself at all. It was as though a veil had suddenly been lifted from her eyes, and she saw herself in a new light. What were she and the other girls making of their lives? And she had to confess that their main object seemed to be to have the best possible time, regardless of the consequences to themselves or to others. This was why her

own work had dragged so, and she had been blaming the children for her failures. This was why Barbara had begged for a year's vacation before taking up the study of elocution.

What had the house party at Quohasset amounted to? Then she thought of the wind-swept space where their attractive summer home had stood and what Jack had said about building one's life on a foundation as shifting as the sand. Wasn't this just what she had been doing? Suddenly these words came to her—"Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." And she and the other girls, or most of them, had promised to serve him faithfully. How sadly they had failed. Then she thought of the meeting of New Year's eve in the little church at Quohasset. Were Rachel and Beth interested, and if they had had any encouragement would they have taken a stand for Christ? Had she ever asked them to take a stand for him?

These were hard questions to face, but Doris Chesterfield faced them, and when she left her room an hour later, she went with a changed purpose.

"Barbara," she called to her sister, who was reading in the library, "do you know that this is prayer meeting night?"

"Yes, but what of it?"

"Will you go with me?"

"To prayer meeting, what for? You haven't forgotten, have you, that the girls are to meet at Rilla's at eight o'clock? And you haven't had anything to eat since noon. I was just coming up to tell you that Rilla telephoned for us to come early; she has some news to tell us. What do you suppose it can be?"

"I don't know, Barbara, but we will go early, and try to persuade the girls to go on to the church with us."

Barbara Chesterfield looked at her sister in astonishment; but she put down the magazine she had been reading and went off in search of her wraps.

"Funny, isn't it," she said to herself, "what has come over Doris? She's as sober as a deacon tonight; but maybe the girls can cheer her up."

The other girls were there when they reached the Andrews home; that is, Rilla, Hope and Louise were waiting for them in the den?

"Where's Beth?" Doris asked as she

looked around the room. "Isn't she coming tonight?"

"Beth has gone to California," Hope replied in as solemn a tone as though it were to the wilds of Africa.

"To California, what for?" Barbara cried in the same way that she had asked about the prayer meeting.

"For business and pleasure both," Rilla, who knew the most concerning Beth's plans, began to explain. "Her father had to go out there to settle somebody's estate, and when he found out that he would have to be gone so long, he decided to take the whole family with him. Beth didn't know a thing about it till last night, and they left at three o'clock today."

"To California," Doris said when she had recovered from her surprise, "oh, they will probably be back in a few weeks, I presume."

"In a few months or years more likely," Rilla corrected her. "I imagine that I would stay one long while if I had a chance like that. Just think of the good times Beth will have. Mrs. Tennett said they might be gone a year, they couldn't tell anything about it. What are we going to do without Beth and Rachel? Our clan is sadly broken up. Doris, do you know anything about Rachel? Her mother wouldn't tell us a thing, and I call it a shame when we've been so intimate with her."

Doris looked at the clock. "Girls," she asked, ignoring Rilla's question for the moment, "do you see what time it is? It is prayer meeting night; will you leave your fancy work for one evening and go?"

"Go to prayer meeting tonight, Doris, when it's our club night?" Hope protested strongly. "What are you thinking of? It's only a special prayer meeting anyway, and there won't be any young people there."

"Rilla has the daintiest refreshments all ready to serve, Doris," Louise added pleadingly, "so let's not this time; some other night will do." And she drew a little fancy apron from her bag. "We go to Christian Endeavor and that's enough," she said as she took some fine stitches in her work.

"Is it enough, Louise, have you forgotten your pledge?" Doris hesitated a little before asking this question. "I didn't answer Rilla when she asked about Rachel. Yes, I do know where she is though I am not at liberty to tell tonight. You will all

hear from her some day. No, I haven't had any letter yet. Will you go to prayer meeting for her sake, if for no other reason?"

"O Doris, you look almost tragic," Barbara said, taking her muff from the window-seat where she had thrown it, "so I dare not refuse."

"Well, I suppose we shall all have to follow then," Louise said regretfully, as she hastily put away her fancy work. "Doris Chesterfield, just see what your influence is, will you? You ought to be scared."

"I am scared, Louise, and I only wish that I had been scared a good deal sooner."

Rilla went to the kitchen to put away the carefully planned refreshments, and to see that the fire was in no danger of burning out before she returned. "Will you come in after service and try them?" she called out to the little group of girls waiting in the hall. "I don't like to waste them, for I took extra pains this time."

"Indeed we will," Barbara replied for the others. "Doris couldn't be so cruel as to deprive us of that pleasure."

"Of course I couldn't, Barbara. You know how much I like everything that Rilla cooks; wish I could do half as well. I believe I'd set up a bake-shop and advertise pies and doughnuts like mother used to make; then you would all envy me my success."

"That's what I'd like to do, Doris," Rilla laughed as she replied, "but I fear that no one in this little town would care to buy. I do love to cook, fancy things best of all."

Doris joined in the bright, friendly talk as they hurried along; but her mind was far, far away. She thought of Rachel up there in Connecticut, grieving because she had done wrong, and then of Beth fast speeding toward California and unknown pleasures. When would she have an opportunity to talk with them again? But here by her side were girls to whom she could talk.

"Girls," she said as they entered the vestibule of the church five minutes before the service began, "let's remember our pledge tonight, especially the part that says—'I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do.' I am afraid that we have not been thinking much about this lately. Let's try to remember it for the sake of the One to whom we made it, and for the sake

of other girls like Rachel and Beth, as well as for our own sakes."

"We will try, Doris," Hope replied earnestly. "I wish I had remembered before."

(To be continued.)

### News Notes.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The Christian Endeavor meeting for March 7 was a leaderless one in charge of the absent and former members. Messages were received from fifteen people.—Four active members have been added to the society since the last report.—The visit of the Rev. D. C. Lippincott was greatly enjoyed by all as he assisted in church, Christian Endeavor and prayer meetings.

ALFRED, N. Y.—President Davis, Dean Main and Rev. Walter L. Greene attended the Religious Education Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, March 11-13.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.—The Ladies' Aid society met recently at the home of C. C. Greene for supper, taking in about \$8.50. The society is divided into two sections, each to raise money for denominational purposes.—Mr. Simpson of Alfred has been assisting Pastor Greene in holding extra meetings.—A very interesting program on Country Life was given at a literary meeting of the Christian Endeavor society, March 1.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—The Junior Christian Endeavor society gave a social for its own benefit, February 4. There was a big crowd in attendance, who enjoyed the two scenes from "Little Women," and the songs and tableaux. Candy was on sale. Proceeds about \$30.—On January 29 the Woman's Society for Christian Work gave a Eugene Field evening, consisting of a sketch of his life, with song and tableaux and readings. The entertainment was preceded by a delicious 25-cent supper. Aprons and fancy work were on sale. A neat sum was realized for the society.—A good speaker addressed the congregation, February 1, on the work of the Anti-Saloon League in New Jersey; his report of the progress of the work in the State was encouraging.

(See page 380 for "Study of Year Book.")

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### How Did You Do?

"How can you, friend?" the Swedish say.

The Dutch, "How do you fare?"

"How do you have yourself today?"

Has quite a Polish air.

In Italy, "How do you stand?"

Will greet you every hour;

In Turkey, when one takes your hand,

"Be under God's great power!"

"How do you carry you?" is heard

When Frenchmen so inquire;

While Egypt's friendly greeting word

Is, "How do you perspire?"

"Thin may thy shadows never grow!"

The Persian's wish is true:

His Arab cousin, bowing low,

Says, "Praise God! how are you?"

But oddest of them all is when

Two Chinese meet, for thrice

They shake their own two hands, and then

Ask, "Have you eaten rice?"

—H. Bedford Jones.

### How Tommy Spider Decided.

He had always been such a happy little spider, until now; nothing ever troubled him. Even when one of his little brothers pulled one of his legs off, he kicked his other seven. Why worry about a leg, more or less?

But now he was plainly out of sorts. Nothing suited him.

"You need something to do," said his wise spider mother. "When folks and spiders have nothing to do, then they always fuss and fume," she added.

"Yes, but what?" whined Tommie Spider. "Nothing is fun any more."

"Go to work," said Mrs. Spider briskly.

"Help me make a new swing for the babies," and she began to pull a tiny thread of glue from her mouth, which as she pulled it, hardened into a silken thread. This she dropped from the leaf of the bush. And in a jiffy a wee little spider was swinging on it for dear life.

"That's too tame," fussed Tommie. "No fun pulling swings out of one's mouth," and he swung himself off the bush.

As he looked back at his mother she was shaking her cobweb home first with one claw, then the other. This was house-cleaning day, and she was getting all the dust and dirt out of her house.

Tommie Spider knew if his mother broke

her web, she mended it at once and so nicely that none could ever tell it.

He called on the trap-door spider, who was busy hanging the walls of her underground home with the loveliest, softest silk.

"Shucks! There's no fun making dungeons," thought Tommie Spider and then he had to laugh as he saw the trap-door spider suddenly pull a thread and the door to her house opened and a nice fat little ant rolled in.

This little ant, caught in the trap so nicely, was Mrs. Spider's lunch.

Tommie Spider left her enjoying her ant, and wandered down to a little stream nearby. He did not care at all that he might get his handsome velvet suit muddy, for he saw the queerest sight, and he hurried to it.

There, skimming over the water, with tiny balloons on their feet, to keep them from sinking, were other spiders.

"Humph! that's tame; just skating around on water," sniffed Tommie, and when he saw other spiders building tiny rafts of straw, on which to float he sniffed again.

"Now, who would want to do that?" he said. Gracious! but he was hard to please today.

Then he wished to get across the stream, and see what was on the other side. And as he looked longingly, he saw the very finest, cutest cobweb suspension bridge he had ever beheld. And there, up on a twig, was a big spider building another one.

Now, here was something, and Tommie Spider scuttled across as fast as he could to that twig, and was just in time to see the big spider pull a long silken thread from his mouth, and let it float out on the breeze.

The breeze carried it across the stream, and it caught up on another twig opposite, and ever so many times the big spider did this; then he ran out along his lines and glued and joined them together, and, lo and behold! he now had another beautiful suspension bridge.

Tommie Spider was simply charmed. Here was something worth doing. It was certainly much nicer to pull bridges out of one's mouth than swings, as his mother had suggested.

And so that is how Tommie Spider decided to be a bridge-builder.—*Child's Gem.*

"Thoughts are seeds, words are flowers, and deeds are fruits."

## Study of the Conference Year Book.

### Lesson III.

#### SECOND DAY.

#### Home Readings.

Sunday—Conference Minutes, including Report of Corresponding Secretary (pp. 25, 30).

Monday—Report of Tract Society (pp. 224-226).

Tuesday—Report of Tract Society concluded (pp. 227-231).

Wednesday—Conference Minutes, including Report of Committee on Denominational Activities (pp. 30, 31).

Thursday—Program of Woman's Board (pp. 32, 33).

Friday—Program of Woman's Board concluded (p. 37).

#### Class Study.

1. "Locate" as many as possible of the people appearing on the program on Thursday.
2. Who is the Corresponding Secretary of Conference? Home, occupation, etc.
3. What sum of money was spent by our people, per capita, for gospel work during the year? How much of this for "local" work? How much for missionary work?
4. What church in Europe supports two foreign missionaries? How many members has this church? (See back of *Year Book*, "Foreign Statistical.")
5. What is the most encouraging note of the Corresponding Secretary's Report?
6. What can we do to help carry out Conference Resolutions Nos. 2 and 3, p. 31?
7. Name at least six lines of tract work followed out by the Tract Society's Advisory Committee.
8. What specially noteworthy work was carried on by the Joint Committee? Name the members of this committee, representing the Tract Board; the members representing the Missionary Board. (Geo. B. Carpenter, Ira B. Crandall, S. H. Davis, L. F. Randolph, Clayton A. Burdick.)
9. What amount of money does the budget of the Tract Society call for?
10. How many societies were reported by the Woman's Board? How large a resident membership?
11. What lines of work are being supported by the Woman's Board? How much money did this board raise during the year?
12. What action did Conference take upon the report of this board? (p. 39.)

## DEATHS

CHIPMAN.—Charles Clarence, the oldest son of Charles Henry and Frances Ann (*Saunders*) Chipman, was born at Hope Valley, R. I., February 6, 1859, and died in the Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich., January 20, 1913.

Besides his wife and four children, he leaves his widowed mother, two brothers, and a sister to mourn his loss. His father and one sister had many years before preceded him to the Better Land. A biographical sketch will be found elsewhere in this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER.

C. F. R.

MONTFORT.—Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Montfort was born in Piscataway Township, Middlesex Co., N. J., on February 23, 1846, and died at the home in which she was born and reared and which has been the home of her family of Randolphs for several generations. Her death occurred on December 19, 1912, after she had been prostrated by a succession of paralytic strokes.

Mrs. Montfort's parents were Reune Fitz and Clarissa Dunn Randolph. Of the large family of six children which were born to them, only two are now living.—Mrs. Albert Boice of Piscataway Township and Vermont Randolph of Montclair, N. J. Mrs. Montfort's husband was David Montfort. During the greater part of their married life they lived in the West, a part of the time near Boulder, Colo. Their last home was in Conway, Mo., where Mr. Montfort died. After her husband's decease Mrs. Montfort came east to make her home with her relatives, especially with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Agnes Randolph, on the old Randolph homestead.

Mrs. Montfort was a modest woman of retiring disposition and of a lovable Christian character. Her pastor recalls the pleasure she manifested on being able to worship with the brethren of the New Market Church once more on her return from the West. She was converted and baptized into the fellowship of the New Market Church during the ministry of Rev. L. A. Platts, in 1875.

Brief services were held at her late home on Sunday afternoon, December 22, 1912, conducted by her pastor. Burial was in the Seventh-day Baptist Cemetery at Blue's Corners.

H. N. J.

KENYON.—Near Ashaway, R. I., December 20, 1912, Gardiner Bellamy, only son of Attorney Gardiner B. and Annie Bellamy Kenyon, aged 5 years, 2 months and 9 days.

Little Gardiner was a lovely boy in life and beautiful in death. He bore his tedious sickness with fortitude almost beyond his years. Funeral services were held at the house conducted by Rev. L. F. Randolph, Pastor Van Horn being unable to officiate. Miss Sadie Budlong rendered appropriate music. The floral offerings were abundant and beautiful, being tastily arranged and making a pathetic effect. Four uncles of the deceased acted as bearers. Burial in Oak Grove

Cemetery. The parents have the sympathy of relatives and friends.

"My beloved is gone down into his garden, to gather lilies." Solomon's Song vi, 2.

"I can not say and I will not say  
He is dead—he is just away.  
With a cheery smile and wave of the hand  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be since he lingers there."

L. F. R.

CRANDALL.—Mrs. Lovisa S. Wright Crandall, daughter of Judah and Zillpha Ward Wright, was born April 11, 1839, and departed this life at her home in South Brookfield, N. Y., January 27, 1913.

On September 27, 1856, she was married to Daniel A. Crandall, and to them were born a family of three sons and three daughters, namely, Mary, Anna, Jennie, Frank, Lewis, and Horace whom in infancy the Saviour took to himself, while all the others, with their dear old father, are left to mourn the loss of a loving companion and mother.

Though she had been in declining health for years, she was faithful in caring for her sorely afflicted husband. Their very affliction attached them to each other, and the breaking of that tie would have been painful had it not been for their faith in the Saviour and his love. In 1859 Sister Crandall, having professed faith in Christ, followed him in baptism and united with the Second Brookfield Church, of which she remained a member until called to join the church triumphant. "She was a true and faithful wife, a loving and dutiful mother, and a kind and good neighbor."

Her funeral was held in her late home by her pastor, January 30, in the presence of many of her appreciative friends, and her worn-out body was laid to rest in the Edmeston Cemetery. Thus we feel that a true Christian woman has left us. May the dear Father of us all keep in his loving care all her bereaved ones.

W. L. D.

BURTON.—Mrs. Harriet Louise Bennett Burton, only child of Edwin and Elvira Wightman Bennett, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., January 29, 1866, and departed this life February 5, 1913.

She was united in marriage to Hiram R. Burton, January 24, 1883, and of this union were born three children,—Vivan L., Ivanore E., and Clifton B., who, with their father, her husband and dear old mother, are left to mourn their loss. In quite early life she gave her heart to the Saviour, followed him in baptism and united with the Second Brookfield Church on July 13, 1889. She remained a faithful member until the end of her earthly life. It was her implicit faith in her Saviour that helped her to bear patiently the pain while she underwent five severe operations, during which she was never heard to murmur or complain.

It was a characteristic of her life to serve others. Her life abounded in good works, in patient, unselfish, loving service for her family and dear old mother. She was also faithful and loyal in her devotion to the interests and work of the church which she so dearly loved, being

present at all its appointments just as long as her health would permit. She was loyal to her Bible class and is sadly missed from its meetings. It is needless to say she leaves a vacancy in our church and community life. This is deeply felt by all. The dear family and aged mother have the Christian sympathy and prayers of a host of loving friends. God will never forsake his own.

The funeral services were held at her late home Sabbath afternoon, February 8, conducted by her pastor, whose remarks were based on Paul's Second Letter to Timothy iv, 7, 8, and her body was laid to rest in the Brookfield Cemetery until her Saviour shall call it forth.

W. L. D.

HULL.—Darwin A. Hull was born February 25, 1837, and died February 17, 1913, aged 75 years, 11 months and 17 days.

He was the son of Elisha and Hannah Burdick Hull. He was married to Hannah Peckham, to whom were born three children. Two of these, Elmer and Emma, twins, are living. His second marriage was with Miranda Greenman, to whom Rena was born. These three children with their families and one sister, Mrs. Charlotte Prosser of Petersburg, survive.

Funeral services were held at the home of his son February 19. Interment in the Seventh-day Baptist Cemetery.

J. E. H.

DAVIS.—Mrs. Verona E. (Potter) Davis was born in the town of Alfred, October 17, 1838, and died near Alfred Station, February 18, 1913.

She was the daughter of Albert and Samantha (Sweet) Potter, and has lived in this vicinity all her life. On November 13, 1857, she was married to A. Wheeler Davis, who died March 18, 1902. Three children were born to them, all of whom are now dead.

Sister Davis united with the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred, with her husband, during the pastorate of the late Dr. A. H. Lewis, in the winter of 1878. Mrs. Davis leaves to mourn her departure three grandchildren, two brothers, Jerome and Adelbert E. Potter, who are now both in California; and a goodly number of other relatives and friends who loved her because she was a kind, self-sacrificing, lovable Christian woman, who had learned to endure and be patient.

Though her own children are all gone, her grandchildren "rise up to call her blessed," and praise her for her faithful devotion to them, to whom she was a mother indeed. Many in the church and society will feel their loss of a good friend, and will not soon forget her virtues. In the afternoon, with little warning, she was suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and in the early evening of the same day she had already passed from this life, as she had desired to go, quickly, and as we trust, to be forever with her Lord and the redeemed.

I. L. C.

CRANDALL.—William Henry Crandall was born March 14, 1836, and died February 27, 1913.

CRANDALL.—Sarah Jane Coon was born August 22, 1913, and died February 28, 1913. Rather a remarkable incident took place in



regard to these two lives. The people of the community of Petersburg were shocked on the morning of the twenty-eighth when they learned that these lifelong residents of the town had both passed away within a few hours of each other. At 11.30 the night of the twenty-seventh Mr. Crandall passed away while his wife was in an unconscious condition. Before becoming conscious at 2.00 the next morning her soul took its flight to be again united with the one who had so shortly preceded her.

Mr. and Mrs. Crandall were from the Seventh-day Baptist stock which composed the old Petersburg Church. His father was David Crandall. Her parents were Hezekiah Coon and Jané Holmes. Mr. Crandall leaves two sisters, —Lorancy Greene, the widow of David K. Greene of Berlin, and Cinderilla Davis of Janesville, Wis. Mrs. Crandall leaves one sister, Nellie, an invalid. Mr. and Mrs. Crandall were married December 30, 1859. To this union an only son, Edward Hezekiah, was born, who survives the parents. Mr. and Mrs. Crandall never saw their way to unite with the church, yet they were always closely affiliated with the Seventh-day Baptist people and always kept the Sabbath. They were highly respected by their townspeople and the advice of Mr. Crandall was eagerly sought by many a person when in doubt.

The funeral services were held at the home, March 2, in the presence of a large company of friends. The services were conducted by the pastor of the Berlin Seventh-day Baptist Church, assisted by Rev. Mr. Davies and Rev. Mr. Manning of Petersburg.

J. E. H.

PIERCE.—At the Wesley Hospital in Chicago, March 7, 1913, Mrs. Mary Anderson Pierce, wife of Samuel Pierce, in the forty-ninth year of her age.

Mrs. Pierce was born in Denmark, April 16, 1864. The family came to this country and settled in Wisconsin. In her young womanhood she lived for several years in or near Milton. She was married to Mr. Pierce December 27, 1883. They have had four children, three of whom are living. Mrs. Pierce was baptized in 1894 and united with the Seventh-day Adventist Church, of which she always remained a member. During the last fifteen years or more her home has been at Park Rapids, Minn.

Funeral services were held, March 11, 1913, at the Seventh-day Baptist church in Milton, conducted by President William C. Daland of Milton College. The interment was made in the village cemetery at Milton.

W. C. D.

### Jacob Riis on Neighborliness.

A beautiful story was told by Jacob A. Riis in his address at the commencement exercises at Ashley Hall, a school for young women in Charleston, whose principal, Miss Mary V. McBee, was once a director with him in his East Side Settlement work in New York. The world were poor indeed, he said, but for the noble enthusiasm of youth. As an illustration of what he meant he told them this touching

and beautiful story of "Heartsease," a woman who did her little part faithfully as she found it.

"I came upon her one night," he said, "in a mean street over on the West Side. A brass plate on the door arrested my attention as I passed. 'Heartsease,' it said, and I went in. Where they are easing weary hearts, there I want to be. The house was more of a box than a house. The elevated railroad ran in front, right under the windows. It was flanked on one side by a factory, on the other by a jail. In the rear a building was going on, plumb up against its wall, that would soon entirely close the back windows. Those in front you could not open for the dust and noise of the elevated.

"There I found my little woman. She was a school-teacher—taught by day in a public school over at Cypress Hills, L. I., and when her work was done there she came all the many miles, and across the river, to this place, to be near the neighbor. For she had been brought up at Northfield under the inspiration of Mr. Moody's life, and she knew that for her task—to find the neighbor.

"Who were these neighbors?—drunken and dissolute women, vile dens and dives. It seemed the last place a woman of refinement and modesty would have chosen, but she did. At all hours of the night her bell rang, and they came, sometimes attended by policemen. One said: 'We have this case. She is not wanted in this home or that institution. She don't come under their rules. I took her here in hope that you might stretch yours and take her in. Else we don't know what to do with her.'

"Bless you! We have no rules. Let her come in.' And she takes her and puts her to bed.

"In the midnight hour she hears of a young woman, evidently a newcomer, whom the dive has in its clutch, and she gets out of bed and, going there, demands her sister, and gets her from out the very jaws of hell. Again, a drunken woman finds her way to her door—a woman with a husband and children—and she gets out of her warm bed again and takes her home, never leaving her till she is safe.

"I found her papering the walls and painting the floor of her house. I said to her that I did not think you could do much with those women—and neither can you, if they are 'just those women' to you. The

Saviour could. One came and sat at his feet and wept, and dried them with her hair.

"Oh! she said, 'it isn't so. They come, and they are glad to stay. I don't know that they are finally saved, that they never stumble again; but here, anyhow, we have given them a resting spell and time to think, and plenty turn good.'

"And she told me of some of them.

"I don't consider,' she finished, 'that I am doing it right, but I will yet.'

"I looked at her, this frail young girl, with the unshaken, unshakable faith in the right, and asked her how she managed it—financially. She laughed.

"The rent is pledged by half a dozen friends. The rest—about \$150 a month—comes.'

"But how?"

"She pointed to a lot of circulars, painfully written out in the night watches.

"I'm selling soap just now,' she said, 'but it isn't always soap.'

"Here,' patting a chair, 'this is Larkin's soap; that chafing dish is green stamps. This set of dishes is Mother's Oats. We could not get the O; you know, you have to find the letters; but I wrote and told them and we got the dishes. I write to people and they buy the things and we get the prizes. We've furnished the house so. And some give us money. We have even got a building fund. We shall have to move some day.'

"The elevated train swept by the window with a rattle and roar. You could have touched it, so close did it run.

"I won't let it worry me,' she said, with her brave little smile.

"I listened to the crash of the vanishing train and looked at the mean surroundings, and I thought of the great school in the Massachusetts hills—her school—which I had passed only the day before on the railroad, lying there in the spring sunshine. Something better even than the sunlight, and the green hills had come down here to bear witness to the faith which its founder preached all his days.

"I have told you the story of this little woman because she embodies to me in flesh and blood the neighborly ideal. Heartsease has moved. The wall rose and shut it in and friends bought for her a house with a yard, and grass by the doorstep over on the East Side, only a step from the river. Her faith has won out, as it ever

will. It may not be your life work to follow in her steps. It is given to few. But neighbor you can always be, and you can be nothing better in this great wildsome world. It would be easy, let us say it with thanksgiving, to marshal a host of heroic women who have helped do the world's work, have helped shape its course toward that better, brighter day that beckons ever to the young. Think only of Florence Nightingale, of Dorothy Dix, of my own beloved friend, on whose grave the grass is green today, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. You may never do any of the things they did, but you can always be a neighbor."—*Churchman.*

### The March American Magazine.

In the *March American Magazine*, Albert W. Atwood writes an article on "Railroad Wrecks—Why They Increase," in which he brings out many interesting facts and ideas. The article is an important one and ought to do good. It is written in the right tone—not carping, but soundly helpful, although searching.

A real bartender contributes "What a Man Will Do for a Drink," in which he tells many amazing stories. Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, relates some of his adventures with Governor Altgeld of Illinois, who pardoned the anarchists. Albert Jay Nock shows how the new profession of scientific management proposes even to reduce the time surgeons will require for operations. Walter Prichard Eaton contributes a splendid article on acting. A New York policeman continues the publication of his diary, in which he shows how an ordinary man on the force may develop into a grafter. Dr. Woods Hutchinson writes on "Health and Horse-Power," giving news, comment and suggestion about health.

Write to

**THE BROTHERHOOD**  
AT MILTON

for information Concerning

**Church and social privileges,  
Excellent educational advantages,  
Productive farms, Business opportunities,  
Healthful climate, at**

**MILTON, WISCONSIN**  
Lock box 34.

## SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON XIII.—March 29, 1913.  
THE SABBATH.

(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. Every-body 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.

### WANTED AT ALFRED

An all around printer, not afraid of work, can find a steady job at good wages by addressing the Alfred Sun, Alfred, New York. Sabbath keeper preferred.

## The Sabbath Recorder

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

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year ..... \$2.00

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed.

Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the SABBATH RECORDER, Plainfield, N. J.

Advertising rates furnished on request.

### —CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—Memorial Service; Blinded by Prejudice	353
Charles Clarence Chipman—An Appreciative Biographical Sketch; A Tribute From His Pastor, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn; Remarks by President Davis at the Funeral; Service at Westerly	354-364
From the Field	364
Denominational News	364
SABBATH REFORM—What the Sabbath Really Is Our Tea Party, and Other Items	365
MISSIONS—Letter From Lieu-oo	367
HOME NEWS	368
WOMAN'S WORK—The Risen Christ (poetry); News From Shanghai; Worker's Exchange	369-371
To My Friend (poetry)	371
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Christian Humility; Important; Religion in Music; That Quilt; A Letter; The House Upon the Sand; News Notes	372-378
CHILDREN'S PAGE—How Did You Do? (poetry); How Tommy Spider Decided	379
Study of the Conference Year Book	380
DEATHS	380-382
SABBATH SCHOOL	384

"In a license town, the merchant gets only what is left after the saloon-keeper gets all he can."

"Rich people can keep saloons away from their homes with money. Poor people can do it with votes."

The best way to get rid of "blind pigs" is to elect officials who have eyes.—L. R. Horton.

"The spectacular in worship is an effort to substitute a fashion plate for the Ten Commandments."

**DAHLIAS** Exclusively. Over 600 varieties. If you never have seen the

new varieties of dahlias, don't miss the opportunity now. 48 First Prizes in 1912. Catalogue FREE.

**GEO. L. STILLMAN, Dahlia Specialist**  
Box R. Westerly, R. I.

# JOB PRINTING

The publishing house of the American Sabbath Tract Society has an up-to-date equipment for job printing of all kinds, and your patronage is solicited. Our growing business is a fine testimonial of satisfactory service rendered.

We are especially well prepared to turn out high class brochures, catalogues, book editions, periodicals, etc., on short notice.

Estimates gladly furnished. Let us do your next job of printing.

**AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY PUBLISHING HOUSE**

Babcock Bldg., Plainfield, N. J.

## 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

### CONTENTS

Preface, Introduction, General Survey,  
(pp. vii-xix)

#### Part One—The Old Testament, (pp. 1-50)

*Beginnings of History*—Foundations; Reasons for the Sabbath; Beginnings of Hebrew History; *Moses, the Exodus, and the Law*—Moses and His Work; The Sabbath Earlier than Sinai; The Decalogue; The Fourth Commandment; The Sabbath a Covenant of Sanctification; The Sabbath a Sign of the Hebrew National Covenant; Sabbath Rest Safe and Rational; Religion and Good Morals Inseparable; The Sabbath Assembly, and the Holy Bread; The Sabbath a Sanctifying Day; The Sabbath in Deuteronomy; Other Sabbatic Time; *The Great Historical Period*—The Sabbath in Chronicles and Kings; The Sabbath under Nehemiah; *The Prophets*—The Sabbath Social and Ethical; Righteousness Essential to True Sabbath-keeping; Meaning and Relations of a Hallowed Sabbath; The Sabbath in Ezekiel; The Sabbath and National Life; Summary of Old Testament Teachings.

#### Part Two—The New Testament, (pp. 51-107)

*The Synoptic Gospels*—Relation between the Two Testaments, and the Authority of Jesus; The Sacredness of Human Needs; Christ Greater than the Temple; The Greater Law of Love; Deeds of Mercy on the Sabbath; The Sabbath among Early Jewish Christians; A Sabbath of Teaching and Healing; The Sabbath Made for Man; Doing Good on the Sabbath; Jesus a Sabbath-day Worshiper and Preacher; Jesus Our Judge in the Matter of Sabbath-keeping; Jesus at a Sabbath, Entertainment; The "Preparation"; The Resurrection; *Early Writings Belonging to a Transitional Stage of Thought*—"Proselytes"; The Sabbath in Hebrews and Revelation; *The Pauline Epistles*—Under Grace; Salvation a Free Gift; *The Johannine Writings*—Our Ever-working God and Father; Compassion Greater than Ceremony; Mercy is Free, not Bound, on the Sabbath; Recapitulation and Summary; A Brief Historical Survey; Index of Scripture References; Bibliography.

Price: Cloth, 50 cents; Paper Covers, 25 cents. Address the author at Alfred, N. Y., or American Sabbath Tract Society, Publishers, Plainfield, N. J.

# The Sabbath Recorder

## EDUCATION—WHAT?

**E**DUCATION is a conquest, not a bequest; it can not be given, it must be achieved; and the value of education lies not in its possession, but in the struggle to secure it. We long for a time when the state will supply the opportunity of higher education to every youth, and prophesy a day when every college would be a workshop, when every church would be an art gallery, every pulpit a free forum for full expression of truth, and every priest a worker as well as a teacher and student. The thought that education is always associated with youth, is in itself an indictment; the solace of study should be the heritage of all, to the end of time.

—Elbert Hubbard.

### —CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—The Chisel of the Divine Artist; Final Success After Fruitless Toil; Join in the Recorder Campaign; Lone Sabbath-keepers. Listen! Broad Thought Culture Needed; Two Questions Answered; "Something Now for the Debt"; Lonely, Yet Loyal and Strong ..385-388	WOMAN'S WORK—A Springtime Philosopher (poetry); Hadn't It Better Be in Circulation? .....
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES—Five Thousand a Year for Mrs. Scott; A New King for Greece; Chosen Diplomats Decline; The President Gives Church Crowds the Slip Again .....	Is the Account of Creation a Poem? .. 393
The Recorder Campaign .....	Dominant Function of the Church in the Life of Today .....
Letter from Elder Threlkeld .....	398
SABBATH REFORM—A Union Creed .....	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—I Can Do All Things; Study of the Conference Year Book; The House Upon the Sand; Treasurer's Report; Salem College Notes; News Notes .....
Seventh-day Baptist Missions in the United States .....	402-406
393	Cain and Abel .....
THOUGHTS FROM THE FIELD .....	406
395	Denominational News .....
The Religious Education Society .....	407
395	SABBATH SCHOOL—Minutes of the Sabbath School Board; The Lesson ..410-412
Lower Lights .....	HOME NEWS .....
395	412
	CHILDREN'S PAGE—The Little Red Hen (poetry); He Couldn't Stop; Boys and Boys .....
	413
	DEATHS .....
	415