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The Sabbath Recorder

THE NEW EVANGELISM.

REV. E. D. VAN HORN.

WHILE speaking of the motive of this New Evangelism, I want to emphasize another point, namely, the breadth of vision in this service. It is not limited by ecclesiastical or denominational lines. You know we are apt to do things for the good of *our* order, *our* church, rather than from an impelling love of humanity. Our chief concern should be not to swell our annual reports or to build up personal reputation. The statistical habit in any church or denomination reveals a fatal weakness in its motive. . . . Let us rise above this method of calculating results. We sometimes get nervous over our number and begin to cast about in frantic efforts to secure additions and accretions that our annual records may make a more commendable showing. Let us get a bigger and worthier conception of our work. . . . When the burden of this sin-stricken, sodden old world rests upon our shoulders, a passion for lost souls burns within us, when we are willing to plunge into the work where our service is never applauded and our name never taken on the lips of men, then we may know our motive is beyond challenge. We are working not for numbers as such, but for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness and wherein nothing shall enter that maketh for abomination.

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WHOLE NO. 3,547.

Eulogies for Congressman Utter.

At an informal session of the House of Representatives in Washington, on Sunday, February 9, eulogies were given for members of Congress who had passed away during the session. Among these was Hon. George H. Utter, concerning whom some excellent things were said. His colleague, G. F. O'Shaunessy of Rhode Island, and five congressmen from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Kansas spoke of the sterling worth of Congressman Utter, and the superior qualities that had endeared him to the hearts of men and that had caused him to be chosen to fill many positions of responsibility. Members from widely separated States paid handsome tributes to Mr. Utter as a member of Congress. Though his term of service had been short, he had come to be one of the best liked and most widely known members of the House. We quote some of the sayings in these addresses, knowing that they will find responsive chords in the hearts of our readers:

"Congressman Utter was a man of simple tastes and hardy virtues; in debate he manifested the spirit born of true conviction and in council gave abundant evidence of that indefinable something which generates and inspires confidence."

"In his committees and on the floor of this House he took an active part and interest. He thought for himself and his judgment on public questions was formed only after mature deliberation and was always founded on a knowledge of the facts and reasoned out by a mind trained to measure men and apply principles."

"It was my privilege to have been closely associated with George Herbert Utter, late representative from the State of Rhode Island, in much of his congressional labors. We were members of the same committee, and at times were brought into close contact by reason of work on sub-committees. His very unexpected death was to me a great personal loss, and to this service in honor of his memory I bring words of sorrow, feeble though they may be, yet too deep and real to measure by any standard other than of friendship for the man and a deep appreciation of the many virtues his life exemplified."

"His service in this legislative body was brief, yet he impressed his individuality on all with whom he came in contact, and had it been given him to serve even for a few years his ability, his

loyalty to duty, his zeal for the public good would undoubtedly have commanded general recognition, and his real worth would have given him a prominent place in the councils of this body.

"Governor Utter has reached the end of all human endeavor, and in that spirit land of life eternal has found what mortal man can never know—eternal rest and joy."

Thoughts From a Sermon.

The sermon delivered at the General Conference on Sabbath morning by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick of Westerly, R. I., on Paul's obedience to the heavenly vision, contained much food for thought.

The text was Acts xxvi, 19: "Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

The difference in men is largely due to the way they treat the truths revealed to them. Their successes depend upon their use of such opportunities as come to all. Men have the greatest confidence in the one who most readily accepts such truths, and we expect him to be most successful who is the readiest to grasp and use his opportunities for betterment.

Most men are inclined to be careless and indifferent regarding things pertaining to the future life; and yet we must consider them, for we can not escape the feeling that they are of gravest importance. It is natural enough for us to prize the life that now is, because he who gave it put into man the instinct for its preservation. Thus men will endure almost any trial, give up any habit, and deny themselves anything, in order to prolong the physical life a few weeks or months, whenever they see immediate danger of its being shortened. In a sense this present life is a most precious thing. It is clear that God meant for man to prize the life that now is.

WHAT ABOUT THE HIGHER LIFE?

If this life, then, is to be prized so highly, what about the never-ending life? If we are willing to give up anything and everything to preserve this brief and fleeting life; if we prize so highly the few years spent here, who can estimate the value of the ages to come for a redeemed soul? Who

that believes in the reality of a future life can regard as trivial the things belonging to his welfare as a spiritual immortal being?

We know that our welfare in this present life depends upon our loyalty to certain laws. To ignore these, often means death. Life is easily lost. An iceberg in the path of a steamship, a loosened rail on the track, the careless rocking of a boat, a little thing out of gear in the automobile, food that is not good—a thousand things may bring death. Anything in this life that is out of harmony with God's laws affects human well-being, because life answers in the most sensitive manner to the actions of all the laws under which we labor. Then why should we not expect that the higher life will be as sensitive to the laws that govern it?

Surely men should give as much attention to studying the laws that govern the better life, and the conditions of success as spiritual beings, as they do to investigate those principles pertaining to physical life on earth.

The heavenly Father has put into human hearts a longing for the things that bring peace through harmony with him. In all generations men have been feeling after the things of God, that they might know him and his power to save. Longings for God's approving smile, dissatisfaction with the things this life offers, efforts to find God, have filled the souls of men from the days of Cain and Abel until now. Sometimes these efforts have been made futile because men disregarded the higher laws and strove to find God in their own strength and in ways of their own.

Paul had a wonderful call from the Master. It was different from your call and mine; but we must not feel on that account that God has not spoken to us. Every man must, at some time in his experience, have had the feeling that Christ was very close to him in answer to the inner call of his life, and that in some way or other he was being shown what he ought to do.

The very facts connected with Paul's zeal in trying to promote God's cause, though he did it in error, is evidence to my mind that he was not satisfied. He was honest in his efforts to advance the kingdom of God. His aspirations were to do God's will, even though, misguided, he was kicking against the pricks of an uneasy conscience. God did not desert him, but just at the most opportune time sent the

heavenly vision. It brought Paul down. He was humbled. The turning-point in his life had come.

As with Paul, so with us. When God sees fit to reveal himself and to bring us in penitence to his feet, no matter what the vision is, the turning-point is at hand. What this vision means to us depends, not so much upon what the vision is, as upon the way it is received, the manner in which we respond. Many fail to respond in the spirit of loyal obedience to the call of God.

Paul evidently enjoyed telling his experience, not merely to the common people, but to kings and princes. The experience of such a life is most helpful and convincing when told. Probably there was no part of his experience which he prized more highly than the part mentioned here: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The real question today is, Have we been obedient to the heavenly vision? Have we been as prompt to respond to God's call as Paul was? God did not call us to salvation alone, but to go forth to service in the great fields of the world's harvests. It meant a good deal for Paul to obey the vision. He must break lifelong associations and face hardships and suffering; but he was obedient to the voice that called. His obedience was immediate and without question. As a result, no man can fully estimate the blessings that have come to the world. What would the world have lost if Paul had not been obedient? Who knows how much good may come to the world by one man who lays aside all selfish interests, overcomes worldly ambitions, and with the question, "What wilt thou have me to do?" ever in his heart, becomes obedient unto his heavenly vision?

Helpful Pens.

More and more does the power of the pen to inspire and to lead men appeal to my heart. The written message stands second only to the spoken word as a molder of character and an evangel of life. We are thankful every day for writings of loving and lovable souls, whose words seem to come from hearts filled with the spirit of active service and whose every effort seems to be born of a desire to inspire and uplift rather than to depress and cast down.

This is a most practical age. Men are hungry for the practical truths that touch the lives of suffering ones, bringing hope in place of despair, and revealing a Christianity based on something more than the theories and dogmas of medieval times. The day for quibbling and arguing over mere theories of theologians has gone by, and we stand face to face with a generation that can be reached and saved only by practical Christian work.

Therefore the demands of the hour are for such service as the Master rendered who went about doing good until the common people heard him gladly and who rebuked the dogmatical Pharisees for quibbling over theories and letting the work of helping the lost go by default. In perfect keeping with this the times demand a sympathetic and helpful use of the pen, that will attract readers who are hungry for truths, and for comforts, and the hope-giving thoughts and words of hearts that feel for suffering men. What does the ordinary reader of today care for the sophistries and arguments of men who never write except in controversy? Articles from such pens are seldom read. People lose patience with such writings and throw them aside the moment they read into them enough to see their import. As a rule writings in the spirit of controversy do more harm than good. The writer who desires to be especially helpful will avoid them and will realize that it is a waste of time and energy to spread them on paper. But the pen that sends forth beautiful lessons of love; the pen that gives helpful illustrations and incidents of real life, and suggestive words and sayings of the Master, in order to bring home to human hearts impressive and touching truths, is the pen that feeds the people. The words from such pens are eagerly sought, and read with interest and profit. Let every one who writes for the SABBATH RECORDER pray that his pen may be a helpful one.

Read the "Sabbath" Poem.

Every reader of the SABBATH RECORDER should study the poem entitled "Sabbath," in the Sabbath Reform department of this paper. It has more than ordinary merit, and one reading does not bring out all the good thoughts it contains. It was published in the *Jewish Exponent* of Philadelphia,

and is worthy a place in our hymn-books. It would be well for us if in our hearts were enthroned the deeper meaning of the Sabbath suggested by these stanzas.

Mrs. Wardner's "Helpful Pen."

In the Young People's department will be found a letter from the pen of Mrs. Martha Wardner, which is a good illustration, in its line, of what we had in mind when writing the editorial above on "Helpful Pens." Wherever one turns a commonplace experience into the groundwork for such a spiritual, helpful Christ-story, one that comes from the heart of the writer and feels for the heart of the reader, there you will find a helpful pen. Such articles are worth whole papers of arguments and criticisms. For warm spiritual writings that come from sincere and tender hearts, the great mass of readers are hungry. We hope old and young alike will turn to the Young People's page and read Mrs. Wardner's letter.

The Debt.

A sister in Wisconsin writes to Treas. F. J. Hubbard: "I have been watching with interest the reports in the RECORDER concerning the Tract Society's debt, and have been anxious to help lift the burden, but have not been able to do so until now. Please use for this purpose the \$5.00 which I enclose."

The treasurer sends this cheering letter to the editor with the suggestion: "Maybe some one else has been anxious to help lift the burden who could also do it now." On the treasurer's little pencil note, that word "now" is underscored five times, showing how much importance he attaches to it in this debt payment. It is the important word. Please don't overlook that. If you too have been watching these reports and feeling anxious to help lift the burden, why not do so now?

Our readers will find evidences of the growing interest in this matter by reading "Thoughts From the Field" in this number. The last report showed that on February 13 \$614.93 had been paid in for the debt. Since then nine gifts have come to hand, amounting to \$40. This makes the total to February 19, \$654.93.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

The Strongest Indictment Against Mexico.

No one can read President Madero's message to President Taft, in which the former pleads for leniency and asks that no steps be taken toward intervention by this country, without feeling that Madero himself has brought the strongest indictment against Mexico. During all the time of trouble and unrest, no man has made graver charges against Madero's country than those found in his appeal to the President of the United States.

In this paper Madero pleads with President Taft to order all Americans to leave the firing zone and take refuge in the suburbs of Mexico's capital. This is a confession that after a year and a half of the Madero régime the capital of his country is in such state of anarchy that Americans are unsafe near the President's palace. He admits that his government is now in the midst of a terrible crisis. It is made so by the unruly, turbulent spirit of hordes of revolutionists whom he has proved himself unable to control.

To representatives of the northern press he declares that, if he should resign, whoever tries to rule Mexico in his place would have the same experiences which he has had. This means that no matter who tries to govern Mexico, there will be constant disorder and attempts at revolution. Scarcely a day has passed since Madero took the reins of government in which there has not been one or more revolutionary leaders in the field whose bands have devastated the country and placed life and property in jeopardy. For a year and a half rebels have striven to drive Madero from the presidency, just as he, by rebellion, drove Porfirio Diaz away. Thus his own words show that Mexico has fallen into a chronic state of revolt against any constitutional government.

Twenty-five years of practically enforced peace under the Diaz government did not succeed in educating the people to the advantages of such conditions. The old inborn inherited spirit of anarchy still prevails. The fact that Mexico prospered better and rose higher in the esteem of nations during

Diaz's reign of twenty-five years than she had for a hundred years before that reign began, has evidently gone for naught. And now Madero indirectly indicts Mexico under the charge that whoever succeeds him will have the same experiences that have come to him for a year and a half!

President Taft's Reply.

President Taft's answer to Madero is most conciliatory. It is also clear as to what the President of Mexico should regard as the supreme duty of the hour. The message makes no secret of the fact that the conditions in Mexico are sorely disappointing to the American people. The exaggerated reports of troops hastening to the borders and of gunboats rushing to the scene of war, which so disturbed Mexico, are satisfactorily disposed of; and the President's assurances of friendship and sympathy toward Mexico have quieted Madero's fears.

It is well that our President keeps a level head amid the jargon of jingo war-talk all too prevalent in these trying times. While his words are conciliatory and make for peace, any one who reads them can see that it would not do to impose upon good nature by unnecessary delay in restoring order and in safeguarding American interests in Mexico. His reply is as follows:

From your excellency's telegram, which reached me the fourteenth it appears that your excellency was somewhat misinformed as to the policy of the United States toward Mexico, which has been uniform for two years, or as to the naval or other measures thus far taken, which are measures of natural precaution. The ambassador telegraphed that when you were good enough to show him your telegram to me he pointed out this fact. Your excellency must, therefore, be aware that the reports which appear to have reached you that orders have already been given to land forces were inaccurate. The ambassador, who is fully informed, is nevertheless again instructed to afford you any desirable information.

Fresh assurances of friendship to Mexico are unnecessary after two years of proof of patience and good will. In view of the special friendship and relations between the two countries I can not too strongly impress upon your excellency the vital importance of the early establishment of that real peace and order which this government has so long hoped to see, both because American citizens and their property must be protected and respected and also because this nation sympathizes deeply with the afflictions of the Mexican people.

In reciprocating the anxiety shown by your excellency's message I feel it my duty to add sincerely and without reserve that the course of

events during the past two years culminating in the present most dangerous situation, creates in this country extreme pessimism and the conviction that the present paramount duty is the prompt relief of the situation.

Enver Bey's Short-lived Leadership.

It seems but yesterday that Enver Bey overthrew the Turkish Government and seized the command of the army. Dispatches of February 17 state that he has come to grief at the hands of his own soldiers. The signal failure of his first expedition, in which he attempted to land troops on the shore of the Gallipoli Peninsula, was the cause. His army fell into the hands of the Bulgars while he was trying to flank their army. The disaster so enraged his soldiers that he had to flee for his life, taking refuge in the Sultan's harem. The private exit of the harem was carefully watched and when Enver Bey attempted to escape he was severely wounded by assassins.

The Immigration Bill Vetoed.

The President vetoed the Immigration Bill, mainly on account of the literacy test contained in it. This bill passed both branches of Congress with large majorities, probably owing to the general feeling that something should be done to check the influx of raw material for citizenship in America. But the President, while admitting that the bill contained many excellent points, felt that the literacy test was unsatisfactory on many grounds. The principal objection is that it would exclude many of the most desirable immigrants. Some of the most able-bodied men and women who come to America; men and women of good character and of sound morals, able to do well as common laborers, are not able to read and write. The President approves certain measures for the restriction of undesirable immigrants, but he feels that this test would prohibit too many good men who are needed in America to work in our great improvement and industrial enterprises.

Good-by to "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

For thirty-eight years Hon. Joseph Cannon, ex-Speaker, has served in the House of Representatives. The landslide of last autumn that buried so many politicians took "Uncle Joe" Cannon down with the whole bunch. On February 15 a dinner

was held to pay tribute to this "Father of the House," and to say farewell to one who had so long led in Congressional affairs. This banquet was unique. It was indeed a "Cannon dinner;" but for once the old Congressman figured in an affair absolutely devoid of politics. There were no party lines there. The President of the United States, Cabinet officers, senators, representatives, former members of Congress, newspaper men, and other public servants, regardless of political affiliations, assembled on this festive occasion to cheer "Uncle Joe." Insurgents and regulars, youngsters just coming in and "lame ducks" just going out, Democrats and Republicans—everybody forgot their differences and joined in drinking toasts to the game old fighter, who now puts on a brave front and tries to make the best of his defeat. Sincere regrets were expressed that the Danville District of Illinois had retired Joseph G. Cannon in his old age.

While Mr. Cannon will not leave Washington until March 4, this non-partisan dinner is practically a real farewell. A man of seventy-eight years can hardly hope for a long future.

Southern Italy is experiencing the severest winter in twenty years. Hard snow-storms with mercury several degrees below zero is almost unknown, yet Rome has experienced such a storm.

At Messina the cold is severe and Mount Etna is said to be white with snow. This unusual spectacle is reported as magnificent in the night. There is much snow in Sicily and Calabria.

General Stewart L. Woodford, a Civil War veteran and former United States Minister to Spain, died in New York City on February 14. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln the first time, and was the messenger of the Electoral College to carry New York's vote for Lincoln and Hamlin to Washington. In 1861 he became assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, but resigned this office in 1862 to enlist in the 127th Regiment, New York Volunteers. He soon rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and before the war closed was promoted to the office of general. In 1864 he had charge of the exchange of prisoners at Charleston Harbor.

In 1872 General Woodford was a delegate to the convention that nominated General Grant, and became elector at large on the ticket.

When the Spanish war broke out, General Woodford was our minister, through whom the ultimatum was given to Spain. He then demanded his passports and returned to this country. He declined a second offer to become minister in Spain, and retired to the practice of law. He was in the seventy-eighth year of his age when he died.

Judge Ralph Wheeler of the superior court passed away at his home in New London, Conn., on February 14, in the seventieth year of his age.

A most impressive memorial service was held in London to honor the name of Capt. Robert Scott, who perished after reaching the South Pole. The service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, and is said to have been the most impressive memorial service since the death of King Edward VII.

Kate Brownell, a woman who served in the Civil War with her husband and who was wounded at Bull Run, has just been taken to the Isabella Home on Amsterdam Avenue, N. Y. She served in a Rhode Island regiment. For some years she has been caretaker of the Jumel Mansion, in New York City. Her husband, beside whom she marched in war, still lives, and friends are seeking a home for them in New York State, where they can be together.

Attorney-General Carmody of New York State, in reply to a question regarding Confederate veterans being sent at state expense to Gettysburg next summer to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, has decided that the term veterans in the law includes both Union and Confederate soldiers. The law provides for free transportation to a number not to exceed 25,000 veterans.

When the White Star steamship *Baltic* had reached the point off Daunt's Rock Lightship, where she drops her pilot, the storm was so terrific and the sea so rough it was impossible to place him in the little boat belonging to the pilot boat. John Cotter, the pilot who had brought the ship out from Queenstown, therefore became an

unwilling passenger to New York. After many attempts to drop him, Captain Ranson thought a live pilot on board a good deal better than a dead one in the sea, so he had Cotter hauled back, got under way and headed for America.

The friends of prohibition all over the country are rejoicing over the passage of the bill forbidding the shipment of liquors for sale into dry territory. This is a great victory. Several efforts to tinker the bill by amendments were defeated.

Since the item regarding Mexico was set up, the news of the complete overthrow of Madero by General Huerta, his commander-in-chief, has come to hand. Madero and most of his cabinet are prisoners, all fighting has ceased in Mexico City, Felix Diaz seems to be satisfied and people in the streets are shouting Vivas for Huerta, who has declared himself provisional president. What next?

The Pond.

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK.

I presume you think that there can not be much to say about a pond. Just a little water lying almost hidden in the midst of the woods and away from everything. "There can be nothing of interest in such a thing as that," you say. "If you are to tell us of something, why not take that which will be of interest to us? We do not want to waste our time reading about a pond of water."

That is all right. If you do not want to read about my pond, just skip over this and read about something you really think will interest you. I do not want you to waste any time on what I write about. It will not hurt my feelings to have you pass this by.

And yet you never can tell. The pond is interesting to me, and I think there are many others who would like to get acquainted with it; for after all there is something fascinating about it, something of rest and beauty that appeals to the heart. A few of us never get beyond our day-dreaming and fancies, and we sometimes are enabled to see things which do not appear to more practical eyes. Perhaps we see what is not really before us; but then, never mind. As long as we think it is there, it is all the same to us. If any of this make-up come across these words, I

am sure they will want to stop a little while to catch a glimpse of my mimic lake.

Of course there is a road that leads you through the woods down to the water; that is, it is called a road. It hardly seems fair to a good respectable road to give such a name to this. We would not know what else to call it, and I expect it is nearer that than anything else. I do not think you would like to take a ride over it in any kind of a vehicle, unless it was to be high over it in an aeroplane. It is made up largely of boulders, with many stumps and roots thrown in for good measure, and to make you keep your eyes open. It is only about half a mile down to the pond, and so, for the sake of comfort, we will walk.

Notwithstanding all that I have said, it is rather a pretty road after all. Part of the way it leads you along the edge of a sharp embankment, from which you overlook a tangle of brush and blackberry vines through the wall of which you could not make your way. Down at the end of the embankment, as the road reaches level land, is the place where once was a portable saw-mill. I expect that hundreds of loads of logs were drawn to, and hundreds of loads of lumber were drawn away from, that mill over this very road we are traveling on. *You can make use of almost any kind of a road, if you have to.* You are not out of the woods yet, by any means, and only about half-way from the camp to the pond. The road here, as it has been so long unused, becomes nothing but a narrow path through the sprouts. If you come this way in the early morning, or after a fog or shower, you will wish you had on your bathing suit. You would surely be wet through whatever you wore. Did you notice that odor? Acres and acres of wintergreen all about you; thick green leaves among which the red berries gleam like drops of blood. Next you come to the ravine where the pine trees are moaning and whispering all the day long. This is a dark and gloomy place, a place of shadows with only occasional shafts of light. It is here the owl sits and blinks during the daytime, and from among these trees he sounds his melancholy notes at night. A cold stream flows here which has its head a mile away in a wonderful spring at the edge of the woods. Now we go up a rise of ground on to the top of a great bare rock, checked with seam and crevice, at

whose edge are a few stunted birch trees. Push aside the branches and look straight out. There she is spreading away before you, smiling in the sunshine, sending her ripples up to the foot of the rock as if to give you a cordial welcome to her domain.

She is not such a small body after all. Perhaps I was wrong to call her a pond in the beginning, for she is a mile in diameter, with shore diversified with rocky ledges and swamp, although the former predominates, making a very irregular form, with coves reaching into the woods, and with steep promontories sticking their noses out into the waters. There are some places where the water is deep up to the very brink of the shore. Our pond has a number of islands, too, covered with shrubs and blueberry bushes, and the largest one has some good timber on it. Except for a little space on one side, the woods come down to the edge of the pond, in places dipping their branches down into the waters and throwing ripples when the wind moves them back and forth. At the outlet there is a dam which holds the flood in reserve for the use of the mills in the village below. In the late autumn the beauty of our lake is somewhat spoiled, if the season has been a dry one, because the draught is so heavy for manufacturing purposes.

It was midsummer when I first saw the pond, and she appeared so restful that I was immediately put under her spell. I felt the spirit of it and could rest, too. I spent a good many hours alone with her, and the more I was with her the better I liked her. I never was lonesome while I was here, although rarely was any other human being to be seen. As an excuse, I professed the purpose of landing some of the black bass, and yellow and white perch which made their home in the depths. Once in a while I did bring back some pretty fair catches; but whether I did or not, it made little difference, for I had a royal time just the same. Who knows what companionship I had with the spirit of the lake. The unseen presence that dwells in every inanimate object could be plainly felt. It spoke to me in various ways and tongues. I may have seen visions as rare and impressive as saw King Arthur's last knight, Sir Bedivere, when at last he found strength to cast the jewel-hilted blade far out into the middle of the mere, and there the arm, "clothed in white

samite," caught the sword as it fell, and brandished it three times, and drew it under; and then he saw approaching, the somber barge, black from stem to stern with mourning, bearing the weeping queens. Perhaps, I say, I may have seen just as wonderful visions as these in my association with the lake.

There are some good reasons why I loved the pond. She was truthful. She would not speak falsehoods to me. I could well believe her when she presented anything to me. She responded faithfully to the impressions made upon her. If she repeated, she repeated just what came to her. The wild roses hang over her, and she gives them back rose for rose. Do the fleecy clouds fly over her? They fly across her own breast with every outline and color reflected truly. Is it the tall dead pine on the brink of the island she shows? Each bare limb, each crooked branch comes out, only she softens everything and takes off the rough edges amid her ripples.

Some of our friends are not so honest as this. The things they reveal to you often turn out to be false, and many there are who will magnify the evil and minify the good. Not so our pond. She beautifies the beautiful, and softens the harsh and discordant.

Then she is so sympathetic. She smiles when the world smiles, and darkens when the world grows dark. When the sky above is covered with clouds, her face is covered, too. She follows the scripture injunction to "rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep."

Sympathy that is real is a hard thing to find in the world. There are a few who catch a little of the meaning of our joys and sorrows, something that seems quite a distance away, just the edge of our own feeling. It seems impossible for them to enter into any depth, or to get more than a very distant view of that through which we are passing. To them it appears as a little thing, and yet to us it may be overwhelming, jarring the very foundation of our life and faith. My lake seems to have the same feeling as that with which she sympathizes. If tempests shake the earth, she is shaken and troubled too. If the earth is sunny, she also is covered with floods of golden light. She feels the moods of all about her, and she makes you feel her own.

I am fond of the pond because she always keeps her face upward. Her thoughts and fancies are from above. Whatever light there is from heaven, she gathers it as her own. When she reveals what she does to you, it is usually something that is higher. It is only in the shallows that she reveals the earth. At day the sun looks down on her from the heights and finds himself pictured on her bosom, and he is able to watch his own movements almost from his rising until his going down. At night the stars gleam and dimple, and chase each other, riding on the crest of the little waves that keep moving from border to border.

The most of us show too much of the earth and too little of the heavenly; too much of that which is low, and not enough of that which is high and exalted. The trouble with us is that we keep our faces earthward, rather than heavenward; we are forever looking down, not up. Our faces are more beclouded than they should be, because we set them to the darkness, rather than toward the light.

Because I found these things about the pond, I used to go down to her every day to enjoy the spirit of her solitude, and to draw from her something of her peace. It was a help to look upon her beauty, to see her changes, to gaze on her face as the clouds passed over it, or as it was wrinkled by the winds. It was as a sweet song to listen to the subdued murmur of the waters washing up against the rocks on the shore. There was something in it all that brought back a taste of real life, and made one feel the nearness to the source of all life here; and this is the reason, I expect, that it was such a help to me.

Values.

The soul is years in making,
Judge not the whole by part;
We have no way of taking
The measure of the heart.
To other selves is given
Our passing self to scan,
But only God in heaven
Can really judge a man.

By no year's thoughts or actions
Are we to stand or fall,
The soul must fight its factions
And yet may conquer all,
Thus men judge never rightly
For men see not the whole,
Judge not at all or lightly,
God only knows the soul.

—Harry Randolph Blythe.

SABBATH REFORM

Sabbath.

Day of Jehovah, whose first sun
Dawned mid creation's glorious rays,
About whose history is spun
A living wreath of prayer and praise;
God of the Sabbath, help us still
To love thy law, to do thy will.

For who can guard these sacred hours
And turn a trampling foot away,
If he but trusts his own weak powers,
And strives through self his thoughts to stay?
God of creation! be thou near;
Help us to love, help us to fear.

In vain in form and word we do
The letter of the law's commands;
Infinite Love brought law to view,—
'Tis love that answers his commands.
Thou loving Father, for today,
Help us to honor and obey.

Day of Jehovah, whose bright bands
Bind gems with fairest thought replete;
A refuge in earth's desert sand,
When men, unhindered, God may meet!
For faithless vow and ruthless word,
Have mercy on thy people, Lord.
—May Cole Kuhn.

We Ask Not for "Toleration" as Sabbath-keepers.

There is a very great difference between toleration and liberty. Toleration is a concession which may be withdrawn; it implies a preference for the ruling form of faith and worship, and a practical disapproval of all other forms. In our country we ask no toleration for religion and its free exercise, but we claim it as an inalienable right.
—Dr. Philip Schaff.

Toleration denotes neither the freedom of religion from state control, nor the equality of all religions before the law. Toleration is the allowance of that which is not approved. Religious liberty, on the other hand, is absolute freedom of religious opinion and worship.—Thompson.

The time was when toleration was craved by dissenters as a boon. It is now demanded as a right; but a time will come when it will be spurned as an insult.—Lord Stanhope.

Let national reformers, and all others, remember that God's great work in the earth can be carried on only in conformity with his own unalterable rule: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."—*Religious Liberty.*

The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time.—*Jefferson.*

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

I fear you do not fully comprehend the danger of abridging the liberties of the people. A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration than to do aught that could be construed into an interference with, or to jeopardize in any degree, the common rights of the citizens.—*President Lincoln on Free Speech.*

Never let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Real Purpose of Men Pleading for Sunday Laws.

Congress must establish a standard of religion, or admit anything called religion.
—*Prof. C. A. Blanchard.*

Our remedy for all these malefic influences is to have the government simply set up the moral law, and recognize God's authority behind it, and lay its hand on any religion that does not conform to it.—*Rev. M. A. Gault.*

We propose to incorporate in our national Constitution the moral and religious command, "In it (the Sabbath) thou shalt do no work," except the works of necessity, and by external force of sheriffs we propose to arrest and punish all violators of this law.—*Rev. M. A. Gault.*

Let those who will, remember the Sabbath to keep it holy, from motives of love and obedience; the remnant must be made

to do so through fear of law. There is no option.—*The Christian Nation.*

Those who oppose this work now will discover, when the religious amendment is made to the Constitution, that if they do not see fit to fall in with the majority, they must abide the consequences or seek some more congenial clime.—*Dr. David McAlister.*

Give us good Sunday laws, well enforced by men in local authority, and our churches will be full of worshipers, and our young men and women will be attracted to the divine service. A mighty combination of the churches of the United States could win from Congress, the state legislatures, and municipal councils all legislation essential to this splendid result.—*Rev. S. V. Leech.*

The above quotations were published in the *Review and Herald* of May 30, 1912. They reveal the real purpose of many who are urging Sunday laws, and talking of "one day's rest in seven" for laboring men. Sunday as an enforced sabbath under penal laws is the only "one day's rest in seven" they care anything about. It would not conform to their purposes at all to name any other day as the rest day. Sunday is the only one, so they think, that will furnish suitable rest for poor men. It stands every lover of liberty of conscience well in hand to study these words that express the real animus of the Sunday rest movement.

Lawmaking for Our Neighbors.

REV. L. A. PLATTS.

"The Sunday Rest Law" is again having an airing at the hands of the Legislators of California, and other of these Western States. As is usual in such cases, the preachers of California, failing to impress upon their hearers the duty of the observance of Sunday by an appeal to the Scriptures, have appealed to the Legislature of the State for help. Accordingly a bill has been introduced to that body providing for a compulsory Sunday Rest Law. Counter petitions have been presented by Seventh-day Adventists, Seventh-day Baptists, Jews, and some labor organizations. The religious bodies object to the proposed laws for various reasons, but mainly because it

is in direct violation of the constitution of the State, which provides "that the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be guaranteed in this State;" and the labor organizations object to compulsory "Sunday rest," but ask only exemption from labor "one day in seven."

The result of the protests thus far has been to postpone consideration of the bill till the spring sessions of the Legislature. When the matter comes up the protestants expect to have representatives present.

In a recent Sunday issue of the *San Diego Union*, a writer under the name of "Yorick" furnishes a full page article on "Lawmaking for Our Neighbors." From this article the following extracts are made, in which is some wholesome reading for those who are anxious for the passage of the "Sunday Rest Law":

"I call it Busybody Legislation. When my neighbor tells me that I ought to stop drinking or smoking or swearing or gambling or dancing in rag time or fanning baseball on Sunday or exceeding the speed limit or minding my own business, I know that he doesn't enjoy life in that way. And I know that because he happens to disapprove of these things or any of them, he thinks everybody else should also disapprove of them and abandon them accordingly. In other words he is a Busybody. And when he rounds up all those who are of his way of thinking and organizes a political party on these issues and finally succeeds in electing a legislature to enact laws to prohibit me from doing the things that please me and don't interfere with the liberty of anybody or the pursuit of happiness by my fellow men, I call it Busybody Legislation. And believe me, my friends, there is a lot of this Busybodying in this age and generation. It's getting so that we can't be married without the consent of our neighbors; we can't own an automobile but somebody wants to tax us for more than it's worth; we can't organize a corporation unless we agree to pay the State at least thirty per cent of the gross income; we can't send our children to the high school until the clothes they wear have been passed on and approved by some Birdsall; we can't live in an abandoned tenderloin until the police have decided that it has been properly fumigated; we can't get anything

to drink in a café or saloon after midnight if those who never drink after midnight are able to prevent us from indulging that pleasure; we can't dance the turkey trot if those who would rather hug each other in the waltz object; and not to lengthen the catalogue, we can't do anything, nowadays, if anybody else says we shouldn't. This is what I call Busybody Legislation.

"Constantine was the first Busybody legislator of the Christian era. In 321 A. D. he enacted the original Sunday rest day, ordering that all work except that of farming should cease on the first day of the week, thereby reversing the Mosaic Sabbath law which admonishes the Israelites to 'remember the sabbath (or rest) day to keep it holy;' prescribing that 'six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates;' explaining that 'in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.' But Constantine, for some reason not satisfactorily explained, unhallowed the Seventh-day and by a civil edict transferred the holiness thereof unto the first day of the week. Ever since the edict of Constantine all Christians observe the first day of the week as a rest day, and only the followers of the old faith obey the fourth commandment concerning the Sabbath, while the Mohammedans cut loose from both Christian and Jewish observance and carry their prayer rugs to the mosque on the sixth day. Those who insist that church and state ought to exist together politically are constantly busying themselves with 'Sunday rest laws.' These people don't know why Constantine changed the law, and probably they care less, having accepted the reversal of the original decree of the Almighty under force of hereditary habit; but they seem determined that everybody else shall do as they do whether it is their desire to do so or not. This is certainly Busybody Legislation; but it has been in vogue with legislatures for nearly sixteen hundred years in all the countries where the Sabbatarians have had anything to say about the Sunday habits of their neighbors. In this country

there is a widespread prejudice against the union of church and state, but the Sunday rest legislators hope to enter this wedge with the ultimate intention of driving it home by an amendment to the Federal Constitution; not because they really believe that this insertion would make us a more God-fearing or a more restful people, but because they are determined to have their way in spite of all opposition."

The Cause of the War.

These Balkan States are political cushions that soften the force of military aggression as between Austria, Russia, Germany, Italy and Turkey, and for that reason it has been considered by diplomats a matter of supreme importance to keep their territorial limitations and political relations as unchanged as possible. That is the problem that is now facing the Great Powers.

A still stronger reason for trouble arises from the different races and religions which we find in these different States. Less than one-half of the population are Mohammedans. The rest are Oriental Christians belonging to various ancient churches of the East, but all united against the hated despotism of the Turk and the Moslem.

In view of these conditions there has been ceaseless strife and constant suffering in all these little communities, and war after war has arisen because of these difficulties. The Powers of Europe have tried to compel Turkey to treat her Christian subjects in these provinces with justice and fairness. She has been lavish in promises, but has invariably failed to fulfil them, so that revolution after revolution has broken out in Macedonia, Albania and other European provinces of Turkey. At last these four Powers, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro and Greece, have united their forces against the Turk, and we hear the echoes of the thunders of war from the Bosphorus and the Balkans.

This is the human side of the question and one of intense interest. The forces are perhaps evenly matched. About ten millions of allies are fighting European Turkey with about eight or nine millions, and Asiatic Turkey, with still a larger force behind.—*Christian Herald.*

"For every dollar spent for education, America spends \$6.00 for drink."

THOUGHTS FROM THE FIELD

A letter from Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hardy, Portsmouth, Va., after mentioning their gift for the debt and asking for Sabbath literature to distribute, goes on to say:

My husband and I have been keeping the Seventh-day Sabbath for about three years, and we experience more spiritual comfort and more inspiration in that day than in all the other days of our lives. We feel the power and soothing influence of God's holy Spirit in his day plainly, and it is so uplifting to us; the better we keep it, the better and happier we feel. I would that every soul on earth would turn to the Lord and keep his holy day. I would be so glad if your denomination had a church here or near here. My husband and I would join with you. We feel so lonely sometimes, still we feel the Lord is with us, for he has promised to be with even two or three that are gathered together in his name.

I think it would be so nice if the lone Sabbath-keepers would write to each other. If we could not see each other face to face, we could commune with each other in spirit.

May the Lord continue to make known his Sabbath till every soul knows it. If all would accept it, what a blessing it would bring to this sin-cursed earth.

We wish your prayers that we may be faithful to the end.

An aged friend of our boyhood days writes expressing the hope that the burden-bearers of today may be spared in health and strength for many years to come. After directions regarding money sent for the debt, the writer says:

So many of our leaders are being worn out in the service of our Master, that I often wonder who will be the faithful ones to take up the work when the older ones are called to lay it down. . . . I look for the SABBATH RECORDER every week, for it seems that our home is not complete without it. . . . I don't see how any Seventh-day Baptist can think of getting along without this paper.

Another loyal lone Sabbath-keeper in the East, writing of N. O. Moore's article about the African report, after referring to cash sent for the RECORDER and for the debt, says:

The letter of Mr. N. O. Moore on the African question, in the RECORDER of February 3, is of great interest. May we not have more discussion of the subject? He suggests that the people should have the fullest possible information. Of course the report for which we waited so long deals with the situation in great detail; but

it may be that on account of its length some of us who would read a short letter have laid it aside for a more convenient season.

Still another letter comes from the West, full of good cheer. This too brought cash for the debt, to pay "for investigation expenses," etc. The good brother says:

I am sorry it is not more, but hope to do more in the future. Had hoped to get some new names for the SABBATH RECORDER before sending our own subscription money, but failed to do so, and send mine along. Would not like to have it stopped for dues, for we would not try to do without it. I do not see how any one that is loyal to the Sabbath can do without the RECORDER, for it is truly our great missionary. I pray that our people may come to see the need of having it in every home.

The writer of the last letter given above is a hard-working man whose heart the Saviour touched with transforming power only a few years ago. This message means much to the editor, for the cash sent represents days of hard toil. If all our readers knew the circumstances about this redeemed soul they too would be touched by the words we have quoted.

Week by week, in these times, we are getting glimpses of consecrated men and women whose hearts the Lord has reached, and whose spirit and good words give us great hope for the future of our people.

A New "Hands-Across-the-Sea" Movement.

The largest club of girls and women in the world has entered the field of social service. The Girls' Club of the *Ladies' Home Journal* has undertaken to raise among its members a fund of \$1,200.00, to be used for endowing a perpetual scholarship in medicine for Chinese women at the Union Medical College for Women, located at Peking, China, with the understanding that the successive beneficiaries will devote their services to the neglected and suffering among their own sex. June 1, 1913, is the date set for the completion of the fund, and the *Journal* has promised to subscribe to one half of the fund, \$600.00, if the members of the club, by small individual contributions, will make up the remaining \$600.00. Only members of the Girls' Club are to be allowed to contribute to the fund, and the money must be earned through personal effort.

The New Evangelism and Its Vision of the Future.

REV. E. D. VAN HORN.

Sermon given at the New Jersey and New York Yearly Meeting, held at Plainfield, N. J.

Text, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; . . . And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. . . . Behold, I make all things new." Rev. xxi, 1-5.

I have chosen these words as our text this morning, because they set before us an ideal, a splendid vision of a life which is to come. They were uttered no doubt and have been interpreted through the ages as a prophecy of what is to be realized in the next world. Until a quarter of a century ago men were content with that view of things. As "good soldiers" they endured the misery of this old sin-cursed earth in the expectancy that sometime they would fly away and be at rest in the realms beyond the sky. Salvation was held out as a means of escape, a sort of passport to the New Jerusalem.

But a new spirit has come to dominate the thought and actions of men. Men are dreaming dreams the same as John did on the isle of Patmos. But their dreams are not of some far-away happy state but a condition to be realized in the present age. And while they are dreaming dreams of that new earth and the ideal city they are dreaming with their feet on the earth, and by heroic endeavor and consecrated lives are ushering in the actual realization of their dreams.

"Old things" are actually beginning to pass away and the New Jerusalem is coming down from God. This realization of our dreams is possible because men are coming to look upon the earth *not* merely

as a place where pilgrims sojourn before entering their heavenly abode, but a world where men are toiling, sinning, and dying; a world to be redeemed from its sin and woe, a world to be transformed into the kingdom of our Lord. And the message of the New Evangelism is—not come and be saved—but *come and be a savior*. Personal salvation is essential but it is only incidental in the greater work of ushering in a new order of beings.

Since I have already used and shall continue to use the term, "New Evangelism," I wish to make a word of explanation as to what I mean by it. Let me do so by comparing it with the older evangelism.

Now the older evangelism served well its day and generation. The preaching of Wesley, Whitefield, Moody and others was blessed mightily of God with the visitation of the Holy Spirit. The smoldering embers of religion were fanned into fires of love and enthusiasm. It transformed men in the shop, home and in public life and we must give it credit for being permanent as well. One can not read such books as Professor James' "Varieties of Religious Experience," or Harold Bigby's "Twice Born Men," without being convinced that that method of revivalism was well suited to its times. But it was a once-a-year effort and lasted for about three weeks. Sinners came to depend upon the "revival season" as their time. The appeal of the revivalist was to the emotions, which usually produced an ecstatic state and called for an immediate decision without previous training or preparation. Now there may be times and a few places where this method would still prove successful, but as a matter of fact in the great majority of our churches and communities this style of evangelism does not appeal to us or meet with adequate response. Evangelists themselves are recognizing that the old method of appealing to the emotions is obsolete and must be abandoned for the more rational and educational methods. There are a number of reasons why this change has been forced upon us but I will mention only two, which seem to me sufficient. First, we have come to be somewhat shy and distrustful of decisions made under the high pressure of an ecstatic or emotional state. And second, education has become so decidedly the thought habit of our times that we think of the religious life, as in

all else, in terms of continued process. It is not that we are less concerned about our soul culture, which may be a very selfish trait with Christians, but that the appeal is to our love of service. It is not that men are less responsive to the Spirit of God now than they used to be, but that there is offered to them an opportunity to express their religious life in practical ways in bringing men to shape and pattern their lives after Christ and follow him in a divine and enthusiastic devotion of humanity.

While speaking of the motive of this New Evangelism I want to emphasize another point, namely, the breadth of vision in this service. It is not limited by ecclesiastical or denominational lines. You know we are apt to do things for the good of our order, our church, rather than from an impelling love of humanity. Our chief concern should be not to swell our annual reports or to build up personal reputations. The statistical habit in any church or denomination reveals a fatal weakness in its motive, and the man who scrutinizes church statistics every year with a view to determining the spiritual condition of a people is making a fool of himself. If I could give a bit of advice to our own people it would be to this effect: In the first place let us rise above this method of calculating results. We sometimes get nervous over our number and begin to cast about in frantic efforts to secure additions and accretions that our annual records may make a more commendable showing. Let us get a bigger and worthier conception of our work. Let us forget that we belong to any sectarian order and remember that if we are going to win souls into God's kingdom we must have no inferior motive. Like the bell on this church we must ring true. We must have within us the dynamic of a divine impulse that will compel us, like Paul, to say, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." The task that we face is a tremendous one; it is helping to bring the kingdom of God on earth. And when the burden of this sin-stricken, sodden old world rests upon our shoulders, a passion for lost souls burns within us; when we are willing to plunge into the world where our service is never applauded and our name never taken on the lips of men, then we may know that our motive is beyond challenge. We are working not for numbers as such but for a new heaven and a

new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness and wherein nothing shall enter that maketh for abomination.

THE METHOD.

I feel, brethren, that we must make a careful study of the method of this New Evangelism. And when we do this we will begin to see that it is not so new after all but is coming a little nearer the ideals of Jesus.

In the Men and Religion Congress held in New York City last spring, Dr. John Timothy Stone of Chicago said: "We believe the church is zealous today for the evangelism which is sanely constructive and which utilizes existing organized and permanent forces rather than one which depends largely upon personality in leadership or upon emotionalism in appeal. It desires also an evangelism which instructs and constructs, which leaves a wholesome demand for permanent spiritual interests and coöperation. As one has said, 'We need not a spurt but a spirit of evangelism.'" Such a spirit calls into the campaign, not a single evangelist for a three weeks' effort, but every man, woman, and child in the church to a carefully organized, persistent, loving task three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The Committee on Evangelism in the congress to which reference has just been made has this to say along this line: "Let us enter upon this work with renewed courage and prayerful consecration that we will persistently and permanently give ourselves to this task. It means the hardest kind of work, but it carries with it the assurance of our God. In the words of Dr. William P. Merrill, 'The question we have been really asking ourselves down in our hearts is this, How can we win men without hard personal work? and the only possible answer to that is, *It can not be done.* You can hold any number of meetings, pay out any amount of money, draw up and put through most ingenious schemes of organization, and you will fail. The only thing that can win men is a costly expenditure of personal work. If men of the church are ready to do this sort of definite hard personal work, the men outside can be won. Nothing less or cheaper will do it.' To this we will add one truth: It is 'not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'"

We can not emphasize too much the

value of the personal touch. It is the one really effective method of accomplishing results in modern life. In business and commercial life this is the successful method of business transaction. The man who believes he has a good thing and goes after his customer with faith and enthusiasm is the man who makes the sales. It is true in social, moral, and political reforms. It is the personal canvass and interview that wins the votes and the supporters to a cause. And it is preeminently so of the work of God's kingdom. There are multitudes of men and women, boys and girls, without the church, who can not be reached in any other way. They have never formed the habit of churchgoing, and hence do not place themselves under its direct influence. Most of them are afraid of it; they look upon it as a social club where they are not wanted, and if they are ever led to believe otherwise the individual must go after them and in the spirit of the Master bring them through the power of personal friendship under the influence of an all-impelling love.

This leads me to the great pattern of all personal workers, our own Lord and Master. The power of his life was the power of the personal touch. I wish I had time here to make a study of Jesus as a personal worker but I can only touch upon the point here. Although he talked to the multitudes when opportunity afforded, driving home the eternal truths of repentance and forgiveness of sins, he nevertheless gave himself largely to the individual. His appeal was the face-to-face appeal. As a man he appealed to men. And oftentime in the midst of the crowd he turned to the individual. Such was the case with Zaccheus, the apostles whom he called from the midst of the crowded throngs. And how often in these personal interviews with men did he cause their "hearts to burn within them" as he talked and walked with them in the way. "Nothing is more potential in winning men to a change of heart and life than personal testimony; like wins like. National distinctions and misunderstandings are unknown when 'Greek meets Greek.'" Jerry McAuley knew how to approach a river thief, and the man approached understood his language from the first."

Following in the second place the method of soul winning by Jesus we must recognize the training and educational method. And

underlying the method is the vital truth that prevention is better than redemption. Or as it was put in the Men and Religion Congress, "Formation and not reformation" is the watchword of the New Evangelism. It does not claim necessarily that conversion is not essential but it does claim that there should be a preparation and training for reception into the church and the active enlistment of every soul thus received. It insists that religion should be taught from earliest youth and insists that religious training has as its end true Christian character and the bringing of every soul into personal and vital relation to Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. Dr. Frederick Lynch says: "What happier and more fruitful work than to take the boys and girls of a parish and instruct them in the Bible, morals and manhood, in the great truths of religion, in the real meaning of life."

THE MINISTERS OF THE NEW EVANGELISM.

I want to say just a word as to who the messengers of the New Evangelism are to be and what are to be their qualifications.

Doctor Lewis once said, in speaking of the work of Sabbath Reform, the work should be left to no single individual but must be actively taken up by every pastor and leader in the denomination in order to be effectively propagated. Now what is true of Sabbath Reform is infinitely true of the work of the kingdom in general. The work is not to be left to an evangelist as it has been left too much in the past, nor yet to the local pastors, though they should be the leaders, but to every member of the church. I do not hesitate to repeat myself upon this point.

Then as to the qualifications. There can be but one, and that is spirituality. But I think we must enlarge our conception of what spirituality really consists in. The editor of *Christian Work* says: "There has even been a little tendency in evangelistic meetings to insist on the experiencing of certain ecstatic emotions as a sign of conversion and of being born again into the spiritual life. This is all well and good. Ecstasy and deep emotion, mystic raptures, and high and holy visit with God on Transfiguring Mountain is a real part of religious experience and has immeasurable value for religious life." God bless those who have had such experiences. They have been saints in the kingdom and have wonder-

fully blessed the world. "But," the editor continues, "how about the men who have not the capacity for mystic raptures and ecstatic apprehensions of God, but who wish with all their hearts to follow Jesus in the service of the world, and who believe that God is, and that he is good, largely on the authority of Jesus Christ? Are these unemotional, practical, kind-hearted men, men in whom music and liturgy produce no transcendental experience, who are not swept aloft into the seventh heaven by vision or eloquence, are they to be left out of the category of the saints, are they never to be accounted spiritually minded men?"

I love the prayer meeting and those who habitually attend it and find joy and blessing in prayer and testimony. But I am coming to feel that not all the spiritually minded men are to be found among those who can best relate their experiences. "He that doeth the will," said Jesus. And the men who express their religion in service instead of rapture are just as truly saints as those whom we have been accustomed to call our saints. Spirituality is expressed in relating one's self to Jesus Christ and in organizing the forces of righteousness rather than telling about it. Spirituality has been well defined as "the possession of the religious instinct rather than any particular mode of expressing it, the man who sees God, who walks with him with burning heart, who talks to him face to face, who pours out his soul in prayer, is spiritual. But so also is the one who out of the same religious instinct, carries bread to the hungry, seeks to procure justice and honor among men, and walks with Jesus in healing acts of love. The spiritually minded man is more intent upon doing than talking, practical, not emotional; very direct in all his speaking to men; appealing little to the emotions and almost always to the will; dwelling far more on ethics than on mystical aspects of religion; impatient of much speech; full of the social gospel, desirous of creating a band of reformers and enthusiasts for a cleaned up city."

If I should express my conviction of what should be the spiritual qualification of a preacher, it would be in this little story. Two men attended church in New York City not long ago. Before they left their hotel in the morning they looked over the paper and decided that they would go to

hear a certain noted preacher. They went and both agreed that it was a wonderful sermon, brilliant, scholarly, and a model of rhetoric and pulpit oratory. In the evening they decided to attend church again and the question arose whether they should go to hear the same man or some one else. Finally one decided to go and hear the same one, while the other decided to hear another man. When they arrived at home nothing was said. Next morning the one who had listened to the great orator the second time again expressed his delight with the sermon and asked his friend how he liked the sermon which he had heard. His friend replied: "I do not know how I liked the sermon but this I do know, it sent me to my room and to a night of prayer that God would make me a better man."

THE CALL OF THE NEW EVANGELISM.

In the last place I want to say just a word as to the call of the New Evangelism. Its call is, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Not necessarily to Africa, or China, or South America, urgent and important as those calls are. But to quote again from the Men and Religion Movement: "Here is the world in the hands of evil men. Injustice prevails everywhere. The saloon has in its grip an army of miserable slaves. Disease ravages whole sections because of the greed of property owners. Corrupt governments menace our cities. Little children are degraded by hard labor and improper food. Gamblers entice our youth. Debasing influences are all about them. Capital and labor war with each other. Nations fly at the throat of nations in war. Everywhere little children are in captivity." And the call of the New Evangelism today is to the manhood of our country to come over into this Macedonia of unprecedented opportunity and free the captives of a disordered age, to heal them of their wounds, in short to help Christ build again the city beautiful and to bring down out of heaven a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. The appeal is to men and women of heroic spirit to plunge into these areas of our cities and country and clean them up. Let us dream the dream which John dreamed of a new heaven and a new earth and then actualize that dream by making a new earth where nothing that maketh abomination or a lie shall enter in to defile.

MISSIONS

Yuan Shih-k'ai Welcomes the Y. M. C. A. Delegates.

[Rev. D. H. Davis sends us the following interesting account, from a paper published in China, of the sixth Y. M. C. A. convention in that land. It reveals the remarkable changes that have taken place there. The harvest is ripe after years of seed-sowing.—Ed.]

Peking, December 13, 1912.—The sixth convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of China was opened on yesterday afternoon by a reception given to the delegates by President Yuan Shih-k'ai. The function was the first of the kind to be accorded to visiting delegations to the capital city. It was held in the reception room of the President's official residence on the Hatamen Road. There were present nearly four hundred members of the Y. M. C. A. from all parts of the republic. When the President entered the room with his military escort and mounted the small platform at the head of the room he was received with a formal bow from all the delegates and this was reciprocated by the venerable statesman. The President spoke to the delegates without manuscript and his address covering five minutes was direct and emphatic. The following is a translation of his address:

"GENTLEMEN:—I heartily welcome you to Peking. It is gratifying to me and no doubt to you also that within a little more than a year of the beginning of the revolution the country should happily have settled down to such comparative peace as to enable the delegates of the Y. M. C. A. to hold its convention in Peking. Many elements have contributed towards this measure of success. Not the least are our national love of peace and the increasing and closer friendship shown by treaty powers.

"The Y. M. C. A. is an organization famous throughout the world. It has established its branches in all the important commercial and political centers of the world. Its object ostensibly is threefold, namely, the moral, intellectual and physical betterment of mankind, especially of the young men of every nation.

"The association has laid particular emphasis on the words *young men*, but even old men are members of it and rightly so because in moral and intellectual advancement men are never too old to improve.

"In a free government like the Republic of China all conceivable encouragement should be given for the healthy development of every individual. We require all the good men of the land. The Y. M. C. A. is in position to supply such men so needed by the nation. If the individual has moral, intellectual and physical culture, he would be the better man. So a family with these qualities would make it a better unit in society, and a nation possessing these qualities would be a better member in the family of nations.

"You represent a society which has made its influence felt not only throughout China but throughout the world, whose purpose is the raising of the moral standard of our fellow countrymen, inculcating obedience to authority, discipline and good order, and contributing to the good government of our country and to the harmony between the government and the people. The time can not be far distant when your efforts will be even more appreciated and the result will be seen when all other friendly states officially recognize the government of our country, which shall then be admitted to its proper place in the family of nations.

"Your object is the rearing of model citizens. You, my friends, who are members and delegates of the association from every province of the republic are examples for the men of every class of society. In energy and spirit you show them the best qualities of manhood. In counsel and experience you will exert the restraining influence of young men. You, my friends, are young men, but you will not be carried away with the hot blood of youth. You are young men, but rich in experience and knowledge. By the help of your guiding light and uplifting influence, millions of young men, well equipped morally, intellectually and physically, will be raised in this nation to render loyal service to the republic in its time of need and lift her to a position that shall add to the civilized world an undying luster."

The reply was made by Mr. C. T. Wang, national secretary of the Y. M. C. A., formerly the Acting Minister of Commerce and Industry, who spoke in appreciation of

the honor accorded the convention by the President of the republic. At the close, as the President retired, the delegates joined in three hearty cheers, wishing the new republic "ten thousand times ten thousand years" of peace and prosperity.

The convention is by far the most representative yet held by the Y. M. C. A. of China. In all there are four hundred and fifty delegates in attendance. These have come from at least fourteen different provinces including such distant parts as Kwantung, Szechuan, Manchuria and Shensi. There are also several delegates from the Chinese Student Association in Tokyo. Not only were there representatives from the nearly one hundred student and city associations located in as many cities or educational institutions, but in addition there were from many centers fraternal delegates sent by the churches from centers where the association is not as yet established. Thus the convention is probably the most representative gathering of Christian laymen yet gathered in China.

The headquarters of the convention is the new building of the Peking Y. M. C. A. located in the Hatamen Street a short distance above the Von Ketteler Memorial. The building, which is just nearing completion, is the gift of Hon. John Wanamaker, the merchant prince of Philadelphia. It will cost with its furnishing the sum of \$75,000. It is the largest association building so far erected in China and includes the usual feature of an association building, such as club room, a large gymnasium, bath rooms and lecture halls.

The sessions of the convention are being held in the large hall of this building which is built to seat one thousand persons. The out-of-town guests are being entertained in the building.

Indications are that this convention will be the greatest religious gathering so far held by the Christian Church in China. Particularly noticeable is the initiative and able direction being given by the Chinese themselves. The program, the detailed arrangements, the speeches, in fact, the whole convention has been under the direction of the Chinese themselves. This has been most encouraging to the missionary leaders of the church, who see that the hope for the future of Christianity in China depends largely upon the younger generation of the New China.

Charles Clarence Chipman.

The death of Charles Clarence Chipman on January 20, 1913, at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, has removed one of the most active and valuable members of the Board of Trustees of Alfred University and one of the most loyal and faithful of its alumni. In presenting this sketch to the public it is hoped not only to record the principal facts of the life of Mr. Chipman, but also to inspire younger alumni of the University and many other young people to emulate his life and character.

Charles Clarence Chipman was born February 6, 1859, at Hope Valley, R. I. His parents were Charles Henry Chipman and Frances Saunders Chipman, both natives of Rhode Island. They were staunch Seventh-day Baptists who never compromised principle for expediency or convenience. From this noble parentage young Chipman inherited many of the qualities which made his life free from the ordinary vices which tempt young men. In youth he was exemplary and upright. In early manhood while a student in Alfred University he professed faith in Christ and became an earnest, loyal Christian and a devout and beloved member of the church. He received his early education in the public schools of Hope Valley, his native town. He then worked with his father at harness-making for some time, but wood-working appealed to him more and he sought a position with a local contractor to learn the carpenter's trade. Having completed the trade, he felt the need of a more extended education and entered Alfred University in the fall of 1881. After studying in Alfred for a number of years, during which time he largely worked his way through college, he graduated with the degree of bachelor of accounts in the year 1886.

After graduating from Alfred University, he entered Cornell University to do graduate work, specializing in architecture. In 1888 he completed his architectural studies in Cornell University, was married to Miss Flora Prudence Clarke of Clayville, N. Y., and located in New York City to begin his career as an architect. At first it was necessary for him to go to work in the office of another man, but his loyalty to religious conviction and his ability as an architect, together with his personal force of character, enabled him soon to win a place for himself in his profession. During the

first years of his career as an architect, he was obliged to exercise great economy and his struggle for place and position was a real one. However, after a few years he established an office for himself and began an independent career as an architect. He soon came to be recognized as an expert in school architecture and during the remainder of his life was an authority on the subject and had the satisfaction of designing and supervising the erection of many school buildings, particularly in the city of Yonkers, which stand as models of efficiency and architectural perfection.

In 1896 Mr. Chipman was elected a trustee of Alfred University and made a member of the committee on buildings and grounds. In 1897 he was made chairman of the committee on buildings and grounds, a position which he continued to hold as well as that of a trustee of the University until his death. During these seventeen years he has taken an active interest in everything that pertained to the welfare of Alfred University. He designed the Babcock Hall of Physics, the Hall of Ceramics and the rebuilding of Kanakadea Hall after the fire and all other improvements to buildings which have been made during these years. He was much interested in the design for the Carnegie Library, and, though much impaired in health, gave constant advice and counsel to the president and the architect of the Carnegie Library in the preparation of its plans and specifications. In 1910, when the campaign for the Betterment Fund was made, Mr. Chipman spent a number of weeks traveling with the president and assisting him in soliciting in behalf of this fund. Mr. Chipman and his wife also contributed generously toward the Betterment Fund, as he has done to all the interests of the University during all these years.

For many years Mr. Chipman has also been a member of the Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society and of the Board of Trustees of the Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund. To all these boards he has given untiring interest and devotion as well as to the work of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City, of which he was a loved and honored deacon.

At his funeral service, which occurred at his home in Yonkers on January 23, many tender and loving tributes were given to his

personal and Christian character, to his ability as a business man and as an architect and to his loyalty to his alma mater and to other benevolent and religious institutions with which he was connected. His body was taken, on January 24, for interment to the Riverbend Cemetery at West-erly, R. I. Thus has been finished the earthly career of a life eminently useful and successful. Though not quite fifty-four years of age, he had achieved distinction in his profession and had rendered exceptional service in many lines of benevolent and Christian work, and has left an enviable record.

His wife and four children, two sons and two daughters, survive him.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Board of Education of the City of Yonkers and published in the *Yonkers Daily News*, January 23:

"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 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."—*Alfred Sun*.

"The humanities of the world almost without exception have their origin and support in the church of God. There is many a little rivulet bubbling along in boastful independence of creed and faith, which would soon become dry as the wells of Baca but for the constant interest of Christian men."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Whatsoever He Saith.

ALENA MAXSON.

Has God given a task to you?
Do it!
Shun not duty's path lest you
Rue it!
If attempted in his name,
Fear not failure, dread not shame;
Weak? Ah, he whose message came
Knew it.

Though you tremble as you go,
Dare it!
Of God's love let others know;
Share it!
Oh, the strength that he imparts
To our weak and fainting hearts!
Heed not pain, nor aches, nor smarts;
Bear it!

Humbly, in his strength alone
Going,
As his will to you is shown,
Sowing
Precious seed, trust it to grow
For his praise; and you shall know
Peace that like a stream doth flow,
Glowing!

December, 1912.

A Busy Year at Boulder.

The corresponding secretary of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society of the Boulder Church has had several gentle reminders that it is time for a report to be sent to the RECORDER. It is considerably more than a year since the last report, but that does not mean that nothing has been accomplished.

During the year 1912 twenty-one regular sessions were held, with an average attendance of eleven. The membership roll contains at present twenty-eight names, five members having moved away during the last three months of the year. Seven members do not attend the meetings and seven are non-residents, so that the working force of the society consists of fourteen members.

The meetings are held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, the first meeting being devoted to

work and the second to a program. The leaflets issued by the Woman's Board have been used most of the time. During the last quarter of the year a mission study class was organized with Mrs. D. M. Andrews as leader.

Several especially interesting meetings were held. In February a meeting was devoted to temperance, and a prominent worker in the Boulder W. C. T. U. gave us a fine address.

In April a reception was arranged for the seven new members who had recently joined the society.

On July 3 the annual all-day meeting was held with Mrs. Kittie Potter. A picnic dinner was spread on tables under the trees, and the husbands, who always congregate on such occasions, voted it a great success. In the afternoon the annual business meeting was held. Election of officers resulted as follows: president, Mrs. A. L. Clarke; vice-president, Mrs. S. C. Terry; recording secretary, Mrs. Alice Davis; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. R. Wheeler; treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Davis; chorister, Mrs. Mina Coon.

During the spring a box containing clothing, dried fruit and a quilt made by the society was sent to friends in Cosmos. The estimated value of this box was twenty dollars.

In June the church was cleaned. Some needed repairs were attended to and paid for from the society treasury.

In November the society had charge of one of the Sabbath morning services, Pastor Davis being out of town. The different parts of the service were all taken by members of the society.

The society has done its part in the Missionary Federation of Boulder. During "Mission Week" at Chautauqua, last July, committees from the Seventh-day Baptist society helped in the work. Funds have been contributed as called for, and in November Mrs. Andrews was elected president of the federation.

Flowers have been sent at various times to those sick and in distress, and sewing has been done for those in trouble and unable to hire.

At the first of the year the society pledged itself to pay two dollars a month toward the pastor's salary. The first three months this was paid out of the treasury, but the last of March eight committees were ap-

pointed to raise the two dollars for each of the eight remaining months of the year.

Mrs. Kittie Potter and Mrs. Alice Davis, the committee for April, arranged for an entertainment to be given at the church.

During May Mrs. A. L. Davis, Mrs. Ayars and Mrs. Ethel Terry held a social at the home of Mrs. Ayars. The house was beautifully decorated with flags and red, white and blue tissue paper, and a ten-cent supper was served.

The last of May the June committee, Mrs. Lillian Wheeler, Mrs. Bella Davis and Miss Minnie Potter, gave a nickel to each of twenty-two members of the society, asking them to invest it and to return the proceeds or profits to the society treasury at an experience social to be held at the church the last of June. A short program was presented at this social, after which the different experiences in increasing their talents were read by the members. Some were in verse form and all were very amusing. The talents had increased tenfold.

The July committee, Miss May Dixon, Mrs. Maud Irish and Gladys Booth Irish, gave a "lantern social." Each person was asked to furnish a light of some kind and a huge bonfire helped the general illumination of Mr. Irish's large yard. Side-shows had been arranged by the committee at a penny for each admission.

The August committee, Mrs. Emma Terry, Mrs. F. O. Burdick and Miss Francis Brooks, arranged for a patriotic lecture to be given at the church by H. W. Rood, Madison, Wis. A silver collection was taken at the close of the lecture.

The September committee, Mrs. Gertrude Clarke, Mrs. Grace Davis and Miss Hazel Andrews, sent in a ten-dollar order to Larkin's. By dispensing with the premium they were able to get twenty dollars' worth of goods for ten dollars. These goods were sold, resulting in a profit of nearly ten dollars.

The October committee, Mrs. Coon, Mrs. Ethel Sutton and Miss Ollie Vars, gave a Hallowe'en social and served a ten-cent lunch in connection with it.

During the early summer the November committee, Mrs. A. L. Clarke, Mrs. E. Van Horn and Dorothy Wheeler, distributed mite boxes to be called in at Thanksgiving time. A "box opening" was held about that time and the contents were found to amount to nearly twenty dollars.

The December committee, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Lulu Snair and Mrs. Irene Van Horn, paid the pledge of two dollars from money earned individually.

The total amount raised by the eight committees was more than sixty dollars, which not only paid the pledge to pastor's salary but has kept the treasury well replenished.

This plan has increased interest and given something definite to work for. It will probably be tried another year. **W.**

Boulder, Colo.,
Feb. 6, 1913.

A Visit to Nebuchadnezzar's Palace.

From the engineer's camp I follow the course of the old river of Babylon down to the famous city of Nebuchadnezzar, where the German Oriental Society is digging up the records of four thousand years ago. I saw the famous stone lion; the bas-relief of Nebuchadnezzar himself, with his quaint, curly beard; the stone goose which was the standard measure of weight in Babylonian grocery stores; the odd tribe of kinky-tailed cats; the thousands of queer dishes, urns, vases, utensils, figures of men and beasts, bath tubs, bowl-shaped coffins, and cuneiform tablets which have been unearthed by the careful Germans. They showed me the magic name of Nebuchadnezzar stamped on numerous bricks, and I walked through the very banquet hall where, peradventure, the handwriting came on the wall at the feast of Belshazzar and "a thousand of his lords." On the perfectly preserved walls of the palace I beheld the strange figures of mythological beasts, and the everlasting bull, which held a high place in Babylonian worship. Under German guidance a host of Arabs have toiled—toiled for a quarter of a century—digging carefully, as they dig at Pompeii, not to crack or ruin the priceless treasures which lie buried everywhere. And each day brings some new surprise.—*The Christian Herald.*

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Is It True?

In the Gentry (Ark.) news notes the correspondent raises the question whether "a person who backslides from the Christian way" ever was converted. Study this question, young people, and let us have your answers in this department. Give scriptural references to your quotations. A friendly discussion of such questions would result in a better biblical knowledge of some of our great Christian doctrines.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT IT?

The matter of sending a delegate to the Los Angeles Christian Endeavor Convention, next summer, has been explained in the RECORDER. Our board has voted to try the plan proposed by the United Society of securing free transportation for a delegate by obtaining subscriptions to the *Christian Endeavor World*. It means we must work for 125 to 200 new subscriptions (twice as many renewals). We should set our stakes for the highest number at least. If more subscriptions are secured than necessary, extra benefits may be secured for the delegates, or cash be realized. But the question is, what is your society doing about it? We see and feel that it is a splendid thing, a desirable goal,—but are we doing anything toward realizing it? I like that marginal reading of Hebrews xi, 1 (R. V.): "Faith is the *making substance* of things hoped for." If your society has not taken the matter up, it is a good time for you to do so. The new subscriptions to the *Christian Endeavor World* will mean a blessing in your midst, and you will have the added blessing of being loyal to your board.

Mrs. Wardner's Letter.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

I am greeting you from a new home, and while thinking of writing you a message the thought suggested itself that I tell you about my experience in finding a home and of the blessings growing out of that experience.

But first, by way of explanation, I want to say that our little city has been "on a boom" the past year and houses and rooms have been obtained with difficulty.

This was my first experience in searching for a home. I can't say I enjoyed the experience, but it has been blessed to my good. We are not apt to seek spiritual blessings through trouble, but our heavenly Father who is watching over us for our best good sends them to us out of his great heart of love.

As days lengthened into weeks of exhausting, fruitless search, in which I was assisted by friends, a feeling of loneliness and depression settled down upon my spirit which I found difficult to shake off. So great was the depression that the little narrow home where my weary pain-racked body could lie down to undisturbed repose seemed to glow with attraction.

At last I took Hobson's choice—the only place I could find that would possibly do. It is, however, a very pleasant place—better than I was looking for. There had been many applications for the rooms, but the owners would not take into their home any one who had a child, a dog or a piano. Having none of these encumbrances I was accepted and thus the truthfulness of the old saying, "Blessed be nothing," was verified.

The trial brought me face to face with that great mass of people who have no homes. There had always been a tender spot in my heart for them, but my experience made their need real and vital. I saw and tasted life from a new standpoint and as a result was brought into closer touch with the great throbbing, suffering heart of humanity and into closer touch with God, for that which binds the Christian to his fellow beings binds him to God.

From this touch with the human my mind turned with great intensity of feeling back to that period in the counsels of God when he looked upon a lost and ruined race with none to help, none to uphold, and his ever-blessed Son said: "I will leave my home in glory, go to that lost world and take upon myself the form of man that I may go down into the depths of human suffering and by that means lift humanity up." That moment, I believe, was the heart-throb of eternity.

From that vision my mind leaped forward to the night when a little child was

born into the world, born in a stable because there was no room for him in the inn; and while man slept, taking no note of the event, the heavens were ablaze with the glory of God and the angel choir sang, "On earth, peace, good will toward men."

I followed this babe up through normal childhood to the age of twelve years, when he went to Jerusalem with Joseph and his mother to attend the Passover. As Joseph is not mentioned in the narrative after this event, I thought it likely that he died soon after and the support of the family devolved upon Jesus. I saw him earning a livelihood for the family by working at the carpenter's trade. Sometimes the meal was scant and Jesus was the one who went hungry. So the years passed by me in review until I saw him standing on the bank of the river Jordan awaiting his turn to be baptized.

This was the turning-point in his life, the moment, I believe, when he came to the knowledge of who he was and of his divine mission to the world; and he turned away from his earthly home that he might fulfil that mission.

There is in the human heart a deep love of home. It matters not who the individual is or what his station in life may be, he turns to home as his heart's resting-place, whether that home be a mansion or a hovel. All hearts beat in unison at the home altar. One tie links all the world into a common brotherhood.

Jesus was perfect in his humanity although without sin, and he loved his home as we love ours. I think he must have loved it better than we love ours, because his feelings were finer than ours, his love of all that was good more intense.

When Jesus stepped into the baptismal waters he turned completely away from his old life. All that he had held dear was behind him—the quiet peace of the little home in Nazareth—the soothing touch of his mother's hand upon his brow at eventide. Before him were days of the severest mental and spiritual strain, nights of hunger and exhaustion spent on the hillside with no bed save the hard ground, no coverings save clouds and darkness. Weary and worn, misunderstood and misrepresented, his footsteps constantly dogged by those who were seeking to take his life, he traveled from place to place. Even those whom he called to be nearest to him

did not understand him, and when the hour of his greatest trial drew on forsook him; yea, in the supreme moment, God withdrew his face and his sinless humanity bore the final stroke alone. All of this I believe he saw in the future when the Holy Ghost came upon him, but he saw something more—even the souls of the redeemed,—and this gave him the strength to tread the pathway of suffering, for it has been written of him, "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross." What was that joy save the redemption of souls?

When I was young in the Christian life I used to plead with God that I might come into fellowship with my Saviour. The prayer has been answered although somewhat differently from what I then wished. At that time I thought fellowship with the Saviour meant fellowship with his peace and joy. An experience of forty-one years has taught me that coming into fellowship with the Saviour means coming into fellowship not only with his peace and joy, but with his sufferings as well. In those earlier years I was reaching out for the crown but ignoring the cross. Today, I thank God I have learned that the cross leads to the crown.

These thoughts drove away the depression, and peace, "like an infinite calm," flowed into my soul. Then I saw that my trying experience had brought me great blessings—warmer sympathy with those I would help, closer comradeship with my Saviour, deeper appreciation of what he endured that he might bring me back into harmony with God.

My very best wishes go with this letter to you, one and all.

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

1007 Jackson St., La Porte, Ind.,
Jan. 15, 1913.

The House Upon the Sand.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

CHAPTER II.

A Night of Fun.

A small group of masked figures stood at the entrance to the Norton place.

"Hush, Jack, please," the tallest one of the group was saying in a pleading voice. "Don't make Mildred feel any worse about it than she does. She has had enough to bear already, and I do think you might go

in for a few minutes. It doesn't pay to be too good."

"Oh, leave that out if you will, Doris; it isn't being good, it's just common decency. You know mother doesn't approve of these things."

"Well, mother doesn't need to know anything about it, and it's only for an hour or two."

"An hour or a week, Doris—it makes no difference to me. You know what I think, and I'm going back to Aunt Mary's. Just listen to that music, will you,—elevating indeed!" Then without another word, Jack Chesterfield strode away at a rapid gait.

"Oh dear!" little Mrs. Chesterfield sighed regretfully, "I wish you girls would give it up; I don't like the looks of it myself."

"What, give it up after we've hunted through every trunk and box in the cottage to find these costumes?" Barbara cried almost angrily, "I guess not; I'm going in."

Louise Raymond was the only one who hesitated at the last. "Let's not do it, girls," she begged. "They're doing things in there that we ought not to do; let's go to the other place."

But her plea was drowned in the tramping of many feet on the front porch and the merry greeting that came from within the house. In the largest room a dozen masked couples were dancing to the music furnished by a piano and violin. Even the young ladies who played these instruments were masked. There seemed to be no one who could be identified in any way.

Gradually the little group from the cottage was broken up, and one by one its members found themselves scattered among the strange young people. Mrs. Chesterfield grew more and more worried; plainly this was not a place for her friends. What would Mother Chesterfield say if she knew, and would she ever forgive her?

"No, thank you," she replied in answer to a question asked by a young man in a costume of the style of George Washington's time, "I do not dance."

"Let's sit it out then; it's beastly hot in here and the dancing is no good, not exciting enough for me."

"Thank you very much, but I fear that you will have to excuse me; I must look for a friend." And she hastily moved away from the young man whose breath she could smell, and from whose pocket

even now she could see protruding a bottle that betrayed his character.

Doris and Rilla had accepted the invitations given them to dance and were on the opposite side of the room. Louise and Barbara were talking with two girls in peasant costumes; Beth stood alone just beyond the piano. Hope and Rachel were not in sight, and Mrs. Chesterfield found herself trying to remember what kind of costumes they had worn. Back and forth she hurried in her endeavor to locate them.

Ten minutes before, Hope Ellis and Rachel Barlow had gone to the dining-room in search of a glass of water.

"Hope," Rachel had asked abruptly, "you don't dance, do you?"

"Wh—why n—no, not very much; never such dances as these are nor in such a crowd. I wish we hadn't come. Mother would be shocked to death if she knew."

"But I thought you didn't dance at all, Hope. You said—" But a light touch on Rachel's arm put an end to her little speech. When she looked around Hope was gone while beside her stood a short, stout young man clothed in the garb of a soldier. She hastily drew back at the second touch on her arm.

"Oh!" she cried, "you frightened me. Did you wish something?"

"Yes, indeed, I wish something very much, but you won't give it to me, Rachel."

Rachel Barlow grew very pale under her fancy mask. "Henry Marlin," she demanded in astonishment, "what are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here, Rachel?"

"That is nothing to you so far as I know. Please let me pass."

"Oh, don't go and get huffy now, my dear. It won't pay you and I don't mean any harm. Hasn't a fellow a right to go to a party once in an age, and how was I to know that I'd have the pleasure of seeing you here?"

"Tell me one thing, Henry Marlin—did you know that I was staying at Quohasset? Tell me the truth, please."

"Yes, Rachel, I did."

"Did you follow me down here?"

"Why, no and yes. I'd follow you to the end of the earth—" But Rachel waited to hear no more. Hurriedly she crossed the room and disappeared in the crowd. A moment later she almost ran into Mrs. Chesterfield.

"Can we go now?" she asked as calmly as she could. "Are the other girls ready?"

Mildred Chesterfield saw at once that something had disturbed Rachel, and wondered what could have happened in so short a time; but she did not ask. She motioned to Doris, who for a moment was without a partner.

"They're getting ready to unmask, dear," she said, "and I think we must go. Please don't ask any questions; we will slip out as quietly as we can."

There were no protests, and in ten minutes the members of the house party were well on their way to Mrs. Dunning's where they had planned to change their costumes. It was rather a silent company of girls, quite different from the one that had started away from the cottage two hours before. Doris tried to be her usual jolly self, but for some reason failed to arouse any enthusiasm.

"I almost wish we were going home," she said as they entered the Dunning house.

There was no time for a reply, for Mrs. Dunning was at the door to meet them. "You dear girls!" she cried delightedly, "I was so afraid from what Jack said that you wouldn't get here at all; he was just going out to look you up. I'm so glad you came. By the way, I was asked to beg Barbara to recite something for us. Our local elocutionist couldn't come, and we are badly in need of some one to help out with the entertainment. Don't some of you girls play or sing or something? Yes, I know you do, so you needn't begin to shake your heads. There, if you're ready, we'll go right over to the other house; I am anxious to introduce this company of young ladies. Jack carried over your pounds, and generous ones they were, too."

If Jack Chesterfield had told Mrs. Dunning of the disagreement of a few hours before, she made no sign of it but talked cheerily all the way along.

"Isn't she good for the blues?" Barbara asked Rilla as they walked side by side. "Why, when we started for her house, I felt as if something terrible was going to happen, but now I'm ready for a whole night of fun. It's just Aunt Mary's way. She seems to carry around with her whole measures full of sunshine."

"She's a dear, sweet woman," was Rilla's reply.

Mrs. Dunning led her guests into the little, old-fashioned farmhouse where their coming was awaited with anticipation of much pleasure. For hadn't Mary Dunning said that they were the best girls in the world, and of course she ought to know.

This was not a large gathering, only a few neighbors and friends; but the time was passing pleasantly in spite of the small attendance.

"You must do your best, girls," Mrs. Chesterfield whispered to Barbara and Louise. "It will be well worth while, for you will probably never find a more appreciative audience. I know they will enjoy the recitation of 'The Old Red Apple Tree' and 'The Cradle Song' with the piano accompaniment. Beth must think of something to sing, too." Thus encouraged, the three girls went in to add their mite to the evening's entertainment.

Barbara Chesterfield was a natural-born elocutionist, as Aunt Mary often expressed it. There seemed to be no limit to her power of interpretation, and her voice was very pleasing. It was her mother's wish that she make this her life-work, but Barbara was undecided. She had begged for a year's vacation before making a serious study of anything, so she had done little with her talent for the past six months. But she did her best this time for Aunt Mary's sake, and her efforts were greatly appreciated. Beth sang her choicest songs and Louise played as long as she could. The time passed very rapidly, and the little company hardly realized how late it was getting to be.

Rachel was very quiet, and Mildred Chesterfield wondered what could have happened to worry her. She looked at her pale face and wished that she had never consented to the masquerade plan.

"Are you feeling well, Rachel?" she asked at the first opportunity.

"Yes, quite well, thank you, Mrs. Chesterfield."

"I was afraid you might be a little bit sick, but I'm glad if you're all right. We must start for home very soon, for the man of the house says if we are going with him we must hurry up."

"All right, I'll tell the girls. I think they are ready to go."

"Hadn't you better stay with me?" Mrs. Dunning asked as she bade the little party

good night. "I fear your fires will be out, and you'll all be chilled through and through."

"Oh, no, thank you, we want to be near the ocean," Hope called back. "You're too far inland."

"Well, thank you for a happy evening. It's done us all good and we won't forget it."

There was much talking in the cottage that night. Late as it was, Doris and Barbara insisted that it wouldn't do to go to bed without a lunch.

"House parties don't happen every week in the year, Mildred," Barbara begged, "and we can get rested when we get home. Hope brought her chafing-dish and Louise the oysters, so you see it's just predestinated that we should have an oyster stew. Can we?"

"Why, I suppose so, but do you know that it is after one o'clock? Just think how cross we shall all be tomorrow. I'm afraid my husband won't be able to live with me."

"Oh, never mind Jack; he's got to shingle the roof anyway."

When the last drop of stew and the last cracker had been eaten, and the last story told, the little old clock on the corner shelf struck half past two.

"To bed, each and every one of you!" Jack Chesterfield commanded, waving aloft the frying-pan that he had picked up from the kitchen stove. "I am a man of authority if my wife isn't. Doris Chesterfield and Rilla Andrews will remember that they are to serve breakfast at six-thirty o'clock. I am a working man. Good night."

Slowly the girls climbed the stairs, and it wasn't long before the most of them were asleep.

But Hope Ellis in the tiny bedroom over the side porch listened to the sound of the waves as they broke on the shore so near by and wondered how it would seem to be staying here in the time of some great storm.

Rachel Barlow, in the same small room, was wondering how she was to solve this new problem that had suddenly confronted her.

"Rachel," Hope whispered, "what is the problem that you have to solve? Not one of us have asked you since you came."

"Oh, it's nothing that you can help me

about, I fear, Hope; I ought not to have mentioned it. Each one has her own battles to fight, only mine seem unusually hard just now."

"Tell me, please, Rachel, what the problem is. I had quite a reputation for solving algebra problems, you know."

"But this is far worse than algebra, Hope, and you must go to sleep. Mrs. Chesterfield thinks we are all quiet, so we mustn't talk. Thank you for asking."

But Hope could not sleep. The worry that she had read in Rachel's eyes bothered her. Did it have anything to do with the rough-looking young man in the soldier's garb? And why did Rachel look so strange when she asked her if she danced? Why, nearly all the girls did those things. The problem must be a serious one for she had never seen Rachel so restless. Well, maybe the other girls could help even if she couldn't. And with this thought she finally went to sleep.

(To be continued.)

News Notes.

GENTRY, ARK.—A two-weeks' series of meetings, conducted solely by Pastor Davis, has just closed. One father, who had been standing in the way of his children, asked for prayers that he might not be a stumbling-block any longer. As a result of this, two bright young girls who had been praying in the Junior society for two years came joyously forward and offered themselves for baptism. Other Juniors will be baptized and join the church with them. Christians who had drifted into the background took their places again in the front ranks. The statement has been made here that a person who backslides from the Christian way never was converted. Is this true? We hope there will be additions to the church by letter also.

"No one really owns a book that he hasn't read. He may have paid for the leaves and cover, but the contents are purchased by a coin of another kind. Judged by this standard there are a great many copies of Scripture without owners."

"A church that prefers the choir to the pulpit is like an army that depends upon the drum corps for its victories."

Livingstone and the Lion.

Probably the two most dramatic incidents in the thrilling life of Livingstone were his escape from the teeth of a lion during the early years of his work in Africa, and his "discovery" by Stanley after he had been for several years lost to the world.

The former event took place on one of his first tours into the interior. Serious depredations had been committed by lions in the neighborhood and he joined a lion hunt. Livingstone shot at one of the beasts from a distance of about thirty yards. While reloading, the lion ran toward him, seized his shoulder and, in his own words, "growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat." One of the natives rushed in and diverted the lion's attack. The animal bit his thigh, then he turned upon another man, taking him also by the shoulder. At this instant the shots that had reached him previously took effect, and he fell dead. Livingstone's arm was "crushed into splinters" and his flesh bore the marks of eleven of the lion's teeth. His arm never fully regained its powers, and it was by the misshapen bone that his body was positively identified in England after the faithful natives had carried it a thousand miles to the coast so that it might be sent by ship to England.

The Stanley episode is so well known that it need be mentioned but briefly. Livingstone, weary, lonely and ill, returned to Ujiji after one of his most perilous and arduous tours, during which the slave traders had again and again tried to kill him. He records that when he reached Ujiji he was "a mere ruckle of bones." A few days later his servant Susi came running toward him with the news that an Englishman was approaching. It was Stanley with his caravan, flying the American flag. James Gordon Bennett had sent him to Africa to find Livingstone, and after great privations and perils his search was rewarded and his long journey at an end. Stanley bore for the fatigued and desolate missionary supplies and comforts, but he could not induce him to return. Parents and wife were dead. Africa still held some secrets that he yearned to solve. He would not leave till his work was done. The two explorers spent some months journeying together, then Stanley returned to civilization while Livingstone turned his

face again toward the heart of the Dark Continent to labor there for another year—and to die.—*The Christian Herald.*

Received and Delivered.

There is much significance in the fact that those servants of God in Bible history to whom he gave messages for the people, were faithful in delivering them. In every instance the true messengers duly announced the divine authority of their message. In the days of the prophets, it was their unvarying custom to say that "the word of the Lord came" to them, telling them what to say to the people. It was "thus saith the Lord," and that was the end of all controversy, so far as the prophets were concerned. Whatever they received from the Lord, they duly delivered. They were told by God to not withhold a single word. They had no liberty to alter anything. They were not to be afraid of the unbelieving ones who would be angry at the messages. They must deliver the word of the Lord whether the hearers accepted or rejected it. The prophets were not employed to merely please the people. They were not to be entertainers of others. Their business was intensely serious. They were charged with the most weighty responsibility. Their commission was fraught with momentous issues. Their own interests were not to be considered for a moment. If, in delivering what they received, they were bitterly opposed, and even cruelly persecuted, they must not flinch from their duty, and they did not. And Paul was the same type of a man and a messenger. In his first letter to the Corinthian Christians he says: "I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you." He did not assert his own authority. Although he was an apostle, yet he did not use his office as the prime authority for any of his deliverances. He was only his Lord's agent and administrator. He was a receiver from the Lord, that he might be a giver to men; and he delivered just what he received. He kept nothing back. The need of all Christian pulpits today is men of this kind.—*C. H. Wetherbe, in Baptist Commonwealth.*

I consider that cigarette smoking is the greatest vice devastating humanity today, because it is doing more than any other vice to deteriorate the race.—*Charles B. Towns.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Child's Morning Prayer.

I thank thee, Lord, for sleep and rest,
For all the things that I love best;
Now guide me through another day
And bless my work and bless my play.
Lord, make me strong for noble ends,
Protect and bless my loving friends,
Of all mankind good Christians make.
All this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

—Rt. Rev. Anson R. Graves.

"Pardners."

Muggsy was only a ragged little news-boy, and he lived wherever he could find a shelter. All winter he had made his home in an old shed in the railroad yards.

One morning, as he was leaving the shed, he found a small dog shivering just outside the yards.

"Hello, pal!" exclaimed Muggsy. "Haven't you a home either?" He gathered the shivering creature into his arms and carried him back to the shed. He placed him among the sacks and bagging which formed the boy's bed. "Now, pardner," said Muggsy, "here's all the breakfast I can give you," and Muggsy gave the dog a slice of dry bread and an old bone which at some time had been left from one of Muggsy's modest meals. Then the boy fastened the door so he would be sure to find his new friend at home upon his return.

When he came home late that night, with a paper bag in his hand, the tiny dog barked with delight. It made Muggsy's little heart swell with joy. At last he had a friend to greet him upon his return to the lonely shed late at night. He opened the bag and took out two brown chops and two puffy rolls. "The best I could do, little pardner," said the boy.

They became fast friends, and soon "Pardner," as Muggsy named his new friend, was following at the boy's heels all day and snuggling close to his side at night.

One cold, snowy morning, as Muggsy stood on the corner selling his papers, a carriage pulled up close to the curbing and a lady climbed hurriedly out of the same.

"Oh, there is my darling little Bimbi!" she cried, as she ran toward Pardner, who was

sitting quietly near his master. When Bimbi saw the lady he ran to her, barking and wagging his tail excitedly.

Poor Muggsy, with tears standing in his big brown eyes, laid his papers down on the walk and timidly approached the lady. "I know the little dog is yours," he said sorrowfully, "but let me tell him good-by. He's all the pardner I have;" and as the boy kissed the faithful animal and held him close in his arms, the lady heard the whole story of how Muggsy had found and cared for Bimbi.

"Come," she said when the lad had finished. "I have no little boys of my own. Come and live with me, and you and Bimbi may still be partners." And Muggsy did. —*The Child's Gem.*

Child's Evening Prayer.

Lord, send me sleep that I may live,
The wrongs I've done this day forgive,
Bless every deed and thought and word
I've rightly done, or said, or heard,
Bless relatives and friends away,
Teach all the world to watch and pray,
My thanks for all my blessings take,
And hear my prayer for Jesus' sake. Amen.

—Rt. Rev. Anson R. Graves.

Resolutions of Respect.

(Resolutions on the death of George Wilcox Cross, who died near Syracuse, N. Y., on February 11, 1913.)

Whereas, Death has again entered our ranks and has removed our oldest constituent member, George Wilcox Cross, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply feel the loss we have sustained in the death of one who has been a great help in starting our work in Syracuse.

Resolved, That while we miss his presence, we rejoice that his influence will still be felt among us.

Resolved, That his kindness and his Christian faith were such as commended him to our high esteem.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the official records of this church, that a copy be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER and that copies be sent to his nearest relatives.

RILEY G. DAVIS,
EDWIN S. MAXSON,
MRS. CHARLES H. LINDSEY,
Committee.

Oh, believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear! Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages.—*Emerson.*

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

The Sabbath school of the Seventh-day Baptist church has arranged for a course of illustrated lectures upon various subjects which will not be only entertaining but instructive. The proceeds of these lectures will be devoted to the purchase of hymn-books for the Sabbath school. A silver offering will be taken at the door at each of the lectures. The first lecture of the course will be given next Sabbath night at the Seventh-day Baptist church at 8 o'clock by Supt. Henry M. Maxson of Plainfield. His subject will be "Getting On in the World—Odd Methods of Travel in All Lands," and will be illustrated by appropriate stereopticon views. The public is cordially invited.—Rev. Charles B. Clark, president of Salem College, Salem, W. Va., has been spending a few days with Rev. Henry N. Jordan and canvassing in the interests of the college. Last Sabbath morning President Clark spoke at the time of worship and also addressed the Christian Endeavor society at its afternoon devotional meeting.—*Dunellen (N. J.) Call.*

Rev. Henry N. Jordan of New Market, N. J., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Milton Junction, Wis. He expects to enter upon the work there about the first of June.

Pres. C. B. Clark of Salem College completed his canvass in Plainfield last week, and when this reaches the readers he will be well into the work in Rhode Island. He hopes to get through in time to return to Salem at the opening of the spring term. The school sorely needs him. The teachers there are overworked and he is anxious to see the end of soliciting funds to pay the debt of the college. He needs the sympathy and cooperation of all our people.

Individualism is a fatal poison. But individuality is the salt of common life. You may have to live in a crowd, but you do not have to live like it, nor subsist on its food. You may have your own orchard. You may drink at a hidden spring. Be yourself if you would serve others.—*Henry Van Dyke, D. D.*

Tartan.

Tartan, known as plaid in the United States, is the dress formerly worn by the Highlander. Each clan had a tartan distinct from all others by a difference in colors.

The Gordons, for instance, have a combination of yellow stripes, blue, black and green bars; the Davidsons, red, black and blue stripes and green bars. There were as many tartans as there were clans, and at the present day between two and three hundred are recorded.

An exchange gives the following history of the tartan:

The tartan was doubtless an outcome of the conditions when war was the regular business of Highlanders, and when a distinctive dress and colorings in harmony with the vegetation and shrub growth of the country was a protection of the clansman. An examination of any tartan will show how well it is adapted to concealment in heather or ferns. Sir Walter Scott puts, with characteristic beauty, this fact before us in "The Lady of the Lake:"

"Scarce to be known by curious eye
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green."

The chiefs of the clans usually had two or more separate tartans, one for every-day wear, one for hunting, one for full dress. A Highlander in full dress wears for a kilt the dress tartan of his clan, a low-cut vest and a short black coat, something like a Tuxedo. The dress tartan is in bright colorings. The tartan which is most generally seen is the Stewart, because it was the dress of the old royal house of Scotland. There are very few large dry-goods stores in the United States in which some form of the Stewart tartans can not be found, but the Stewart Royal and Dress Stewart are the most common.

The question is often asked, is the Highland dress worn now in Scotland? Not as an every-day costume, except sometimes by boys, game-keepers, and shepherds, and the hereditary chiefs of the clans. Ties of tartan are popular and ladies often wear tartan skirts. On parlor floors, too, one occasionally sees a rug of the family clan tartan. The kilts are still worn by several Highland regiments.

A plaid in Scotland is a rectangular wrap or shawl, which is often, but not necessarily so, of tartan. Doubtless the name plaid for tartan in the United States originated in the fact that nearly all Scotch plaids were made of some kind of tartan. The word plaid in Scotland is pronounced plade. —*Presbyterian of the South.*

Ministers' Salaries.

The only available statistics on the incomes of ministers are those which resulted from the religious census taken by the Government in 1906, and published two years ago. The average derived from data contributed by 164,000 ministers of 100 denominations showed the Unitarians at the top of the list with an average salary of \$1,653. Then in order came the Universalists with \$1,238, the general convention of the New Jerusalem with \$1,233, the Jewish with \$1,222, the Presbyterian with \$1,177, the Reformed with \$1,170, the United Presbyterian with \$1,096 and the Congregationalists with \$1,042. But the average in all denominations for places below the rank of four-class cities and for the rural districts was \$573.

Some one wittily said a few years ago: "The demand both in city and country is for a minister who shall be a Roosevelt, a Mayor of Milwaukee, a Professor Briggs and a Salvation Army Booth, all rolled into one." Also it has been said that the country minister is to be "a prophet of the Lord in the pulpit, and out of it a theological professor, a lecturer on sociological and reform questions, as well as on every phase of country life, on travel, history, biography, science, village improvement, sanitation, public education, and so on, a leader of the farmer into the new rural civilization." To which it should be added that in the city the minister is expected to be a society man in addition, above all an accomplished dinner-out.

Now the minister's salary, whatever its size, is usually spent for him by other persons. His congregation dictates the "suitable" place in which he must live, the "style" level of his life, the contributions he must make to all charitable and reform enterprises, the organizations which he must join, and the manner in which he must uphold the honor of his parish. All such things cost money. The minister is edu-

cated usually to the level of appreciation of literature, art and music, and these things as a rule he can not afford.

The churches rightly demand intellectual adequacy of their pastors. They want character, executive ability, tactfulness and pulpit ability of a high order properly enough. But they need to be reminded that really great men are scarce in any occupation, that such pastors as was Cuyler are rare, that there are many preachers but rarely a Beecher or a Brooks, many scholars but rarely a Park, and many finished writers but rarely a Channing. The churches need to remember also that such a remarkable combination of qualities as they are prone to seek for their pulpits would get in education \$5,000 or more a year, and in law or medicine \$1,000 or more a month. The average salary of the ministers of the whole country is \$663 a year, and in the rural regions it is \$90 less. Very reasonably may the demand be made for a salary these days of at least \$1,000 for the country clergyman.—*Boston Herald.*

"No one is a wholesome, helpful member of society who can not be alone and be in good company. Society may well shun the man or woman who shuns the 'quiet hour.' The eternal quest for company and diversion is a sure sign of either emptiness or badness. There is no great life without meditation."

Free speech is to a great people what winds are to ocean and malarial regions. They waft away elements of disease, and bring in elements of health. Where free speech is stopped, miasma is bred, and death comes fast.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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DEATHS

LEWIS.—Calvin Dudley, son of Dudley B. and Elvira J. Goss Lewis, was born at Glastonbury, Conn., February 22, 1836, and died at his home in Ledyard, Conn., February 5, 1913, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

He was the eldest and last of a family of nine children, whose ancestors were among the early settlers at Voluntown, Conn. He became a member, in early manhood, of the First Hopkinton Church at Ashaway, R. I., and always retained his membership there, although living near Alfred, N. Y., for a number of years, and later returning to Connecticut. He was married to Mary E. Austin of Rockville, R. I., November 8, 1858.

Two daughters were born to them. Sarah Adelia, who died in infancy, and Jessie Fremont Rasie, who with his wife survives him.

CRANDALL.—Roswell A. Crandall, son of Welcome B. and Emily Dowse Crandall, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., October 15, 1831, and died at Milton Junction, Wis., January 31, 1913, being in the eighty-second year of his age.

He was married September 3, 1853, to Juliette Crandall of Brookfield, and there they first made their home. When their first child was about two years old they came west, settling at Walworth, Wis. During the Civil War they started for Minnesota but, owing to the unsettled condition of the country, they thought it not wise to continue the journey at that time; so they halted in the Rock River vicinity and spent a year or so on a farm there. At the close of the war they proceeded to Minnesota where Mr. Crandall took up a homestead. After six or eight years' residence there, where they endured the hardships of pioneer life incident to those early days on a Minnesota prairie, they again came back to Walworth to live. In 1890 they removed to Milton Junction, where they have since made their home, surrounded by their children and grandchildren who have comforted them in their declining years by their love and care.

Mr. and Mrs. Crandall lived together nearly sixty years, maintaining a Christian home which has always been an influence for good in the community, and which has stamped its character upon the homes established by their children.

In early life Mr. Crandall was baptized and joined the Seventh-day Baptist church at Brookfield. Wherever he went he joined the local church of that faith, assisting in the organization of Transit Church in Minnesota. He died in the fellowship of the Milton Junction Church. He was a good citizen, quiet and law-abiding. He was one of that class of sturdy, honest pioneers which settled this Middle West—a class which is rapidly passing on; men who wrought well in their day, and who set a standard of citizenship which the present generation should seek to maintain.

For many years Mr. Crandall has been in feeble health, and in his last sickness

he expressed repeatedly his desire to go. He had his desire. His death is the first to break in his immediate family, and of his twenty-nine descendants but two have died, a grandchild and a great-grandchild. His children are Mrs. E. O. Crandall, Mrs. O. G. Crandall, Mrs. Geo. E. Coon, and John B. Crandall, all of Milton Junction, Mrs. F. O. Burdick of Boulder, Colo., and Sherman Crandall of Broadhead. He is also survived by two brothers, William C. Crandall of Boulder, Colo., and Paul B. Crandall of Walworth.

Funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. A. J. C. Bond. Interment was made in the Milton Junction Cemetery. A. J. C. B.

HURLEY.—Bertha A., daughter of Lewis A. and Sylvia (Bailey) Hurley, was born in Welton, Iowa, October 29, 1878, and died in Welton, February 6, 1913.

October 29, 1903, she was united in marriage with Zuriel Campbell. The husband, three little children, her father, stepmother, one brother and sister, together with a large circle of relatives, remain to mourn their loss.

When eleven years of age she gave her heart to the Saviour in a public profession of faith, and in July, 1889, was baptized and united with the Welton Seventh-day Baptist Church. She maintained a constant and consistent Christian life to the time of her death. All who knew her respected her, and those who knew her best loved her. She will be greatly missed in the community where all but a few years of her life were spent.

Funeral services, held on Sabbath afternoon, February 8, were largely attended. GEO. W. B.

TULBERG.—Mrs. Esther Priscilla (Hall) Tulberg was born in Transit, Sibley Co., Minn., June 11, 1873, and died in New Auburn, February 8, 1913.

She was converted and baptized and joined the New Auburn Seventh-day Baptist Church when about sixteen years of age. She was married to Peter O. Tulberg on April 14, 1890, and leaves the husband and four living children. She has been afflicted with tuberculosis of the lungs for some years past. Except for her family's sake she was quite willing to die. She prayed not only for herself but for her family and for others. She died in the hope.

Funeral services were conducted by the pastor, Eld. M. Harry, and the remains laid to rest in the New Auburn Cemetery, awaiting the great resurrection. M. H.

Each man has to seek out his own special aptitude for a higher life in the midst of the humble and inevitable reality of a daily existence.—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mickey, what is it?" "Sure, it's the hole in the kittle, mum."—*Exchange.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON IX.—MARCH 1, 1913.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.

Lesson Text.—Gen. xv, 1-21; xvii, 1-8.

Golden Text.—"He is faithful that promised." Heb. x, 23.

First-day, Gen. xv, 1-21.

Second-day, Gen. xvi, 1-16.

Third-day, Gen. xvii, 1-14.

Fourth-day, Gen. xvii, 15-27.

Fifth-day, Rom. iii, 21-iv, 8.

Sixth-day, Rom. iv, 9-25.

Sabbath day, Jas. ii, 14-26.

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

Thought She Knew Him.

A short time ago a surgeon had three leg amputations in a week. The unusual number caused talk in the surgeon's household, and his little daughter Dorothy was greatly interested. A few days after the last operation the surgeon's wife and little Dorothy were rummaging in the attic. In a trunk was found a daguerreotype depicting a girl about eight years of age. The portrait, through a peculiarity of pose, showed only one leg of the subject, the other being doubled up under her.

"Whose picture is that, 'mamma?" asked Dorothy.

"Mine. It was taken when I was a child not much older than you are now."

"Did you know papa then?"

"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"I thought maybe you did, 'cause you've only got one leg."—*The Delineator*.

"A selfish man can be neither good nor great."

"Believe in others and they will believe in you."

"Do your best; leave the rest."

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

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, 450 Audubon Ave. (between 187th & 188th Sts.), Manhattan.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock, preaching at 3. Everybody welcome.

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.

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isn't much,---but multiply it by seven
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The Sabbath Recorder

RETROSPECT.

Not all which we have been
Do we remain,
Nor on the dial-hearts of men
Do the years mark themselves in vain;
But every cloud that in the sky hath passed,
Some gloom or glory hath upon us cast;
And there have fallen from us as we traveled,
Many a burden of an ancient pain—
Many a tangled cord hath been unraveled,
Never to bind our foolish heart again.
Old loves have left us lingeringly and slow,
As melts away the distant strain of low
Sweet music—waking us from troubled dreams,
Lulling to holier ones—that dies afar
On the deep night, as if by silver beams
Claspt to the trembling breast of some charmed star.
And we have stood and watched all wistfully,
While fluttering hopes have died out of our lives,
As one who follows with a straining eye
A bird that far, far off fades in the sky,
A little rocking speck—now lost; and still he strives
A moment to recover it—in vain;
Then slowly turns back to his work again,
But loves and hopes have left us in their place,
Thank God! a gentle grace,
A patience, a belief in his good time,
Worth more than all earth's joys to which we climb.
—Edward Rowland Sill.

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