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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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WHOLE NO. 3,548.

The "Blue Sky" Law.

There is an item going the rounds of the associated press, concerning the law just passed in Vermont to safeguard its citizens against imposition by representatives of certain investment companies canvassing for stock among the people. We like it, and believe many RECORDER readers will like it, too.

The so-called "Blue Sky" law adopted in Kansas, which gives the State the power to shut out all undesirable investment companies and to turn the light on those already within its borders, became a law in Vermont by the approval of Governor Fletcher.

In future the bank commissioner must investigate and license all companies seeking to obtain investments from citizens of Vermont.

Kansas and Vermont are the only States that have adopted the "Blue Sky" law, although a similar act is now pending in the Massachusetts Legislature.

Many a hard-working man has reason today to regret that some such law had not been in force in his own State, to safeguard him against imposition and to save him from becoming a victim to some far-away investment company that promised almost fabulous profits if he would invest money in it. All over the land we find those who have been overpersuaded by promoters to invest money in some speculative enterprise, and when once in have been induced to subscribe again and again until in some cases the investments have run into thousands. Almost without exception, so far as we can see, the bottom has fallen out and the investors have lost their money.

One sad feature of such cases is, that whenever a necessity comes for special efforts to raise funds for our schools or for any good cause, those who do the soliciting constantly run up against those who would gladly give if they had not been persuaded to place so much money where it was lost, or buried without income for long years. Thus the cause of God is handicapped. What a blessing it would be if state laws safeguarded the people against promoters of bogus enterprises and doubtful speculations.

But there is one rule, which, if carefully

observed, would save many from becoming victims. In most cases, if one stops to think carefully, he will see that millions upon millions of dollars are constantly waiting chances for investment where good profits are assured. The men owning these millions are far-seeing, shrewd business men, who are constantly watching every section of the two Americas, ready to step in wherever such chances exist. In every great city, in every oil country or mining district—everywhere that opportunities to invest with sure profit offer themselves—these financiers have their agents. And in almost every case where far-away companies claim to have such golden opportunities, if the stock were one half as gilt-edged as is represented, there are enough large investors ready to quickly take every share of stock at par; and agents would not have to go, time and time again, hundreds of miles away and beg strangers to take it at fifty cents on a dollar! A little thinking in this line would save many persons from sinking their hard-earned money.

Saving Power of the Old Gospel.

Every effort to bring men into line with the truth that saves, which overlooks the old-fashioned appeal to conscience, whether it is called an effort by scientific methods or by legislative enactments, is lacking in the essential power that, in all ages, has been effective in bringing the human race up to higher planes of living. The fact that a scientific age actually necessitates a clothing of religious knowledge in scientific garb, and makes necessary a restatement of many truths in modern language, does not in the least relieve us of the necessity of appealing to the heart and conscience of the sinner with the pungent message of truths that have always proved themselves to be the resistless forces of God among sinful men.

No matter by what method or in what language the appeals are made; no matter on what scientific grounds they may be based; no matter how faultlessly modern; the appeal that overlooks the fundamental

law of conscience—the great fact of God's speaking to the soul—must, by so much, be powerless. Sin is always essentially the same. Nothing but the voice of God in the soul can bring sinful man to repentance and to a righteous life. It can not be done by softening or palliating sin. It can not be brought about by mere human culture, nor by civil laws with penal clauses. The old-fashioned way of calling men back to God, of appealing to the heart by the searching messages of a great God who sees and knows what is in man, is still the all-essential element in gospel preaching. It is this that wins men from ways of sin to lives of righteousness. With this one essential thing in view, the preacher who exalts it most perfectly—by whatever formula, or illustration, or modern dress he may enforce his thoughts—is the one who will bring souls to God.

Under Both Grace and Law.

A lone Sabbath-keeper in the West writes: "We wish sometime you could print in the SABBATH RECORDER something concerning the question, Are we living under grace or the law? We have been informed by several around here that we need not obey the law, for we are living under grace. We would like to be able to answer those who hold this view."

The Bible itself is the best answer to this question. Jesus said: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled" (Matt. v, 17, 18). A man fulfils the law of his country when he obeys it by keeping all its precepts. So Christ fulfilled the law of God by conscientious obedience. He did not take it away, but kept his Father's commandments, and urged his disciples to follow him. He even spoke of the "jot" and "tittle"—the merest dot, and littlest letter—of the law, and thus declared that they should be binding upon men till heaven and earth pass. To what law did Jesus refer? All Bible scholars agree that he spoke of the moral law of God, called the Ten Commandments.

How did his followers understand the matter? After Christ had been crucified, we find them resting on the Sabbath day

"according to the commandment" (Luke xxiii, 56). All through the Acts of the Apostles we find them in synagogues, in homes, and by the riverside where prayer was wont to be made, still keeping the Sabbath according to the law, as their Master had done. They must have remembered the Master's words, "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the law to fail." Some of them were by when a young man asked Jesus what he must do to be saved, and the Master's reply could not easily be forgotten,—"If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Then again they must have remembered when a lawyer put to Christ the question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The significant answer, "What is written in the law? how readest thou?" must have impressed them with the importance of the law, even in the economy of grace.

According to the prophets Christ's mission was to magnify the law and make it honorable (Isa. xlii, 21) and this he did, as we can see, by the emphasis placed upon it by New Testament writers. Paul and James and Peter and John understood very well that the gospel of grace through the Son was not contrary to the law of the Father. They taught that instead of freeing us from the obligation to keep the moral law of the Father, Christ brings rebellious man back into subjection to that law. He makes a great mistake who supposes that Christians are not still subject to the law of God. According to Paul it is the *carnal* mind that is not subject to the law of God. Those who are not subject to this law are declared to be at enmity against God (Rom. viii, 7). James urged men to fulfil the royal law according to the Scriptures, and taught that to break one commandment made man a transgressor of the law (James ii, 8-11). Paul teaches the binding force of the law in many passages: "Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy and just and good" (Rom. vii, 12). "I consent unto the law that it is good" (Rom. vii, 16). "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man" (Rom. vii, 22). "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law" (Rom. iii, 31).

Paul evidently realized the binding force of the law, and its condemnation that rested upon the sinner. He knew that the law was still in force because it convinced him of sin. And without the law there is no

sin. It was the curse of the law that Christ removes from the sinner and not the law itself. If this had been done away with, there would be no curse.

The new covenant, so far from doing away with the law, placed it in the hearts of men and made them realize its binding force more than ever. Thus, as soon as man realizes that he has transgressed law, he is immediately self-condemned; and were it not for grace that provides a way of escape, he must remain condemned as a transgressor of God's law. All men are conscious still of being amenable to the law of Jehovah. Violated law condemns them just as it did Paul, and they too may thank God that under grace they are delivered from the curse through Christ.

The law of God is still the standard by which sin is revealed, for "by the law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. iii, 20) today as in the day of Paul; hence, it follows that the law is the rule of life and must be until the end of time. This too is in harmony with the teaching of John the Revelator, who wrote about the saved in heaven as being those who had kept the commandments. "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus" (Rev. xiv, 12). The law holds to the end. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. xxii, 14). We must not overlook the fact that Paul wrote of two laws. One was the moral law, or as James called it, the royal law, contained in the Ten Commandments and covering duties to God and to man. Of this law Jesus spoke and the apostles wrote as indicated above. It is binding to all time. It can not pass away. It was given by God to man and must always be true.

The other law of which the apostles wrote was the ceremonial law, established by Moses, full of types pointing to Christ. It is often called the ceremonial law, and contained the shadow of good things to come. It typified the coming Saviour by sacrificial offerings, and it established ceremonial festivals and sabbaths entirely different from the weekly Sabbath of the moral law. The New Testament abounds in references to these two laws, and makes clear distinctions between them. The one code is called "the law of carnal commandments" (Heb. vii, 16) and "the handwriting

of ordinances," "which was contrary to us," and "which was nailed to the cross and taken out of the way" (Col. ii, 14). The other code is the "royal law" of James, "the law that is spiritual" of Paul, and the law of which Christ said: "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the law to fail."

Surely these two codes should never be confounded. The law of types and ceremonies passed away when Christ, to whom they pointed, came. But the moral law—or Ten Commandments—was in no sense ceremonial. It was magnified by Christ. He observed it to his dying day, and taught his children to obey it. We are living under grace indeed, but not a grace that makes void the law of Jehovah.

Successful, Yet Not Successful.

I saw the statement, "A minister may be successful, yet not successful." The words are paradoxical, nevertheless true. Suppose one serves a large church with an air that says, "I have come to do all I can for you," and the people let him do it. He is generous, large-hearted, spiritual and strong, and carries all the burdens himself. He is really a slave to his people, relieving them of all the work so far as he can, and is pronounced a success. Another is scholarly, brilliant, cultured, eloquent, and serves with an air that says to his people, "Here am I, do all you can for me," and they do it. They are proud of him and give him unstinted praise. They are pleased when those of other churches speak well of him, and are delighted when the papers applaud and exalt their minister. He too is regarded as a great success. But here is a third man, modest, unassuming, self-forgetful. He is not eloquent, but is a sympathetic, helpful teacher, whose love for men is seen at every turn. Everything about him seems to say, "I hold up my Saviour for you to love; do all you can for him." The people are touched as by the finger of God. Their vision of duty is enlarged. The spirit of missions revives, souls are born again, candidates for the ministry offer themselves, and the rank and file unite in loving service for human betterment and the salvation of souls. The pastor makes no great stir, but he brings things to pass. His people do all they can for Christ. Which of these three is truly successful?

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Mexico's Abominable Assassinations.

So far as we have seen, the editors of papers on both sides the Atlantic can scarcely find adequate words to express the horror of the people of Christendom over the outrageous and cowardly assassination of the deposed president and vice-president of Mexico. It was a most dastardly crime, revealing the brutal character of Mexican leaders as nothing else has ever done. The entire people of America and countless thousands in Europe are burning with righteous indignation.

It is simply out of the question for General Huerta to make people believe that the midnight murder was anything but a deliberate plan to get rid of rivals to the presidency. The two Maderos and Suarez were victims of treachery too outrageous to be tolerated by civilized nations. And now the reports come that more than ninety soldiers, "Maderistas" as they call them, have been summarily shot, and that a United States consul in northern Mexico has been threatened with death. We know not how true this is, but people now are prepared to hear anything in the line of outrageous crime from Mexico.

We do not wonder that the governor of Texas, the legislatures of several States are arousing and speaking forth in no uncertain words against Huerta and warning the powers in Mexico against laying hands on any Americans who may be there.

It is doubtful if the people of Mexico will long endure the savage and summary methods by which the "iron rule" disposed of Francisco I. Madero and Pino Suarez. While it will be a horror in the eyes of all civilization, it will be especially so to the United States; for it came as an immediate and ferocious refusal to grant the humane treatment of the prisoners just requested by President Taft. There can be no question that the midnight crime of February 22 has aroused in many minds an impulse toward avenging the atrocity and making it impossible for such things to occur. "It was needless, cowardly, brutal, and cynically defiant of the sentiment of the world," especially so of the expressed wish of this country through its chief executive.

Nevertheless it must not be allowed to precipitate intervention on the part of the United States. It is a crime of a foreign country, committed against one of its own citizens. While it is proper to make Mexico understand that we abhor her brutality, it would not be proper to interfere unless American citizens there are in peril. One thing is sure: this tragedy will not hasten the recognition of the new régime in Mexico, by the nations of the world. Huerta ought to be made to feel this most keenly. Until he is able to persuade the Mexican people that he is innocent, and to satisfy them regarding the Judas-like manner in which he betrayed Madero and put him out of the way, he need not expect other peoples to recognize his government as valid.

Madero's Ideals Still Cherished.

When Mexicans recover from the shock of this revolution and take a second sober thought, it will be found that Madero's ideals are still cherished. The pent-up unrest that resulted in sending Porfirio Diaz out of the country and placing Francisco Madero at the head, had its roots too deep down in the hearts of the people to be quickly forgotten. It was a long-standing protest against absolutism, breaking out two years ago and trying to throw off the yoke of tyranny, and now the people are not likely to be satisfied, with a return of a more brutal absolutism under the guise of democracy. There will be a reaction, and although Madero failed and fell because his practices were not equal to his principles, still his country will cherish his ideals. His theories of government were the soundest ever known in Mexico, and we shall be disappointed if the people do not rally once more around the standard of constitutional government for which he stood. He was an honest man, far above the Judas Iscariot who betrayed him; but so much of a "dreamer" as to be unable to carry out his plans. If his people could have been filled with his spirit of orderly, national self-government, the outcome would have been very different. The only hope for Mexico lies in the fulfilment of his designs and the adoption of the policy for which he stood. It was his ambition to make a peaceful popular government outrival the government of terrorism through which peace was outwardly secured by his predecessor. If his attempt to do this shall inspire the hearts of the people of Mexico to strive for

the ideals he cherished, Francisco Madero will not have gone to his death in vain. There is little hope for Mexico if, in this enlightened age, she is willing to settle down under the iron hand of the man who has brought this disgrace upon her, and who has drenched her soil with blood by the hands of assassins. The name of Huerta will go down the ages as a synonym of treachery. The mere putting Madero out of his way will avail but little. Madero's ideals of representative, constitutional government are bound to live long after Huerta has met his doom.

President Taft has only one more week to hold the reins of government. Then he is to accept a chair in Yale. He expresses the hope that he may there inculcate in the minds and hearts of America's young men sincere respect for law. He says: "If I can help the men of Yale to know the value of our institutions, and to appreciate the danger of accepting every nostrum that is offered and of abandoning these foundations, without which our government could not have been, I will be thrice content." No man in this country is better qualified to do this than William H. Taft.

At noon, February 22, Secretary Knox announced that the income tax amendment to the Constitution came into effect. This is the first amendment made to the Federal Constitution since forty-five years ago when slavery was abolished.

The Senate has authorized its library committee to determine as to the correct version of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and to report to that body. It is proposed to reproduce this speech in the main hall of the Lincoln Memorial, which Congress has just authorized to be constructed in Potomac Park, Washington. Inaccuracies were published in some versions of the Gettysburg speech, since Lincoln used notes in its delivery. But a year or so after it was delivered, he wrote out in full the address as he wanted it to go down in history. There is a facsimile of this version in one of the biographies of Lincoln.

Another case of miscarriage of justice has just come to light in Connecticut. Two Italians were sent to state prison more than three years ago for murder, to serve from ten to fourteen years. Now it turns out

that they were both innocent. An Italian who returned to Italy has written a confession that he and another man did the shooting for which the two men in prison were convicted. The saddest feature of the case is that the wife and two children of one of the prisoners have died from starvation.

The operators of the wireless (now called the radio) naval station at Newport, R. I., were surprised to hear strains of "Marching Through Georgia" while adjusting their apparatus to the radio station at Arlington, Va. They thought their ears were deceiving them until they learned later that at Sayville, L. I., a wireless telephone station had been making tests using that song. The Newport fellows not only heard the song distinctly, but heard the operator say, "Did you get it?"

The papers of Wednesday morning, February 26, bring the news that the widow and mother of the murdered Madero, together with his father and uncle, have fled from Mexico on board a Cuban gunboat. The women were escorted to Vera Cruz in a private car by the Cuban minister to Mexico. Great care was taken to conceal the identity of the refugees. Their final destination is Europe.

Huerta, evidently awakened to the gravity of the situation, has liberated most of the Maderistas taken prisoners when Madero was overthrown, among whom is the ex-president's private secretary. It is also claimed that an amnesty proclamation has been sent out to all who will submit to his rule. Rewards by way of promotion in office have also been handed out.

The spirit of the old régime is shown by Huerta's order to remove the Madero portraits from the palace and return those of Porfirio Diaz to their old places.

The report is also current that Carlos Madero, brother of the two murdered Maderos, has declared his purpose to lead the thousands who loved his brother, in a warfare to the death, to avenge the murders.

There are, however, many signs that most of the provinces in Mexico will submit to the dictator's iron rule.

Friedrich Franz Friedmann, the noted German physician who is said to have discovered a sure cure for tuberculosis, landed in New York from London, on February 25. He comes to America to demon-

strate the efficacy of his cure. The United States Government had a representative at the dock to meet Doctor Friedmann, and the Doctor says this government has given him official recognition. He has arranged for laboratory experiments with his tuberculosis bacilli, under the supervision of government officials and surgeons.

Still another Antarctic tragedy is reported, so soon after the sad news of the death of Scott and his friends. This time it is the Mawson expedition that suffers. Doctor Mertz, a Swiss, and Lieut. B. E. S. Ninnis, an Englishman, are the victims. No particulars are yet at hand as to how they lost their lives.

It is further stated that Dr. Douglas Mawson and six men of the expedition failed in some way to connect with the ship before she had to sail, and are therefore left in the Antarctic regions where they must abide another year. The oncoming ice compelled the ship to leave before they could reach it. The Mawson expedition is out for purely scientific purposes, rather than for exploration. The affair has cast a gloom over England and Australia. The expedition started from Australia.

A Query.

REV. E. ADELBERT WITTER.

Let me say to begin with that I have been very much interested in all that I have seen of the writings of Mr. Moore and Mr. Wilcox with reference to their visit to Africa. They have certainly given us many interesting pictures of that trip and the conditions they found, as well as the religious state of those who had been represented to us as thoroughgoing Seventh-day Baptists. It seems to me that none of our people can now be without some definite feeling about the opportunity that has been opened up to us in that dark continent and the work that is possible for us to do there.

I have greatly wondered that the whole matter has been treated with such profound indifference as would seem from the want of any word of commendation or recommendation on the part of the boards or the Joint Committee. I have been moved again and again to express my own convictions upon the matter, but thought best to wait till such time as the boards should speak some word and make some suggestion. I

know that there are others better able to give helpful expression upon this great question, who have felt much as I have. It is possible that the boards and Joint Committee feel that their work is done, for the present at least, or till such time as the people shall give expression to their convictions and propose to the boards some line of action. If this be so, is it not time that the people began to speak? Certainly it is not in keeping with wisdom that so important a matter should be dropped so unceremoniously. An editorial in the RECORDER of January 27 will help us to understand that the RECORDER is looking to the people for expression upon the matter of work in Africa.

In the RECORDER of February 3 is a letter from N. O. Moore written to Edwin Shaw in answer to certain questions that Mr. Shaw had asked him. I read with much interest that article and wish it were possible for all our people to read it and reread it till they could fully digest its every expression, and they would be moved, like the prophet of old, to take it with them into the sanctuary of their most holy devotions and there with it spread out before them ask the Lord to help them in their study of the various propositions till they should come in the spirit of the blessed Master to act upon every suggestion therein made.

While there are many things in that letter that were of great interest to me, there is one expression that stays with me, about which I wish to raise a query at this time. Mr. Moore said: "We profess to believe thoroughly and sincerely in the Sabbath and the command to preach the Gospel to all nations, yet we are worrying over whether we ought to establish a mission or not. I guess our belief isn't as strong as we profess. Or maybe it is because we don't believe that keeping the Sabbath is essential to salvation." While there is much meat for thought in the suggestion that we are not as much of a missionary people as we have professed to be, I want to emphasize the thought that the last sentence quoted suggests the possibility that we do not believe in keeping the Sabbath to be essential to salvation. Is it possible that this is uncovering a reason why we are not making growth as a people? Is it answering the question why so many of our brightest and most capable young people are leaving the faith of the fathers? Is

it possible that as a people we are wanting in that appreciation of the Sabbath that makes it essential to salvation? I wish every one to whom this query comes would take time to consider it until he can answer it honestly to himself. Certainly if we can not answer it in the affirmative, then we should pull down our colors and run up the ensign that will represent our soul's truest convictions. Such a stand is necessary to develop the best that is within us and make of us efficient laborers together with God for the saving of mankind.

Adams Center, N. Y.,

Feb. 25, 1913.

A Good Letter.

The following letter from a former friend and parishioner, singer and teacher in our good old young days in Minnesota is so full of suggestive ideas for the lone Sabbath-keepers' work, that it merits a place in the RECORDER and a wider reading than that of a personal letter.

G. M. C.,

General Secretary.

Rev. G. M. Cottrell:

DEAR BROTHER:—Some time ago I received the Lone Sabbath-keepers' Directory and thank you for it. It calls to mind what Rev. T. J. Van Horn said when recently writing to him—we had lost track of you, "though absent not forgotten."

I have been a constant subscriber and reader of the RECORDER all these years. Though one hundred and thirty miles from the nearest church of my own faith and belief (the Cartwright Church) I am still Seventh-day Baptist or nothing. No substitute in this case. For a long time I had been thinking of a more perfect organization of our people, even before the "Directory" came out. This is decidedly an advanced step and we need more. Why not have a Lone Sabbath-keepers' Church like our other churches? Then it seems to me it would be a good plan to have a central point in each State for accounts, reports, communications, information, etc. In my own experience I have passed through towns where Sabbath-keepers lived and never knew it. Only once in thirteen years have I had the privilege of meeting with my own people. Besides the RECORDER I always have the Good Book—the

"exhaustless Fountain"; have read this precious volume through three times and hope to more.

Why wouldn't it be a good plan for every lone Sabbath-keeper to write to you, and for each one in a State to write to every other one in the same State? Then why not plan for an annual meeting of those in the same State in person or by letter, or oftener? This might lead up to the General Conference with letters to our General Secretary and others and a good strong program. It might result in more of our number going to Conference. The "seven baskets full" that have been saved might be more increased. Then it might be arranged to have some of our ministers, evangelists and laymen present at the state meets. At one time I had hoped the whole family where I boarded would be Sabbath-keepers. At another time a young lady where I was, was looking for Seventh-day Baptists. She then lived in Door County, Wis. I have forgotten the name. There are great possibilities for our people in northern Wisconsin. "Now is the time for these things."

I often think of the good days gone by when you were pastor at Dodge Center, Minn. Those were indeed days of precious memory. I plan to write to Rev. J. H. Hurley, New Auburn, Chippewa Co., Wis. I have been and am still following my old occupation of school-teaching. My health is good and my heavenly Father has not forgotten me, though so unfaithful. I came near going to Auburn, Wis., this year to teach, where Mrs. D. R. Coon lives. So much for the directory. Had I known there were Sabbath-keepers there it would have changed my plans.

Our winter has been mild and pleasant. Once since I have lived here Brother A. G. Churchward came to see me. Please remember and pray for me. My sincere regards to you and yours. Believe me, as ever,

Yours in Christian fellowship,

M. T. COLE.

1521 Sixth St. E.,

Ashland, Wis.,

Home 'phone 864.

"If the truthfulness of the Bible lacked evidence, it could easily be supplied from the lives of those who claim to disbelieve it."

SABBATH REFORM

"Reading Falsehoods Into the Bible."

It is related of a distinguished preacher, that he once delivered a famous sermon from the text, "Hear the church." In a great convention in London Archdeacon Farrar related this incident to show the folly of those who take mere fragments of sentences from the Bible for texts, regardless of their setting in the context. In this connection Mr. Farrar explained that there is no such text in the Bible; it is only a fragment of a verse. To use it in such a sense as that indicated in the sermon would be really reading a falsehood into the Bible.

Archdeacon Whately, speaking of the same matter, said: "He might just as well have taken the text, 'Hang all the law and the prophets,' as to have taken the one he did."

This is a good illustration of the way too many ministers trifle with the Bible and with the souls who look to them for spiritual guidance. It is sad indeed to see one claiming to be an ambassador for Christ really falsifying the message his Master has sent to his people. It would be considered a crime for an ambassador of this nation to misrepresent and misinterpret the messages of his government sent to another people. Is it any less criminal to falsify the messages sent by the King of kings? Yet this is all too common. In many cases it may be done unwittingly, but the damage to the cause, the leading astray of the King's servants, is just as disastrous as though the false teachings were intentional on the part of the teachers. The catastrophe is just as great to the blind man who falls into the ditch while following a blind leader, as it would be if his fall were due to wilful misrepresentations. We do not see how some men can plead ignorance for their glaring inconsistency in the use of many Scripture passages contrary to their clear teachings. Here are some common examples of texts which are constantly being perverted.

If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine

own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Isaiah lviii, 13, 14.

And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. Mark ii, 27.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day. Revelation i, 10.

There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God. Hebrews iv, 9.

All these passages and many others are quoted time and again, and preached upon as though they, together with their contexts, referred to Sunday! Thus people from their childhood are being persistently misled by those who teach untruths. This is reading falsehood into the Bible.

Again, we have seen where learned scholars, those who clamor for Sunday laws instead of God's law, quote Nehemiah xiii, 15-22, and describe it as "Nehemiah's Sunday law"!

In those days saw I in Judah some treading wine-presses on the sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and lading asses; as also wine, grapes, and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem on the sabbath day: and I testified against them in the day wherein they sold victuals. There dwelt men of Tyre also therein, which brought fish, and all manner of ware, and sold on the sabbath unto the children of Judah, and in Jerusalem. Then I contended with the nobles of Judah, and said unto them, What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the sabbath day? Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the sabbath. And it came to pass, that when the gates of Jerusalem began to be dark before the sabbath, I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the sabbath: and some of my servants set I at the gates, that there should no burden be brought in on the sabbath day. So the merchants and sellers of all kinds of ware lodged without Jerusalem once or twice. Then I testified against them, and said unto them, Why lodge ye about the wall? if ye do so again, I will lay hands on you. From that time forth came they no more on the sabbath. And I commanded the Levites that they should cleanse themselves, and that they should come and keep the gates, to sanctify the sabbath day.

Think of it! Does it not seem like sacrilege for religious leaders holding, largely, the destiny of souls in their hands to teach men that this is a Sunday law? Think of Bible scholars praying God, on the strength of this passage, to give our cities such rulers to enforce "our sabbath laws"!

Many do these things thoughtlessly. But

in view of Bible teachings and the light they have, it seems little short of inexcusable carelessness. If these things are done by men who know better, in order to twist Scriptures into a support of Sunday instead of God's holy day, there can be no milder judgment passed upon their deeds than that they read falsehood into the Bible.

Nearly every week we see where men bewail the evils that have come upon the nations that are becoming sabbathless. And yet these same writers are doing their utmost to profane the very day God has blessed and the day Jesus kept. May it not still be true that because men have forsaken the Sabbath "God brings all this evil upon us"? May it not still be needful that the "Levites should cleanse themselves" and "sanctify the sabbath day"?

Making Progress.

It is evident that the efforts for Sunday legislation in California are not meeting with great success. Indeed, the opposition to religious legislation is so great that we shall be much surprised if any law is passed. This opposition does not come from religious bodies alone, but even the labor organizations protest against naming any particular day in the law. They insist on allowing employes and employed to settle the question of what day to rest in, entirely for themselves, and they strenuously object to the State's naming Sunday as the enforced rest day. They know very well that back of this, in the hearts of the church leaders who are clamoring for it, there is no other motive than to enforce a tenet of religion. They feel sure that the religionists who are responsible for the entire movement would drop the matter quickly if the Sunday element were eliminated and only one day's rest in seven were the issue. These masks covering the real purpose, carefully designed to hide the religious intent, have signally failed. Everybody knows that enforced Sabbath-keeping is the one purpose in the hearts of such men as the leaders of the National Reform Association, no matter by what deceptive names they try to disguise the fact. The majority in America do not favor such a law. The chances for securing one in California, and in other places as well, are growing less every day; and the progress

of the constitutional right and principle of religious liberty is evidently gaining ground.

This fact, especially in the case of California, is significant. That State is being made a sort of test battle-ground, on which the Sunday law forces of the nation are being concentrated. A defeat for Sunday legislation there means much more than the winning of a mere local or state victory for religious liberty. In an important sense it bespeaks great progress in the entire country for the fundamental principle,—freedom of conscience for the individual.

The hearing before the Legislature, in the Assembly Chamber at Sacramento, when the Pacific Religious Liberty Association, the State Federation of Labor, and others met, in open debate, the advocates of the bill, is spoken of as a "glorious victory for truth and righteousness." There were five strong speakers for freedom, including two rabbis representing the Hebrew organizations, and it was evidently a battle royal. The eyes of legislators were opened, and when, in March, the bill comes up for final action it is hoped that it may be utterly defeated.

In Utah Too.

The Sunday-law question is up in Utah also, and some of the warriors for the truth in California have gone to Salt Lake City to plead for religious freedom. A circular from the scenes of conflict, published by three religious liberty associations, shows something of the arguments being pressed upon the Legislature there. The views held by leaders and founders of several denominations are circulated among the members as follows:

"It is the duty of the civil power to protect Christians against disturbance in their Sabbath worship, but the (civil) power is intruding in divine prerogative when it assumes the right to compel the subject to worship God, or to refrain from those pursuits which do not disturb others. The keeping of the Sabbath is eminently a moral duty, and hence it must be a voluntary service rendered under the pressure of moral suaves only."—*Binney's Theological Compend. (Methodist) p. 173.*

"Your Sunday bills and all other forms of act-of-parliament religion seem to me to be all wrong. Give us a fair field and no

favor; and our faith has no cause to fear. Christ wants no help from Cæsar."—*Spurgeon (Baptist)*.

"Civil magistrates may not assume to themselves the administration of the word and sacraments; or the power of the keys of the kingdom of heaven; or, in the least, interfere in matters of faith. . . . No law of any commonwealth should interfere with, let, or hinder, the due exercise thereof among the voluntary members of any denomination of Christians, according to their own profession and belief."—*Presbyterian Confession of Faith*.

"Let there be no compulsion. I have been laboring for Liberty of Conscience. Liberty is the very essence of faith. We have a right to speak, but none whatever to compel."—*Martin Luther, Lutheran*.

"We believe that religion is instituted of God, and that men are amenable to him, and to him only, for the exercise of it, unless their religious opinions prompt them to infringe upon the rights and liberties of others; but we do not believe that human law has a right to interfere in prescribing rules of worship to bind the consciences of men, nor dictate forms for public or private devotion; that the civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control conscience; should punish guilt, but never suppress the freedom of the soul."—*Sec. 134, par. 4, Appendix, Doctrine and Covenants (Mormon)*.

"American Catholics rejoice in our separation of church and state, and I can conceive no combination of circumstances likely to arise which would make a union desirable, either to church or state."—*Cardinal Gibbons (Roman Catholic), March, 1912, North American Review*.

After calling attention to the wise sayings of these well-recognized leaders, some strong arguments are set forth, among which we note the following:

"We are opposed to these laws because they are opposed to the natural rights of mankind. For this reason, we oppose all legislation enforcing any religious doctrine or instruction on the people. Sunday is a religious institution, and has no other claim for legislation. It is a man's civil right to have any religion he wishes, or no religion, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others.

"Sunday has been declared a legal holiday in this State. (See No. 1145, Compil-

ed Laws of Utah, 1907.) So have other days. Why does the State *compel* rest on Sunday, and not on other days? Because, and only because, of the religious halo that has been placed upon it, such as calling it the Sabbath, etc. It is not the Bible Sabbath, and if it were, man would have no right to enforce it. Religion is a matter of individual conscience toward God. God does not compel any one to observe the Sabbath, or to be baptized, and he has not granted authority to the State to drive people into heaven with the policeman's club.

"Sunday observance is not a civil matter. Men may go fishing, hunting, or follow their usual avocations on that day, and yet be just as civil as those who attend church; but they do not show the same religious form. If a man can support his family and pay his debts, he has a right to rest whenever he chooses, or his needs require, be it by day or by night. The State has no more right to say when a man shall rest by day than to fix the hours of rest at night.

"All Sunday laws are class legislation. The law of this State is not of universal application. Large numbers of people labor on that day. The law exempts "necessary work," but what one calls necessary another will condemn.

"The State has certain claims on the time and property of its citizens, to use for the public good; but when so used, it must give compensation therefor. To compel one to rest on Sunday, 'for public health and good,' contrary to one's wishes, or needs, as he may have conscientiously rested on some other day—if his right of conscience is allowed—would justly entitle him to pay from the State for the time—Sunday—which he is obliged to give up from the pursuit of a livelihood for the 'public good.'

"This is purely religious legislation, and if permitted, it would constitute an undeniable union of church and state. All there is, or ever was, or ever can be, of a union of church and state, is contained in this thing of forcing religious doctrines or practices on the people by means of civil law, and all history has shown that such a union is detrimental to both, as it puts the unprincipled man into office, and brings a flood of hypocrites into the church.

"All Days Outwardly Alike.—There is no real difference between days, other than such distinctions as are due entirely to religious belief and practice. The observ-

ance of any weekly day of rest is based primarily upon the fourth commandment of the Decalogue, which designates the seventh day as the Sabbath. Sunday is the first day of the week, and its observance by Christian sects instead of the true Sabbath is excused on the ground that incidents associated with the Christian religion occurred on Sunday. The true Sabbath was designated by God himself, while the spurious substitute was presumptuously invented by men and is popularly but erroneously observed in the place of the true Sabbath.

"Provinces of Church and State.—All men by nature possess equal rights, whether composing a majority or a minority of the members of society. The Church is rightfully given free rein to acquire adherents by logical presentation of any proofs it may possess of the truth of its doctrines; but it has no right to coerce men or women in their religious opinions, or to compel the outward observance of religious ceremonials. Sunday-keeping is a religious practice, hence the church has no just claims upon the state to demand from its citizens the observance of Sunday or any other day in any manner repugnant to the wishes or religious convictions of any member of society affected thereby.

"Civil government has no right to dictate in religion. The state has control only of civil relationship, and was ordained to sustain each citizen in the enjoyment of unrestricted liberty, so long as he does not interfere with the equal rights of any other citizen. The state may set apart holidays when its citizens shall be entitled to exemption from employment, *if they so desire*, but the state can not justly declare that any citizen *shall* refrain from labor or any useful occupation on *any* day of the week. Nor can the state prescribe how any citizen shall use his time, when he shall rest, or when he shall labor. Any mingling of church and state in the administration of civil government is alike harmful to both church and state. The church must not dictate in civil matters, and the state must not dictate in religion."

"Rum is about the only thing in the world that will make a father pawn his baby's shoes. The saloon is sure to rob fathers of their manhood and homes of their comforts."

Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, February 9, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Stephen Babcock in the chair.

Members present: Stephen Babcock, J. A. Hubbard, Corliss F. Randolph, Edwin Shaw, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, W. C. Hubbard, Esle F. Randolph, H. N. Jordan, C. W. Spicer, T. L. Gardiner, E. D. Van Horn, J. G. Burdick, Iseus F. Randolph, F. A. Langworthy, J. B. Cottrell, L. A. Worden, A. L. Titsworth.

Visitors: Dean Arthur E. Main, Pres. C. B. Clark, James Clawson, Jacob Bakker, R. C. Burdick.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Edwin Shaw. Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Advisory Committee presented the following report:

The Advisory Committee makes sad but loving mention of a valued member, Charles Clarence Chipman, whose death brings a loss to the committee grievous to be borne.

The committee recommends the following as a substitute for the report that was referred back to it at the January meeting of the Board.

The committee is making plans to carry out as best it can the suggestions made at the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference held at North Loup, Neb., in August, 1912, by the Conference Committee on the Work of the Tract Society in reference to what is called "Field Work" of the Society.

1. The Corresponding Secretary will prepare a circular letter to the pastors of the churches asking that the subject of the Sabbath and the work of the Tract Society be made the theme of at least two sermons during the year.

2. It is also planned to ask the pastors of churches situated in the same locality to exchange pulpits, if convenient, the last of May, and preach sermons calculated to interest the people in the cause of the Sabbath truth—the groups of church to be such as the Rhode Island churches, the western New York churches, and the southern Wisconsin churches, the plan being to leave so far as possible the arrangement of the exchanges entirely in the hands of the local pastors. Similar arrangements will be made for churches more isolated. This will incur no large expense, only that of traveling.

3. The Corresponding Secretary will send a circular letter to the superintendents of the Sabbath schools asking them to prepare special Sabbath services in the school for the week that the pastor or the visiting pastor preaches on the subject of the Sabbath, and that there be two such services during the year.

4. The committee recommends the paying of the traveling expenses amounting to above five dollars of Rev. E. H. Socwell in making a visit

of two weeks from his mission field at Anoka, Minn., in the interests of Sabbath evangelism to New Auburn, Minn., the Treasurer to pay when the committee endorses the account.

5. The committee recommends that one hundred dollars be sent by the Treasurer to Rev. Geo. W. Hills as the Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh-day Baptist Pacific Coast Association to pay his traveling expenses in making visits on that field with the understanding that whatever funds are contributed on the field to him be turned over to the Tract Society up to that amount.

6. The committee recommends that Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn and Rev. Jesse E. Hutchins be employed to spend several weeks, four or more, on the field at Rutland, Vt., caring for the interests in that locality as was done last summer.

7. It also plans to have the gospel tent that was used last summer by J. A. Davidson in southern Illinois put to use on that field or somewhere else, the matter to be arranged in consultation with Secretary Saunders, with Rev. Henry N. Jordan as the leader, and with the local missionary committees.

8. The committee plans to have Corliss F. Randolph, Rev. Henry N. Jordan, and Secretary Shaw visit the German Seventh-day Baptists some time during the spring or summer, the traveling expenses to be paid by the Tract Society.

9. The committee hopes that in consultation with the secretaries of the various denominational Societies and Boards it will be able to send several men for a few weeks to needy fields before the next General Conference, as the men may be found and the fields discovered.

Report adopted.

Voted that a temporary Supervisory Committee be elected to serve until such time as W. M. Stillman and D. E. Titsworth, who are out of town, can resume their duties on the committee.

J. B. Cottrell, C. W. Spicer, and M. L. Clawson were elected such committee.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported sending out 1,084 pages of tracts; two copies *History of the Sabbath and Sunday* sold; seven new subscribers to the SABBATH RECORDER obtained, and that 2,250 RECORDERS are printed each week.

Report adopted.

The Treasurer presented correspondence relating to the bequest of Murilla B. Phillips and explained the same, which was accepted as a report of progress. He also presented correspondence from S. C. Maxson and G. Velthuysen.

The Corresponding Secretary reported having written Mr. D. W. North of Edgerton, Wis., as instructed at the last meeting of the Board.

Voted that through the Corresponding Secretary the Finance Committee of the

General Conference be supplied with a copy of our budget as compiled for the Conference year 1912-13, together with a statement of our financial condition as of December 31, 1912, and advising that any efforts of the committee in assisting the Board to secure the funds will be greatly appreciated.

Voted that the President appoint a committee of three to prepare the program for the Tract Society hour at Conference.

H. N. Jordan, Corliss F. Randolph and E. D. Van Horn were appointed such committee.

Correspondence was received from Mrs. Flora P. Chipman expressing her thanks and appreciation for the beautiful wreath sent by the Board at the time of the farewell service of her husband.

Voted that the Recording Secretary be requested to prepare and incorporate in the minutes of this meeting a tribute to the memory of our late associate and fellow Director, Charles Clarence Chipman, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family.

Voted that E. D. Van Horn, Corliss F. Randolph and T. L. Gardiner be a committee to prepare material on the life of Brother Chipman for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

Correspondence was also received from Rev. John A. Pentz, J. Friend, Rev. D. B. Coon, Rev. E. B. Saunders, Rev. E. H. Socwell, Rev. Geo. W. Hills, W. C. Daland, Allen B. West, D. W. North, Mrs. J. Houghton, Geo. Amon Malinda, Paulos Mhango, Andrew Shaba, Thomas W. Richardson, Gilbert Chihayi, I. Edwin.

Pres. C. B. Clark of Salem College, W. Va., being present, was invited to speak to us, and he presented some views of the good work being done at Salem; some of the needs there; some of the sacrifices made locally to meet these needs, and bespeaking our interest, morally and financially, in the support of Salem College.

Time was given to an informal discussion of some material sent to the RECORDER for publication, and the feeling was expressed that we would support the Editor in the exercise of his judgment concerning its publication.

Voted that the Treasurer be authorized to pay the balance of our appropriation to the Savarese Italian Mission to H. N. Jordan as financial agent.

Minutes read and approved.
Board adjourned.

Charles Clarence Chipman.

In reading through the minutes of the meetings of the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society for the past twenty-two years, with a view to noting the part taken in them and in the work of the Board, by Brother Chipman, it was noticeable toward the last, that he was frequently absent from the meetings, and we all know how our hearts wavered and how we were depressed with the feeling that our brother's health was far from robust, and waning. He last met with us at our meeting held October 13, 1912, and many times before that when present, we felt that his zeal was far outmeasuring his power of endurance.

We realize this more fully when we consider the active part he took in this branch of our denominational work. Brother Chipman was a Director of the Board since 1891, and in 1893 was a member of the Advisory Committee on distributing literature from the New York office located at 100 Bible House, New York City, and in the same year was a member of the Committee on Distribution of Literature at the Chicago World's Fair. In 1894 he was a member of the Committee on Removal of the Publishing House from Alfred, N. Y., to Plainfield, N. J., where it was established January 1, 1895.

He was a member of the Committee on Distribution of Literature since 1895; of the Advisory Committee since 1896; of the Committee on Denominational Files since 1898; of the Committee on Revision of our Constitution and By-laws in 1903-4; chairman of the Committee on Nominations since 1905; Vice-President of the Corporation since 1905; chairman of Conference Committee on Tract Society Work in 1909, and a member of the Joint Committee since 1909, and of the Supervisory Committee since 1910. This represents a great labor of love, which was ever performed with ability, integrity and a controlling conscientiousness.

I feel that no words of mine can so faithfully and eloquently express the combined heart of this Board, as the beautiful tribute to Brother Chipman by our co-director, David E. Titsworth, which appeared in the SABBATH RECORDER February 3, 1913, so I have embodied it as *our* tribute:

Charles Clarence Chipman's friendship was of such a quality that one honors himself by saying, "He was my friend."

It was my high privilege to know, to work with him, and to love him for many years, each succeeding year increasing my respect for him, and strengthening the bonds that bound us together; and I gratefully and affectionately lay this bit of laurel on his casket.

His friends and fellow workers have looked with grave apprehension upon the signs of failing health, and yet when the information came to us that God had called him, it came like a blow to all.

He was a close student of our denominational life and history, with a scholar's faculty for mastering its details. From the vantage height his knowledge gave him, he had clear vision and steadfast hope.

He was strong in his convictions, courageous in action, affectionate and sympathetic, which made him chivalrous for those who held opposing views.

His character was like the cube, square and upright, and like a cube, it had its angles; and those who chanced to strike a corner were prone to think of the angles, overlooking the breadth of its base and the reach and sweep of its perpendicular.

Our denominational activities in every branch have lost an intelligent, active advocate, a loyal staunch supporter, and an indefatigable worker.

We whose privilege it was to work with him, have lost an inspiring colaborer, and a loyal friend; and we cherish his memory with affectionate appreciation.

Why should he be taken when he seemed so much needed, is the cry of stricken hearts, but a tender loving Father knows when his child's task is done, and calls him to his eternal rest.

God grant that to our brother, now freed from the limitations of the flesh, may be granted a new vision, revealing to him the full fruition of his hopes for the people whom he loved.

"Go to thy grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of life and power,
A Christian can not die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour."

Brother Chipman was called home January 20, 1913, and at the farewell services the Board was represented by the Corresponding Secretary Rev. Edwin Shaw who spoke as follows:

Mr. Chipman's death is to me a loss the heaviest of all as a personal bereavement. He was my friend, among the very best I had. I trusted him, I honored him, I loved him. It is not often that one can say all three of these things of the same person, and say them with equal force. I trusted him, because I knew the sterling qualities of his nature, the soundness, prudence, and wisdom of his opinions and judgment. I honored him for the worth and value of what he was and what he did, for the pure untarnishable gold of his character. I loved him because I could not help it, and I would not if I could. His love of truth and right, his love of home and church, his love of doing things for man and for God, his love for friends and his patience with them when they made mistakes and his unbounded faith in the good there was in them,—all these things, but they are mere words.

let me simply say, he was my friend, beloved, another brother.

But in a way I bring today, or try to bring, a tribute of respect and affection and appreciation from a group of people, of whom he was one, banded together by a common definite purpose. Mr. Chipman was a Vice-President of the American Sabbath Tract Society, and a member of its Board of Directors. This position he had held for several years, in fact ever since the Society had been reorganized in its present system of management. He was also a member of several of the important committees of the Board, the Supervisory Committee, the Committee on the Distribution of Denominational Literature, the Committee on Denominational Files, the Advisory Committee, and the Joint Committee.

In all these places of trust he was a most faithful and efficient workman, counting no duty too arduous, no problem too difficult for him to meet and face, if so be it was in the line of helping the cause; counting all sacrifice of time, and care, and effort, as being a delight and a pleasure if thereby the work he loved was promoted.

The Board of Directors as a body, as committees, and as individuals, will sadly need his wise counsel and his sane and sympathetic leadership. We shall sorely miss him at our meetings. We have sustained a great loss. But the inspiration of his quiet, helpful, hopeful life of loving service shall stay with us, and lead us out, and give us strength and courage to carry on the work that was so dear to him.

Our hearts go out especially to the bereaved companion and family and we extend to them our warmest brotherly love and sympathy, trusting the sorrow visited upon them may be assuaged by the memories of his life so nobly lived and closed, and we commend them to the loving care of Him who alone can bring consolation and comfort out of so great grief.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

The Centenary of Livingstone.

Who is this man and why are nations vying with one another to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth? In what regards is the world different than if he had remained at home, a comfortable Scotch minister or doctor, instead of stumbling all his life through the high grasses and the deep mud of Africa with wild beasts and deadly fevers and uncertain savages and cunning slave-dealers threatening him as he went? The difference is that Africa is a known rather than an unknown land, that hundreds of faithful missionaries have followed in his steps, and that the abominations of the slave trade are at an end. Of course, in none of these magnificent achievements does he stand alone.

But his part in all three of them may be said to be greater than that of any other, with the exception, in the case of slavery's end, of Abraham Lincoln. Livingstone himself said that it was Mrs. Stowe who put an end to slavery in America. One expects an encyclopedia to be conservative, and of all the encyclopedias none is more conservative than the great *Britannica*. And this is its estimate of the achievements of David Livingstone: "No single African explorer has ever done so much for African geography as Livingstone during his thirty years' work. His travels covered one-third of the continent, extending from the Cape to near the equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. But the direct gains to geography and science are perhaps not the greatest results of Livingstone's journeys. He conceived, developed and carried out to success a noble and many-sided purpose, with an unflinching and self-sacrificing energy and courage that entitle him to take rank among the great and strong who, single-handed, have been able materially to influence human progress and the advancement of knowledge. His example and his death have acted like an inspiration, filling Africa with an army of explorers and missionaries, and raising in Europe so powerful a feeling against the slave trade that it may be considered as having received its death blow." The London Missionary Society, in sending out its invitation to its friends and supporters to join in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Livingstone's birth, declares: "In the history of modern missions there is no greater name than that of David Livingstone. The memory of his life and character will ever be a precious heritage of the Christian Church. His life's work in opening up Africa led directly to the suppression of the slave trade, and to the entrance of Western civilization and the Christian religion into the remotest recesses of the Dark Continent."—*The Christian Herald*.

Earl Nelson, grandnephew of Lord Nelson of Trafalgar, and member of the House of Peers for sixty-eight years, died in London on February 25. He was ninety years old, and called the Father of the House of Lords. The descendants of the great Admiral were pensioned at \$25,000 a year for three generations, and this death causes that pension to expire.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

"When I Consider Thy Heavens."

The glory of the sunset, then the blue,
The pearl and blue of skies when sun has set—
Pale toward the earth, blue as the zenith yet;
And, 'gainst the paleness, clouds of sunset hue,
And darkening trees, in outlines clear and true.
While these remain, life holds no deep regret;
Their calmness soothes the daytime's care and fret,

"When I consider," courage wells anew.

O gracious Maker! with what quickening power,
As eve descends, and twilight shadows fall,
Thy Spirit to my earth-bound soul doth call.
I answer, in the dear familiar hour,
Claiming celestial kinship as my dower,—
With reverence say, "My Father made them
all!"

—Agnes Rosenkrans, in *Deaconess' Advocate*.

Doctor Crandall Writes of the Work at Lieu-oo.

DEAR FRIENDS IN THE HOMELAND:

This is a dreary, rainy day, but I will take the opportunity to write to the home friends. We are rather glad to have it rain this time because our cisterns are nearly empty and have been so for a long time. As we use rain-water for all purposes, cooking and drinking included, empty cisterns are a real hardship. There have been a few days that we had to use canal water, but we do not like it as well. Of course, all water is boiled and filtered before using, but the rain-water is by far the most clean and palatable. We have a well, but the water comes too near the surface to be very good and it is also somewhat brackish.

Perhaps it would be of interest if I should tell you something of how we spent Christmas. Doctor Palmberg and I both remained in Lieu-oo because we wanted to do something to make the day pleasant for the Chinese. We have a goodly number of Chinese about us in various capacities. Of course, E-ling is usually here, but she spent her Christmas in Shanghai. Besides E-ling our two dispensary helpers also live in the house with us. Up-stairs in the dispensary building Mrs. Koeh and two chil-

dren live. She is the widow of the man who formerly taught the day school and who died of hemorrhage of the lungs just before the Doctor went on her furlough. One of her little girls is in Miss Burdick's school. She superintends the Chinese cooking and helps about sewing.

There are rooms in the end of the dispensary building which Mr. Toong, the native evangelist, and his family occupy. He has four children here and two in the girls' school in Shanghai.

Besides these we have three men on the place. One is old Mr. Koeh, father of the aforesaid teacher, who has charge of the dispensary waiting-rooms. He is very feeble and can do no heavy work. Then there is our house boy and a half-witted fellow, who has an idea he belongs here because this land formerly was his. However, we find him very useful in the garden and about the Chinese kitchen.

All of these, together with my personal teacher and his family, and several relatives of some of the others, we invited to Christmas dinner. The dinner was Chinese, of course, and cooked in Mrs. Koeh's best style and she is a splendid cook.

It is said that the Chinese vie with the French in their ability as cooks. I know very little about French cooking, but I certainly think Chinese food is delicious. Doctor and I eat a Chinese dinner every day and are thriving on it.

We enjoyed our Christmas dinner very much and I trust our guests did also. After the dinner we presented each guest with a little bag, on the outside of which was pasted a pretty card with a Chinese Scripture text and within which were homemade candies, nuts, and fruit.

Our work keeps on in about the same way as formerly. We have had one patient in the house much of the time during the past months. The last one was a crazy girl about eighteen years of age, whom we had the pleasure of seeing regain her reason. The family tell us that great fame has come to us because of this case. We wish there might be a great desire to know the Gospel as a result.

Just now this girl is visiting us a few days. She says that since she recovered they have had many callers in her home to ask about her and how the foreigners treated her. One of the questions asked was, "How many times a day did the foreigners bind and beat you?" They were greatly

surprised when told that she had never been beaten by us.

Just now the one thing which seems to be occupying most of the thought and energies of the Chinese officials is the suppression of the use of, and traffic in, opium. The laws are very strict and the use of the drug has been made a crime. This morning the doctor was telling of a very rich man here in Lieu-oo who had been caught smoking opium. He was arrested by the police who were determined to send him to Soochow where they said he would be killed. But the merchants pleaded for him and they finally decided they would set him free on the payment of a three thousand dollar fine (I have since heard that he finally got off for \$300.00). On the surface this looks as though the officials were very zealous in enforcing the law, but we do not know what may be back of it. Relatives and friends of those in power may not be thus severely treated. Or it may be that there is a zealous desire to get possession of some of this man's money. According to long-established custom it is hardly to be expected that the whole sum will reach the public treasury.

In a way there may be a bit of poetic justice in it all, for this man is a sort of monopolist. He in some manner secured a monopoly of the fish business in town and compels every man who sells fish to give him a share of his profits. As Lieu-oo is a great fish market he has become rich by it.

There will be no need for the Chinese to study unions and trusts in their investigation of Western civilization. They know very well how to acquire monopolies and to make others respect their self-appointed positions.

I met a case of this kind one night in Shanghai. I was sending some goods out to Lieu-oo by a Yang-tse River sailboat. After dark I went to carry a last package to the boat and found that the boatman had already gone to his boat, which was moored far out in the river. My ricksha man found a ferryman who was willing to row me out to the boat and we were just about to start when a woman stepped up and grasping the boat rope refused to let us go, saying that all business belonged to her. We finally got away from her, but when we returned she was still there to demand the fare. I paid my boatman without letting her know how much I gave him

and left them to fight it out. However, I have no doubt she secured part, if not all, of the fare.

Again the last time I came from Shanghai I met the same spirit. The wheelbarrow men at Ka-ding, where we take wheelbarrows, consider that no other man has any right to take passengers from the wharf there. But they do not like to come so far as Lieu-oo very well and whenever they can will exchange with the first man they meet coming from Lieu-oo. The result is that the Ka-ding man goes only a short distance, receives half the fare and we are compelled to use a tired man the greater part of the distance. For that reason I did not want Ka-ding men so I told E-ling who was with me to tell me if she saw any Lieu-oo men. We found two big strong fellows who were glad of the job and engaged them. Nothing was said to us, but there were mutterings among the other wheelbarrow men and E-ling heard one fellow say he would tip me in the canal the first chance he had. So I may have an unexpected bath some day. Maybe I had better wait until warm weather before I go to Shanghai again.

Certain it is that free and open competition doesn't seem to accord with selfish human nature, whatever the color of the skin.

GRACE I. CRANDALL.

Lieu-oo, China,
Jan. 16, 1913.

That Queer Thing Called Happiness.

This morning I laid aside my work and went to walk.

You see, it was this way—in the first place the postman brought me three letters from very unhappy folks. Two were from letter friends. One was unhappy because two men were in love with her and she couldn't decide which she liked best; the other was distressed because her family didn't understand her temperament. The third letter was from a personal friend who bemoaned her miserable fate in having to live in a boarding house where they had too much fish and she couldn't have a private bath.

On top of all this depressing news I had several serious troubles of my own, such as finding that my new waist didn't fit in the back and that one of my best dishes had been chipped.

Wherefore, as I said before, I left my work and went out to walk to try to forget all the trouble and unhappiness that seemed to fill the world.

As I came out of the house two girls passed by. One of them had a terrible scar half across her face. I turned away so as not to appear to see it, as one instinctively does, but before I turned I saw the girl break into a jolly laugh at something her companion said.

It was just before noon, and as I passed down a side street I met a stream of girls coming from a factory. Practically all of them were tired and sickly looking, but one stood out from the rest because she looked so unspeakably wan and tired. She wore a cheap and ugly black dress, a battered hat and no gloves. I was just meditating on the utter dreariness of her life when her wan face suddenly broke into a thoroughly happy smile as she returned the greeting of a very seedy young man who was coming across the street to speak to her.

My errand was at my washerwoman's. Next door lives a poor little widow whose husband was killed by a train a few weeks ago. She has three babies under five to support. She was standing in front of the house talking to a neighbor, with the youngest in her arms. The baby pulled her hair and she laughed as she untangled the naughty fingers.

On the way back I saw a little lame boy sitting on the curbstone. In the street a dozen normal children romped and ran and shouted. One of them stumbled over him and he took up his crutch and moved back in the doorway. As he sat there, the gauntest, most miserable looking alley cat I ever saw slunk up to him. He put out his hand and stroked it. The creature shrank at first, but finding she was actually receiving kindness instead of blows, humped herself up against his hand and began to purr and—yes, you may sneer if you want to—smiled up at him. And at that the little lame boy laughed outright with pleasure.

It's a queer world, isn't it? And a very queer thing, this state of mind we call happiness.

When I got back home I threw those three letters into the waste-basket and with them my own annoyances.—*Ruth Cameron.*

"The more respectable you make a saloon, the more seductive it becomes."

Robert McIntyre's First Battle.

Robert McIntyre was once a poor boy apprenticed to a bricklayer in Philadelphia. He has risen to the position and influence of a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. A week or two ago he turned aside from other duties to spend a Sunday in the city where he had his first great trial and won his first great victory. While there he told of that event in his life. He said:

"I came to Philadelphia today because I wanted to pay tribute to a man long dead and gone. More than forty years ago I was a boy in Hunter's mill. My overseer was Frank Ferguson, whose memory I shall ever revere. I remember one winter when a revival was in progress along Lancaster Pike, the influence of which spread to the mill in which I was employed. It was then that Mr. Ferguson took me into a temperance meeting held at Fifty-second Street and Lancaster Pike, and at his suggestion I took a pledge to abstain at all times from taking alcoholic beverages.

"Shortly after that my father informed me that it was time to choose a trade. Some of my chums had gone into bricklaying, so I selected that. One night my father came home and told me he had apprenticed me to a certain bricklayer by the name of George. Almost immediately, however, he regretted his action, as the man was known to be of intemperate habits. My father's health was declining, and we all knew that the time was near at hand when my mother and my brothers and sisters would have to depend on what money I could earn.

"On the following day I began my apprenticeship. The noon hour arrived and my boss said: 'Bobby, throw away that water and take the bucket over to the saloon. Tell the bartender you came from me and he will fill the bucket with beer.' I did as he instructed me. Then, upon my return, I saw that the men, while eating lunch, sat in a row and began passing the bucket with beer from man to man. The boss drank first, and I took my place at the end of the line. I was praying that one of the hod-carriers, bricklayers or boys would refuse to drink, and therefore, give me courage for the step I was contemplating, but not one of them refused. Finally the bucket came to me. 'I don't want any,' I whispered to the boy who handed it, but he urged me on. The boss was watching

and thought I was shy. 'Go ahead and drink, Bobby,' he said, encouragingly. 'I pay for the beer and every man who works for me is entitled to his share. Drink, lad, drink.'

"I don't like it, sir," I said rather weakly.

"He laughed heartily and told me that I would never make a bricklayer till I learned to drink beer. By that time all the men were joking at me. Somehow or other I got on my feet and walked over down the line until I stood in front of the boss.

"I'm only a poor boy," I said, "and I want to learn my trade. If you send me home now I shall feel disgraced, but I'll have to go if you insist on my drinking this beer. I can't do it, Mr. George."

"To my amazement the boss jumped to his feet and grasped my hand. 'God bless you, Robert; stick to that and you will make a man of yourself,' he said. Then turning to the others: 'If I hear of one of you men urging this boy to drink against his will, I will discharge you on the spot,' he said. That was how I won the first of my battles in life, and I owe it all to Frank Ferguson, the man who took the trouble to befriend a homeless boy."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Are These the Cliff Dwellers?

The most spectacular prehistoric ruins in the Southwest, and the most remarkable cliff ruins in the world, are located in the newly created Mesa Verde National Park in southwestern Colorado. The two largest ruins, known as the "Cliff Palace" and the "Spruce Tree House," have been excavated and repaired by Dr. J. W. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution. His investigations seem to indicate that the ancient inhabitants of the Mesa Verde met with a fate similar to that of the Pajaritans, although at the hands of a different tribe.

Doctor Fewkes has labored off and on for years among the Hopis of northern Arizona. From the beginning of his investigations of the Cliff Palace and the Spruce Tree House, he was struck by the similarity of the architecture, the arrangement of the "kivas" (or places of worship and counsel), the household utensils and articles of adornment and of ceremonial use, to those employed at the present day among the Hopis. Even the most superficial investigation indicates unmistakably a close rela-

tionship between the Hopis and the vanished tribe that once dwelt in the Mesa Verde.

The Hopis speak a Shoshonean dialect; but mingled with it are numerous archaic terms and forms found in no other Indian tongue. This, no doubt, represents all that remains of the otherwise forgotten language of the people of the Mesa Verde. The Hopis are the smallest in stature of existing tribes found within the borders of the United States—another heritage from the Cliff Dwellers—for skeletons that have been exhumed prove that these were a diminutive people.

It seems plain, then, that the prehistoric tribe of the Mesa Verde was conquered by a people of the Shoshonean stock; and that by subsequent intermarriage the identity of both tribes was lost. It is possible, or rather probable, that the Hopis more nearly approximate the conquered Cliff Dwellers than the conquering nomads. It is certain that they are the nearest approximation to an ancient cliff-dwelling tribe that now survives.—*The Christian Herald.*

Notice to Subscribers.

As was announced a few months ago, we are not permitted by the postoffice department to mail copies of the RECORDER at pound rates to subscribers whose subscriptions are more than one year in arrears. Papers mailed to such subscribers must have a one-cent stamp affixed to each wrapper, which makes the cost of mailing prohibitive. So we are obliged to take from our mailing list the names of all who do not renew their subscription,—with cash payment or a promise of payment,—within one year from date of expiration. Note the expiration date on your address label, and write a note to the SABBATH RECORDER, beginning with the words, "Enclosed find check."

Please remember that we are not considering the question of credit—we know you are able and willing to pay for your denominational paper—but that we are obliged to comply with the postal regulations in order to retain our privilege of mailing the RECORDER at second-class rates.

No names will be taken from the list until subscribers are a year in arrears, and an expiration notice slip will be mailed to each delinquent before the end of this period, in addition to the statements sent every six months.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Obeying Conscience.

R. R. THORNGATE.

Christian Endeavor topic for March 8, 1913.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—The imperative mood (Acts iv, 18-20).

Monday—A conscience aflame (Jer. xx, 9).

Tuesday—The urge of conscience (Rom. ii, 13-15).

Wednesday—Witness of conscience (Rom. ix, 1-5).

Thursday—Suffering for God (1 Peter iii, 13-17).

Friday—God before men (Amos vii, 14-17).

Sabbath day—Topic: Obeying conscience (1 John iii, 18-24).

"WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?"

The story is told of a gentleman who was examining a Bible-school class in England, and among other things he asked them, "What is conscience?" They were all much puzzled. One of the big boys said, "It is too big a word for me." The gentleman who was conducting the examination then said, "Did you ever feel anything inside you which seemed to say, 'You ought not to have done this or that,' or 'Go and do that'?" "Oh, yes, sir," the class replied, "we all have heard that." Then the gentleman asked again, "What is conscience?" And one of the little fellows replied, "It is Jesus whispering in the heart." It was a little boy's way of defining it, but it was a very good answer after all, for as Victor Hugo says, "The conscience of man is the thought of God." In other words, "When conscience wakes and speaks, it means that man is in spiritual contact with God, that God is making his will felt in the depths of man's constitution."

CONSCIENCE AS A JUDGE.

Put it another way, "Conscience is the self passing judgment upon its conformity, or non-conformity, in character and conduct to moral law, that is, as right and wrong, with the accompanying feeling or impulse to obey the judgment of righteousness." This definition is given by Dr.

Henry E. Robins in his book, "The Ethics of the Christian Life." Quoting a little further from Doctor Robins, he continues: "Conscience says, acting as a judge, this thought, this desire, this affection, this purpose, this deed, is in accordance with moral law and is therefore right; is right because ruled by the law. Upon this decision of the judge, feeling corresponding to the judgment follows, impelling action in accordance with the decision, or dissuading from action if it is not in harmony with it." In other words, conscience says you ought to do this because it is right, or you ought not to do that because it is wrong, and impels us to act accordingly.

EDUCATING CONSCIENCE.

But does conscience never make mistakes? Are the decisions of conscience infallible? There are those who hold to the idea that a thing is right or wrong because conscience decrees it to be thus. But this is a mistaken idea. Moreover, conscience may be made to arrive at some very misshapen conclusions due to selfishness of the human heart, or from lack of moral education and training. It must not be forgotten that conscience does not legislate, that is, does not lay down moral laws, but when these moral laws are comprehended by the intellect, conscience impels us to obey them. Conscience needs educating, and the more thoroughly it is educated the more sensitive will it be concerning right and wrong.

Concerning the necessity for educating conscience, a well-known religious writer says: "There is nothing . . . to which in our time attention needs to be called more than the fact that conscience is only a faculty for knowing God and his will. It is certain, unless educated, to give wrong information. And the way to educate it is to put it to school with the 'Light of the World.'" In the words of another prominent religious writer: "The faculty of conscience requires a great deal of education if we are to distinguish between the right and the wrong in all the details of life."

There are those who tell us that the world is growing worse instead of better; that there is more crime and corruption, more vice and intrigue than ever before. That there is an appalling amount of evil still going on in the world must be admitted, but is not this pessimistic view to be somewhat accounted for by the fact that there is an ever-increasing sensitiveness of

conscience, due to Christian education? Conduct in many spheres of life that went uncensured less than a score of years ago is now severely condemned by the public. An awakened social conscience will no longer allow men and women to look with indifference upon the suffering of those who are the victims of poverty, disease, unsanitary and over-crowded tenements, intemperance, etc.

But how shall we educate conscience? Some one has said that "the Bible is the touchstone of conscience," and that "conscience can only be maintained in truth and vigor, according as it is continually refreshed by earnest study of the unveiling of the ideal contained in the Scriptures and principally in the character of Jesus Christ." The conscience whose source of information is anything less fails of the highest light and will prove to be at fault in critical instances. It will lack keenness of perception. "The conscience which rises through obedience to moral law and study of ethics into fellowship with Him who is Righteousness and Truth, becomes clear and full in its testimony, a reliable guide in the perplexities of life." Paul, the apostle, who must be admitted above all other men to have followed the dictates of his conscience, says that he exercised himself "to have a conscience void of offense toward God and men always," that is, he trained his conscience so that it might be clear both in his relations to God and to his fellow men. But it was not until his conscience had been trained, or educated, according to the teachings of Jesus, that Paul became the great power that he was. No doubt Paul was thoroughly sincere and conscientious when he was persecuting the Christians, but the judgments of conscience were at fault because the training or education which it had received was at fault, and because of that his conscience was warped by prejudice. In order that its judgments and decisions may not be at fault, conscience needs always to be tested by the principles and teaching of Christ.

OBEYING CONSCIENCE.

But no less important than that we should educate and train conscience is that we shall obey the dictates of conscience. On this point the Scriptures are explicit: "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin,"—not simply an error or mistake, but sin (Jas. iv, 17).

Paul in his first letter to Timothy (1 Tim. iv, 2) tells of those whose consciences shall become as though seared with a hot iron because of continual sinning. And in his letter to Titus (1 Titus i, 15) Paul tells us that there are those whose minds and consciences have become so defiled that to them nothing is pure. Their consciences have been disobeyed until they can not see the beautiful and pure in anything. One has indeed reached a degraded level of life when conscience becomes so defiled that nothing but the mean and the vile and the low interests them; but with sorrow and shame it must be admitted that there are such. Not only that but conscience may be disobeyed until it becomes so perverted that instead of being the light of the soul, as God intended, and giving deliverance from sin, it gives "not merely no deliverance, but a deliverance on the wrong side," the one thus disobeying conscience being no longer a servant of the good, but of the evil, and having sinned against the Holy Spirit (Matt. vi, 23).

But conscience obeyed becomes "good" (Acts xxiii, 1; 1 Tim. i, 5, 19; Heb. xiii, 18; 1 Peter iii, 16, 21), and likewise it becomes "pure" (1 Tim. iii, 9; 2 Tim. i, 3). No doubt there are none of us who have not experienced the feeling of approval that comes from having faithfully obeyed the promptings of conscience, and it is equally certain that most of us have felt the condemnation of an accusing conscience. And perhaps we have wished that conscience were not so exacting; but it is well for us that it is so, and we should welcome her promptings and obey them willingly. In the SABBATH RECORDER of November 11, 1912, on page 626, appeared a splendid poem, by Alena Maxson of Nortonville, Kan., entitled, "My Conscience and I." It should be read by every Christian Endeavorer. While too long to use in full, I feel that two verses of it are very appropriate as a close to our topic. They are as follows:

"Think of me not as thy master,
Count not thyself a slave,
Softly my Conscience made answer,
With love in the glance she gave.
I am thy guardian angel;
I am the spark divine,
Breathed from the soul of the great I AM,
Into that soul of thine.

"List to my gentlest whispers,
Listen, and heed, and know
It is the wooing of God's own voice,

Because he loves thee so,
Quench not the light that is in thee,
Spoil not the image divine;
He knows the way; trust him to lead,
And life's truest pleasures are thine."

[The lesson above was prepared and forwarded on time by its author, but some delay in transmission prevented it from reaching us for last week's RECORDER.—T. L. G.]

The Lord's Day.

R. R. THORNGATE.

Christian Endeavor topic for March 15, 1913.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Day of rest (Ex. xx, 8-11).
Monday—Day of service (Matt. xii, 9-13).
Tuesday—Day of worship (Luke iv, 16-21).
Wednesday—Day of vision (Rev. i, 9-13).
Thursday—Day of fellowship (1 Cor. xii, 1-7).
Friday—Day of witnessing (Acts xvii, 1-4).
Sabbath day—Topic: How may every Sabbath be "the Lord's day"? (Jer. xvii, 21-27.)

"THE LORD'S DAY."

There is ample testimony that all religious teachers of the present time are agreed as to the value to religious and spiritual life of the Sabbath idea, or principle. And when the United Society of Christian Endeavor selected the present topic, it was undoubtedly because they wished to impress this idea upon the thousands of Christian young people of our land. But unhappily in their effort to do so they attempt to attach the sabbatic principle to a day that in no way deserves it. In doing so they use the term, "the Lord's day," as found in Revelation i, 10, without historic warrant, in their attempt to attach the sabbatic principle to Sunday. Were it not for the fact that their attempts are so misleading and so damaging to the cause of Christ, their efforts would appear laughable because of the inconsistencies which they display from time to time. But instead it is lamentable that so many earnest Christian workers hold and advocate such contradictory views. It is my honest conviction that the false and illogical attitude assumed by all Protestant denominations, both in the past and at present, in attempting to invest Sunday with the sabbatic principle, has been one of the principal factors in retarding the evangelization of the world. In attempting to defend their position they are inconsistent, unfair, and il-

logical, and violate the historical principle in their effort to attach the sabbatic principle to Sunday; and honest, unbiased thinkers are asking themselves how much credence is to be given to their other teachings, in view of their forced interpretations concerning the Sabbath principle. More than that, they have robbed the world of the real Sabbath, the Sabbath ordained by Jehovah God for the good of man, and instead we have a day which, instead of being able to receive the content of the sabbatic principle, is given over to all sorts of amusements and carousings.

A glaring but typical instance of this spirit of unfairness and inconsistency is seen in the following paragraph, which was published in the SABBATH RECORDER some two years ago. It was excerpted from a well-known religious weekly. It reads: "One way to bring forward the dawning of this better day is for every professing Christian to observe the day (Sunday) in accordance with the example of Jesus Christ. Let no offence lodge against any follower of the Master in this matter, and it will not be long before the Lord of the Sabbath will bring the reign of disorder and desecration to an end."

The editor, in the "Sabbath Reform" column, commenting on the paragraph at the time, said, in part: "To me one of the hardest things I have to meet and overcome, one that shakes my confidence in Christian men more than any 'higher' criticism of the Bible, and one that would go farther than scientific interpretations toward driving me away from the church and all religious institutions, is the glaring inconsistencies of Bible scholars who speak of observing Sunday in accordance with the example of Christ." Is it not so?

But what about the Lord's day? It is well that we as Sabbath-keeping young people should know on what grounds, and by what authority, this term is applied to Sunday. Those of us who are not original investigators must depend upon others for our information and authority.

The expression, which appears but a single time in the New Testament, is found in Revelation i, 10, where John says, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day," etc. Concerning this particular Scripture, Dr. A. H. Lewis, in his *History of Sabbath and Sunday*, page 32, has this to say: "The Revelation was, probably, written a quarter of a century before the Gospel of John, and the

absence of the term 'Lord's day' or any similar term from the gospel in which the first day is distinctly mentioned (see John xx) is against every natural conclusion. If Sunday was so sacred as to be called Lord's day twenty-five years before John's Gospel was written, it is utterly unhistoric to suppose that the term would not appear in the subsequent writings of John and others. This idea is strengthened by the fact that the term does not appear in the post-apostolic writings until about 170 A. D. The passage, therefore, can not be made a foundation for the history of Sunday as the Lord's day, because of what it contains; and the circumstances, viewed in the light of the philosophy of history, forbid any application of the term to Sunday."

Basing his opinion on the authority of other able Bible scholars, Dean Main in his *Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question*, revised edition, page 86, regarding the use of the term "Lord's day," says: "That the phrase 'Lord's day' came to be applied later to Sunday is not questioned; but proof is wanting that the first day of the week had yet received this name," that is, it does not derive its application to Sunday from apostolic authority. Then regarding certain other New Testament scriptures pressed into service by the advocates of Sunday, he continues: "I have no desire whatever to rob these few New Testament references to the first day of the week of all possible significance. But, supported by many modern, eminent, and devout scholars, I insist that these instances are not to be pressed into service, unduly; and that they ascribe absolutely no sabbatic principle to Sunday."

And yet, that is just exactly what is done. Take, for instance, the daily readings for the topic under consideration, and six out of the seven are used in such a way as to transfer the sabbatic principle from the seventh day of the week to the first day. Under any other circumstance such flagrant misuse and violation of the historic principle would be most severely criticised and condemned by all honest scholarship.

THE SABBATH OF JEHOVAH—ITS VALUE.

But the Sabbath of Jehovah God still lives, and will, I believe, finally be restored to its rightful place in the religious experience of men. As to the spiritual value of the Sabbath there can be no doubt. And

as one who has suffered incalculable loss of spiritual life and growth, as the result of more than ten years of Sabbath desecration, with its consequent disregard of religious life, I am firmly convinced that the Sabbath is absolutely essential to the highest religious and spiritual life. In fact, I am convinced that the Sabbath, the Seventh-day Sabbath, and spiritual Christianity are inseparable. And I believe that no better proof of this assertion can be found than the very fact that, almost without exception, those who leave the Sabbath give up their hold on religious life.

If the Sabbath is of so great value in individual religious life, what may be said of its value to community life? Without fear of contradiction, I think it can be said that its value to community righteousness is no less, for in that community where the Sabbath is most conscientiously observed will be found the nearest approach to community righteousness, while reversely, the community where there is no reverence or regard for the Sabbath will invariably prove to be a godless one,—one that is marked for its disregard of high religious and moral values. But these benefits from the Sabbath must be derived from willing obedience to its requirements and under no circumstance can they be obtained by the enforcement of civil law. Nor does mere compliance with the fourth commandment as regards the cessation of physical labor insure spiritual Sabbath-keeping. Though we lay aside all work of every kind, both physical and mental, and even though we may attend all religious services diligently, if the balance of the day is used in a frivolous way, or is given over to our own pleasure, it has not been kept in the spirit of true, spiritual Sabbath-keeping. Unless we use the Sabbath in such a way that it becomes a spiritual uplift to our lives, we are as surely dishonoring it and perverting its rightful use as did the inhabitants of Jerusalem who were warned by Nehemiah from bearing burdens through the gates of the city on the Sabbath.

MAKE THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

But the Sabbath was made for man's good, both physical and spiritual, and rightfully used it will contribute to his highest good. It ought to be, and can be made to be, the richest day of the whole week. It can be made a delight. Its observance need not be Puritanic, but it should be reverent,

joyous and peaceful. Nowhere, I think, is the true principle of Sabbath-keeping more clearly defined than by the prophet Isaiah in his admonition to the Jewish people against mere outward religious service. To those of his own time he said: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, and the holy of Jehovah, honorable; and shall honor it, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in Jehovah. . . ." Kept in this spirit the Sabbath becomes a delight and spiritual uplift.

This does not mean that we are to idly sit down and fold our hands. In the words of Dean Main, "The rest of God is not the rest of inaction. The world of sin, suffering, sorrow, poverty, and of a thousand bodily and spiritual needs, is not to be deserted on this most beautiful and holy of days; but the day is to be made more holy still by reverent meditation, devout worship, and humble service. The Sabbath was given for humanity's good; mankind is not given to it. The day is for our help and blessing; we are not in ritualistic bondage to it."

As Seventh-day young people we ought to be very grateful that we have a knowledge of the true Sabbath of Jehovah and his Christ and of our Lord and Master. We ought to prize it more highly and seek to make it more holy by reverent, worshipful observance. But more than that, may we honor it in such a way, and make it of such value to our own spiritual lives that those who do not now recognize its claims may become convinced of its truth.

"But in thy good time, Jehovah!
We believe thy day of rest
Unto thy erring children
Shall be made manifest.

"The Sabbath truth is mighty,
We believe it must prevail,
And though we be few who keep it
In thee we can not fail.

"Then give us strength, O Master!
On bended knees we pray,
To teach the world in error
Thy sacred Seventh-day."

SOME SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

The following suggestive thoughts, all very good and truthfully applicable to the Sabbath of Jehovah, are taken from the *Endeavorer's Companion*, and though good, we are struck by the inconsistency of

them when applied to Sunday, as they were intended to be by the writer of them.

The Sabbath is the Lord's day if it is spent with him; and how blessed it is if we actually realize it!

The Sabbath is the Lord's day if we are doing the Lord's work through its hours; and the Lord's work is always the best work for ourselves.

The Sabbath is the Lord's day if it is directed by him; otherwise you might as well call it John Smith's day.

The Sabbath is the Lord's day if it is observed in his honor. Fill every hour with something related to him.

SOME THOUGHT PROVOKERS.

What is it to keep the Sabbath holy?
How can we make the Sabbath a delight?
Does Sabbath rest mean inactivity?
What relation does physical rest sustain to spiritual life?

Nothing to Lose.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

In the proposition of the United Society of Christian Endeavor to furnish free tickets to Los Angeles, we have nothing to lose and much to gain. (See *SABBATH RECORDER* for Feb. 3, p. 150.) The first gain will be in getting the *Christian Endeavor World*, a splendid, religious paper, into an average of six or eight new homes in each society. This in itself, no doubt, would be well worth while. And let it be remembered that this paper, which comes weekly, has much in it of general interest aside from its special interest to Christian Endeavor workers. It has a continued story that is worth reading, one or more good short stories in each issue, articles of travel, and much reading matter that is of interest to all members of the family. In fact it is a good, wholesome family paper. And I see no reason why this campaign for subscribers should be confined to churches in which there is a young people's society. Will not some hustling young person in each church take hold of this matter with a vim which will assure its success at once? It will be a good service rendered to the homes in which this paper becomes a regular visitor.

This is the first gain, well worth working for.

The second gain, and one which should stimulate our young people to earnest, speedy, and concerted action, is a delegate representing Seventh-day Baptists at the Los Angeles convention. Is this not worth an effort on the part of all our young people? To have our denomination represented by an official delegate. To have some one present to rally with our people on the coast. To have at our workers' conference at Brookfield a representative fresh from this great convention, with its helpful conferences on young people's work.

But suppose we do not get enough to send the delegate? Still we shall be the gainers, even beyond the getting of the *Christian Endeavor World* into the homes of the people. A liberal commission is given to those who take subscriptions. If the railroad ticket is not claimed, then this cash commission will be declared. It will be credited to the society sending in the subscriptions.

When sending in your subscriptions, just ask to have them credited to the Young People's Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference. Send to The Christian Endeavor World, Tremont Temple, Boston, Don't forget that a renewal counts half as much as a new subscription. It seems to me we have an opportunity to demonstrate the ability of our young people to do something definite, something which requires concerted action, something eminently worth while. Who will be the first to respond? Will your society do something about it? What?

A. J. C. BOND,
President.

Milton Junction.

A Poor Prayer Meeting.

E. M. T.

[The description below was written by an Albion (Wis.) associate Christian Endeavor member in response to the following request: "Write a two-minute paper describing a poor prayer meeting. Picture the late opening, the poor singing, the listless reading, the few prayers, the whispering, the long pauses, etc."—ED.]

The last bell had already rung, but yet no one had appeared except the minister, a deacon and the janitor. Slowly the door

opened and a few young people entered, who sat down in one of the rear seats. After these came several others, who followed suit until all these desirable seats were filled.

An uninterrupted silence followed until the appearance of the leader relieved the situation.

The opening hymns were announced in succession, and carried through unsupported by the greater portion of the audience.

The leader, having read the lesson in an expressionless monotone and suggested that a few prayers be offered, thought his duty accomplished and sank back in his seat with a sigh of relief. After due waiting several prayers were offered, interspersed with half-suppressed giggles and whispers from the back of the room, and a few members took part, discussing the topic of the evening in their usual manner; but the greater number sat with a blank expression on their faces, aimlessly turning the leaves of the song-books.

The time dragged on, and as the closing hour approached, the nasal melodies of an old person beside the stove became more pronounced in the quiet, also the general feeling of anxiety in the back seats. Finally the closing hymn was announced, and was sung with much fervor as though thoughts of relief surged through the minds of the singers. After the dismissal all regaining their usual spirits after so dull an hour sought the more entertaining atmosphere of their homes.

Meeting of the Young People's Board.

The Young People's Board met at the home of Prof. A. B. West, February 16, at 1 p. m.

Members present: Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Prof. L. H. Stringer, Fred Babcock, Robert West, Linda Buten and Carrie Nelson.

Prayer was offered by Mr. Babcock.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

Treasurer's report was read.

Correspondence was read from Rev. W. L. Burdick.

Voted that \$25.00 for Doctor Palmberg's salary be sent to the Missionary Board.

Voted that \$1.00 for postage be sent to the Quiet Hour Superintendent, Miss Daisy Furrow.

It was voted that the Board designate Rev. R. R. Thorngate to take charge of the

sectional meetings devoted to young people's work during the next session of the General Conference.

Arrangements were made for a program for the Young People's Hour at Conference. Adjournment.

CARRIE E. NELSON,
Recording Secretary.

The House Upon the Sand.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

CHAPTER III.

"Behold, I Stand at the Door."

Uncle Horace Dunning, buckling together the reins of his new driving harness, looked up at the few stars to be seen in the winter sky.

"Looks mighty like a change," he said aloud. "Whether it's going to be snow or rain, I'm not the one to prophesy. 'Twon't come tonight anyhow, but it's surely coming. Rhode Island ain't stepped into the shoes o' Californy yet awhile no more'n Maine has changed places with Floridy, even if some folks do seem to think so."

The harness having been adjusted to his satisfaction, he led the old horse around to the back door.

"Aren't you coming, Mary?" he called after he had listened a moment. "It does beat all how long it takes these women folks to get ready to go anywhere, even to meeting."

"Yes, I'm coming, Horace. I've been ready for a long time, but you forgot to give the cat his supper so I had to go back and do it."

"Cat nothing, Mary! Seems to me I've fed more'n forty cats in less than ten years. This last one's the beatingest eater of all. Well, jump aboard or we'll be late. It must be after seven o'clock, I reckon."

"No, the clock hasn't struck yet, so we've plenty of time. How chilly the wind is tonight; seems like it must be going to storm."

"So 'tis, Marv, so 'tis, but not tonight. I'm afraid the Elder has started his meetings at the wrong time o' year, but maybe they'll come out all right, maybe so."

This was the thought uppermost in the mind of the Reverend Robert Brooker, the gray-haired pastor of the Quohasset church, as he walked up and down the aisles straightening a chair here or leaving

a hymn-book there. Two oil lamps in brackets burned on each side of the room and the same number in front; but a large nickel lamp on a marble stand made the place look light and cheerful. A small organ occupied one end of the platform. The building had seats for one hundred and fifty people, but it was very seldom that they were all used.

"What a plain little church!" one would say as he first glanced from one end of the room to the other. But one's eyes would eventually reach the stained glass window just in back of the pulpit and there they would rest; for there in the most beautiful colors was pictured the Master standing before a closed door. One hand was raised as though knocking for entrance while underneath were the words—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

"What a beautiful window for such a plain little church," one would be sure to say. "Why is it here?" And some one would probably venture the information that it was given by one of the cottagers.

Robert Brooker had been the missionary pastor of the Quohasset church for five years, and only once in that time had he seen the seating capacity of the church taxed. But he was always hopeful of better things, and in this spirit of hopefulness had planned the series of meetings to begin on the eve of the new year.

Down at the seaside cottage the young people, wondering how they were to spend their second evening, heard the ringing of the bell and then remembered that Mrs. Dunning had said something about a New Year's eve service.

"Is it best to go?" It was Barbara who asked the question. Her hands were full of molasses candy which she was trying to pull but found to be much too soft. Rilla was making fudge on the kitchen stove while Jack Chesterfield read aloud.

"Shall we go, Mildred?" Barbara repeated her question. "It's only a half-mile walk and 'twill give us something to do."

"But think how late you were up last night, Barbara, though I suppose if you stay in you'll be bound to watch the old year out. Do you want to go, girls? How is it, Rachel, you have been as white as a sheet all day; wouldn't you rather stay in?"

"Not if the rest wish to go, Mrs. Chesterfield. I believe I would like the walk."

"Let's all go then," Doris suggested as

she started to hunt for her coat and gloves.

Jack Chesterfield put down his book, and Barbara hastily scrubbed the sticky molasses candy from her hands. In fifteen minutes from the time the first bell had rung out its invitation the nine members of the house party were on their way to the little church.

The pastor looked astonished then gratified as he saw them enter and take seats near the back. The first hymn had been announced, but there was no one at the organ.

"Oh, dear!" Louise whispered to Beth, "I do hope he isn't going to ask us to do anything," for Elder Brooker had already started down the aisle.

"But you play at our Christian Endeavor meetings, Louise, and at Sabbath school."

"Yes, I know, but I'm on vacation now."

"Would one of you be so kind as to play for us?" the pastor asked as he stopped near the back seats. "We are very much in need of music, so if one of you would play and two or three others come up front and help with the singing, I think it would be a blessing to us all." Patiently he waited for an answer.

"Why, I suppose I could play if there is no one else," Louise found herself saying in spite of her words of protest of a moment before.

"Thank you; now if some one will help with the singing."

Beth looked at Barbara and Barbara looked at Rilla; but it was Beth alone who followed the minister and Louise to the platform.

"Aren't you thankful we're out of it?" Barbara whispered to Rachel who sat at her right; "I just trembled in my shoes for fear I'd have to go."

"Why, no, I wasn't worried," Rachel replied. "You know I don't sing very much." She was thinking more about the song that Beth had chosen than she was about the danger of her being asked to do anything. She was wondering if the girls beside her and in front of her meant it when they sang:

"I'm glad that Jesus loves me,
That he said, 'Come unto me;
I will give you full salvation,
From your sins I'll set you free.'

"Yes, I'm glad that Jesus loves me,
That he keeps me day by day;

And I thank him that he ever
Walks beside me all the way."

Beth was a good leader, and Elder Brooker felt more and more relieved as the service went on. How he would appreciate it if he could have such help every night. The hymns were followed by a few prayers and then the pastor announced the text. Rachel, who had been studying the beautiful window for some time, was surprised when he quoted the same familiar words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Eagerly she listened for the message; perhaps here she might find help in the solution of her problems. A touch on her hand drew her attention away for a moment as Barbara whispered, "Just see how that man plays with his glasses; doesn't it make you nervous?"

"I hadn't noticed that he had any glasses at all," Rachel had to confess in a low whisper.

"Well, then, you haven't noticed that funny little old woman trying to keep her husband from going to sleep over there in the corner. See, he's nodding away like a good fellow now; there, right that way."

Rachel looked. Suddenly her interest in the sermon was gone. Doris was writing on the inside cover of her hymn-book, and Rilla was whispering to Hope.

It was much the same during the short service of prayer and testimony that followed. Several times the pastor asked if there were not others who wanted to speak for the Master. Very well he knew that the young ladies in the back seats were members of a Christian Endeavor society, for Mrs. Dunning had told him so. But Jack Chesterfield was the only member of the house party to take any part. He too was an Endeavorer.

Just at the close of the service, when the pastor asked if there were not some in the room who were ready to open the door of their hearts and let the Master come in, there were two girls almost ready to respond. But Rachel Barlow glanced over at Doris and remained seated while Beth Tennett bent her head to listen to Louise Raymond's question concerning a hymn. The service was soon ended and the party filed slowly out.

"If it comes up a storm, you'd better

hurry right over to our place," Mrs. Dunning called out as she passed them on the road. "We can make room for you all."

"That's so, that's so," Mr. Dunning added. "If it storms this week, it's likely to be a big one. It won't come before morning, but you'd better be looking out just the same." With this warning, the Dunnings drove on.

"The wind does grow stronger, doesn't it?" Mrs. Chesterfield asked as she and her husband entered the kitchen. "I do hope it won't storm, but it surely feels like it. I'll make some cocoa, and the girls are going to toast marshmallows over the lamps."

And it was in this way that the old year was ushered out and the new year welcomed in by the young people in the cottage. Every one was unusually quiet—tired, the girls declared—as they went upstairs to bed soon after midnight.

Rachel was the only one who did not sleep. Hidden safely within her glove was a note that had been given her after the service at the church. No one else had seen the young man who approached her so stealthily as she started down the road, and then vanished as suddenly as he had come.

Rachel's hand shook as she read the note the moment Hope's quiet breathing proclaimed her asleep. Clutching the soiled piece of paper tightly in her hand, she sank down in the chair by the window. "Why did I do it?" she said again and again. "What shall I do? Oh, if I could only ask some one, but the girls wouldn't understand, and I won't spoil their good time. But I must go."

With determination she rose, took her suit-case from beneath the bed and hurriedly packed in it her belongings. Then she sat down again and hastily penned a note. When everything was completed to her satisfaction, she blew out the light and went back to the chair by the window. She would wait until just before daylight, for she could never find her way anywhere now.

As she sat there in the dark, she thought again of the beautiful picture in the little church. How real it seemed. The Master had been waiting for her to open the door of her heart this very night. She had read it in the picture, in the hymns, the sermon, in the minister's plea. Why had she refused?

When her watch told her that it was time she started if she wished to avoid seeing any one, she stole softly down the stairs and out through the back door. No one had stirred. The wind was blowing a gale, but she toiled bravely on hoping against hope that no one would see her. But in this she was disappointed for a farmer on his way to Centerdale with his daily supply of milk overtook her.

After some persuasion on his part, she finally consented to ride on condition that he would leave her at the depot. This he did, and before he had been gone fifteen minutes, Rachel Barlow was occupying a seat in a western bound train. There were few other passengers and no one noticed her. After a few minutes she took from her suit-case a pen and pad and began to write. Page after page she wrote only to tear them all up and stuff the pieces into her hand-bag. Finally she gave it up; then for the first time she looked out of the car window. The dreaded storm had come at last.

"What will the girls do?" she said to herself. "It will be terrible in the cottage if the wind blows like this. I hope they have already started for Mrs. Dunning's. And I wonder what I shall do when I get to the city if there's no way to get out to Quakerville. What will father say?"

(To be continued.)

Salem College Notes.

Doctor Clark is now in the East finishing his work of collecting funds for the college debt.

The enrolment this term is somewhat larger than that of last term and large additions are expected at the beginning of next term.

The basketball team bids fair to outdo its record of last year. Only one school has been able to defeat it so far.

The Salem basketball girls came out victorious in the only game they have played this season.

The Music Department under the direction of Miss Boyd gave the regular students' recital on January 30.

Rev. M. G. Stillman of Lost Creek addressed the Y. M. C. A. and visitors recently.

The college band, which is being directed this year by Rev. M. G. Stillman, gave

a concert in the college auditorium on February 11. The Music Department of the college and the public school orchestra under the direction of Mrs. Wardner Davis assisted.

News Notes.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—On December 21 Pastors Bond and Randolph exchanged pulpits.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Vincent entertained the Brotherhood and their ladies at the Robinson home, Sunday evening, December 22.—Christmas exercises, with a tree, were held at the church on Christmas eve, each class of the Sabbath school being responsible for one number on the program. We found this to be a very good way to do.—Rev. Mr. Wilcox preached for us Sabbath morning, January 25, and also gave the young people a most splendid talk at the Christian Endeavor meeting.—Pastor Bond led the Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting at Milton College, January 28.—About fifty members of our Sabbath school went to Milton, to hear Doctor McElfresh speak on Sabbath-school work.—The choir served a 25-cent supper February 4; proceeds to buy new seats for the choir.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.—The business meeting of the Christian Endeavor was held at the home of Luella Baker and the following officers chosen for the year: president, Luella Baker; vice-president, Gene Davis; secretary, Mary Brown; treasurer, Willard Babcock; corresponding secretary, Flora Chapman; Efficiency superintendent, Elverson Babcock. Six new members have been added to our society the last month. Three of these were graduates from the Juniors.—On January 11 Elder Platts preached for us.—Mr. P. B. Hurley has been reelected superintendent of the Sabbath school. The good work he is doing in this line is greatly appreciated.—A teachers' training class has been organized with N. O. Moore as leader.

"The truly illustrious are they who do not court the praise of the world, but perform the actions which deserve it."

"The shadow of the saloon has partly eclipsed the Sun of Righteousness, and the world feels the darkness and the chill."

The House By the Side of the Road.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend of man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorners' seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan.
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
And the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorners' seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.—*Sam Walter Foss.*

"Sweeping another's house will not find your lost piece of silver."

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Boy and a Woodchuck.

Teddy was sick in bed. The doctor had just come. Teddy could hear him talking with mamma in the next room.

"I can't persuade him to touch the milk," his mother was saying. "He never drinks it when he is well. What shall I do?"

Teddy listened eagerly for an answer. Doctor Huntington was such a kind, jolly man.

"Starve him to it!"

Teddy could hardly believe he heard aright. He trusted his ears still less when the doctor walked in, smiling, up to the bed-side.

"How do you feel this morning?" he asked, taking Teddy's wrist in his cool hand.

"I haven't had anything to eat," whined the little boy. "I can't drink milk."

"You'd better try," said the doctor.

"I can't! Mayn't I have a cooky?"

"No."

"Or some bread and butter?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because milk is better for you."

"But I can't drink it."

The doctor was preparing a powder and did not reply.

Teddy wondered if he heard.

"Did you ever hear the story of the little woodchuck?" Doctor Huntington looked up with merry eyes.

"No, sir," said Teddy. "What is it?"

"Well, it was this way," and the doctor seated himself comfortably in his chair.

"There was once a little woodchuck that lived in a nice, deep hole with his mother. There was nothing he liked to do quite so well as to run around in the sunshine. At the other end of the lot there was a tall tree, and one morning the little woodchuck's mother said: 'Today you must learn to climb that tree. I can not always be here to protect you, and if a dog should catch you away from home, you'd be in a fine plight.'

"But the little woodchuck looked up the steep trunk, and said, 'Oh, I can't.'"

"The next morning his mother said to

him again, 'Today you must certainly learn to climb that tree!' But once more the little woodchuck answered, 'I can't,' and ran off to play in the sunshine.

"It was not long before the mother went to visit a neighbor. The little woodchuck was having a glorious time, when all of a sudden he heard a yelp, and there was a dog rushing toward him! He looked longingly at his home across the lot; but the dog was between—and he was coming nearer every second! The little woodchuck ran as hard as he could make his feet fly, but the dog ran faster. Just as he thought he couldn't run much further, he came to the big tree. 'Dear me!' he gasped, 'I can't climb it!' And then, because the dog was almost upon him, and because there wasn't anything else to do, the little woodchuck just scrambled up that tree—up, up, till he was out of the dog's reach! You see, he had to, and so he did.

"I hope tomorrow I shall find you a great deal better." And the doctor smiled a kind good-by.

Teddy lay thinking after his mother and Doctor Huntington had gone out.

"I wonder if I could," he thought. "I'm awfully hungry!" and he reached for the glass of milk on the table by his bed.

When his mother came back the glass was empty, and Teddy was smiling contentedly among the pillows.—*Emma C. Dowd, in Sunday School Times.*

Mr. Fox From 'Way Up North.

Mr. Arctic Fox lives at the zoo, and just now he is enjoying himself hugely, because the snow and cold make him think of home.

To Mr. Arctic Fox "home" means the far North. When he lived there he was a very busy young man and he has found it hard to become accustomed to the lazy life of the zoo. Here his food—raw beef, for Mr. Arctic Fox doesn't care for vegetables or fruit—is provided for him. In the far North he had to find it himself, and he liked that way much better. Indeed, his main occupation during the summer was stocking his pantry.

Mr. Arctic Fox's pantry was underground. The frost never wholly leaves the earth where he lived, and he dug in the moist turf till he reached a temperature only just above freezing. Here he made his pantry. This done, he set to work to

fill it; for Mr. Arctic Fox is very wise, and he knew that when winter came he would have no way of getting food. The lemmings—little rodents, which are his favorite dish—would then be safe hidden in their tiny roadways between the ice and snow; and the birds, which he also likes, would be gone. In the summer the wild fowl nest by the margin of every stream; and on the ridges the willow grouse and snow buntings hide eggs in the moss and low bushes, or in warm hollows. Food was Mr. Fox's in abundance just for the catching.

In the summer he dresses in a light brown coat, whitish underneath, while the fur where it joins his body is bluish gray. Thus Mr. Fox became almost the color of his Arctic surroundings and could creep up on his prey unseen. Sometimes he dug the lemmings out of their burrows, sometimes he hunted them over the moss-grown plains and the barren ground. One after another, he pounced on the fat-bodied little animals and carried them off to his pantry. There he packed them down carefully, often several dozen of them together, covered them with moss and sod and left them in cold storage for future use. Lemmings Mr. Arctic Fox greatly prefers to birds; birds he chooses—or did choose when he had the chance—only as second best.

When winter comes, Mr. Fox's fur turns perfectly white—just like the snowdrifts among which, when at home, he crept in search of prey, avoiding the eyes of the game he sought and also the eyes of Mr. Gray Wolf, his worst enemy.

Though he had a cozy underground chamber up there in the far North, in which he might have slept away the winter, Mr. Fox preferred to race all day long across the barrens, just for the fun of it. But a time or two he returned home to find that Mr. Gray Wolf had stolen the whole contents of his pantry. Mr. Fox, however, was not a gentleman who sat down and cried over his misfortunes. He immediately set to work to filch the fat lemmings from the pantries of his neighbors.

But fun of this kind ended for Mr. Fox when he was brought to the zoo. Now, instead of a cozy burrow, he makes his home in a rocky cave. Instead of the boundless prairies, he has only the narrow space of his den for a playground. Its floor is cement, and so there is no place to dig. Mr. Fox's toes fairly twitch to get into the good

moist earth once more. He finds his meat doesn't taste so good as it did when he caught it himself. He longs for just one bite of lemming. And as he peers with longing eyes out through the bars of his den at the curious boys and girls standing without he seems to say, "You don't half know, Young America, how thankful you ought to be that you're free!"—S. C. R.

At the Cross-roads.

An old man sat at the cross-roads
On a stone by the village street.
He was weary and worn and travel-stained
And faint from the dust and heat,
And his gray head drooped as he sat there
With hunger and travel spent,
While the noonday throng went hurrying by
On their homeward journey bent.
And I passed by with the others
In that heedless current caught
That recked nor cares for the stranger poor,
Nor the homeless wanderer's lot.

But the picture left its image;
I could not drive it away,
And I thought of One who would surely have
 paused
Had he been in the crowd that day.
How his eye sought out the outcast,
Who was barred from his fellow's door,
How he gave his hand to the woman shamed,
And bade her sin no more.
I saw him kneel by the leper,
As he shuddered and cried, "Unclean!"
And health and joy and manhood came
At the touch of the Nazarene.

They are sitting there at the cross-roads,
Weary and faint—alone,
There are many bowed with a sinner's shame
Or a shame that is not their own.
It may be a friendless orphan,
Or a slave in the thrall of drink—
Your path may lead to a happy home,
And his to the river's brink.
The wretched, the weak, the burdened,
The pilgrim with wayworn feet—
They are sitting there as the old man sat
At the place where the cross-roads meet.

Oh, linger a bit at the wayside,
And let your heart be heard,
As it bids you pause by your brother man
And give him a cheering word.
For the life that loves is lovely
And the soul that gives expands,
And the heart that warms to a brother's need
Is like to the Son of Man's.
And the meed will be right royal,
When he says to you and me,
"Inasmuch as ye did for the least of these,
Ye have done it unto me."

—F. C. Wellman, in *The Christian Herald*.

Life, like the water of the seas, freshens
only when it ascends toward heaven.—
Richter.

DEATHS

BROOKS.—In Alfred, N. Y., February 5, 1913,
Mrs. Abbie Jane Brooks, in the seventieth
year of her age.

Mrs. Abbie Jane Brooks was the daughter of
Pardon C. and Abbie Kenyon, and was born in
Greenfield, Pa., where she spent her early life.
In 1862 she was united in marriage to John W.
Brown of Scranton, Pa., and to them were born
seven children, five sons and two daughters. The
sons died in infancy and childhood, and before
the daughters were grown to womanhood Mr.
Brown died. The two daughters are Mrs. Nora
Burdick, wife of Dr. Geo. E. Burdick of Alfred,
N. Y., and Mrs. Emma Vogan of Canton, Ohio.
Some years after the death of Mr. Brown she
was married to Mr. Leander Brooks, and to
them was born one daughter, Mrs. E. R. Cran-
dall of Independence, N. Y.

After her marriage to Mr. Brown she made a
public profession of faith in Christ and united
with the first Methodist Episcopal church of
Scranton, Pa. Later she embraced the Seventh-
day Sabbath and joined the Seventh-day Baptist
church of Clifford, Pa. Upon coming to Alfred
she united with the first Seventh-day Baptist
church of Alfred, May 10, 1884. She was a
loving and devoted mother, a cheery friend, a
good neighbor, and a loyal Sabbath-keeper. Her
last months were those of suffering, but this she
bore with great patience, tenderly cared for by
her children in the home of Doctor Burdick.
Besides her daughters she is survived by three
brothers, D. Burt Kenyon of New Market, N. J.,
Frank Kenyon of Clifford, Pa., and Duty Ken-
yon of Philadelphia, Pa.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor Wm. L.
Burdick, assisted by Pres. B. C. Davis, were held
at the house, February 7, and interment took
place in Alfred Rural Cemetery. WM. L. B.

TAYLOR.—Wm. M. Taylor, fourth son of David
L. and Maggie Van Horn Taylor, was born
July 12, 1892, near Santa Fé, Auglaize Co.,
Ohio, and died of typhoid fever at the home
of his parents near Lake View, Ohio, Feb-
ruary 9, 1913, aged 20 years, 7 months and
27 days.

In character he was above the average in am-
bition, self-denial, and anxiety to assist the
needy. He was a great friend among the stu-
dents of the high school. Harsh and unkind
words were entirely eliminated from his daily
practices. As to his religious experience, while
he never saw it a duty to make an open profes-
sion of religion, yet his daily life and conversa-
tion bore strong evidence of a Christian charac-
ter. He leaves to mourn his early departure the
deeply afflicted parents, four affectionate broth-
ers and two loving sisters, besides a large cir-
cle of more distant relatives and intimate friends.

Farewell services were held in the Lake View
M. E. church, February 11, conducted by Pastor
Lewis of Jackson Center, assisted by Pastor
Brooks of Lake View. Interment was made in
the Plum Cemetery. The unusually large at-

tendance bore witness of the high esteem in
which this young brother was held. "Remem-
ber now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"
(Eccles. xii, 1). G. W. L.

DEFRANCE.—Orval Denver DeFrance, son of
Omer and Lua DeFrance, was born near
Garwin, Iowa, November 16, 1911, and pass-
ed this life February 13, 1913, aged 1 year,
2 months and 27 days.

Orval was a child, sweet and kind of disposi-
tion, beloved not only by parents and grandpar-
ents, but by all who knew him.

Sleep, sweet babe, and take thy rest;
Sleep till Christ shall thee awaken.
Resting on his loving breast,
There we know thou'rt not forsaken.

J. T. D.

GLASS.—Henry C. Glass, son of Albert G. and
Alzina K. Crosby Glass, was born in the
town of Adams, December 19, 1873, and died
at his home in Adams Center, N. Y., Feb-
ruary 13, 1913, after quite an extended time
of suffering from a complication of diseases.

Mr. Glass united with the Adams Center Sev-
enth-day Baptist Church in early life. He had
always resided in the town of Adams and had
spent most of his life in the business in which his
father was engaged. At the age of twenty-one
he was taken into partnership with his father
and continued that relation till about three years
ago when he took charge of the whole business.
He had the faculty of pleasing all classes and
was possessed of unusual business ability. He
served the town as clerk for some years and
four years ago was appointed to fill out the un-
expired term of O. D. Greene Jr. on the Board
of Supervisors. He has been since twice elect-
ed to that position by the votes of his townsmen.
While in failing health he kept his place
in the meetings of the board till near the close
of their work in December.

Mr. Glass was married to Miss Bessie Kellogg,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kellogg, De-
cember 10, 1896. He leaves a father, a wife, and
two children to mourn their loss. Mr. Glass
was prominent in the Masonic fraternity. While
the burial services at the church were in
charge of the pastor the Sir Knights took charge
of the remains and performed their burial rites.
The Board of Supervisors was present as a
body. The great host of people gathered for the
burial services spoke clearly of the esteem in
which Mr. Glass was held by his countrymen.
In his death a home is darkened, a mother is
left to care for the home in solitude, and two
dear children are bereft of a tender and loving
father's care. A community is made to feel the
loss of one who has been a public benefactor.

While we sit together here today in the shadow
of our sorrow, may the heavenly Father help us
all to bow with humble submission, and with re-
newed faith trim the sails of our frail barks for
the voyage that is before us, the voyage from
which we can not shrink away. E. A. W.

"Not getting the better of another per-
son, but getting the best out of one's self.
is success."

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON X.—March 8, 1913.
THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

Lesson Text.—Gen. xix, 1-3, 12-29.

Golden Text.—"Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch no unclean thing." 2 Cor. vi, 17.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Gen. xviii, 1-15.

Second-day, Gen. xviii, 16-33.

Third-day, Gen. xix, 1-11.

Fourth-day, Gen. xix, 12-29.

Fifth-day, Gen. xx, 1-18.

Sabbath-day, Gen. xxi, 1-21.

Sabbath day, Gen. xxi, 22-34.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

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

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium), 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor, 198 N. Washington Ave.

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

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

The Sabbath Recorder

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

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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If I Could Know.

If I could know that word or deed
Of mine had helped a soul in need,
Had given comfort, eased the smart
Of some poor, tortured, aching heart,
With what rare joy my heart would glow
If I could know! If I could know!

If one should whisper in my ear,
"Your words have made me stronger, dear,
To fight the evil thing within
That leads me often into sin"—
Life's darkened ways would lighter grow,
If I could know! If I could know!

Each day I ask the Lord to bless
Some act of mine to fruitfulness;
And though I know not how, or where
He sends the answer to my prayer,
When I into his presence go,
Then I shall know! Then I shall know!
—Selected.

The Man Who Wins.

The man who wins is the man who works—
The man who toils while the next man shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly press,
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails
And a moral finds in his mournful wails;
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,
To help the fallen rise again.
Ah, he is the man who wins!

—Baptist Commonwealth.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

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

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

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