There may be spirits living and dying unaffected by the Son of Man, but when we seek for an influence that is molding deeply the heart, we find it here in Nazareth. Whether Mr. Lincoln repeats his poem,

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Whether Macauley, dying, wishes to take the sacrament, whether Pāyson prays, or Bunyan dreams, whether a child commits itself to God at night, or a Cranmer sees Heaven through the light of the fagot, it is all one scene—that of Jesus Christ affecting deeply the inmost spirit of man.

—David Swing.
**American Sabbath Tract Society**

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**EDITORIAL.**

"Let Us Go Even Now Unto Bethlehem."

As Christmas day approaches, all eyes turn toward Bethlehem.

It was a beautiful day in early spring, when we took the carriage from Hotel du Parc, Jerusalem, for a ride to Bethlehem. We had spent two happy nights in Nazareth, ten days before, and followed the ancient roads, which Jesus journeyed over the hills of Galilee and mountains of Sama-ria to Jerusalem; and now for several days we had followed the guides and listened to their incredible stories about the "sacred places" in the modern city, until we bade joy the prospect of another ride through the country.

It was in the country that we seemed to come nearest the heart of Him who made all that land memorable. We knew that the houses and traditional places of interest in town and city could not have known the Son of Man in the days of his earth life. These were all too modern, and the traditions were too far-fetched and unlikely to have happened, but when we stood by that wonderful spring at Nazareth, where the crystal fountain bursts in a great stream from under the rock-based mountain; or when we looked over the shoulder of the Mount of Olives and looked upon the hills about Jerusalem and the fields stretching away toward Bethlehem, we knew that all these were here and practically the same in the days of Jesus as they are today. It seemed like a dream too good to be true, when we first looked upon the hills of Pal-estine from the Celtic in the Bay of Acre, and time and again in different parts of the country, as we stood amid the natural scenes that must have greeted the eyes of the Saviour, did we ask ourselves the question, "Can it all be true? Are we really in the land of Judah? Is this really the sea of Galilee, and is this truly the Jordan?"

Often there would come an overwhelming sense of the historic past, and sometimes such an uplift of soul as to make the Bible story seem more real than ever before. And as days went by and the dream grew more and more to be a reality, there came an indescribable pleasure in studying this wonderful land of the Book.

Never were these joysy feelings more real than on this memorable day at Bethlehem. The broad macadamized road passes through the most fruitful fields we have ever seen. Entering abruptly to the right near the Joppa gate, down the steep incline to the valley of Hinnom, we soon find ourselves surrounded by terraced slopes looking down the valley, covered with vineyards, gardens and grain-fields. The desire of so many to be buried near Jerusalem has caused the slopes near the walls to be crowded with tombs, and on either side of the valley the ruins of ancient sepulchers are everywhere in evidence.

This ancient valley soon turns to the left and, bearing around the southern end of Jerusalem, joins the valley of the Kidron. Every foot of the way is historic ground, and every moment is crowded with sacred memories. How fast one lives in a time like this! Dreams of years are fulfilled and crowded into a few moments of time.

How can pen describe these scenes so as to make them real to others? Would that I could enable Recorder readers to see them in the light of a Syrian sky, softened by the fresh green of early spring, and yet tinged with the atmosphere of ancient days.

Every rock and corner of this land has some story to tell of Israel's ancient heroes, and of the life and deeds of the world's..."
Redeemer. We have traced his pathway through the land, and now we shall see the spot where he was born. There is an influence from this very fact that covers all this land with a halo and intensifies our feelings as we set out for the town of Bethlehem, and explore it with its ancient olive trees. Here is the noble Hiram that was called Tophet and illustrated the fire that is never quenched; and there to our right, as we pass, is the valley of Rephaim, where David twice conquered the Philistines, being aided by the sounds of "going in the tops of the mulberry trees."

Behind us the walls of Jerusalem rise from the hillside to nearly 500 feet above the bottom of the valley; close by the roadside on our left we pass the tomb of Absalom, broken and marred by centuries of weathering, at which the Jews hurl rocks and curses as they pass. From an eminence near the ancient convent of Elijah, the panorama, stretching away on every side is one of beauty in the nearby fields, and of unsurpassed desolation in the far away hazy perspective of barren, rock-covered hillslopes toward the land of Moab. There is that sense of being far down to the depths of the Jordan valley, with glimpses of the Dead Sea between the nearby ones, making the Creator's own conception of desolation. This is the "Wilderness of Judea," where Jesus was tempted of the devil. We do not know that a single building or sacred place in Jerusalem was ever looked upon by our Savior, but we do know that all these scenes in nature were here, and that they have not changed much in 2,000 years. Those rocky hillsides yonder were honeycombed with tombs in the time of Christ just as they are today. And this must always have been the road for caravans to Egypt and footmen to Bethlehem and Hebron. Just a little to the south from this elevation we can see, close by the roadside, a little plain meadow-shaped structure, in which every one seems interested. It is the tomb of Rachel and is one of the best identified spots in all this country. It is held in reverence by Mohammedan and Jew alike and during thousands of years great care has been taken to preserve it. The mausoleum itself is not so very ancient, but there is little doubt that it covers the real tomb of Jacob's beloved wife. Here on each Thursday Moslem women come to mourn and here they desire to be buried. The hundreds of graves are round about the sacred spot. It is easy to imagine this ancient road thronged again with the great company that came with Jacob back from the land of Laban, as he traveled toward Hebron, to meet his aged father from whose tents he had fled forty years before. Only a little time had passed since Jacob had become "Israel!" in that night struggle by the Jabbok, and now he must pass under the rod in a bereavement that took the light out of the years, and saddened his heart to the end of his life. The great caravan of flocks and herds was halted right here. The hubbub and confusion of pitching the tents and arranging the camp were soon over, and the weary cattle and sheep strolled over these fields just as they do today.

Great anxiety came upon Jacob for the life of his loved one; and just as God gave him another son, "Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." Gen. 35:19. When Israel was an old man in Egypt and about to die, he spoke to Joseph in most tender terms about this sad death and burial of Rachel.

Two thousand years later there came to Bethlehem another day of mourning, "Rachel weeping for her children" after the slaughter which followed the birth of Christ.

But I did not mean to tarry so long at the tomb of Rachel. There was another company journeying over this same road and by this tomb, late in the evening, nine hundred years ago, toward which the eyes of the world have ever turned with the greatest interest. And then, a few days later, wise men from the East came this way, led by heavenly light, in search of the "King of the Jews." And yonder is Bethlehem, only a mile away, compactly built on a crescent-shaped ridge, and standing out as conspicuously as does Jerusalem itself. It makes a fine appearance, crowning a hilltop of little greater elevation than Jerusalem, with the sloping hillsides beautifully terraced and descending in great steps to the fertile valleys below. Vineyards, orchards of olives and figs, with fields of growing grain, stretch away on every hand, while just beyond these begin those deep-cut ravines that break the country into the rough and barren wilderness of Judaea. This, in turn, with its rocky, treeless ridges and peaks, looks as if a mighty storm-tossed ocean had been turned out, and so we must place a grand confusion for ages. Then, still farther down toward the very depths of the earth, lies the Dead Sea with the mountains of Moab rising like a purple wall in the background—all combining to make a picture the like of which can be found nowhere else on earth. What memories crowd upon us as we stand amid these scenes! Here upon the historic ground made sacred by Jacob's bereavement; surrounded by the very fields of Boaz in which Ruth gleaned; in the midst of scenes where David the son of Jesse watched his flocks, studied the starry heavens and sang his matchless songs; upon the very road which Samuel trod when he came to Bethlehem to anoint the ruddy-faced shepherd boy to be king over all Israel; close beside that matchless "gate, for the way of which David in exile so longed and thirsted that three of his faithful men risked their lives to secure for him one refreshing draught; and greatest of all, here in this "city of David," where shepherds, watching flocks by night, heard the angelic song announcing the Prince of Peace, when David's greater Son was born, and where wise men from the East, persuaded that the longing prayer of all the ages for God to come down to men was being answered, came to pay homage to the new child King—these are memories connected with this spring day at Bethlehem one of the brightest in our lives.

There is great probability that the grotto shown us under the church of the nativity on the brow of the hill yonder is the real birthplace of the Christ. We are interested in the stories here and in the traditional spots pointed out. The elaborate services of priests and children going on inside are also full of interest. But connected with all these there is something of uncertainty. They are somewhat spoiled by the superstitious traditions added, and by the fanaticism of Greek and Latin priests. But when one faces himself from the stuffy atmosphere of priest and burning, smoky lamps through those walls, and stands in the open air on the brow of Bethlehem's hill, everything seems changed. We know that all those fields and hills and the spring were here in those memorable days of old. Jesus was born in this town, and the greatest of all Bible stories was labored here. This is enough. With all these we are satisfied, and so long as life shall last, the memory of these will help us to make the real Bible lessons connected therewith.

***

"Fear Not."

These were the first words spoken by the angel in announcing the birth of Christ at Bethlehem. No words could be more suggestive of the future. When Adam found himself a sinner, the first thing recorded of him was his fear. He was afraid and hid himself from God. From that day to this, fear has haunted sinful men. Having imitated the example of their first parents, men seem to have inherited their fear of wrong, the fact remains, that men of all nations had clothed their deities in garbs of terror until there was no motive stronger in man than that of fear. This is the power by which kings have been fought and conquered, and by this universal sense of fear priests and fanatics have lashed their followers to do their bidding.

The moment darkened souls awake to their sinfulness in sight of a just God, that moment fear predominates. And it is impossible for the Divine to appear unto sinful men even in the form of a singing angel, without filling them with consternation.

It was so in the fields about Bethlehem when, on that wonderful night, "The angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid." Thus would it be if God were to make direct communications to self-condemned, sin-smitten men through angel or spirit or the glory of God shining round about them. There must, in the nature of the case, be some other and more human way in which Jehovah shall speak to men of human speech, through a channel common to man, and one that will ally his fears.

There were no words in the universe that
man needed so much to hear as these very words, “Fear not.” And when we pause to think of all they meant and of what they ushered in, we must regard them as the key-note of all of redemption. On that night the heart-yearning prayer of all the ages, for God to come down to men was being answered.

A common origin—the promise of a Saviour, made “In the beginning”—had given rise, among all nations, to myths, more or less distinct though often vague, of a coming One who should dwell as God among men. Every heathen deity, imagined in human form and worshiped, as were the gods of Olympus, was but the result of a crude effort of man to answer this age-long prayer for God manifest in the flesh. And now the fullness of time has come, and in the divine Child of Bethlehem God is coming to man in a way that will remove all fears. Through him God can communicate with his children without their being “sore afraid” and fleeing from his face.

If God was ever to come to men and talk with them and teach them how this way could be more natural or more reasonable than through this divine-human birth and the wonderful sinless life of Jesus the Son of God? From the cradle to the grave man needs just these words of cheer. Life is filled with vicissitudes and with unrest, and untold discouragements and difficulties on every hand. His enemy is subtle and strong, and man is short-sighted and weak; and it was especially fitting that the first words spoken upon ushering in the Saviour should be words of comfort and of hope.

We find this same Saviour, when going about his mission among men, using the same words, “Fear not, little flock,” and assuring them that it was his Father’s good pleasure to give them the kingdom. His lips were ever dropping words of comfort and of help. He supplied the wants of human hearts and answered the prayer of ages by bringing God down to men as their supreme helper and ever present Friend. The angel on that birth-night at Bethlehem did indeed bring “good tidings of great joy” which shall be unto all people; tidings that should dispel human fears, and which were to put new hope into the hearts of men and transform the world. Whoever finds himself amid the storms of life's rough sea, and ready to sink, may henceforth hear the voice of Him whose swift feet are walking the waves, as he says, “Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.”

Again, when, standing by the tomb that had contained their dearest and best, the women were overcome with fear and all but distracted with trouble, it was his voice that said “Fear not,” and then assured them of the resurrection from the tomb. Thus, in all his messages to men, they are bidden to banish all fears of One whose love is deeper and tenderer than mother’s love; and whether he comes to the soul born again, to be its Redeemer; or in the midst of life’s struggles on what seems to be a tempestuous sea, to bring succor and salvation; or whether he stands with the broken-hearted beside the tomb that seems to hold earth’s dearest treasures, with life bereft of its light and joy,—the message is just the same, “Fear not,” “Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.”

Thus the angel song of good will to men is ringing around the world today. It started, on the fields of Bethlehem, when the angels filled the air with the glory of the Lord; and the Christ-child understood the message of good will, and kindled the zeal born of the song in the hearts of his followers. These, in turn, have kept the message fresh through all the ages. And today, wherever human woes are to be healed and human fears are to be quieted and peace and hope enthroned, it is the same old story. The glad tidings are carried from heart to heart, by the faithful ones who have tested their truths, and the tears are dispelled, hope springs up and joy grows bright.

Thank God for the millions upon millions of earth who have been blessed by this comforting message from Heaven.

Under its sustaining power men have been transformed and made strong. They have found the Lord their “light and salvation” and been enabled to say, “Whom shall I fear?” even when surrounded by those that in front of them. And under its sustaining grace and full assurance of hope, multitudes have said, “Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou rod and thy staff they comfort me.” Oh, how much better it would be for us all, if in the midst of anxious days and hours, when our hearts are filled with misgivings and everything seems to go wrong, we could stop and listen to the angel’s song, “Fear not!”

***

“For We Have Seen His Star in the East.”

These are the words of the wise men who came from far countries to search for the Child. They could not realize in their day all that we now know about the reign of the Prince of Peace, even though angels had announced the glad tidings of great joy that were to be unto all peoples. The prophets had foretold, in beautiful language something of the transformations that were to come through him when “the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad” and “the desert shall blossom as the rose.” “For the Lord shall comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like a garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.”

While the conditions in the East today do not seem like a realization of this beautiful prophecy, still one who sees aight will find evidences as in that hightoned land of the Christ today, where as the true star of hope in the East, the crescent has supplanted the cross, and evidences of all these adverse conditions. Wherever a country has sunk to the depths of degradation, the spirit of the rejected Christ puts its stars of joy to light and light back to those in darkness; and so the star of Bethlehem still leads to the Child of Peace.

So it comes about that, in the midst of these abominations, there shines out today, as the true star of hope in the East, the self-sacrificing work of Protestant Christianitv. There is the mission school in Nazareth, and a charming institution for boys and young men in Jerusalem, where they are being carefully trained in the principles of Christianity. There is the home for lepers, where the light of the Christ-life is demonstrated by loving hearts who take life in their hands, cut loose from home and friends, in order to carry on at the expense of those desolate and pitiful beings smitten with leprosy. Christian missions to destitute Jews, though not very fruitful in converts, still show a beautiful, consecrated love willing to sacrifice all for Christ. Even in Shechem, where the natives are more hostile than in any other town, one will find good mission work being done. So it is all over that land. One is surprised to see mission schools in almost every village from Nazareth to Bethlehem where the work of the Good Samaritan is faithfully and lovingly performed.

Those who have visited Damascus and Beirut, tell us of the same blessed work being done in the northern country.
So then, the “star in the east” may still be seen, even though many who go there do not discern it. If, however, we should take out of Palestine today the light of the Protestant missionary, this star would disappear and darkness would prevail.

I cannot close this article without some mention of the blessed Christlike spirit of some Christian Arabs we met. I remember a great provocation that came to one of them at Tiberias by the bitter threats of an American. Insult upon insult was heaped upon him by a man from Christian America, who shook his clenched fist close to the Arab’s nose and threatened to smash the poor man’s face. I knew the circumstances and knew the American alone was to blame. I saw the Arab curb his temper and gain the mastery over himself, and held the light of a Christian spirit shine from his face as quietly reminded his abuser that such talk was not like that of Christ, and that his own love for his Lord would not allow him to use such language.

I never closed my eyes to the evident evidences of a genuine Christian character in the dark-skinned man of Palestine. Yes, in this bejeweled land we have seen “his star in the east.”

“Cometh the Christmas-tide with holy cheer; Across the echoing ages, sweet and clear, The music of the angel’s song I hear.”

“Oh, heavy-laden one, the Heavenly Guest Would find thy heart a place of rest—A Bethlehem by His sweet presence blest.”

“Age after age, sweet and clear, That angel chorus falls upon mine ear, And life grows fair and sweet with Christmas cheer.”

All Sweden Mourns.

The venerable King Oscar II, of Sweden, who died December 8, was like a father to his people. They loved him with genuine affection, and the entire country is bowed down with grief. When the flag on the royal palace was lowered to half-mast, the people recognized it as the announcement that the king had breathed his last. Great throngs of schoolboys, King Oscar’s most devoted friends; many old men and women in rags, such as the king had always stopped to console and to give generous gifts, had gathered about the palace, awaiting the end. When suddenly the flag was lowered, a great wail of sorrow arose from the throng and rolled along the streets. The old people clasped their hands and prayed and sobbed aloud, and the lamentations of the schoolboys were heartrending. This good king had been more than a ruler to his people; he had enfronned himself in their affections as a loving personal friend. All around the town and harbor flags dropped to half-staff, the people thronged the streets and open places, and everybody spoke in subdued whispers words of love and affection. The venerable monarch had been falling for many months, so his death was not unexpected; and yet when it did come, the people could not refrain from giving expression to the deepest grief as many of them exclaimed, “Our dear old king is dead.” His able son, Oscar Gustave, becomes his successor.

King Oscar was a man of gigantic stature; while his connection with several great European families, and his being a descendant from Napoleon’s great field marshal Bernadotte, made him a picturesque and conspicuous figure among the royalty of the Old World. He was exceedingly democratic in his feelings and character, a fact which accounts for his being so idolized by his people.

He never ceased to grieve deeply over the withdrawing of Norway from under his rule, and many people believe that grief over this shortened his days.

Had the king lived until January he would have been 78 years old.

The new king is 48 years old, and resembles his father in many ways. He is wise and considerate and has had much experience in helping his father to rule during these last years. The new queen is granddaughter of Emperor William of Germany.

The Tract Society’s Debt.

It is now two weeks since we reported receipts on the debt. Of course, you all understand that we only mention here the items that are specified as being “for the debt.” All other gifts go into the regular fund for Tract Society expenses. If these regular gifts are sufficient to meet the weekly bills as they have to be paid, then the money for debt is so much clear gain towards making it smaller. But the gain will be counteracted every time the treasurer has to borrow money to meet the expenses. It seems to me that if the people fully realized the distress the Board is in, and could, I am sure, be encouraged company of men giving their time and bowing down under the perplexing problems growing out of the apparent indifference of the people, every one who wants to see the work go forward would awaken to the necessity of prompt action and put every dollar of this debt burden away before the new year begins. It is common for the work to be so crippled by debt. But the debt is not the worst feature of it all. It is the apparent indifference of our people to the Tract Society’s interests that disheartens more than the mere debt. I feel sure that this indifference is only apparent; and hope the people will soon prove to the Board that I am correct in this opinion.

Receipts to date, Dec. 19, are as follows:

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Thanksgiving Sermon.

REV. ALVA L. DAVIS.

Preached at Verona, N. Y., November 28, 1907, and requested for publication.

Text, Ps. 50: 14: Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.

The right of the people to govern themselves is an old, old right that we should never wonder how it could have ever been disputed. Yet for these privileges which we enjoy today—the privileges of sharing in the government and of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own conscience—millions have given their lives; and these blessings to tens of millions are yet denied.

The records of a Thanksgiving service in the Plymouth Colony, Dec. 22, 1636, contain the following: “Then setting out some half hour before nine and continuing till after twelve o’clock, ye day being very cold, beginning with a short prayer; then a Psalm sang; then more large in prayer; after that another Psalm; and then the Word taught; after that prayer, another a Psalm: and so making merry to the creatures, the poor sort being invited by the richer.”

The story of that early Pilgrim settlement with its early Thanksgiving service reads like a romance. Yet we must remember that these far-away people and customs gave birth to our national Thanksgiving day. No longer are we a few hundred people, but a mighty nation, ninety millions strong, covering a domain vaster than that over which the Roman eagle ever floated, a domain, under the blessing of God, richer in natural and material resources than any other nation on the globe.

The Psalmist said, “Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.” Why give thanks? For what should we be thankful?

We ought to be thankful to God that such strong men and women were among those who laid the foundation of this great nation. Ah, no weaknesses were they; but men and women of strong convictions, of great faith, filled with the spirit of devotion and religious liberty. Such were the people who laid the foundation of our Republic. That we live in this great Republic, “the land of the free and the home of the brave,” ought to be a cause for special thanksgiving for every American citizen. The right of the people to govern themselves is an old, old right that we should never wonder how it could have ever been disputed. Yet for these privileges which we enjoy today—the privileges of sharing in the government and of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own conscience—millions have given their lives; and these blessings to tens of millions are yet denied.

The historian tells us that before a log was placed in the cabin, or even a blow was struck toward the new settlement, they set up the laurel of heaven to offer thanks to God for a safe journey and to invoke his blessing upon the colony they were about to plant.

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We ought to be thankful to God that such strong men and women were among those who laid the foundation of this great nation. Ah, no weaknesses were they; but men and women of strong convictions, of great faith, filled with the spirit of devotion and religious liberty. Such were the people who laid the foundation of our Republic. That we live in this great Republic, “the land of the free and the home of the brave,” ought to be a cause for special thanksgiving for every American citizen. The right of the people to govern themselves is an old, old right that we should never wonder how it could have ever been disputed. Yet for these privileges which we enjoy today—the privileges of sharing in the government and of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own conscience—millions have given their lives; and these blessings to tens of millions are yet denied.
Although the world looked upon the launching of our Republic as a piece of folly and prophesied that its life would be short, it has lived to glorify its founders and to demonstrate to the world that "government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." Today we have a government whose influence and power is world-wide. Considering the fact that it has been but three hundred years since the first English colony was planted upon American soil, the rise of our government in influence and power among the nations of the world is the most wonderful in the annals of history. With supreme gratification and delight we watch the triumphant march of our republican ideas of government around the world. We have beheld their triumphs across the mountain chains and plains of South America; we see their transforming power in Cuba and the Philippines. Few, indeed, are the countries that have not in some measure appropriated the fundamental principles of our government. The majority of the peoples of Europe have constitutional government, and finally the power of the monarch is being broken, gradually the will of the people is being obtained. Even despotic Russia is now in the throes of a political revolution which bids fair to banish despotism forever.

No, no, we can never be thankful enough for the wisdom and soundness of our beloved country. The foundations have been laid so broad and so deep that we shall never outgrow it, for it is as well adapted to a nation of three hundred millions as three millions of people. We can never be thankful enough for our national heroes and defenders, both past and present. Call the illustrious roll. Washington—that "Virginia gentleman," whom Lee pronounced to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" Lincoln—"honest Abe," of whom Secretary Stanton said as he looked upon his lifeless body: "There lies the most perfect ruler of men that ever lived;" McKinley—so kind in spirit and yet so firm, whose sweet and tender devotion to wife and home must forever endear him to American hearts. Roosevelt—that independent and fearless champion of civic righteousness. Hughes, Folk, Hoch, and scores of others—who are consecrating themselves to the cause of righteousness, and thus contributing to our national strength and greatness. Thank God for our nation, our national preservers and defenders.

But some one says: "There is evil and corruption and wickedness; what of these?" Yes, there is much that is evil; much we would like to see purged away. And while we cannot thank God for the evils that exist, we can thank him for the grand work accomplished, and now in progress, in purging and cleansing national life; we can thank him for the awakened public conscience, and for the glorious results thus far achieved. We are demanding that our officials shall be clean, and honest and upright; and that national, state and local governments shall be administered for the highest good of all, and these demands are being heeded. The saloon that has stood for a century, blasting hopes, wrecking homes, and damning souls, is tottering. No longer it is considered a necessary evil—one that must be tolerated. There has been an outburst of men, outraged public conscience, and wonderful victories for temperance, for God and civic righteousness are being won. The news from Georgia, Alabama, and Oklahoma is refreshing. It reflects the entire South is in arms against this monster evil. Here is the voice of the South on this question: Whole number of counties, 1,366; dry, 883; wet, 275; mixed, 98. In the wet counties, the sale of liquor is confined almost wholly to a few cities. Eight states now have prohibitory laws, while a dozen others will doubtless so declare when an opportunity is given. Nearly one-half the territory of the United States is under prohibitory law. either state, county, town, or ward. The temperence element is now a power to be reckoned with. "Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth **** Babylon is fallen, is fallen." And we thank God and take fresh courage.

One million foreign emigrants are annually coming to our shores. While these may add to our material prosperity, they bring with them their problems. In New York City alone, we are told, sixty-six different languages are spoken. One of the greatest problems for the United States, greater than naturalizing these foreigners, is to educe their children in American habits, temper and speech. Let us thank God for our public school system that is striving to work this foreign material into American citizens. Let us thank him for that great army of noble men and women, in city, town and village who are teaching children how to live and how to serve their country best.

For what shall we render thanks? "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." Thanks be to him for the Christian religion. Steadily and surely the gospel of Jesus Christ is making its triumphs abroad. And the motto, "The world for Christ in this generation," seems not an impossibility. Already the Christian religion is enshrined in most of the countries of Europe. It is making inroads into China, India and Japan, though still less than one per cent of the Orientals are Christians. Living as we do in the full light of the gospel of Christ, we are apt to underestimate its worth and superiority. Let us briefly compare it with four of the world's great religions. Brahmanism is a sort of pantheism. Brahma is the One First Cause, from which gods and men emmanate. To work one's way back to Brahma is the great end and hope of life. To do so man must be born again and again into lower forms of animal life, the number of times depending upon his position or caste. Christianity rests upon a belief in one God, who is to be worshipped in spirit and truth.

Buddhism, which numbers among its adherents one-third of the human race, recognizes the worship of many gods. It teaches that all life is but affliction and misery, from which the only escape is the loss of self, being absorbed on arriving at Nirvana. There is no soul, no personal immortality. Christianity recognizes but one God, who has endowed us with immortal souls. It regards all life here as a great opportunity to prepare for a greater and more happy existence hereafter.

The Jewish religion, but in reality is but a system of moral and political codes, in which the only worship is that of ancestry, and in which justice is the highest virtue taught. Under such a system there can be no progress, for man lives in the past. Christianity purifies and cleanses the heart; vitalizes and invigorates human life wherever it is accepted. It not only promises a blessed life hereafter, but makes life worth living now. Our God is not only a God of justice, but of mercy and love and compassion.

Mohammedanism is destructive to human liberty, progress and improvement. It permits slavery, and therefore fosters despotism; it inspires race hatred; and thus pays no recognition to the brotherhood of man; it allows polygamy, hence degrades woman and destroys the sanctity of the home. Christianity opposes despotism and slavery in every form; it is founded on the brotherhood of man; it recognizes woman's rightful place by the side of man, and thus makes sacred the home. On the banner of King Jesus is inscribed, "God is love, God is love."

Yes, "offer unto God thanksgiving." And when we compare the Christian religion with other religions we can but exclaim with Paul, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."

But there are other more personal blessings. "Offer unto God thanksgiving." For what? For health. Let those this morning who have strong bodies and sound minds thank God for them. Let us thank him for strength for ability to work; for minds, and the ability to think and to use them.

Let us be thankful for friends. The world is full of good things—full of people, and birds, and flowers and trees, full of love and sympathy. These are all for you—meant to be your friends. There is no one so lowly but that he can have friends, if only he will be a friend. Let us thank God for friends, for those who love and trust us, for those who have confidence in us.

For home? Ah, yes. Thank God for that most sacred and blessed of all human institutions—the home. Let us thank him for the ties that bind husband and wife, parents and children. True, death may enter and snare for a time; sickness may disfigure; misfortunes and poverty may press; but, under the blessing of God, these are not only endured, but may prove to be the golden cords which bind the family more firmly together. The home ties are broken for some of you, and all that remains of the old home, lingers now on memory's wall. But thank God for the memories that cluster there. That dear old home, "be it ever so humble," you would not exchange for a palace. All that...
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

once made it dear to you may be gone, yet thank God for the influence of the home and the memories that linger there.

Yes, "offer unto God thanksgiving." May it not be even, for his denials? Dr. Hoyt tells the story of a little boy of eight, who was asked to write out a bill of fare for a Thanksgiving dinner. This is the bill of fare: "Furst corse, mince pie; seckund corse, pumpkin pie and turkey; third corse, lemon pie, turkey, cranberries; fourth corse, custard pie, apple pie, mince pie, chocolate cake, ice cream, plum-pudding; Desert, pie." And we wonder, what of the boy? Denial was certainly best for him. And so it is with us. We are but children of short vision, not knowing what is best for us; often craving the sweets of this life when the bitter is best for us. Thank God, even, for what his hand withholds. But poor indeed will our thanksgiving be if it does not find expression in our conduct. For true thanksgiving is thank - living; it is doing rather than saying. If we consider our citizenship of such priceless heritage, let us see that these blessings which we enjoy are transmitted to the next generation, not only unimpaired, but improved. If we believe that "righteousness exalteth a nation," let us not only pray God to give us clean and pure rulers, but let us rise above blind partisanship and vote with our consciences. Our educational system is such a blessing to us and our children, let us register an oath that we will allow neither narrow sectarianism nor political chicanery to blight this sacred institution. If our Christian religion is of such superior qualities and of such untold blessings to us, let us promise here before God to give more freely of our substance and our lives to carry the blessed gospel to others. If we are blessed with health and the love and comfort of home and friends, let us resolve from this day forward to consider all these God-given blessings to his service, and thus glorify our Father which art in heaven.

I thank thee, Lord, for the blue of the sky; for the green of the woods and fields; for the river that ripples and sparkles by; and the harvest the brown earth yields. For the birds that sing and the flowers that bloom, and the breath of the cooling breeze—these hast made them so beautiful, I thank thee, Lord, for these!

"I thank thee, Lord, for a brain to think, and a will to dare and do; for a heart which may give my fellow man the love that is strong and true; for a spirit that is but the breath of God and is new when the world is old—yes, they all them to that dear Lord. They are thine to have and to hold.

"Only use them, Lord, in thy shaping hand,
For an end that thine eye can see,
As day by day thou art fashioning
By child to child more like thee.
Let thine image shine from my faithful heart
As a light over life's rough way,
That others may find it an easier path,
And be led to a perfect day."

Denominational News.

We were misinformed as to the time when Elder Seager is to begin his work in West Virginia.

A card from Brother Witter says, "Seager is not to begin work here until January first, and his family will not come here until spring."

The plea of unbelief which people are so fond of putting forward to excuse themselves from the duties of a religious life is to a large extent disingenious. They really believe more than they are willing to avow. Pretending to despise theology, they have a theology of their own—a theology which embraces the main points of truth in reference to the soul, and human responsibility, and righteousness, and judgment, and salvation. God has not to assume this work and edit the Pulpit. We ask of our ministers and laymen who feel they have a message, the same faithful support which they have given in the past. We hope the list of contributors will be increased. Please respond to Brother Jordan's requests.

There are very few First-day ministers who ever have the opportunity of seeing their sermons in print and thus speaking to other congregations than their own and of preaching after they are gone. Some of our men are now doing this through the Pulpit. It is an excellent opportunity to become known to our own widely scattered people and to other people as well. It obviates the necessity of the written practice of "candidating." Have a message. Give it to lost men through the columns of the Pulp.

To the many dear friends of missions:

I have just returned to my home from an eight weeks' campaign in the great Southwest. I wish to say to the kind friends who have written me and not received reply, that the delay in the mail service and the distance which some of it is carried overland by stage, is very unusual to us of the North. Some letters have followed, but failed to reach me; others have not been forwarded on account of the many uncertainties. All money will be receipted and letters answered. Please excuse this necessary delay; if you do not receive reply drop me a card that we may know if any letters have been lost. Some mail has reached me after being carried seventy miles by stage among the mountain roads of Missouri, with the envelopedmony in my pocket. I hope soon to write and tell you of the work and interest in the South.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST PULPIT.

The removal of Brother Geo. B. Shaw from Plainfield, N. J., necessitates a change in the editorship of the Pulpit. We greatly regret being deprived of his future service. We are deeply indebted both to him and to those who have so kindly contributed sermons, all of this work has been done without money consideration.

Rev. Henry N. Jordan, of New Market, N. C., is asked to assume this work and edit the Pulpit. We ask of our ministers and laymen who feel they have a message, the same faithful support which they have given in the past. We hope the list of contributors will be increased. Please respond to Brother Jordan's requests.

Missions.

It is over three weeks since our arrival in this country, and our meeting with the friends here. Already we have come to feel quite at home among the new surroundings, although that which is like home is not usual enough to be unnoticed.

When Brother in the Racoonus, I think we were just nearing Yokohama. Our days in Japan were delightful ones. Anticipations of finding the "Sunrise Kingdom" interesting and attractive were more than fulfilled, although we realized that there was much need for better Christian teaching and the influence of Christian civilization.

Only he who has for many days been removed from sight of land and the familiar scenes of busy, active life thereon, can appreciate how dearly we worked and prepared for coming into port. The first faint outline, through the mist, of the Japan shore, the snow-capped peak of Fuji just appearing through the clouds, the pur-
ple hills, the nearer and nearer view of the harbor, on board the preparation for quarantine inspection, the reception of the quarantine officers, the inspection, the final dropping of anchor, and then one's foot on terra firma—how good it all seemed!

We walked through the queer little streets, interested in the quaint shops, and the markets, and the costumes of the people, as well as the faces of the men and women and little children. The foreign buildings and people seemed like a suggestion of home set in the midst of that great Japanese city.

On Sabbath-day, October nineteenth, we all went for a long walk along the Bluff where are many of the foreign homes with their fine gardens. From one point, there was an excellent view of the harbor. Mr. Davis and I went later to visit a friend at Ferris Seminary, where, for many years, a beautiful work has been carried on among Japanese girls. Going into the Seminary chapel, we listened with delight while a Japanese woman sang with great sweetness and expression, and in excellent English, some Christian songs—"Call to Thou Thus, O Master?" and "A Dream of Paradise."

The day following, the Crofoot family and ourselves had a very interesting trip by rail to Kamakura. There we visited the Hachmann Shrine and the famous Diabutsu, sacred to the great Buddha. This immense idol is of hollow bronze structure, forty-nine feet in height. The temples once near the Diabutsu have long since been destroyed, but the fine gardens still surround it, and the quiet, peaceful atmosphere of the place seems appropriate to the home of the gods.

Three days completed our stay in Yokohama. From there the "Shinano Maru" made her way to Kobe where she lay in harbor three days more. Kobe was even more attractive than Yokohama. The finer shops, many better streets, and the further signs of progress in civilization were interesting and hopeful.

From Kobe, we sailed to Moji where the good ship coaled for several hours. Moji is a growing port owing to its great value as a coaling station. There is no wharf in the harbor at Moji, and consequently we did not go ashore there. This is also true at Kobe, but there a launch runs at stated intervals between the ships in harbor and the shore.

On October twenty-ninth, we found ourselves within sight of the China shore, and entering the mouth of the Yangtsze River. Anchor was dropped, and in a couple of hours a launch came for the Shanghai passengers. Our baggage, the mail, and eighteen or twenty passengers were transferred from the "Shinano," and soon we found ourselves steaming up the Wampo toward Shanghai.

We are grateful for so safe and good a journey, for the companionship of Mr. and Mrs. Crofoot and the children during the long voyage, the cordial greetings and warm hospitality of the friends here. Dr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Burdick, and Dr. Palmberg—all had gone to meet us upon arrival. Through some misinformation, they missed us, and consequently Mrs. Crofoot and I were here at the Mission home to greet them upon their return. The men of our party were more fortunate, as Dr. and Mrs. Davis found them, while looking after the baggage. The reunion, when it was possible, was all the more warm and hearty.

Of the experiences during the weeks since coming, I will leave it for others to write.

MARY ROSS DAVIS.

West Gate, Shanghai, China,
November 22, 1907.

Treasurer's Report.

Geo. H. Utter, Treasurer,
In account with THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Cash in treasury, Nov. 1, 1907 $1,295.38

Church:
Plainfield, N. J. 96.83
Chicago, Ill. 16.60
Hebron, Pa. 4.00
Salen, W. Va. 8.27
New Market, N. J. 15.60
Westerly, R. I. 75.73
Albion, N. Y. 22.32
Rockville, R. I. 15.79
Allford Station, N. Y. 15.25

Sabbath School:
Ashaway, R. I. 10.00
Rodeclie, R. I. 10.00
Nile, N. Y.—Chinese schools 20.00
Mrs. C. D. Potter, N. Y. 20.00
Mrs. A. P. Harris, Cambridge, Mass. 10.00
Collection at Southwestern Association 9.31

Woman's Executive Board:
General Fund $13 12
Endowment Fund, school 50.00
China mission 7.00
Collection at Semi-annual Meeting of Minnesota churches 5 66
One-half collection at Yearly Meeting of New Jersey church 6 21
G. W. Witter, Wausau, Wis. 5 00 4727 20

D. H. Davis, by order from Smith's Cash Store 85 30
Church at Riverside, Cal. Quarter ending Sept. 30 37 50
E. B. Saunders, salary and expenses in October, 1907 124.53
Cash in treasury:
Available $145 37
Lieu-en Mission 226.31
Shanghai Chapel 1,100 00 4479 88 4727 20

E. O. E.
Geo. H. Utter, Treasurer,

Tract Society Executive Board Meeting.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, December 8, 1907, at 2:00 P.M., President Stephen Babcock at the chair.


Prayer was offered by Rev. E. B. Saunders.

Minutes of last meeting read. The Superintendence Committee reported that matters set up for the Seventh-day Baptist Booklet and the Seventh-day Baptist Souvenir are held in abeyance for various reasons, and recommended that the same be hastened to completion for the benefit of the publishing house.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature presented the following report:

The Committee on the Distribution of Literature begs leave to report that at a meeting held this day, action was taken and ordered reported to this Board as follows:

Voted, That the Secretary of the Committee be requested to prepare a list of 1,000 libraries to which the Monthly Edition of the Recorder shall be sent, including the 500 libraries already selected, a circular letter to be sent to the second 500, similar to that sent to the first 500.

Voted, That beginning with December, 1907, aside from the library and Y. M. C. A. lists provided by the action of this committee today and a month ago, the Monthly Edition of the Recorder shall be sent to a new list, consisting of the members of faculties of theological seminaries, and daily and weekly newspapers (trade and technical journals not included) to continue at the pleasure of the committee.

Upon the presentation of a report that the tract entitled "The Sabbath and Seventh-day Baptists" was almost ready for printing, it was

Voted, That an edition of 5,000 copies be printed.

Voted, That we recommend to the Board that beginning with Jan. 1, 1908, a volume of the Sabbath Recorder consist of 26 numbers, instead of 52 numbers as heretofore, thereby making two volumes in each year.

Report adopted.

The Committee on Denominational Files reported that volumes of the Sabbath Recorder for 1904, 1905, and 1906 had been bound and forwarded to the various repositories.

The Treasurer presented statement of receipts and disbursements since the last meeting and stated that the present indebtedness of the society is $4,000.00.

On motion it was voted that funds given to this society to become a part of the Permanent Fund, shall not be used as collateral security in obtaining loans.

Voted, That F. J. Hubbard and A. L. Tisworth be appointed a committee to investigate the conditions under which the funds held by this society were given and to report to this Board as soon as practicable.

Voted, That the President and Treasurer be authorized to use securities belonging to that part of the Permanent Fund which was given to the society without conditions, as collateral in securing loans as
American Sabbath Tract Society—Treasure’s Report for November, 1907.

Contributions, General Fund.
H. D. Clarke, Dodge Centre, Minn. $5.00
Mrs. C. D. Potter, Belmont, N. Y. 80.00
L. M. Bodine, Greenville, N. Y. 12.90
Enoch Colton, Adams Centre, N. Y. 1.10
James R. Dunham, New Market, N. J. 1.00
Mrs. Rebecca T. Rogers, Providence, R. I. (annual membership) 10.00
E. H. Lewis, Oshkosh, Wis. 50.00
Mrs. J. D. Washburn, Earlville, N. Y. 1.00

Collections:
Southwestern Association 9.31
Treasurer, A. E. H. Lewis, Rockville, N. Y. 5.00
New Market, N. J., Sabbath School 0.00
Albion, Wis. 0.48

Contributions on Debt:
Clarence Beebe, Brookfield, N. Y. $5.00
E. G. Thorne, Northfield, N. Y. 5.00
Timon Swenson, Centerville, S. D. 5.00
J. A. Inglis, Marquette, Wis. 5.00
Rockville, R. I., Sabbath School 10.00
Mrs. H. Vine Clarke, Milton, Wis. 5.00
T. L. Gardiner, Stereotyped Lectures at Shiloh, N. J. 75.25
W. R. Rood, Iron River, Wis. 5.00
S. C. Masson, M. D., Utica, N. Y. 5.00
Mrs. F. W. Hamilton, Alfred Station, N. Y. 15.00
Mrs. Grover, Post, Chicopee, Mass. 5.00
Dr. C. H. West, Farma, Ill. 20.00
C. Allen Davis, Milton Junction, Wis. 5.00
North, Loup, Nebr., Woman’s Missionary Society 25.00
“Friends,” Lowville, N. Y. 5.00
Mrs. Eliza Stilman, East Boston, Mass. 5.00
Mary A. Stilman, East Boston, Mass. 10.00
Rev. W. H. Washburn, Earlville, N. Y. 1.00
Rev. B. C. Davis, Alfred, N. Y. “Annual Membership” 20.00—231.25
H. N. Jordan, East, Southwestern Association, returned 392
G. C. Cozzell, Life Membership, James L. Cozzell, Topeka, Kan. 22.00
Publishing House Receipts: 
Exchanges $74.59
Visitor 10.50
Helping Hand 43.41—229.20

$99.97

E. K. O. E. F. J. Hubbard, Treasurer.
Pianfield, N. J.
Dec. 10, 1907.

The higher a man looks the farther he sees. The man who lifts his face to God in heaven is he whose eyes sweep simultaneously the farthest prospect of earth and bring to him a sense of the proportion of things. —George Adam Smith, D. D.

Chicago, Ill. 16.00
First Hopkinton, (AnnAlmost) 10.00
R. 7.00
Salem, W. V. 1.30
New Market, N. J. 2.30
Gentry, Ark. 4.30
Pawlet, N. Y. (Westley) R. I. 52.42
Rockville, R. I. 5.50
New Market, N. J., Sabbath School 10.00
Albion, Wis. 0.48

The Voice of the Christ-Child.
The earth has grown cold with its burden of care, But at Christmas it always is young; And the heart of the jewel becomes fair and bright, And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air, When the song of the Angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming tonight, On the snowflakes which cover thy sod, The feet of the Christ-child fall gently and white, And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor, That voice of the Christ-child shall fall; And to every blind wanderer opens the door Of a hope which he dared not to dream of before, With a sunshine of welcome for all.

—Phillips Brooks.

A Baby Leader.
The baby was alive although its mother died. The Lushai tribe (Eastern Bengal) in such cases put the baby into a little pot and bury it alive with its dead mother. But Mr. and Mrs. Savide, of the English Baptist Mission, said that was wicked. The Lushais answered, “Wicked or not, there is nothing else to do.” The missionaries tried to coax a Lushai woman to nurse the poor little thing. But the woman shuddered at the mere thought of nursing a dead woman’s baby. They tried to persuade the people to feed cow’s milk to it, and got for an answer a roar of laughter. Only an Englishman could invent the disgusting idea of using cow’s milk for the child. Then the missionaries took to their home the little bag of skin and bones and gave it a feeding bottle full of warm milk. In due time the baby grew fat on the bottle. This was a miracle in the Lushai hills. The baby is a wonder because, although his mother is dead, he lives. More than a year has passed since his thin lips first laid hold on the bottle, and he has already taught his kinsmen of the hills a welcome lesson; for they bury babies through ignorance rather than sotty heartedness. He has also become a living link between the Lushais and the missionaries. At 14 months the baby is a leader of public opinion and is doing the work of an evangelist to prepare the way of the missionary who would teach the people the love of a Heavenly Father.

—The Missionary Helper.

The Best of All Christmas Plans.
The question “What is the best practical Christmas work to help or to uplift mankind?” has never had any other answer to me than this: Be brother and neighbor. All our troubles, all the thousands misfits that burden our world, come about through forgetting that in truth we are brothers, being children of one God, by whatever name we were taught to call upon Him. All the specifics, the cure-alls, that are offered for our social ills, each warranted to make a brand new race out of the same old faulty material, are but half the most part, to find a human substitute for the prescription that we “love one another.” They will all alike fail, because they are substitutes, “something just as good” in the belief of the champions. There is nothing just as good.

Therefore, my scheme for Christmas charity is to be neighborhood; to cry quits on all fights and quarrels as the Holy Eve draws near; not only to forgive your enemies—that is easy—but to square yourself with yourself and own when you did the wrong.

That first—sweep before your own door. Then out to the neighbor to find him. He is somewhere around; and the harder he is to find, the more the blame for your letting him get so far away, out of your sight. My plan is for each one to find his own neighbor. If he can find two, three, or a dozen, so much the better; but the thing is that he must find them, or go to them anyway. So only does he fill the Christmas ideal. Doing good by squads is better than nothing; but the one who does it misses the Christmas feeling of it for himself—the glow that comes of seeking and finding your brother and owning him as such.

Don’t you see that if every family in the land that has would take by the hand one
family that has not, in the Christmas season, the other half would be cared for in full by the half that owes the care? And, what is more, once having taken the neighbor by the hand under the Christmas impulse, we shall find it mighty hard to let go. And so Christmas charity which no one needs be afraid of—it never corrupts because of the love that inspires it—shall be transmuted in the days after into neighborly helpfulness that goes alongside the needy one, the weak one, the erring one, with counsel and advice and friendship. And then we shall be home pretty soon.

Now, that is the long and the short of it, and it is really what we are all aiming at with our abundant Christmas benevolence. Only we fall into error, through indulgence, of farming out the loving impulse; and then it spoils—the divine breath upon it is gone.

Let every man, every woman, go look for his, for her, own neighbor right now, whether he lives in a tenement slum, or in a cold hall-room with no Yuletide cheer in it. Perhaps he works in your shop, your store, and you see him every day with but the true and only Christmas joy here on earth. The bells on Christmas morning will ring for you as they never rang since you were a child and heard the angels' words in them.


Worthy Christmas Gifts.

Honey, do n't you dea to eckeen Kasee 't ain't am Yo' kaint sen' no Chris'mas gifis Dat am fit to go Fo' dah's heaps ob things wuth gibin' Dough yo' ship done sink Dat w'd 'ppear too awnry trillin' 'Less yo' stop to think Stretch a han' to aid de w'ary On his tolksome road Tralbin' up Life's slipp'ry mountain Wid a mon's idea S'posin' dat yo' load's too heavy Den jes' gib a smile Somehow it will ease his burden An' help him eby'ry mile.

Red de house up fo' a neighbor Bake her gone o' bread When her foots las deir achin' An' a tawmint in her hail Shake de pillow fo' a sick one.

Smoove hiss spirrit, too: Wid sweet wu'ds ob hope n' comfort Dat's whut yo' kin do! Do n't yo' b'lieve what some will 'sure you: Dat's whut the people so' good: Why, a dog w'd tell yo' better Ef you understood Dat's de way we Mahster make us Souls kin love an' trust Show dey's sabled by Chris'lie fre'ndship When dey shells am dun'

—from Missionary Tidings.

Breaking Her Idol.

A pretty story is told of Dr. Anandabai Joshee, the first unconverted high-caste Hindu woman who left her country. She came to America in 1883, and three years later was graduated from the Woman's Medical College, of Philadelphia. Then she returned to her own country, and was elected physician in charge of the female ward of the Albert Edward Hospital, at Kulpahar, but died shortly after her arrival.

Yamuna, as Dr. Joshee was called in her childhood, was the daughter of a wealthy and cultured Hindu. Her father owned many villages, and for the benefit of servants and peasants, kept a household priest to offer sacrifices, instruct the people, and keep clean the shrines and sacred images. One day, when Yamuna was very young, she was playing with her dolls near the priest, who was setting in order a shrine. The little girl watched the old man as he washed the little images of jade or metal, oiled them carefully and set them back in their places. Suddenly it flashed across her mind there was no difference between those images and her dolls. They did not move, neither did they cry out when they were rubbed so hard. She questioned her father about it.

"Father, how can a god bear to have his face washed by a man?" she asked. "Those images are not gods," he replied. "They are made to hold the thoughts of men to God when they pray. Some men sent love, some the justice of God. My little daughter, can you pray to God without looking at any of these images?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Yamuna. "Then they will be of no use to you. You need never think of them again." "And I never did," said Anandabai Joshee, in telling the story.—Selected.
unhappy land is again face to face with the
horrors of another famine, and making an
appeal for funds.

At this early date we ask all our readers
who can assist in the work of famine relief
in India to send us as soon as possible
their contributions which we will gladly
forward to the famine sufferers.—Record
of Christian Work.

This is the eightieth year of the
organization known as the American Seamen's
Friend Society. During the last twelve
months, it has made rapid advances through
the efforts of efficient officers and the aid
of many friends. The total receipts from
donations and legacies have been $21,633.06.

A generous gift from Mrs. Russell Sage
has made it possible for the society to begin
the erection of the Sailors' Home and
Institute in New York City. The building,
located opposite the Cunard line's pier is
within easy access of thousands of seamen.

*Here they will find not only material com-
sorts, but social, moral and religious, as
well. The total cost of the building and
furnishings will be about $325,000, of which
$75,000 has already been raised.—Record
of Christian Work.

Young People's Work

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN, Alfred Station, N. Y.
Contributing Editor.

Christmas Dreaming.

MIZPAH S. GREENS.

Slowly in its radiant splendor
Succumb to the magnetic pull;
And its beams so brightly tender
With their glow my chamber fill.
And I smile amid the gleaming,
As I sit so idly dreaming.

Now the darkness falls space
And a solemn stillness reigns,
But the firelight oh my face
Like a lover remains;
Flickering, dancing, gaily beaming,
As I sit in pleasant dreaming.

Now, the star of promise seeking,
Far I gaze into the night.
Patience my vigil keeping,
Till I see its tender light,
And into my heart it streameth
Peace and love amid my dreaming.

And methinks I hear the singing
Of that wondrous angel throng,
Peace on earth, good will they're bringing.
In their never-failing song,
Oh, the Christmas love now beaming
In my heart as I sit dreaming.

Then I whisper, lowly kneeling,
"Heav'nly Father, hear my prayer.
When the Christmas joy is stealing
O'er the wide earth everywhere,
Fire each heart with love a-gleaming,
From all selfishness redeeming.

"Twas thy love that brought the blessing
Of a Saviour to mankind.
May the love of hearts possessing,
On this joyful Christmas time,
With love a-gleaming.
Light the world with love a-beaming."

May love ever be the watchword
Of our precious Christmas time.
While our reverent eyes turn starward
And Christmas' light arrayed,
All the world with love redeeming.
Think you that is idle dreaming?

The editor of this department has re-
cently sent out a large number of letters
asking certain consecrated young people
throughout the denomination to act as re-
porters for Young People's Work from
their church or society. These young
people have been asked to send regularly, each
month, news and religious notes, questions
or suggestions, and short articles of general
interest. Such copy is to be limited in
amount and to the point. The object of
this move is to make the Young People's
Work in the Recorder not only for but by
the young people of the denomination and
of mutual interest and helpfulness to all.
All matter for publication is to be sent to
the editor and is subject to his correction and
approval. Those societies which have not
already been reached by personal letters
are hereby invited to join in this effort to
secure a closer touch and acquaintance
among our young people. The following
items of interest are among the first fruits
of this effort.

FARINA.

A union service of the various churches
held in the Presbyterian church on
Thanksgiving morning. The weather
was pleasant and the attendance good.
The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr.
Schlinkmann, pastor of the German Evan-
gelical church. Besides congregational
singing, there were anthems by a union
choir, and a solo by Miss Honor Davis.
On Thanksgiving night the Christian
Endeavor Society held a social at the home
of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crandall.
The Sabbath School have commenced
work on a children's cantata, to be given
Christmas eve.

Dr. George Crosley and wife, of Albion,
and Dr. Vel Burdick and family of Janes-
ville, Wisconsin, are visiting Pastor Bur-
dick and family for a few days.

Elder C. A. Burdick; whose shoulder was
injured by a fall several weeks ago, and
his wife, who has been ill for some time,
are both slowly recovering.

FLORA E. ZINN.

MILTON.

With the arrival of a large number of
young men in the Milton Sabbath school
at the beginning of this school year, it was
thought wise to organize a Baraca class
as the best means of promoting the religious
interest of these young men. Accordingly,
such a class was organized with its own
officers and Prof. A. E. Whitford as teach-
er. The class numbers forty-three and it
is expected that it will grow. The needs
and size of the class made it necessary for
them to meet in a separate building three
doors from the church, though it is, in every

The Two Ages.

On great cathedral windows I have seen
A summer sunshine wane and wane away,
Lost in the splendors of immortal art.
Angels and saints and all the heavenly hosts,
With smiles undimmed by half a thousand years,
From wall and niche have met my lifted gaze.
Sculpture and carving and illuminated page.
And the fair, lovely luminous visions;
That speak of beauty to the centuries—
All these have fed me with divine repasts.
Yet in my heart they left a barren taste.

The taste of blood that stained that age of art.

Those glorious windows shine upon the black
And hideous structure of the guillotine;

Beside the haloed countenance of saints
There hangs the multiple and knotted lash.
The Christ of love, benign and beautiful.
Looks at the torture-rack, by hate conceived.
And bigotry sustained.

With blood-stained walls, where starving men
Lie under turrets matchless in their grace.

God, what an age! How was it that you let
Colossal genius and colossal crime.
Walk for a hundred years across the earth,
Like giant twin conjoined.
How was it then that men,
Conceiving such vast beauty for the world,
And such large hopes of heaven, could entertain
Such selfish projects for their fellow-men?
How could the hand that with consummate skill
And loving patience limned the luminous page
Deep pen and brush, and seize the braying god,
To scourge a brother for his differing faith?

Not great this age, in beauty or in art.
Nothing is wrought today that shall endure,
For earth's adornment, through long centuries.
Not ours the fervid worship of a God
That wastes its splendid opulence on glass,
Leaving but hate to give its mortal kin.

The building, yet
ting this age: its mighty work is man
Knowing himself the universal life.
And great our faith, which shows itself in works
For human freedom and for the soul good.

The true religion lies in being kind.
The world is greater than its faith is broad.
Through liberty and love to the Master's work.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Resolutions of Respect.

Inasmuch as our Heavenly Father has
taken to her eternal home our sister, Mrs.
Ruth Jane Whitford, who has been a mem-
ber of our Benevolent Society for so many
years, therefore,

Resolved, That while we miss her we
know it is her gain and we submit to the
divine will, knowing "He doeth all things well."

Resolved, That we strive to emulate her
example and faithfulness to the Master's
work, and pray that her mantle may rest
on one with as willing heart and hands as
were hers till her long illness took her from
active work.

Resolved, That we express our loving
sympathy to the family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolu-
tions be sent to the Recorder and also be
placed on the records of the society.

E. D. BROWN.
A. L. CRANDALL.

Are you satisfied with being yourself safe
Upon the Rock of Ages, and still doing
nothing to help others out of the shipwreck
To the same place of safety?
It was full of interest and enthusiasm. Miss Ruth Rogers, the Superintendent, addressed the graduating Juniors, response being made by Miss Helen Gardner and Victor Randolph (grad by Ned Crow.) Welcome to the Senior Society was given by the President, Miss Margaret Place. Elverson Babcock, assistant superintendent of the Intermediate Christian Endeavor, spoke to the members who have passed up, response being made by Miss Inez Williams and Carl Merritt. A welcome was given to the Senior Society by the President, Miss Agnes Rogers. Pastor E. D. Van Horn of Alfred Station presented the banner to the Junior Christian Endeavor in an address which lacked nothing except the banner itself, that having not arrived. When Miss Rogers rose to make response, she was greeted with the Chautauqua salute. The sea of white handkerchiefs fluttering in the audience was a heartfelt tribute to the splendid work of the Juniors under the leadership of Mrs. Hutchins last year and Miss Rogers now. Miss Rogers said the society would work hard to keep the banner this year.

Twenty-seven J. B. C. Boys did full justice to the ice cream and ice cream last Thursday night. An excellent program followed. The newly elected officers are: Allen Wit- ter, President; Murry Maxson, Vice President; Stanton Davis, Financial Secretary; Elwin Clarke, Assistant Financial Secretary. An enthusiastic vote of thanks was given the mothers who had so kindly furnished the supper. —Alfred Sun.

Ruth and the Babe of Bethlehem.

_A Love Story for Christmas_, written for a church for the Christmas Eve entertainment, 1907.

Yes, a real love story, a true one, a Bible story. We learned of it in the Bible School two or three weeks ago. It is the most beautiful love story in the world. There is not another person living who knows and it leads to the most wonderful story of love ever told. We celebrate that story of love tonight, as others do and have done for many hundred years.

The story begins with love for a mother; and love for mother and mother's love for me is the dearest that I have ever known for any one on earth.

The story is of Ruth and it opens in the land of Moab. The mother—Ruth's mother-in-law—had told her of the true God and had taught her to love Him and to love His people. Ruth loved the mother so dearly that she would leave the home of her childhood and go with the mother and live with her people in the land of Israel. With all the tenderness of a woman's love, she pleads with the mother, "I cannot leave you. Whatever my people do, I will do. Whatever they suffer, I will suffer, for I am so solemnly pledged to you."

Love and religion! the strongest ties that bind the human heart. So they two went until they came to Bethlehem.

They were poor and Ruth gleaned in the harvest fields for their bread. It was in fields of Boaz. He had heard the story of Ruth's love and devotion to the bereaved mother and his heart was touched with her kindness. He loved her and she became his wife, a devoted wife. The people's mother had become, indeed, her people.

They, Boaz and Ruth, were to each other all that husband and wife should be—kind, loving, devoted, faithful. Theirs was a happy home, a heaven here below, fit place for so young a couple. Their children, through many generations, became "famous in Israel." Among these were David, the shepherd king and a long line of kings; then, finally, Joseph and Mary, and the Babe of Bethlehem whose birth we celebrate tonight.

Joseph and Mary were true children of Boaz and Ruth, inheriting their noble traits of character. Joseph, like Boaz, was kind and loving, just and considerate. Mary, too, resembled Ruth in lowliness, purity, faith and devotion.

The Bethlehem to which Ruth came was the same Bethlehem to which Joseph and Mary came.

The home in which Boaz and Ruth lived, had, in the change of years, become the home at Bethlehem to which Joseph and Mary came when there was no room for them and in which the shepherds found the Babe lying in a manger.

The fields of Boaz where Ruth had gleaned and the shepherd king had kept his father's flock, became the same fields in which, on that first Christmas night, the shepherds heard the angels' song for the new-born Babe and came in haste to find it.

That Babe of Bethlehem is the Prince of the house of David, our Saviour.
The Issues of Life.

Perhaps the sacred writers had no clear idea of psychology, as they certainly had no clear knowledge of astronomy; but when they wrote of all things of nature, they used language according to the thought of their time. We know that there are not within us three or four separate departments which may be called heart, mind, soul, and spirit, each having its definite and separate life and function. The inner life is one. This inner life is composed of a great variety of ways. But the terms used to express the inner life often overlap and are sometimes interchangeable. The word "heart," especially in the book of Proverbs, often refers to the entire inner life. When the wise man says, "Keep thy heart with all diligence," he means, "Keep thy mind, soul, and spirit with all diligence."

This is the fountain from which the springs of life flow. Buckle, a brilliant young English philosopher who died a generation ago, taught that our life is produced by the things that act upon us from without, such as food, drink, and atmosphere. He held that we may easily predict with mathematical accuracy the number of deaths, births, marriages, murders, thefts, suicides, and cases of insanity which will occur next year in a given community, provided we may know beforehand the climate, soil, food, and climate of the country. He brought to bear a tremendous array of facts to support his contention, but his philosophy never took a deep hold on the minds of men, for they did not believe it, and recent research has overthrown his doctrine.

Jesus, another young teacher, who lived in Palestine 1,900 years ago, and who knew more about the depths of the heart and the mystery of life than any poet, philosopher or sage, said, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness and revilings," and the doctrine of Jesus has not been overthrown by modern thought. The heart is the fountain of life. Make the heart good and the life will be good; let the heart be bad and the life will be bad also.

The heart is the fountain of our thoughts and imaginations, our feelings, passions and affections. All joy and sorrow, all grief and shame, all anger and hate, all covetousness and selfishness, all sympathy, pity, charity, and love proceed from the heart. The heart is the source of all speech and action. All profanity, and indecent conversation, all railing and bitter railing, and words of comfort and encouragement are formed within before they are uttered by the tongue. All murders, thefts, conspiracies, rebellions, all deeds of heroism and patriotism, all business transactions, all declarations of war and freedom, are formed from the dark and silent depths of the heart. All the inventions of genius, all the masterpieces of great artists, all the compositions of great musicians, all the works of great poets, were conceived and framed in the depths of the heart.

All we have felt and thought and said and done spring from the secret recesses of the heart, and all we shall feel and think and say so long as we shall live will proceed from the same source. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." How exceedingly important the admonition of the wise man, "Keep thy heart with all diligence."

There are parents whose hearts ache over children who have forgotten them. After all the time and cross-hearings endured to educate the children, after the infinite cares and tribulations to rear them and make them comfortable through all the years of helplessness, all too many fail to honor their father and their mother, if indeed they do not treat them with out and out disrespect.

Children, shall our love for mother be like Ruth's? Shall we, like her, be gentle, kind and faithful? Shall our voices swell the angelic song of grateful praise and we go quickly to find Him and, like the wise men, bring for Him our precious gifts? Shall we make the love story of our lives like His? More like Jesus would I be."

(As the last line is spoken, the children all rise and with the speaker sing the song.)

P. F. RANDOLPH.

Salem, West Virginia.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

(Israel came to Bethlehem in the days of Herod. A young shephard boy was asleep. His companions looked at him and there through the shadows..."

"See! There is that beautiful star again," one shepherd said. "His companions look up at the sky. There, through the soft darkness shines a star brighter and lovelier than all the others. It is the Christmas star, but the shepherds do not know that, for there has never been a Christmas before.

Oh! how quiet it is up there on the hillsides as the hours pass by. The men can hear nothing but the low rustle of the wind among the olive trees, the faint tinkling of bells when one of the sheep moves in its sleep, or perhaps the flutter of some night-hawk's wings overhead.

They talk softly of the star and their flocks. Suddenly one of them cries, "Look! Look!"

The First Christmas

ANGELINA W. Wray.

(For the following beautiful Christmas story I am indebted to the children of the Sabbath School of which I am superintendent. Every Christmas service that I have been with for several years, and for the past two or three, I have numerous requests have come to me, literally from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for copies of it, so that, thinking the readers of the Recorder generally might be interested in it, I offer it for publication in this column. The story may be found in Jean Mitchell's School, by Angelina W. Wray, published by the Public School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Ill., 1907. Corliss F. Randolph.)

It's an old, old story. You've all heard it many times, but you will be glad to hear it again, for no one ever tires of listening to it—the beautiful true story of Christmas. It is just getting dark in the fields near the little town of Bethlehem. There are shepherds out there watching over their flocks. The white sheep and lambs are lying on the ground, huddled close together, while the stars begin to glimmer up in the sky.

After a while the air grows chilly. Then the men build light-fires and sit down in front of them talking quietly to one another. The moon comes up, and they can see the white roofs of the houses, and the little lights that twinkle here and there through the darkness.

"Let us go and find the Baby," they say. So they leave their sheep in the care of one or two of the men and start away in the starlight for the town nearby. The little town is very quiet. Everyone seems to be asleep. The blind beggar is asleep by the roadside. The rich ruler slumbers in his home. No one except themselves has seen the light or heard the wonderful music.

At last they come to a humble inn. There is a cave back of it where cattle are sheltered. The inn is crowded with people, and the stable itself is full of sheep and camels. The shepherds go in hastily, for they know the child they seek must be here in this poor place. Yes, there in one of the mangers where the cattle eat, a little baby, dimpled and fair and sweet, and nearly is His mother, a sweet-faced woman whose name is Mary. She is looking tenderly at the tiny Boy, dreaming of what He may grow to be and by and by, just as your mothers did when they were babies. She knows the rose- colored hands and the wee feet, and loves the little Stranger..."
Making Toys for Christmas.

The following facts gleaned from an article in the Review of Reviews, by Edward T. Heyn, ought to be interesting to our little folks at this Christmas season, when so many toy passies and dogs and cows and lambs, dolls and teddy bears are making their first visits to the childe.

Mr. Heyn tells about Sonneberg, a German town, in the heart of which toy-making is done. He describes the many little streets, or alleys, "extending up the slopes of the mountains, with rickety old houses on either side, so narrow that people pass each other with difficulty." Through the windows one can see "whole families busily engaged in making toys, sewing dolls and dolls’ dresses, fashioning animals, etc."

In these narrow streets are crowds of children, some only three or four years old, with baskets on their backs or in their hands. The amount of toys made is enormous. There is hardly a family among the working class of Sonneberg and of the neighboring towns and villages, of which several or all of its members are busy making toys from early dawn till night.

"Probably there are few places where children are so numerous as in Sonneberg. One entire family group, representing four generations, is engaged in making tiny lambs. This family consists of a great-grandmother, great-grandfather, father, son, and sister; the grandmother being ninety years old and the grandfather five years older. The grandmother has been sitting in this one room engaged in this same work ever since she was a girl of six. This aged couple has sat at this work for sixty years and, perhaps, will sit for some time to come. This family of five, the father of which has worked for well-nigh a century, produce every week from 250 to 300 dozen of lambskins, netting them 12 cents over and above from $2.98 to $3.57 a week! In another little village in the mountains we find a family consisting of father, mother and six little children; the parents making little Santa Clauses. Some of the larger children assist in the work. This family, working eleven hours a day, earns from $2.38 to $3.57 a week."

"Many young women are at work sewing dolls’ dresses, which latter are generally cut out at the factories, carried home, and made up into the infinite varieties and styles which so delight the hearts of our little girls. Can you imagine at what wages such dresses are produced? For sewing ten dozen under-garments (shirts, petticoats, and drawers), 35.7 cents or three-tenths of a cent per set, is paid! ** If a girl works twelve hours in six days in a week, she can earn no more than $1.43 to $1.67 a week."

Near the close of his article, Mr. Heyn tells us that "the toy industry in Sonneberg has received quite a boom by the craze for Teddy bears, over 10,000 going every week to the United States and also to England and France."

A religion that has nothing to offer beyond the grave, can never satisfy the deepest desires of the heart. Each day hearts are bowing down under the crushing load of sorrow that death bringeth. If, by the side of the death angel, the angel of the resurrection cannot come with his comfort and words of hope, we are of all beings the most miserable.

Opening for a Physician.

There is a fine opening for a Homeopathic physician in Nortonville, Kansas. This may be of interest to some Seventh-day Baptist.
Dodge Center. His statements of belief are inspiring and the Recorder is indebted to him for a written statement. He did not tell us his idea of a Devil. So many Christians have placed that old cunning demon in the catalog of things imaginary. But it would seem as though he were a personality from what we see and hear and feel and do ourselves. But Home News does not discuss theology. — The Annual Thanksgiving Dinner had to be postponed on account of whooping-cough. — The Annual Thanksgiving sermon was preached in the Congregational church by our pastor Sayre from Psalm 107:21, 22. — Attendants at Sabbath school and prayer meetings greatly miss Elder W. H. Ernst, for he was always faithful and helpful. We know the Gentry church will be blessed with his help and counsel. — Our students at Milton College will know that homes here are longing for their holiday-coming and the church will rejoice to see them in their old places if only for a short time. We have more young people that will be in time toasting long eyes. It is nearer that after being trained there for a useful life they will seek homes and work elsewhere. "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" may be all right, but we feel a little selfish this way about it. — Another excellent family has left us a home to go to Salt Lake City. We are all sorry to part with these worthy people. — Philo Greene is spending several days at North Lopez. Mrs. Joseph Hull has found it necessary to go to a hospital in Syracuse for treatment. — The state contractor was busy during the summer with a large number of men building a macadam road from our village out on the main Watertown road. His contract is for three miles of road, for which he is paid $24,000. The road is now open for use and will be completed next summer. — Our union Thanksgiving service was held with the State Road Baptist Church, Pastor Socwell preaching the annual sermon. — D. S. Gurley and Sherman Trowbridge have been at North Lopez for some time engaged in locating creameries; and recently Joseph Williams has gone there to build one or more creameries. — Miss Helen Whitford is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia and is expected to be cured.

Albion, Wis. — The Recorder, unusually rich in good things, arrived in the Albion parsonage about two hours ago. My failure to find the familiar Home News report of the failure of some one to report from this church to that department of our denominational paper. We might have reported earlier some things that have been of special interest to us here since Conference. The first was the visit of Pastor Burdick of Boulder, to whose church all eyes are fixed at the recent meeting place of Conference. He preached an excellent sermon here Sabbath, September 7. Two Sabbath schools later we were highly edified and instructed by the visit of our Shanghai missionary, Rev. J. W. Crofoot, and we shall certainly do more of our work in that far land after listening to his address that Sabbath morning.

We shall not soon forget the recent visit of our own Doctor Lewis, who in two notable addresses, "The Waiting Minority," and "The Bible Exalted," brought us to see more clearly the importance of the place we hold in the history of the Christian church and to appreciate as never before "How firm a foundation is laid for our faith, His excellent Word." "Tell Doctor" Lewis that his visit here has not only been a great pleasure, but has also been of permanent good to us," was heard at the end of the visit. — We left for the Missouri State Fair that morning. — We arrived in the Albion depot, took the train. This from a representative home expresses the general feeling of the people of this place. It is worth while to consider whether it would not be a great advantage to our people to see these denominational leaders longing and striving in our local church as over against a very small percentage of us seeing them every year at our great meetings. At any rate, Albion has been greatly blessed by coming into personal contact with these men during the last year. The enterprising Young Men's Club of Albion has projected a course of lectures for the autumn and winter. The Milton College Quartet has been here under its auspices and furnished the first number, to the great delight of a good-sized audience. Other good things are in store for us from the Rev. E. G. Updike, of Madison; Mrs. Sylvestre, of Milwaukee; and President Da land, of Milton College.

The annual meeting of the church and society accompanied by the annual dinner in the new basement of the church was an event in which unusual interest was manifested. All the four auxiliary societies of the church were represented by reports which were ordered engrossed in the records of the church.

At a recent meeting of the Advisory Committee of the church, attended by an unusual number, the following answers were given to the question, "What more can this church do for the cause of the kingdom?" "Show greater zeal in the Lord's work;" "The cultivation of more religion in the home with the Sabbath Recorder as one of the means;" "The adding to our strength numerically;" "More consecrated money;" "The working of the church in sections to divisions to secure a larger list of Recorder subscribers;" "More love for one another and for those that are without: a love that manifests itself in practical deeds of charity and in trying to comfort the lonely and forsaken ones." Let each of the prominent members of the church adopt as his special project, without proclaiming the fact, some lad who needs the help and inspiration of the example of a wise and loving elder brother.

Autumn visitors to this village included Floyd Burdick, wife and daughter, of the Nashville, Tenn., church, who took in the Sabbath morning service and conducted a gospel meeting on Sunday night in their army uniform before a large and appreciative audience. All hearts were moved by the simple rehearsal of what Christ had done for them. The church has done for those who come wandering from the Father's love and care. Interest in their work was accentuated by the fact that Brother and Sister Burdick were in former years Albion young people and have many relatives and friends in this place.

The church granted the pastor leave of absence to visit the community of Sabbath keepers in Adams county. The interests on this field will be the topic of a later article. The Christian Endeavor Society very acceptably conducted the service on the Sabbath of the pastor's absence on his missionary trip.

Death has claimed another of our aged members—Brother Wescott. Sickness is prevalent but the general health is improving at this writing. Many are praying that the spiritual health of this people may be renewed and that the "Son of righteousness may come with healing in his wings." Will you all join in this prayer for us?

T. J. V.
Dec. 12, 1907.
MARRIAGES

BARDUCE-MISOS—At the home of the groom
Jackson Centre, Ohio, October 12, 1909, by
Rev. Darwin C. Lippincott, Mr. Iras T.
Babcock, of Jackson Centre, and Miss Hadi.
B. Moser of East Berlin.

BÖSSER-BOESSER—At the Seventh-day Baptıst par-
sone, Berlin, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1909, by the
Rev. J. G. Burdock, * Mr. Elemer James
Boeze and Miss Edna A. Boeze.

ROBINSON-HILL—At the home of the bride's par-
ents, Hon. and Mrs. Frank Hill, Nov. 27, 1907,
by Rev. W. L. Burdock, Mr. Earl. W.
Judson Robinson and Miss Evelyn Irene
Hill, all of Ashaway, R. I.

GUINN-MASON—In Westerly, R. I., Nov. 28,
1907, by the Rev. Clinton A. Burdock, Mr.
Howard Lee Guinn of Plainfield, N. J., and
Miss Ethel May Mason, of Westerly.

STEIGER-LACER—At the Seventh-day Baptist par-
sonage, Holland, Colo., on Dec. 9, 1907,
by Rev. F. O. Burchard, Harry E. Steiger
of Denver, Colo., and Miss Katherine Ver-
non of Colorado Springs, Colo.

DEATHS

MAXSON—Mrs. Henrietta Ackley Maxson was
born in Leavenworth county, Kansas, Novem-
ber 17, 1827. She died in her home at Cun-
ningham, Kansas, November 11, 1907.

She became a Christian in childhood, and in
1845 joined the Seventh-day Baptist church at
Nortonville, Kansas, and married to Dr.
Ir. Maxson on July 5, 1853. She lived in
Nortonville for several years, during which time
her husband studied medicine in Kansas City.
On his becoming a practitioner they located at
Cunningham.

At dinner, on November 9, in apparently
her usual health and vigor, she was stricken by
the hand of disease in the form of apoplexy. She
was possessed of a cheerful and sympathetic
disposition, and distributed smiles and kind
words to those about her.

She leaves her husband, two children father,
three brothers, other relatives and a wide circle
of friends in bereavement. Her remains were
brought to Nortonville for funeral and inter-
ment.

BAILEY—In the town of Lorraine, N. Y., Nov.
10, 1907, Caleb Bailey, in the eighty-seventh
year of his age.

Bro. Bailey was born in the town of Lor-
raine, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1821, and spent his entire
life in the vicinity of his birth. Jan. 17, 1846,
he was united in marriage with Sophronia A.
Stillman of Lorraine, who departed this life June
27, 1900. June 5, 1866 united with the
Seventh-day Baptist Church of Adams Centre
and continued in its fellowship till the time of his
death.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor
E. H. Socwell at the home of the deceased's
grandson, Carl Bailey, Nov. 13.

WESCOTT—At his home in Albion, Wisconsin,
in the early morning of September 3, 1897.
Franklin R. Wescott, in the 81st year of
his age.

He was the son of Rial and Mercy Shaw
Wescott, born in Berlin, Rensselaer County,
N. Y., August 6, 1817. In early childhood his
parents moved to Oneida County, New York,
where, after a year or so, to Alfred, N. Y.
Here he lived and was educated, joining the
Second Alfred Seventh-day Baptist Church, at 16 years of age.

He was married to Miss Harriet Harriett
Langworthy, Oct. 18, 1841. Four years afterward, joining the tide
of emigration westward, he settled in Albion,
in the month of June, 1855. Since that year
he has held his membership in the Albion Se-
venth-day Baptist Church. Four children came
to bless the home of brother and sister Wes-
cott. Their son William died two years ago.

He leaves his widow, three daughters, Mrs.
Babcock of Jackson Centre, and Miss Mason
of Adams Centre, and numerous grandchildren.

LESSON I—JANUARY 4, 1908.

THE WORD MADE FLESH.


Golden Text.—"The Word was made flesh
and dwelt among us." John 1:14.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Col. 1:1-9.
Second-day, Eph. 1:3-13.
Third-day, Prov. 31:28-31.
Fourth-day, Isa. 9:1-7.
Fifth-day, Phil. 1:27—2:11.
Sixth-day, 2 Cor. 5:11—6:10.

INTRODUCTION.

The Gospel according to John belongs dis-
inctly in another class when compared with the
first three Gospels. They present Jesus as
the man of action, teaching by miracles and parables,
and keeping his own personality in the back-
ground. John shows Jesus asserting himself
in argument with the leaders of the people
and establishing his claims to their recognition.
Matthew, Mark and Luke tell of Jesus' activity
in Galile; John points out that Jesus was fre-
quently in Jerusalem. The earlier writers give
the impression that the Lord's ministry was only
a little more than a year in length, while John
shows that he continued for more than two years,
and probably more than three.

These differences need, however, give us
no uneasiness. The views of the Evangelists are
not contradictory, but complementary. We can
find in Matthew, Mark and Luke several expres-
sions that show that Jesus was just such a
man as John represents.

The second and third Gospels were not writ-
ten by eye-witnesses. Matthew also does not
write like an eye-witness, and gives no hint in
regard to himself, but the fourth Gospel has
numerous marks of the intimate knowledge of
the author concerning the incidents that he por-
trays. John does not directly name himself as
author, the allusions to the discipie whom Jesus
loved are so pointed as to render the reader
ample evidence concerning the authorship of
the book.

Our present lesson is often spoken of as the
prologue of this Gospel. These verses suggest
the choice and arrangement of materials in the
following chapters. John is going to show the
Christ as the Word of God. He is going to
tell how this Christ was presented to the world
by evidence that ought to have been conclusive,
but was rejected. Then he is going to show
the Saviour manifested to his disciples by his
teachings, and accepted by them, and finally tri-
umphant over his opposers in spite of his death.

TIME—John's Gospel was written near the
close of his life in the last decade of the first
century of our Era.

PLACE—This Gospel was probably written at
Ephesus where, according to tradition, John spent
the last thirty years of his life.

PERSONS—The Incarnate Word; John the Bat-
nist, the witness-bearer.

OUTLINE:

2. The Word Rejected. v. 5-11.
3. The Word Accepted. v. 12-14.

NOTES.

1. In the beginning. It is evident that John
intentionally begins his Gospel with the same
sublime expression that stands at the opening
of the first chapter of Genesis. Compare Prov.
8:23. Wis. The Word did not come into be-
ing at the beginning, but was already
existing. He is spoken of as "the pharos, or
lamp before the foundation of the world" in Eph. 1:4 and
elsewhere. Word. The word thus trans-
lated is evidently used here in a technical sense.
This word had been used before John's time
by both heathen and Jewish writers to express
their desire of something inexpressibly
precise—something beyond the reach of
human expression, something with which
the idea of something imper-
sonal and abstract, an intermediary between un-
approachable God and containing matter.
John corrects their erroneous theology, and uses
the same term to describe the personal Divine
One, The Revealer of God, the incarnation
of God, the man Christ Jesus. We have in this
verse the most sublime truth expressed in the
Sabbath School

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, D.D., Professor of
Biblical Languages and Literature in
Alfred University.

Jan. 11. Jesus and John the Baptist.
Jan. 18. Jesus and His First Disciples.
John 1:35-51.
Jan. 25. Jesus Chastens the Temple.
Feb. 8. Jesus and the Woman of Samaria.
Feb. 15. Jesus Heals the Nobleman's Son.
John 4:46-54.
Feb. 22. Jesus Heals the Paralytic.
Feb. 29. Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand.
March 6. Jesus Feeds the Four Thousand.
John 9.
John 9.
Prov. 23:1-25.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

1470

simplified language. And the word was with God. Closely and intimately associated with him, And the Word was God. This line does not assert the identity of our Lord with the Father, but that he is divine in the same sense that the Father is Divine. Here John compares the relation of the Jewish and heathen philosophers who thought of the "word" as a mere intermediary, and asserts the foundation principle of the doctrine of the trinity.

2. The same was in the beginning with God. This verse in part repeats what has already been said; but John wishes to emphasize the fact that the same one who was in the beginning with God was later manifest, among men.

3. All things were made through him. The Word was not in contact with God, but a positive Agent in creation. "Made" is literally "became." This word is in vivid contrast with the "was" of vv. 1, 2.

4. In him was life. He is the source and fountain head of real existence. And the life was the light of men. The Word gives the life-principle to all things, but for mankind he has an especial blessing. It is that spark of the Divine which kindles in the human breast high ideals and lofty aspirations. This "light" lifts us above the level of the brutes and makes us capable of the eternal life.

5. And the life shineth in the darkness. The benefit life-giving principle must inevitably come into contact and contest with all which opposes it. This darkness is in great measure the depravity of human nature. And the darkness apprehended it not. The greatest curse of darkness is the inability to appreciate light. It is possible that there is also in this line the thought suggested by the margin of the Revised Version—that the darkness was unable to triumph over the light.

6. There came a man. Our author now turns from his general statements in regard to the Word to speak more specifically of his manifestation in time, and alludes first to the coming of his forerunner. Sent from God. The coming of this man was no accident, but according to the definite purpose of God. Whose name was John. It is worthy of notice that in this Gospel the forerunner of Jesus is never called the Baptist, but simply "John," and that John the son of Zebedee is never mentioned by name. This fact serves as one of the indirect proofs that the Apostle John is the writer of this Gospel.

7. The same was not. His life mission was to bear testimony. That all might believe through him. That is, through the Christ. Compare ch. 20:31 where the purpose of the book is specifically stated.

8. He was not the light. This statement is added for clearness. It seems that some imagined that John himself was the coming Messiah. Compare vv. 19, 20.

9. Coming into the world. This phrase is probably to be taken as referring to the light rather than to man.

10. He was in the world, etc. It is worth while to notice that the word "world" is used in three senses in this verse.

11. He came unto his own. That is, his own country, Israel. It would seem natural and appropriate that his own countrymen who had the testimony of the prophets and the records of God's dealing with their fathers should accept him as Saviour; but this they did not do.

12. But as many as received him. Although the Christ was rejected by the leaders of the nation and the people in general, there were a certain few who were exceptions to the rule. To them that believe on his name. They showed their acceptance by their belief in him. This was not mere intellectual assent to the teachings of Jesus, but an appropriating faith that accepted the Teacher as master and Lord. These received the blessed privilege of coming into that intimate relation of sonship with God for which mankind was created.

13. Who were born not of blood, etc. This sacred relationship with God is not attained by any physical or human means: it is the direct gift of God.

14. And the Word became flesh. The Word whose divinity had been so expressly stated, who was in the beginning and from the beginning, at length came into the world as a man. The translation "became" of the Revised Version very aptly expresses the sense. The Word did not assume human form alone, but human nature as well. He did not lose his personal identity as the Word, nor altogether lay aside his divinity, but he did become a human being with the ordinary limitations connected with this, and as regards body and soul. Compare Phil. 2:6-8. And dwelt among us. The word translated "dwell" suggests temporary rather than permanent habitation. And we beheld his glory. That is the revealed glory of the man Jesus Christ, manifest in his wonderful teachings and in his perfect life. Full of grace and truth. This expression refers directly to the Word rather than his glory.

15. John beareth witness of him. Compare v. 39 and elsewhere. He that cometh after me is become before me. Coming after John the Baptist in point of time Jesus easily shows himself to be John's superior. For he was before me.

This preeminent of Jesus is not something attained through popularity nor by the skillful use of the material of his teaching. By his very nature Jesus ranks far beyond his forerunner.

16. For of his fulness we all received. That the Master is full of grace is manifest from the fact that all Christians are blessed with graces that come from him and that they can make progress from one grace to another.

17. For the law was given through Moses, etc. There was indeed a revelation of what was right and true in the old dispensation, but it was under the new that there came the positive force that made life better.

18. No man hath seen God at any time. It would seem therefore that man would not be very apt to be influenced by him. There has been revealed, however, a very competent Witness, namely, the One most intimately connected with him. So infinitely, in fact, that he may be truly said to be in the bosom of the Father, even while he dwelt upon the earth and went about among men. Only begotten Son. The best Greek manuscripts read "only begotten God," and there is endless discussion as to which is the true reading. The practical difference is small, however, very slight; for the reference is to Jesus Christ in any case, and we are well assured from the context and elsewhere of his essential divinity.

SUGGESTIONS.

It is the person of the Divine Man that gives Christianity its power. The religion which we profess is no abstract theory. Jesus Christ is the manifestation of that which is true and right and noble in humanity. We render personal allegiance to him, and so devote ourselves to that which is true and right and noble. Thus it is that we have real life.

Witness-bearing is the true function of believers. If we believe on Jesus Christ we are to tell of him. We are to testify in order that others may believe, and come to the truth and, to life.

The true light lighteth every man. It is for each man to decide whether he will let that light come into his life. You are to show whether you are a child of the light or a child of darkness.

WANTED.

A number of Sabbath-keeping young men over eighteen years of age for nurse's training school, and call boys and elevator service. In writing please mention age and line of work in which you are interested. BATTLE CREEK SATANTARIUM, SATANTARIUM, Battle Creek, Mich.
HELP WANTED.

One need of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination is more commercial or manufacturing institutions which will give employment to our people. Preferably these should be in Seventh-day Baptist centers where strong denominational influences may help the employees and the employers may help in church work. Such an enterprise has been founded at Milton, Wis.—Profitable Poultry, a monthly for farmers and poultryminded. The writer feels confident that the publication was started in part as a moneymaking plan. But mere selfishness was not the object. A successful experiment in the publishing business at Milton has revealed that there is a constant and increasing demand for places where Seventh-day Baptists in some places may obtain employment under good influences. It has been argued that the young man who will not be true to the denomination under adverse circumstances is not worth trying to save to our people. But, honest, do you believe the young man in western state, a member of a family of one family of seven, with almost overpowering influences to go wrong, should be compelled to remain under those influences when he would come to Milton if he could obtain employment? Certainly he might go wrong here but he would at least have been given another chance.

Here is the proposition: Profitable Poultry is published by the Davis Publishing Co., incorporated; capital stock, $10,000; 1,000 subscriptions have been sold. The subscription is a year and a half old. It is not yet on a paying basis and will not be until money is furnished to push the business. Poultry is not difficult to obtain, but it must be sold, and that costs money. Shares are $5 each. I believe that the selling of this stock in small blocks in various parts of the denomination would be an excellent value to the denomination and a way to sell a few. I therefore ask readers of the Sabbath Recorder if they will help. I do not ask this as a business proposition. I am satisfied that it will pay good dividends on every cent invested. At the same time the business will grow rapidly and will furnish employment to a number of our people.

To be sure this is a small enterprise. I believe it stands a better chance for success because it is small. But it promises to become large.

CARRY IT AND BUILD UP THE PATRONEAGE
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