What then? Shall we cease to strive with ourselves? Shall we be silent because men are indifferent and heedless of our message? We must not yield. We must not cease. We must press the battle till the sun goes down, and rest on the field while darkness gives an hour to renew strength, that next day may find each in his place again. Right and truth will not always wait with pinioned arms upon the scaffold. Wrong and falsehood cannot always usurp the throne and the seat of Justice. God standeth ever behind his own, even though they see him not. Our faith must see Him in spite of darkness. Our souls must feel His Presence though disappointment heaps hindrances on every hand. We must not falter. God helping we will not.

—A. H. Lewis, D.D.
Alfred University
ALFRED, N. Y.
Founded 1836
First Semester began Sept. 15, and continues to Jan. 29, 1909
Second Semester begins February 1.

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS
Booth Colwell Davis, Ph. D., D. D., Pres.
ALFRED
Second Semester begins Feb. 1, 1909
ACADEMY
FRANK L. GREENE, M. A., Ph. D., Pio.

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

The Aftermath of Summer.

Who does not love the hazy October days? The softed sunlight, the blue mellowed outlines of distant hills, the many-hued robes of field and forest, the soft warm southern breezes sighing through the pines and rustling the dead leaves of oak and maple and chestnut, the chilling air at sunset—all tell us that the days of summer’s aftermath are swiftly passing. How suggestive is every aspect and voice of Nature here? This publication will contain a sermon for each Sabbath day, a tract, and a report of the Sabbath School and Missionary Society. The price of this publication is fifty cents per year.

The Sabbath Recorder
Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
The chestnuts have turned, with weeds? ask this question in regard to the aged. Their afterglow shows for itself; but still linger with distinctive and serious messages. Here close notice that all these are surrounded by another generation of sunshine and fruit to a good old age. The gathering shades of evening add solemnity to the scene and display as it were the tombstones. If not, can one of the old leaders have some interest, and for which the gifts from the people are utterly inadequate. I wish the people would wake up and tell the Board what they really do want done, and what is done is ready and willing to support, and then the people can be moved to accept the gifts of those who are trying to carry out these wishes. It would be so much better if feelings of approval and interest in the work were as prompt to make themselves known as are feelings of disapproval and indifference. True, the clammers of one or two critics are oftentimes louder and stronger than the expressions of hundreds who are satisfied. The clamorings are made themselves heard. I wish the expressions of approval of the people were as insistent. If this were so, the multitudinous voices of approval would completely drown all discordant voices; and this would put hope and inspiration and new life into the work of every member of the Board.

One month ago the Board decided that in view of results thus far obtained and in view of the expense, it would be best to discontinue the circulation of the monthly edition outside the denomination. This they did after much hesitancy, and after many efforts to discover what were the wishes of the people upon whom they must depend.

A Lesson From the Trees.

As we stroll through the woods on our homeward way, every object seems vocal with its lesson. The gathering shades of evening add solemnity to the scene and make nature's teachings more impressive. The very trees are eloquent with their dignified and serious messages. Here close by the path stands a stately old chestnut that evidently belongs to another generation of trees. For many years it has battled with the storms, improved the days of sunshine and of showers, and brought forth fruit to a good old age. All its companions of early years are gone and today it stands surrounded by another generation of straight young trees of its own kind. I notice that all these are bearing leaves and fruit in abundance exactly like those of the old tree. This is good. They seem true and loyal trees. None of the chestnuts have turned into latsawood or dogwoods or elders; they are true chestnuts still, and are proudly bearing just as good fruit and the same in kind as was ever borne by the parent tree. When the few old trees still standing have passed away, there will yet be left a forest full of trees just like them in every respect. The timber in the new generation is just as straight and strong as any of the old, and wherever it is tested it has the true ring. There is no sign of this forest ever dying out. There is not a renegade among the young trees, but each one is true to the character of its parental tree.

How suggestive! Would that this were always so with men in all our churches. Here and there we see one of the faithful fathers standing in life's October, frosted and being stripped of leaves, but still bearing fruit, faithful and true. Like Paul these faithful ones have fought a good fight and now stand ready to be crowned. Happy is the church where such fathers are surrounded by a host of loyal young men and women, who will be true to whom he has fallen. What is the prospect in your church, my young brother? Is there a good band of loyal ones, straight and strong and true, who have the right ring when tested, upon whom the church can depend when the emergency falls? Look at you! Look about you and see if all those over whom you have an influence are steadily growing into the work. If not, can you help them any? Would that the prospects for perpetuity were as good in our churches as they are in the chestnut grove.

The Story of the Tombstones.

While walking through a beautiful city of the dead I stopped to study the names upon the tombs. Such an experience is well calculated to make one thoughtful: and if he has the welfare of his people at heart, he cannot help thinking of the work and the silent sleepers have left behind. One by one they have gone down into the valley and the shadow of death. Here lie many of our strongest leaders, who a few years ago nobly bore the heavy burdens God had laid upon the denomination. It almost overwades the heart stand still to read names after name of those good men who inspired us so in days gone by, and whose work was so important that we did not see how we could do without them. But they are gone from earth, and their personal activities for the Master we shall witness no more. But their good work goes on wherever they so placed their money that it should do for them after they were gone. Their endowments of our schools, churches, and boards do not die, and much of our ability today is due to their generosity while they were living.

Did it ever occur to you that the greater part of our work as a people is now being done by men whose names have been on tombstones for years? Take away the work of last year done by the use of endowments for our schools, churches and boards, and we would have a poor showing left. If we should study the inscriptions on our cemeteries with an eye to discover how much of the work we report each year is really done by dead men, it would put the living to shame! How thankful we should be that God gave us such men, and that we are permitted to build upon the foundations they laid.

But look again with me at the names upon very many of the oldest slabs in this cemetery. You will be appalled to see how many old family names appear which cannot now be found upon any of our church rolls! The same experience will come if you search almost any old burial place near which our people have lived. All over Seventh-day Baptists in New England, New Jersey, New York, West Virginia, and scattered all through the West, you will find on the tombstones family names common to Seventh-day Baptists years ago, but the last vestige of which has been done away. If we look again with me at the names upon the tombstones family names which our people have lived. All over Seventh-day Baptists in New England, New Jersey, New York, West Virginia, and scattered all through the West, you will find on the tombstones family names common to Seventh-day Baptists years ago, but the last vestige of which has been done away.

This is doubly true if the people do not read them with an earnest desire to enter into the spirit of the work. It is no easy thing to study any work concerning which the people know nothing. How thankful we should be that we have no special interest, and for which the gifts from the people are utterly inadequate. I wish the people would wake up and tell the Board what they really do want done, and what is done is ready and willing to support, and then the people can be moved to accept the gifts of those who are trying to carry out these wishes. It would be so much better if feelings of approval and interest in the work were as prompt to make themselves known as are feelings of disapproval and indifference. True, the clammers of one or two critics are oftentimes louder and stronger than the expressions of hundreds who are satisfied. The clamorings are made themselves heard. I wish the expressions of approval of the people were as insistent. If this were so, the multitudinous voices of approval would completely drown all discordant voices; and this would put hope and inspiration and new life into the work of every member of the Board.
for the support of the work. The thought was expressed that possibly more good might be done by a living teacher who should spend his time in the field among the churches and the people where such work is needed. This living teacher should have all the work of the Tract Society at heart, labor to arouse interest in better Sabbath-keeping among our own people, secure a much larger subscription list for the Recorder, and go with evangelical and Sabbath truth wherever our own churches are surrounded by people who may be interested in the Sabbath question.

The thought had come from various sources that we were neglecting our own churches in the effort to reach outsiders, and that we were losing at home more than we gain abroad. We were told in various ways that we ought to do more for our own people. The extra work that had to be done made a larger list, and the men of the Board saw that the thought of a field agent was dropped from their hearts and the men of the Board came to the conclusion that we ought to search out and secure funds for the extra work of the Tract Society at home. The old criticisms regarding the efficiency of the work of field agents came, "How can we get it? How can we do it? How shall we do it? How shall we pay for it?"

The thought was that we must secure funds for the extra work. The question was raised "What shall we do?"

The old criticisms regarding the efficiency of the work of field agents came, "How can we get it? How can we do it? How shall we do it? How shall we pay for it?"

**An Oversight.**

By some oversight on our part the article in the Recorder, page 502, entitled "Sunday Observance From the Standpoint of Jesus," was published without giving credit to Dr. Lewis, its author. It is an able review of an article on that subject published in the Howlett Review, and if you did not read it last week, better get your Recorder and read it now.

**CONDENSED NEWS.**

**Our Fleet in Japan.**

At this writing, October 10, the American fleet lies at anchor in the harbor of Yokohama, Japan. The ships are in good condition, although showing the effects of the battering they received from the waves during the fearful cyclone they encountered en route. This was reported to be the most violent storm the fleet had ever encountered, and in it the Kearsarge became separated from the other ships and did not again find them until the morning of their arrival at Yokohama. The moment the fleet dropped anchor the officers started for the flagship, where a meeting was held with Japanese officials who came to arrange details for the reception in their country. Then our Commander-in-chief and other admirals went in a motor-boat to the Japanese flagship Mikasa to make an official call upon the Japanese Vice Admiral. This call was immediately returned by the admirals of Japan, who were most heartily welcomed by Admiral Sperry.

A garden-party was given our officers in the afternoon by the Mayor of Yokohama, and in the evening the city was fairly ablaze with electric illuminations in honor of the visitors. Every token of respect was shown the American men wherever they appeared in the city. They were saluted by officers, soldiers, and police as if they were all kings.

In a conspicuous place in the illuminations, the word welcome flashed out in large letters that could be seen from far away on the sea. It seemed that Japan fairly outdid herself in her demonstrations of friendship for the United States of America.

**The Trouble in the Balkans.**

The reports from the Near East for the past week have been anything but favorable for peace. The fighting of all the fleets were flashed across the ocean one day, to be followed by hopeful messages the next day, and all Europe has stood with bated breath for fear the fire would burst into a general conflagration. Some days it seemed as if Europe was nearer to a great war than she had been for many years; and again people would be cheered by hopeful signs of a peaceful solution of the troublesome problems. While some of the smaller powers have clamped for war, the larger nations have evidently been doing all they could to preserve peace. They seem ready to join in extreme measures, if need be, in order to prevent an explosion. Unfortunately the program outlined by England, Russia and France was very unsatisfactory to Turkey and Austria, and its proposal such publication brought a tremendous strain upon the bands that held back the "dogs of war." It was the plan of the first three nations mentioned above to recognize the independence of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria as accomplished facts. But they were too reticent regarding the matter of compensation from Austria to Turkey, and the matter of rectifying frontiers. Turkey entered her protest to this plan, which brought forth an angry outburst of feeling, in which Austria expressed the purpose to stand pat upon her action without any respect to recom pense. Turkey was evidently the sufferer, all planning for enforcement of the Treaty of Berlin, Bulgaria flatly refused to pay any indemnity to Turkey and began to marshal her hosts for war. Just at this critical time Germany advised Austria-Hungary that the Kaiser's government approves the annexation of the two provinces and would support the movement.

**Read President Clark's Article.**

On another page will be found an excellent article upon "The Perpetuity of the Denomination, Conditioned upon the Spiritual Life of the Churches." Every one ought to read it and ponder well the thoughts that President Clark expresses in that article. The saddest feature of our present condition is the lack of spiritual power in the churches, and the surest prophecy of our future downfall is found in the cold, formal worldliness that pervades our church and home life. No wonder we have so few converts; no wonder we are suffering from scarcity of ministers; no wonder our young people are so careless about the Sabbath, and our churches are so nearly empty on prayer-meeting nights. What we need more than anything else is an old-fashioned pentecostal season, a new outpouring of the Holy Spirit and men with power from on high. This ond spirit will soon settle all the vexing questions that trouble us; fill our treasuries with funds for the Lord's work, and give us all the strong men we could use.
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We cannot blame Turkey for feeling in­jured, and just now in the transition period between the constitutional government and the monarchy she seems helpless. The last news before this writing seems more hopeful. Bulgaria at the last moment has come down from her "high horse" and seems inclined to listen to terms from Turkey. She also assures the Powers that she does not want war. These last messages are reassuring. France seems to be acting as a mediator, and we hope another week may see the sky all cleared and the trouble settled.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Fire at Farina

We are very sorry to learn through the Farina papers that the home of Rev. Chas. A. Burdick was destroyed by fire a few days ago. A brave fight was made to save the home but scarcity of water made it impossible. Willing helpers joined in carrying out the work, and most of which were saved. Brother Burdick and family will have the sympathy of all Recorder readers. They are now living in Elder Seager's house. We understand that the burned building was only partly insured and that Elder Burdick's loss will be heavy for him to bear.

George H. Utter Honored.

We clip from the Westerly Sun the following, which will interest many readers:

GEORGE H. UTTER OF WESTERLY ELECTED PRESIDENT.

The Rhode Island State Sunday School Association closed a most successful convention last evening in Providence. The Bible-school teachers from all parts of the state had been attending the sessions since Monday evening, and all agreed that the convention was one of the most successful in the history of the association. Last evening was made noteworthy by a street parade of several hundred members of men's classes, and a subsequent meeting in the Union Congregational Church intended especially for the great house worship which was filled with men, and much enthusiasm in the work was shown. The speakers were C. D. Meigs of Indianapolis and former Governor Utter of this state. At the morning session Mr. Utter had been elected president of the association for the ensuing year.

D. Burdett Coon, pastor of Shiloh Church, has been given a four weeks' vacation and he is supplying the pulpit of the New York Church four Sabbaths in October.

Rev. Henry N. Jordan of New Market Church has begun taking postgraduate work in Union Theological Seminary of New York, spending three days each week in that work.

Rev. George W. Hille of Nortonville, Kansas, has accepted the call to become pastor at Salem, West Virginia, and expects to begin his work there with the beginning of the year.

Rev. Ira Lee Cottrill of Leonardsville, New York, has been spending a pleasant vacation among the scenes of his old pastorate at Ashaway, Rhode Island, and with his son in Plainfield, New Jersey.

The Perpetuity of the Denomination, Conditioned Upon the Spiritual Life of the Churches.

PRESIDENT C. E. CLARK.

Read before the Northwestern Association, June, 1908.

It was a spiritual ideal that created the church. The church was organized to meet the felt want for a spiritual service. The church has been perpetuated and prospered just to the extent that it has adhered to and served the spiritual ideal upon which it was founded. The church, therefore, has a distinctly spiritual mission. It exists to conserve spiritual life and stands primarily to serve the spiritual interests of our nature. Conerving as our nature remains what it is, so long may some institution answer to this demand for a spiritual experience. History presents no more pathetic picture than the frantic labors of men and women who have tried to keep alive institutions and organizations in which the breath of life had gone out and the enthusiasm dried up.

It is a law of nature that when any organization ceases to fill its function in the economy of the universe in which it was created and for which it was developed, it dies. It is contrary to the nature of the universe that anything should be perpetuated on its own account, but so long only as it renders some service. Whatever we cannot serve, or refuses to serve, God in nature, eliminates and exterminates. If a foot or hand is tied up, it withers. Uselessness, that is, failure to function or be of use, simply means death, anywhere in the economy of God's universe. This is a divine law and principle. It is as inexorable as the Ten Commandments. It is absolutely futile to attempt to reverse this order. If this be true—and who can doubt it—then it follows as an inexorable divine law that any church which ceases to perform its function as a spiritual power must forfeit its existence. The very moment a spiritual institution loses its power to create spiritual energy in its members, in that instant its very life is endangered. And what is the same thing, the moment we as a church begin to fight for our own existence and self-perpetuation instead of the spiritual life which we profess to serve, we mortgage the future to the devil; and if we persist, we foretell our right to continue. That moment we are weighed in the balance and found wanting. If we perish, it will be because we deserve to die. If in our churches we foster in each and every member the spirit of a spiritual service, we shall live. If we bear witness and our exhibit in our own lives the Christ ideal of conformity to the divine will of God, then shall we live and prosper.

No one has a right to take it for granted that a formal church attendance and a perfunctory cessation from labor on the Sabbath is equivalent to the spiritual life. We pray "Thy kingdom come," but the kingdom of God will not come until in our concrete lives we practice the evangel of the Christ life and experience. That which easily differentiated Christ from the pseudo-spiritual life of our lives was the fact that Jesus always penetrated to the spirit which prompted any act or word, while the Rabbis dissipated every spark of spiritual energy in legal casuistry and perfunctory outward obedience. If we desire to prosper as churches and as a denomination, our every-day lives of the shop, farm and in the home must be charged through and through with moral passion, with spiritual enthusiasm and holy purpose. We must refuse to be content with the spiritual experience of last year, of ten years ago, or with the history of long spirituality in the early days of the denomination. We should present and live the highest type of concrete spiritual living of any people on the face of the earth. We must refuse to be beguiled into the spiritual formalism of our age but, instead, the spirituality of a Sabbath character must be applied consistently to every walk of life seven days in a week. Unless as Sabbath-keepers our concrete lives exhibit spontaneously a higher standard of spiritual and moral excellence than the conventional life of our age, the world has a perfect right to question the potency of our theories. Not only that, but we ourselves and our children as well will sooner or later be obliged to settle the illogical and the differing from the world with nothing more than formal reasons for doing so.

The one indispensable requisite to inclusion in the higher order of things which is sooner or later to overtake the religious world is deeper spiritual efficiency. To my mind, one of our greatest needs as a church and denomination is a spiritual consciousness that can apprehend what is the content of the spiritual life as conditioned by and applied to twentieth century life. We cannot separate the spiritual life from the conditions and environment in which our lives are cast. Truth is eternal but its expression is always fitted to the conditions of the hour, and hence our spiritual life cannot be framed on the conditions that existed fifty or one hundred years ago. The spiritual message of the church must in our day meet the demands of a changed and changing industrial, economic and social order, or it will fail upon deaf ears. Any spiritual message which continually talks of righteousness as something apart from daily social justice separate from the concrete life of home and farm and shop and store will sooner or later count for nothing. Any spiritual message which shall endure must cover the whole range of life. It must ap-

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peal to the intellectual, emotional, moral and volitional nature. It must be whole­souled, free from cant and moral hypocrisy. It must be as broad as life, as deep as na­ture and as high as heaven. If we preach less or live less we shall eventually die of spiritual starvation. For we have two standards, one for the Sabbath and one for the market-place, we shall be judged by the latter. If, in the world of business, nothing shall distinguish the Christian and Sabbath­keeper from the man of the world who theo­retically knows nothing of the spiritual life, neither God nor man will long pay much attention to the labels and tags. The fact that we are Seventh-day Baptists does not in itself do God or man any harm or any good; but so far as this fact shall sym­bolize the attainment of spiritual excellence, so far will God and the universe decree the worth of our permanence and work for our perpetuity. So long as our profession shall mean concrete righteousness in the flesh of each man and woman, so long shall our name be a rallying forces which make for righteousness. So long as the name of our church shall stand for noble self-forgetfulness in personal devotion to the common weal, so long shall our church stand a monument to the practicability of the spiritual life as self-forgetfulness our ambitions’ center in the establish­ment of the kingdom of God among men, so long may ours be an ask of salva­tion; and when it has been established, the ark will be no longer needed. So long as our church shall be a remedy for greed and selfishness and animalism and inhuman­ity, so long will her instructions continue. In short, my Christian friends, so long as we accord with the constitutional principles of life by adjusting ourselves to the uni­verse as embodying the divine will of God, so long with the God of the universe sus­tain us and our work but no longer. These things I believe most thoroughly. I hope we may heed this truth, that it is only with the life of God deep in the soul that we as individuals or churches can find life and perpetuity. If we are consecrated to the reality of the spiritual, we need not fear. If we shall despise our spiritual birthright, we shall sell our denominational existence for a mess of pottage.

An Autumn Walk.

MRS. C. M. LEWIS.

Silver-toned voices are calling, calling,
From sunlit spaces, from wild byways,
Come forth to the hills! come walk through the valley.
Drink in the rich wine of these autumnal days!
Behold the broad fields just left by the reapers,
Where full sheaves are waiting to be gathered in.
Come walk through the orchard with luscious fruit laden—
Red, golden, and russet, and rich shades of green.
Rich colors are spread with the full brush of nature
O’er forest and field and along the wayside:
Each bush is aglow with its inherent splendor
Which deepens in beauty as on the days glide.
The asters lift up their bright starry blossoms,
The goldenrod waves its rich plumes in the breeze.
Low bird-notes are heard from thicket and wayside.
But the modest chewink is all that one sees.

How breezily merry the squirrel’s gay chatter
As he stops for a moment to survey,
Then away on the fence his bushy tail flashes,
And into the bushes he scurries away.

We leave the charmed valley and climb to a summit
Where a broad panorama of far distant hills
Presents a new page of the grand book of nature,
Which to the true lover its beauty reveals.

With glistening eyes we gaze on the picture,
And read God’s thoughts sublimly revealed
In the blue dome of heaven, the far distant mountain.
The flash of the river, the forest and field.

We linger in woodland, we wander enchanted
Where rich colors blend along the highways.
Aha! who can behold the glories of autumn
With heart unattuned to worship and praise?

The Church is not Outgrown.

Until there can be shown some other social institution which can boast an equal record of social reforms—of slavery ended,
of life protected, of woman ennobled,
of children educated, of homes sanctified,
of schools, and missions, and charities, and martyrdoms—your social reformer had best give himself a course in church history.
There he will learn something of the effec­tiveness that comes to a reform through the sanity bred within the Christian church he affects to regard as outgrown—Shafter Matthews.

A Little Chinese Christian.

This pretty little story is told of a spelling class in China: The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self­confident, he missed a word, which was im­mediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The monitor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so firmly refused, saying: “No, me no go; me not make Ah Fun heart solly.” That little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the remark: “He do all same as Jesus.”—Selected.

Mission Life in China in 1848.

Rev. J. K. Wight, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Green Cove Springs, Florida, celebrated on Sunday, August 23, the anniversary of the ordination which oc­curred at Troy, N. Y., August 23, 1848. His subject was “Reminiscences of Sixty Years.” He told of the trip to China with his bride in 1848, of their sail around the Cape of Good Hope; of their early life as foreign missionaries of their short stay at Ningpo, and then at Shanghai. Here, in conjunction with Dr. Culbertson he or­ganized the Mission of the Presbyterian Church. He spoke of his acquaintance with Liang Araf, the first Christian Chinaman. Now, though he still lives, the Christians in China number 170,000. He was at Shang­hai at the time of the Tai Ping rebellion and was driven from his home by the rebels.—Rev. E. Van Dyke Wight, in Southern Presbyterian.
On motion the report was adopted and bill of expense ordered paid.

Voted that Secretary Lewis be requested to attend the annual meeting of the New York State Sabbath Association to be held in Utica, N.Y., on November 8, 9, 10, should his health permit, or if not, to secure a substitute to represent him at that meeting.

Voted that the Recording Secretary express to Secretary Lewis the sympathy of the Board in his illness, and their most earnest wishes for his speedy recovery.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, Rec. Sec.

Miracles.

REV. J. W. CROFOOT, M. A.

A paper read before the "Monday Club" of young missionaries at Mohonk summer resort, August 17, 1908.

So far as I know there is little tendency on the part of the Chinese to question the Christian miracles. The discussion of them may therefore be somewhat less practical than those we have looked at. The reason is of a practical nature. But since most men are gifted with something of curiosity, which like that of Prometheus prompts men to learn all that may be known of the unseen, and since there is among educated people in Western lands a wide-spread tendency to doubt, or at least to question the reality of the New Testament miracles, a discussion of them such as this paper is designed to open may not be without interest to us.

Let us consider then three questions: What is a miracle? Is there a miracle possible? and are the New Testament miracles credible?

1. Hume, the great skeptical philosopher of the eighteenth century, defined a miracle as a transgression of natural law. This is inadequate, to say the least, until the expression "natural law" is itself defined. "The man in the street" is apt to say that a miracle is contrary to science, failing to realize that the science of any time is merely the latest guess about the facts of the universe. Of course I would not deny the service and value of scientific investigation, nor of the conclusions or hypotheses of science. But I would protest against that presumption which assumes that these hypotheses are the final word about the world and its constitution. It is only necessary to mention such words as alchemy, phthisis, spontaneous generation, atomism, and radio activity, to illustrate what I mean when I say that science is only the latest guess.

Similarly "laws of nature," are simply a generalized statement of the way in which the objects of nature are observed to act and interact. Thus a miracle may be the action of perfectly natural forces, according to perfectly natural laws, of which we are ignorant; as, for instance, in the early days of electromagnetism, an entertainer on the stage made it impossible for a light box to be lifted from the floor, by what seems now the simple means of applying a powerful electromagnet under the floor, to hold down the steel bottom of the box.

Of course the miracles of the New Testament are not to be compared to the mere wonders of a "magician," this being an inadequate, to say the least, until the expression "natural law" is itself defined. But this illustrates the point that in some of the miracles the apparent disturbance of the order of nature may have been due to a higher physical law known to Christ but not to us, with which we have no connection.

Suggestion with a wide application of it to the Gospel narratives is made by Archbishop Temple. If this is true of the miracles of Christ, they are miracles of knowledge, if not miracles of power. A miracle, in my view, is no more the violation of a law of nature than the catching of a falling baseball is a violation of the law of gravity. An outside intelligence intervenes to change what would otherwise be the course of nature.

Huxley sees Hume's error in speaking of laws of nature as if the generally observed method were the only method, and he admits that the laws of nature are necessarily based on incomplete knowledge; but he follows Hume in considering a miracle as a natural law, a thing considered by itself without reference to its design. Now a miracle is more than a mere marvel. As Canon Moyles says: "The greatest marvel, or interruption in the course of nature, proves nothing. But if it takes place in connection with the word or action of a person, that coincidence proves design in the marvel and makes it a miracle." The definition of a miracle then must not only state that it is a variation from the observed order, but must also include the element of design or purpose. "The name miracles," according to Professor William Newton Clarke, has been given to special acts of God, departing from the ordinary method, performed in the sight of men for a moral purpose.

2. Is a miracle possible? This question requires only the briefest consideration. In my opinion, to state that a miracle is impossible is tantamount to claiming omniscience. Whatever may be the attitude of the ignorant, few thinkers will be so bold as to maintain the absolute impossibility of miracles. Only an atheist or a pantheist could do it. In Hume's "Essay on Miracles" the design is not to question the possibility of a miracle, but only to show that it is impossible to prove one.

3. This brings us to the third question: Are the New Testament miracles credible? Hume seems to base his chief argument against miracles on the ground that they are "contrary to experience." Possibly he defines away the meaning of this expression, but the plain meaning, "contrary to experience," reduces to the absurdity that nothing could ever happen for the first time!

To many people it seems, as indicated above in speaking of a miracle as a mere marvel, that miracles are naturally to be doubted because of their marvelousness, without regarding their design or moral justification of miracles. To be sure extraordinary occurrences require more careful verification than ordinary ones, but since miracles are not so much a proof of the existence of God as are the ordinary regular courses of nature, so the true standpoint from which to look at miracles is the theistic. At any rate the possibility of the existence of God must not be excluded in considering them.

Granted then that there may be a free Spirit above all possibility of design, which to a large extent removes the improbability of miracles. An illustration used by Fisher is: "If we are told that the enlightened rulers of a nation on a certain day deliberately set fire to their capital and consumed its palaces and treasures in the
flames, the narrative would excite surprise if not incredulity. But that incredulity vanished was it added that that capital was Moscow, when held by an invading army. In short the characteristics of Christianity, coincides at a part account the alleged miracles connected with it, predispose the mind to give credit to the testimony on which these miracles rest. In other words, it may almost be said that while the church of the first century believed in Christianity because it saw the miracles, the church of the twentieth century believes in the miracles because it sees Christianity.

My first reason for believing in the miracles is that the narrative of them forms an integral part of the account of the origin of the Christian religion, as contained in the Gospels and the Acts. It is not possible now to enter largely on the question of the authenticity of the New Testament accounts of the life of Jesus and his disciples, but we have the Christian religion before us as an existing reality. We also have the account of its origin which has been accepted by the church itself since the last quarter of the first century. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, there is at least a reasonable probability that the New Testament is true.

While Christianity itself is the chief evidence of the miracles, subsidiary evidence of their genuineness is found in several particulars. For instance, the injunctions of Jesus not to report his miraculous cures are meaningless unless the miracles actually took place. Since these injunctions imposing silence are not to be held as strictly, the miracles must have been wrought. So the repeated cautions of Jesus against a too high esteem of miracles are an evidence of the fact that the miracles were real occurrences. The disciples were enjoined to rejoice that their names were written in the Book of Life. It is not possible now to account for their continuing to follow him after being taught the erroneousness of the popular view of the Messiah.

We are sometimes told that that was a croulous age, and every one was eager to believe in mirables. While many undoubtedly expected the Messiah, when he came, to be a miracle worker, the incredulity of the religious classes of that day is constantly shown in their attitude towards Jesus and his miracles. The fact that no miracles were attributed to John the Baptist preacher nearly equal in popularity to Jesus himself, is evidence seemingly overlooked by those who hear on the credulity of that age, or who advocate a myth theory like that of Strauss.

The resurrection of Jesus is the supreme miracle not only in that it may be said to be the most marvelous of all the signs, wonders and powers related in the New Testament, but in that it establishes Christ's position as victor over sin and death. This supreme miracle is worthy of somewhat fuller consideration; for if this is found to be credible, little or no room is left for questioning the others.

While we cannot go extensively into questions of date and authorship, it may be said that probably the earliest account of the resurrection was that of the Jewish historian Josephus. A few centuries later there was an account of the risen Lord, is Paul's account in First Corinthians. Now Paul had studied this subject. Three years after his conversion he had gone up to Jerusalem and spent a fortnight with Peter. The death of Jesus was then a more recent event than the death of Queen Victoria or of President McKinley is now. He then had first-hand testimony of the events immediately connected with the resurrection, as well as his own experience on the Damascus road, to confirm to him the truth of what he wrote to the Corinthians in the year 54. He makes in the strongest possible way his statements that "now hath Christ been raised from the dead," and enumerates five appearances besides the one to himself, one of the five being to more than five hundred persons, not one of whom were still alive. Is it possible to believe that Paul was deceived in so important a matter?

The Gospel of Mark, probably the earliest of the four, perhaps written between 55 and 60 A.D., even without the later appendix simply states that "he arose." So do all the other three and the book of the Acts. It was the crux of all the apostles' preaching. Is it credible that, if he did not rise, the story that he did so could have obtained general credence within twenty-five or thirty years of his death? And if he did not rise, how did his body? The Jews were eager for evidence that he had not risen. The theory that he did not die at all on the cross but was taken down in a state of unconsciousness had many advocates in a century ago; but has none now.

The "vision theory," practically the only one now held by those who deny the physical resurrection, is surrounded by so many objections as to make it untenable. "Whoever thinks that the disciples were self-deceived, or that the Roman centurions, or the doctors, or the children who were present, not to mention the women and the other disciples such men as would be apt to be deceived by hallucinations? Nay, is it within the bounds of reasonable belief that the timid Simon, son of John, denier of his Master, could be changed to the Peter who daily braved death for his faith, by a subjective illusion? How is it possible to account for the fact that the group of men who were, on the crucifixion, scattered and utterly hopeless, could in three days all be so deceived by the same hallucination as to completely change their views of Jesus, and their whole attitude toward life? Moreover, how could more than five hundred people, who must have been deceived at one time by the same dream? Sometimes it is said that the believer in miracles is a credulous person, but I submit that the vision theory is too much incredulity. And another objection to this theory is that the appearances were so limited in number and time. If five hundred people were so neurotic and hysterical as to have a vision of Christ, which would lead us to suppose that most of them would have the vision many times. Why were the visions so few? and why did they all cease at a given time? Some four or five years ago, when Dr. George P. Pentecost was in Shanghai, he spoke of the subject in a way that made a vivid impression on my mind. Said he: 'I was dining with a doctor who said to me, 'I am in sympathy with Christianity, but I am a physician. I cannot believe in the miracles of the New Testament, such as that a dead man can be raised to life.' Dr. Pentecost said, "Excuse me, Doctor, but what is that on your fork?" 'A piece of beef," replied the physician. 'And what are you going to do with it?" 'I mean to eat it," said Dr. Pentecost, 'but do you mean to tell me that you propose to take that piece of a dead cow and raise it up part of a living dog?"

'Oh," said the doctor, "living matter can take the place of a dead one," said Dr. Pentecost, 'but oh, can it?" Dr. Pentecost, and then he added, with striking emphasis on the divine name, Paul's question to Agrippa: "Why should it be judged incredible with you, if God doth raise the dead?"

I think Dr. Pentecost, a member of the American Journal of Theology, published by the University of Chicago, that I read an excellent article by Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson on the historicity of the Gospel accounts of the resurrection. I remember very little of it now except the extreme mildness with which he speaks. He says something like this: Supposing that Jesus did not rise, and supposing that the Gospel accounts are mere fabrications, it is inconceivable how the Gospel accounts can have gained credence. When I say-
conceivable I mean I cannot conceive it. Again he says: If Jesus died and was buried and his body went to corruption like another's the apostles and earliest church must have known it, and the stories now included in the Gospel must have had a beginning. It is a proper rule of evidence to look for a motive. Now it is inconceivable, I mean inconceivable to me, what can have been the motive of the originator of these stories. Why should men invent a story that would bring them not only incredulity and ridicule, but also suffering and death? This seems to me a sufficient answer to the spontaneous myth theory of Strauss.

In fine it is more difficult to account for the Gospel narratives on any other hypothesis than on the view that they are narratives of actual occurrences. Let us look at the whole question scientifically. We find that the greatest power existing in the world now, two thousand years after the ignominious death of the Nazarene, is the religion based on his life and work. Certainly considered scientifically and dispassionately, the most probable hypothesis is that the account which that religion has given of itself since the middle of the first century is the true one. To follow Heath, one must impute pious fraud as the chief characteristic of the Founder of the religion of purity and light, or to give credence to the naturalistic theory of Paulus, which made the apostles fools and Christ a Jesuit, is, I say again, too much for my credulity.

A Thorough Demonstration.

"My dear, you must not fidget so with your handkerchief when you're in the pulpit," said the minister's wife, as she walked home by his side after the morning service. "Fidget!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Why, I seldom use my handkerchief. What do you mean?"

"I don't mean using it," replied the wife, laughing. "I hope you will do that whenever it is necessary; but I mean pulling it out of your coat pocket, and then throwing it into another, only to take it out and thrust it under the hymn-book. It's a nervous habit, and it's perfectly distracting to watch you."

The clergyman looked kindly incredulous as he said:

"I think you must be mistaken, my dear. I might have changed it about a good deal this morning; I believe I did; but I'm certain that it isn't a habit. To prove it, I'll leave my handkerchief with you this evening."

It was agreed.

At the close of the invocation the minister's hand was seen withdrawing itself stealthily from his coat-tail pocket, and after he had said, "Let us continue our worship by singing three stanzas," there was a long pause while he fumbled in the other coat-tail before he added—"of the three hundred and forty-third hymn."

By keeping his mind on his hands instead of the hymn, he managed to get through with the singing with only one slip; but there were several awkward pauses during the responsive reading, when the minister's wife watched his hands roam from breast pocket to pulpit cushion and back to his coat-tail again.

During the anthem the minister seemed less absent-minded, but his wife was uneasy when it came time for the prayer, and discreetly covered her eyes. Then he grew more and more distracted, and kept the audience waiting with hymn-books in hand while he made another search for the missing bit of linen before giving out the number of the hymn.

Finally it was time for the sermon. "Invite your attention this evening," he began and then stopped. This time his hand was in his breast-pocket. "You will find my text," he began again "in the eighth chapter of Romans."

The little lady in the pew had gained her point, but really it was ceasing to be a joke. He could never get through his sermon at this rate. Hastily she beckoned to an usher and sent him into the pulpit with the minister's handkerchief. He clutched it with ill-concealed relief, and shot a guilty glance at his smiling wife. Then he drew a long breath, and, as one set free, went on with his admirable sermon.—Morning Star.

If anywhere there is an answering smile it will be found in the face of the child. The encouragement of that smile should be one of the pleasures of materner years. —W. H. Fremaunt.
A Visit Among the German Seventh-day Baptists.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH.

Ephrata.

A few weeks ago, I had occasion to visit our German Seventh-day Baptist friends in Pennsylvania in search of historical material, and what writers of history call "local color." My first objective point was the celebrated cloister at Ephrata.

Ephrata is situated on a branch of the

Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, or more accurately, on the Reading and Columbia Railroad, not quite half way from Reading to Lancaster, in Lancaster County, some eighty miles, more or less, by rail, from Philadelphia. It may be reached by the Reading Railroad from Philadelphia to Reading, or by the Pennsylvania to Lancaster. From either Reading or Lancaster one may take the Reading and Columbia, or the trolley road.

A letter vouching for my good behavior while there, written some time in advance by Dr. A. H. Lewis, secured for me a hearty welcome. And on Sixth-day evening and was met at the station by the pastor of the Ephrata Church, Rev. Samuel G. Zerfass, who is likewise principal of the public grammar school of the Borough of Ephrata, a village of some 3,000 inhabitants. The school, a most excellent one, by the way, conducted in a well-appointed brick building of attractive appearance, would be a credit to a town of that size in the metropolitan district of New York City.

The regular Sabbath preaching service of the Ephrata Church was set for the evening of my arrival. I accompanied the pastor to the place of meeting, which is in the old Saal (pronounced Sahnol) within the Cloister grounds. The entrance into the Saal is through a low hooded door made in harmony with the plan of the building throughout. On passing through the door, we find ourselves in a room some twenty-seven feet wide by thirty-six feet long, with a low wooden ceiling. The Saal is furnished with several long tables for use at the time of their love-feasts, and with several wooden benches or settees. These are provided with backs. Those originally provided had no backs. In one corner of the room is a tall old Dutch clock—an Ephrata product.

The hymns, of which several are sung at each service, constitute an essential part of their worship. They do not sing for entertainment—they sing for worship. Nor, in announcing a hymn, does the minister say: "We will sing the first, second, and last stanzas." They sing them all, even if there are a dozen stanzas.

The service, except on very special occasions, is conducted wholly in the English tongue. I had hoped to hear them sing the famous old Lutheran hymn Eine Feste Burg ist unser Gott (A mighty fortress is our God) in the original language, but in this I was disappointed, as too few of the congregation are sufficiently familiar with that language. They sings some three or four German hymns at one service (their hymnbook is in German and the English versions), while I was there, but the pastor "lined" them in the old-fashioned way in vogue when hymn-books were few in number. Their hymn-books are innocent of any music; they merely contain the bare words of the hymns, with the old-time "S. M.," "L. M.," and "C. M." to indicate how they are to be sung.

A few of the old fraktur-schrift charts hang on the walls—the others, that have hung there for so many years, were away undergoing a process of restoration when I was there.

The ceiling of yellow poplar boards darkened with age contains one board bearing unmistakable footprints. Certain old traditions have insisted that the Saal was constructed on the plan, matter-of-fact German of today, after remarking that in the earlier days the Solitary Brethren and Sisters went barefoot in summer, says that these footprints were made by some Brother who sought to relic his sore feet by applying an ointment composed largely of tallow or some other similar substance.

As I sat contemplating my surroundings, I could but think of the midnight service held for two hours (at first it was four) each night in this ancient Saal more than one hundred and sixty years ago, as the mystical Solitary Brethren and Sisters waited patiently, but confidently, for the final day of Judgment to be ushered in, as they thought it would begin at midnight.

But from this spot where the minister's seat and desk now stand, Conrad Beisell has stood many, many times as he has expounded to his faithful hearers the mystical portions of the Holy Scriptures, interpreted through the medium of his Rosicrucian philosophy. Here also has oftentimes stood the sainly Peter Miller, as he has taught the waiting multitude the lessons of the life of the meek and lowly Nazarene.

These walls have reverberated, too, over and over again, to the exquisite strains of the unique, unparalleled Ephrata music, whose melody is forever silenced. Yes, and have often resounded to the groans and parting whispers of the dying patriots from the bloody battlefield of the Brandywine, with the prayers of the Solitary for their everlasting rest and happiness, as a Brother or a Sister has wiped the death-drenched face of the beloved and closed their eyes in everlasting sleep.

As I ponder over the memory of all these sacred things, an irresistible feeling of awe and reverence steals over me, and I feel as I think Moses must have felt as he stood in the presence of the Burning Bush, and heard the voice of the Lord command him to take the shoes off his feet because he stood on holy ground; and then again it almost seemed as if I might at any moment see the long files of Solitary Brethren and Sisters, with Beisell and Peter Miller and the Eckerlin brothers and Prior- ess Maria at their head, in their long robes of spotless white, enter to engage in their midnight prayer meeting.

The service, nearly two hours long, closed all too soon, and I departed from the Saal and went out into the darkness of the silent night with the spell still upon me.

On the following day, Sabbath, the weekly Sabbath school was held. In this connection, it should be remembered that at Ephrata, Ludwig Höcker (Brother Obed) and his daughter Maria (Sister Petronella) established a Sabbath school in 1740, fully forty years before Robert Raikes established his Sunday school in London.

On the following day, after appropriate introductory exercises of the usual character, the school was divided into two classes for the purpose of studying the lesson: one for adults, conducted by Mr. William Zerfass, the brother of the pastor, and one for the children, under the care of the deaconess of the church.

As a guide to their study, a Sabbath school quarterly, published for the special

1. One Isaac Craig, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in a communication dated July 28, 1886, addressed to the Presbyterian Review, states that two Sunday Schools were organized in this country previous to the time the Sabbath School was established at Ephrata. Craig gives references to his authorities as follows: In 1681, at Neshohect, See Historical Magazine, Vol. III. p. 219. In 1696, at Nantucket, See History of Long Island, Vol. II. p. 140.
of German Seventh-day Baptists, was used. Its plan was simple—exceedingly simple—providing for a very free use of the Bible itself in the hands of the members of the class, producing a most impressive result, which would be a most wholesome object lesson to that class of people who feel that a Sabbath school lesson cannot be taught successfully without elaborate lesson helps.

The following day—First day—was given up to an examination of the material and historical features of the Cloister. The original village was contained within an inclosure of some eight or ten acres, except the large buildings which stood on Zion Hill, some distance above the present cluster of buildings. The border of the village extended down to the banks of the Cocalico Creek, then back over a narrow strip of meadow to the foot of Zion Hill, and up the hillside a few hundred yards, facing the east.

Many of the buildings have yielded to the immutable laws of decay, and have crumbled into dust. There remain, however, the Saal, or more properly, the Sister Saal (Peniel), the Sister House, Beissel's cabin, and several smaller houses used as homes of the Community, in a fairly good state of preservation, with the Brother House literally falling into ruins.

A somewhat hasty visit through the Saal reveals many things of more than passing interest. There is the old hour-glass which stood on the table beside the minister while he preached, and told off the time of the prayer service. The upper stories of the Saal, which were then back over a narrow strip of land, are to be seen spin-apple tree, literally almost under it, a collection of wooden candlesticks in one of the rooms excites more than a passing interest. It could be a unique basket with a handle, of clay, and said to have been made at the Ephrata pottery. Until I examined it closely, I thought it was made of hammered copper, which had taken on the rich oxidized coloring which that metal takes on with age. The stairway in the Sister House is so narrow and winding, and was originally left so unprotected, as to be dangerous to a man of average height, so that it could not possibly have been placed on any heavy roods in such a way as to afford some protection. The old Sisterhood all passed away upwards of half a century ago. When Walter B. Gillette made his first visit to Ephrata in 1854, he said there were still five of them living. The last surviving one, Barbara Keiper (Sister Bevely) died March 16, 1852. The Sister House is now occupied by a sister of Mr. Joseph Zerfas.

In this article, but a few of the numerous objects in the interior of these buildings have been mentioned. Though they are not as numerous as they once were, there are still enough to attract a large stream of visitors, the register of visitors as kept in the office of the Saal showing that between two and three thousand people visit the Cloister annually.

Now let us spend a short time in looking about the grounds. At the south end of the Saal and but a few steps distant from it, stands the little cabin of Conrad Beissel, in which he spent the last years of his life, and in which, on that memorable Wednesday, the 16th day of July, 1768, after many years of a strong, abiding faith that he would not have to suffer the pangs of mortal dissolution, but like Enoch and Elijah of old, be translated into the spirit world in the twinkling of an eye, he bowed to the unalterable mandate of his Omniscient Maker and yielded up his spirit in natural death, and left his body to be committed, tenderly and reverently, to the dust from whence it first came, by his faithful, devoted followers.

A short distance to the west, close by an apple tree, literally almost under it, stood the humble cabin of Peter Miller. Here he conducted the diplomatic correspondence in the name of the newly organized Federal Government of America with the crowned Lords of Europe. Here, too, he translated its immortal Magna Charta into the tongues of the French, Spanish, German and other European nations.

Down yonder in the meadow toward the Cocalico, stands the old Brother Saal, literally ready to fall into ruins—which had a Solitary Brother as a tenant for seventy years or more. In 1844, Gillette said that none had lived in it for many years previous to that time; and that its interior had been altered so that several families occupied it then as a tenement.

At the east end of the Brother House was the upper end of the old Brother Saal, which extended exactly ninety-nine feet (a measurement determined by the laborious application of the laws of Roscicrucian philos­ophy) down the hill toward the Cocalico Creek. This large building, sixty feet in width and three stories in height, much larger than the Brother House, was erected from the material left over after the erection of the Brother House, for the building of which it had been provided and brought together. The lower story was used as a Saal proper, and was provided with spacious rooms on the second story. Next by is the Com­pany's building, the place where was conducted the famous Ephrata Classical Academy, the details of whose history are still well-nigh shrouded in mystery. In the third story, was situated the Ephrata Press at the time the Great Martyr Book was printed—half of the edi­tion of which, along with several wagon-
loads of other books, was carried away to the battlefields of the American Revolution to make cartridges for of the use of the American Army. Gillette says that in 1844 the old Brother Said was still in existence, but that it was in ruins.

Only a short distance from the west end of the Brother House is the spring—or rather a group of springs—beside which Beissel built his cabin when he first came into the snake-infested wilderness on the side of Cocalico.

A little distance to the southwest from the site of Beissel's original cabin, were situated the tannery and the site of Beissel's tannery and the site of Beissel's Ecketlin episode.

Just across the stream from Beissel's cabin stood the cabin erected for Anna and Maria Eicher, the first Solitary Sisters of the Community, the latter of whom became the prioress, the principal architect of the Community, and whom Beissel visited in the morning of the last day of his mortal life and fruitlessly attempted to effect a reconciliation with her, from whom he had been estranged for many years because of the Eckerlin episode.

A little distance to the southwest from the site of Beissel's original cabin, were situated the tannery and pottery; and still on beyond, where the hills rise in a abrupt bluff from the Cocalico, tradition says was a cave—now buried several feet below the surface—where Beissel was wont to retrieve for contemplation and prayer.

Scattered along the stream on the edge of the meadow, stood the various mills belonging to the Community—the flouring mill, the saw mill, the fulling mill, the paper mill, and the oil mill. Sachse says the paper mill stood on the site of the old mill still standing there, which now contains a plant for generating power for a private electric light plant. A little distance up in the meadow from the banks of the stream, just below the site of the present mill, stood the printing house at one time.

Of all this many-sided manufacturing plant, which Sachse deliberately and confidently declares would have developed into the greatest industrial corporation of the world, but for the disagreement between Beissel and the Eckerlins, only a flouring mill remains, a silent, but eloquent ghost of former greatness. The mills and the communal activity which they represented are all as silent as the tombs in the ancient burying ground, lying in deadly silence beside the turnpike which skirts the north side of the cloister grounds.

The Ephrata Academy, which Gillette says was new in 1844, stands beyond the graveyard toward the northwest, and is now rented for the use of the public school. The building is surrounded by a tower clock, made by Dr. Christopher Witt, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1735.

Up on the hill—Zion Hill—on the west side of the valley which is the property of the Cloister, was erected the large building called "Zion," for the use of the Zionic Brotherhood. This was one of the principal buildings used as a hospital for sick and wounded American soldiers in the Revolutionary War, and was destroyed, subsequently, because of the virulence of the typhus fever which raged within its walls.

Not far from where "Zion" stood, were buried the soldiers who fell victims of the fatal typhus; and a few years ago, the State of Pennsylvania erected a suitable monument to the memory of these heroes, and in acknowledgment of the faithful service rendered them by the Brethren and Sisters who nursed them.

The time passed all too swiftly, and I had to hasting away to Snow Hill and Morrisson's Cove, or Salemville, of which I will write subsequently.

The little church at Ephrata of some twenty-five or thirty members has passed through a long period of untoward circumstances and discouragement, from which it has emerged with courageous, hopeful hearts, and unfaltering faith. They are anxious for a closer relation with Seventh-day Baptists of English-speaking descent.

It seems to me that the next time the General Conference meets within the borders of the Eastern Association, it would be a most excellent plan to arrange to have the Convocation meet at Ephrata. The friends there would welcome it with open arms, and entertain and care for it in a most cordial and generous way. It would strengthen the bond, and the Ephrata Church immeasurably, and the members of the Convocation would be brought into direct, close personal contact with one of the most interesting chapters of Seventh-day Baptist history, which this country affords, and Ephrata could not help but be a source of inspiration to them all.

A Tract Upon the Resurrection of Christ.

A twenty-three page tract in which is given a "harmony" of the Gospels upon the "death, burial, resurrection and ascension" of Christ, written by Silas F. Randolph of Farina, Illinois, has just come to hand. The author explains the origin of this little book and tells about its purpose in the following letter:

DEAR BROTHER AND EDITOR:

About twenty years ago and for several years following, there were many able articles published by our people and others, on the time of the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ. From that time to this I have carefully studied all articles upon this subject, and as a result have written this tract. It has been mailed to the pastors and leading men in our churches, and to several others who have been interested in the matter. As I read the arguments by scholarly men on both sides, my mind was swayed at first from one side and then to the other, until finally the thought of making a scrap-book composed entirely of Scripture texts came to my help. I bought cheap copies of the Testament, and by clipping the passages given by all four evangelists and arranging them in chronological order in my book, I could see easily how straight was the story they told. At first I felt a timidity lest I should be wresting the Scriptures, but seeing that noted theologians did the same in their studies, I felt right about it so long as I was careful. I have just been reading the following letter:

Letters to the Smiths.

To John and Mary Smith.

MY DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE:

I have just been reading the Recorder, and when I got over to that part of which is so full of human interest to us, I found that you two were happily married and ready to settle down to housekeeping—to establish one more Seventh-day Baptist home. I must tell you that I am glad of it. I do not know that a Seventh-day Baptist home is certain to be better than some others, yet I do feel that people who are loyal to God's truth and are willing to make some sacrifice for the sake of it, ought, from the very nature of the case, to establish and maintain the very best of homes. Wise parents who are truly loyal to "Our Father who art in heaven," are quite apt to have children truly loyal to them; and wise Christian parents and truly loyal children constitute the elements of a happy home.
I wish you, John and Mary, as happy a life as any two lovers ever began together—a long life of many blessings, few sorrows, good health, enough of this world's goods to keep you hopeful, optimistic and thankful; yet not enough to bring you to sudden destruction under the wreck of a speed-mad automobile.

And now, having wished good things for you, I am sure you will allow me to make two suggestions on you as the founders of a new home. I would not do such a thing did I not know for certain—that is, that I have the assurance of my dear young friends, been made from homes you have known, to feel that this is so.

And now, John and Mary, you may have all the way along this token of good in your home; and I verily believe that just so sure as the home of Obed-edom had peace during those three months when the ark of God was in his house, your home will have peace so long as you maintain there a family altar with loving daily worship. You may already have set up such an altar; if so, there is already peace in your home, and may it abide there until you two are called to the better home above. If you have not begun family worship in some form, let me exhort you to do so without delay. It will be a little embarrassing, perhaps, to begin, as it often is to do other good things; yet, if you desire the peace of Obed-edom, you may well open your door to the ark and get the blessing.

I do not mean to assure you there is no sor­row, no trouble, will come where there is a family altar; yet I am sure that true worship at any family altar will bring spiritual peace, and give grace to bear the sorrows that sooner or later must come to every home. John and Mary, try this.

My second suggestion is that you decide that your home shall have, as long as you have a home, that blessed spiritual visitor and guide and help, the Sabbath Recorder. If you want a truly Christian home you should have—after the Bible—the Recorder. I did not think so much of this weekly visitor in my younger days... Now, I take it, John and Mary, that this ark was to those people the visible token of God's presence, and that while it remained in Obed-edom's house, it was as if God himself dwelt in his home to bless him and his family. We in these days do not have an ark; but just as in Obed-edom's house to indicate the presence of God to bless us. But we may, every family of us, have an invisible—a spiritual—token of the presence of that same God, in the family altar. When you give this matter a bit of prayerful thought, I am sure you will agree with me that nothing else can so surely indicate the presence of God in a home as a family altar around which there is true Christian family worship. Have you not, my dear young friends, been made from homes you have known, to feel that this is so.

And now, John and Mary, you may have all the way along this token of good in your home; and I verily believe that just so sure as the home of Obed-edom had peace during those three months when the ark of God was in his house, your home will have peace so long as you maintain there a family altar with loving daily worship. You may already have set up such an altar; if so, there is already peace in your home, and may it abide there until you two are called to the better home above. If you have not begun family worship in some form, let me exhort you to do so without delay. It will be a little embarrassing, perhaps, to begin, as it often is to do other good things; yet, if you desire the peace of Obed-edom, you may well open your door to the ark and get the blessing.

John and Mary, try this.

My second suggestion is that you decide that your home shall have, as long as you have a home, that blessed spiritual visitor and guide and help, the Sabbath Recorder. If you want a truly Christian home you should have—after the Bible—the Recorder. I did not think so much of this weekly visitor in my younger days... Now, I take it, John and Mary, that this ark was to those people the visible token of God's presence, and that while it remained in Obed-edom's house, it was as if God himself dwelt in his home to bless him and his family. We in these days do not have an ark; but just as in Obed-edom's house to indicate the presence of God to bless us. But we may, every family of us, have an invisible—a spiritual—token of the presence of that same God, in the family altar. When you give this matter a bit of prayerful thought, I am sure you will agree with me that nothing else can so surely indicate the presence of God in a home as a family altar around which there is true Christian family worship. Have you not, my dear young friends, been made from homes you have known, to feel that this is so.

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HOME NEWS

MADISON, Wis.—A letter from Brother H. W. Rood contains the following bit of home news: "We Seventh-day Baptists here in Madison have got our Sabbath school started for this year. We have four families settled here, with now and then a visitor. We have what to us profitable sessions, and they are pleasant too." In speaking of the three student families now in Madison, Mr. Rood says that the Sabbath school gives them something pleasant to associate with the Sabbath, and binds them all together socially and religiously. "It also gives Sabbath-keeping visitors who may be here a place in which to worship. We are soon to send five dollars to the Sabbath School Board." Let everybody notice the change in their place of meetings, from 933 Jenifer Street to 216 South Mills Street.

Theological Seminaries too Easy.

The cry of our churches these days is: "Give us practical men. We don't want theology so much as something to help us to better living." What is the meaning of the cry? That the great truths of Christianity have lost their hold—the truths for which our fathers bled? Not at all. It means nothing else than a demand for a new presentation of them. Men are not turning from religion. They are not less thoughtful than were their fathers. The old gospel has not lost its power. The cry is for prophets—men to interpret God to them in the language and modes of thought of the age in which they live.

Never before was there a cry for better men in the ministry than are demanded today. Never were the opportunities of the pulpit greater. The day has passed when men in any calling are honored simply on account of their calling. The "cloth" counts little these days, but little also does it mean merely to have the title of lawyer or physician. In our new democracy it is the man that can do things that is honored, be he minister, lawyer, physician or anything else. The demand in every calling is for better men.

Now how is this demand being met? The medical school and the law school are raising their standard. It is not so easy to enter medicine or law as it used to be. Throughout our land hundreds of candidates for these professions are rejected every year and must turn their attention to something else. Because of this are men sent to other fields? By no means. They are rather being attracted to them. It is the hard places that the best men are after, and ever will be after.

It is only the ministry that lacks men. Why? Because the impression has got abroad that anybody can get through a theological seminary. Who has ever heard of any great number being turned away from the ministry because they did not come up to the standard? The theological seminary, unlike the other schools mentioned, in order to get students is lowering its standard. Some of the smaller seminaries affiliate with colleges and give their students a diploma after a six years' course—four in arts and two in theology. Even some of the leading seminaries of our land are making the course easier. In some of these institutions, as a cult subject for so many—is thrown out. We shall soon probably hear that New Testament Greek is no longer required. To the old-time minister it seems strange, to say the least, to think of a man presuming to interpret the Bible who cannot read it in the original languages.

But what the theological seminaries are failing to do, the universities are taking up. In most colleges and universities Hebrew now has a chair of its own. Thus the student who has the ministry in view is enabled to read the Old as well as the New Testament at sight before he enters upon his theological training. So long as the seminary gives only a three years' course, the church, it seems to me, should insist on her future ministers having, before entering it, this previous training.

I was much interested during the past winter—on being present at one of the elementary Hebrew classes at Columbia University and on conversing with a number of the students—at the great strides the universities have made in the method of teaching this difficult subject as well as so many others. Hebrew, I am told, on account of the new method of teaching it, is regarded no longer as a difficult subject. And indeed I was really amazed at the progress which the class had made and the case with which they read and wrote Hebrew after a few months of training or but two hours a week. When such results can be brought about in our well-equipped universities, is it too much to demand that our future expounders of the word of God should be able to read it in the original languages instead of a translation?

The way to attract more men into the ministry is not, I am convinced, by lowering the standard, rather by raising it—An Old-Time Minister, in the Interior.

The Story of One Life.

In one of his sermons at Winona Bible Conference, Dr. Gunsaulus told a story of the life of a wealthy Chicago manufacturer, now deceased, which affected his audience well-nigh to tears. It is impossible to reproduce—particularly in this limited space—the effect of Dr. Gunsaulus' pathetic telling of this biography, but the outstanding fact of his story are these, in brief:

When a boy in Vermont, the subject of the story was tormented by the jeers of his schoolmates, who taunted him with questions about when his father would be home from jail. He had no recollection of his father, and when he asked his mother what these jeers meant, she had no answer for him save her weeping.

But at length the father came home, and the growing boy entered into the bitterness of the grown man's soul, as the ex-convict sought through the community in vain for employment. A neighbour led the lad had heard his father and mother praying out of the anguish of poverty for God to send work by which the husband could earn a living for his loved ones. And slipping as he stood before the father, the boy vowed before God that if his father was given work now, he would devote his life to seeing that other men from prison got a chance to earn a living.

In his young manhood the boy came to Chicago. He prospered and grew very rich. But as his wealth increased, his religious faith seemed to slip from him, and he was greatly troubled by his doubts of the doctrines of the church. Especially was the atonement a puzzle to him, and for years he made it a point to attend conferences and religious assemblages where the atonement was to be discussed by eminent theologians.

At length Dr. Gunsaulus, counseling him as his pastor, said to the man: "Is there not some particular in which you have made less sacrifice for your fellow-men than you should have done? You will never have faith in the atonement that is vital until you have yourself imitated in some way the sacrifice of Christ."

Then of a sudden there rolled back over the rich man's heart the memory of the vow of his youth, and with the dawn of the day he went to the house of his pastor: "I'll do it. I'll begin in the morning."

Next morning he wrote to the warden of a great penitentiary, asking to have a released convict sent to him. The man came and met the clasp of the hand of honest brotherhood. The manufacturer sent him far into the West to nail up advertising signs, and gave him good wages.

The boy got another man from another penitentiary, and sent him out in the same way. One after another he set on their feet such ex-prisoners as he could find, until there were seventeen of them who walked through his private office to a clean, true life. And he told no one of them of any of the others.

But they ran across one another as they traveled, and when they told each other how they had been lifted up out of their common pit of perdition by the same loving hands, they couldn't help forming a brotherhood. They got another man from the rounds among themselves, and the rich manufacturer in Chicago was one of the circle.

Then an awful, ravenous disease laid hold on the philanthropist, and month after month led him nearer the jaws of death. But he had no more doubts about the atonement to confuse him. He trusted One who had done for him more than he had done for his fellow-men. And he died in the calmest of trust—a triumph of spiritual peace.

Dr. Gunsaulus said he was rushing to catch the suburban train to go out to the dead man's home for the funeral, when a touch on his arm stopped him. "May I go
out to the funeral with you—the wife and the boy and I?" The man who spoke was tall and rugged, dressed in the rough garb of a ranchman. "Who are you?" said the minister.

"Oh, I was from Jackson, Michigan. I live in South Dakota, but I came for the boys—came to be at the funeral. This is my wife. This is my boy, named after him. Six of us have got boys with his name now."

"Of course he went to the funeral," said Dr. Gunsaulus. "And he went to the grave. After the coffin was lowered the big man in the coarse leather clothes brought seventeen white flowers, and dropped them into the grave—seventeen white flowers for seventeen white souls! And the wife and boy came and dropped in flowers too; that was for their home and all the other homes which this man had made possible."—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

DEATHS

GREEN—Benjamin Green was born in Alfred township, October 9, 1858, and died of pneumonia, October 17, living eight days of being ninety years of age.

Of the ten children born to Benjamin and Lydia Garney Green, October, seven are living. Of the five children two are living. Of eight grandchildren seven are living and also all but one of the great-grandchildren.

Mr. Green was married the second time, in the year 1892, to Miss Melvina Black. He experienced religion when a young man, was baptized and sent into the church, and was at that time a member of the Second Alfred church. He was a consistent member until his death. He had a faith that was unshaken through a long life ofService. The old man was lowered into the grave, seventeen white flowers for seventeen white souls!

MARRIAGES

FOLSOM-WEBB—In Adams Centre, N. Y., September 30, 1908, by Rev. E. H. Soxwell, Mr. Charles Folsom, of Enfield, Conn., and Miss Julia Webb of Adams Centre.

LAWTON-STILLMAN—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Stillman, Alhambra, Wis., September 24, 1908, by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, Mr. Charles F. Lawton and Miss Alice C. Stillman.

TYLER-OSBORNE—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lynford Osborne, in Alhambra, Wis., September 30, 1908, by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, Mr. Lewis J. Tyler of Edgerton, and Miss Nellie M. Osborne.

WILLIAMS-DAVIS—In Adams Centre, N. Y., October 10, 1908, by Rev. E. H. Soxwell, Mr. J. C. Williams of Chicago, Ill., and Miss Viola A. Davis of Adams Centre.

AYARS-DAYTON—At the home of the groom's parents, Jared W. and Elizabeth Ayars, in Shiloh, N. J., October 12, 1908, by Rev. D. Burdon, of Sherman, Edgewood and Shiloh, N. J., and Martha Elizabeth Dayton, of Springfield, Mo.


SAUNDERS—Entered into rest, Monday, October 12, 1908, in New York City, Lucy Tittsworth, widow of Truman Wilcox Saunders.

Mrs. Saunders was born in Plainfield, N. J., October 17, 1857, and was the daughter of Edward B. and Ann Dunn Tittsworth. In early life she pledged her loyalty to the Saviour and united with the N. D. B. Church at Springfield, during the pastorate of Rev. James Bailey. She was a student at Alfred University for a short time and afterward became a very successful teacher. She was married to Truman Wilcox Saunders, July 6, 1876, and removed to Milwaukee, where they made their home, in 1882. She then removed to Williamsport, Mass., where she united with the Congregational Church. The last years of her life were spent with her daughters, Mrs. Frank D. Chester, and Mr. D. B. Saunders.

SPURGEON—At Conings, West Virginia, Rosa May Spurgeon, daughter of J. C. and Nettie Spurgeon of May 14, 1893; died October 15, 1908, aged 14 years, 3 months and 11 days. She was converted at a revival meeting, in May, 1905, by Elder W. L. Greene in July. She was received into the membership of the Ritchie Seventh-day Baptist Church, of which she was a stanch and beloved member to the end. She was a lovely girl, and the stricken family have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

L. D. 5.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Happiness in the Slums.

The age in which we live will perhaps go down into history as the philanthropic or charitable age, for there was surely never a time when so much thought and time and money was expended for the betterment of those in need. There were never so many free hospitals, playing fields, kindergartens, schools, libraries, settlements and missions holding out help for almost every phase of human need. At the same time there was never an age when it was easier for the individual to lose the finer element of charity—the personal sympathy which goes out toward another fellow-being.; Precisely because our charities are so well organized, because our paid workers are so efficient, it is difficult for the individual to keep in touch with the world's suffering and want and to relieve it through personal effort. It is difficult, but it is impossible; for there are still ways of personal service and happy are they who find them. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer always said it was possible. It was good enough for her to remember, in the hot July days, that there were floating hospitals and "fresh air" camps and recreation piers and mothers' resting homes, to which she had generously contributed. She must go herself; and go she did, leaving aside the work of writing and cool retreat to spend a day each week in the hot city talking to girls in one of the vacation schools. Mrs. Palmer had a genius for friendship and could share her best with any people, in any circumstances, with all sorts and conditions of men. How she shared her best with a roomful of girls is evident from an account which Mrs. Palmer herself wrote of one interesting incident.

"One July morning I took an early train. It was a day that gave promise of being very, very hot, even in the country, and what in the city! When I reached my destination I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one or more babies, and there were few to spare. "Now, I said, 'what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?' Talk about life," said one girl. Imagine! 'I am afraid that is too big a subject for such a short time,' I said. Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee, 'Tell us how to be SABBATH RECORDER.
happy. The tears rushed to my eyes, and a lump came in my throat. Happy in such surroundings as those in which, no doubt, she lived; perhaps dirty and foul-smelling! Happy, with burdens too heavy to be borne! All this flashed through my mind while the rest took up the child and echoed, 'Yes, tell us how to be happy.'

"Well, I said, 'I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week and not skip a single day, for they won't work if you skip one single day.' So they all faithfully and truly promised that they wouldn't skip a single day.

"The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of a poem, or a Bible verse. Do you understand? I was so afraid they wouldn't, but a little girl with flashing black eyes jumped from the corner of the room and cried, 'I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad to remember if we went blind.' That's it, exactly!' I said. Something of which she would like to remember if you went blind. And they all promised that they would, and not skip a single day.

"The second rule is: Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, or a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you can all walk to? (Yes, there was one, a very pretty one.) And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you hang it up to say 'Isn't it beautiful?' Drink in every detail and see the loveliness all through. Can you do it?' They promised, to a girl.

My third rule is—now, mind, don't skip a day—Do something for somebody, every day. I said, 'Something that they said, though I thought it would be the hardest thing of all. Just think, that is what those children said, 'Oh, that's easy!' Didn't they have to tend babies and run errands every day, and wasn't that doing something for somebody? Yes,' I answered them, 'it was.'

"At the end of the week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street, when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm and a little voice said: 'I done it!' I exclaimed, looking down, and seeing at my side a tiny girl with the proverbial fat baby asleep in her arms. Now I will admit that it was a very stupid of me not to know, but my thoughts were far away, and I actually did not know what she was talking about. 'What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither,' replied the child in a rather hurt tone. 'Oh,' I said, 'now I know what you mean. Put down the baby, and let's talk about it.' So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant. 'Well,' she said, 'I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when we could go to the park, but one day it rained and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standing at the window, most crying, and I saw—here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—'I saw a sparrow taking a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house and he had on a black necktie and he was handsome.' It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit, not a bit.

"And then, there was another day, she went on, and I thought I should have to skip it, sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick and I couldn't go out, and I was feeling terrible, when—here she caught me by both hands, and the most radiant smile came to her face—'I saw the baby's hair!' 'Saw the baby's hair!' I echoed. 'Yes, a bit of sun came in the window, and I saw his hair, an' I'll never be lonesome any more.' And catching up the baby from the sidewalk she said, 'See!' and I too, saw the baby's hair. 'Isn't it beauti-tif-ul!' she asked: 'Yes, it is beautiful,' I answered. You have heard of artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair, there were the browns, the reds, the golds, which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful. 'Now, shall we go on?' I said, taking the heavy baby from her.

'The room was literally packed this time; ten times as many girls, and as many babies as your mind will conceive. 'I wish you could have listened with me to the experiences of those little ones. Laughter and tears were so commingled that I don't know which had the mastery.'—The Standard.
That the first runner met a number of hindrances in his journey that each could be surmounting before the other fugitives would be in sight. David rightly judges that Joab would not be likely to choose so worthy a man as Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok the priest to be the bearer of his tidings. However we need not infer that the character of a man is always to be taken as an indication of the character of his tidings.

27. All is well. Literally, Peace. This word should not be understood as conveying any information. It is simply the usual word of salutation, and tells no more about the battle than as if the messenger had said, Good afternoon. And he bowed down himself. The messenger prostrates himself in reverence in the presence of the king before he delivers his message. The rendering of King James' Version, "fell down," is a little ambiguous, as some one might imagine that the messenger fell exhausted after his long run. Hath delivered up the men that lifted up had not indeed, lord the king. Thus Ahimaaz states clearly that the king's forces have been victorious, and hints at the death of Absalom.

28. Is it well with the young man Absalom? To the fond father Absalom was a youth. He is ready to excuse all the shortcomings of the wayward boy. He inquires for him before he asks about his own officers or whether there were many or few of his own people slain.

When Joab sent the king's servant, etc. Ahimaaz means to say that he knew none of the particulars of the battle. The only plausible conclusion that this statement was false. Very likely Ahimaaz felt that since Joab had given him no message to carry, he had to lie. Turn aside, and stand here. Since the messenger can give no news about Absalom the king will not take time to interrogate him about other matters when another messenger is approaching.

29. Jehoshaph had angered thee this day, etc. A definite declaration of victory for the army loyal to David.

30. The enemies ** ** be as that young man is. David is not content with hearing about victory but reiterates his question about Absalom.

The Cushite answers as carefully as he can veiling the terrible news in a wish for continued blessings on the king; but his message is certainly definite.

33. And the king was much moved. He was overcome by the terrible news. Doubtless he had hoped for victory, and had expected that the young man would be taken prisoner, and that then a reconciliation might be effected. Of my son Absalom. The expressive cry of the broken-hearted father. Would I had died for thee. The word "God" is not in the original, and should not be inserted. In his great grief David would gladly give his own life for that of his wayward son.

SUGGESTIONS.

We may well sympathize with David in the death of his son; but we cannot fail to see that his grief was selfish, and in part ill-timed. His son was really lost to him not when Joab thrust the dart through his body as he hung in the oak, but certainly when that son lifted his hand in open rebellion, and probably some time before. Parents should remember that it is the early training of the child that counts most; and they should begin to ask, Is the young man safe long before he reaches the age of twenty-one.

As the people of Jerusalem saw the young man Absalom gracing their streets with his charm, and his numerous retinue, they little thought that his death should be a matter of national rejoicing. He chose the evil way, and came to a miserable end. Many young men today, although probably not quite so disorderly to their parents, are choosing evil companions, and bad habits. They are bringing disgrace and sorrow to devoted parents, and had better take warning from Absalom.

David was wrong in placing his scapegoat son first in his thoughts before the thousands of loyal men of Israel who had risked their lives in the service of their king; yet we can but admire his forgiving spirit. His son had wronged him over and over again, yet he was willing to forgive. Our heavenly Father is longing to forgive us no matter how grievously we have sinned. We need, however, to turn to him in repentance, seeking this forgiveness.
The address of all Seventh-day Baptist missionaries in China is West Gate, Shanghai, China. Postage is charged as domestic letter mail.

Seventh-day Baptists in Yuyao, N. Y., hold Sabbath afternoon services at 2:30 o'clock in the hall on the second floor of the Lyceum Building, No. 124 South Salina Street. All are cordially invited.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago, Illinois, holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Wash­ington Square and 4th Street. The church meets at 9:30 and 11:30 a.m. Preaching service at 11:30 a.m. A cor­dial welcome is extended to all visitors.

After May 1st, 1908, the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago will hold regular public Sabbath services in the Grace Temple, N. E. cor. of State and Randolph Streets, at 9:30 a.m. All are most cordially welcome.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, the actress, has expressed some sensible opinions in saying that the most useless, brainless and purposeless of orders of beings in the world constitute the elite society in this country. She expressed the opinion that the reason international marriages with American society girls have proven a failure is because the latter have not enough mentality, culture, education and serious purpose to interest for very long the foreign nobleman or to meet the requirements of the situation she finds among the European nobility.—The Morning Star.

“For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.”

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