When I think of the abject darkness and superstition that made all the surroundings of Israel in the wilderness; the heathen background of Babylon and Egypt; and the deplorable degradation of all peoples standing in the forefront of the historic picture wherein Moses appears as a leader of emancipated slaves, I can never cease to wonder at the perfection of the law given on Sinai. How could any mere human being formulate such a perfect code amid such surroundings and with such antecedents? No author or teacher has ever been able to improve upon these precepts. They have furnished the foundations for the laws of all civilized nations, and seem to be as exhaustless in the richness of their principles for right living today as they were in the beginning. Indeed, the far-reaching universal code of laws given in the Decalogue is the marvel of all the ages. No adequate cause for their existence can be found in any human heart or mind of that age. They must have come from a power above the human.
The Sabbath Recorder

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


TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SABATH VISITORS.

Offerings on the Sabbath.

In another column appears an article which sets forth its author's conscientious scruples about taking the gifts of our hands to church and laying them upon God's altar in consecrated service on the Sabbath. The objections are the same ones that have been offered by here and there one who thinks it is wicked to touch money on the Sabbath, and who feels called upon to do what he can to make others feel the same way.

We try to exercise all due respect for every man's conscientious scruples, and would not advise any one to violate his convictions. So long as a man feels that it is not right to make such offerings, he should refrain from doing so. Even if one thinks it wrong to lay by in store his own money in an envelope on some week-day and then lay that consecrated envelope on God's altar in church at the Sabbath services, his conscience in this should be respected. He should be free to give to God's cause in some other way, only so he gives it. That is the main thing. Or if a man really thinks Paul commanded him to lay his offering on First-day, and that no other day would be right, then let him do that.

On the other hand, if multitudes conscientiously believe that gifts consecrated to God on his holy day make acceptable service to the Master, why should not their consciences be respected also? It seems to me that Sabbath offerings are not condemned by Scripture, as our friend would have us believe, but that they are clearly justified by Bible teachings.

The last words of the Old Testament prophets ring out clear and strong, accusing God's people of robbery for not bringing their tithes and offerings into the storehouse that there might be plenty with which to carry on the services of God's house. By these offerings of worldly goods, either cattle, fruits, oils or money, they were to prove God; and blessings were promised to those who brought them. The "storehouses" referred to were chambers or places in God's house prepared to receive the gifts (2 Chron. xxxii, 11). Hence God's people were to bring their gifts for all purposes—for the priests and for offerings for sin—to God's house. These gifts were their money or property. Cattle and grain were money from them.

Now as to the Sabbath, they were to bring the tithe as much on that day as upon any other day. "And on the Sabbath day two lambs of the first year without spot, and two tenth deals of flour for a meat offering, mingled with oil, and the drink offerings thereof" (Num. xxvii, 17). It seems to me that if it were to be a sin to handle money for God's cause upon the Sabbath in connection with worship, he would never have told his people to offer twice as much on the Sabbath as upon other days.

Ezekiel makes the Sabbath offerings of lambs, meat offerings and oil still larger (Ezek. xlv, 4, 5). Indeed, these were all "money transactions on holy time." After all the writer's efforts to show that money offerings on the Sabbath are unscriptural, he finally admits that "there is no direct command forbidding handling or collecting our worldly treasures for any purpose on the Sabbath." Very good. On the other hand, both Moses and Ezekiel do give explicit command to handle worldly treasures for God's cause on the Sabbath.

As to Paul's instruction about laying by
Bible Critics Fail to Discriminate.

We sometimes see sweeping denunciation of the Bible as a rule of life, made upon the ground that unworthy deeds are recorded against some of the best men who are mentioned in it. With an air of triumph the critics name David and Solomon, and even such patriarchs as Abraham and Jacob, some of whose practices do not accord with our ideas of right living, under the clearer light that comes from the Sun of Righteousness.

The one great flaw in all such arguments against the Bible is to be found in the failure to discriminate between the laws of God given as an authoritative guide to right living, and the records men have made who came short of full obedience to those laws. Failures recorded against even the best men of Bible times do not imply that God approved the deeds of fallible men. They do emphasize the superior standard which the divine law enjoins, and really enhance the value of the Scriptures as God's rule for true living. God's law for marriage should not be confused with man's failure, during the darker ages of Bible times, to comply with the pure and holy standard, any more than it should be with human failures in the Christian era. The radiant moral law of Jehovah stands out all the clearer when viewed in contrast with man's failure to keep it; and he who fails to discriminate between the law itself and the Bible record of human shortcomings shows his lack of ability to render correct interpretations of Scripture teachings.

The very fact that such a law as we find in the Ten Commandments could be promulgated in such an idolatrous and polygamous age as existed when it was given is, to me, the most conclusive evidence of its divine origin. Who else but God could have made that law, when the very best men could not so much as keep it after it was given, to say nothing of their being able to make it?

The Bible is so faithful to truth that the defects in human conduct are faithfully portrayed as well as the excellencies of character produced by efforts of men to keep the law. Every reader can see the superiority of the Bible-made characters, with all their imperfections, as they stand in contrast with the best men among the heathen. Efforts to conform to the law of God made all the difference between Israel's leading prophets and the prophets of Baal; made all the difference between kings like David and Solomon and kings like Ahlab and Nebuchadnezzar.

Humanity has not yet reached the point of excellency where it can be measured by God's ancient law without revealing a flaw in the characters of our best men. But this does not condemn or even discount the value of that law. We are glad to believe that the higher life and truer civilisation of the Christian era is the outcome of human efforts to conform to the requirements of God as given on Sinai, and exemplified and interpreted by Christ. Thus the world through ages of time is being brought nearer the divine standard of true morals, and the blessed Book of God in spite of destructive criticisms continues to hold its sway over the hearts of men. The man who tries to lessen the influence of God's law in its work of transforming men, because the Bible contains records of human failures, is very illogical and short-sighted. All history is against the conclusions of him who fails to discriminate between the real law and the record of man's failures.

"A Remarkable and Suggestive Farewell.

The Christian Advocate of New York publishes the following item as "A Philanthropist's Farewell to His Dollars." It is said to have been written by Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, who has determined to give away his last million before he dies, and who has already helped many institutions of learning. The $50,000 referred to was given to Montpelier Seminary, Vermont.

Fifty thousand dollars, farewell! You have been in my keeping for many years, and you have brought on me a false earnings, but I have used the money to help to educate many young men and women who have helped make the world better. You came to me from the grand old white pine forests of Michigan, and now you are going into the hands of other stewards in the State of Vermont. The sum was to become a part of a perpetual endowment fund of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for Montpelier Seminary, one hundred thousand of which sum has been given by the people of Vermont. When you arrive in Montpelier you will go into the keeping of good business men, and you will be safe; I expect that every dollar of this perpetual endowment fund will be kept intact and actively doing good for five hundred years.

Over the last hundred years a good man gave fifty thousand dollars for mission work. The interest on this fund has educated more than a hundred young men and women, and is still being used for training men for the business of brightening the world and making it better.

In Denmark there is an endowment fund founded over nine hundred years ago, and not one cent has been lost or wasted. I expect the same fidelity in managing this endowment fund.

I left Vermont in 1850. This gift added to other gifts, makes ninety thousand dollars which I have been privileged to contribute to the betterment of the Christian era. Now, fifty thousand dollars, farewell! Go into the keeping of younger men, and God's blessing go with you. Do your duty, and give the poor boys and girls of Vermont a fair chance.

While this may seem a little spectacular in the manner of giving, still I suppose the money will be just as helpful to the school to which it goes as it would be if the donor had said less about it. At any rate, no one will begrudge an aged man the courage he has shown in desiring the past and contemplating the future of his $50,000 about to be given for such a purpose.

After all, I am not sure but that some kind of installation service, either at the giving or the receiving of such an endowment fund, might be highly appropriate. We install teachers, and dedicate buildings for college work, and why not dedicate a fund as desirable and possibly as helpful to hold dedication services over a $50,000 or $100,000 endowment fund when it is set apart for its blessed work of a thousand years? Wouldn't I like to dedicate such a fund to one of our own colleges? Let some one furnish the fund, and we would come next to make a good program for the dedication services. O that some philanthropist would offer $50,000 to these schools, to be given when our people should raise another $50,000 to match it. What a hustling for cash there would be among Seventh-day Baptists!
CONDEMNED NEWS

The Standard Oil Decision.

Probably no decision in the courts for years has attracted more attention than the decision against the Standard Oil Company. It will be far-reaching in its effects if the decision is sustained in the Supreme Court of the United States, and will not only dissolve the Standard Oil Company, but also call for the dissolution of many other trust combinations that stand in the way of individual enterprises and act as restraints upon trade.

Total Eclipse of the Moon.

The total eclipse of the moon which occurred on the morning of November 27 proved to be a very beautiful one. Many important observations were made by noted astronomers, some of whom describe the appearance as being like that of burnished copper. The occultation of several stars by the moon was noted and a number of meteors were seen.

Lost at Sea.

The gunboat Marietta, lying off Port Limon, Costa Rica, offers a reward by wire for the rescue of either the boats or their occupants. The gunboat Marietta, lying off Porl Limon, Costa Rica, offers a reward by wire for the rescue of either the boats or their occupants. When we realize how much improved.-N. L. Sun.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore G. Davis have changed their residence from Plainfield, N. J., to Freeville, N. Y., where the George Junior Republic, of which Mr. Davis is field secretary, is located.-Alfred Sun.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond left last Thursday for a missionary trip to Juneau, Elcho, Rock House Prairie, Coloma, Glen Beulah and other points north.-Journal.

Rev. Geo. B. Shaw was confined to his bed a few days this week with an attack of lumbago. We are glad to report that he is much improved.-North Loyalist.

Last week Rev. G. W. Hills received a check for one hundred dollars from Mrs. Ollie Davis of Nortonville, Kansas, for the new college building. Last Friday L. D. Lowther returned from a three weeks' soliciting tour in the East for the new college building. While away he received $3,250 in cash and pledges from friends interested in the institution. When we realize how

people outside of the State are interested in the welfare and progress of the college, it should be an inspiration for people in West Virginia to wake up to the situation, and comprehend what the college is doing for the people in general.-Salem Express.

Letter From Brother Lucky.

[The letter from Brother Maxson referred to below was based upon an article published in the Jewish Evangelist for October. Brother Maxson acted in good faith. We hope to be able to investigate the report soon.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:—In the SABBATH RECORDER of November 15 (Vol. 67, No. 20), there is an item under the heading, "Good News," sent in by the dearly beloved brother, Dr. E. S. Maxson of Syracuse, N. Y., the content of which is that seventy-two Jews stood up for Christ on the Day of Atonement, September 25, 1909, in the mission hall of Mr. Philippe Spivacque in Brooklyn, N. Y.

I feel very sorry about this item, because I am compelled to confess publicly that I have no confidence in such "conversions" (?). The test to which Mr. Spivacque has put these men is to me the very test that seventy-two men had no idea whatever of what standing up for Christ means. Does "standing up for Christ" mean "to disrespect the day which the heavenly Father ordered to be kept as a holy Sabbath? And is not the Day of Atonement ordered by God as such? And was September 25 not a holy Sabbath day in a manifold sense? Was it not a weekly Sabbath day and a Day of Atonement?

To follow Mr. Spivacque to "the New York Ghetto, where thousands of Hebrews walk about the streets," was an affrontery for which I have no words. Standing up for Christ can't have the meaning to disrespect, and everything which was clear to all Israel. When these seventy-two men had been convinced that Jesus is their atonement, and they need not any other atonement, nobody can tell. But if they had been convinced of it, they could have shown their new belief in a much truer and more persuasive way if they had not shown such an effrontery to defile that day in sight of their unbelieving brethren. I don't believe Mr. Spivacque will be able to point out, on the twenty-fifth of November, 1909, two of these seventy-two men who stood up for Christ on September 25, 1909. And to bring such "good news" is very misleading. I wish our people would be more careful not to be led away by such reports. Such reports are good for nothing. Soap-bubbles are they and nothing more. They are of no real value in the kingdom of Christ.

Accept my heartiest love.

Yours truly,

CH. TH. LUCKY.

New Market, N. J.,
Nov. 11, 1909.

Permanent Investments.—A Sermon.

REV. EDWIN SHAW.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.—Matt. vi. 20.

These are days when in the business world men are taking the long look into the future, and are making all their plans relative to the forward, the distant future view.

Down at Salem, West Virginia, enterprising men have drilled holes down into the solid rock for good many hundreds of feet, and have found there are down there several layers of coal, good coal. When my brother George was a boy of ten or twelve years of age he told his schoolmates one day that he had one hundred and sixty acres of land which father had given him for his own; but when he added that the land was to any father's farm there on the prairie, they laughed and considered it a foolish joke. The underground farms of West Virginia are no joke. Many of them are now selling for seventy-five to one hundred dollars an acre, just the coal farm, not the surface at all. This land is being bought, not for speculation as once was the case, but with the idea of selling as soon as the price had advanced, but by men who are looking ahead, who are making permanent investments. Sometime, it may be ten years, it may be fifty years, it may be longer, that coal will all be taken out, and will bring to the men who then own the property, I presume, one-hundred times the value of the money now invested.
In my judgment, Mr. E. H. Harriman, who died recently recognized by all as the leader in the railroad world, owed his power to his ability to look into the future, and to his daring faith to make permanent investments in railroad matters as against the temporary, speculative methods which had prevailed during the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

I say, in the business world it is coming to be an art of permanent investments, and I welcome it, I approve it, as over against the temporary, speculative methods which are being by the people who died recently recognized by all as the leaders of the world. I welcome it, I approve it, as over against the temporary, speculative methods which are being by the people who died recently recognized by all as the leaders of the world.

Now turning to the Missionary Society, the treasurer reports a total income of $10,545.88, of which $3,793.69 are from funds that are permanently invested; that is, 36 per cent of the money that the Missionary Society uses for the gifts of our fathers and mothers who made permanent investments for this work. In the report of the Tract Society the per cent of income from endowments is not quite so large, being 31 per cent. But if I were to subtract from the income of the Tract Society, as I ought to do, the money received as subscriptions to the SABBATH RECORDER, the Helping Hand and the Sabbath Visitor, then it would be 51 per cent in place of 31 per cent, or over one half of the revenue of the Tract Society last year came from permanent investments.

Now, friends, what do these figures mean? They mean that if our people of the past fifty years, and especially of the last twenty-five years, had not taken the far look into the future and married in high gifts and by legacies the provisions for an enduring income, it means that Milton College and Alfred University would simply have to close their doors, dismiss the teachers, and go out of business; sell their building for what they could to some other society, as was done at Albion, Wis., and as a people we would be without educational centers, and therefore without denominational leadership; and that would mean disintegration and extermination. I mean just that; and it is because God does not plan that we shall disintegrate and become extinct, that he put it into the hearts and heads of our people to establish and to make provisions for these permanent investments.

Without these incomes of which I speak, it would mean the withdrawal of nearly all our forces from China, from Holland, Denmark and Canada; it would mean the contraction of all our missionary work in the United States; it would mean the abandonment of our Publishing House and the death of the SABBATH RECORDER, without which, as a common medium of information, exchange of opinion, and wise directorship, we would soon lose, if in one another at a united effort for the cause of truth and right.

And so even in a sermon I feel warranted in presenting and emphasizing the value and the importance—yes, and the duty, of making permanent investments of money for our denominational enterprises. In general, I think that the support of the work of our churches, whether local, the work directed at home, should be maintained from year to year by those who live there and carry on the work. It is their own personal work, and it is for their good that they support it; but for our colleges and seminary, a more permanent support is needed. The demands upon our educational institutions increase year by year. The annual budget of expense for Milton College has doubled during the past twelve years. Listen! It must double again during the next twelve years.

Permanent investments must be made to meet these needs. I do not wish to seem to be opinionated, but, friends, for eighteen years—yes, for twenty-five years, counting the time I was a student, I have been closely associated with our denominational educational interests, and I have studied the relation of the denomination to the life of our denomination, and I am convinced that the existence of our denomination depends upon our schools.

"But," some one may say, "is not God able to maintain us as a people without schools?" That is just the point exactly. Do you see the hand of God in raising up Abraham Lincoln as a leader when the time had come for the abolition of slavery? I do. And I see just as clearly the hand of God in raising up men like George H. Babcock and Charles Potter and others, who by their legacies are giving a permanent endowment to the life of our denomination, and I am convinced that the existence of our denomination depends upon our schools.

We have, then, the responsibility of giving, saving, and investing our money, that it may be used for the common good, for the advancement of Christian knowledge and good works.

"We thank thee, O Father, for all that is dear, The sol of the tempest, the flow of the tear; For never in blindness and never in vain Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain."

"Somewhere else, apart from the main stream, Somewhere off the beaten path, there may be a soul to save; Somewhere, maybe, God has a message there, A message that desperadoes and outlaws can hear."

"Somebody sang a lovely song; Somebody found a lost sheep; Somebody bought a mighty mill; Somebody lived to tell the tale; What that somebody was!

"Somebody fought a valiant fight; Somebody lived to shield the right; What that somebody was!"
Let us know at any time how we may be of service to you.

For and in behalf of the Woman's Board, Metta P. Babcock, Cor. Sec.


From Our Corresponding Secretary...

In answer to a letter of appeal to the Woman's Board it was decided to send $25 to Mrs. W. C. Lemes of Eagle Lake, Tex., for the benefit of the sick sister for whom she made an earnest plea for help through the Recorder of October 11.

While this amount seems small as compared with the needs of the pitiable conditions she describes, it is as much as we feel warranted in giving from funds given us in trust by the women of the denomination. However, we believe that these are worthy sisters of ours, and the case is undoubtedly a needy one, and we shall be glad to know that our women are responding to this call, at once, and as liberally as they may be able.

At this Thanksgiving season, surrounded as we are by comforts sufficient for every purpose, with the blessings of health, home and friends, may we all have a vision of a weary, homeless, suffering Jesus, who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Metta P. Babcock,
Cor. Sec., Woman's Board.
Nov. 21, 1909.

Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Board met at the home of the President, Mrs. A. B. West, Thursday, November 4, at 2:30 p.m. Those present were Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Crackall, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. Nettie West, Mrs. Whitford and Mrs. Stillman.

In the absence of the President, Mrs. West, the meeting was called to order by Mrs. Clarke, who read as scripture lesson the One Hundred and Third Psalm. Mrs. Babcock offered prayer.

Minutes of the last meeting were read, followed by the report of the Treasurer which was adopted as given.

The Corresponding Secretary reported having sent out the circular letter and missionary leaflet number one. Missionary leaflet number two, as prepared by Mrs. Babcock, was discussed and approved. A motion was carried that the usual number be printed and distributed. A letter from Miss Ethel Haven was read by the Treasurer stating that the usual appropriation for Woman's Work, of the SABBATH RECORDER, would not be neede at present, probably not for the year, and suggesting that the amount be withheld until called for. The Treasurer was instructed to reply to the communication.

The next session was called to meet with Mrs. Clarke the first Thursday of December.

The minutes were read, corrected and approved.

Adjournment.

Mrs. H. C. Stillman, Recording Secretary.
Milton, Wis., Nov. 21, 1909.

Letter From Albion.

DEAR FRANCES:—It was too bad, as you say, to be so long getting at my story, last week, that I finally did not tell it. You must not get your expectations too high, for you remember I told you I had nothing wonderful to tell. Sometimes I wish our women all over the denomination would tell us about the little things that they are doing. It would encourage many others who read, and say: "There, we can do that in our society. We can not always follow the lead of the big societies, and it is no use to attempt the big things. We wish we could hear often, what the smaller societies are doing. That would encourage us."

Yes, yes, Frances, I am getting at it. I could talk to you instead of writing at such long range, how our tongues would rattle.

Well, the day came, and it rained and blew and snowed and blew and did it all over again, all day long, so we had to postpone our gathering till the next day. The telephone helped us to get the word around, and the next day was fine. We all gathered early, because the afternoons are now getting so short and by half past two we
were ready to begin. The spacious rooms were comfortably filled, and all listened reverently to the reading of the Second Psalm, and the words of our Saviour in Matt. xxviii., 16-20. Then we bowed our heads and the tender voices of the women joined in the Lord's Prayer.

One of the young women sang a sweet song, accompanied by the organ and violin; another young matron who has the gift of a pleasant reading voice, read the journal of the woman who had such good intentions about attending her missionary meetings. She found this in a recent number of the Recorder.

A duet by organ and violin followed this, and then a pathetic little sketch was read by another of our gifted young women. I don't want you to think by what I have said, that all the workers in our society are young. But then, I don't know that I could truthfully say that they are not. The slender youthful woman who is our president celebrated her golden wedding last year. Perhaps you can guess her name, if I say that her son has recently acquired the pastorate of the Chicago Church.

And speaking of guessing brings me to the last number on the program, which was a game of twenty questions. Little tables were brought in, paper and pencils distributed and we tried to answer the following quiz:

1. Name three Seventh-day Baptist missionaries to foreign lands.
2. Name the corresponding secretary of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society.
3. "See heathen nations bending Before the God of love, And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above; While sinners now confessing, The Gospel's call obey, And seek a Saviour's blessing A nation in a day."

This is the second stanza of a familiar hymn. What is the first verse?

4. The son of what famous missionary is the pastor of the church in New York City, where our Seventh-day Baptist people hold their services?
5. Th. I.-l-d -s th.- w-r-d.
6. Have you seen or read any of the books in the new missionary library, purchased this year by the Allion Y. P. S. C. E.?
7. Give the rallying cry of the Student Volunteer Movement.
8. This was the music of a familiar missionary hymn. Write the first stanza.
9. Write out in full the Great Commission.
10. Who is the recently elected president of the Woman's Board?
11. Who is the recently elected corresponding secretary of the Woman's Board?
12. Who is the newly elected treasurer of the Woman's Board?
13. Sh. H. W. h-s-s s. s.-s r.-l-ght-d
17. W.-th w.-s-d m. f-r m.-n h-g-h,
18. M. C., F. L. C. W. t.-m-b r.-h,-l-ght-d,
Th. l-m-p f l-f. d-m-n?
S. l-v-t.-n f, h, s.-l-v-t.-n!
Th. y-j-f l s.-n d c.-l.-i,-m,
T. II - r-th's r.m-t s-t n.-n
H. s l r-r-n d M.-s.-h's h.-m.

Supply the missing vowels.

14. Would you encourage one of your children to become a missionary?
15. An example in mental arithmetic: If Miss Burdick earns $12 a week by her missionary labors in China, and fifty women together contribute $15 a year to her support, how much time do they spend (through their representative) in missionary effort for the heathen, each year? How much time does each woman have to her credit?
16. What scriptural promise do you recall, of reward for missionary work?
17. Do you subscribe for a missionary periodical?
18. What is the motto at the head of Woman's Work in the last Sabbath Recorder?
19. Is this an interesting way to study missions, just for once?
20. What suggestion can you make for more or better missionary endeavor for us to undertake?

Before we had finished our answers, the supper committee appeared, and we continued to discuss the questions while we partook of the refreshments. If my letter wasn't so long, I would like to tell you what we had and how delicious everything was, especially a new recipe for scalloped salmon. You remind me of it, sometime.

Just before we separated, they passed a tiny Chinese shoe, said to have been worn by one of our Seventh-day Baptist sisters in Shanghaï, weighing two hundred pounds. Poor Woman! But they filled the little shoe with their offerings, and while I was writing this the treasurer called me up to say that it completed the amount for our pledge for Miss Burdick's salary and has already been forwarded, and there is a nice little balance in hand.

It isn't the money we care so much about, but the lovely spirit which seems to prevail between the societies here. That makes anything possible, in our efforts for the kingdom.

Write and tell me what you are doing in your society. Tell them I think of them often and rejoice in their zeal.

Lovingly yours, 

HARRIE.
The committee of five to make canvass and suggest the name of a leader, reported that they deem it expedient to select a Field Secretary at this time, and offer the above as a report of progress.

The committee to confer with a committee of the Missionary Board presented the following minutes as their report:

**MINUTES OF A MEETING OF A JOINT COMMITTEE OF THE MISSIONARY AND TRACT BOARDS.**

_Ashaway, R. I., Nov. 11, 1909, 10.00 a.m._

_Home of G. B. Carpenter._


_The meeting was called to order by G. B. Carpenter and D. E. Tittsworth was elected temporary chairman. Prayers were offered by T. L. Gardiner and L. F. Randolph. G. B. Carpenter was elected permanent chairman and Edwin Shaw was elected secretary._

The secretary stated that in keeping with instructions given at a former meeting of the committee he had written to the Rev. W. D. Wilcox asking him to spend the summer vacation in the work for the two Boards. Mr. Wilcox replied that he would be unable to do the work. The secretary had notified both Boards to that effect.

After a general discussion concerning a more united effort along all lines of work for the denomination the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

_Resolved, That this committee recommends to the two Boards the putting a joint field worker on the Pacific Coast field whenever it seems practicable to the Missionary Board, and for such length of time as may be advisable._

The following resolution was also unanimously adopted:

_Resolved, That this committee recommends to the two Boards the putting a joint field worker on the Southwest field. Adjourned for dinner._

_Afternoon Session._

The following preamble and definition was unanimously adopted:

_Whereas, This committee has recommended the appointment of a joint field worker on the Tract Board of a joint field worker on the Pacific Coast field and also one on the Southwest field, therefore the following is adopted as an expression of our understanding of the term 'joint field worker.' A joint field worker is one who feels an obligation to each Society as the representative and the exponent of the work of each Society, who shall be equally supported by the two Societies at regular intervals, rectifying work done and suggesting plans of action as occasions offer._

**By unanimous vote the committee recommended that the New York City Seventh-day Baptist Church be asked to take under its charge the Italian Mission movement in New York City, as the two Boards continue the pecuniary support, but leaving the control and management to the New York City Church. Minutes read and approved._

**Adjourned._

**REPORT ADOPTED.**

By vote, action on the amendment to Section I of Article II of the By-Laws was further deferred. In view of our adoption of the report of the joint committee, it was voted that the corresponding secretary notify the committee of the Missionary Board of our adoption of the report.

The treasurer presented statement of receipts and disbursements since the last meeting, and amount of cash on hand.

He reported correspondence from Rev. Geo. Seeley and G. Velthuyfsen Jr.

_**Report adopted.**_ Correspondence from W. O'Neill of London, England, was received and ordered placed in the file. A letter from M. H. Van Horn, president of the Young People's Board, requested the publication in pamphlet form of the address of Dr. C. B. Clark on "Duty of Our Young People to the Cause of Education," as given at the Young People's Rally recently held at Milton Junction, Wis. By vote the same was referred to the Committee on Distribution of Literature.

Correspondence was received from Rev. Geo. Seeley expressing his appreciation of the appropriation made at the September meeting of the Board, and beseeching the blessing of the Master upon the work.

Voted, that the question of further aggressive field work be referred to the Advisory Committee with power. Minutes read and approved.

Adjourned.

**ARTHUR L. TITTSWORTH,**

Recording Secretary.

_God’s visits if gratefuliy received will be graciously repeated.—Matthew Henry._

The Proper Time for Giving.

_S. F. RANDOILPH._

For more than fifty years there has been a conscientiousness with me on certain points of belief and custom which has hindered a free compliance with the thoughts and practice of other Christian brethren. Not until recently have I been able thoroughly to investigate and try to settle such points on a scripture basis. But lately a rather mysterious attack of muscular rheumatism unconsciously opened the way for deliberate thoughts and penning them down with stilt fingers. Two such articles have already gone out and perhaps a more unwelcome one to many comes now.

The proper time for all benevolent offerings is when the need is apparent, not on the Sabbath necessarily or according to set rules. And more than a simple willingness to do should be the incentive to duty. There ought to be an honest, heartfelt desire to give with cheerfulness when needed. Such feelings are strengthened by having full confidence in the receiver, and that the offering will be used mainly in accord with the giver’s idea of justice; that it will not be stored away for pomp or future pleasure. Without this confidence there may be doubt and hesitancy. And with such a noble intention one can have no inclination for rivalry, and to measure himself or herself, by gloating over a subscription list, as is often done.

The same feeling of cheerfulness and sense of duty that prompts the giving will also prompt the giver to seek the opportunity to make the offering. Let this be a guide.

Money may be rightly called the very essence of worldliness, for with it can be purchased almost anything good or bad except the kingdom of heaven. It is the base of all earthly riches and many temptations, “which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil.”_ Read 1 Tim. vi, 9, 10. So we may see why thousands of the sainted dead thought, and many now living still think it a sacrifice either to give or to receive money on the Sabbath. (I confess having had feelings of guilt in giving tolley fare in order to worship with Christian brethren on the Sabbath. Doing this, however, under certain circumstances may be an exception of necessity.) Surely it is no worse now to pass many miles in a bustling city, riding or driving a dumb brute over bad roads and mountains for the same purpose, and taking much more sacred time.) Now custom or worldly conformity has dethroned much of that spiritual Sabbath-keeping, and the general practice and teaching of the Christian world today to collect a greater part of charitable finance on God’s holy day, or a day kept as such. Is it right according to divine teaching?

So far as I have learned, the temple of God was cleansed of money changers at Christ’s triumphal entry into Jerusalem on the sixth day of the week, and the casting into the treasury there was on the first day. If so, keepers of First-day would seem to have a reasonable excuse for their practice, but I find nothing to justify true Sabbath-keepers in money transactions on holy time.

Those who observe any other day of the week than the seventh as a sabbath have no direct command forbidding them to do so, but there is a command to cease from labor on that day (the seventh) and work six days. Just so there is no direct command forbidding handling or collecting our worldly treasures for any purpose on the Sabbath, unless such is called work or a business transaction, if so, it is Sabbath desecration. (It surely is more than ‘speaking thine own words.’) But there is a direct command to Christians (1 Cor. xvi, 2) for collecting gifts of charity on a secular day. This is quoted to enforce the duty of giving, but the time is lightly passed over, except when in connection with the Sabbath question.

That such a system has proved economical and successful is surely true, but I find no instance of such collections ever having been taken in a Christian assembly, except by making begging collections, and the old form of First-day, as stated above. So the supposed reason of the custom has been, or is, that of convenience, or saving of time on secular days. Then it is sacrilege.

But I am told the Sabbath collection is “doing business for the Lord.” I admit it. So are our regular church and missionary meetings all strictly the Lord’s...
business. Why not hold them on the Sabbath and save so much secular time to earn money for the cause. Giving can, or should be, taught otherwise on Bible authority. (See former article on giving.) The same inspired writer who ordered the collections to be taken on the first day of the week says: "As my beloved sons I warn you. For though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ ... I beseech you, be ye followers of me (1 Cor. iv, 15, 16) ... even as I also am of Christ" (xxi, 1). He says to the Thessalonians: "Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word, or our epistle" (2 Thess. ii, 15). Hear him again: "And we have confidence in the Lord touching you, that ye both do and will do the things which we command you" (iii, 1). Is Paul's teaching still to be heeded? Note what the Saviour said: "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them" (Matt. vi, 1). "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly" (vs. 2). True giving generally is not done "before men to be seen of them," and get their vain glory, but with honest intentions; still it is not, as the Saviour ordered, in secret.

It is just as easy to make the masses believe it is right to give their money on the Sabbath as it is to make millions believe sprinkling is Christian baptism. Is there an instance of either in the Bible?

I truly believe some of the points here presented have been passed over without being carefully considered before adopting systematic finance as now practiced. Consider them now! "Dare to be a Daniel!" But we can not "stand alone." Even whole denominations have believed and still believe the same; but individuals by the scores have gradually yielded to popular custom and teaching without any real conviction of Bible requirements.

Have we any right to claim the blessing of Isaiah liii, 14, when doing our own ways and finding our own pleasure on God's holy day? Surely the world rushes on, but genuine Christianity changes not; it is the same blessed religion in 1909 as was enjoyed by patriarchs, prophets and martyred apostles. (Parsa, iii, 13.)

Sixty Years of Married Life.
Edward Ayres and Sarah Frances Clawson were married, in 1849, by Rev. David Clawson, at Marlboro, New Jersey. Their golden wedding day was passed ten years ago; and on Sunday, November seventh, they celebrated their sixtieth anniversary. There was a family reunion at their home in Morgan Park, Illinois, where they have lived for twenty-three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Ayres are well known in many sections of the denomination, and Recorder readers will join with the friends who gathered at their home, in wishing them many more years of happy life together.

The following lines were written for the occasion by David E. Titsworth, and forwarded to the Recorder by a daughter of the bride and groom.

It's sixty years ago today
Since you, dear souls, were wed,
And all that time, I dare to say,
A happy life you've led.

In sixty years there must have been
Alternate sun and shade;
Both joy and sorrow you have seen
Since you were youth and maid.

If life were all a pleasant dream
With never shade or storm;
If every day to us should seem
Sunshiny, fair and warm.—

We'd miss the deeper peace that comes
When grief draws hearts still nearer,
As sorrow comes to hearts and homes,
And dear hearts grow still dearer.

Our lives would lack the calm and strength
That only comes through trial.
And fits us to attain at length
The grace of self-denial.

You two have reached a splendid height,
And heaven can't be far.
You almost now can see the light
Of Its bright morning star.

God lead you gently by his hand
Until you reach heaven's portal.
Then give you welcome to that land
Of love and peace immortal.

Young People's Work

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the nations; I will be exalted in the earth. Ps. xlvi, 10.

Our Christmas Gifts.

Prayer meeting topic for December 18.

Daily Readings.

Sunday, Dec. 12—God's gift to us (2 Cor. ix, 15).


Tuesday, Dec. 14—The heart to God (Prov. xxiii, 23-26).

Wednesday, Dec. 15—The life to service (Rom. xv, 1-5).

Thursday, Dec. 16—Substance to the poor (1 John iii, 17-19).

Friday, Dec. 17—Ourselves to Christ (Matt. iv, 18-22).


Suggestions on the Topic.

While the center of our thoughts at the Christmas season should be, like the center of our lives, Christ himself, we may well, in view of the great place that the giving and receiving of gifts has come to take in our modern life, think in today's meeting chiefly of this subject.

Let the leader ask for a discussion of the question whether the giving of gifts to one's friends at Christmas is, under the circumstances of the present time, a good or a bad custom. What are the reasons for thinking it a good custom? What are the things that tend to make it a mere formality? How can we prevent it from becoming a mere exchange of articles that are perhaps useless and expensive?

Other questions that should bring out valuable thoughts are: What Christmas gift that you have received has been most helpful to you? Why? What gift that you have made to another has given you particular satisfaction as you thought of it afterwards? Why?

The question of what to give our friends is an annually recurring one and an exchange of thoughts on this subject should be worth while. The question may be, "What does he want?" or "What ought he to have?" If he is my friend and I am his real friend, I ought to be able to answer both these questions. If I am a mere acquaintance of his, perhaps I'd better strike his name off my shopping list at once.

The general rule that your gift should show something of yourself, is, like other generalities, difficult to apply to particular cases; for we can't always give the work of our own hands. Books are perhaps too easy now to be really appreciated, but are among the best of gifts if given with due discrimination. One should never give a book without first reading it, or at least without knowing what is in it. (I suppose one might give a dictionary he had not read through.) A subscription to some magazine of known character would also be an exception to the general rule. But we all know how some books leave us with a discontent with our life or with a bad taste in the mouth," while others awaken and strengthen our highest aspirations. So we need to use great care in choosing the books that are to influence our friends. It will not do to be guided by a pretty binding or by a popular author; nor will it be satisfactory to confine the choice to fiction because "everybody likes it." History, travel and biography have charms for most people, but here again discrimination must be exercised. One who would perhaps not read "Pastor Hsi," for instance, might enjoy a story like "The Vanguard," or the name of "Korea," or get a letter, too. But if I begin to mention particular books, I shall make these suggestions too long. Two more only: A book marked by an old friend, to show the passages he liked, is more valuable. And a letter is always an acceptable way of bringing yourself to the memory of an absent friend at Christmas time—perhaps better than a lithographed card. Try it on me.
Laying the Foundations of Alfred University.

PROF. E. M. TOMLINSON.

Before considering the ideals of Alfred's founders, it may be well for the young people of the Robertson family to have before them a view of the condition of things at Alfred when the "select school" was organized, and to notice a few facts connected with the development of Alfred Academy into Alfred University. In the year 1836 the farms about Alfred had narrow clearings and the forests pressed far down into the valleys. Alfred Centre was a hamlet of not more than a dozen houses, "which were mostly small, one-storied, unpainted and unfinished." The places of business consisted of one store, a blacksmith shop, a cabinet shop, a tannery and an ashery. Two miles distant was the postoffice, to which the mail was brought from the world outside once a week on horseback. The nearest schoolhouse was three-fourths of a mile from the "select school," and the mail was brought from the world outside once a week. The wilderness seemed to go on without end.

The stir and rush and enthusiasm attending his visits to the schools made a powerful impression, and many of the teachers who followed him to Alfred to place themselves for a longer time under his instruction and inspiration. It is interesting to notice that the number of students increased in 1843 to 207 and in 1845 to 450 in 1849. This was the time the number of high schools and colleges in western New York was very much smaller than now.

Mr. J. J. Rockafellow, superintendent of common schools for the Southern District of Allegany County, and in a report to the State superintendent, under date of September 20, 1844, wrote as follows:

"Among other combining circumstances that have opened a field for better teachers in this district, it might be well to name one. In the town of Alfred, we have an incorporated academy, devoted to the exclusive training of teachers. Its principal, W. C. Kenyon, A. M., was the first incumbent of the office of county superintendent in this district, but at the expiration of a six months' experiment he left the field, returned to the academy, and immediately converted it into a teachers' institute, believing that he could accomplish more good in giving teachers an outlet than in discharging the duties of his office at that time."

Alfred catalogues for the years 1844 and 1847 announce that "the primary object of this institution is the qualification of school-teachers," and catalogues of later date call attention to the fact that "teachers will find advantages here surpassed by no normal school in this country." The success attending the efforts put forth to raise the standards of education in the surrounding country is suggested by the following extract from an address delivered by the Hon. T. Dwight Thacher, at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Alfred Academy:

"Another result (of the Alfred methods of teaching) was that the teachers who went out from Alfred carried these methods into the public schools and academies of the whole surrounding country, much to the gain of the cause of education thereby. Educational processes were lifted out of the old ruts, and a new spirit and life put into teaching generally."

Academies were established in various parts of the denomination, many of them under the direction of teachers who had been students at Alfred.

In the course of time the feeling that had long prevailed throughout the denomination of the great need of a college and theological seminary took practical shape. Endowment funds were secured and a university charter was granted largely through the zealous efforts of Prof. Jonathan Allen, who had been associated with Profesor Kenyon in the academy and who became the first college president of the university. The doors of "Alfred University" were opened in the fall of 1857.

Previous to that date graduates from Alfred Academy had been admitted to advanced standing in such institutions as Union College, Oberlin College and Brown University.

At the dedication of Kenyon Memorial Hall, October 25, 1882, the late Judge Solon O. Thacher of Lawrence, Kansas, closed his address with the following words:

"This hall of learning is fitly dedicated with his name whose life was freely given to plant here an institution within whose retreats should be imparted to young minds not alone all that science, philosophy or culture can bestow, but inspirations towards purity and many lives."

"The rolling tide will soon carry beyond this shore of time all those who listened to his voice, and whose hearts are filled with grateful thoughts of his ministry. In the perspective of the coming years, we behold annually fresh ranks of hopeful, eager young men and women hastening to this seat of learning. As they come and naturally inquire, 'Why was this building called Kenyon Memorial Hall?' may there be many to answer, 'It commemorates the name of a great and good man, who, for the love he bore his fellows, founded this college and gave it his life.'"

The Christian Endeavor Society, the Handmaid of the Church.

REV. T. J. VAN HORN.

In an ardent desire to make stronger the church the Christian Endeavor Society was founded. Its motto ever since has been: "For Christ and the Church. Why, then, should the question ever be raised as to the relation between the Christian Endeavor Society and the church?"

It will be a sufficient apology for asking the question if a Christian Endeavor Society desires an existence independent of the church. There are churchless localities where an organization after the Christian Endeavor model would seem to be best suited to existing conditions. I think, however, that experience proves that no society organized under such circumstances has long succeeded. The question ought to be asked if, for any reason, there does not exist the warmest feeling of sympathy between the young people composing the organization and the church. It is high time for such a query if the young people meet together merely for a good time, and engage in the exercises lightly and irreverently; or if the older people of the church regard the efforts of the young people with distrust; or if, for any reason, the vital relation which must exist between the society and the church is weakened or broken. It is a good thing to ask that question if the work of the society is lacking in freshness and vim; if the committee work has degenerated into parts of a lifeless mechanism; if the question, though yet unvoiced, is lurking in the hearts of none of the workers. 'What's the use?'

It is quite likely that any Christian Endeavor Society will pass through all these stages in the process of its development toward the high ideal phrased in its motto. I assume it to be the purpose of the editor of this page to hasten growth in the direction of the high purpose of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor by clim-
It is a great help in any work to get clearly and vividly in mind the ultimate purpose of that work. If the church has not confidence in the efforts of its young people, she may have herself to blame in failing to hold before her body of young people the fact that each and every one of them is a member of the church. The conviction is deep in the mind of the writer that wherever there is a company of young people it is possible to set every one alive with a holy enthusiasm for the attainment of a worthy end, by bringing into clear light that object and making it obvious that it is emphatically worth while. Somewhere there is a radical wrong with a church which fails to kindle zeal in the minds of her young people for attaining her holy purposes and to secure their hearty cooperation in that achievement. For young people are not hard to enlist in an enterprise that is seen to be worth while, when they have tactful and sympathetic leadership.

Let no one infer that I am wandering from my theme. I insist that I am at the heart of it. I am trying to make clear that the Christian Endeavor Society is a helper of the church, and that if the Endeavorers have in any way missed that relationship, they are not altogether to blame for it. I am a pastor and have had and now rejoice in having Christian Endeavorers as my most earnest colaborers. I know a Christian Endeavor Society that early in the Christian Endeavor movement was distrusted by the pastor and several of the elders. Later they vindicated their right to be recognized as auxiliary to the church by being the prime movers in a great revival of their church. How many pastors would now vote that a large percentage of the attendance upon the weekly prayer meeting is that portion of the Christian Endeavor Society who are loyal to their pledge to support this service of the church?

I have little fault to find with Endeavorers that I have known. If there has been discovered at times a spirit of lightness and irreverence, a lack of seriousness and earnestness, a want of zeal and spirituality, it may be due in part to home influence, in part to the actions of older people, in part to a worldly and irreverent age; but I must also feel that it is due in part to a failure of the church to impress deeply upon these young minds the glorious importance of the object for which the church is working. No pastor ought to speak of the indifference or disloyalty of the young people of the church who has not made clear the great purpose of church organization.

On the other hand, I can think of no reason for indifference or ignorance on the part of the young people regarding this great purpose. Suppose that the older people do fail in their discernment of the ideal; suppose that the pastor in his messages has not succeeded in holding it up in clear light; suppose that denominational leaders insist on subordinate, though in their estimation very important, details in church and denominational politics: yet there forever remains the commission of Jesus Christ, our glorious Captain. No amount of discussion or questioning has dimmed the clearness of his message. Turn to it and read it all. (Matt. 22:21-22) and remember that to the author of those words we have first pledged our loyalty. There can be no reason worthy the name for failing to understand him. Every act of his life testified his intensity of desire to have men hear the good news. Then bear in mind that Jesus has linked himself inseparably with the church. No other organization approximates this in unselfishliness of purpose. It is an unquestionable honor to belong to an auxiliary society that has the right to be known as the handmaid of the church. My statement has sometimes been questioned but I am so sure that I feel like insisting upon it, that if there is anything in my pledge to the Christian Endeavor Society that is not involved or at least does not increase my loyalty to the vows I made when I joined the church, then that ought to be stricken from the pledge.

Albion, Wis., Nov. 19, 1909.

News Notes.

FARINA, ILL.—Our Christian Endeavor Society is planning to take up mission-study work again in the near future. "The Frontier" will be the book used. We find this work to be very interesting and helpful. We expect to do some practical work also by sending aid to some mission in Chicago.

ALBION, WIS.—The Ladies' Home Benefit Society entertained the members of the Missionary and Willing Workers at the home of Mrs. R. G. Greene on Tuesday, October 26. Refreshments were served and a very pleasant time enjoyed by all present. A little more than five dollars was raised.—Two members of the Intermediate Society attended the quarterly meeting at Walworth.—A member of the Christian Endeavor Society took charge of the morning service during the absence of our pastor at the quarterly meeting.

COSMOS, OLA.—The young people's meeting continues with good interest. Winter has put in his appearance with his white mantle thrown over everything. But this will not last long here.

BERLIN, N. Y.—The Ladies' Aid supper, recently, netted thirty-five dollars, which is to be used for putting electric lights in the parsonage.—A Baraca class of fifteen members, has recently been organized with the prospect of doubling the number. This may be followed with the organization of a Philathea class.—The pastor is preaching the Thanksgiving sermon at a union service.

WEST EDMESTON, N. Y.—The Sabbath school observed Rally Day, November 13. A large congregation listened to an interesting and appropriate service. Souvenir pins were presented to all present by the superintendent of the school.—At present Pastor Davis is preaching on every Sunday morning at the Baptist church at Unadilla Forks.—A union Thanksgiving service will be held on the evening of November 25, at our church. The pastor of the First-day Baptist Church will preach.—Funds are now being raised to place a memorial window in our church in honor of the late Rev. J. W. Parker, who was at one time pastor here for about twenty years.

SALEM, W. VA.—Two members were recently added to the church by letter.—An enjoyable social was recently given by the Ladies' Aid Society, at the church, for the faculties of the college and high school and college students.—The Junior Endeavorers are practicing for a coming public entertainment.—The pastor has assisted in a three weeks' revival meeting at Berea this fall. He preaches frequently at Buckeye, and the Girls' Industrial Home located at Salem. He has filled appointments also at Smithsburg, Cedar Run, Rock Run and Middle Island, and delivered an address at Wolf Summit, and at Shinston.—A great deal is being done by the church and its various organizations for Salem College.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

An interesting story is told of the way Col. John L. Clem, the famous 'drummer boy of Shiloh' and now assistant quartermaster general, got into the regular army.

In the early days of General Grant's first term as President, Clem, without aid, secured an audience.

The President said, "What can I do for you?"

Clem said, "Mr. President, I wish to ask you for an order to admit me to West Point."

"But why," said the President, "do you not take the examination?"

"I did, Mr. President, but I failed to pass."

"That was unfortunate," said the President. "How was that?"

"Why, Mr. President, you see, I was in the war, and while I was there, those other boys of my age were in school."

"What!" said the President, amazed. "You were in the war?"

Clem was then scarcely eighteen and boyish looking.

"Yes, Mr. President, I was in the war four years. And I related his experience.

The President then wrote something, sealed it, and, handing it to Clem, said:

"Take this to the Secretary of War. I guess it will fix you all right."

Clem went to the Secretary, to whom he had already applied, and was received somewhat coldly. He showed him the note.

The Secretary read it and said:

"Do you know what this is?"

"No," said Clem, "but I supposed it was an order to admit me to West Point."

"Well, it isn't," said the Secretary. "It's an order to commission you second lieutenant in the regular army."

—Leslie's Weekly.
Children's Page

**Katie Osborne's Efforts.**

Katie sat in a big chair before the cheerful open fire. She looked at the glowing coals and bright, laughing flames, and thought, and thought, and thought. By and by a plan began to form in her wise little head. Was she not thirteen years old, and had she not the prize for penmanship at school that year? “Yes, I will do it. I will do that very thing,” said she to herself. “I will go to see Judge Seay in the morning.”

Katie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, lived on a farm half a mile from a little town; and they were very poor. Mr. Osborne worked hard, but made little money, and his wife had been sick for several months. From where Katie sat now she could see the brave little woman lying upon her back patiently darning a rent in her baby’s dress.

When good Doctor Riley left yesterday, Katie heard him tell her father that the mother must have something to tempt her appetite, to make her grow strong again. Ever since, Katie had wondered how they could get the money to buy these things. It took all her father’s money to pay the rent and buy shoes and dresses for the little ones and plain food for the table. Very little was left for the everyday necessities, even at Christmas or Thanksgiving. But now her mother must have daintier and more nutritious food—food that she could eat.

So, as Katie looked into the fire and thought, this afternoon, she decided that she would ask Judge Seay, who was superintendent of the village Sabbath school, and a good, kind man. If there was not some copying in his law office that she could do.

Having settled this in her mind her heart felt lighter, and she turned to her mother, saying cheerily, “Feel better, mother? Let me turn your pillow, I know you must be tired. There! Isn’t that nice?”

“Yes, dear; thank you,” said the mother, as she stroked her hand.

Just then the little ones came noisily in from school. They were hungry, after their lessons and their walk in the cool, crisp air; so Katie hurried away to quiet them and give them something to eat.

At last, when a quiet moment came and they were alone, Katie told her plans very secretly to Walter, a brother two years younger than herself, making him promise, upon his word and honor, that he would never breathe it to a soul.

That night Katie could scarcely sleep for thinking what she should say to Judge Seay, what he would say to her, what she would do if he hadn’t any work for her, and what she would do if he did.

The next morning she was up with the sun, and as soon as she could get off, was on her way to the Judge’s office in the village.

The sun was pleasant, and the sun shone bright and warm; but as Katie went up the steps and rang the office bell she forgot all about this, and was only conscious of a choking in her throat and of a stifling thumb, thump, thump, within her chest.

Finally, after what seemed to her a long, long time, a maid came to the door and invited her in. After another long wait, as it seemed to Katie, Judge Seay came in. He looked at her over the tops of his spectacles with wide-open eyes.

Instead of the big man he had expected to see, here was a slender, shrinking girl. Katie’s heart jumped so hard that she wondered if the Judge could hear it.

“Well, good morning, Miss Katie,” he said, kindly. “What can I do for you today?”

Her throat was dry, and it seemed as if her lips would not open. But after a little she said timidly: “I thought, sir, perhaps you had some copying that you wanted done. My teacher said I could write very well, and I thought maybe I could do it for you. Mother’s ill and the doctor says we must have her some things we haven’t got.” Her cheeks reddened and her voice trembled.

“Well,” said the Judge, motioning to the desk, “there are paper and pen. Write this for me: ‘He that can have patience can have what he will.’ Diligence is the mother of success.”

“Here it is, sir,” said Katie, as she handed him the sentences neatly written on the clean, white sheet.

“All right,” said the Judge. “I have some copying to be done, and I think you can do it. Can you spare two hours each day? Well, if you will write here from two until four every day I will give you three dollars a week.”

“Oh, thank you, thank you!” said Katie, as her eyes filled with tears. “Shall I begin tomorrow?”

“Yes; and to make sure of you, I am going to pay you now a dollar in advance,” the Judge said, and smiled.

Katie took the money in her little trembling hand, and when she got out into the village street again it seemed to her that the sun had never shone so brightly or the birds sung so sweetly in all her life before.

What should the dollar buy for the little mother? She walked past the stores and then came back again, still uncertain how to spend it. The candy and the peanuts looked so good, but she knew her mother couldn’t eat those. Then she saw some nice, big, yellow oranges. She must have some of those for her mother, she said to herself. Then she remembered having once seen a trained nurse prepare an orange, scraped beef, rice and toast for a sick lady. “That is it,” she said, as her eyes sparkled. “It will get a nice loaf of bread, a piece of butter, some rice and steak for dear mother.” After she had paid for these things she had fifteen cents left. With her packages in her arms she walked quick to obey. Upon the clean table.

She boiled the water and made the tea, toasted the bread, and scraped the beef. Then she fixed them all in a tray as daintily as she could, put on her white apron, and took them in.

“See, mother!” she said proudly, “I am your little trained nurse, and I bought all these things on your tray myself! I am going to copy for Judge Seay, and earn three dollars every week; so your nurse is going to have something nice for you every single day. Isn’t it lovely, mother?”

That night, as Katie came in from washing the supper dishes, she overheard her mother say to Mr. Osborne:

“Oh, John, aren’t we proud of our Katie? And her little tired arms and back felt rested.—Esther Brooks, in Presbyterian of the South.

**Grover and His Master's Pocketbook.**

Grover was a big Giant Bernard. Of course he was named for the big Democratic President of a few years ago. He lived in East Boston, and was greatly beloved by his master and all the family. While all St. Bernards look wise and seem to know a lot, Grover was unusually intelligent, seeming at times to be almost human.

One day his master collected nearly $500. Placing the bills in a long, leather pocketbook and putting it in his inside coat pocket, he started from his home to the ferry, golly, because he had money in a bank. Grover followed, but his master told him to go back. Still he followed and his master told him again to go home. But Grover persisted in following him, surprising his master, as he was usually very quick to obey. Upon reaching the ferry slip the master took Grover rather roughly by the collar, turned him about and money in his pocketbook, with all that money in it, in the dog’s mouth.

The master had evidently missed his pocket when he thought to slip it in, and it had fallen upon the floor of his house, or the sidewalk. The dog picked it up, knowing that his master would have it, and in following and going before him, had tried in vain to attract his attention, being near-sighted. As soon as the master took the pocketbook from his mouth, Grover went right home without another word.—Uncle Frank, in the Watchman.
HOME NEWS

RIVERSIDE, CAL.—On Sabbath day, October 30, in the absence of our pastor, the Christian Endeavor Society had charge of the exercises. A service last night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bebee. The social was preceded by the monthly business meeting.

DeRuyter, N. Y.—The meetings closed last night. Brother Witter gave us an inspiring and helpful talk, a fitting close to the series, which have all pointed to Christ as the Saviour of perishimg men. The faithful work of Pastor Wing since he has been among us has been ably supplemented by the labor of Brother Witter. No one can come under the influence of a strong, sweet personality like his, without being, in a measure at least, lifted to a higher plane of life and thought. A testimony meeting followed in which the pastors of the other churches who were present gave assurance of their appreciation of Brother Witter's spirit and purpose. Pastor Wing with his wife and brothers sang a beautiful song entitled, "I Want to Be There, Don't You?" Then followed "Blest be the tie that binds," the closing verses of which many were unable to sing for emotion.

No one who was present can ever forget this meeting, and it was with a feeling of sadness that his good-bys were said. A unanimous vote of thanks was voted to the church at Adams Center for sparing their pastor to us the four weeks.

Death of Deacon Whitford and Wife.

Deacon Sylvanus C. Whitford, son of Schuyler and Mary Satterly Whitford, was born June 16, 1842, in the town of Hornellsville, N. Y., at the family homestead. He died at his home about one mile north of Alfred Station, N. Y., August 4, 1909.

He enlisted January 4, 1864, in Company A, Fifth New York Volunteers, Heavy Artillery, to serve three years. He was wounded at Piedmont, Va., June 5, 1864, by a gunshot in the right eye. He was a sharpshooter and was taking aim at some object, when he was hit. At the same time he was taken prisoner, but was recaptured June 8, 1864. After nearly a year more of honorable service he was discharged May 23, 1865, at the close of the war.

It is thought that our brother's army life in the midst of danger and death caused him to think seriously on the subject of religion; but he made no public profession of Christ until January 12, 1878, when he with others was baptized by their pastor, Dr. A. H. Lewis, and united with the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred. Later, with about eighty others, he received the hand of fellowship from Pastor Lewis in behalf of the church. The records show this from January 12 to June 20, eighty-four united with the church, and now after thirty-one years, twenty-four of this company are still members.

After Brother Whitford united with the church, he maintained daily devotions with his companion, and the family altar was established and maintained. Monday morning, nine days before the end came, was the last time he sat with his family at the table; though too sick to eat, he offered prayer. The Sabbath before, though not well, after a restless night, he came to church for the last time. This was just two weeks before his funeral was held at the same place.

He was ordained deacon of the church, March 4, 1888, with William H. Langworthy and Joseph Edwards. All three were consecrated to the office by a council called for that purpose. The ordination sermon by Rev. W. C. Tittsworth "was a light turned upon that sacred office and the church in their mutual relations." The charge to the deacons was given by Dr. T. R. Williams, and Dr. L. A. Platt gave the charge to the church. Elder Summerbell was pastor of the church and our brother, F. W. Hamilton, was deacon.

Mr. Whitford was an affectionate husband and father, an obliging and honored neighbor and citizen, a lover of his church, his country and his fellow men, especially of his Grand Army brothers, with whom he had endured hardships and perils in camp and hospital and on the battle-field. A few years ago he was severely injured in a runaway accident, from which it is thought he never wholly recovered.

He was a great sufferer in his last sickness. He died of cancer. The question arises, Who will come forward to take his place and bear the part he has laid down? A large audience attended the funeral on that Sabbath morning at the church at the regular hour of service and Pastor Cottrill spoke from 2 Cor. vi. i. Members of the B. Frank Maxson Post attended the funeral, were bearers and conducted services at the grave.

Sardisia Estella Stillman, widow of the late Sylvanus C. Whitford, was born at the Stillman homestead, June 25, 1846, and died in Alfred, N. Y., January 5, 1909, after many years of poor health. She was sick during her husband's sickness and death, but lingered three months and eleven days and then went to grandchilden. who have come to the years with us. It ord, was orn at the close of the war.

In July New York, No one can think he never wholly recovered. The faithful work of Sister Whitford was the part of the church and was married, where she and Brother Whitford lived most of their lives, and where they both died. Silas Stillman Sr. was the first white child born in the town of Alfred. Another aunt, Eusebia Stillman, is still living at York's Corners in the ninetieth year of her age.

Sister Whitford united with the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred when about ten years of age. She loved truth and righteousness and had high standards. She was a good wife and mother. In early life she was a student at Alfred and taught some. In her last sickness we have been pleased to find such strong faith. Only a short time before her departure she expressed her readiness to go hence or to remain here, as pleased the Father, and she would have been glad to remain with her already stricken home if it had been God's will. The funeral services were held at the church, conducted by the pastor. The choir sang some of her favorite hymns, and her remains were laid to rest beside her husband's in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

Sylvanus C. Whitford and Sardisia E. Stillman were married September 30, 1867, and were spared to each other nearly forty-two years. They had four children, all of whom are living; Mrs. Mira W. Hunting of Plainfield, N. J., Mrs. Mary W. Odell, Schuyler S. Whitford and Miss Bertha May Whitford, the three grandchildren. Their children and the grandchildren who have come to the years of understanding, have followed the parents in accepting the Christian faith and in uniting with the church. This is as beautiful as it is rare. As David said in his beautiful elegy, of Saul and Jonathan, they "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

I. L. C.

Services in Memory of Dr. A. C. Davis Jr.
REV. L. C. RANDOLPH.

As I rode along the beautiful Unadilla Valley toward West Edmeston, to take part in the memorial service for Dr. A. C. Davis Jr., September 29, I cautioned my own heart thus: "Do not be disappointed if there is not a large audience today. Sixteen months have passed away since his death, this is a week-day, the busiest time of the year, and the people are widely scattered."

Just to look at that large concourse of people crowding the church to the doors was in itself an inspiration. From miles and miles away many of them had come, and there was the same feeling of fest in the faces which I had noticed at that other evel memorable service just after
Doctor Davis' death. No one could sit there in such a presence without feeling the grandeur of life, love, service, fellowship.

A clipping from the Waterville Times, one among many such, gives eloquent testimony to the influence which still lives:

LESSONS IN THIS CAREER.

Dr. A. C. Davis, who was killed near West Edmeston only two years ago, seems to have impressed himself upon the community in which he lived in a manner somewhat extraordinary. Last Wednesday a memorial window for him was unveiled in the West Edmeston church and the spot where he lost his life was marked with a bronze tablet. Doctor Davis must have been an unusual sort of hero to thus honor him. The people among whom he dwelt and labored must have loved him and admired his character. If we recollect rightly, he was a man of varied gifts and attainments. He was an editor, pastor and physician, and he was active and proficient in each of these professions. He cared for the spiritual interests of his people, as a physician he looked after their bodily ills, and as an editor he entered into their social, political and every-day affairs. How well he performed his varied duties is exemplified by the regard in which he was held and the honor bestowed upon him through memorial tablet and window. His sphere of influence was not wide, as is the world, it is estimated, but the influence he exerted was evidently intense. The secret of his success and the honors that have come to him is doubtless to be found in his whole life of service to the community and its people—self-sacrificing, devoted, energetic service. That always occurs and it is about all that does count in this life. There is a lesson in the career of Doctor Davis.

The exercises throughout were full of that spirit of sympathy and love which can be felt better than described. The music, especially the singing of the Edmeston male quartet at the side of the bronze tablet along the winding road over looking the valleys in which the Doctor lived and served, was wonderfully beautiful. The prayer of Pastor Riley G. Davis was heartfelt. The readings from Doctor Davis' poems were very sympathetically given by the wife of Doctor Davis' fellow pastors, Mrs. George Vital, and the Rev. Unadilla Forks. The resume of the address, "Civic Righteousness," delivered by Doctor Davis at the Christian Endeavor county convention one week before his death, was given by his coworker, Rev. Alva L. Davis, in a way to bring it vividly to memory. At the close of the memorial address, Milton Daland Davis, the little son of Doctor Davis, unveiled the beautiful window to his father's memory. After the service at the church a large number of friends collected at the hillside where, with very simple exercises, the tablet was dedicated, bearing this inscription: "To the memory of Dr. Arnold C. Davis, who met his death near this spot, May 25, 1898. Erected by loving friends."

I had considered for weeks to what Bible character I should liken my nephew, when it flashed over me—"Luke, the beloved physician," of course. What a parallel there is between those two followers of the Lord Jesus! Both were lovers of the truth, both were intensely active in Christ's service, both were optimists, and both had the unsellable love that served others and lived content to keep out of sight. Extracts from the address, requested for publication, follow.

Among the qualities which drew people to him and made his life an inspiration, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was his optimism. He being my nephew, I know out of what that optimism came. My oldest sister was married a few months after I was born. When she and her husband reached their new home in southern Illinois, he had five dollars left with which to begin the world. He began housekeeping in his father's house, not getting a dollar's furniture. He bought a forty-acre farm, with the privilege of paying for it in seven years. The sod was "tougher than sole leather," and no crop could be raised till it had rotted a year. He plowed a little of the land, but spent most of his time working to begin the school room. He "chock full of day's work." If he could not get a dollar, he would work for "six bits," doing work upon his own place at odd times. In the winter he taught school. The scholars were crowded into the small room like sardines in a box. The second winter the school was in the loft of a storage building. His lunch was two black rye biscuits, a little pale ham, and apple sauce stewed in sorghum. These were the happiest days of his life, however. He had health and strength and enthusiasm, a noble wife, and plenty of chance to work. The diet did get a little monotonous sometimes. Not a spoonful of flour, or sugar, or coffee had they had in the house. He did not receive his pay for teaching each winter's school until the following spring, so the most rigid economy had to be practiced. Mr. Davis went to a local merchant the second fall to ask if he would not trust him for a few groceries until he could get his pay. Something had gone wrong with the merchant that day, and he gave the young teacher a half a dollar and a purse. "I went home," he says, "the bluest I had ever been in my life." "Well," said his helper pleasantly, "we have lived on Johnny-cake now for two years, with an occasional rabbit thrown in, and I guess we can thrive on it a little longer." And they did. There were a number of pioneer Seventh-day Baptist families in the society. They were all on a level. No one had thirty cents more than another. The society was a delightful democracy. They drove to church in big lumber wagons drawn by oxen, and the only spring seat was the long board that ran from one end of the box to the other. There were plenty of hard ships. In spring the land was too wet to plow, and in the summer it was too dry to grow a crop. Mosquitoes attacked them in fierce swarms. The last thing at night was to build a smudge, and go to sleep, trusting in Providence. Through it all, these pioneer homes were marked by bravery, good cheer, unsellability and happiness.

It was in such conditions that Arnold Davis was born. He fitted into that life, became a part of it, and rejoiced in it. He had no idle time. He got all the schooling he could—and it was a good deal—in the midst of physical labor. After graduating from high school, he went to Milton College. Within two weeks he had to give it all up. A trouble of the eyes culminated and not only stopped his studies, but also gave him great pain and threatened his sight. Then began the weary round of the eye specialists. Each one thought he could cure him, but he "grew nothing better, but rather grew worse." Months of pain and discouragement! His own money spent and more that had been provided by his father—hundreds of dollars in all. No hope of improvement. Plans wrecked, future black, a horror of great darkness came down on the young life. As a last resort, he had gone to Dowie, the faith healer, and that too seemed to have failed him. For a time bitterness and rebellion of spirit took up their abode in the sore heart. And then, on his knees before God, his father's old friend. He had been always a Christian, but that deeper surrender, the full, sweet, unserved consecration of himself to God. He gave his life into God's hands to do with it as he would—and a great peace came into his soul which has abidever since. He said to his parents, "I am going to medical college this fall." His aunt, Mrs. L. J. Sandford, not only cooked for him and cared for him, but also read to him books and notes hour after hour. He graduated with honors, and he always said that the diploma belonged as much to his aunt as it did to him. Both while he was in medical school and also in the hospital position to which he was afterward appointed, he was studying eye diseases. He mastered his own trouble largely. When he went to West Edmeston to be physician, pastor and afterward editor, there were two things he understood. He knew the human eye and he knew the human heart. He was successful as an eye specialist, built up a big practice, became a member of the State society, and made a name in that section of the State. And on the Sabbath, how he could preach to hungry hearts! He knew what he was preaching. He had been through the darkness and come out victorious. His shining face, his unfailing faith and courage, made his presence alone a benediction. In the church, at the marriage altar, by the open grave, in public and in private, in prosperity and adversity, men and women, boys and girls, felt the touch of his hand, saw the glory on his face and became brave.

The greatest thing in Doctor Davis was his unsellable love. Never a child or old man in all this country but called him friend. He gave that most priceless gift to others, himself. My heart is deeply touched by the tribute paid him by his father.

"From a little child Arnie showed a fondness and tenderness for me that made him always inexpressibly dear to me. Many
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MARRIAGES

Allen-Stone.—At West Edmonston, N. Y., May 23, 1900, by Pastor R. G. Davis, Mr. Frank Allen of Tennessee, and Miss Grace Stone, of West Edmonston.

Wightman-Avery.—At South Brookfield, N. Y., November 11, 1900, by Pastor R. G. Davis, Mr. Z. L. Winger of Dangerfield, N. Y., and Miss Jenie M. Avery of South Brookfield.

Tuck-Langworthy.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Langworthy, Alfred Station, N. Y., November 12, 1900, by Pastor I. L. Cottrell, Mr. Frederick William Turck of Independence, N. Y., and Miss Nellie Susan Langworthy.

DEATHS

Whitford.—Deacon Sylvanus Whitford died in the town of Milford, Ill., August 4, 1900, in the 68th year of his age. He was followed to the better land by his wife, Sarah E. Whitford, who died in the 64th year of her age. See obituary elsewhere.

Clarke.—At the home of her son, Delos W. Clarke, West Allis (Milwaukee), Wis., Mrs. Miriam Davis Clarke, aged 83 years. Mrs. Clarke was the eldest of Jere­miah R. and Mercy Davis, and was born in the town of Hornellsville, N. Y., in 1814. In an early day she moved with her parents to Wis­consin, going in the old-style emigrant wagon. They spent one year at Milton and then moved on to Berlin. The young daughter had studied two terms in Alfred Academy, and one year in the select school at Milton, which afterwards became Milton Academy. While in Milton College With this preparation she was qualified to take up the work of a public school-teacher, in which she took first rank, both in priority of service and the superior quality of her work. She taught one of the first schools ever held in the town of Berlin, and continued in that work for ten years. Mr. Clarke died in 1838, and Augusta Johnson, afterwards his wife, were among the earliest of her pupils. L. A. Platts, and others, whose names are familiar to Recorder readers, came under her influence and instruction a little later. About 1841 or 1852 she was married to Mr. Wayne Wightman of Sangerfield, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke died in 1854, leaving three sons, all married, and a daughter, Miss J enie A. Avery of South Brookfield, Wis. Mrs. Clarke is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Eva Whitney, for some years.

——Dickens.

——Dickens.

(Continued on page 734.)

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an hour I have sat with his head pressed to my breast, his little arms around my neck, his one foot nestled trustingly in mine, his innocent prattle in my ear, a condition as near heaven as any earthly thing can be.

"All through his boyhood his affection for me seemed to increase and his pleasure in being with me was daily more and more observable. He was obedient, faithful, kind not only to me but to every one, even to the animals on the farm, careful to give no pain or anxiety to his parents and always seeking to be helpful. In his work, when he grew older, he was prompt, patient, uncomplaining. It seemed the attempt was well done, and all his purpose seemed to be to make our home happy. Though frail in body, he was strong of purpose, ready at the call of duty, and at all times cheerful and light-hearted. His love of truth and anxious endeavor to do right were characteristics. He loved the Sabbath school and imperceptibly drifted into the church, to which he was always constant and loyal. All his ways were so gentle and lovable and winning that everybody loved him. The magnetism of his sweet life drew all hearts to him. I never heard him speak an unkind word of anybody, and I never heard one speak of him except in praise. To you who knew him so well and knew his manliness and uprightness, I need not mention these things, but it is a comfort to speak of them now and treasure them up in my heart.

"Two years ago when he came home, I was sick. And one day—ever memorable day!—he came into my bedroom, laid down by my side and putting his arms around my neck as in childhood, tenderly kissed me, and told me how he loved me. I had known it all my life, but I never realized it as then. And we talked about Fay, and together lived over that beautiful life.

"We can all best honor our dear friend's memory by obeying the same principles in our lives. Let us be lovers of truth, untiring in the service of Christ, hopeful and cheerful, and unselfishly helpful to others. Let us make love the constant rule of our life. We can not tell which opportunity will be the last. It was no new thing when Doctor Davis stood at the door of his a day ago the twentieth-five of last May, and kissed his wife good-by, saying, "You've been such a help to me, dear." Such thoughtfulness was habitual with him, but those words are those her today beyond all others, for they were the last she ever heard from his lips. To leave that tribute as a last legacy, to go on cheerfully, helpfully and unselfishly doing his duty to the last—that is true living.

Death of the Oldest Seventh-day Baptist in England.

John Purser, of Mill Street, Tewkesbury, deacon of the "Nutton" Seventh-day Baptist Church, passed away on October 19, and was buried on the twenty-fifth in the Tewkesbury Cemetery, in the same grave in which his wife was buried in 1902, at the age of eighty-eight. The funeral was conducted by Lt.-Col. T. W. Richardson, pastor of the "Mill Yard" Seventh-day Baptist Church, London, and temporary pastor of the Nutton Church.

Deacon John Purser, who was eighty-six years of age, had been a member of the Nutton Church for fifty-seven years. He was the oldest Seventh-day Baptist in England, in age, by two years, and the oldest in church membership, excepting that Mrs. Eliza Witts, who is ninety-seven years of age, was baptized with him and joined the church at the same time, in 1852.

Deacon Purser's ancestor, John Purser, was the first person of note in this society (church) of whom any important account can now be given. He was heir to a very considerable estate, and the report is that his father disinherited him because he was the seventh-day as the Sabbath. Notwithstanding that wrong, he became a reputable farmer in the county. In the reign of Charles and James II., he was a sufferer for religion, like other Nonconformists throughout the land. It is believed that he began to preach in 1660. His youngest son, Benjamin Purser, was also a preacher. John Purser held a meeting at his own house at Aston, and at the time it was the chief meeting place. He also preached at several other houses, as the members lay from five to twenty miles distant. He kept his farm, and reared up a large family, yet served the church faithfully in the ministry, for his heart was much set upon things above. He lived to a good old age, and died in the year 1720. All his children walked in his steps, and many of his grandchildren.

Benjamin Purser purchased an estate in the village of Nutton, where the meetings were then kept. He then built a small chapel adjoining his house, at his own expense. He likewise walled in a corner of his orchard for a burying-ground. When he died he left the meeting-house and burying-ground to the church, and £5 a year out of his estate to all succeeding ministers. He died in June, 1765, age sixty-nine. The church was built in 1746, but the church dates from 1650, and is the oldest Seventh-day Baptist Church but one, namely, "Mill Yard."—Tewkesbury Register, Oct. 30, 1909.

Note.—We may add to the above, that our dear brother, the deacon, was true to the last. Feeling that his end was near, he remarked to Miss White, the church secretary, "Hadn't we better elect another deacon?" He was a cripple from childhood, but we always found him cheerful and even merry. He looked so extremely happy when we took him in our motor car to attend service in the old Nutton Seventh-day Baptist chapel two years ago—he was not a bit afraid of the car.

Three of his relatives, a niece and two nephews, Mrs. Young and Messrs. Lane, attended the funeral, besides representatives of the "Nutton" Church.

By his death another twenty-five dollars a year (about) of Seventh-day Baptist money is alienated to First-day institutions, under the provisions of the "Scheme." Do the recipients ever reflect on their position in the eyes of the Great Judge (whose servants they profess to be) who presides in the Supreme Court of the "Scheme."—T. W. Richardson, Lt.-Col.

In Cape Town, South Africa, the carrying of live poultry by the legs is a criminal offense punishable by a fine not exceeding five dollars or imprisonment for one month.

—Our Dumb Animals.

I love little children, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are fresh from God, love us.—Dickens.
When Tempus Didn't Fugit.

Little Helen, during the three years of her life, had never been separated from her elder sister night or day for more than a few minutes at a time; but at last the time came when the sister went away for a whole day. The child tried every game and occupation that she knew of, and a new one or two suggested by her mother, but they all failed.

Finally she gave up and stood and looked sadly out of the window. Then she sighed deeply and said:

"It's still the same old day, isn't it, mother?"—Woman's Home Companion for December.

If we are to have power with God and with men, we must pay the price of self-denying service.—Presbyterian of the South.

WANTED.

Seventh-day Baptist man, with or without family, to work in dairy at Riverside, Cal. Also man to work on orange ranch and truck farm. Permanent position and good wages for right parties.

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