SPRITUAL SABBATHISM

By the late ABRAM HERBERT LEWIS, D. D., LL. D.

This is Doctor Lewis' last and most important book, written during the last two years of his life and revised after his death by his son, Prof. E. H. Lewis, of the Lewis Institute, Chicago.

The author says in his preface: "Three great crises in the Sabbath question have appeared in history. . . . A fourth crisis is at hand. The key to the present situation is a spiritual key. The coming epoch is to be met on higher ground than was occupied at any time in the past history of Christianity. It demands an upward step so important that it must be called revolutionary as well as evolutionary. The entire Sabbath question calls for a new spiritual basis—new in comparison with positions hitherto taken by Christians. . . . All questions which are at bottom spiritual are important. One of these is the question of Sabbath observance. Spiritually apprehended, Sabbathism becomes of timely, vital, practical significance to the twentieth century. The question of Sabbath reform becomes a large question, whose time is merely a metaphysical puzzle, or whether men can transcend time by consecrating it, and live in the eternal while yet in time."

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EDITORIAL

The Right to Preserve One's Personality.

The question of a man's right to preserve his own personality has recently been brought to the front in one of our courts, where it was asserted in favor of a man who had been personated in order to secure films for a moving-picture show.

The country will soon forget the hectic work of "Jack" Binns, the wireless operator who brought help to a fast sinking ship and thereby saved many lives.

He has always been modest about making any display of his brave deeds, and when representatives of a moving-picture concern desired him to pose for pictures, in order that the scenes of that shipwreck might be exhibited for the pecuniary profit of the picture companies, Mr. Binns refused to do so.

Since it was out of the question to secure pictures of the actual scene, and since Mr. Binns could not be induced to make a show of himself by posing to reenact his heroism before the camera, the artists proceeded to plan a reproduction of the shipwreck with a "faked up" Jack Binns as the central figure. An actor was found who could personate him more or less accurately, and the pictures were placed before the public in moving-picture shows, without Mr. Binns's consent. That gentleman brought suit against the show people and the court rendered a verdict in his favor.

There seems to be quite general satisfaction with this verdict, since it vindicates the right of a man to his own personality, and at the same time rebukes the people who are thus constantly deceiving the public. Obviously it is not right to make use of a man's personality in these ways without his consent.

If some way could be devised to keep the camera fiend and the caricaturist from impersonating and distorting the characters of noted men; if all misrepresentations of public officials in cartoons that pervert and injure their real personalities could be prevented, a great service would be rendered mankind. Business firms should not be allowed to trade upon a man's personality, and the newspapers should not be allowed to publish injurious or belittling representations of men. Even exaggerations and distortions of a man's real peculiarities that make wrong impressions concerning his character today are not to be tolerated. Such things injure all parties concerned. They hurt the man thus scandalized, they destroy the moral sense of the traducer, and they injure those who read the representations, by destroying confidence in their fellows and by giving familiarity with efforts to malign the character of others.

The Ways of the Master.

As I look out upon the world of suffering humanity, with its multitudes drifting away from spiritual things, and its thousands overwhelmed in life's struggles, burdened beyond endurance by the hardships and toils and anxieties that press them down, my heart is greatly moved, and I am struck with the want of efforts on the part of Christian people to make so little impression upon them. Of course, we understand well the perversity of the sinful heart, and remember that evil is so strongly entrenched therein that even the best efforts to win throned him in the days of his earth-life. Much of the blame for the failure of the Gospel to reach and save the lost is due to
The hard hearts and stubborn wills of men who are on the wrong road. Nevertheless we cannot put away the feeling that many more might be won to the Saviour if we better understood the Master's way, and could more completely enter into his spirit. Possibly we might see greater results if we studied more carefully the methods of the great teacher and conformed our efforts more nearly to his example.

What were the ways of the Master and of his immediate followers, as they stood among the wretched, sinful and oppressed? There must have been some secret of success. Christianity could never have made such wonderful progress in the first century of the Christian era. There has never been a century since that time wherein the kingdom of God has made such rapid advancement; and if the workers of today would see greater strides in the onward march of Christianity, they will need to get more nearly in touch with the Master himself.

If we study Christ, we shall find that he had a passion for saving the lost. To be a shepherd, not only in seeking for his own flock, but, after all, he manifested the greatest concern for the sheep that was lost. And he was so completely filled with this passion that wherever he went the people soon found it out and flocked around him. When the quibblers and doctors accused him of eating with publicans and sinners, and criticised his interpretations of the law of Moses, he gave them parable after parable from real life, showing commendable human sympathy over something that was lost; or, when that was lost, the piece of money that was lost, and the son that wandered away, he revealed something of his purpose in coming to earth, his reasons for meeting with sinners, his yearning to save for lost men, and the joy of God and the angels over the sinner that is saved. He did not think best to attach himself to some aristocratic synagogue and leave the multitudes to attend, or stay away as they pleased; but he lived so that everybody knew his love for the lost in sin, and saw that he was ready to give his very life to save them.

The Master saw the multitudes like sheep without a shepherd and, moved with compassion, entered into close fellowship with them. At the same time he was stirred by the inhumanity of the self-righteous Pharisees toward the overburdened and worn-out poor. He took his stand beside those who toiled in the every-day work of the world, and offered them a simple and positive Gospel. He did not give himself up to speculations or denials or doubtings or philosophizings about revelation and inspiration. He spoke directly to men's hearts; he appealed to their consciences in the name of God—in such a way as to inspire confidence rather than to arouse misgivings.

Christ and his disciples taught the precepts of the Scriptures, though they thoroughly believed them. The Master's teachings had power with men because they were so thoroughly incarnated in the men who presented them. There was no suspicion of their having doubts or misgivings about the inspiration and genuineness of the Scriptures. They fully believed in a personal, present God as Creator and preserver of the world, and who at the same time is the Father who can be found for those who love him, and who can be seen by the pure in heart. To Christ the kingdom of heaven was as real as the things of earth, and to his disciples, after he was gone, spiritual realities were the most important of all things.

The minister today who would reach the masses in sin must enter into the work in the spirit of Christ, must feel in his soul the truths of the Gospel which Christ brought to earth, and he must preach a positive Gospel. Insomuch as he manifests a living faith, a loving faith, a faith that makes the Saviour of men; insomuch as he gives way to misgivings and questionings regarding the fundamentals of Christian faith; insomuch as he shows any doubt about the Holy Spirit's presence in his own heart or about the Spirit's work upon others; so that by just so much will the preacher of today come short of reaching the multitudes in sin. Such a teacher will also find, so far as his own people are concerned, a flock that looks to him in vain for spiritual food; he can not offer what satisfies the hungry soul. The world in darkness will cry for light, but he has no light to give. The one who can not from his own experience tell hungry men where and how to find the bread of life will never do much for poor suffering mortals who are most in need of it. The man who has any misgivings about the divinity of the Saviour, and about his presence in the world today still searching for the lost sheep, can not fill the place of under-shepherd as it should be filled. And wherever men speculate and argue over doctrines and theories, failing to manifest the heart-burden of a good shepherd seeking the sheep that is lost, there will be confusion and discord, while lost ones will continue to wander and hungry ones will not be fed.

May the Lord Stir His People.

In view of the importance of Christian zeal and activity in order that the Master's cause may go forward; and in view of the Christian's belief that souls not brought to Jesus must die without hope, it is passing strange that professed followers of Christ are so cold, and so indifferent to the work. One thing more is needed in all our churches is a rekindling of the sacred fires of devotion and spirituality upon our hearts' altars. We need to be stirred to the depths of our souls and filled with a burning desire for the salvation of the lost. We sleep in unsurpassable indifference while our own children wander from the fold, and our churches dwindle and die, surrounded by multitudes of the unsaved. We remain idle while every form of evil flourishes about us, and the enemy of all good keeps the ranks of his army well recruited with those we love. Why is it so? Why do Christians seem so little concerned over the everlasting welfare of their friends and neighbors, to say nothing of the millions in lands of darkness? There are those close at hand who must be saved this year, if saved at all. They are walking in the ways of death, and the end can not be far off at best; still we stand unmoved, as though it were nothing to us! When we consider these things carefully, we are surprised at ourselves. We wish to do something to help men find the Saviour, and feel condemned because we do not arouse and do more. Stir, ye angels of the Lord, and excite by and nothing is done. We are not satisfied with ourselves; we long to see the kingdom of God prosper, and evil put away. Here is a prayer in verse, written by Bessie Porter Head, which breathes the very spirit of true consecration. Would that we all might learn his heart, weigh every word, and make the burden of its prayer our own, until all our people are stirred in "passion for the world;" until "heart and will and mind" are so completely the Lord's that no self-seeking, self-will, or selfishness holds the church together, but unite as one man, to seek and save the lost! May the Lord stir into a flame the dying embers on every Seventh-day Baptist altar.

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord,—I care not how; But stir my heart in passion for the world; Stir me, oh! to keep me from unfruitful To stir the Blood-red banner be unfurled O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie, O'er deserts where no Cross is lifted high.

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, till all my heart Is filled with strong compassion for these souls, Till thy compelling 'must' drives me to pray; Till thy constraining love reach to the poles Far North and South, in burning, deep desire, Till Hell and West are caught in love's great fire.

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, till prayer is pain, Till prayer is joy—till prayer turns into praise; Stir me till heart and will are one and all Is wholly thine to use through all the days; Stir, till I learn to pray 'exceedingly,' Stir, till I learn to wait expectantly.

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord! Thy heart was stirred By love's intensest fire, till thou didst give Thine only words, Even to the dreadful Cross, that I might live; Stir me to give myself so back to thee, That thou canst give thyself again to me. Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, if I can see The evening's twilight, before the dawn's break; The dawn already gilds the Eastern sky; Oh, Christ! Oh, Christ! what a woe! Oh! stir us, Lord, as heralds of that day, For night is past—our King is on his way! **

A Terrible Disease.

Seldom in all the history of this Nation has a disease as contagious as that which has been unerouted than the cases of bribery brought to light in Ohio. When over two thousand citizens in one county alone sell their votes to the highest bidder, and when all the circumstances point to the fact that this is no isolated case, but that all over the land men are elected to office by bribes that amount to more than the salaries of the men when elected, it is time every
Troops Along Our Borders.

Information received at Washington aroused the fear that the Diaz government in Mexico was about to collapse. At once the military and naval authorities began mobilizing the troops along the borders in Texas, and assembling the battle-ships in both the Gulf of Mexico and along the Pacific Coast. About twenty thousand soldiers are now stationed near the lines, for the purpose of protecting American interests and to prevent the shipment of munitions of war across our borders for the use of Mexican rebels. The Mexican Government had just right to complain when the filibustering, and smuggling of arms from the United States had assumed such proportions that the authorities were greatly hindered in suppressing the uprising. Our government is friendly toward the Mexican Government, and when that government stood in jeopardy, and the President of the United States became convinced that prompt action was necessary to safeguard our interests, he sent a force of men, and it was only after much entreaty that he consented to talk to his fellow passengers on boardship about his illustrious father.

Rev. Charles F. Aked to Leave New York.

Considerable interest has been aroused in church circles over the resignation of Dr. Charles F. Aked as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church—Mr. Rockefeller’s church—in New York. Dr. Aked was called to America from England four years ago to take charge of this church. He came with high hopes that in America he might be enabled to work out his ideal in the line of an institutional church, but found the Fifth Avenue Church too much limited for room, to answer his purposes. Therefore, strong efforts were put forth last year to secure a suitable lot upon which to build such a church as would be necessary for the institutional, and pastoral, and contempalated. Finally, after much discussion, in view of the great expense of such a building, the church dropped the matter and decided to go on in the old building. Now Doctor Aked resigns to accept a call to San Francisco, Calif., because he thinks he sees there a chance to realize his ideals and to do a greater work. He said upon presenting his resignation: “I have failed to reconcile myself to the conditions which limit our work, and you have failed to find a way of changing the conditions.” He has refused several calls to return to England, because he believes the best work of his life is to be done under the American flag, and in fellowship with the American churches.

Some of Doctor Aked’s parishioners in interviews with reporters show quite a preference for the smaller church and quiet congregation, rather than the crowds that follow after a popular orator. Doctor Aked could not be satisfied with audiences of seven or eight hundred when, if there were room, he might easily have two thousand to hear him.

The Gospel of Labor.

But I think the King of that country comes out of his tireless host. And walks in the eyes of the weary, as if he loved it the most; And here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy. He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them in a blessing instead. Blessed are they that love their fellow workers. The Gospel of Labor.

And the cries of envy and anger will change to the songs of cheer.

For the toiling age will forget its rage when the Prince of Peace draws near.

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work. This is the rose that he planted here in the thorn-sward, sweet Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil—Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in “The Toiling of Felix.”

“Three hundred convicts in the penitentiary of Alabama were asked by its elaphas of them own their convict stripes to the use of liquor and 281 rose to their feet.”
Not a "Model Law" After All.

It will be remembered that when the Sunday law of Idaho was passed, the Reform Bureau was jubilant over the superior character of Idaho's law to enforce Sunday observance. The law was drafted by Rev. G. L. Tufts, the Pacific Coast representative of the International Reform Bureau, and was heralded abroad as a model law resulting from a careful study of the Sunday laws in forty States.

It now seems that this was not such a model law after all, if we are to accept the testimony of Idaho's governor, who pleads with the legislature for its repeal as follows:

The provisions of the act itself are in many respects both absurd and contradictory, and the matter has twice been before the supreme court, requiring construction at the hands of that tribunal, while many of its provisions still remain in grave doubt. The reasons for many of the prohibitions are simply incomprehensible to the average mind. . . No law universal in its application can be enacted that will be satisfactory to the varying conditions of this State. As a result of experience in constructing this law, the supreme court has proposed in its report to the governor, that it be so amended as to be made intelligible. Undoubtedly the act needs amendment if it is to continue in force, but I would suggest as a still better remedy that the entire act be repealed, and the subject-matter of it relegated to local authorities in the various municipalities of the State.

The Sabbath.

--REV. L. A. PLATTS, D. D.

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."--xx, 8.

It is not on the argumentative or controversial side of the Sabbath question that I am about to write; nor do I expect to attract anybody by the novelty of the subject. It is my single purpose to call attention to the design of the Sabbath, and to point out some of the ways in which we may disobey the command of the text, and "remember the sabbath day to keep it holy."

Jesus said,—and there can be no better authority,—Jesus said, "The sabbath was made for man." When and how "the sabbath was made," is told in the first three verses of the second chapter of Genesis. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them, and on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Three things are thus made clear at the outset: (1) God, not man, made the sabbath; (2) in the light of the reasons which he gives for sanctifying the Sabbath, he could make no other day the Sabbath than the seventh day; and (3) on the authority of Jesus, this Sabbath was made for man. Thus at the very time when old things were giving place to things new, when types and shadows were fleeing away by the shining of the substance, Jesus makes it plain that the Sabbath was not among these temporal, transient things, but that it had its beginning with man, was made for man, and is as enduring as man. They prove their ignorance of these principles who talk of the Sabbath as Jewish, or who class it among the things of which the apostle Paul tells the Colossians that Jesus took them out of the way, nailing them to his cross.

The Sabbath was never designed to prefigure or commemorate the redemptive work. That work had its prophetic recognition in the sacrifices and symbolic services of the Old Testament. It has its historic celebration in the ordinances of the New Testament,—baptism and the Lord's Supper. The redemptive work reaches back into the darker experiences of human sin, and is the divine remedy for it. The Sabbath antedates sin, for it was made for man while as yet he was in a state of Edenic purity and innocence,—would have been made, because made to reach man's spiritual needs, if there had been no transgression, no fall; it would have stood till sin and death shall be vanquished. When the world's long week shall be over, it will be merged into God's eternal Sabbath. It is the design of the Sabbath to meet man's deepest wants, to give the fullest, freest play to those elements of his nature which give him power to think the thoughts of God, to live the life of God. 1. Men are physical beings, with all the conditions and limitations of material substance, the possibility of weariness, and the necessity for physical rest. To this necessity the Sabbath comes with a sweet adaptability, giving succor from toil while mind and heart rove at will in the fields of God's love and care. Too often this physical adaptability of the Sabbath is lost, chiefly, it not its only, design, and many well-meaning people crowd the week with wearying toil, and give the Sabbath to renewing their failing powers with reference to another week of worldly strife, and suppose that they have obeyed the command, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy," while the truth is, they have scarcely tasted the sweets of Sabbath rest.

2. As has already been suggested, man is to have a well-being and as such has possibilities of communion and fellowship with God, in whose likeness and after his image he was made. It was to meet these possibilities that the Sabbath was made for him, and that it was one of the first provisions which God made for him while as yet the divine image in him was unmarred by sin. Because men everywhere need help and inspiration to call them away from things that are sordid and material to the things that are pure and holy, it is plain that the Sabbath was made for men everywhere. While the world stands, and while men shall have need of spiritual helps and inspirations, so long will this the first provision of God's love and grace,—the Sabbath,—continue to offer men its quiet hours and holy inspirations.

3. While recognizing the wide chasm between the material and the spiritual, and observing the adaptability of the Sabbath to each condition of life which these texts describe, let us not suppose that the proper use of the material, need wholly exclude the spiritual; an apostle has said: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Also, whatever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." If these Scriptures were spoken of things which were peculiar to the time when they were spoken, they still contain principles which are applicable to all times, and in the language of our time they mean that the Christian should do every kind of work in a Christian manner. Any business may be performed in such a manner as not a legitimate business for the Christian. But while the faithful and conscientious performance of the duties of domestic, social, and business life ought to be rendered in the fear and love of God and thus be a service rendered to him, there are still certain duties which man owes to God and to himself which are entirely separate from all worldly occupations, and which require the seclusion and the sacredness of the Sabbath for their proper performance. Let the Sabbath be stricken out of existence, let the day like the other days of the week be given to labor, to worldly thoughts, to the cares and frivolities of life, and the thought of God would soon depart from men's minds, and the fear of God is plain. It is in the essential design of the Sabbath to keep men in the knowledge, the fear, and the love of God. Its observance, just as God gave it, speaks only and always of him; it brings absolution from the business anxieties and toil, the self-sacrifice of the flesh, and affords opportunity for the study of God's Word, devout meditation, and holy worship.

What, then, shall we say of the manner of Sabbath observance? How shall we use this gift of God that its holy designs may be realized in our lives?

1. We must zealously observe it. In the beginning God blessed and sanctified it; and his command is, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy," basing the command on his own example.

2. It must be preserved from all occupations or employments of a secular character. "It thou shalt not do any work for six days; but in the seventh day thou shalt do no work, from the even of the sixth day unto the even of the seventh day, whether it be of thy soul or thy beast; whether it be of thy labor or thy store, thou shalt do no work. Deuteronomy 5:14."

3. The Sabbath may not be used for traffic, nor worldly convenience, or gain. God's people may not compromise the sacred hours of the day because others who
do not regard the Sabbath, thoughtlessly, or indifferently, or purposely seek to crowd their business upon us. Witness the scathing rebukes of the prophet Nehemiah against the men of Tyre, and others, who brought their wares into Jerusalem on the Sabbath day for these very purposes.

4. The Sabbath is not a day for idle recreation, or for personal pleasure seeking. God through his prophet Isaiah brings to his people wonderful promises of blessing on condition that they turn away the foot from his Sabbath, from doing their pleasure on his holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and should honor him, not doing their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words.

5. Deeds of mercy are consistent with the spirit and purpose of the Sabbath. On the Sabbath Jesus restored the withered hand, and relieved a poor woman of the palsy.

6. Jesus taught that works of mercy are necessary and such like—thou shalt do it. Let your conscience utter her voice; cherish your own highest spiritual interest; and keep yourself in the love of God.

7. The Sabbath is legitimately used for the purpose of public worship. More or less of labor may be involved in the assembling of people for such worship. Country places use teams of a necessity, and in cities the use of street-cars and other public conveyances can not be avoided if God's people heed the apostolic exhortation—"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is."

8. In these assemblies for public worship preaching and the expounding of the Word of God form a prominent feature, and this, for the preacher, is often the hardest day's work. Jesus came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his manner was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up to read. After the reading, he opened the meaning of the Scriptures read, until "all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. Likewise, the apostle Paul dwelt in Corinth a year and six months, teaching the Word of God among them. "And he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks."

9. Mingled with these acts of preaching and exposition were prayer and exhortation. Pastors and his helpers trained to Philippi, a chief city of that part of Macedonia, and on the Sabbath they went out of the city by a riverside where devout persons were accustomed to meet for prayer, and they sat down and talked with the women who had gathered there. Conversations and baptism followed these Christian labors, and out of this beginning, so far as we know, the church at Philippi grew,—a Sabbath-keeping church of baptized believers.

10. All use of the Sabbath hours which interferes, in any way, or to any extent, with these gracious provisions of God to give to them, is in that way, and to that extent, a violation of the Sabbath. If such infract the Sabbath, God, in his infinite wisdom, and from a sense of necessity and such like,—they are unfortunate, and should be guarded against as far as possible; if they are the result of carelessness, a weak surrender to worldly influence, or delusive planning, they are sinful violations of the holy Sabbath command. Like all other sinful conduct they call for repentance and reformation.

11. All questions of casualty concerning the Sabbath can be settled at the court of God's design in the gift of the Sabbath. Listen to the exposition of the apostle Peter: "But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Freedom from the thoughts and cares of the world, quietness of spirit, the instructions and inspirations of the house of God, and such like exercises, and frames of mind, all contribute to soul culture, elevation of spirit, likeness to God, and so promote the ends for which the Sabbath was given. It hinders the attainment of these ends, however specious in form or appearance, is not the best use of the Sabbath hours; while all that fills mind and heart with thoughts of the world, is positive profanation of the Sabbath. Are you in doubt about any act, or course of conduct as related to the Sabbath? Bring the doubt to the test of this court: Will it help or hinder the accomplishment of God's gracious designs in giving me the Sabbath? If there is still a doubt, give yourself the benefit of the doubt and don't do it. Let your conscience utter her voice; cherish your own highest spiritual interest; and keep yourself in the love of God.

12. Finally, the use of the Sabbath according to the divine purpose and with a clean conscience, to the child of God, is not a burden but an abounding joy. "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure; nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." "Let thine hand be stayed from the Lord's house; and keep thyself from his presence. Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy. The Sabbath was made for man; and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore the Son of man is Lord even on the Sabbath day."

May God help us all to see in the Sabbath a most precious boon, an institution planned in infinite wisdom, and proclaimed by the Father's love for the spiritual joy and health of his children; and in the proper appreciation and use of its sacred hours, may we "remember the sabbath day to keep it holy."

"The Sabbath, the memorial of the creative power of God in Christ, becomes a sign of God's redeeming, sanctifying, and uplifting power in Christ; and therefore, as long as the Christian keeps the Sabbath according to the commandment, he can never forget his Saviour, who redeemed him not from a literal Egyptian bondage, but who sanctifies him from sin."

The Revival at Walworth.

The evangelistic services conducted by Rev. C. R. Randolph, the Rev. L. C. Randolph, the Rev. Wm. E. Randolph, and others, at the Seventh-day Baptist church, closed February 12. There have been added to the churches at Walworth, as a result of these meetings, 63 members. Received into the Seventh-day Baptist church 23 members, 16 by baptism, 7 by letter. Received into the Congregational church 35, 20 on profession of faith, 15 by letter. Received into the Baptist "Brick" church 5 by baptism.

The interest in the meetings did not wane from beginning to end. At the last service at the Seventh-day Baptist church there were over 300 people in attendance. The liberality of the people, which was somewhat expressed in these efforts, was shown in the free-will offerings to the evangelist and his helpers. Besides the contribution for incidental expenses something over $200 was given to Bros. Randolph and $60 was given to Pastor Mullan of the Baptist church, who led the singing and who sang so many beautiful solos during the meetings. Besides this a most generous and liberal "pounding" was served on the pastor at the close of the meeting, valued in dollars and cents at something like $35 or $40. All this was done voluntarily as a free-will offering.

A word as to the character of the revival as conducted by Brother Randolph. I will quote from Pastor Davidson's article in the Walworth Times. He says: "This is no attempt to pay the tribute of praise which Doctor Randolph and his helpers deserve. It is rather an effort to record one's own impressions, and to express one's personal gratitude for what has been done.

"For one thing, these meetings have been notably free from features that have created a prejudice against revivals. There has been no attempt to create a sensation; there have been no exaggerated appeals to the emotions, no 'play to the galleries,' with the hope of drawing opposition.
I. When I survey thy wondrous cross, Blantyre, and one in Zululand, to... springs of the Gospel of L. C. Randolph.

II. One can not close without a word about another feature of the recent meetings—perhaps, after all, one of the most delightful of the entire series—the spirit of brotherly love and unity which has prevailed from the first.

III. This is the day of union of effort, of federation of Christians for service, of great, world-wide movements to unite all believers in the work of saving men. More and more do the children of God love to linger near the refreshing, exhaustless springs of the Gospel of Christ. Here in Walworth, while true to our convictions, we have forgotten our denominational preferences, our creedal differences, in our passion for the redemption of men. We have turned from everything that might divide, to gather around that which always unites—the cross of Jesus; and we have sung, with a renewed sense of its supreme, truth, the old hymn:

When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. Let the work go forward. To look upon these things as the close and the total of these year’s work, would be little short of calamity.

IV. My own conviction as a Seventh-day Baptist is, that one so qualified as Brother L. C. Randolph for evangelistic work should be put into the field as an evangelist, in order that all our churches might get the benefit of the gifts with which God has endowed him.

Walworth, Wis., March 12, 1911

Semi-annual Meeting of the Churches of the Western Association.

The semi-annual meeting of the churches of the Western Association will be held with the Friendship Seventh-day Baptist Church, Nile, N. Y., March 24-26, 1911. At this time there will occur the ordination of Pastor Herbert L. Cottrell to the gospel ministry. An interesting program has been arranged, and a large attendance is expected. Following is the provisional program.

Theme: “The High Calling of the Christian.”

FRIDAY EVENING.
7:30 Song service, conducted by Pastor Herbert L. Cottrell.
Sermon and testimony meeting—Pastor G. F. Bakker.

SATURDAY MORNING.
11:00 Sermon, “The Basis of the Christian’s High Calling”—Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, D. D.

AFTERNOON.
2:00 Sabbath school, conducted by superintendent of the Nile Sabbath school.
3:00 Young People’s Hour, conducted by Miss Melva Canfield.

EVENING.
7:30 Praise and devotional service—Rev. Walter L. Greene.
Program, “The High Calling of the Christian.”
1. “Christian Character and Conduct in Relation to Business, in View of the High Calling”—Rev. Wm. C. Whitford, D. D.
2. “The Christian as a Citizen, in View of the High Calling”—Mr. O. M. Burdick.

SATURDAY EVENING.
10:00 Business session.
11:00 Examination of candidate, Herbert L. Cottrell, for ordination to the gospel ministry.

AFTERNOON.
2:00 Ordination services.
Ordination sermon—Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell.

EVENING.
7:30 Praise and devotional service—Rev. Wm. L. Davis.
Sermon and testimony meeting—Rev. Erle E. Sutton.

The Work in Africa.

Extracts from letters of Joseph Booth to the Joint Committee under whose direction he is working.

“The arrival of the $250 voted for African work for the closing section of the past year has relieved the overpressure. Amounts varying from $5 to $10 have been sent by registered letters to six native Sabbath-keeping pastors in the Agongu country, two in the Agoni country, one at Shiloh, Blantyre, and one in Zululand, totaling $75. To each of these, several monthly report sheets have been sent with letters, some of considerable length, dealing with the special features of their particular position. All of them have been advised that the continuance of the society’s grant will depend upon the existing facts as we ascertain them more fully, to which end the report sheets are sent.

“Pastor Tandu for a few months only is appointed to visit the various centers and verify these reports and aid the more inexperienced non-English-speaking pastors to fill the said reports up with accuracy. If the certified reports of each of the existing churches prove to be satisfactory, these churches will absorb $75 monthly.

“Let us dare to do right.

WILLIAM L. CLARKE.

Let all of us have that right which makes right, and in that faith, let us dare to do the right. Though dark our way as Egypt’s blackest night, Our face will shine as when the sun is risen. And cheer us on to victory’s glorious light. All power on earth is in our Master’s hand, And heaven gives loving heed to his command. His chosen hour has come, and every land Where men and women plead the soul who call On us to bring his light and life to all Who know him not. He came to save the lost; To save us from our sins he paid the cost; If we withhold them from their precious right, Where is our hope of favor in his sight? W esterly, R. I., March 13, 1911.

MISSIONS

Let Us Dare to Do Right.

Who in the near future shall be chosen, in the providence of God, to foster and develop the many-sided African work, I, for my part, commit the matter to God. When my small part in the work is finished, I feel perfectly free to select the instrument or instruments for the future. On one thing I have clear conviction, namely, that the very best should be made by cautious and cooperative methods of the best native materials available, at the minimum cost, both in the perfecting, maturing and extending of the existing Sabbath cause in Nyassaland, and also in the selection and training of eligible students, many of whom are at this favored time seeking the highest presentation of Bible truth for their respective people, who cover large sections of the African continent. Most of these truth-hungry native students have mastered the English tongue sufficiently to be at once accessible to the sympathetic English minds, and are about two hundred and fifty advanced natives of different South African languages whom I formerly corresponded with concerning Russell’s views. These I hope to reach with Sabbath literature.

A report is to hand from Charles Domingo, pastor of a church in Augoniland, which is four days’ journey from Lake Nyassa. Hanso Tandu has spent two weeks visiting this church which they call the “Liberezi Sabbath Mission.” This report shows an attendance at the Sabbath service on November 19, 1910, of 821 persons, on November 26 an attendance of 873 persons, and the 713 persons in the Lord’s Supper on November 26. The following are the words of Pastor Tandu: “The people are crying to me for schools. We have opened five, two teachers to each. Many are wanted. I have told the people to wait till I get word from you, hoping to get the help for these teachers. The people are very willing to keep the Sabbath, not Sundays. I believe by the God’s power the work will increase in Augoniland and Nyassa. At my departure they were very sorry to let me go off from their presence.”

“Submission is the secret of spiritual strength.”

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
New York City and Foreign Missions.

REV. E. D. VAN HORN.

There is an interesting phase of foreign missions that is attracting more and more attention each year in this city and one which should interest the people of our own denomination. This phase has been well characterized by the beautiful phrase, "Foreign missions at home." Contradictory as it may seem, in New York City may now be found the greatest opportunities for effective foreign mission work, for sending the Gospel "into all the world," that have ever been offered to any one nation. At the present time the Nation has received at its port last year 8,601,015 immigrants, or approximately 86 per cent of all immigrants arriving in the United States. This is an average of 2,454 immigrants for each day in the year. What per cent of this vast multitude remain in New York City, I do not know; but this we do know, that the rapid increase in its population is largely due to the foreign immigrant settling within its bounds.

The last census of New York City to have a population of 4,765,883, more than 1,000,000 of which are foreigners representing upwards of forty-seven different nations. Many of these people in their native country were governed by governments less democratic and Christian than our own, in some instances knowing only poverty, cruelty and despotism, until discouraged and downhearted they have turned to this country for relief and the enjoyment of their rights and privileges. Others are lured here by the extravagant tales of our wealth and luxury told by unscrupulous agents of the transatlantic steamship companies to increase their business. Hence those who arrive on these shores are, as a rule, the poorer classes of the foreign nations, notwithstanding the fact that the United States by her immigration laws attempts to sift out the undesirables, such as the criminals, the pauper and the distributors of contagious diseases.

Now the opportunity of foreign missions lies in this fact, that many of these people do not remain here but return to their own countries. Last year there returned 177,982; and with this number going annually from our shores what an opportunity we have of disseminating the higher and deeper principles of mercy and justice, peace and good will, of universal brotherhood of men and the Fatherhood of God, in all parts of the earth.

But to do this we must take a different attitude towards the foreigner. Too often we look upon him as the "dregs of Europe," or the "outcasts of the world," the "idle refuse," to be with br done by placing an insuperable barrier in the way of Christianizing him. As President Ozora Davis of Chicago Theological Seminary says, "This is a wicked caricature of those who are coming to our shores." Then he says, if there are bad men and women among them, that they are often ignorant and superstitious, is all too true; but those who know best the real quality of these people know that there is ambition, hope, physical strength, spiritual possibility, among them to such a degree that the terms just used do not represent them truly. When we get beneath differences in language, dress, customs and religion, we find these people to be like ourselves in all the great things and doves, love and fears, that make us men. They too seek after God.

Our opportunity to scatter the seeds of Christianity lies not only in our teaching by word but more in our treatment of these foreigners. If we show them foreigners the value and the power of the higher laws of life, and that to observe them brings blessing and happiness, then they will return to their native countries to spread these same truths and principles, consciously or unconsciously, among their own countrymen.

Next article I will tell something about what the churches of New York City are doing to inculcate these principles in the life of the foreigner, and what we as a denomination are contributing towards the same end.

1043 Southern Boulevard.
March 8, 1911.

A Vacation Sermon.

REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK.

It is Sabbath morning. All night long over the hills has hung the heavy curtain of the fog; but now, at 8 o'clock, riffs begin to appear, a good breeze from the west here, a strong breeze there, and the dark bank of clouds is surely disappearing, although far off from the sea twenty miles away comes the low moaning of the foghorns, warning of danger.

The preacher is away on his vacation. All the people are to have a sermon.

He would like to be with them to listen to the story, one of the oldest in the world, the story of Job. As he can not be there, why should he not start out to find something that will preach a sermon to him? Shall the bee be helped while he remains uninstructed?

Here is a tangled path leading the way down the hill. It winds in and out, through dew-laden sweet-fenn and ragged huckleberry shrubs, to a little stream that works its way over and among huge boulders and under sweeping alders. So down we go until we hear the purring of the water bees and the stillness under the arches of the branches. We cross the bridge of old slabs and come upon the log road that follows along under the shadow of the ledges. Here we find the deserted mill with the great piles of molding lumber and the eerie ruin of a house. The roof has fallen in, the hewn beams, rough boards and shingles give us an inkling of its age. Whose fireside was here under this rotting roof? There they loved and lost their young, and children playing on this floor. Somebody loved and somebody hated here. But whoever they were, the place where they lived, loved, hated and died is now but a mass of ruins, and the yard dense with sumac and briars, where today the bees are flocking by thousands to gather for the hive. Some day the old house may give me a sermon, but not today. Let us go following the dark road down the valley.

Ah, what have we here? A gate, and beside the gate, an old oak! Here is a good place for a sermon. If the woods were God's first temples, I think an oak must have been his pulpit from which the sermons were preached. This one has arms thrown out wide like the arms of love, and it looks solid like the Rock of Ages. Well, old oak, if you will preach a sermon, I will try to listen.

A breeze rustled the leaves of the old tree softly and they seemed whispering together as if questioning one another as to what reply should be made to patience, like a prayer, unspoken but felt, felt on the whole forest. Then I heard this:

"Think on these words, O man: 'He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,' and again, 'He shall flourish like a cedars of Lebanon.'"

"These words are for the patient man. Do you see how I have worked my way? The tangle of white birch could not stop me; I even pushed aside that great elm and made her give me room. I had rivers of water, and I flourished; but I had to work patiently. Remember this: There is a way through every obstacle that meets your life; all may be overcome by patience
and perseverance. White birch or elm or hemlock will give way to the patient life within the heart of oak. "That's what I try to remember so good a lesson as that."

"Another thing," said the tree, "is, that although I have had these oppositions, I wish you would notice how I have spread."

So I paced from tip to tip of opposite branches, and the old tree spread over one hundred feet. When I had expressed my surprise, the tree said: "Oppositions did not make me narrow, did they? Nothing narrow or small about me, that's sure. I am really broad-minded you see. Even think these seeming hindrances have helped broaden me. See how friendly I am with all the rest of the trees. We lock arms with each other and leaf kisses leaf at each stir of the breeze, and none are the worse for it. This is the lesson: Be friendly with others. Recognize the good in them. Greet them in the spirit of love. Help them all you can."

But notice: In my broadness I stand my own ground. Do not leave your own ground for the sake of being thought broad. The broadest-minded are those who stand in their own convictions with charity. Those who are constantly changing ground in order to broaden get no change to grow. Those who are thus changing are like the 'waves upon the sea, tossed about by every wind.' These are the narrowest of all.

"Another good lesson, dear tree," said I. "I will try to profit by it."

"But what mean these ugly scars upon your body?" I asked. "Well," replied the tree, "those show the places where branches once grew. They were in the way and were brushed against so much that they died. In that one there was a worm worm of disease. The owner of the field came by one day with his ax and cut them off. A dead limb is a bad thing for a tree. The heart is trying to send life into the dead fiber all the time, and it saps the strength. When one dead branch was taken off, two new ones started higher up. Some of the branches now gone I had when I was a little tree. When I grew up I dropped them of my own accord. They were too near the ground. Remember, O man, that some parts of our lives get in our own way and in the way of others. They are brushed against and become nothing but dead wood. They take our strength, and are parts of our being where the working of the arts works. Some were ours early in life, and need to be cast off. Let the Master of the field hew them away. They are an injury to you. Of course it will leave a scar. But remember that an ugly scar is better than a dead branch. One does not need to be ashamed of scars and knots. On most trees it is the knot that brings out the beauty of the grain. Is it not your light affliction that works out for you your glory? Remember also that which is written: 'Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.' Do not forget that for every low limb chopped off, two new ones will start higher up and nearer heaven than those put away."

And so ended the sermon given by the old oak.

Let me summarize the lessons. Patience is a great factor in progress both spiritual and earthly. Breadth is truest when deep-rooted in its own ground. There are some things in which it would be well for us to lay aside. Three good points and enough for any sermon, however learned. Thinking such thoughts I turned from the shade I had been enjoying, and slowly climbed the steep in the midst of the yellow glory of the autumn Sabbath noon.

The Christian's Prayer.

Give me the eye of faith, O Lord! That sees thee in the dark; That views aright thy chast'ning rod; That knows thou dost in mercy smile.

The arm of strength, O Lord, give me, To lift a burden by the way. To guide the erring ones to thee. Whose feet in sin have gone astray.

A heart of love, O Lord, I crave, That's pure and true and rich and sweet; That knows Christ died to save, And finds in him a joy complete.

"Woman may possibly not know enough to vote, though we don't admit it; but she certainly knows enough not to sell that vote to the first briber who may happen along."

WOMAN'S WORK

Mrs. George E. Crossley,
Contributing Editor.

Jubilee Hymn.

Aim: "Fling Out the Banner."

Lord God of nations, East and West,
We praise thee for triumphant years
And hallow this, our Jubilee.

Through fifty years of service sweet,
Thy hand hath led us all the way,
Thy hand omnipotent to guide
Through doubt to trust, through dark to day.

To all thy daughters, near and far,
Vouchsafe thy grace for days to come,
And grant that we may faithful stand,
Until thy voice shall call us home.

Lord God of nations, East and West,
We lift our grateful hearts to thee,
We praise thee for triumphant years
And hallow this, our Jubilee.

—Grace June Jones.

We are all glad to learn of the safe arrival in Shanghai of Dr. Grace Crandall. Under date of February 7 she wrote to her people in Milton, that she had reached Shanghai, that the journey had been pleasant and that she was feeling well. That she may be abundantly blessed in her work in China is our prayer.

Budding Blossoms in the Shaowu Girls' School.

"Germs have burst, buds have bloomed and blossoms have bloomed into fruitage," in the Shaowu Girls' School. Springtime is the time for buds, and springtime is also the time for new pupils to enter the schools in China, but the Elizabeth Sheldon Lombard School has as yet no fast and hard rules forbidding the receiving of a few new scholars at the beginning of the fall term. So when school began the last day of September, among the seventy-five girls present could be seen one or two new faces. And because these new faces mean difficulties overcome and hardships endured; because they mean daily struggles, conquests and growth; and because they will mean untold power for good in future homes and communities, I am sure you will be as interested in them as we are.

The first day of school there is something contagious about the spirit of it anywhere, either in America or China! But some of our girls look rather more tired, rather more dust-stained and tired-out than they do in the homeland; for coming to school in Shaowu is no joke. For the majority of them it means a long, hard journey over high mountains and through deep valleys, almost or entirely on foot. By this time they are feeling a heavy load from the rains. For one poor new girl it meant an unaccustomed walk of twenty miles in a hot sun, that almost resulted in sunstroke. For several more it meant as long a walk on foot as though they had crossed the States of New Hampshire and Vermont. But there are no trains, and if there were they probably could not afford to ride in them, even as they can not afford to ride in a sedan chair. They must save that precious three dollars to pay for board and tuition for a term, and the fifty cents for books, and the cash pieces for the church collection.

No, coming to school is not an easy matter even for the initiated. But for the new girls it means even more; for there are many of them grafted buds, from trees which have been rooted in paganism.

Here comes, on the day before school, a girl accompanied by the man who is to be her father-in-law. He stands in the place of her father for the love and care he has for his family for years. They are accompanied by various other members of the family, large and small, and by a Christian man to vouch for their character and standing in the community. The father-in-law has a wonderful story to tell. Four years ago his son, the affianced husband of this girl, went to Poochow to study in the government schools there. One day he fell ill with asthma and with pneumonia, and possibly some other things, and had to return home. What little knowledge the girls had in Shaowu, he went to a foreign dispensary —our own Doctor Kinneer's dispensary. To quote his father, he was wonderfully cured in one day. What is more, he had the Gospel preached to him there and he
found it good medicine to his soul. So he immediately wrote back to his father that the doctrine is good, that they must all become learners, that the bride-to-be must unbind her feet and must go to the foreign ladies' school, to study not only the doctrine, but something else that they can teach her. So in the morning she unbound her feet, she began to attend church, and now, will the foreign ladies receive her into their beautiful school? She has studied when she was a little girl for one term.

It is too good an opportunity to miss, for the bridgروم will not be ready for his bride for several years, and in that time she will probably develop in steady Christian growth, and her mind will be trained to meet the growing demands made upon the women of China intellectually, and she will have learned useful lessons in cleanliness and sanitation. She is quite happy, and read half through the First Reader the first day.

Another new girl is "Middle Sheep"; not a very pretty name for a girl, you say, but not so impolite to her when she was first discovered in her mountain home she was as shy as any lamb, and not at all inclined to follow the new shepherds out into a strange world where one reads books, eats one's feet, small and ladylike, grow into great awkward ones like boys and slave girls. Fortunately for Middle Sheep, as she has already discovered, I think, she had been betrothed to the son of a preacher, and he was by conscience bound to marry sheep into the fold of Christ, if possible, and so of course she must go to school.

The preacher, accompanied by one of the "finished products" of the girl's school went to see her in her mountain village, and they coaxed, exhorted and commanded until Middle Sheep and all her family consented, and off came the tight bandages from her feet, and on went the new shoes, and Middle Sheep came to school. That was last spring. This fall she has returned, radiant in new clothes. She is a full-fledged student now, and does not care that her feet are getting larger every day, for after all she wasn't a "black" sheep, but only one of the shy, stray lambs of the Good Shepherd's fold.

Some day she will go to be one of the helpers in the women's work in her father-in-law's parish, and will bear for herself the Lord's command, "Feed my lambs."

But a great deal of interest centers this term around two new girls who have just come to us from Kiangsi, the next province. We are anxious to see them develop, but we are not more interested in them than they are in us, for haven't they been talking, planning and looking forward to this for years?

A number of years ago some of our workers went over the borders into Kiangsi and started a little church. After a while workers were scarce and there was no one to send them. The little church grew less and less in numbers, but the good work had taken root in several homes, and it sprang up and brought forth fruit.

For several years a young man from this community has been in the boys' school, and great was his desire that his sisters should come to our school, and great were evidently the tales that he had carried home to them. Finally the day arrived when they were to start on this wonderful new world and see for themselves. "Precious Gold" is sixteen and "Jeweled Gold," fourteen, but they are tall for their age. They packed their clothing, each in a neat bundle, and these with a cotton bed and a very thick comforter were the sum total of their baggage.

It was a five days' journey, and they could not hire a load carrier and a chair both, so they packed the bundles in the chair, and taking turns sitting on top of their possessions they alternate rode and walked for five days until they reached the place of their anticipations.

The people talked another language, and did queer things with Indian clubs and dumb-bells, and had board floors all over the house, that had to be scrubbed, and they sang strange songs in strange ways, and played strange games; but Precious Gold and Jeweled Gold were too interested to be shy, and so although they couldn't understand the Shoshone language as yet, the language of a smile is universal, and these girls are rich in smiles.

Therefore with smiling faces they picked up the dumb-bells and tried to do what the others did; and with smiling faces they swept and scrubbed, and with their heads cocked on one side, more like two birds than anything else, they smilingly essayed to sing the scale. When the Junior Endeavor time came they knew what to do, for the Bible was the same Bible they had read at home, and the doctrine was the same doctrine, and prayer is prayer, whether it be in Chinese or in English.

They have only been with us a few days now, but we are pleased with them, and they are pleased with us. We are hopeful for these neglected outstations that can send us boys and girls like these, even when we are风气 started a little church for them. But their hope lies in these very boys and girls who shall go back to be "ensembles of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in purity."

Some of the buds are natural growths. One is our pastor's little granddaughter. School is a natural thing to her. Her aunt is here, her cousins are here, and so are all her playmates, and now she has come, to increase the school's and the church's. So whether they come from far or near, from Christian or heathen homes, we give them all a glad welcome, knowing that the good Father will multiply the seed sown and that the buds shall burst into flowers, and the flowers shall form fruitage for his kingdom.—Miss Grace A. Funk, in the Foochow Messenger.

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Board met with Mrs. A. J. C. Bond, at Mrs. J. Vanlock.

The President opened the meeting by reading the Eighth Psalm, and offered prayer.

The attendance were Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. J. F. Whitford, Mrs. D. P. Crandall, Mrs. J. W. Morton, and Mrs. A. J. C. Bond.

The Treasurer's report was read and adopted. The total receipts for the month were $103.50; the disbursements $80.00.

The Corresponding Secretary read her letter writing in reply to a letter received from Mrs. Anna S. Booth of Cape Town, South Africa. Letters were read from Mrs. Nettie West and Mrs. Jean Cooper.

Mrs. O. U. Whitford read a communication from Miss Grace A. Funk, in which she declined to write the biography of Dr. Ella Swinney on account of her lack of knowledge of her work in China.

By vote Mrs. O. U. Whitford was requested to write the biography of Dr. Ella Swinney.

On motion the Corresponding Secretary was requested to write to Miss Ethelyn Davis to take charge of the music for the woman's hour of the Association.

Adjoined to meet with Mrs. J. H. Babcock the first Monday in April.

Mrs. A. J. C. Bond, Recording Secretary.

Why I Believe the Old Testament Miracles.

I do believe them when I have time to think about them. But every day there happens some miracle so much greater than ever happened before that it keeps my mind occupied with God's new wonderers in our own marvelous time. Some day when I get up in mind that God couldn't speak in here to man on this earth, I am dragged away from contemplation of the doubtful possibility of such a thing by a man in Chicago who wants to talk with me here in Pasadena, and he tells me he has just been talking with his brother in Philadelphia. That would have puzzled Moses to profound bewilderment than anything he ever saw or heard in his life. He believed the passage of the Red Sea because he saw it. What he might have thought about the telephone is mere guesswork. The world was not ripe for the greatest miracles in Moses' day.

If the miracle stories of the Old Testament are the inventions of the old chroniclers and scribes, then the old chroniclers were men of marvelous power of dexterous imaginations. Shakespeare made Puck say, "I'll put a girdle round the world in forty minutes." The fairies of Puck's age of fable, were leaden-footed messengers. Our lightning messenger of today girdles the globe in almost as many seconds. "What hath God wrought!"—Voices of the dead live in the phonograph, Melba, Caruso, Tetzratti, sing in a hundred cities at the same hour. Actions
of life move across the screens of the picture shows. The first message flashed over a telegraph wire was, “What hath God wrought?” The inventor considered his invention a miracle. Now, the quadruplex instrument crowds our messages along a single wire going and coming without confusion, and the same principle is about to be applied to the telephone. One minute the city of New Orleans and Havanawas moved an inch in a power house far away, and lo, miles and miles of street and avenue, home and business block, factory and office, church and theater, spring into dazzling light. Was the pillar of fire more wonderful? Was the crossing of the Red Sea or the Jordan so wonderful as the crossing of the English Channel by Blériot? I never saw a man caught up from the earth in a chariot of fire. But I saw Hoxsey sweep up into the air like a bird thousands of feet until he disintegrated in the faint clouds higher than the mountain tops. It is a greater work of God to prevent disease than to heal it. What has become of the plague of yellow fever that used to stalk the empire of the tropics? One man, the poor man, went out because of the Jordan so wonderful as the crossing of the Red Sea, the fall of Jericho, the fountain-bearing rock,—why, these are easy. I am not so sure that we might not be able to manage these things ourselves, in this day of wonderful developments. Only, there are no more deserts left in God’s world, and no more Canaanites. That is, at least, not on a scale big enough for extensive experiments.

I account for the miracles of the old days, as I accept those greater miracles of today. I never ask for miracles, I never pray for them. I just want God to keep on with his wonderful and gracious commonplaces. Less than twenty years ago an Italian, a pedlar man, went out on a sand waste with a wash of boulders scattered over it, not fifty miles from Pasadena, California. I don’t think he could have found a more fertile looking waste in the State. Something must have whispered to him, “Son of man, where are these dry bones?” And he answered, “Yes.”

He planted a vineyard on that cheap desert land. Acre by acre he added to his holdings, until the plant grew and flourished, and he’ll break his own record. So he wrongfully accused by his boy’s kite, caught a bottle of the electric fluid, and studied it, but didn’t find out what it was, except that it was not lightning. But presently comes another man, “Morse is mistaken,” he said, “that isn’t a messenger boy. It’s too quick. It runs too fast. It’s a candle-wick.”

So he twists it into the globe of the incandescent lamp and the arc light, and lo, the midnight glows like the noonday, and there’s enough darkness left in the night to rest our eyes! But along comes another worker of miracles. “Candle-wick?” he said scornfully, “that thing is a speaking trumpet. It’s a megaphone.” He waits for the telephone box, and sets the world to talking miles apart in stage whispers.

Another man comes on the stage of investigation. “A megaphone?” he says; “nonsense. That’s a country stage-car horse.” All he needs is a little good training, and he’ll break his own record. So he harnessed him to a little copper wheel, spelled stage-car with a t and two Is, and sent the trolley screeching along the streets.
So one miracle grew out of another, and each successive one was easier and more useful and more wonderful than the others. The first one was the hardest, as the first step always is.

If the greater wonders of today didn’t occupy so much of my time, I should study the wonders of three thousand years ago with greater interest than I do. Today’s marvels claim my attention. The press which prints the Sunday School Times is among them. So is the literature. So is the machine that telegraphs a man’s signature. And his portrait. So is wireless telegraphy, speaking from the shore a thousand miles to the ship at sea. So is the new wonder, the wireless telephone. And the miracles that yet sleep in the busy brains of men—who shall venture to guess at a wonder that will not surpass the guess when it is wrought into a fact?

**These Only the Works of Men?**

“But,” some one protests, “all these are the works of men.”

Well, then, if men can do such things, what can’t God do?

Every time a shadow of doubt concerning the mighty works of the Creator drifts across my mind I echo that mighty prayer of Jeremiah in the dungeon, “Ah, Lord God, there is nothing too hard for thee!”

So, when I am puzzled and helpless, down in the darkness of my dungeon, the dungeon of this little life and its limitations, its weakness and its foolishness, its poverty and childishness—this poor prison of my life—when the problems of thinking and doing, of freedom and the activities of a broader, higher, richer life than mine weigh upon me, I, too, cry, “Ah, Lord God, there is nothing too hard for thee!”

And I believe God can do anything he calls he can.—Robert J. Burdette, D. D., in Sunday School Times.

**Lost Creek, W. Va.**

Candy for Children.

It goes without saying that discretion must be used as to the time and amount when candy is given to children. The best time for such indulgence is immediately after a meal, not before it. If surfeited with sweets there will be no room left for wholesome food of other varieties. Children who have plenty of fresh air will bring to the table a good appetite for soup, meat, and potatoes, and they would much better have fruit, raw or cooked, and pure candy by way of dessert than rich pastry and plum cake.—*The Christian Herald*.

Rev. F. B. Meyer of London is planning to give a week to Chicago, under the auspices of the Moody Bible Institute, beginning June four.

Special meetings will be arranged for ministers, and in the same connection a conference on open-air work for the summer months will be held.

**Sabbath Day—Topic:** Opportunities for service in teaching.

I hope that each of our societies will use this topic, for it is worthy of our most careful and prayerful consideration. There are but few, if any, of our societies that do not have members who are teaching, and many more of our young people will soon enter upon the work.

That I might be able to make these notes more interesting, suggestive and profitable, I have asked several teachers for their opinions and experiences along the line of the topic. I wish you could read their letters. I can only give you quotations from them.

Why do so many of our young people teach school? For if, as the Lord Jesus said, “A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit; neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit” (Matt. 7:18), and if, as the Lord Jesus taught, “Neither by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God” (Matt. 4:4), the results of teaching are so important, then (1) love for Christ is necessary, (2) a thorough training in the religious knowledge and ethics that should be taught, (3) a right spirit, (4) a right motive. Each of our societies will have preachers and we will seek to fulfill our obligations to the church, as a Christian worker in every good cause.

Resolved, That while our hearts are deeply saddened at her departure, yet we will bow in humble submission to the will of our heavenly Father, knowing that he does not willingly afflict, but that in his infinite wisdom he has best to take Aunt Mary to the better life.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere love and sympathy to her lonely husband and family, pointing them in close contact—six hours in the schoolroom, two hours in the church, as a Christian worker in every good cause.

Sabbath—Topic: Opportunities for service in teaching (Eph. v, 1-16). (Consecration meeting.)

**Sunday—Be Strong (Eph. vi, 10-18).**

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on record, one sent to the family and one sent to the Sabbath Recorder for publication.

In behalf of the Ladies’ Aid Society, Mrs. Irea Randolph, Mrs. Nannie Davis, Mrs. Clara Kennedy, Committee.

**Pasadena, Cal.**

Look within! You know that in your highest moments an ideal of purity, honesty, sincerity, loveliness, shines within you. Let that be your work day by day, molding your life into its likeness.—Abby M’Duffy.

**YOUNG PEOPLE’S WORK**

**Rev. H. C. Van Horn,** Contributing Editor.

**Opportunities for Service in Teaching.**

**PASTOR WILLARD D. BURDICK.**

**Prayer meeting topic for April 1, 1911.**

**Daily Readings.**

January 1-Be patient (James i, 27). Monday—Be helpful (Gal. vi, 1-10).

Tuesday—Ready to speak for Christ (Col. iv, 2, 3). Wednesday—Be just (1 Thess. v, 22). Thursday—Be loving (2 Tim. ii, 20, 21). Friday—Be Christlike (Col. ii, 8, 7).

Resolutions of Respect.

We, as members of the Ladies’ Aid Society, wish to express our appreciation of the exemplary life of our departed sister, Mrs. Milton Davis, who so faithfully performed her every duty in our society, and sought to fulfill her obligations to the church, as a Christian worker in every good cause.

Resolved, That while our hearts are deeply saddened at her departure, yet we will bow in humble submission to the will of our heavenly Father, knowing that he does not willingly afflict, but that in his infinite wisdom he has best to take Aunt Mary to the better life.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere love and sympathy to her lonely husband and family, pointing them to Jesus who alone can bind up the broken heart and console in every trying hour.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on record, one sent to the family and one sent to the Sabbath Recorder for publication.

In behalf of the Ladies’ Aid Society, Mrs. Irea Randolph, Mrs. Nannie Davis, Mrs. Clara Kennedy, Committee.

**Candy for Children.**

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**THE SABBATH RECORDER.**

(Wis.) High School writes: “The opportunities for Christian service in teaching are numberless. The boys and girls, especially those in the high schools of the age when they may choose either to do something worth while or to follow the downward road of shiftlessness and sin; and oftentimes their teacher may do more to put them on the right track than any other person, even their parents.”

Prof. H. W. Rood, custodian of Memorial Hall at the Wisconsin State Capitol, having had thirty-five consecutive years of experience in the schoolroom, says: “While about this work I could not well help doing some thinking. And this thinking has led to the belief that the influence of the living, present teacher is of greater consequence than both books and apparatus. . . . Do you know, my dear friend, I believe the influence of the real teacher is greater over the boys and girls than that of the preacher who addresses them—in close contact—six hours in the day for nine months in the year. His pupils come to him for the express purpose of learning. In his class-work he does not lecture them as a whole, he talks to them personally each day, draws some light out on this subject and that. If cordial relations exist between him and them, he can lead them, in the course of their recitations, to think and talk of serious things. As I look back now, I can recall some holy seasons in school—times when I may well have removed the shoes from my feet. I am thinking now of one class in particular—the ninth grade, in reading. There were beautiful things in our literature. Though not essentially religious the spirit of the Master is in them; and in seeking the deeper meanings we come often into touch with holy things. Those pupils used to put feeling into what they read, and their hearts were open for the reception of truth. Oh, how well I remember their big eyes—windows of the soul—as they looked up at me, hungry, it seemed to me, for soul-food. Those occasions were about as good as prayer meetings. With in order to get boys and girls into this receptive attitude one must first get himself into a right attitude with his pupils—and with his Master.

“And then I remember another class—in
members of this class are new converts. ... The people here know that I am a Sabbath-keeper. The church people understand it, and my pupils have learned that I never go to a ball game or an entertain-ment on Sabbath day or the evening before the Sabbath. I take pains that they shall know that I do this for reasons of conscience. Somehow I feel that they respect me the more for it." Miss Rogers has had several talks with people on the Sabbath question, and has made it possible for several to receive Sabbath literature.

Mr. Stringer writes: "My experience with the teacher who has among the forebears of this city has been a very pleasant one. These men are in a strange land and it seems that no one takes any interest in them except the saloon man. He places his trap in their paths and swings the door open and invites them to enter. Whenever I see a saloon man, I think of these good people."

Another letter was planned to be sent to the Sabbath-keepers. The church people understand this, and it seems that no one likes the study. It was easy for the teacher to make the boys understand it. The teacher's manners, habits, and education are all that are necessary. They have seen so much of them in other schools."

Miss Emma Rogers of Farina went into a Wisconsin mining town of about 700 inhabitants, that had three saloons. Gambling, drinking, swearing and immorality were very general. It was not long before Miss Rogers felt keenly the needs of the people. Last October she wrote to the Farina Y. P. S. C. E. of the condition in this town. In closing the letter she said: "Do you wonder that I spend much time in earnest prayer for my boys and girls? Do you wonder that, sometimes, I lie awake in the night hours, thinking of them and wondering what I am doing for good? I know that my pupils are looking at me; for they know that I stand for Christ and religion. They are judging my Christ by me. They have seen so much hollow Christianity that they expect to find that I am only a sham, too." She recently wrote: "I feel sure that no one has a greater opportunity for service than the teacher, especially the teacher in the high school. Here he is constantly coming into the most intimate contact with boys and girls who are forming ideals and building character. ... Last December we had a great revival in the little village where I am teaching, and I had the pleasure of seeing my pupils but five give their hearts to Christ. God blessed me, as he sure is helping some of these boys and girls to make the right decision. Now he is using me in helping them to abide by their choice and to walk the narrow path—and few know how hard that is in a town like this. It is sometimes hard for a Seventh-day Baptist to know just how fully he can enter into Christian work in churches of other denominations. I believe that we can help people of other faiths and still be loyal and consistent. I am a member of the Epworth League here and am now president of that organization. Besides this I have a class of men and boys in Sunday school. Many of the
Greene of Alfred, N. Y., who has taught for many years:

"I have a very, very high appreciation of the service and influence of the devoted teacher among young people. Such a teacher is not separated from the boys by the barrier of the 'cloth,' an obstacle which the minister not infrequently has to meet. He has the vantage of an inner circle of influence, a closer daily touch. Children and young people in the formative age are very responsive to his lead—particularly boys. In fact, the high-souled teacher has often, I believe, a stronger, deeper influence on boys than their own parents have, especially in certain stages of their development. This is particularly true in the matter of their personal habits and life choices.

"It was my privilege a few years ago to organize an anti-cigarette league of 400 members among the boys of the higher department of my school. After a kindly talk to them on the objects and benefits sought, a pledge was taken to each room and laid upon the desk, and then was passed by them from boy to boy without persuasion or pressure of any kind. The readiness and honest purpose of the boys were a surprise to me. In the pledge the boy agreed to abstain wholly from the use of tobacco until he reached the age of twenty-one years, and to cast his influence for their earnest words and helpful example. We felt confident that if they could be safeguarded till they reached their majority, their good boy agreed that the barriers of the habit, and he would not lie. Is not such a boy worth saving?

"The teacher's life and activity should say: 'I love the boy, but I hate beer and whiskey drinking and cigarette smoking, as unmanly, wicked and unchristian.'

"I would that the girls, just building into womanhood, would firmly, wisely and lovingly take their stand on this subject, for the sake of their brothers and other boys' brothers, and for the purity and sanctity of the home.

"Who has greater opportunity to place before the child pure and high ideals of manhood and womanhood than the teacher? Ah, the influence of the liberally educated, loving, high-souled woman in the class-room and in the circle about the evening lamp! What a blessed work to reveal beauty before unseen, to direct to waiting ears the harmony all about us, to lead the way to the treasure-house of the world's best thought, and point the path of youth up to the 'vantage ground of truth.'"

"I am indeed grateful to these teachers for their earnest words and helpful examples. We have scores of other teachers who are doing splendid service, and in this service are obtaining the larger life.

SUGGESTIONS TO LEADERS

Leaders, you have a splendid opportunity to make this meeting interesting and helpful to all who attend. Carefully plan for the meeting, taking plenty of time for the preparation of the lesson. Ask some one to find out how many in your church have taught school or are now teaching. (But I knew how many teachers there are in your church.) Have an old teacher give some personal experiences in teaching.

Have another speak of the influence of the teacher on the moral and the religious life of scholars.

Close the meeting with testimonies on the topic.

"Stories of Moses."

MARY CAMenga,
Recognition service, Brookfield, N. Y.

The Israelites multiplied so rapidly that Pharaoh was afraid they would soon become a greater nation than the Egyptians. To prevent this he ordered all the boy babies killed.

When Moses was born his mother hid him for three months. Then she put him in a basket, putting the basket to float in the river.

One day Pharaoh's daughter came to the river to bathe. She found Moses and took him home and brought him up as she would have a boy of her own. When Moses was grown up he went to his own people. One day he saw an Egyptian whipping an Israelite. Seeing no other person was near he slew the Egyptian. When people found out what he had done he fled to Midian. Here he kept the flocks of Jethro.

One day when he came to a mountain with his sheep, the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of a burning bush. He told him to go deliver the Israelites. So Moses went back to Egypt.

God sent plagues on the Egyptians, the last one of which was the slaying of the first-born. Pharaoh was frightened and called Moses and Aaron, saying, 'Rise up, and get you forth from among my people.'

The Israelites journeyed from Rameses to Succoth. And the Lord told Moses to camp between Migdol and the sea, for Pharaoh would think the children of Israel were in the wilderness. The Lord said, 'I will harden Pharaoh's heart, that he shall follow after them.'

When Pharaoh found out the people had gone he went with six hundred chariots to pursue them. He overtook them camping by the sea. Moses stretched out his hand over the sea and the Lord caused the waters to part and the children of Israel went into the sea on dry ground. The Egyptians pursued them, and when they were in the midst of the sea Moses stretched his hand over the sea again and the waters returned and covered the Egyptians.

One day Moses went up on the mountains to talk with God. He was gone a long time and some of the people thought he was not coming back. They had Aaron make them a golden calf.

When Moses came back he had the commandments written upon tablets of stone. When he saw the golden calf he was very angry and cast the tables out of his hands and broke the stone down the golden calf and destroyed it.

After this Moses went into the mountain again and stayed forty days. When he came back he had the commandments written on them. He gave the same to the people.

When Moses was one hundred and twenty years old he went up on the mountain to talk with God and never returned.

The Sabbath Recorder—Our Young People's Duty to Read It; How Increase Its Subscription?

EVA JONES.
Rally Day, Jackson Center, Ohio.

The resolution has been passed that the Sabbath Recorder should be in every home in the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination. A paper containing so many rich gems of thought should certainly have a wider circulation than has this. We do not wonder that we have so many about us who are indifferent to the Sabbath question and the interests of our denomination, when we take into consideration the fact that so many homes are without the Sabbath Recorder, or that the inmates seldom read its pages.

Earnestly urged by readers of this paper will follow one through all the changing scenes of his life and impress upon his mind the truths concerning the Sabbath. Articles are given which if carefully read, will fill the mind of the reader with noble aspirations. Topics which are prepared for, and read at, the associations and General Conference find place in the Sabbath Recorder, thus reaching and benefiting those who do not have the privilege of attending. It is especially helpful to the young Sabbath-keepers. Think of the inspiring thoughts which the pages of this paper would give to them.
Alfred University.

We are glad to say that President Davis is back from the Hornell Sanitarium and is much improved in health.

Principal Ellis has been in Dodge Center, Minn., for the meeting of the State Board of Education, where he was called by the illness of his mother. During his absence Miss Grant is principal pro tem. Professor Cummings from the State School of Ceramics is teaching plane geometry; Walton B. Clarke, trigonometry; and Hove Straight, ‘IT, intermediate algebra. Word has been received that Mrs. Ellis is improving and Principal Ellis and family will return about the middle of March.

Different classes of the college have been enjoying sleigh-rides lately.

The second annual Farmer’s School at Alfred was held in connection with the State School of Agriculture, February 27-March 2. The sessions were held partly in the assembly room in Agricultural Hall and partly in Fireman’s Hall. The attendance was good throughout. On the last night the attendance was over thirteen hundred.

Monday evening, February 20, Dean Shailer Matthews of the University delivered a lecture and enjoyed the company and people of Alfred. The subject of his address was “The Remaking of Public Opinion.”

The physical-training classes of the college freshmen and the Agricultural School are preparing for a public exhibition and contest, which is to be given on March 22. Club swinging, climbing, kicking, jumping and vaulting are the contests open to the members of the gymnasium classes. Contests on the horse, parallel bars, horizontal bar and flying rings are open to all students.

The Athletic Association is planning for the four college classes to select teams for a handball tournament. Each team is to play all the others and the one winning the most games is to receive a new banner. Alfred, N. Y., March 7, 1911.

News Notes.

Middle Island, W. Va.—Missionary Pastor Seager has so far recovered from his recent sickness that he has conducted a meeting at Conings, and is now engaged in a similar series at the Luck Run station.

Salem, W. Va.—A decision-day service was recently held, at which time four definitely made a stand for Christ and expressed their desire to join the church. Pastor Hills has been assisting in these meetings and has conducted services at the Industrial Home the past month. The W. C. T. U. is active in temperance work. A Mr. Hoar, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League gave a splendid temperance lecture in each of the churches on Sabbath and Sunday recently. Other temperance lecturers are expected to be with us soon. We are working for state-wide prohibition in 1912.

ALFRED, N. Y.—The Junior Christian Endeavor held a social on the evening of February 14. Games suitable for St. Valentine’s Day were played. Heart-shaped refreshments were served. Seventy-six children were present and all reported good health.

The annual Washineton’s-birth-day sale of the Woman’s Evangelical Society was held at the parsonage house, with a good attendance; a progressive supper was served; proceeds about $30. The second number of the Abram Herbert Lewis lecturership was given at the church, Monday evening, February 20, by Dean Shailer Matthews, of the University of Chicago Divinity School, to a large and appreciative audience.

Seager, N. J.—The Shiloh Christian Endeavor society began the new year with new officers. A change has been made in the time of holding the socials, from Sabbath afternoon to Sunday evening. The constitution has been revised and several new members received. During the winter we have conducted an entertainment course consisting of six numbers. All the members will have an opportunity to compete in January a social was given at Pastor J. L. Skaggs’. One feature of the evening was a demonstration of a new feature of the evening was a demonstration of a new game called ‘Crossing the Bar.’ We knowed him well, knew him as one who loved his fellow men, and everything that had for its object the uplifting of humanity. The advancement of God’s cause and kingdom in the earth had him in an earnest supporter.

Among the good words penned by the editor of the DeRuyter Gleaner we find these:

“Sunday evening, March 11, 1911, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Burdick in this village, came the final summons suddenly to one of our worthiest and best beloved citizens, Rev. L. M. Cottrell. No call, however, could have found him unprepared for the final transition, for the pages of his book of life were ever ready to be closed and handed in for revision and approval.

“Mr. Cottrell was born at Potter Hill, R. L., November 12, 1817, and was consequently in his ninety-four year. He was educated at Alfred University and Union College. In early life he became a minister of the Seventh-day Baptist Church and was for many years engaged in home missionary work in Illinois, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. On the death of the pastor of the Shiloh Church, West End batter, and Lincklaen Center, in this State, at Rockville, R. I., and Walworth, Wis. Over fifty years ago he was for some time a resident of DeRuyter, while pastor of the church, and during that period of years had been rather feeble all winter, but attended church whenever he was well enough, and always took part in the service. His prayers will long be remembered for their fervency and the entire consecration which they expressed.

“After the death of his wife, last October, he lived in the home of Dea. G. W. Burdick and wife, where he was very happy, being most tenderly cared for. He was expecting to go in a few weeks to Hornell, to live with his son, but was taken ill Sunday afternoon and in a few hours passed quietly away.

“The funeral service was held at the Seventh-day Baptist church, Wednesday afternoon, March 8, 1911. Pastor Wing read the Twenty-third Psalm and Paul’s triumphant words: ‘I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.’ He then spoke with much tenderness of some of the characteristics of this noble life and its influence.

“The chorus was ‘Blessed are they that persevere, Still Nearer,’ and Tennyson’s ‘Crossing the Bar.’ We knew him well, knew him as one who loved his fellow men, and everything that had for its object the uplifting of humanity. The advancement of God’s cause and kingdom in the earth had him in an earnest supporter.

The Tributes to Rev. L. M. Cottrell.

Since the brief editorial of last week regarding the death of Rev. L. M. Cottrell, many thousands of sympathy notes have come to hand, from which we take the following.

The correspondent for the DeRuyter Church says:

“Our church, and the community as well, have met with a great loss in the death of our beloved Mr. L. M. Cottrell. He has of had been rather feeble all winter, but attended church whenever he was well enough, and always took part in the service. His prayers will long be remembered for their fervency and the entire consecration which they expressed.

“After the death of his wife, last October, he lived in the home of Dea. G. W. Burdick and wife, where he was very happy, being most tenderly cared for. He was expecting to go in a few weeks to Hornell, to live with his son, but was taken ill Sunday afternoon and in a few hours passed quietly away.

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“The chorus was ‘Blessed are they that persevere, Still Nearer,’ and Tennyson’s ‘Crossing the Bar.’ We knew him well, knew him as one who loved his fellow men, and everything that had for its object the uplifting of humanity. The advancement of God’s cause and kingdom in the earth had him in an earnest supporter.”
est in the cause beloved above all others.

"Mr. Cottrell was first married to Miss Lucy Maria Babcock of Hopkinton, R. I., by whom a son was born, Dr. Boardman Cottrell of Hornell, N. Y. Many years after her death he married Mrs. Angeline Page of this village, who died last autumn.

"Funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist church yesterday afternoon, Rev. L. A. Wing officiating. The large room was well filled with mourners, who gathered for the last look at their venerable friend and to thus mark their appreciation of this worthy life. The speaker was deeply affected and, while depreciating eulogy of the departed as a rule, gave tender and effective testimony to the character of the deceased, his worth to the community, the church and the world as a worker, his sweet spirit and generous heart, his noble instincts and keen intellect.

"The remains were taken to Alfred last evening by his son, where services will be held today and interment be made beside his first wife.

"As a fitting close to this imperfect sketch, little data being available, may be quoted approvingly the words of one who had known him long and most intimately: 'He was as kind-hearted and pure-minded a man as ever lived.'

"The Westerner Sun, in an article signed 'S', gives some pleasant reminiscences of this aged brother, and adds:

"'To have lived nearly a century, to have seen the change in religious thought, and yet to have retained an inexhaustible loyalty to the discipline of the early ecclesiastical training, is an extremely rare example. This could only have been obtainable by a person of much spirituality.'

"Rev. Mr. Cottrell possessed a kind and tender nature, a candid and loyal affection for his friends. By birth a Rhode Island man, a native of Westerly, he never lost his love for his home country. Instances of this which one may mention come to memory. During his last visit to relatives here, a carriage and the offices of a kindly interested driver were placed at his personal disposal for days; he made a pilgrimage among his friends, and no one ever received more cordial welcome than this aged man to whom the ties of friendship were sacred.

"Rev. Mr. Cottrell's love for children is also recalled. With them he had unflagging gentleness, sinking his own adult personality for their pleasure. Many persons now middle-aged recall with genuine affection his lovable traits and feel that their loss is a personal sorrow."

"O what a glory doth this world put on To him who, with fervent heart, goes forth Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks On duties well performed and days well spent! For him the wind, the sea, and snow waves Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teachings.

"He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death Has lifted up for all, that he shall go To his long resting-place without a tear."
This month we can call it the May Basket Club."

"Oh, goody!" said Dorothy, and "That's jolly!" added Donald. "And," he continued, "we can each wear a bunch of May-flowers instead of a pin. Hush! I guess it'll be lots better than the T. N. S. Y. G. Club or the P. N. L. M. Club, or any other old club."

So that was how the Change About Club, or rather the May Basket Club, came to be organized. Mamma was elected president, Dorothy secretary, and Donald treasurer, though where the money was coming from nobody seemed to know, for they had decided not to have any dues. But, of course, they had to have a treasurer just the same.

The very next day the club had an opportunity to begin its work. It was Aunt Nellie's birthday, so they decided to make her a beautiful May basket, and then after dark to go and hang it on her door. The whole club decided to go, and papa thought that he ought to go, too, in case they should get lost, so there were four of them hiding in Aunt Nellie's yard that night soon after dark.

In the basket were two big oranges, a box of chocolate candies, some frosted cupcakes, and a big bouquet of May-flowers, which the twins had found down by the brook. On top of them all was a dainty little card that said:

"With many birthday greetings
To dear, good Auntie Nell.
Of course, you'll know who sends them.
So we're not going to tell.
We wish you many birthdays,
And happy may they be;
With lots of love and wishes
From the jolly M. B. C.

And Aunt Nellie and Uncle John came out and chased the members of the club until they succeeded in catching them, so of course they had to go in while the May basket was examined. Then Aunt Nellie treated them to popcorn and big red apples. It wasn't ice-cream, but it tasted almost as good.

So this was the beginning, but not the end, of the doings of the May Basket Club. All through the month Donald and Dorothy, with mamma's help, made pretty little May baskets, and then what fun they had hanging them!

One of the nicest of them went to old Mrs. Bascom, who was lame and couldn't walk a step. Among the many dainty things which it contained was a little card that said:

"Now please just confess
That you never could guess
Who would come here at night
And, with knock soft and light,
Leave this box, white and bright.
Do you know? Can you think?"

And old Mrs. Bascom still wonders where the box came from and who made the dainty white shawl that it contained. And the May Basket Club tell no tales.

Little Helen Greene, who was very fond of pets, but had none, found a big basket on her front porch one night, and in it was the cutest little white kitten, with a blue ribbon around its neck. In one corner of the basket she found a tiny white card which said:

"My name is Fluff, and I've come here to stay;
Just love to frolic and run 'round and play.
If you've got any string or a new rubber ball,
I'll show you some tricks that I like best of all.

And there was nothing on the card to tell who had sent it. Two letters, M. B., were written across one corner, but nobody knew what they meant.

"It's the nicest club I ever heard of," said Dorothy, on the last day of May, and "the best part of it is that nobody knows who we are."

"Nor what our letters stand for," added Donald. "And 'just' think, Dorothy Stewart, tomorrow we're going to have a new name."

"And wear a new kind of pin," suggested mamma, "and do some more new things, too!"

And the twins sang happily as they sat on the big couch in the corner:

"Do a kind deed today,
Speak a kind word while you may;
Try a bit harder to make one glad;
Bring sunshine and love to those who are sad.
No time's like the-present, so do it today,
You'll find in the end that it surely will pay."

"So I can imagine that this is the motto of the Change About Club, or rather the M. B. C., for the month of May—The Beacon."

"O what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery;
Such grace to men be given."

Eid. and Mrs. S. H. Babcock Celebrate Fifty Years of Married Life.

Several times in the past few years the good friends of Albion have been called to rejoice with certain of their number who have reached the golden milestone in their married life. Such an occasion took place on Tuesday afternoon, February 21, 1917, when about 100 friends gathered in the pleasant home of Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Babcock to help them celebrate their golden wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. Babcock were married at the home of the bride's father, Valentine McCormick, near Jackson Center, Ohio. For eleven years they pursued the calling of the farmer, and their home had been blessed with three children, when Mr. Babcock acknowledged the call of the Lord to the gospel ministry. The family then came to Albion, Wis., where he entered school and supplemented his early education by advanced studies. Thirty-six years in pastors' colleges, evangelistic and missionary labors, conducted in twelve States, have been spent in devoted and efficient service. Within the past year, Elder Babcock's failing health demanded that he take a much-needed rest. Leaving his pastorate at Little Genesee, N. Y., he and Mrs. Babcock returned to their home in Albion, where he has twice been the well-beloved pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church. Here among warm friends of former days they are passing the winter most happily.

On Tuesday of this week hearty congratulations greeted the happy pair. After social chat among the guests, Elder Babcock read a poem from friends of his recent parish, Little Genesee, which was accompanied by the gift of a golden eagle. He then in well-chosen words reviewed briefly the fifty years which had passed since his bride first started on their way together. Some one requested a song, and Elder Babcock, who possesses a fine tenor voice, sang with great sweetness and expression the song, "I Live for Those Who Love Me."
SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 25, 1911.

REVIEW.

Golden Text.—"Happy is the people whose God is the Lord." Psa. civ. 12.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 1 Kings xii, 1-31, 6.
Third-day, 1 Kings xvi, 1-24, II Kings iv, 8-27.
Fourth-day, 1 Kings iv, 1-19.
Fifth-day, 1 Kings xix, 1-21, xii, 1-29.
Sixth-day, 1 Kings xx, 1-43.

SABBATH, a day for the antiquated.

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ALFRED, N. Y.
The Sabbath Recorder

March 27, 1911

I THANK THEE.

I thank thee for the sunshine, Lord,
That fails across my way;
I thank thee for the shadows
That sometimes veil the day.

I thank thee for all sorrow,
All discipline, all strife.
For they have helped to mold me
Into the best Christ-life.

I thank thee for the gift of love,
For friendship warm and dear,
And all the blessings thou hast sent
To crown my way this year.

May I give to those I meet
A smile or words of cheer,
Or sing a song of happiness
To one who's lone and drear;

That when life's sun for me shall set
Toward the western sea,
And I am gathered home in peace
To rest for aye with thee,

Some lonely heart, some saddened life,
May nearer heaven be,
Because I tried to give that heart
The love thou gavest me.

—Alice Phillips: Aldrich

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