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The 18th session will be held at Westerly, R. I., Aug. 23-28, 1911.

What Should the Church Do for the Student?

With the growing tendency to exclude religious teaching from public schools, and with the state dominating as never before all higher education, drawing to the universities instead of thousands of properly pastored young men and women just in the molding and transforming period of their lives, the question at the head of this article becomes a vital one.

The church stands for religious education, but the state can not furnish this. The church also believes in secular education for the Christian community, without which the world could not advance in civilization. The two should go hand in hand in the work of developing character. This can be done in denominational schools, where the student is thousands of years pastored. But only a small proportion of America's students will attend these schools. It is estimated that sixty-five thousand are now seeking education in state universities. One college president has said of them, "They are like so many学堂 students"—"people with steam up and ready for a start." If this is so, the all-important questions should be: Upon what track do they head? Do safe hands hold the throttle-valve? Which way are they headed? Each student is to become a power either for good or evil. The next four or six years will settle the question as to his attitude toward the church and Christianity. Every young man is also tremendously in earnest. Moreover, he comes into an atmosphere almost unknown to him before, the tendency of which is to magnify the intellectual at the expense of the spiritual or religious nature. The spirit of criticism and questioning is in the air, and special care is needed no one to hold on to the faith life, which has hitherto been fostered by the influences of the home and the church. The danger is all the greater because so many university students upon leaving home become practically pastorless and churchless.

With these essential helps to true living wanting, there is likely to grow a great new generation of pastorial life and the religion of his future. His own ambitions, the powerful influences of student friends, the absence of his former spiritual advisers, the all-pervasive critical atmosphere of college life—these conspire to make him break with his past life; and when school-days are over, if he is to be good for anything to the church, he must make special effort to learn anew of her evangelical work, and how to enter again into the spirit of devout, faith-inspired service for the spiritual uplifting of his fellow men.

In view of these things the church can not afford to leave the great student-body practically unchurched and unpastored during the critical years of university life. Religious organizations among students can do much toward making them like brothers and sisters, but even then, without the church and the pastor, they are too much like brothers and sisters without faith and mother.

Some denominations are giving this question close attention, and some are even establishing churches in university towns for the special care of their students. Every church and every Christian family has its part to perform in looking after the spiritual upbuilding of the students they send to college. They should do what they can to secure the proper moral influences for the
boys and girls who are preparing for life's great work, and upon whom the responsibilities of church and state must soon rest. They should do all they can to pastor their own students.

Our own people are blessed with schools situated in towns where the church is regarded as the main thing; but not so with many university towns. If churches of the future are to be strong, they must see to it that the thousands who graduate from universities and colleges and settle for business and professional life within their borders are kept strong, and true to the Christian faith with which they are pastored and untaught in spiritual things and of true church life. It must devise to be invested for future and to extend to them the warm and kindly service of faithful men in the ministry, who are now lingering by the river with work all done, only waiting for the Master's call to pass over. We would not feel better satisfied if such a fund were now in hand and available for the aid of some who really need the help.

$2,000,000 for Superannuated Ministers.

The national board of conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, convened in Chicago, decided to raise $2,000,000 for the support of superannuated ministers in that denomination. $1,000,000 of this money is to be paid to worn-out ministers and widows and orphans of ministers during the next year. The other million is to be invested for future use and will stand as a permanent fund for the assistance of those who may be in need.

This is indeed a timely move. The Presbyterian Church is also securing a great fund for this purpose. They evidently think the world has seen enough of the class of Christians who love the message but starve the messenger; who live in comfortable homes and grow rich, while those who, for years, have ministered unto them in spiritual things wander as pilgrims on the earth, without a roof they can call their own, often dying in deep poverty. The day is coming when this shall be recognized as a most important matter, and he should see his question: "Shall this political subvision, the City of Boulder, reverse its vote creating anti-saloon territory?"

This ticket was circulated and worn freely by both men and women, pinned on coat or cloak, while they pleaded with voters to save the boy. It was a home argument and was made enough of in political fights with results the economical arguments are good; but if you would reach the hearts of men, the home argument must not be ignored.

A Southern writer says: "In districts where the open saloon has been abolished I find my business much improved." He is a nurseryman, and finds that the money that used to go for drink is being spent for flowers, plants and seeds with which to beautify the homes of his district. This is but one witness. Had the grocers and dry-goods merchants spoken, they too would have said, "Our business has greatly improved since the saloons were driven out."

While these arguments are usually regarded as economical or financial arguments, still they are very strong in showing the improved home conditions and the happier home life of men who do not drink. A man who spends his evenings in the saloon does not take much pride in his garden, orchard or home. You can tell the home of a drunkard without a mistake. His horses, his children, his wife, his barren home—everything about him tells the story of its degradation. His sense of the beautiful is gone; he is not happy himself, neither does he have a happy family. He has no inclination to grow flowers, and his wife and children in their wretchedness have little heart to do so.

Drive out the saloon and all is changed. Flowers begin to bloom in his garden; his home brightens up with a new-found cheer; he is comfortable, his children are better dressed and look more comfortable; his boys have a chance to grow up to be clean, strong men. Really a man must be far gone when such an appeal as is made on that Boulder card does not open his eyes and his heart. No wonder the city rolled up a majority of 1,229 against the saloon.
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Roosevelt and the Presidency.

In an interview designated for publication Theodore Roosevelt declared that he is not a candidate for the Presidency, and that his friends will do him a great injustice if they drag his name into the next campaign as a candidate. When he returned from Africa, Mr. Roosevelt wanted to go home and be quiet, but he was so strongly importuned by friends in the movement for honesty in politics and in public finance, that he could not refuse and retain his self-respect. So he took a hand regardless of what it might mean to him personally.

President Taft's Reply to Governor Sloan.

When the Governor of Arizona telegraphed the President for protection of the citizens of Douglas from the fire of federal soldiers in their battle with rebels just over the border, the President replied that he was loath to endanger the many Americans in Mexico by taking so radical a step as sending United States troops across the line to stop further fighting. Our safe and sane President seems still firm in the hope that he will not have to intervene at all. Under the provocation, a less level head might have plunged the country into war. Americans may be thankful that they have a strong, true and conservative man at the helm in these critical times.

Affairs in Different States.

New York State Assembly passed a bill appropriating $1,660,000 for the improvement of the highways.—A cry was made that nearly all the lumber for use in repairing the burned capitol is being purchased from L. Thomson & Co., a firm in which Mrs. Dix and the Governor's brother-in-law are interested. The Governor promptly disclaimed all responsibility in the matter.—In making appointments for delegates to represent New York in the national peace conference at Baltimore in May, Governor Dix named a dead man, Mr. William I. Buchanan of Buffalo, who died in London about a year ago while on a mission for our State Department.—The much talked of Geran primary and election bill, which has been the cause of the severe fight in New Jersey, finally passed both houses of the Legislature and was signed by Governor Woodrow Wilson. This bill is expected to revolutionize political conditions in New Jersey. Immediately after the passage of this bill, the Senate passed a one-drastic measure against corrupt practices in elections. It limits the amount of money a candidate can spend, prescribes the ways in which he may spend it, also ways in which he can not spend money in a campaign, and prescribes further in politics and in public finance, that he could not refuse and retain his self-respect. So he took a hand regardless of what it might mean to him personally.

The new turn in Mexican affairs by which terms of an armistice for five days have been agreed upon and signed by both parties gives rise to the hope that permanent peace is near at hand. President Diaz has surprised the revolutionists with his liberal and generous terms. During the armistice no troops are to be moved on either side, and provisions and medicines may be brought to either camp across the American borders without duty. Peace negotiations are on under way, and many who are in position to know, believe that the hostile armies will soon disband.

Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors.


Minutes of last meeting were read. The Advisory Committee reported a letter received from Corliss F. Randolph, as to visiting the German Seventh-day Baptists in Pennsylvania this year. On motion the Advisory Committee was authorized to send Brother Randolph to visit the German Seventh-day Baptists in Pennsylvania, the expenses to be arranged in their discretion. The Supervisory Committee reported everything as usual at the Publishing House and progress made as to the matter of securing a new manager for the office.

Congressional candidates have been canvassing for the votes of the people. The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported that requests for tracts had been answered and some tracts reprinted.

Report adopted. It was voted that the Corresponding Secretary be requested to write the Secretary of the Missionary Society and ask them to join with us in inviting Gerald Vehluyser of Haarlem, Holland, to visit the Conference this year. The special committee on the W. T. Whitley matter reported progress. E. D. Van Horn gave an interesting report of the work done among the Italians in New York City.

The Treasurer presented his third quarterly report duly audited, showing a balance of cash on hand of about $7,000.00. Report adopted. Correspondence was presented from L. A. Platt containing his report; from our Field Representative, E. B. Saunders; from George Seeley, giving a report of his last month's work; from E. G. A. Ammoko, E. H. Socwell, I. T. Babcock, William N. Ackah, S. I. Lee, Lucy Ashton Woods.

Moved that the requests for literature contained in some of above letters be referred to the Committee on Literature. Moved that the matter of indexing the Sabbath Recorder and finding out the cost of same be referred to T. L. Gardiner to report at next meeting. Adjourned.

W M. M. STILLMAN, Assistant Recording Secretary.

When the Church gets as much in earnest in serving Jesus Christ as the liquor sellers do serving the god of greed your State will get Local Option.—Wooley.
Testimony From the Other Side.

The Christian World: "The early Christians appear to have had a different Sunday from ours. In the letter of the younger Pliny to Trajan he describes the Christians as a meeting on a fixed day before it was light, singing a hymn to Christ, taking a pledge of fidelity, and then dispersing to their avocations. It was not till Constantine, in the fourth century, that Sunday observance, and that only of a partial kind, was erected into a statute. There is no getting away from the fact that the British and New England Sunday was the late creation of an artificial conscience."—London, March 16, 1911.

Edward Brewood (a professor in Gresham College, London): "It is commonly believed that the Jewish Sabbath was changed into the Lord's day by Christ's emperors, and they know little who do not know that the ancient Sabbath did remain and was observed by eastern churches three hundred years after our Saviour's passion."—Treatise on the Sabbath, p. 77.

Bosvaut (Bishop of Meaux): "In vain do they pretend that the first day of the week is consecrated by the resurrection of Jesus Christ;... Rest is nowhere joined to Sunday throughout the New Testament; it is, moreover, manifest that the addition of a day could not suffice to take away the solemnity of the old one, nor to make or change the precepts of the Decalogue with the traditions of men."—Meaux on the Communion, p. 279.

The Church and Sunday.

The Christian World of London, March 16, 1911, contains an article of nearly two long columns upon "The Church and Sunday," in which some suggestive things are said. It speaks of the Sunday question as having "undoubtedly become an immediate and urgent problem of organized Christianity." Reference is then made to an address of Mr. Charles Brown at Portsmouth, England, as one that "reflects the general uneasiness" of the church, and in which Mr. Brown advocated two things by which the Saviour's Lord's day was consecrated by the resurrection of Jesus. "Would it not be better to throw off the mask of 'much needed rest for weary men,' used to hide the real purpose—religious legislation—and openly and frankly go about the gospel method of saving men? It strikes me that there would be much more hope of securing the desired end if men would eliminate the vigilance committee and the civil law factors from the problem, and then go about their Christian work as the Master did. Church services made strong and attractive, so that the more filled believers hearing Christ's message of love and ministering to human wants, in his name is the real Christian method by which the Sabbath or any other tenet of religion can be enthroned in the human heart.

After admitting that the church's monopoly of Sunday is plainly breaking down, that the attractions of the ordinary pulpit are not all they should be, and that there is an undeniable contention between the church and the non-Sabbath keeping world, the article in the Christian World goes on to suggest the way out of the difficulty as follows:

It lies in an increased attractiveness of the church and its services. Spurgeon preached rest in a particular way decided upon by his dearest affections; the people whom he considered. It is God's plan under the expansion of vigilance committees might have been expected to lie in wait for offenders and have a pledge from them that the first day of the week, which must be reckoned with, the article in so why should not the outside forces engaged in legislation and the growth of the church's monopoly, be compelled by law to take a pledge in a particular way decided upon by their dearest affections; the people whom they consider are bound to respect? Has the church monopoly, which the church and the non-Sabbath keeping world is God's plan under the expansion of vigilance committees might have been expected to lie in wait for offenders and have a pledge from them that the first day of the week, which must be reckoned with, the article in such a way as to "rest" from the activities of the world. It will still remain the regenerative force of human sympathy, the center of its noblest aspirations, of its highest hopes.

"Fitched" From Whom?

The London Christian World, referred to above, after mentioning the charge of Mr. Charles Brown that "the weekly day of rest is being fitched from us," says:

On the other hand the world outside is consequently disposed to say, in Mr. Brown's words, but in an opposite sense, that its weekly day of rest has been fitched from it, and fitched by the church. It tends to the church monopoly, and demands that ecclesiastical prohibitions shall be no longer interfered with its right to spend its weekly day in the manner which suits it best.

Has the "world outside" the Sunday churches no rights that the church people are bound to respect? Has every man a right to determine which day he shall observe as a mere "rest day"? Of course the men who are pushing Sunday legislation disclaim any intention of compelling people to keep a particular sabbath—"it is not religious legislation" they are after—so why should not the outside world be allowed to "rest" in any way it pleases? Why insist that Sunday be a "rest day," and that everybody be compelled by law to rest in a particular way decided upon by the people of the church?

The simple question seems to be: Which party in the controversy is doing the fitching?

The Growth of the English Bible.

E. H. Lewis, Ph. D.

It is three hundred years ago this spring that the Authorized Version of the Bible was completed. The fact has been commemorated in various ways in England. Perhaps some of the younger readers of the Recorder, who are dipping into the works of Chaucer or Piers Plowman, would like to run over with me the general story of how we got our English Bible in its present form. Let us begin with the Anglo-Saxon period.

In the Middle Ages the masses knew nothing of the Psalms or Hymns, and the English clergy themselves knew only the Latin version of it. The common people listened gladly to sermons which told the
story of the Gospels in their own Anglo-Saxon, with here and there an off-hand translation by the preacher to great preachers, like Bishop Ælfric, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, paraphrased the story of creation, the story of the chosen nation, the story of Christ; and they translated into Anglo-Saxon the Gospels and the Psalms. The monks and priests who did not know Latin very well. So our earliest Anglo-Saxon Scriptures consist of the most joyful parts of the Bible, the Psalms and the Gospels. The prophets and the theologians of the Bible had to be read in Latin or not at all.

Ælfric had some difficulty in making things clear to an uneducated nation, for it is difficult to understand the New Testament without knowing what took place between the Old Testament and the New.

Ælfric had some difficulty in making things clear to an uneducated nation, for it is difficult to understand the New Testament without knowing what took place between the Old Testament and the New.

Sothilie tha se Hæland geseah tha menigung, he astah on throne munt; and tha he safht, thae genealcyht his learning-cnihtam to him. And he ontynde his muth, and lærde hi, and cwæth, Eadigie sind tha gastlican thear-fan, fortham hyra ys heofiona rice. Eadigie sind thæ litan, fortham the hi eorthan agun. Eadigie sind thæ nu vapeth, fortham the hi boeth gefreode. Eadigie sind thæ the for rightwisnesse hingriht and thyrsthath, fortham the hi beath gefylded leon. In eorun, fortham the hi mild-heatrnesse begyth. Eadigie sind thæ clæh-heatr, fortham the hi God geseyth.

This, you see, is all very like modern German, and even more like modern Dutch. It brings home to us the fact that our ancestors were later conquered by the French, and that you and I are really talking more French than Anglo-Saxon today. If there had never been a Norman conquest, it is likely that you or I could go to Holland and easily be understood. Modern English is a sort of antiquated French put together in Anglo-Saxon fashion. And yet you note that such words as poor, mild, clean, mouth, ghost, earth, weep, righteousness, hunger, thirst are Anglo-Saxon, and that no French word quite takes their place. Such words as these, together with such words as father, mother, friend, love, hate, hope, faith, come to us from our Germanic ancestors, and they are charged with an emotional power which their French equivalents do not have for us. So the French never quite conquered us. A Bible which did not speak of our Father in Heaven, but which substituted notre père qui es aux cœurs, would not seem real.

The next three centuries were centuries of upheaval for the English people and their language. When a new nation was forming under Norman kings, neither the Anglo-Saxon nor the French Bible could have sway. But gradually, the written language took on homogeneity, and when Wycliff and his followers arose in the fourteenth century there was a new English ready. Wycliff's principle was that the Bible and church in the final court of appeals for Christians, and it was his desire to see the Scriptures brought into universal use. He had a stormy time of it, but he and his school managed to translate the entire Bible from Latin into English, and Wycliff personally had in the work we do not know, but the final revision of it, issued about 1388 (when Chaucer was at the height of his activity) was widely read. This of course was before the days of printing, and yet there are still in existence about 150 MS. copies of the work.

Wycliff's version of Matthew v, 1-8, runs thus:

Jesus forsothe, seyngc cunyanes, went up in to an hill; and when he hadd sethe, his disciples camen nigh to him. And he, openye his mouth, taughte to hem, sayinge, Blessid be the pore in spirit, for the kingdom in hevenes is heeren. Blessid be the myld men, forthei shuln wele the eath. Blessid be the mercyful men, for thei shuln be comforted. Blessid be the hungeren and thristen rightwisnesse, for thei shuln been fullfyllid. Blessid be the mercyful men, for thei shuln get mercy. Blessid be those that been cleen here, for thei shuln see God.

Printing was introduced on the Continent as early as 1442, and before 1500, it is estimated, a million copies of various books were printed, among them many copies of the Bible in French, Spanish, Italian, Bohemian, and Dutch. A book printed before 1500 is called an incunabulum, that is, a cradle book, since the half century before 1500 was the cradle of the art of printing. But no incunabula of the Bible were printed in English. England was behind the times. And no part of the book was printed in English till 1525, when Tyndale printed his translation of the New Testament at Cologne.

These were the days of the Reformation and the Revival of Learning. The Greek language had been rediscovered, and Erasmus brought out a Greek Testament. Also Hebrew was receiving new attention, and a Hebrew Bible appeared as early as 1488. Wycliff had translated from the Latin Bible, but now the time was ripe for a translator who could work directly from the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New. The needed scholar appeared in the person of that wonderful man, William Tyndale. Tyndale was in the first place a great practical linguist. He spoke half a dozen languages so well as to pass for a native wherever he happened to be. His knowledge of Greek was critical, his knowledge of Hebrew pretty good, and his knowledge of pure, simple English unsurpassed. He had a devout heart, an independent spirit, a scrupulous scholarly conscience, and the ardor of an apostle.

Those also were stormy days. Rome was determined, and Henry VIII seemed equally determined, that the common people should not read the Bible. Tyndale translated the New Testament, but he dared not print it in England. He visited Luther in 1524, and we can imagine the encouragement that these two literary heroes gave each other. Then in 1525 he began at Cologne to print, but he was driven out of the city. He escaped up the river to Worms, and there the council of Worms which protected him till he got the work done in 1526. You and I owe a great debt to the brave forgotten officials of that little old German town.

To get help with his work of translating the Old Testament, Tyndale went to Antwerp, where Miles Coverdale va-
rious Jewish scholars helped him. He had hardly finished the first six books when he was arrested and imprisoned. A year in prison, and then he was strangled and burned at the stake. He died exclaiming, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!"

The quality of Tyndale's translations may be seen from his version of the verses previously quoted.

"When Jesus came into power, the Great Bible was reinstated and adopted, and came to be known as the Bishops' Bible. Driven by Protestant examples, members of the Romish party at last produced an English version. Its purpose was to "redeem souls endangered by false translations." This was the so-called Rheims and Douay Version. It was not a very good version, for it was full of unfamiliar Latinisms. In Philippians ii, 7, we learn that "Christ Jesus exalted himself, taking the form of a servant." That was the Rheims and Douay version of "emptied himself, taking the form of a servant." Such pedantry would not be popular. But the Rheims Bible went further. Our version of the Lord's Prayer reads, "Give us this day our daily bread," and we all take it literally as well as spiritually. But the Rheims version reads: "Give us today our superabundant bread." Evidence to show that the Rheims translators were making a plea for the eucharist.

In 1604 James began the systematic revision of the Bishops' Bible, a work which went on for seven years under the hands of the best scholars of England, and resulted in what we know as the Authorized Version. In accuracy and fidelity it was superior to all other translations made up to that time. It retained the beauty and simplicity of Tyndale, and his incomparable sense of prose rhythm, and profited by the scholarship of Westminster, Oxford, Cambridge, and every eminent Hebraist throughout the kingdom. The purpose of it was to settle points of doctrine for the whole church, but its excellence as a piece of English gave it incidental advantages not to be despised. It formed a standard for the English language. It furnished a moral and spiritual vocabulary for the aspirations of English men, English women, English children, a vocabulary which could be used alike by the most lowly and the most learned. It brought back the forgotten eloquence and moral passion of the Old Testament, Abraham. It set the Hebrew prophets side by side as literary artists with the best orators of Greece, and above them as reformers. The impassioned speech of those prophets gave a language to the army of Cromwell, to Edmund Burke, to Daniel Webster, to Thomas Carlyle, to John Ruskin, to Abraham Lincoln.

The cadences of it linger in our ears. It has throughout what Dryden called "the other harmony of prose," that is to say a movement which frequently seems on the point of breaking into metre, but which turns aside and avoids metre at the critical moment. This movement may be swift and limpid, as in the account of the death of Absalom, or stately and involved, as in the praise in love in the Song of Songs, or musical and tender, as in the 23rd Psalm, or marching and victorious, as in the Great Hallelujah, or rushing and sounding as the account of the people, but in general the Revision has made its way. The prose rhythm of the Authorized Version is occasionally sacrificed, but in general the literary excellencies have been left unimpaired, while the gains in accuracy are enormous.

The changes which depend on a revised Hebrew and Greek text do not concern us here. Neither do such changes as represent a more accurate understanding of the older Hebrew text. But here is one example. The Authorized Version of Job xix has these words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and at last he will stand up upon the earth. And after my skin, even this body, is destroyed, then without my flesh shall I see God." The Revision has: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and at last he will stand up upon the earth. And after my skin, even this body, is destroyed, then without my flesh shall I see God." Also, the margin gives, for Redeemer, "Vindicator, Hebrew Govd." In short, the revision changes the theology.

But we are concerned with changes in the literary form and in the English language. The Revised Version is divided into paragraphs, and groupings of paragraphs, and the old verses being kept within the paragraph. In the Revised, poetry is printed as poetry, that is, each line by itself. The Authorized was prose throughout. But the
Psalms and the greater part of Job, for example, are printed in verse form in the Revision, to indicate the balanced and alliterative nature of the Hebrew originals. This distinction is not a slight one. It calls the reader’s attention to a certain imagi- native tone and artistic form in the original, and leads him to a less literal state of mind.

Now a word as to the language considered as language. Language changes a good deal in three hundred years, even when there is no foreign invasion, and our English has probably nine or ten times as many words now as it had in 1611.

One of the changes made in the Revised Version is that of his and her to its when referring to objects. The word its does not occur in the Authorized Version at all, and it occurs only 10 times in all of Shak- spere. The tree that bringeth forth its fruit in his season now becomes the tree that bringeth forth its fruit in its season.

Another change is that of charity to love, in such a passage as 1 Cor. xii. Tyndale used love here, but the Authorized Version changed it to charity. The revisers went back to the older word, and I know of no persons more able to the English-speaking peoples than that they were able to do so. I do not know the present condition of Bible revision in France, but I doubt whether any body of French revisers would dare use l’amour in 1 Cor. xii. It is to our fathers’ credit that they have kept the word “love” pure enough so that we can use it as Paul used διακυβέρνειν.

The word “dramming” formerly meant judgment, but it has lost that meaning, and the revisers did well to change it. In 1 Cor. xi, 29, Wiclif has: “He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh doom to him, not wisely deeming the body of the Lord.” Here doom merely means judgment, and deeming means judgment too. But the Authorized Version gives a false idea when it says “he that eateth and drinketh unto himself.”

The Revised Version has “catheth and drinketh judgment to himself if he discern not the body of the Lord.” Various other words of the Authorized Version are now unintelligible to most readers. The average person, perhaps, does not know that in 1611 leasing meant falsehood, levand meant pertaining to laymen, monster often meant a wonder or miracle, piety meant love of parents, presently meant immediately, secure meant careless, let meant permit or hinder, according as it came from Anglo-Saxon laetan or lettan, tale meant count or reckoning often than story, utter meant outer, to ear meant to plow, and carking meant plowing. A multitude of such words had to be changed.

The Authorized Version does not pretend to render the same Hebrew word by the many English words all the time. But it was a principle with the revisers to do this whenever possible. Thus instead of rendering Sheol by such words as hell, pit, and the grave, the revisers always give it as Sheol; and then you have to look up Sheol to see what the Hebrews really did mean by it; but that is a good thing to look up.

The system broke down on one point, however. In modern times we speak of the brain and the heart as seats of the mind and the feelings respectively. But in ancient times anatomists had much fuller in- formation-as they sometimes as heart, bowels, and brain and heart. As a matter of fact, our modern distinction between brain and heart. As a matter of fact, our modern distinction between brain and heart. As a matter of fact, our modern distinction between brain and heart. As a matter of fact, our modern distinction between brain and heart.

The tree of knowledge of good and evil was not the H’ebre,v distinction between thought and doing, but as soon as the latter by its women tippling, in wines, and excesses, are among the mightiest of the early empires, but as soon as they began to give free rein to their indulgence in drink, they declin- ed and in a short time their glory and splendor were but memories of the past. In our time the French Academy attributes the decline in the birthrate of France, the real national peril of that country, to the daily habit of its women tipping in wines, and of its men indulging in absinthe and other strong spirits. The women and men of France, the former by their tipping, the latter by their excesses, are sinking their country to a low level in the scale of nationhood, and if there is not some reformation soon this drink evil will obliteratete France from the map of Europe.

—The Christian Herald.
On New Year's morning I left Stone Field, Ill., and went to Farina, where one day and two nights were spent. Here a missionary conference was held on the last night. Though the weather and roads were very bad, a number of people came and manifested much interest in the work of our boards.

At the request of the Committee on Permanent Fund a visit was made at Peoria, Ill., to look after the property in that city. One night was spent at West Hallock, Ill., and one in Chicago en route to Battle Creek, Mich., where several matters of the board were looked after. At this place a most remarkable missionary meeting was being held under the auspices of the Sanitarium. One hundred and fifty returned missionaries were in attendance, guests of the Sanitarium, among them Doctor Palmberg, who was tendered her traveling expenses on condition that she would appear to be held January 18, was occupied in attending the work. The day previous, January 17, was occupied in attending the meeting of the Joint Committee held in New York City. The work growing out of the board meeting was completed and on January 31 a telegram was received from Rev. H. C. Van Horn, pastor of the Brookfield Church, asking me to assist in a series of special meetings. These were continued for one week after my arrival. Though the weather was cold and stormy, the attendance was fairly good; yet the attendance and interest were principally confined to Christian people. The meetings had been in progress four weeks before my arrival. Much good had been done, but the results were not all that were desired.

The following week was occupied in work with Rev. W. L. Davis, pastor of the Eleonor (Pa.) church, and Sabbath morning a missionary message was given to the First Church. An engagement was made to spend the Sabbath with Rev. A. G. Crofoot at Independence, N. Y., but sickness prevented. I was confined to my room by one of Dr. H. A. Place of Ceres for a couple of days. The Doctor and his good wife kindly doctor me up sufficiently to return home. Work in the office had accumulated and has required almost constant attention for the month of March.

The following are items of interest from the field:

Rev. G. P. Kenyon closed his pastorate with the Shingle House (Pa.) Church this quarter. The death of Rev. Horace Stillman has left the First and Second Western churches without a pastor. Rev. G. H. F. Randolph of Fouke, Ark., has, on account of his health, taken a vacation from work with the Fouke Church, and Professor Luther S. Davis is acting pastor, thus containing the appropriation.

Rev. L. A. Wing of DeRuyter, N. Y., on account of bad roads and weather, has been unable to sustain the Lincklaen Centreville appointments, so has taken no pay for work done. He hopes, however, to continue them during the next quarter.

The church at Los Angeles has purchased a beautiful and commodious brick chapel in the suburbs of that city. The location is favorable as regards car lines, and the members are making a great and successful effort to pay for the building.

The Cosmos Church has been visited by Brother A. L. Davis of Boulder, Colo., and Brother Willbur Davis of Gentry, Ark. On the route they visited a number of lone Sabbath-keepers, and some seventy-three letters were written to others who could not be visited.

Dr. Grace I. Crandall arrived safely in Shanghai, China, Thursday, February 2, and a service of welcome was held on the first Sabbath of her arrival. In company with Miss Susie Burdick she visited and spent several days at Lieu-oo. She has now commenced a vigorous prosecution of her work, learning the native language.

Rev. H. Eugene Davis and wife arrived in America, February 4. They went at once to Riverside, Cal., where they have been among kind friends and he under competent medical attendance.

Reports show that there are 22 men on the field; weeks of labor 270, in 60 localities; 11 of the workers have stated appointments in one or more stations, several of them at four or five places; number of sermons preached and read, 613; number of Hungarian 80; to congregations ranging from 25 to 100 people; prayer meetings held 263; visits and calls made 1,400; pages of tracts distributed 20,489; books and Bibles distributed 74; Sabbath schools organized 1; added to the churches 30; by letter and experience 23; by baptism 7; Sabbath converts 20.

Your Corresponding Secretary has visited nine of our churches, speaking in all thirty-one services; has written and sent out 350 communications, received 300; has traveled 2,025 miles.

Respectfully submitted,

E. B. SAUNDERS, Corresponding Secretary.

MISSIONS

Quarterly Report.

Report of E. B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary, for the quarter ending March 31, 1911.

The Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Board held a regular meeting in Westerly, R. I., on Wednesday, April 19, 1911, at 9:30 o'clock a.m., the following members being present:

Wm. L. Clarke, L. F. Randolph, Clayton A. Burdick, Ira B. Crandall, E. B. Saunders, S. H. Davis, Boote C. Davis, John Austin, P. M. Barber, J. I. Maxson, C. H. Stanton, A. S. Babcock, Wm. L. Davis, Miss E. M. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Waite, Miss Hannah Crandall, Mrs. C. H. Stanton, Harvey C. Burdick, Fred L. Hall, Rev. W. D. Wilcox.

Prayer was offered by the President, Wm. L. Clarke.

The quarterly reports of S. H. Davis, Treasurer, E. B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary, were approved and recorded.

Rev. D. H. Davis, by letter dated February 20, informs us that he expects to come to the homeland on furlough in July next. Brother Davis recommends the employment of Mr. Toong, a native evangelist of ability, to do evangelistic work among the Chinese people, and offers to assist in payment of the expense.

It was voted that the Shanghai Missionary Board, with the approval of the American Sabbath Tact Society wish to recommend to the two Boards that the present appropriation of $300 per month for the work in Central and South Africa be continued under the direction of the committee, as the present appropriation will expire the first of July, 1911. S. H. Davis, Chairman pro temp. EDWIN SHAW, Secretary.
Statement of the Treasurer.

From January 1, 1911, to April 1, 1911.

Cash in treasury, January 1, 1911 ......... $ 512 21
Received in February, 1911 ......... 1,642 21
Expense paid in February, 1911 .... 1,269 45

No Convocation This Year.

As it is generally known that the plans were well under way for the program for the next Convocation of Pastors and Christian Workers, it may come as a surprise to learn that no other course seems open to the committee but to call the Convocation off for this year.

Since the first of February the corre­ponding secretary has been communicating with a number of churches within comparatively easy distance of the coming General Conference, and one of these churches have considered the matter of entertain ing the Convocation and in view of the large crowds that have usually attended this meeting and the fact that it immediately precedes the Conference, when people are needing time to get ready for this meeting, they have felt that they could not assume the responsibility of enter­aining it. In each case the matter has been considered in a magnanimous spirit and the decision reached only after careful weighing of the whole problem. Therefore the committee have decided that for the present at least the meeting had bet­ter be postponed. We hope that at the next Conference a meeting may be called to decide upon further plans for the future.

EDGAR D. VAN HORN,
E. E. WHITFORD,
THEO. L. GARDNER,
Committee.

Do not theorize as to whether the heathen will be saved without the Gospel; you might as well theorize whether you will be saved if you do not take the Gospel to him. The opportunity to give the Gospel to those who have never heard is awaiting the worker, and no time is to be lost if we would fulfill the trust committed to us by our Lord.—Sel.

Mrs. George E. Croseley, Milton, Wis.
Contributing Editor.

An Old Hymn.

To distant lands thy Gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend;
To Gentile, Turk and stubborn Jew,
Thou only guide of grace salvation show.

Where'er thy sun or light arise,
Thy name, O God, immortalize:
May nations, yet unborn, confess
Thy wisdom, power and righteousness.

From Private Correspondence of Mrs. Lucy Carpenter.

My Dear Hannah:

I am going to answer your letter by and by, but I take up my pen now to tell you of a little excursion we have had this morn­ing into the country, and the train of as­sociations it excited. Mr. Wardner was along with us, and Mr. C. took a fancy to turn aside from the path and converse with some laborers who were at work; so I told them that in their absence I would amuse myself by strolling about in the shade of some tall trees near by.

Hardly had they left me, when the thought rushed through my brain that it was almost the exact picture of the wood on the hill through the corner of which I used to pass in going to Uncle Robert's "across lots." I could hardly contain my­self. There was the same deep shade, the same tall plants, the dandelions, the wood-sorrel, the thistle, the little lilacims here and there covered with tall green grass, the bamboo fence (which by the way is wanting there) interlaced with wild roses and buttercups—all these brought the vision of the past two strongly, and I needed only the down-fill path with the well-known cottage at its foot to assure me that I was going to make a visit to my own dear aunt . . .

But alas! we have no hills here except such as are made by the gradual accumula­tion of silt from the streets or canals, and the depositions of earth above the dead. Dear Hannah, imagine yourself in the spot I have mentioned; go, if your health will permit, to that same sweet corner of the wood; then give the reins to your imagination until you see the whole hilltop covered with coffins, full of dead men's bones, some newly placed there, some in a state of decay and ruin, some covered with a slight arch of brick open at the ends or partly closed, some concealed by the conical mound of earth rising to the height of several feet and surmounted by a tuft of bright green foliage, at your side a deep canal which at high tide carries many a native boat,—but, dear Hannah, I fear you will think my imagination was strangely disordered to see anch homes, in all like this; but remember all these were lost to sight at the moment of romance, and the first mentioned were alone visible. I gathered a few flowers which I shall press and send you as a memento of my fancied home trip.

But I would not have you stop gazing when I have stopped describing. I would have you come homeward a few steps and stand on "Catharine's Bridge," named in honor of Mrs. Lockhart, the first female foreigner resident in the country. I would have you add that to all I have mentioned, look at the granite tablets near by, the little pagoda into which the dead bodies of children are thrown without coffins, that Buddhist monastery near it, and all the little native cottages scattered around, and then you would know the kind of scenery we met on our rambles. I mentioned "Catharine's Bridge," but if you have ever carefully studied the scenery on plates and saucers that represent Chinese archi­tecture you need not, and you can not, be better enlightened perhaps by any de­scription of mine than by those representations.

Indeed, I might say, if you want to see China, look at its pictures. Archs, columns, pagodas, walls, towers, granite representations of lions, sheep, turtles and so forth—are better represented in the paintings you see, than they could be by the pen.

May 22.—Last evening I was amused by conversing with our men and getting the different sounds of consonants, as substi­tuted for each other. I will mention it as a proof of the difficulties we have to encounter in this most difficult of lan­
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

The name for sedan-chair we usually pronounce "keaw-tss," but we found by giving it to them "chew-tss" or "teaw-tss" we were equally understood. Again, the same word means, often, many different things, but the difference can only be detected by the tones. These I cannot represent in all their varieties on paper, and then the written language you know is so much more difficult for being syllabic, and requires so many characters. We proceed very slowly, of course, and feel thankful that we are able to make ourselves understood but it is not such language that I ask. "The love, the steadfast love of years..." it is this that can not deceive. O how I have longed sometimes to pour out the full tide of my affection into the listening heart of a beloved one. With what vain yearnings have I longed for such language, until I could turn away and weep, through the excess of unshared thoughts. I want to give you a quotation from Mrs. Hemans; and although it is lengthy, I know it will be acceptable, even though you may have read it a thousand times.

"As the hart panteth for the water brook, so panteth my soul for thee for the free air of heaven, so does the poor spirit for the mingling of thought with thought, for the full and deep communion of kindred natures. The common, every-day intercourse of human beings, how poor it is, how heartless; how much more does it oppress a sense of loneliness, than the deepest solitude of majestic nature. Can it indeed be that this world has nothing higher, nobler, more thrilling? And the thousand minds that seem to dwell contented within this narrow circle, do they dream of nothing beyond? I often ask myself this question in what we call society. Yet when a sudden spark of congenial thought or feeling seems to be struck from the mind of another by one of ours, is not the joy so great as almost to compensate for the hours and days of weariness? Is it not like the swift breaking in of sunlight through the glades of a forest, sending gladness to their very depths? Yes; but few and far between are such moments, widely severed; the freshness, the drink, the slight hope to bear us on through the desert beyond. Let me add one little quotation more, it is so good.

"Is not the propensity of ardent and generous natures to love and trust, though disappointed again and again, as a perpetual spring in the heart, ever throwing out fresh buds and flowers, though but to be nipped by the killing frost—far better thus than to be bound in the lifelessness of winter."

And now I fear you will say there is a tinge of homesickness in all this; but no, much as I love you, much as I love all the dear friend I have left there, I wish not to return, I would not go back, for the heart of me is filled the most splendid place on all its shores. Sometimes feel to despair of ever being actively useful as a missionary and have need to cry continually, "Lord, increase my faith." But there is comfort in the thought that I have ever had it in my heart to devolve myself to this work. We often go out and converse with our Chinese neighbors, and they often call on us; but it is so difficult to approach them on this most important of all subjects, that we sometimes almost despair. They are too polite to dispute with one, will tacitly assent to what you say, or pretend to do so to get us to make them acquaintance, cultivate their friendship, and wait until an opening shall be made for us to introduce the subject of religion...

I wrote to a gentleman in Hongkong and it is now nearly a year, so you must have returned to your accustomed walks into the country, and before leaving the city. The story seemed suddenly blocked by some gaudy procession, and as we approached it we found first a horte made of paper, about the size of a pony, elegantly painted, and covered with the tappings of—I hardly know what, it might have been a warlike gear, it might have been for pilgrimage—but there it remained ready for its owner's use, fastened to a table by its legs. On the table were candles burning, and a variety of ornamen tal cups, a brush, a table covered with gaudy ornaments and burning tapers, and behind which stood three men, whom I might have easily mistaken for painted images, but that the one in the middle was earnestly chanting something in the native tongue, and the two at intervals by the beating on an instrument resembling a tambourine. We knew by the unshaven head they could not be the prevailing order of Buddhist priests (they were, I suppose, Taoists), the long cue being coiled at the back of the head around the fastening in the form of a hand clenching the pin that held it fast. The two outside priests were dressed much after the Roman Catholic style, with embroidered satin robes and sashes. The central one, who towered above the rest, was more moderately adorned.

We passed through the crowd with no other thought than that which springs from curiosity, and this short occasion was of the most quiet and orderly kind. We soon found ourselves the "observed of all observers." Even vanity has become weary of these attentions, but they ever continue. Even the priests so far forget their dignity as to turn their faces back to gaze. On the morning we learned that the present ceremony was got up to "complete the merit" of the deceased parents of the present actors. The horse was to be burnt at the close of the oration, and his shade sent into the other world for the benefit of the "nyang-ts" (wife) of the departed worthy, or so. Large quantities of "ghost money" are burnt at the same time for the same purpose.

Such, dear cousin, are the scenes that surround us, such the people among whom we live, such the souls for which we labor and pray. It is a dreary work, but not a dreary one because we expect to be buried. When shall the day-star arise upon China? I believe I am pardoned for thinking that there are many prayers put up for China now that
would not be if this little band of four had never entered it. Nor do I think those prayers are selfish because they are called out by the existing circumstances. It is only because those circumstances have given a new bias to exertion, perhaps I might say a new impulse, for sorry indeed should I be to believe that our sacrifice, small as it is, has had no effect upon the minds of our friends. We talk about sacrifices, but what have we sacrificed that this never entered it.

Prayers are selfish because they are called "it is given a new." Mr. P., a merchant here, and an acquaintance of ours, has been in China the last few years, and left his wife and children in Boston. They arrived here a few days after ourselves, having been separated nearly six years. And this self-denial was all for the love of wealth! The Christian has other tests of his love to Christ than these. The mother in her family, the sister among a beloved flock, the child ministering to the wants of delicate parents, the wife in her home, are more acceptable Christian "yes," and missionary too, than many who live and die among the heathen. God sees not as man sees. O that there were in us such a heart that we would cease to regard the exterior of a life any farther than it was the result of a heart purified and made meet for the dwelling of the Holy Spirit. My dear cousin, don't forget us, don't forget the idolatrous millions who surround us.

And now adieu, beloved Hannah, believe that you are as dear to me as ever, and that to love you so, and love to have you call me "dearest. It is a sweet word; so thinks Hannah, and so thinks

Cousin Lucy.

Shanghai, May 19, 1848.

Mexico.

The 20-page article in the Catholic Encyclopedia on Mexico is full of interest just at this time. It abounds in cuts and tables and gives data, some of which has not until now been placed before the public. The author, Father Camillus Crivelli, writes in a scholarly way about the possible origin of the Aztecs, and of the biblical traditions that abound in the Aztec folk-lore.

We give below some "notes from the tenth volume."

It is interesting to note that this country is a replica of the United States inasmuch as it comprises twenty-seven states, three territories, and a small federal district (Coahuila and Lower California, Mexico). Of the 13,000,000 inhabitants, 2,000,000 are pure whites either by birth or descent. Regarding the Aztecs, the theory is advanced that they may have had some close connection with the Egyptians and probably came to America by way of America Strait. There is much plausible evidence to support this, e.g., the pyramid of San Juan Teotihuacan, the hieroglyphics, and the murals of Chichen Itza. A remarkable feature is the amount of biblical tradition which exists in the Aztec folk-lore, e.g., stories recording the Garden of Eden, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, the Confusion of Tongues, etc. Still more suggestive are the Christian traditions which existed as before the coming of the Conquistadors, and especially the worship of the Cross. The high priest of Tixcayon said: "There shall come the sign of a god who dwells on high, and the cross which illumined the world shall be made manifest: the worship of false gods shall cease. Your father comes, O Itzalanos! your brother comes, O Itzalanos! receive your bearded guests from the East, who come to bring the sign of God. God it is who comes to do meek and holy."

No one wishes to criticize Prescott; but it is the result of a heart purified and made meet for the dwelling of the Holy Spirit. My dear cousin, don't forget us, don't forget the idolatrous millions who surround us.

And now adieu, beloved Hannah, believe that you are as dear to me as ever, and that I love to tell you so, and love to have you call me "dearest. It is a sweet word; so thinks Hannah, and so thinks

Cousin Lucy.

Shanghai, May 19, 1848.
one's self, his friend, or a company, to the point where they decide to pledge their allegiance to Christ, their great Leader and Saviour.

2. It is an inspiration. The power of a pledge, through inspiration and stimulation, is being recognized by modern psychologists. Its value can not be estimated. When one takes a pledge he sets a definite standard by which his actions he agrees to abide. This action becomes a part of his character which he desires to strengthen. He has given his word. His honor is at stake when the test of the value of the resolution is made. There comes to that person a thrill of pride that because of his pledge his honor remains unstaied, his word more precious than jewels, as true in its ring as steel. Then too, it is an inspiration to feel so long as we adhere faithfully to our pledge we have the sympathy, the prayers, and cooperation of thousands of fellow workers.

3. It is a reminder. "Lest we forget." The pledge recalls us to the reasons for Home life when it is well, and when a residence. That answere to the question, "Why did you make a pledge?" The pledge-making? These his parents that have made and some few successes have as God was honored, obeyed and made a maker and decorator.

The pledge is a help, a necessary an expression of the utmost agony and despair.

The second picture also represents a sea tossed by as fierce a storm, with as dark clouds; but out of the midst of the waves a rock rises, against which the waters dash in vain. In a cleft of the rock are some tufts of grass and green herbage, with flowers, and amid these a dove is seen sitting on her nest quiet and undisturbed by the wild fury of the storm or the mad dashing of the waves about her.

If Christ dwells in our homes, those who mingle with us will know it. He can not be hid. As an illustration I will tell a story which perhaps you may have heard. A German sculptor labored eight years in making a marble statue of Christ. When

It may be perfect as a gem in all its appointments, a piece of art in itself. There may be the most perfect order, the loftiest courtesy, and each member of the home may fulfill his or her part with unfailing promptitude.

Bring in a child and ask it what it thinks of the home.

"It is very, beautiful, it is grand," responds the child.

You turn away disappointed. You have failed to make your home what you should. It is a splendid piece of art. You have succeeded in setting up a model which all will admire, but you have not made a home of love, of tenderness and praise.

You begin anew. You build your home with taste and thought, and put in as many lovely things as you can afford, and then set up your household life and fill it with the spirit of prayer, of love, of gentleness and unselfishness.

Again you call in the child and she mingles in the life of your household. You ask her what she thinks of your home, and she replies, "I think Jesus lives here."

It is not grandeur that impresses her...
CHILDREN’S PAGE

The Happy Little Twins.

Fofi and Fifo were two of the blackest and happiest little boys living along the Congo. After the dressing of palm oil and redwood dust, their bodies shone, and they looked so much alike that Fofi wore a string of red glass beads and Fifo one of blue glass beads, so their mother could tell them apart.

There must have been a great deal of shine inside of these little boys, for something quite pleasing sparkled in their soft black eyes and bubbled over in smiles and laughter as they played and chattered from morning until night in the village of their father, the big chief Momba, or along the banks of the great brown river, or even in the kraal of “White Man,” the missionary.

All the people for miles around would remember as long as they lived when Fofi and Fifo came into the world, for the beating of the drums called them to the great feast given in honor of the tiny black babies, and all the members of Momba’s village, or family, drew streaks of white paint across their foreheads because Fofi and Fifo.

But they were big boys now, they thought, for they had lived seven years; and Fofi, who cared a great deal about his appearance, was already saying to his brother, “Fifo, I wonder when we shall be old enough to have our hair dressed like the mammas’ (women) and the big men’s?”

“I don’t know, Fifo,” Fifo would answer, “I shouldn’t like it very well. It takes so long. From the morning sun until the midday and from the midday until the sun goes to bed some of them sit for the hair-dressing.”

“Yes, but how beautiful it is,” Fofi would say, as he gazed longitudinally at the hair of his older brothers and sisters and of the men and women, arranged to look like cones, horns and pyramids, and thrust through with many strange and crude ornaments.

Fifo, however, cared more to run down to the river and watch the boats which passed now and then, though his mother would always call out, “Go not so close that the alligators may catch you.”

Fofi and Fifo loved also to wander in the bamboo walls and build of the young growth pecked little huts, with logs车型 out among the light, slender stems the long coarse grass until they had fashioned a comfortable shelter from the hot sun.

The greatest fun of all, though, was visiting the good White Man, who jeered with them and petted them in turn and gave them presents and told them of the little children in his own country.

After a time many moons passed without sight at the village of the trader who brought salt and beads and knives in exchange for alligator hides and ivory and other such articles for which they were wont to barter, thus becoming the few little children in his own country.

Then one day, as they lay in their play hut, weak and thin, Fofi said faintly, “Fifo, we will go to White Man, and he will give us the little children their bodies from getting sick, for he loves us.”

“But what if he has none?” asked Fifo.

“Or else I have what we want. Let us go to the mamma and be oiled and dusted, and ask her to dress us in our best beads and—brother, the brass rings! Have her put them about our necks and arms and ankles, for we are of the family of the Chief Momba.”

“O Fifo! You know our mother will not permit us to wear the rings, for they are only for the big great ones, bigger than we are; and, if White Man wants to give us the salt, he will do it just because he loves us.”

So Fofi and Fifo went to the hut of their mother inside the bamboo walls surrounding the village, and told her what they wished to do; but when they asked that their bodies might be freshly oiled and rubbed with redwood dust, she said: “Noo, noo, my children, such a thing will not be done. You will become not you that you should receive gifts as rich children. You may go, but with no palm oil and no redwood dust upon your bodies, and not even your beautiful red beads, Fofi, nor your sky-blue beads,
"Ah! who is this?" exclaimed White Man in mock surprise, as the twins, with downcast eyes, came near.

But Fofi and Fifo did not for a moment forget their manners, and down on the ground they knelt, bowing their woolly heads to the dust. Then they squatted before White Man, as if to the chief, their best. They then dug the soil, and let Fifo eat so much that they squatted like in my camp chair with the umbrilla over you. "What do you think of that, my boys?"

"We shall be proud to have so much honor," answered Fofi with as much dignity as a little black boy of the jungles could command.

Then they said, "We are poor only for salt. Our mother told us this was the right way to come. But we have brought kauri shells to give you for the salt. They are all we have; but if they are not enough we will - give our - beads. I will give mine, and Fofi may keep his if he wishes," he added.

"You think a great deal of your beads, do you not?" asked White Man, his face quite serious.

Fofi looked sadly at White Man and then at his brother, who was trying to keep the tears back, and at last he managed to say very solemnly,-

"No, Fifo, you may keep your beads and I will give mine.

"Yes, yes," answered the boys. "We would have nothing to wear at the great feasts if they were gone, and, beside, without them we would be poor all the time like we are now."

"That is too bad, too bad," said White Man, shaking his head, "and yet, Fofi, you are willing to give yours to me for salt, although your brother would eat some of the salt."

"Yes, White Man," answered Fifo bravely.

"And you, Fofi, would part with your beautiful glass beads for salt and let Fifo eat all he wanted of it?"

"Yes, we are twins; and I love him and he loves me."

Grunted White Man. "Two little black boys away out here on the banks of the Congo among the bamboo brakes, with hearts as tender and white as those of any boys and girls whose skin is of the fairest."

Then he laughed so cheerily that Fofi and Fifo forgot all about being poor, and he called out in a jolly voice, "Come here, you little rascals, and sit on my knees. How I love the little children! Now, Sam-soti shall bring you a cup of salt at once, and you may keep your kauri shells to buy something else, and your beads to wear at the feasts, and you may also sit as long as you like in my camp chair with the umbrilla over you. What do you think of that, my boys?"

"We shall be proud to have so much honor," answered Fofi with as much dignity as a little black boy of the jungles could command.

"You are cousins, you and Fifo, in this village but our father, the chief, has such riches as White Man's chair and the wonderful sun cover," said Fifo, as he and Fofi, forgetting that their bodies were not polished and that they wore no beads, gave themselves up to utter comfort and happiness as the guests of the good mission man.-Alice M. Long, in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The birthday of Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, of Plainfield, was quietly observed on last Sabbath evening at the parsonage of the local Seventh-day Baptist church, when a few relatives assembled to do him honor. Those present besides Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner included Rev. and Mrs. Henry N. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Rogers and Mrs. Louise Stillman. A dinner was served and there was a pleasing social evening. The event was Mr. Gardiner's sixty-seventh birthday.-Danellen Call.

We see by the Pioneer of Cosmos, Okla., that our friend, Ira Goff, has returned to Cosmos to make a home with our people there. This is good news. The little flock there will now have an under-shepherd.

Prof. Wayland D. Wilcox went to New York last Thursday night to attend the second annual Public Speaking Conference, held with the College of the City of New York, N. Y., after attending the Missionary Conference. Professor Wilcox was honored by being the first speaker on the program, after the president's address, under the general theme, "Declamation," discussing "How I Conduct a Class in Declamation."-Alfred Sun.

Fres. B. C. Davis made a flying trip to Plainfield, N. J., New York City, Westerly, R. I., and Boston, Mass., all in the interests of Alfred University.

Rev. R. R. Thorngate of Richburg, N. Y., has accepted a call to become pastor of the Verona Seventh-day Baptist Church, Verona, N. Y.

A passage of the widest significance from President Eliot, recently published, should be read by all the churches:

"In those denominations which permit extemporaneous public prayer the minister possesses that tremendous means of influence. Leading in prayer worthily is the most exalted effort of the human mind. The power of such prayer is pervasive and enduring beyond all imagination. It may at any moment give to the listener a thrill which runs through all his being, and determine the quality, not only of his own life, but of many of those lives which will derive from his."
HOME NEWS

NEW YORK CITY.—As our working year is from September to July we are reminded that the larger part of this year is gone and what we do now will have to be done quickly, although much has already been crowded into the year.

It seems as though there had been an unusual amount of sickness in the parish this year. A run of the whooping-cough among the children has not only kept them from Sabbath school and church services but some of the parents as well. Then some of the older members have been compelled to absent themselves from church.

In the early winter, Mr. Will R. Clarke of West Nutley, N. J., had the misfortune to suffer an attack of neuritis and for weeks was unable to be on his feet. A couple of weeks ago he put in his appearance at church again and is now able to attend the work in his New York office. Mr. Clarke has had a long and tedious lay-off, but we are very glad that he is sufficiently recovered to be at his post of duty again. Then Mr. C. C. Chipman who has, in addition to his own work, been extensively occupied with his time to denominational matters, was forced to seek a rest and change. He and Mrs. Chipman took an extended trip through the South, going as far as Havana, Cuba. They had expected to return by way of the Bermudas but fears of a “rough sea” (?) led them to abandon the idea, which they could the more comfortably dispense with; and they accordingly returned directly to New York. Last Sabbath we were pleased to welcome them back to their old places. But perhaps the most serious illness is that of Mrs. W. L. Russell, who joined our church last fall. For a number of weeks she has been confined to her bed by an injured knee, being unable to use it in the least. She has a large share of our sympathy.

However, notwithstanding these absences, the attendance must of the time has been gratifying. Since the first of January it has stood at or above 75.

Dr. Harry Prentice, the chorister, has added much to the interest and helpfulness of the services by organizing a choir.

The Bible school under the lead of Superintendent Holly Maxson is doing good work. Special mention should be made of the work done by Mrs. S. F. Bates who has charge of the Intermediate class. Mrs. Bates, as editor of the new Junior Quarterly, has here an opportunity to try out her own lesson helps in a practical way and the enthusiasm and efficiency of her pupils are ample evidence of the success of her efforts both as an editor and teacher.

We are always glad to welcome the young people who are attending Columbia, Pratt and other institutions and heartily recommend them for availing themselves of the opportunities offered by our church. Their interest and attendance are not only an inspiration to the church and pastor but a prophecy of their future success.

We have enjoyed visits from Mr. Fred Dunn and Mr. P. M. Green of Milton, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Schoonmaker of Bradford, Pa., Deacon and Mrs. F. W. Hamilton and Rev. I. L. Cottrell of Alfred Station, N. Y., Miss Helen Brown of Portland, N. Y., and Miss Wilcox of Alfred, Mr. and Mrs. Whitford Maxson of Nortonville, Kan., and many others.

We have lost two members this year so far, one by death and one dismissed by letter to join elsewhere. We have gained six members: four by baptism and two by letter. While we have our discouragements, the future looks bright to us. God is good to us, and for his blessings we would praise him.

Dr. RUYTER, N. Y.—There have been many deaths in this vicinity within a few weeks and Pastor Wing has been called upon to officiate at nearly every one of the funerals, although most of them were First-day people. He has been supplying the Congregational church in this village for nearly a year, and so acceptably that the members do not seem to call a pastor. Our Sabbath school used the tract, "Bible Reading on Sabbath and Sunday," for our exercises, March 25, in accordance with a suggestion from Brother Edwin Shaw.

Our pastor has varied the prayer meeting, several times of late, in a very interesting, and we trust profitable, manner, by asking questions on a given subject, the same being numbered to correspond with slips containing Bible references, those who hold the slips reading the answers from the Bible. This method brings out the truth very clearly.

E. M. A.

Our Fire Horses.

Chief Spencer of the Chelsea fire department sat chatting with friends in his office the other evening when he abruptly excused himself and called some one by telephone. "I promised to call him at five minutes of nine," he apologized.

"But how did you know that it was five minutes of nine?" asked an observant visitor a few minutes later, after he had satisfied himself that there was no watch or clock in sight.

"Why, I heard those horses pawing in their stalls downstairs," replied the chief.

"They are very accurate timekeepers."

"You see," explained the chief, "we have a test block of exercise apparatus appearing of his great Captain, the

ps. ex, 15

DEATHS

BARBOCK.—Elder H. W. Barbock was born in West Edmeston, N. Y., June 24, 1819, and died near Cottage Grove, Ore., February 20, 1911, in his eighty-second year of age.

At an early age he became converted, and joined the First-day Baptists. Later, through the influence of his eldest brother (Eld. T. H. Babcock) he accepted the Seventh-day Sabbath, and at the age of nineteen began his public ministry in the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination, with which he continued for seven years.

At the age of twenty-six he married Catherine M. Wells, who was laid to rest about a year and a half ago, at the age of eighty-three. To this union were born eight children, three of whom—two sons and a daughter—survive their parents.

Elder Barbock accepted the Seventh-day Adventist faith in 1873, laboring first in Minnesota, and later, in 1880, coming to Oregon, since which time his labors have been of a more or less fixed character, although he was recognized by the conference from year to year. After coming to Oregon he filled the office of senior elder of the Royal Churn, and received the benefit of his death. He delivered the baccalaureate address at Royal Academy one year ago last May, which was attended by about two hundred and fifty guests. By all who knew him he was honored as a man, a scholar and a minister. Now, after nearly a century of the banner of King, he lays down the sword to take, at the appearing of his great Captain, the palm of eternal victory.

Words of comfort were spoken by the writer from Ps. cxv, 15 to a large company of friends and relatives.

H. W. O.

VARS.—Mrs. Emma Whitman, Vars, the wife of Horatio Vars, was born May 9, 1843, and died February 25, 1911, at the home at South Berlin where her married life had been spent. She was the mother of three children, one of whom, Mrs. Blanche Lamb, remains. Father and daughter mourn the loss of a faithful wife and daughter.

The funeral services were held at the home. The body was laid to rest in the Berlin Seventh-day Baptist Cemetery.

T. W.

TURNBULL.—In Ashaway, R. I., March 24, 1911, John Turnbull, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

He was a native of Scotland, where, on June 5, 1874, he was married to Jane McEven. They lived eleven years in Scotland. From there they came to Providence, R. I. After five years' residence in Providence they were removed to Ashaway, where they lived till their deaths.

Mrs. Turnbull was here a member of the Baptist church of Ashaway. Mr. Turnbull was a member of the Baptist church of Hawick, Scotland. He lived a quiet, uncomplaining life.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
Four sons and three daughters are left to mourn his going.

Funeral services were held at his late home.

March 27, conducted by Rev. L. F. Randolph, assistant for Rev. W. C. Richardson, in Oak Grove Cemetery by the side of his wife.

L. F. R.

BATES.—Carrie Viola Hibbard Bates was born at Harvard, Clay Co., Neb., December 28, 1860, and died March 4, 1911, at her home near Knowlton, Mont., April 3, 1911.

In 1885 she moved with her parents from Harvard to Wilber, Nebr., where she grew up and at about twelve years of age was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church, of which she was a still a member. She was married to Alva A. Bates, June 22, 1888, and moved to Montana, where she lived till death claimed her. She had been ailing for some months but had seemed so much better that her death came very unexpectedly after thirty-six hours of intense suffering.

She was of a very quiet and retiring nature and a most devoted wife. She leaves, to mourn her loss, a husband, a father, and an only sister, besides other relatives and friends.

The funeral services were held at the house, being conducted by Rev. W. C. Johnson of the Congregational church at Baker, Mont., and the body was laid to rest in the Irmay Cemetery. Text, John xiv. 28-31. Mrs. Richard Green.

BURDICK.—Lewis J. Burdick, the eldest son of Phineas and Lydia Burdick, was born in Lincoln, Chenango County, N. Y., February 18, 1832, and died there of bronchial pneumonia, April 3, 1911, near the place of his birth.

At the age of twenty years he was converted and baptized by his father-in-law, the Rev. Russell G. Burdick, and joined the Seventh-day Baptist church in Lincoln Center. He has remained faithful to that church, ever cheerfully and generously helping in every way to support it and advance its interests. It's ministers always found a cordial welcome in his home.

 Naturally quiet and gentle in his disposition, he yet possessed in an unusual degree the qualities of strength and firmness of character. Kind and tender as a husband, and wisely indulgent as a father, his home was a happy one, a place loved alike by family and friends. Widely known, and with one of his sons, the Rev. F. R. about two thirds of a mile nearly every day to see his nephew during the latter's illness, to tend and watch over him.

In answer to the indicated request, "Yes, let us pray for the safety of Brother Andrews while on his prospective journey," said the prayer meeting leader, in answer to the indicated request; "but let us pray more for his spiritual welfare, as representing his most important needs. After all, awe-inspiring as the sea is, God can take care of our brother just as well there as elsewhere."

"Isn't God upon the ocean, just the same as on the land?" piped up a dear old lady in the corner, remarking the childish elevation of her younger days. A ripple of amusement followed, but when it died away a second mother in Israel was ready for speech.

"I just want to say a few words on this subject," she explained, "because perhaps lots of people are troubled now just as I used to be when I was younger. My father cured me of worrying foolishly over my dear ones. I told him once that I wasn't enjoying my summer visit to the home farm as well as usual, because my two boys would climb trees and hug logs, and go swimming, and so on. And I said that I wouldn't mind so much about Harry, but that I trembled to think of what might happen to careless James. My father's eyes twinkled as he made reply, "I'm sure I'll be," he said, 'you're willing to trust Harry to the care of the good Lord, but you can't feel quite the same confidence in his ability to take care of James. Have you explained to the Lord, dear, that while you're perforce obliged to trust him for all things, you really prefer to have the care of James yourself."

"Well, that started me to thinking, and I decided then and there that the good Lord might take care of James as well as Harry, and just as well out of our sight as in it. Of course, being 'pure human,' I've felt anxious many a time since, but never again have I worried so intensely. And when, some years ago, one of my boys was fighting in the Philippines and the other was ill with tuberculosis in Arizona, while I was kept here with my injured husband, it was the greatest comfort to me to remember that always the Lord was taking care of them all—and of me, too."

"Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely," quoted the leader, and over the tired face of more than one listener settled a look of dovetailed peace.

Perhaps the simple old colored "auntie" who used to conclude a list of her needs and troubles with the unvarying formula: "And now, dear Lord, you'll just let me look after desé matters for I've done all I can!" was not so far wrong in spiritual attitude. Having done all we can for the care and safety of our beloved or ourselves, peace comes with the quiet reflection that, after all, God is "upon the ocean, just the same as on the land," and equally potent in whatever time or tide his children know.

—Ethel Colson, in the Continent.

"The beer wagon is a hearse and at every trip it hauls away some of the hope of the home."

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LESSON VI.—May 6, 1911.

UZZIAH, KING OF JUDAH, HUMBLED.

2 Chron. xxvi. 1-23.

Golden Text.—"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Prov. xvii. 18.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 2 Chron. xxvi. 1-16.
Second-day, 2 Chron. xxvi. 17-28.
Third-day, 2 Chron. xxvi. 1-15.
Fourth-day, 2 Chron. xxvi. 16-xxvii. 9.
Fifth-day, 2 Chron. xxvii. 10-12.
Sixth-day, 2 Chron. xxvii. 13-27.

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand.)

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

Seventh-Day Baptists in Syracrue, N. Y., hold Sabbath afternoon services at 2:30 o'clock in the hall on the second floor of the Lynch building, No. 190 South Salina Street. All are cordially invited.

The Seventh-Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Myrtle Avenue and Grand Street South dough. The Sabbath school meets at 10 A.M. Preaching service at 11:30 A.M. All are cordially welcome to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor.

The Seventh-Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 912, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Wabash Streets, at 3:30 o'clock p.m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Seventh-Day Baptists in Madison, Wis., meet regularly Sabbath afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all strangers in the city. For those of meeting, invite the superintendent, H. W. Road, at 918 South Mills Street.

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 4th Street and Monica Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2:00 o'clock, praying at 3. Everybody welcome. L. A. Flatt, pastor. The pastor's address is State and Chavez, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanctuary Chapel at 2:30 p.m. Christian Endeavor Society services and prayer meeting—Mrs. Emma Post (pastor Sanitarian), a few, one Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. D. Burden Cook, pastor, 416 W. Van Buren St.

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THE MOTHER.

What magic does that loved word, "Mother," hold! And next to God, the sweetest ever said; The king and slave, the child, the hero hold, At mother's name bow reverently the head. Her love outlasts all other human love, Her faith endures the longest, hardest test, Her grace and patience through a lifetime prove That she's a friend, the noblest and the best.

No higher knighthood can a young man prove, No richer gem can maiden's bosom wear, Than true devotion to a mother's love, Than faithful answer to a mother's prayer.

Who is this mother too obscure to own? How has she helped the world and where and when? Ahi! she the unseen power behind the throne, Has consecrated vastly more than all the men.

She rules the ruler, and her gentle hand That rocks the cradle, moves the world more sure Than all the kings that ever held command, Than all the heroes whose proud names endure.

For did she not the molding power impress? Before the heart was swept by passion wild—Which swayed the will through all life's "storm and stress," Was not her knee the prayer throne of the child?

—F. Watson Hanman, D. D.