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February 13, 1911

GREATNESS OF LINCOLN.

On the day of his death, this simple Western attorney, who according to one party was a vulgar joker, and whom the doctrinaires among his own supporters accused of wanting "a mere element of statesmanship, was the most absolute ruler of Christendom, and this solely by the hold his good natured sagacity had laid on the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. . . . So strong and so persuasive is honest manliness without a single quality of romance or unreal sentiment, to help on a civilian during times of the most captivating military achievement, awkward, with no skill in the finer technicalities of manners, he left behind him a fame beyond that of any conqueror, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding. Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. Never was funereal oration so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman.

—James Russell Lowell

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

VOL. 70, NO. 7. PLAINFIELD, N. J., FEBRUARY 13, 1911. WHOLE NO. 3,441.

T. E. GARDNER, D. D., Editor.


The Appeal for Peace

Lincoln's Prudence and Wisdom.

On the twelfth of February, one hundred and two years ago, there was born, in the backwoods of Kentucky, one of the most remarkable men this country has ever produced—a wonderful American life. Out from the poverty of a cabin home in the forest, up through the rough rowdiness of a frontier town, through the rudeness of crude and uncultured society, and through the fluctuation of popular politics, our Lincoln passed unscathed in character, and rose to the championship of two great principles, one of union and the other of freedom, at a time when it seemed impossible that the two could be maintained together.

When both freedom and the preservation of the Union seemed hopeless to many of his fellows, Lincoln never lost faith in either; and when both had been secured, he became a victim of the venom which the strife and the victory had engendered. He was raised up to lead the Nation in a crisis when there were no guiding precedents, and when no man could forecast the future.

Two years before the war, in the heat of the anti-slavery agitation, when nominated for senator against Douglass, Lincoln gave utterance to these words:

If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy that agitation has not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed.

The Union has been sorely tried, already; it will be tested again, and the result will be determined not by the opinions of men, but by the action of men.

My friends, I am not reviewing the past, I am looking to the future.-The Appeal for Peace.
regain. Finally, an effort to arm the slaves under Butler's command at New Orleans called forth such a voice of universal approval, that the President recognized the fullness of time for which he had been waiting, and forthwith the proclamation was prepared.

Those who were nearest to him have told us something of the anxiety and pains-taking toil of Lincoln, as he went ahead day by day to a secluded corner of the telegraph office, out of the way of those who might interrupt him, and with pen and paper, framed little by little the edict that was to reign. Finally, an effort to ann the slaves out of the way of those through the land.

The memory of such a man as Horace Greeley should be perpetuated; and I am glad that New York City, the scene of his influential activity, and Amherst, N. H., the place of his birth, have joined with Chappaqua in celebrating his one hundredth birthday.

It has been said that Horace Greeley made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that, during the troublesome times previous to the Civil War, Horace Greeley, as editor of the New York Tribune, did more to shape public sentiment and to mold the character of this Nation than any other man then living. His name was on every tongue, and all the civilized world heard the scratch of his pen. The friends of freedom found in him a mighty leader, and the government when under the dark clouds of war recognized him as a staunch and loyal supporter. The older men of our time have still a warm place in their hearts for the chimes of gold-burdened Wall Street, which always, by its greatest recovery, the return to America may result in his recovery. The outlook for the needed furlough of Brother and Sister D. H. Davis, which was anticipated this fall, has now seem so hopeful, and fears are expressed lest they may not be able to return as expected. We hope the way may open, however, and that their hopes may be realized.

***

Overshadowing the Church.

This morning as I was walking up Broadway, New York, facing a blazing wind that chilled the passers-by to the bone, my ear caught the mellow tones of a familiar familiar church pealed their call to prayer. Turning about I paused a moment to listen and to take in the scene, though no one else appeared to be interested enough to stop and enjoy the sweet music of that morning.

As I stood looking at the famous old church, imagination and memory were busy comparing the scenes and conditions of other days with those of the present. When I first saw old Trinity church pealed their call to prayer, Turning about I paused a moment to listen and to take in the scene, though no one else appeared to be interested enough to stop and enjoy the sweet music of that morning.

As I stood looking at the famous old church, imagination and memory were busy comparing the scenes and conditions of other days with those of the present. When I first saw old Trinity, in 1873, it was the most prominent church in New York. Its spire, a marvel of grace and beauty, towered high above every other building, and was the main landmark for every sailor coming up the bay or sailing down North or East rivers. Today the church stands utterly hidden from view until one is close beside it, still facing down Wall Street as of old, but literally sandwiched in between gigantic skyscrapers that tower many stories above the top of its spire. The leatherette overshadows it that the sun scarcely shines upon its windows during all the day.

Once it stood in the midst of trees and foliage, upon a green farm called the "King's farm," and was the main attraction of the people of the town. Now it stands overshadowed by the great office structures of this commercial age, and is surrounded daily by the hustling throngs of Wall Street and Broadway, who scarcely notice the music of its chimes, still pealing out as of old, and in the same old way.

Beside it, in the historic burial lot, lie the ashes of the "true forefathers of its hamlet," who once responded to its calls. Silently they sleep, while the busy, rushing throng goes by, absorbed in its search for gold. I am told that, in the olden time, on the nights before Christmas and New Year's, the chimes always made beautiful music in the hallowed birth-day of Christ, and to welcome the new year. But alas! in these latter years, the midnight din of the multitudes so completely drowns the music of the chimes that the practice has been abandoned. This experience of the morning has been in mind all the day; and as I write, the question will keep coming, Does old Trinity church, almost buried from sight by giant houses of commerce and business, hemmed in and restricted by the palaces of gold-burdened Wall Street, represent the church at large, overshadowed by the spirit of commercialism until few people heed its sacred calls to prayer and praise? Is it as cold spiritually around its altars and our sanctuaries as it was physically around old Trinity this morning? Does the Church of Christ face our "Wall streets" with as little hope of winning gold-crazed men, as does that old church on Broad street facing the cockpit of the stock exchange? What can we do to prevent the church from being overshadowed by worldliness?

Lincoln's vision was not simply that of a statesman; it was a prophet's, and time has vindicated his every public act and utterance. His life and death are America's greatest inspiration.—John A. Johnson.
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

The King Opens Parliament.

The new Parliament was formally opened by King George V and Queen Mary of England; and beside being the first Parliament opened by this King, it seems likely to be the one to decide the status of the House of Lords, and thereby bring about one of the greatest changes in the British Constitution in a hundred years. It looks now as though the veto bill would pass. This will practically wipe out the power of the chamber to kill legislation from the lower house, by providing that any bill three times passed by the Commons, within a period of time not less than two years, shall become a law in spite of the Lords. There is also a provision giving the House of Commons control of all bills on finance, making such a hold-up of the budget as the Lords gave the Lloyd-George budget, utterly impossible in the future. Under the new provision any money bill not approved by the Lords for one month after it passes the Commons shall become a law by the King's approval.

One more important measure, if passed, will remove the time of a Parliament a body elected by the people rather than a hereditary body. Of course, the extreme measures of the Liberals also contain provisions for ultimately making the upper house of Parliament a body elected by the people rather than a hereditary body. Of course, the extreme measures of the Liberals will be strongly contested by the Lords, but everything now goes to show that the upper house feels compelled to compromise by yielding its veto power.

Big Tim's Shoe Day.

February 6 was shoe day in the Bowery at New York. For eight years "Big Tim" Sullivan, New York State's senator from the Bowery district, has practiced giving away shoes to the needy poor among his constituents. Tradition says that when Tim was a boy, his mother cried because he had to go out in the snow with his toes sticking from his shoes, and so the story goes, he pledged his mother that if he ever became rich enough to do so he would give as many poor people shoes in winter as he could. This pledge he is faithfully keeping, and the sixth of February each year is "Big Tim"'s shoe day. On last Monday the New York papers told the story of thousands in the Bowery, many of them standing barefooted in the snow awaiting their turn to be served at "Big Tim"'s headquarters. A warm pair of socks accompanied each pair of shoes, and a cup of hot coffee was given each one. Long before the appointed hour, poor barefooted people gathered in the snow around the door, and out of pity for them the doors were opened two hours before the appointed time. According to the headlines in New York papers ten thousand feet were made warm on "Big Tim"'s gift day.

Terrible Explosion.

A car-load of dynamite exploded at the freight pier of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, in Jersey City, causing the loss of more than a score of lives, and an immense destruction of property. The concussion was felt for miles around, and the great skyscrapers of lower New York were rocked and swayed as by an earthquake. The damage to broken glass alone is estimated at half a million dollars. No one near enough by to know how it all happened was spared to tell the story; and none will ever know the immediate cause of the explosion. There was another car-load of the explosive near by on the track, but fortunately this did not explode.

A careful investigation is being made, in an effort to fix the blame upon the persons responsible for allowing so many tons of this deadly explosive to be shipped and massed at one point in a great thoroughfare. Several officials of the railroad and of the manufacturing and shipping company are under arrest.

News from Salonica, Turkey, brings the information that Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan of Turkey, has become violently insane and murdered two of his wives in a most brutal manner. It took a hard struggle, in which Abdul was severely injured, before he was overcome and placed in irons.

Famine and plague have joined hands in bringing a fearful scourge upon some provinces in China. Reports from Shanghai to London, on February 6, set forth the situation as most serious in Ngan-Hwei and Kiang-Si. Thousands are dying from starvation and the dead are remaining unburied. It is stated that two million people in those provinces are in danger of death unless prompt relief reaches them.

Reports from Harbin, Manchuria, tell of the burning of six thousand bodies of plague-infected victims. Five thousand of these died in the Chinese town and the other thousand died in the Russian quarter. Many physicians and nurses are succumbing to the disease. The people around Harbin are realizing a repetition of the scenes in the seventeenth century, when the black death swept away thousands of victims. The most heartrending scenes are constantly occurring in the towns and villages where the plague prevails.

The first month of the postal savings banks has shown such splendid results that the Secretary of the Treasury would be glad to start five hundred more immediately if funds were available for that purpose. The first month's deposits exceed the average for England's best year, and demonstrate that the new system has already passed the experimental stage.

A large majority of depositors are foreign-born and belong to the class that has been sending money to Europe for deposit. This reduces the outflow of money from this country and keeps the funds within the United States. Fisher Hitchcock has recommended to Congress the appropriation of one million dollars to be immediately available for the extension of the postal savings bank system.

A fearful gale in the Baltic Sea swept two hundred and fifty Finnish fishermen, who were on an ice-floe, out to sea, and all were lost. A village of fishermen had been established on the ice outside of Bjorko Sound. Here during the night a great gale broke the ice front from the mainland, and when morning came all signs of the village had disappeared. At this writing, February 7, nothing has been heard from the boats that went in search of the lost men.

Keeping the Body a Suitable Temple for the Holy Ghost.

H. L. HULETT, M. D.

Health program, Conference, W., Pa.

[In his introductory remarks Doctor Hulett discusses briefly the threefold nature of man, his physical, mental and spiritual development. The paper proper, given below, begins at this point.]

These three [the physical, the mental, and the spiritual] are so closely related, one to the other, and so intertwined, that it is impossible to separate any one of the three. In a general way the development of all three is based upon the same laws. Each must have the proper food, the necessary water, and the right environment; but because I am a doctor, I suppose, it seems to me that, without a question, our physical development comes first. And now, after reiterating what I have already said, that the development of all three is necessary, I shall, for the purposes of this paper, lay all the stress upon the physical side of man, and try to tell you in a general way how to develop it properly.

The body throughout life is continually in activity of some sort, and this activity produces a continuous waste, which has to be supplied by new material or else the body suffers. This waste is supplied by our food and drink. The amount necessary varies, of course, depending on the activity of the person, and upon whether he does muscular work or lives a sedentary life. In the latter case he requires less. It also depends on the climate; and habit has a great deal to do with the amount of waste we produce. The amount necessary is the average amount for the average active man of one hundred and forty pounds should be about six pounds daily, three and one-half pounds being of the mineral kingdom, water and salt, one and one-half pounds being of the vegetable kingdom, such as bread, vegetables and fruit, and one pound belonging to the animal kingdom, comprising meat, eggs, butter and the like. Note this last statement that one pound only is necessary of animal kingdom food. Many people eat far more than is necessary. On the other hand, a great many do not drink enough water. The human body is like a sewer,—to get rid of the continual waste,
we need lots of water to wash it out. That our diet should be of a mixed nature is quite essential to us of the temperate zone; and with the high prices it is becoming quite a science to know just how to mix the different classes of food and at the same time be economical. It is worth our study though, and this is why our system of education, from the public school to the college, should arrange for the teaching of domestic science. Most of our daughters will some day be housewives, and much depends upon physical nourishment. How to feed and care for the children, etc., would need a whole address by itself. If you mothers who are facing these problems today want a book of practical help along this line, buy Holt's "Care and Feeding of Children." It is a fine, sensible work; and I would at this point put in a plea for the helpless child, that he have the right physical start in life.

One other thing I remember is that milk has been called the model food, and that eggs also are of superior value. Have plenty of vegetables in your diet, and some meat, but do not forget that too many pounds of meat are consumed yearly by the American people, and don't forget the good, pure water—both inside and outside.

People sometimes wish that they did not have to work, that they might live a life of ease; but, do you know, that would be the worst calamity that could befal a person. The arm by my side for a few weeks and then unfold it and I should be unable to raise it from my side. Why? Because the muscles of that arm would have deteriorated and lost their power for lack of use, for lack of work. The strength of an organ is determined by its use; and if we wish our bodies to be strong and useful, we must use the organs of the body. People doing mental work should remember this, and give their bodies something to do, walking, housework, cooking, gardening, etc. These are the things you must not neglect.

But work can not be carried on continuously and so we need sleep to give the body a chance to recuperate. Do not think for a moment that you can burn the candle at both ends, and not suffer for it. The laws of nature can not be disobeyed without impunity. Not less than eight hours of good sleep are necessary. A young person needs more, and the children should have ten or twelve hours.

I beg of you, do not cheat the little ones out of their birthright in these trying times. I do not mean that in ten or twenty years, talk about the inscrutable providence of God, when we are perhaps the only ones to blame for their wrong physical training.

Live out in God's pure air all you possibly can. Sleep out of doors; or if you cannot not so arrange, fix your bedroom windows so your body shall have proper environment—plenty of fresh air.

These are the general principles. Now buy sensible books along these lines of thought. Your family physician will advise you. Of all professions his is the grandest—and the most unselfish; for the physician alone, in educating the people along lines of better living, does so at the expense of his own business. I am glad enough to belong to such a profession, and I am especially glad to be a Seventh-day Baptist physician.

It is a grand thing to live, and it is a God-given right which we may possess, to have our physical lives such as will stand the pressure of modern life with its manifold duties and worries; but, my friends, and especially my young friends, remember this, that life, even at its best, is a very uncertain thing.

As my parting message, I wish to leave with you all something which shall be of practical use to you each day of the week. My message you will find on nearly every page of the four Gospels; it is the message of the Christ-life—the life of service. Let us drop the troublesome questions that sometimes come to us, for forget ourselves and do as Christ did—devote the God-given strength of our lives to loving service for the good of others. How shall we do this? Angelina Abbey has told us how, in the following words:

"If I can only, day by day, Just help another, take a Christmas day,
Can speak a word, or sing a song
To help some timid soul along;
A cup of water only I
Some fainting one that he may live;
A smile bestow, or give a flower,—
Just walk, and let the penalty
If I can only give my days;
Each moment filled with work or praise,
Though life send forth grief or gain,
I shall not then have lived in vain!"

SAVAGING REFORM

The Opinion of a Judge.

JUDGE COOLEY (one of the highest legal authorities): "But the Jew (and it is equally true of all Sabbatarians) who is forced to respect the first day of the week, when his conscience requires of him the observance of the seventh also, may plausibly urge that the law discriminates against his religion, and by forcing him to keep a second Sabbath in each week, unjustly, though by indirection, punishes him for his belief."—Constitutional Limitations, page 476.

Opinion of a Member of Parliament.

HON. G. AMYOTT, M. P.: "Everybody should enjoy complete liberty, provided that liberty does not interfere with the liberty and civil rights of others. To force people to observe Sunday is not protection of civil rights; it is interference with civil rights."—In Canadian Parliament, May 30, 1894.

Decision of a City Executive.

CHIEF BURGESS HARVEY (who resigns rather than enforce the blue-laws):

"GENTLEMEN—I hereby tender my resignation as chief burgess of the borough of Lansdale, the same to take effect upon the appointment of my successor. I take this action only after very careful consideration of a petition placed in my hands, signed by various voters, women, and children, praying me to enforce what are commonly called the blue-laws.

"Since issuing a proclamation dated June 16, 1900, calling for a limited enforcement of the law, I have been reliably informed that every ice-cream parlor and soda-water fountain, fruit and candy counter must be closed on the Sabbath if the law is to be consistently administered. That is a task I am unwilling to undertake, and was not contemplated by me when I asked the support of the voters for the office. Hence I step aside very cheerfully, I assure you, to make room for any one who feels equal to the emergency.

"While I believe in keeping the Sabbath as a day of worship and rest, I can not persuade myself that it is a part of my duty as a good citizen to hold an office where I am expected to. The citizens who may differ from me in that particular."—Letter to the Lansdale (Pa.) Town Council.

Sunday Closing in Plainfield.

There has been quite a flurry of excitement over the action of the new mayor of Plainfield in his efforts to enforce the Sunday-closing laws. Some of the seventeen Baptist churches have published various statements regarding the matter, and while, the Seventh-day Baptists have received considerable gratuitous advertising. We have received inquiries by mail and otherwise regarding the matter, one of which intimated that the Federal Council of Churches had put our mayor up to push the Seventh-day Baptists to the wall. It was also said by one inquirer, that whereas the Senate and House of New York, Philadelphia and other cities have published various statements regarding the matter, and withal, the Seventh-day Baptists have received considerable gratuitous advertising.
that the laws should be enforced against railroads and trolley lines and garage and livery stables, and many other notorious violators of the Sunday laws, as well as against the fruit dealers and the conscientious keepers of God's holy Sabbath.

Just what the outcome will be no one can tell. None of these laws are good in themselves, and the schoolmen have got to some extent the law, the end. One thing is certain: the day for rigid enforcement of blue-laws has gone by. We have confidence enough in the broad view and Christian sentiment of the people of Plainfield, to feel sure that they will not stand for injustice and persecution.

As to Seventh-day Baptists.

So far as the position of the Seventh-day Baptist people in Plainfield is concerned, they can never be accused of disloyalty to law. A more quiet, conscientious, God-fearing people it would be hard to find. The laws of New Jersey make exceptions in favor of those who conscientiously observe the seventh day as the Sabbath, although there is a good deal of molestation. For some two hundred years Sabbath-keepers have lived in this community, and about New Market, unmolested. They have gone quietly about their work in ways to avoid disturbing their neighbors, and have borne patiently any disregard sometimes shown by those who might easily have avoided disturbing them on their Sabbath. They have always entered whole-hearted into the movements to improve the city; they have held places of honor and trust in the city's business and in her church; they own by far the largest business blocks in Plainfield and are at the head of some of her best industries; they stand loyally by the schools and do all in their power to promote education among the masses; they join heart and hand in all true reform movements, and work shoulder to shoulder with others in the various city missions. The Seventh-day Baptists have one of the finest churches in Plainfield, and they are ready to join with all other churches in efforts to build and support hospitals, and in Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association work. No one can accuse them of being fanatical. They exercise charity toward all men, and respect the consciences of all who sincerely differ from them.

The one point upon which they differ from other Christians is the Sabbath. They do insist, in all good conscience, that with the Bible for their rule they must keep the Bible Sabbath which the Saviour and his apostles kept. This is their only offense; and upon this point the lawmakers made exceptions, trying to recognize the rights of the individual conscience in all matters purely religious. During all these years the authorities have freely recognized these rights, and our people have been unmolested in their places of business. They, in turn, have always avoided disturbing unnecessarily any conscientious Sunday-keeper.

There are two small stores of our people here, one a clothing store (and the passer-by would have had to take special pains to discover that it was open on Sunday) and one a grocery, a little out of the center of business, very quietly running on Sunday.

Now, after all these years in which the law has been construed favorably to Seventh-day people, the new mayor has discovered that Sabbath is not open on the evening after Sabbath cannot open on Sunday! He has made the discovery that this law requires people to keep shut till midnight after the Sabbath, in order to be entitled to open on Sunday, claiming that the Bible rule of keeping Sabbath from sunset to sunset does not hold good in civil law. This, so far as Seventh-day people are concerned, is now the point at issue.

The Seventh-day Baptists believe that the Sabbath is a purely religious question, upon which legislatures should make no laws. They believe in absolute freedom of conscience as to what day should be kept, and would oppose legislation in favor of the seventh day as strongly as they do the Bible rule of keeping Sabbath from sunset to sunset does not hold good in civil law. This, so far as Seventh-day people are concerned, is now the point at issue.

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Religious liberty was the foundation principle upon which our government was built, and our brethren of other Protestant denominations are quick enough to see and recognize this. For instance, the Roman Catholic Church tries to secure laws in its favor. Why can they not see the injustice of resorting to law to compel weaker denominations to keep Sunday?
The religious element in good politics.

A careful study of the history of the Jewish nation reveals the fact that, in the height of their glory, the religious leaders were their politicians, and the further very significant fact, that as they became unscrupulous, corrupt, and seeking, their national prestige rapidly diminished; but when they brought their politics into conformity with the principles of their religion—the great ethical teachings of Jehovah—their national character and power advanced in a commensurate ratio. The same is true of our nation. We are the people and the God of divine and human government. To the average mind, politics means a profession of right or wrong, regardless of the real will of the people, is a menace to good government. True politics is the religious, not the political institution; it is the true revelation of the world, the highest type of citizenship, the interest of the people; all for policy, nothing for principle. True politics means good government. A good government sedulously looks after the interests of its entire citizenship. To this end it fosters industry, encourages morality, protects its citizens from unjust discrimination, and prevents crime, or the imposition of one individual, or class, upon another. George Washington, the father of our country, left us a succinct statement as to the aim of true government in these words: "The aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government." And the great English commoner, Gladstone, coincides with Washington in his declaration that "the proper function of a government is to make it easy for the people to do good, and difficult for them to do evil." Also Thomas Huxley asserted, in his address in commemoration of Joseph Priestley, that "the good of the governed has been finally recognized as the end of government, and it is the function of governors to the people as its means." As good government is the product of good politics, it is pertinent to inquire as to

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Politics and Religion.

REV. M. B. KELLY.

Sermon preached at Nortowne, Kan., and requested for publication.

Matt. xxii, 21: "Render therefore unto Cesar the things which are Cesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

The context reveals a plot: the enemies of our Saviour designed to elicit some expression from him which would betray disloyalty to the Roman Government and thereby arouse the antagonism of the latter against him.

His reply is of great wisdom, at once bringing the plotters into confusion, and revealing the twofold duty of man—to his duty to civil government, and his duty to God. In the text Cesar is representative of human government, and God of divine government. Citizenship in human government is the political side of life, and citizenship in divine government is the religious side of life.

Some men are exceedingly loyal to Cesar, but indifferent as to their obligations to God; while others are faithful in their allegiance to God, but lamentably negligent as to their duty to Cesar. The Christian, with the utmost love to his Lord, the highest type of citizenship, is alert to fill the measure of duty, both to the state and to God.

The ordinary meaning of politics.

To the average mind, politics means a relentless contest between political parties for supremacy; a pull upon political wires for more or less success in office for oneself or the cause. One has well said, "Politics in practice too often means, all for party, nothing for the people; all for policy, nothing for principle: all for office, nothing for honor; all for power, nothing for progress." And as our great martyr statesman and president, Lincoln, said, "If ever this free people—if this government itself is utterly de-moralized, it will come from this incessant human wrangle and struggle for office."

True meaning of politics.

The word politics is derived from the Greek word politis, which means a citizen, or more particularly from the adjective form of the word, politikos, which means that which pertains to the welfare of the citizen; not of one citizen here and another there, but of citizenship in general. The true meaning of politics will admit of no other idea; and to the extent to which this idea is perverted, either in the public conception or practice, does politics not become an impostor. Alexander Hamilton had the true idea in his declaration that "the amelioration of the condition of mankind, and the increase of human happiness ought to be the leading object of every political institution, and the aim of every individual, according to the measure of his power, in the situation he occupies. It is to be worked for; indeed, we should all be sure if all our officials were actuated by such a noble sentiment. It was this idea of politics that caused Wendell Phillips to declare that "responsibility edu-cates, and politics is but another name for God's way of teaching the masses ethics, under the responsibility of great present interests." Furthermore, it was this true conception of politics which Charles Hodge had in mind when he said, "When connected with morality and the character and responsibility of the rulers, it is a second only to religion in importance."

True politics means good government.

A good government sedulously looks after the interests of its entire citizenship. To this end it fosters industry, encourages morality, protects its citizens from unjust discrimination, and prevents crime, or the imposition of one individual, or class, upon another. George Washington, the father of our country, left us a succinct statement as to the aim of true government in these words: "The aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government." And the great English commoner, Gladstone, coincides with Washington in his declaration that "the proper function of a government is to make it easy for the people to do good, and difficult for them to do evil." Also Thomas Huxley asserted, in his address in commemoration of Joseph Priestley, that "the good of the governed has been finally recognized as the end of government, and it is the function of governors to the people as its means." As good government is the product of good politics, it is pertinent to inquire as to

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Regardless of personal conviction, and thereby unwittingly declares himself as a mere politician rather than a statesman; for the vast difference between the two is in this, that the latter is a molder of public opinion, based upon deep, conscientious conviction, while the former is a passive drifter with public opinion, be it right or wrong.

James Freeman Clarke emphasizes this distinction in the following words: "A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation. A politician looks for the success of his party; a statesman for that of his country. The statesman wishes to win, while the politician is satisfied to drift." It is a simple matter for the professional politician to introduce a bill ostensibly to please his constituency, while he sells or buys it, depending on which way the wind will blow. This is mixing in and coining the kind of politics that is to bring him success in the next campaign, and leaves its benumbing, creeping paralysis fastened to the spiritual life of thousands of the noblest specimens of American manhood, the result of which, without divine interposition, must inevitably be, what common decency and political integrity that should not be tolerated, and will not be for long; for the day is not far distant when an enlightened people will wipe it from the face of the earth as unclean and accursed. It is impossible to overstate the importance of the political inquiry, which must not be allowed to drift, that will not be for long; for the day is not far distant when an enlightened people will wipe it from the face of the earth as unclean and accursed. It is impossible to overstate the importance of the political inquiry, which must not be allowed to drift.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Because these cesspools of iniquity are to be found in political life, should good men withdraw from it? I answer promptly, no—a thousand times, no. For as Howard Crosby says, "To let politics become a cesspool, and then avoid it because it is a cesspool, is a double crime." This very condition affords a wonderful opportunity to young men and women of ability and strong character to place their life forces where they will tell powerfully for the betterment of future generations as well as present conditions. We need to create a strong public sentiment for the advancement of higher things.

1. We need a literary qualification for voters. Such a qualification would quickly bring about woman suffrage, while it would eliminate the illiterate rabble, a very undesirable class in American politics.

2. We need the enactment of state laws which will attach heavy penalties to the politician, of whatever party, who dares to slander the fair name of an opponent for political effect. Aspirants for office should be required to make a public statement of the issues before the people, and never permitted to slip into office by virtue of the fact that they succeeded in unjustly attaching such odium to the name of an opponent that the deceived people would not vote for him.

3. Wholesome young life can make its power wonderfully felt in teaching the common people the value of the elective franchise. They must be taught that he who sells or buys votes is recklessly speculating in convictions, for votes represent convictions. And he who trades in convictions is speculating in the prime qualities of manhood—integrity with soul values, and is thereby taking that which belongs to God that he may render it unto Caesar.

Reform Needed.

The political reverses that have just swept over the country constitute an eloquent herald of the fact that political reform is greatly needed. They clearly attest the fact that the people are tired of boss rule, and protest against the manipulation of politics by a few individuals in any party. The cooperation of all noble manhood and womanhood to destroy the iniquitous spoils system which has, vampire-like, fastened itself upon, and is sucking the life blood from, the body politic. Such a system can not be in accord with the ideals of good government, and a system of political incapacity that should not be tolerated, and will not be for long; for the day is not far distant when an enlightened people will wipe it from the face of the earth as unclean and accursed. It is impossible to overstate the importance of the political inquiry, which must not be allowed to drift.

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a time for cool-headed, long-visioned men; a time to look facts and figures squarely in the face. It will avail nothing to cherish the writhing, woe-spirited, to hurl abuse, make hard speeches, or kick against stern realities, for the reformatory spirit is fast taking possession of those sturdy Americans who smile at such things, and pity the forlorn hope of those who are tenaciously clutching political conditions that are perishing. Political parties are born but to die, but their times, as that of man, are in God's hand. But looking beyond party affiliation, the burning question before us today is: Are we, under the expediency of the time, ready to render in full measure to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God the things that are God's? As a citizen of this great commonwealth, when I enter the polling booth to render, by my elective franchise, to my government the things that rightfully belong to it, am I as careful at the same time to render to my God the things that belong to him? Each of these great principles is the counterpoise of the other, and if rightly circumscribed, manifest the very highest type of citizenship.

But, O my brother, you can not be a true politician, a real benefactor of humanity—one whose memory will be cherished in the hearts of the multitudes of grateful people, and perpetuated in unborn generations—you can not be such an one without the religion of the Lord Jesus. The great statesmen who have-achieved world-wide renown recognized this fact, as evidenced by the words of Daniel Webster: "Political and professional fame can last no longer, but a conscience void of offense before God and man is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his father. If that tie is sullered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe, its proper abode gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe in so terse but terse manner, as 'living without hope and without God in the world.'

Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purpose of his creation. Hear the weighty words of another great politician, spoken at the close of his life—a man whose eloquence, at the time when our young republic was in the throes of revolutionary war, stirred the patriotism of our forefathers to the very depths. Patrick Henry said: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would have been rich, and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

When the truly religious people of our land arise, and exercise their right as true politicians, they will reach beyond the narrow limits of party predilection, and lead the people to victory over the strongholds of political corruption. Then shall our Nation fulfill the divine behest, and render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Then, in the words of the great emancipator, "This nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

"Seeing is Believing."

At a certain college it was the custom to have the students write the following pledge at the bottom of their examination papers:

"I hereby certify on my honor that I have neither given nor received aid during this examination."

Soon after handing in his paper to a professor, noted for his sarcasm, a young fellow hurriedly entered the class-room and said: "Professor, I forget to put the pledge on my paper."

"Altogether unnecessary," replied the teacher. "I have just finished looking over your paper, and I feel sure you did not give nor receive aid."—Lippincott's.

Lady (to caller)—"You won't mind my going on with my work while you are here, will you? Then I shan't feel I'm wasting time."

Letter From Doctor Palmberg.

Dear Sabbath Recorder Readers:

It is a long time since I have sent any word to our paper; and now that I am quietly settled here for a while, I will try to carry out the purpose which I long have, to do so.

I could write much about the people and the churches I have visited, and the kindness I have met with everywhere. It certainly warms my heart, because it represents an interest in our mission work, which so expresses itself in loving kindness to the workers.

That my health is so well regained, I am sure is due in great part to the fact that I escaped almost all the heat of summer—in England, on the ocean, in the hills of western New York, and later in the homes of kind friends in Westery, Watch Hill and Quonocottaug. As it is the heat in China that so energizes us, it is of the greatest benefit to have a cool summer during the New at home.

In November, after a visit to our churches in southern New Jersey, it was my privilege to attend the World's Christian Citizenship Conference in Philadelphia, some report of which should have reached you from my pen ere this.

As it was a world's conference, there were many addresses upon the state of Christianity under other governments, but still greater stress was laid upon the state of Christian citizenship in our own country. "This is a Christian Nation," was a sentence often heard upon the lips of the speakers, and it was urged that it be so recognized in the Constitution. It is as a Christian Nation that the United States has reached its present eminence, and only as such will it keep it. If we are to be dominated by the non-Christian people who come into our country instead of converting them, then this Nation will sink to the level of the nations from which these people have come.

Much was said about "The Bible in the Schools;" and though many good Christian people maintain that, as all classes are taxed for the support of the schools, the children whose parents do not believe in the Bible ought not to be forced to listen to it, there was a shock when a telegram was read stating that the Bible had been excluded even from the library of an Illinois school for fear some one would read it! Surely that is perversion of liberty. With the Bible excluded from the schools, and less read in the homes, what is our future?

It was also a shock and a sorrow to find how rapidly divorce is increasing in our country: What a blot upon our civilization for other, and even heathen, nations to point at!

One speaker called attention to the great injury done to nations by wars, in depleting them of their best and ablest men and thus hindering progress. He said, "Were half the wealth, used in preparation for war, given to redeem human minds from error, there would be no need of arsenals and war."

A good deal of time was used in discussing the need of enforcement of Sunday laws, and of the better observance of the day. One address in particular made me almost indignant. The speaker, a New York man, repeated text after text from the Old Testament, referring to the Sabbath, and calmly applied them to Sunday, without a word of explanation. To say the least, he is behind the times; for I believe the latest theory is, that Christians ought not to keep the "Sabbath," but it is their duty to keep the "Lord's day" instead; that the "Sabbath" never was changed, but the "Lord's day" substituted. O that people would plant their feet upon the solid rock of Bible truth, instead of shifting about from sand-pile to sand-pile of men's traditions!

I hope this brief report, though late, may be acceptable.

Immediately after this it was my great pleasure and privilege to spend a week with Dr. Grace Crandall, at the home of her brother in Alfred, N. Y. For this visit I am very grateful. It would be impossible to describe the joy it was to me in that we shall be colaborers in China in the future.

The month of December until Christmas time was spent in visiting the churches of western and central New York.
It is a great pleasure to meet and become better acquainted with our people, although it is out of the question for me to retain them all clearly in memory. I am sorry there are so many pastorless churches, and that the number of available pastors seems to be decreasing rather than increasing.

Are there not, among our young men, many who are willing to look upon it as a mission work, to enter the ministry that they may feed and hold the flocks that will scatter without a shepherd, and guide the young and the straying ones to God? Surely there could be no nobler work than this. But the salaries are so small, and many times people are critical and unappreciative." O that God would pour us out a blessing, the blessing of His Holy Spirit, that shall fill us all with a desire and power to save men from sin, and so past and people work together everywhere for that great end.

People of all classes seem to be making a greater effort than ever these days to make a fine appearance, in dress, in house appointments and in every way. Is it not true that more attention is also being paid to the cultivation of the mind than to that of the soul, which we have been taught to consider most important of all? I have sometimes felt that breaking of a rule of grammar or spelling is often thought a greater sin than breaking a commandment. Is it not this spirit of the age that makes young men less ready to take up the work of the gospel ministry? Would that we might learn to live the quiet life, near to Christ, with less of encumbrances from fads and fashions; for then we would have more power, physically, spiritually and financially, to be workers together with him in his great work of saving the lost of every nation.

After spending the holidays in New York City with my sister, I came to Battle Creek to attend the Medical Missionary Conference, which convened here January 5-8. It was a most interesting meeting, attended by about one hundred and fifty missionaries, most of whom are at home on furlough, only a few of the older ones having returned permanently.

They were from Turkey, Persia, Arabia, different parts of Africa, India and China; from Siam, Japan, Corea and South Amer-

ica; so you can imagine what a missionary education and feast of good things it was. The meetings were held in the beautiful Sanitarium chapel, and the management did everything in its power to make it an interesting and pleasant occasion.

The Sanitarium entertained all these missionaries free of charge for one week, and the medical missionaries for two weeks. Its rates for missionaries at any time are as low as they can possibly make them. They have a fine missionary museum and do everything possible to forward the cause of missions.

I am staying on a few weeks to receive the benefit of the treatments, which ought to make a new being of any one. I am glad, too, that I have an opportunity to become acquainted with our church here, which meets in the Sanitarium chapel. It seems to be an important field for our work.

Words can not express the sadness felt over the news of Mr. Eugene Davis' failing health and return to America. The first impulse is to go back immediately, but that I am not permitted to do. I can only trust all in His hands, who is able to keep that which is committed unto Him.

Yours in His service,

ROSA PALMBORG

The Sanitarium,
Battle Creek, Mich.
Jan. 24, 1911.

Account of Building Memorial Chapel by D. H. Davis.

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<thead>
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The letter says:

"Our land has now been lying ill, and we have been standing over the place where our young child is, all these long months that she has been lying ill and growing weaker and weaker, until we wonder how it is possible that her bright spirit can live in such an emaciated body."

After speaking further of her intense suffering Brother Velthuysen says: "It is a difficult way for her and for us, and she repeatedly asks me why her prayers are not heard for the softening of her sufferings, and for her redemption into glory. She has now been sick about twelve months and confined to her bed more than six months."

Brother Velthuysen is seriously handicapped in his work now, owing to the impossibility of his being absent from home any length of time, but he is doing all he can for the little church at Haarlem.

SABBATH RECORDER readers will sympathize with him and his family in this new affliction.

In regard to the Java Mission, Brother Velthuysen speaks of the action of the Dutch Indian Government in banning some missionaries from that field, and the anxiety of Marie Janz regarding her work. The natives love Marie Janz, and she wants very much to continue her work among them.

To this end the local authorities are being represented. All has not gone to consult the Governor-General at Buitenzorg, and seek the protection of this highest official, in the prosecution of their good work.

Even the missionaries of other denominations are opposing her work, but Miss Janz is well known to the authorities and has the sympathy of the native population.

This is the substance of what the letter says about Java, though not given in Brother Velthuysen's own words. He closes as follows:

"I hope you will all join with us in praying for these brave, noble sisters.

"Will you kindly tell Brother Shaw that his circular letter has the sympathy of the church, and that we are in sympathy with the attractive idea that all the churches combine their prayers and thoughts upon the same vital questions on given Sabbath.

"In all our sorrows here in the churches, we have been abundantly comforted, and felt a rejoicing with our brethren all over the world, in the grace of our Lord and Saviour."

"No guise is too good for sin to appropriate."—Ramb's Horn.
WOMAN’S WORK

Mrs. George E. Creely, Contributing Editor.

One Day.
The weary one had rested, the sad had joy that day,
And wondered how.
A plowman singing at his work had prayed,
"Lord, help them now."
Away in foreign lands they wondered how.
Their feeble words had power.
At home the Christen two or three had met,
To pray an hour.
Yes, we are always wondering, wondering how.
Because we do not see.

Dr. Grace Crandall sailed January 9 from San Francisco to take up her work in China. From a letter written on shipboard to the family of her brother, Calvin Crandall of Milton, Wis., we learn that she had pleasant traveling companions and that she was enjoying her journey.
The letter was mailed at Honolulu, January 15. She expected to spend a day at Honolulu in sightseeing, and wrote that they hoped, in ten days, to reach Japan, where stops would be made at Yokohama, Kobe and other points.

The prayers of all our people have been following Doctor Crandall.

The Story of the Bamboo—A Parable.

[The editor of Woman’s Work in the Far East, from which paper the following is taken, says: “This parable by our sister missionary in the south has been published many times, but it is a story that bears retelling and will go on bearing fruit for many years to come."

A beautiful true story scored of others on a lovely hillside, its stem dark and glossy, its beautiful, feathery branches gently quivering in the evening breeze.

As we admired it we became conscious of a gentle rustling of the leaves, and a low murmur was distinctly heard: "You think me beautiful, you admire my tall stem and graceful branches, but I have nothing to boast of. All I have is due to the loving care of my Master. It was he who planted me here in this very fruitful hill, where my roots are reaching down to, and dwelling in, hidden springs and continuously drinking of their life-giving water, receive nourishment, refreshment, beauty and strength for my whole being.

"Do you see those trees to one side, how miserable and parched they are? Their roots have not reached the living springs. Since I found the hidden water I have lacked nothing.

"You observe those characters on my stem? Look closely; they are cut into my very being. The cutting process was painful— I wondered at the time why I had to suffer. It was not my Master’s right hand that used the knife, for when the work was finished, with a thrill of unutterable joy I recognized it was his own name he had cut on my stem.

"I knew beyond doubt that he loved and prized me and wanted all the world to know I belonged to him. I may well make it my boast that I have such a Master.

"Even as the tree was telling us of its Master, we looked round, and lo! the Master himself stood there. He was looking with love and longing on the tree, and as his hand he held a sharp axe.

"I have need of thee," he said. "Art thou willing to give thyself to me?"

"Master," replied the tree, "I am all thine own, but what use can I be to thee?"

"I need thee," said the Master, "to take my living water to some dry, parched places where there is none.

"But, Master, how can I do this? I can dwell in thy living springs and imbibe their water for my own nourishment. I can stretch up my arms to heaven, and drink in thy refreshing showers, and grow strong and beautiful, and rejoice that strength and beauty are all from thee, and proclaim to all what a good Master thou art. But how can I give water to others? I but drink what suffices for my own food. What have I to give to others?"

The Master’s voice grew wondrously tender as he answered, "I can use thee if thou art willing. I would fain cut thee down and lop off all thy branches, leaving thee naked and bare; then I would take thee right away from this thy happy home among the other trees and carry thee out alone on the far hillside, where there will be none to whisper lovingly to thee—only grass and a tangled growth of briars and weeds. Yes, and I would still use the painful knife, for all those barriers within thy heart should be cut away one by one till there be a free passage for my living water through thee.

"Thou wilt die, thou sayest; yes, my own tree, thou wilt die, but my water of life will flow freely and ceaselessly through thee. Thy beauty will be gone indeed. Henceforth no one will look on thee and admire thy freshness and grace, but many, many will stoop and drink of the life-giving stream which will reach them freely through thee. They may give no thought to thee, it is true, but will they not bless thee who has given them his water through thee? Art thou willing for this, my tree?"

I held my breath to hear what the answer would be.

"My Master, all I have and am is from thee, and as long as I need of thee, then gladly and willingly give my life to thee. If only through my dying thou canst bring thy living water to others, I consent to die. I am thine own. Take me and use me as thou wilt, my Master." And the Master’s face grew still more tender, but he took the sharp axe, and with repeated blows brought the beautiful tree to the ground.

"It rebelled not, but yielded to each stroke, saying softly: ‘My Master, as thou wilt.’ And still the Master held the axe, and still he continued to strike till the stem was severed again, and the glory of the tree, its wondrous crown of feathery branches, was lost to it forever.

Now indeed it was naked and bare, but the love-light in the Master’s face deepened as he took what remained of the tree on his shoulders, and amid the sobbing of all its companions, bore it away, far over the mountains.

But the tree consented to all for the love of the Master, murmuring faintly, ‘My Master, where thou wilt.’

Arrived at a lonely and desolate place, the Master paused, and again his hand took a cruel-looking weapon with sharp-pointed blade, and this time thrust it right into the very heart of the tree, for he would make a channel for his living waters, and only through the broken heart could the tree’s life flow unchecked to the thirsty land.

Yet the tree repined not, but still whispered with broken heart, ‘My Master, thou wilt be done.’

So the Master with the heart of love and the face of tenderest pity dealt the painful blows, and the keen-edged steel did its work unalteringly, till every barrier had been cut away, and the beauty of the tree lay open from end to end, and the Master’s heart was satisfied.

Then again he raised it and gently bore it, wounded and suffering, to where, unnoticed till now, a spring of living water, clear as crystal, was bubbling up. There he laid it down; one end just within the healing waters. And the stream of life flowed from the tree to the desolate earth from end to end, along all the road made by the cruel wounds—a gentle current to go on flowing noiselessly, flowing in, flowing through, flowing out; ever flowing, never ceasing, and the Master smiled and was satisfied.

Again the Master went and sought for more trees. Some shrunk back and feared the pain, but others gave themselves to him with full consent, saying, ‘Our Master, we trust thee. Do with us what thou wilt!’ Then he brought them one by one by the same painful road and laid them down end to end; and, as each fresh tree was placed in position, the living stream poured in fresh and clear from the fountain through its wounded heart, the line growing longer and longer, till at last it reached the parched land, and weary men and women and little children who had long thirsted came and drank and hastened to carry the blessings to others: ‘The living water has come at last; the long, long famine is over; come and drink.’ And they came and drank and revived, and the Master saw, and his heart was gladened.

The tree, seeing this to his heart, and lovingly, asked, ‘My Master, dost thou now regret the loneliness and suffering? Was the price too dear—the price for giving the living water to the world?’ And
the tree replied, "My Master, no; a thou-
sand, thousand times, no! Had I ten thou-
sands, how willingly would I give
them all to thee for the bliss of knowing,
as today I know, that I have helped to make
thee glad."—Miss B. E. Newcombe,
C. E. Z. M., Sang-long.

For Famine Sufferers.
W. H. MORSE, M. D.
I want to say something about famine
sufferers, and about a famine that has sepa-
rated a nation from God. There is a let-
ter in the post of divine Providence ad-
dressed by a gentleman in Corinth to "All
that be in Rome, beloved of God." We
call it Paul's Epistle to the Romans. In
it is this paragraph:
"Who shall separate us from the love
of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or
per-
secution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril,
or-what?
Seven questions in one. All of these
seven evils came upon the Christian Church
in Rome, and by one of the seven there was
a separation from the love of God.
That one was famine.
Amos, the Hebrew Church, prophesied it. Listen:
"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord
God, that I will send a famine in the land,
not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for
water, but of hearing the words of the
Lord."
A famine of the Word! A famine of the
Word in Rome. In Italy, that has separated
a people from the love of God, but has not
separated the love of God from them! What
经济社会, and in which we say.
There is a famine of the Word in
Italy. Comparatively few people in that
country ever saw a Bible. It is not the
policy of the Latin Church that they should.
Go up and down the length of Italy, and the
famine will be found prevailing. "No
Bibles in Italy!" We can not realize what
that means until we ask ourselves as to
what would separate us from the love of
God? How, indeed, can we do that thing?
How could you separate yourself from
God's love? By creating such a famine, by
throwing the Bible out of your heart and
home.
Italy has done just that. The result
has come to be the present deplorable con-
dition of religion in Italy. The Latin
Church has oppressed, distressed, imperiled,
dripped and starved her people. We do
not need to go to Italy to see this. She
sends us her hordes every year, and they
come, out of tune with Roman Catholicism,
and caring little for its worship.
Italy has separated itself from the love
of God, but God has not separated himself
from love for Italy, his beloved people.
In his providence and pity he brings them
here for us to lead to their old faith. They
are readily reached, and work among them
is blessed. And why? Why is it that the
Italian missions are so prosperous?
We may have many answers, but that
which is foremost is this:
So that the famine may be relieved.
What is meant by this?
To gain a comprehensive understanding,
let us realize that the Italians do not alone
come in hordes, but, as well, they go
in hordes. Every week, in every instance—as
soon as the season's work is over, they return
by hundreds and thousands to Italy. They have prospered
here, and go home with money, big stories and
delightful tales. Among them go the
converts, blessed with a new and living
hope in Christ, and as eager to tell of it as
they are to tell about the many other oppor-
tunities in this wonderful "Am-e-rae-ca" of
ours. Every convert who returns is a
missionary. They tell their story of the
new hope and new home to friends eager
to hear. Telling that the latter, that blessed
hope, is founded on the Word of God, they
create an interest in it. Their friends are
looking for them, and saying "Am-e-rae-ca,"
and hearing thus about it, are solicitous to
hear and see and read it.
In fine, they become sensible of the
tame. They want the Word of God.
The immigrant's copy is literally pounced
upon. They realize their separation from the
love of God. The printed Word must be had.
Well? What is our duty? Is it not
to see to it that these converts return equipp-
ed with the Scriptures in the vernacular,
to use as colporteurs, as God sees fit to
influence them?
That is Bible mission work. Is it not
for us to do? Haven't we to see to it,
that the famine sufferers are fed?
Should it not be done? Bishop Burt, whose
long residence in Rome makes him an au-
thority, says he wishes that all could re-
turn thus equipped.
The "Inasmuch" is plain. Can we look
upon Italy, hungry for the bread of life,
famished, priest-ridden, burdened by the
shame of Rome, and say to our Lord,—
"When saw we thee an hungered?"
When,—with Italy in plain sight!
I plead for this cause. The converts
who return are missionaries of the Gospel.
What! Shall we name them missionaries,
and let them go out without the printed
Word? What! Send men to relieve the
famine and send nothing in their hands to
relieve it?
Men are converted by reading the Word
brought by the converts, or by hearing it
read; missions are opened; churches are es-
established.
Is it not worth while?
I make this an argument for Bible mis-
sion work. Let us do no less for the
Bible cause, or for foreign or home mis-
sions, but let us remember the famine-
stricken.
Hartford, Conn.

A Great Revival at Walworth.
REV. A. P. ASHURT.

The union revival meetings, which began
with the Week of Prayer, January 1, con-
tinued with growing interest up to Sunday,
January 29, when, on account of Rev.
L. C. Randolph's hoarseness and acute
bronchitis, it was thought best to suspend
the regular preaching service for five
days, thus giving the evangelist time for the
rest and treatment of his throat.
It is arranged that, on Friday night, Feb-
uary 3, we will open a great ten days' clos-
ing campaign, concluding the services
Sunday night, February 12.
I have called this a great revival because I believe that
it is the best revival since the history of the
Seventh-day Baptist church and all the
other churches in and adjacent to Wal-
worth. The revival may truly be called a
great revival when we consider its breadth
and depth. Like a mighty river flowing
slowly, but surely, it moves into action
everything in its course. The power be-
hind the meeting which justifies the de-
scriptive word is the simple Gospel of the
Son of God. When Jesus commanded to
and go and preach, saying, "All power is
given unto me in heaven and in earth," think
with what authority the commission was given.
Who can measure such power? Who can
resist it?
God has made this power felt in this
community and men have yielded to it.
Borne by the same power toward that
boundless ocean, eternity, they are moving
with songs of deliverance on their lips.
Sinners have been led to trust in Christ,
and to take his yoke. Men are yielding
themselves to God, men are becoming ves-
sels meet for the Master's use, because they
have been thus taught the Word and are
blessed, and they have learned to believe that
a man must not only believe in Christ for
final salvation, but must trust him for vic-
tory over every sin, and for deliverance
from every care. They have been told that
the Lord Jesus is willing to abide in the
heart that is wholly yielded up to him.
Repentance and remission of sins are be-
ing preached in Christ's name. "Power
from on high" will evidently come upon
themselves to their souls.
For want of space we can not give de-
tails. Something like a summary of the
work will be given when the meetings
close. We thank God and take courage as
we follow on the leading of his Spirit.
Rev. L. C. Randolph from Milton is in
charge of the meeting. The assistant local
pastors are Rev. W. E. Davidson, pastor of
the Congregational church; Rev. H. H.
Mullan, pastor of the Baptist church ("Brick
Church"); Rev. Mr. Ettemeuler, pastor of the
Reformed Lutheran church; Mr. J. C.
Bartholf of Milwaukee; and the pastor of
the Seventh-day Baptist church of
Walworth, who is the writer of this
paper.

Jan. 30, 1911.

In history, with the sole exception of
the man who founded this Republic, I do
not think there will be found another states-
man at once so great and so single-hearted
in his devotion to his people as was Abra-
ham Lincoln.—Roosevelt.

"Get the best out of each day that you
can, and soon the black clouds will fade
away and life will be worth living."
MISSIONS IN THE SOUTH.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Prayer meeting topic for February 25, 1911.

Daily Readings.
Sunday—Outstretched hands (Ps. lviii, 31-35).
Monday—First-fruits of Ethiopia (Acts viii, 26-38).
Tuesday—Neglected fields (Matt. xvi, 8-9).
Wednesday—Blind to opportunity (Acts x, 9-12).
Thursday—Rural missions (Mark i, 29-39).
Friday—Organized missions (Matt. x, 1-15).
Sabbath day—Topic: A missionary journey around the world. (Rev. Missions in the United States (South). (Isa. li, 1-13.)

We are now to resume our missionary journey around the world, visiting this week the missions in the South. Under this head we shall study the conditions in our own denomination in the Southern and Southwestern associations. In the former, according to the report in the last Year Book, there are five missionary pastors: one at Selaville, Pa., which is supplied by J. S. Kagarise, who is missionary pastor for that region; the other four, Middle Island, Black Lick, Greenbrier and Ritchie in West Virginia, enjoy the pastoral care of the Rev. L. D. Seager, their joint pastor and general missionary on the Western Virginia field. Brother Seager is doing a grand work on a very large and needy field. The following extract from his report to the association will show you something of his conception of the work to be done: "Many other calls were necessarily denied because of lack of time. The fields open to us are more numerous than we can supply. Our God has open doors and larger opportunities awaiting, and his blessing awaits the hearty response to his guidance." Because of the able leadership of Brother Seager and the cooperation of consecrated laymen and local pastors, the mission field of West Virginia is very well worked.

Passing on to the Southwestern Association we find a larger field, more scattered and one greatly in need of additional workers. Included in this field are churches in the States of Alabama, Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma. There is also a regular call left at Shepherdsville, Ky. In this connection please read an article entitled, "After Fourteen Years," which will be found in the Sabbath Recorder for October 17, 1910, page 490.

Rev. R. S. Wilber is the general missionary on the Alabama field, with headquarters at Attalla. Besides preaching to our people both at the church in the city of Attalla and at a schoolhouse two miles away, he conducts occasional meetings in a dozen or more places. Part of the time he has been assisted by the Rev. D. W. Leath, who is missionary pastor of a church which he organized about a year and a half ago, called "The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Cullman County, Ala."

At present, I believe, there is but one missionary post in Missouri, the Delaware Church at Boaz. The Rev. L. F. Skaggs continues as missionary pastor of this church, but his declining health prevents his doing much outside work.

The church at Selaville, S. C., which has been pastor.

The one church at Louisiana, at Hammond, is at present without pastoral care. This has been a comparatively strong church, but the resignation of the pastor together with the removal of several other families during the last year has been a severe blow to it.

Coming into Arkansas we notice first the church at Gentry. The Rev. Wilbur Davis is located here as missionary pastor, and also does missionary work in the surrounding country. Recently, Rev. H. F. Randolph has been for several years the general missionary on the Arkansas field, serving the churches of Fouke, Crowley's Ridge and Little Prairie. He also visited Arkansas, Texas and Oklahoma. Besides this he has conducted an industrial school at Fouke. That you may get a hint of what is being done there I quote from the report of the Educational hour at the last session of the Southwestern Association: "Educational hour was first in order and led by Brother A. J. C. Bond. He first called on Brother Randolph of Fouke to speak of the educational work of this association. Brother Randolph spoke of the conditions eleven years ago, when called as general missionary to the Southwest. He said, in substance: There were scattered Sabbath-keepers, but no church on church—no other church of any size. Conditions confronting me were like those of my native State, West Virginia, when I was a boy. They appealed to me that I might give the boys and girls of my home and other homes advantages which I did not have. The Fouke School was organized to meet demands of higher gospel standards, which local schools were not furnishing. Our people are loaded, supporting its schools, missions and tract work. I decided to attempt an industrial school which, if not succeeding, would be only a Randolph, and not a denominational failure. We started with sixteen pupils and Miss Lizzie Fisher was teacher. We today have more than seventy pupils with such teachers as Miss Nancy Davis, Miss Ayars and Miss Eva Churchward—very superior teachers. None but superior teachers would give their services free of salary. The state official says we have at Fouke the best library, school building and industrial work in the State. We have furnished free books for all the students in order to save us from class feeling and to save the children of the poor. The tone of our school is entirely moral and spiritual. No student is retained in the school who continues to be a moral detriment to other students" (Sabbath Recorder, Nov. 21, 1910, page 651).

In connection with this you will find additional information regarding the Fouke School in the Seventh-day Baptist Recorder for December 5, 1910, page 734.

We also have a mission church at Kosmos, Okla. Perhaps I can do no better than to refer you to a letter by the Rev. Edwin Shaw, who visited that field last summer. (See Sabbath Recorder, Aug. 22, 1910, page 236.)

Home Missions.

CLARA GREENE.

Read at Rally-day service, Adams Center, N. Y.

At the present time we have forty-three missionary pastors. During the last year three new churches were organized: the first Seventh-day Baptist church of Cullman County, Ala., with seven members; the first Seventh-day Baptist church in Los Angeles, Cal., with fourteen members; the Italian Seventh-day Baptist church at New York City.

About half the missionary pastors have received attention during the year.

If we count the pastors who have gone out occasionally from other churches and from the Theological Seminary, we have some forty-five workers and missionary pastors who have been employed a part or all of the time during the year.

Rev. D. W. Leath has been employed as missionary on the Alabama field. He has conducted a number of successful revival meetings and organized the new church in Cullman County, of which he has since been pastor. Rev. G. H. F. Randolph did general work on the Southwestern field.

The work on the Pacific Coast is progressing finely and bringing good results. Rev. E. F. Loofbor is general missionary with Rev. Dr. W. T. Paine, pastor of the new church at Los Angeles. They are finding many interesting Sabbath-keepers who are loyal and willing to work and sacrifice. It is hoped that provision will be made for permanency of the field, so that a strong self-supporting church will be established.

Eld. J. A. Davison has been general missionary in southern Illinois, which is a very needy field. Rev. J. H. Hurley has done good work on the Wisconsin field, assisted by the Milton College quartet. Rev. L. D. Seager has continued the work on the large West Virginia field, but more workers are greatly needed there.

Interest still continues among the Italians in New York City; the little church has been financed by the Missionary and Tract societies jointly, but the direction and care have been given by the New York Church. In Chicago Rev. J. J. Kovacs is doing good work, and is planning a mission among the Hungarian people.

There are forty Christian Endeavor societies in our denomination, with a membership of about one thousand seven hundred. The SABBATH RECORDER in various lines of mission work, through the Young People's Board. The board sends out student evangelists to work on needy fields; it aids in the education of Ebenezer
Ammokoo; contributes three hundred dollars toward Doctor Palmborg's salary, and is striving to do equally as much for home missions.

The period covered by the last four years has not had its equal in the promotion of mission study among young people, and many are engaged in active work on the home field. Another test of practical missionary growth among young people is the increase in their missionary giving.

But how can we arouse more interest in home missions? Do we not have the same duty toward our home workers as toward those in distant lands? For if we do not give more attention to our home work, we shall not be able to support our foreign work. Progress and strength at home mean progress and strength abroad.

Current information regarding our missionary interests should be constantly given our society. Members of the Christian Endeavor should come in contact with those less fortunate than themselves and try to interest them in the work. We could do much by doing outwork, by supporting the prayer meetings already established, and by sending our pastor to some needy fields.

A number of Christian Endeavor societies in the West assist the pastor by holding schoolhouse meetings. It is the custom to divide the society into two committees for the purpose of regularly maintaining services in the schoolhouses. Many Endeavorers feel it a part of their mission to distribute good literature in stations remote from gospel meetings.

We should aid in this great work by our funds, sympathy and prayers. Let us in every way speed the cause of missions; let us study them in all their aspects, learn all we can about the workers, the places in which they work, the people for whom they labor; and how missionary work can best be done.

Young People's Board Meeting.

The regular meeting of the Young People's Board was held at Salem, W. Va., on Sunday, January 22 at 9:30, in the Salem College faculty room, President A. Clyde Ehrert in the chair. Members present: O. A. Bond, Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Mildred Louther, A. Clyde Ehrert, Orville Bond and Dr. Ehrert. Prayer was offered by Rev. Geo. W. Hills. Bessie L. Davis, as committee to secure the service of a man to arrange the special Christian Endeavor topics, reported that Rev. W. D. Burdick, of Salem College, had arranged the topics. At the request of Brothet Burdick the Board granted him the privilege of preparing the comments in the Sabbath School accounts on the same.

The following report was presented, and adopted by the Board as a plan to be placed before the Young People of the denomination.

For the year ending September 30, 1910:

- Board of palmborg's salary.
- Board expenses.
- Missionary Society.
- Tract Society.
- Educational work.
- Home mission and outpost work.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

The committee to arrange a program for a Young People's rally, which rally was held in our various churches on the third Sabbath in November, reported that a program had been arranged, and, through the Association Secretaries, a copy of same had been sent to each church in the denomination.

Correspondence was read from the American Sabbath Tract Society, stating that the supply of copies of the Christian Endeavor topical cards for 1911 was exhausted and that there was still a call for 280 more.

Voted that the President be instructed to correspond with the American Sabbath Tract Society with reference to printing more Christian Endeavor topical cards, and make such necessary arrangements as circumstances, in his judgment, may require.

The following accounts were allowed:
- American Sabbath Tract Society for printing topical cards $29.80; for reply to Rev. H. C. Van Horn $6.25; the Secretary for traveling expenses and postage $4.30; the American Sabbath Tract Society $10.00; the Missionary Society $30.00; the Salem Express for printing letter-heads $1.50; on Doctor Palmborg's salary $60.00.

DRAXIE METHODIST.

Secretary.

Treasurer's Report.

October 10, 1910, to January 23, 1911.

Orville B. Bond, Treasurer.

In connection with the Seventh-day Baptists Young People's Board.

Dr.

- Balance on hand .................................. $472.70
- Newspapers ....................................... 12.60
- Pulpit ........................................... 1.80
- Pulpit Junior C. E. ............................... 1.00
- Salem College .................................... 5.00
- West Dominion City............................... 5.00
- Education ........................................ 6.28
- Greeneville ........................................ 18.00
- Trouttville ........................................ 18.00
- Adams Center C. E. ................................ 4.50
- Roanoke Church ................................... 4.50
- Ashaway, E. ........................................ 10.00
- First N. Y. City Church ......................... 13.37
- Welton C. E. ...................................... 3.37
- Millers C. E. ..................................... 19.80
- Total .............................................. $472.70

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
of the condemned criminal on his way to execution, or the piteous cry of the starving
man in the agonies of dissolution, or the mournful wail of the shipwrecked mar-
iner, who has long buffeted the billows un-
til his strength is gone, and who with last
look round sees no friendly hand near to
pluck him from the jaws of destruction.
It is no imaginary case brought be-
fore us in the jiie of the shipwrights—Philippi
aroused from its long slumber by an
earthquake. With conscience, too, awak-
ened from its long slumber by the antici-
pated terrors of the last day, all the guilty
past of the jilie's journey is thrown back,
rushed upon his memory; and realizing his
nearness to that eternity on which he seem-
ed about to enter, and knowing what an
awful thing it must be to fall into the
hands of the living God and to receive
final and irrevocable sentence upon his evil
works, he cried from the very depths of his
mental agony, What must I do to be
saved?

Nor is his case a solitary one. I be-
lieve he is but one of a large class. I be-
lieve many such are to be found among
the thousands who are never seen in a place
of worship. Of many such exist in our
congregations, unknown by ministers and
fellow worshippers.

Perhaps some who read this may be in
the same deep mental anguish. If so, like
a stricken deer that has left the herd, you are
meaning imminently distress over your
deep spiritual misery. If so, it is for
you I have written this, to bring
you to the knowledge of that truth
which by God's grace will banish your anx-
xiety and distress, and plant your feet upon
calm joy to your Father in heaven, and
from which you can look forward without
dismay to the future that awaits you.

Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep.
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.
Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 30, 1911.

Abe never gave me a cross word or look
and never refused, in the twinkling of an
eye, to do anything I asked of him. He
was faithful to me always.—Lincoln's
stepmother.

So they were happy and contented; and,
even when they heard trees falling at the
edge of the park and saw groups of men
with axes and picks, they did not feel
frightened. They knew the trees were
being widened and that trees had to be
taken away.

A few days after Mrs. Bright Eyes' visit,
Mrs. Gray Squirrel had a very busy morn-
ing. She had given the three babies their
breakfast and had put them to sleep, when
she discovered there were no nuts in the
pantry, so she started off on a branch, and
looked up and down the paths; but, as
no one was coming her way, she ran down
the tree, then along the ground till she
came to a tree where a box was nailed.

"I only suggested it," said Mrs. Bright
Eyes, "because the men are getting to cook
at your home. They have cut down a num-
er of trees, you know, and it would be
dreadful for you and the babies if they
should cut down this one."

"Oh, I don't believe they will," said Mrs.
Gray Squirrel. "I'm not going to worry
about it. If they come here, I shall let
them know that this is my home and that
I don't intend to move."

But, as Mrs. Bright Eyes started for
home Mrs. Gray Squirrel looked sharply
down the branches of the beautiful tree to see how near the men
really were. She saw them not very far
away, and lying on the ground were a
good many trees.

Mrs. Gray Squirrel and Mrs. Bright
Eyes, with a number of other squirrel fam-
ilies, lived in a beautiful park in the center
of a large city. Trolley cars ran near the
edge of the park and there were crowds
of people coming and going; but the squir-
rels did not mind. They were used to it.

Indeed, every night and morning people
passed through the park on their way to
the big buildings in the busy part of the
city and back again, but the squirrels
were not afraid,—not a bit of it, there were
many friendly hands held out with nuts in
them for them to be afraid.

And, when on some days there did not
seem to be many nuts, the squirrels knew
that in little boxes nailed to the trees which
had been cut down, they could not find
much, but which said "Food for the squir-
rels," they could find something good to
eat.
know I live here? Don't you know I have three babies up here? You mustn't cut this tree down! It belongs to me! Go away! I have cut it as plainly as could be. She jumped from limb to limb until she got as low as she could, chattering all the while and jerking her tail threateningly toward them. Then a man saw her. He hurried up to the man who was cutting and made him stop and look at Mrs. Gray Squirrel. She was angry, and when she found the men heard her, she scolded roundly, then running back to her babies, then back to the men, she continued louder than ever: "Don't you see I have three babies here? They are only little things. Don't hurt them, Oh!" The men seemed to understand squirrel language, for one of the men climbed the tree, took a look in her nest, and called down: "There are three of them up here,—little fellows!" Then they both went away.

"There," thought Mother Squirrel, "my talking did some good; there's nothing like coming to the point and saying what you mean." In a little while, though, she heard the voices again; and, looking out, she saw a third man had returned with a saw that she had first seen. They were smiling and looked very friendly, but Mrs. Gray Squirrel thought she had better tell that newcomer what she had told the other two. So down a lower branch she jumped, talking as excitedly as before. One man seemed to be telling the other two what to do; they commenced to climb the tree, bringing ropes and long, flat, shiny steel things that had notches on one side. Mrs. Gray Squirrel didn't know they were called saws. Mother Squirrel's home was in a hollow limb high in the tree, between two large branches. The men sawed the tops from these two large branches and tied a rope around each, then they sawed the big hollow branch below Mother Squirrel's nest. The little home wasn't hurt a bit, but had been cut right away from the tree. Then the little home, mother, babies, and all, was lowered to the ground by the rope, and then the men scrambled down the tree. I don't believe there has ever been a more astonished squirrel. Some of the time she stayed down in the nest with the babies, for she wouldn't leave them, oh, no! Then she would come up and talk to the men. She watched them closely with her little black eyes and talked very fast; in fact, she couldn't seem to stop talking. The men laughed and talked, too; and, when they lifted the heavy branch and began to carry it farther back among the big trees in the park, Mother Squirrel sat up on the edge of the nest, determined to see just what they were going to do. When they put it down under a large tree, she darted down to her babies. Soon she felt they were all being drawn up in the air. Peeping cautiously out, she found that she was up in a big elm tree with her nest fast to the tree; they did it very carefully, so that the home could not fall.

"Good-by, little squirrels!" called one of the men as they went away. "Go right on with your housekeeping. We tried not to disturb you very much." Mrs. Gray Squirrel could hardly believe her eyes. Here she was with her babies, safe and sound! She was so astonished and so thankful that she almost heard the hear of an axe cutting down her old home nor the crash of the tree when it fell. That night she and her babies slept soundly after the excitement of the day, and the next morning, when Mrs. Bright Eyes came to see her, Mrs. Gray Squirrel told her all about the moving; and then she said: "I think it is well to move once a while, one gets a new view of men and things."—Margaret S. Van Der Veer, in the Churchman.

Report of Pastor of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City. For the year ending December 31, 1910.

Dear Brethren,

In rendering this my annual report I wish to make grateful recognition of the love, trust, and confidence given me by the members of this church in my efforts to serve it, though such efforts have often been faulty and incomplete. Such a spirit of cooperation as I have enjoyed has ever been a source of encouragement and inspiration.

A growing acquaintance with the field and the people has enabled me to accomplish more in the same length of time and to exert a greater influence in wider circles than was possible last year. While a little less, time possibly has been given to the preparation of sermons, more time has been given to the work of the parish, the results of which have not more than justified the change in plan. While there are only sixty on the church roll, there are two hundred in the pastor's calling list, a large number of whom have not attended church, and for that reason have received not a little of the pastor's thought, and effort. The pastor's record book shows forty sermons prepared and delivered in his own pulpit and nine in other pulpits; twelve prayer meetings held and a number of others appointed and taken up because of conditions over which the pastor had no control; two hundred calls and visits in the home parish, with an average of ten miles of travel to the call, and sixty calls on the missionary field.

Two funeral services and one wedding ceremony have been conducted.

In the pastor's study there have been prepared and sent out two hundred and sixty-nine individual communications, five hundred and forty-five circular letters, and for the Sabbath Recorder fourteen articles.

The pastor has attended and taken his appointed part in the Eastern Association at Rockville, R. I., last May, the Convocation at Loch Creek, and the Conference at Salem, W. Va., in August; and the yearly meeting of the New Jersey and New York City churches held in the late autumn with our own church. He has also handled the funds of the American Sabbath Tract Society and the Missionary Board for the Italian Mission. New York City, made frequent calls to that field, and otherwise spent much time in its work. He has attended twelve sessions of the Board of Trustees of the American Sabbath Tract Society at Plainfield, N. J., and five sessions of the Sabbath-Board in New York City.

While the year has not been without its discouragements, there is much to make the future bright and hopeful. Wherever the pastor has gone in this wide field he has been welcomed, not only by the membership of this church but by those who are members of other churches, some of which are becoming more interested in this church and in their own spiritual welfare. Everywhere the words of the Master are impressed upon us, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest," but the laborers are few! In view of this fact I close with the following recommendation: Let each local man, woman, and child in the church seek out and befriend, this present year, some needy and drifting soul. If possible invite him to your home, bring him to our social gatherings, to our religious service, not only once, but, if need be, many times. It may cost time, effort, or even money, but you will be amply repaid by the rich ingathering of sheaves for the Master's harvest before the coming of the year.

Respectfully submitted,

Edgar D. Van Horn, Pastor.

Quarterly Meeting.

The next session of the quarterly meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of southern Wisconsin and Chicago will be held with the church at Milton, February 17-19, 1911. The general theme for consideration is, "Men Banded together for Christian Service—Brotherhood."
DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. Horace Stillman no Better.

We are sorry to have to announce that the condition of Rev. Horace Stillman is in no way improved, but rather grows worse. It became necessary to remove him from the hospital at Western, R. L. and a place was secured in Cooley's Sanitarium at Plainfield, N. J., where it is hoped he might improve. But it soon became evident that the New Jersey State Hospital at Trenton would be a better place in which to secure the desired results, and on February 3 he was taken there. Brother Stillman has been a missionary pastor over feeble churches in Rhode Island for more than thirty years, and his friends will be sorry to learn of this breakdown in health, which takes him from the work. His trouble is mental as well as physical. The long-continued illness and excessive pain have caused his mind to fail, and there seems little hope of recovery.

Rev. T. J. Van Horn, pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Albion, who for some time has been seriously sick with pneumonia, is reported to be improving and soon will be able to occupy his pulpit again. For several months Rev. Mr. Mac Innis of the M. E. church and Rev. Mr. Roberts of the Congregational church of Edgerton have been assisting him in the pulpit and are said to be rejoicing that their labors are now coming to an end and that he will soon be up and about to resume his duties.

Arrangements have been made to hold a series of revival meetings at the Seventh-day Baptist church, beginning tonight. Pastor Shaw will be assisted by Rev. D. B. Coon, of Battle Creek, Michigan. The two pastors were classmates in college and in the Seminary. All interested in the religious welfare of the village are urged to attend the meetings and to render all possible assistance.—North Loyp Loyalist.

Feb. 3, 1911.

Pastor Jordan is slowly recovering from a severe attack of grip which kept him shut in for more than two weeks. Editor Gardiner has supplied his pulpit for him the last two Sabbath-schools.

The First Hookington Church at Ashaway has extended a call to Rev. H. C. Van Horn of Brookfield to become its pastor.

Teach us the strength that can not seek by deed or thought to hurt the weak.—Kipling.

"The heart that is fullest of good works has in it the least room for the temptations of the enemy."—G. C. Long.

HOME NEWS

SALEM, PA.—The last Sabbath in December, 1910, closed one of the most interesting and successful years of Sabbath-school work recorded in the history of the Salemville Seventh-day Baptist Church. Among the many characteristics which have helped to make it a beacon-light in this beautiful valley of Morrison's Cove, were the good interest which has always prevailed, the regular attendance, a studied lesson, faith in God, and loyalty to the Sabbath of Jehovah.

The Sabbath school has truly been a source of uplift and power to the church. It has been an encouragement to the pastor, and a blessing to the community at large. All through the year, fathers and mothers have been faithful in performing their various duties along the line of Sabbath-school work. The people have willingly lent a helping hand and have shown by their works and sympathy a cooperation with their superintendent.

When parents will walk a mile (with four or five little boys and girls) in rain and snow, in order that their children may be where they will receive such true development as will prepare them for the various duties of life, and where they may learn of the life of Jesus, such a Sabbath school is sure to grow.

Just as a plant needs moisture, sunlight, heat and cultivation, in order that it may grow and become a beautiful plant, so we who claim to be God's children must be fed and nourished daily with food divine, if we desire to be overcomers of sin.

We wish to express the gratitude we feel for the work of our beloved brother and pastor, J. S. Kagarise, for his guidance and council in Sabbath school these many years. May God bless him and strengthen him that he may be able to help us in days to come.

In September we were made to mourn the loss of our dear brother and chorister, G. C. Long. For many years a story leader, he had been active in vocal music and as choir leader. We miss him not only in song service, but in many other places of duty.

SALEMVILLE.—Rev. William Robinson, of Salemville, and Mrs. D. W. Valentine of DeKalb, Ill., were married February 3. The bride was the daughter of Rev. James H. and Miss Mary (Sawyer) Valentine of Salemville. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents, in the Seventh-day Baptist church. The wedding was a true family event, the parents and the bride's relatives and friends being present. The pastor assisted in the service.

SALEMVILLE.—The Rev. W. Robinson, who has been ill for several months, is reported to be improving and soon will be able to occupy his pulpit again.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

May the hand of Providence guide and bless his bereft companion, son and daughter.

We indeed feel grateful to the good people of Plainfield, New Market, N. J., and Salem, W. Va., for letting their esteemed pastors (Shaw, Jordan and Hills) come to Salemville and help us in so grand a work. We say, Come again, brethren.

The year 1911 was begun by calling our young brother, Hayter Lemble, as our superintendent. May God bless Homer in all the efforts he puts forth for the advancement of Sabbath-school work and the upbuilding of God's cause here. And may we, as co-workers, be so loyal and true to our superintendent, that when this year shall have made its revolution, it may find us standing on higher ground and in closer communion with our heavenly Father.

C. C. WOLFE,

Supt.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Our pastor left this week for North Loup, Neb., to assist Pastor Shaw in a protracted meeting. We gladly send him forth on so worthy an undertaking, and the prayers of the whole church go with him.

Since our service was transferred to the Sanitarium chapel our congregation has slowly increased, until now Pastor Coon has a larger congregation of a Sabbath afternoon than Hayter Lemble at our service in either Chicago or New York City. For this we give God all the glory.

In the absence of the pastor, the pulpit is filled by supplies. On February 4 Rev. R. S. Owens spoke to us from Rev. iii. 21, showing the power and reward of an overcoming life. Rev. William Robinson will preach on February 11, next Sabbath. Both these brethren were formerly Seventh-day Adventist preachers.

Three members were recently received into our church by letter. May the hearts of yet others be inclined to do likewise.

This church celebrated Christmas by a social and Christmas tree at the home of the pastor. Every one present was expected to contribute to the entertainment by bringing a song or tale. Last of all Santa Claus himself came in and distributed the presents.

Doctor Palmberg, who is now spending some time in rest and recuperation at the Saritariun, spoke to us one Sabbath recently on our work in China. A reception was afterwards arranged for him at the home of Rev. D. B. Coon. We then had a chance to know more intimately of the conditions and needs of the China Mission. The Doctor is improving every day.

C. H. GREENE.

Feb. 4, 1911.

MARRIAGES

OCHS-LIPPINCOTT.—At the Seventh-Day Baptist parsonage, the home of the bride's parents, at Jackson Center, Ohio, January 8, 1911, by Rev. D. C. Lippincott, father of the bride, Mr. Henry Ochs of Gentry, Ark., and Miss Ida M. Lippincott.

IRISH-BOOTH.—At the residence of the pastor, 1834 Walnut Street, Boulder, Colo., January 11, 1911, by the Rev. Alva L. Davis, Mr. Homer Irish, of Boulder, and Miss Gladys Booth, both of Boulder, Colo.

HESS-LIPPINCOTT.—At the Seventh-Day Baptist parsonage, the home of the bride's parents, at Jackson Center, Ohio, January 11, 1911, by Rev. D. C. Lippincott, father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. D. K. Davis, Mr. Homer Irish, of Salemville, Pa., and Miss Stella I. Lippincott.

LIVERMORE-DAVISSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mrs. Martha Davidson, N. Y., on January 11, 1911, by Pastor Herbert L. Davison, of Andover, N. Y., and Leila M. Davidson of Nile, N. Y.

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"Straw matting suit-cases and shopping-bags," says Woman's Home Companion for February, "can be very much improved in looks and usefulness by a coat of cheap wagon varnish, which makes them waterproof. A good wetting will generally spoil them, but the varnish causes them to shed water like a duck. This should be done once a year."

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SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 25, 1911.

ELIJAH MEETS AHAH IN NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

1 Kings xxi, 1-29.


DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 2 Sam, xii, 14-22.
Second-day, 2 Sam, xii, 1-10.
Third-day, 2 Kings xi, 1-27.
Fourth-day, 1 Kings xxvii, 1-15.
Fifth-day, 1 Kings xx, 16-30.
Sixth-day, 1 Kings xvi, 33-38.

SABBATHDAY, 1 Kings xx, 1-29.

(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand.)

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The Seventh-day Baptist Church in Syracuse, N. Y., hold Sabbath afternoon services at 3:30 o'clock in the hall on the second floor of the Lynch building, No. 240 South Salina Street. All are cordially invited.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South. The Sabbath school meets on Ark at 10:45 a.m. Preaching service at 11:20 a.m. A cordial invitation is extended to all Sabbath-school workers.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in rooms, 1046 E. 51st St., N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock P.M. Visitors are most cordially welcomed.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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