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—Elbert Russell

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The session will be held at Westerly, R. I., Aug. 29-25th, 1912.

The regular meetings of the Board are held in Feb., May, August and November, at the call of the President.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

You Have Never Stood in the Darkness.

The words of this heading are the words of an Indian chief as he pleaded for the Gospel to be sent to his people. He prayed for the white man’s book “of heaven” to be sent that they might learn the way of life.

Jesus said, “Ye are the light of the world,” and he commanded his followers to “go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” When the disciples were filled with the Christ-spirit, they immediately began carrying the Gospel into the “regions beyond” and gladly responded to every Macedonian cry. They pushed into every region round about them; and not satisfied with faithful work in their homeland, they pushed forward into heathen lands, to the islands of the sea, and far-distant cities. Some of them went into Africa, some to Italy and some to Spain, bearing the message of God’s love.

If they had failed to do this, they would have failed utterly in the work whereinunto their Lord had sent them. Wherever they went, the seed was sown that was to bring a glorious harvest in far-away lands and in every land. The light and civilization of our time, all the conditions that make the lot of men in China or in Africa today, have come to us through the faithful missionaries who have been sent to foreign fields with the light of the world. Our own land was once a “foreign field.”

Indeed, this spirit of missions is the very essence of Christianity. The moment the early disciples became filled with the Holy Spirit themselves, that moment they began to reach out after those who were in darkness. I do not see how any lover of Christ can partake of his spirit and feel themovings of his love without longing to send or to carry the light to a world in darkness. How can one be a true follower of his Lord, and be content to bend every energy toward money-making for himself, without doing a thing for his fellows in heathen darkness? How can one hear the heartrending cries from hungry multitudes beyond the seas without being moved with compassion for them, and fired with a desire to help them? How can one bear the precious name of Christian feel justified in placing obstacles in the way of those who are trying to lead the missionary spirit to obey the command of Christ? How can any one who has studied the blessed and direct influence of foreign missions as seen in the last fifty years be opposed to such mission work? How can any one, if he has noted carefully the blessed reef influence of foreign missions upon the home churches, have a heart to discourage those who are pushing such work forward? Indeed, if the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination owes its life to any one thing more than another, it is to the fact that it has been a missionary people.

I have been deeply interested in the clear testimonies of Roosevelt and Taft regarding the transformation brought about in America and China and other heathen lands through the faithful works of Christian missionaries. It would undoubtedly put new life into all our churches, if we could have a wide-spread revival of interest in missions at home and abroad. If we could only stand in the darkness and realize for a time in our own hearts the hopeless desolation of the heathen; if we could put ourselves in the place of the Indian who ut
tered the words at the head of this article, we might see things in quite a different light. In such a case those who are doing most for the heathen would feel that they are not doing half enough. The following poem by Mary Gorges is right to the point.

"You have never stood in the darkness
And reached out a trembling hand,
If happily some one might find it,
In the awe of a lonely land.
Where the shadows shift so strangely.
And the quick heart-beat is stirred,
If only a leaf be rustled
By the wing of a passing bird.
"You have never stood in the darkness,
And said good-by to the wife.
The little child or the mother.
Who have sat in your house of life,
And knew not where they were going.
As the birds who cross our sight,
Flitting within from the darkness,
Flitting without to the night.
"You have never stood in the darkness,
When soul after soul went by
In the midnight of another's battle.
Where kinship and comrade die.
And something says they are living,
Although the memory shows
With eyes that stare out blindly,
As yet shall do our own.
"You have never stood in the darkness;
You do not know its awe;
On your last great shindish,
Which long ago you saw.
For the light of the world we ask you,
We give of each day's show,
The way to win to His footstool,
Which only the white man knows.
"O voice out of the darkness!
O cry of a soul in pain!
May it ring as the blare of clarion,
Or call God's host in vain!
By the pierced hand which saved us,
Let our do their work today.
Till from those who tremble in darkness
The shadows are swept away."

***

Advance Step in Salem College.

All SABBATH RECORDER readers will be glad to learn about any new move that is likely to benefit the people. For twenty years, had an abiding interest in the good work in West Virginia, and every one who attended Conference last summer in the fine new building was made to rejoice over the many signs of growth in the school. For years there has been great need of a teacher-training school there, but the crowded conditions in the old building made such a move almost out of the question. With the new building, the college has ample room to enlarge the scope of its work and to organize departments hitherto impossible.

Announcements are now out for a six-weeks' summer school, to begin June 19, 1111, with a strong force of nine teachers and several lectures by prominent educators of the State.

The purpose of this summer school is given in four particulars: first, for teachers and those who desire to prepare for teaching; second, for any who may be behind in one or two subjects and wish to enter classes in the fall without being "conditioned;" third, for those who desire to go on with regular work and secure credits in courses; fourth, for children who wish to enter the training classes in the "Model Training School."

It is a good thing for the college thus to offer, at a minimum cost, its entire resources of teachers, equipment, library, reading-rooms, gymnasium, and laboratories, for the work so much needed in the education circles of the Mountain State, and everybody will wish the school complete success.

***

Alfred's Banquet in New York.

The annual dinner of the Alfred Alumni Association of New York and New Jersey was held in the beautiful banquet hall of the Hotel St. Denis, on the evening of February 16, 1111. There were about one hundred and thirty guests, who began to arrive about six o'clock and continued to come until the parlor and corridors of the St. Denis were well filled with the classmates and friends of other days, who, faithfully improved the time until seventy-three. This was indeed a pleasant hour and it passed all too quickly.

Finally the guests were introduced to the dining room and Dr. W. C. Bruce, the president of the New York association, accompanied by Gov. Augustus E. Wilson of Kentucky, led the way. The guests of honor had been announced as Gov. Wilson, ex-Gov. Geo. H. Utter of Rhode Island, President Boothe C. Davis of Alfred University, Senator Wm. J. Tully of New York, Director O. S. Morgan of the agricultural school, and Prof. Fred C. White, president of the Alfred Alumni Association. All these guests were present excepting ex-Governor Utter, whose health did not permit his attendance.

The dinner was over at half past nine o'clock, and the meal felt of the evening then began. The banquet room was filled with men and women in about equal numbers, all of whom were in excellent spirits; and with William C. Hubbard at his best as toast-master, all were sure of a good time.

After bidding all a most hearty welcome, President Hubbard said:

"It is a good thing for us to come together at these annual banquets to renew old friendships and live over again the helpful, endearing associations formed long ago at our beloved alma mater. It is our desire to have these meetings as informal as possible. Let them be like the reunion of a large family, met for sociability and the interchange of thoughts and experiences full of interest.

The Alfred heart is large—large enough to include its friends and well-wishers as well as those who are directly affiliated.

This is the seventy-fifth year since the founding of Alfred Academy, the forerunner of the University. Twenty-five years have been years of slow and patient growth—years of toils and trials, and successes, in which some but not all the problems have been solved.

Many noble sons and daughters have gone forth from Alfred's halls into life's battles and have brought a great institution that sent them out. Some of these are back tonight and honor us by accepting a place at this board. They are models of individual achievement and of high ideals. Alfred is proud of her children.

One hundred and two years ago this week, there was born among the rugged mountains in the State of Kentucky one of the grandest men this country has ever known—Abraham Lincoln. His birth is celebrated and his praises sung throughout this entire land. He was a man seeking the good of all people, speaking peace to all who should come after him and when, in the supreme hour of victory, he died, the vanquished lost their best friend, the human race one of its noblest examples, and all friends of freedom and justice joined hands as never before at his grave.

Tonight we have with us another of Kentucky's illustrious sons whose life, with the exception of a few brief years spent in Alfred and in Allegany County, N.Y., has been spent in that rugged State. In school and in society he was a favorite with both the boys and the girls, and his name is familiar to every alumnus of Alfred. Since entering upon the stern duties of life he has successfully and successfully filled many important positions, until called by the State of Kentucky to become its chief executive.

I now have the very great honor and pleasure of introducing to you his excellency, Hon. Augustus E. Wilson, Governor of Kentucky, who will speak to us.

Governor Wilson arose amid great applause, and looking over the company of one hundred and thirty people, said:

"Gentlemen, I am one among them—Dr. Daniel Lewis—who had been a student with him in Alfred. He had not seen Alfred since he left it in 1864. His words of tribute to the memory of his old teachers, Allen, and Sales, and 'Miss Elvira,' were appreciated by all present. His reminiscences of some of Alfred's citizens, of the lyceum life, and of social gatherings were greatly enjoyed; and everybody laughed when he repeated a stanza of Silas Burdick's quaint poem written upon the new observatory which had been built while the Governor was in Alfred. He spoke of the excellent influence of the school over himself and others; told some amusing experiences with 'Boss Kenyon,' and also of the power of that man's life over him. He spoke in highest terms of his own beloved State.

He reminded us of the fact that life itself, for all of us, are all alike; students, and spoke of the help of such gatherings as the alumni were holding, as giving opportunity to compare notes and strengthen the ties that make us one.

At the close of Governor Wilson's address, the entire company joined in singing, "Hail to the Chief." President Davis then told of the success in securing pledges for the debt, mentioning the good work of the alumni in averaging over $1,000 a day for the last ten days of the canvass before last commencement day, the outlook for the new Carnegie Library, and of the need of increased endowments in order to meet the growing needs of Alfred. The President made a happy reference to a fine candy banquet sent to his plate from the Sunshine Society, and spoke of the great pleasure with which he meets Alfred's old students in these banquets.

Space will not permit a full report of all the addresses, nor the publication of the letters received from absent ones. We would gladly give some of the happy hits made by the toast-master in presenting the speakers, but they have cooled off and
would lose their flavor if written in cold, deliberate pen scratches; so we forbear.

Senator Tully followed with reference to the work of establishing the school of agriculture, and the blessings likely to come from that school to rural New York. He was much impressed with the personnel of the gathering. He had never attended a banquet where fully half the persons present were ladies, and spoke of the good results from coeducation in Alfred.

Next came Doctor Morgan of the agricultural school, who showed the excellent practical work in farming and domestic science being done in Alfred.

One of the most interesting items of the entire program was an address by Mrs. Morgan, who is enthusiastic over the work in which her husband is engaged among the country people on their farms. She makes a specialty of folk-songs in country homes. She works with the people and gathers material from the people. The best folk-songs of Italy, Ireland, Scotland and England have been collected and studied, and she makes it a point to cultivate the spirit of the dear old songs. She goes to the county districts and teaches the people the simple, touching old home songs, and is so enthusiastic in her work that no one can hear her speak five minutes without feeling that she is doing a good thing for our modern home life. She urges people to cling to the songs that come out of the heart, songs that last, and to despise the "yellow" edition in music, as they would the "yellow literature." The old lifetime hymns too are best. This fine talk was closed by asking all present to join her in singing "Annie Laurie." Really we wanted to say amen to every word of Mrs. Morgan's address.

After a few words from Edward L. Felton, the designer chosen by Mr. Carnegie to make plans for the new library building, and a spicy speech from Fred C. White, who invited us all to go to the next commencement, a number of botanists began to function for the midnight trains, filled with pleasant memories of Alfred's last home gathering.

The officers for next year are: president, C. C. Chipman, secretary and treasurer, Dr. M. L. Clawson.

Rev. Horace Stillman.

Rev. Horace Stillman, who died at Trenton, N. J., February 17, 1911, was one of our consecrated missionary pastors, and will be greatly missed by the small churches in Rhode Island that he served faithfully. For thirty years he had been going and coming over the hills and vales of the country about Ashaway and Westerly, ministering in spiritual things to the little flocks that gathered by the hundreds in the beautiful and large hall which he had built. He had reached the age of seventy-one years, and yet up to the last Sabbath before his sudden illness and the long sickness following, he did not stop preaching. He had reached the age of seventy-one, and yet up to the last Sabbath before his sudden illness and the long sickness following, he filled his appointments with the First and Second Westerly churches. His labors during the last year had been blessed of God, and at least twice during the year Brother Stillman had the joy of baptizing candidates for church membership.

His life-work had been given entirely to the home field in his native State, and those who knew him best were able to appreciate his sterling qualities of character as no others could. Brother Stillman who bore acquaintance, and could always do his best work among those whom he had longest known.

He was born and reared near Ashaway, R. I. There he attended school and there he began his church life. In 1861 he enlisted in Company 4th Rhode Island Volunteers, and was discharged in 1864, after a severe illness that came near costing him his life. He was a faithful soldier, and during the latter years of his life was a loyal comrade in the Grand Army of the Republic, serving his post as chaplain for many years. He never fully recovered from the breakdown that came by exposure and hard service in the army, and always suffered something of a handicap in his work, owing to the loss of the sight of one eye, the result of army hardships.

After the war Brother Stillman spent a year or so in college, was then employed in the Civil Service, and studied some in the academy at that place. In 1867 he entered school at Alfred, where the writer first made his acquaintance. With the exception of a year or so of teaching school, he spent the years from 1867 to 1874 in college and seminary work.

At Alfred. He was much interested in the student missionary movement of the early seventies, going with "the boys" to schoolhouses on Sabbaths, in work for the Master. In 1873 he, with Rev. D. H. Davis as a yoke-fellow, did excellent work in Hebron and Hebron Center, Pa.

In 1875 he was graduated with the first theological class of the Seminary at Alfred, with George J. Crandall, Benjamin F. Rogers, John L. Huffman, David H. Davis, Dyriggs K. Davis, Oliver D. Sherman and Theo. L. Gardiner, as classmates. During the autumn of that year he was ordained pastor of the gospel ministry at Ashaway, R. L., by the First Hopkinson Church. This church had licensed him to preach three years before his ordination. His labors as missionary pastor under the auspices of the Missionary Board began in 1875 with Woodville church as headquarters. Later he moved to Niantic, making headquarters there until he settled in Ashaway. During his first year at Woodville twelve members were added to that church. For nearly thirty-seven years his labors have been in strengthening the things that remain.

About three years ago he was taken suddenly with what appeared something like a paralytic stroke, and for the time it seemed as if the end had come. But he revived and for three months endured intense suffering under the ravages of disease. In order to secure better attention there could be no change then at home, who was placed in the hospital; but nothing could save him. Kind hands did everything that human skill could devise, in order to relieve his suffering; but pneumonia set in at last and in less than a week his sufferings were over. A good, conscientious, humble and faithful Christian, a sympathetic friend, a loyal, patriotic soldier of the Grand Army of the Republic, has gone to his everlasting reward.

The funeral was held in the old home church at Ashaway, which was well filled with his old friends and neighbors, who came to pay their last respects to a beloved brother. Beautiful tributes of flowers literally covered the casket. The services were conducted by the editor of the Sabbath Recorder, who was assisted by three pastors of the Eastern Association. Rev. Clayton A. Burdick read the Scriptures, Rev. Henry N. Jordan offered prayer, and Rev. Lewis F. Randolph closed by prayer after the address by Editor Gardiner. Two beautiful solos were sung during the service, and the body was laid to rest near the "minister's circle" in the old Hopkinson Cemetery.

The Sabbath Recorder was used to give appropriate thoughts for the occasion. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

The Grand Army veterans attended the funeral in a body, and conducted the burial services at the grave. One of the most affecting scenes I have witnessed for many days was that where the gray-haired veterans of the Civil War, bowed in form, and some of them feeble in body, marched at the head of the procession through the cold and snow and mud, leading the way from the home of their fallen comrade to the church. Then again, as these faithful soldiers stood, with heads uncovered and with locks shaken by the bleak February wind, around the open grave, with the casket ready to lower, while they brought their tribute of flowers and evergreens and spoke their good words of committal, all hearts were touched, and we realized the power of a common brotherhood and the ties of a special camaraderie.

Brother Stillman leaves a wife, two daughters, four sisters and a brother to mourn their loss. Many unto whom he had ministered will miss him greatly. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the entire community.

***

"The Messianic Jew."

This is the name of the magazine referred to by Brother Lucky in the interesting article about his work found elsewhere in this paper. It is a twenty-two page magazine about the size of the Sabbath Recorder, and appears at present as only an occasional paper, with no stated time of issue. The next number is expected to ap-
Trouble in the University of Moscow.

As the result of the students' rebellion in the University of Moscow, the rector, M. Manuiloff, was removed by the Ministry of Education. This move was promptly resented by the faculty, and thirty-five of the professors presented their resignation as a protest.

China Aroused.

China is fully aroused upon the question of prohibiting the opium trade. The Anti-Opium Bill has passed the Chinese Parliament and is to take effect next year. Great Britain is greatly to blame for forcing the terrible curse of the opium trade upon China, and now that country is said to be pressing a new opium agreement upon the Chinese, by which the trade may continue under a new guise. China is strongly opposing this move for continuing the trade, and insist upon immediate prohibition. China has been the loser in three British opium wars, and it will be a great pity if she is again overcome by a so-called Christian nation. The Anti-Opium Conference, it will be remembered, made a strong appeal to England, urging that the government, in the interests of Christian civilization, release China at once from the opium treaty. The Chinese Parliament began by an appeal to Great Britain to release China from this treaty, and followed the appeal with the passage of a prohibition bill. All the world should stand by China. Indeed, I am not sure but China will yet teach the Christian nations some sensible lessons on the matters of "personal liberty" and prohibition.

Jezbel's Palace Unearthed.

For some time the expedition sent out by Harvard College has been excavating among the ruins of ancient Samaria in Palestine, and news from there tells us that the palace of Jezebel, Ahab's queen, has been unearthed. The work has been under supervision of Prof. George Andrew Reisner. Five thousand objects of archeological interest have been brought to light, among which are the jewels, amulets and charms which are described in the Bible as essentials of a queen's outfit. According to Turkish law all art treasures have to be left within the borders of that government, but Professor Reisner hopes that the Sultan will present some of these relics to Harvard. It is interesting to know that this find corroborates some of the stories told of Jezebel in the Bible, and also establishes many facts about customs and habits of life in Bible times.

Several persons were killed and hundreds made homeless by an earthquake in Monastir, European Turkey. Monastir is in Macedonia, eighty-five miles northwest of Salonica. It is an important military center and a city of 45,000 inhabitants. Four American missionaries are stationed at that place. The inhabitants are suffering severely from the intense cold, and hundreds of tents have been asked for by the local authorities. Several mosques and houses were completely demolished.

One of the best evidences that modern invention has practically annihilated space was to be seen this week in the fact that President Taft at the White House in Washington touched the electric button that opened the Elk's carnival at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. By a direct line to the Pacific Coast connecting with the ocean cable, the President could press the button that illuminated a clock at Honolulu, thus giving the signal for opening the festival.

President Taft has more than intimated that if he will surely call an extra session if the Senate refuses to act upon the reciprocity agreement. This will bring Congress to terms if anything, since so many members dread the extra sessions.

At the request of President Taft, Congressman Bennett's resolution looking toward the annexation of Canada was reported unfavorably by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.
Did God Change the Sabbath Day?

W. T. Wiseman, F. R. G. S.,

"Did God change the Sabbath day?" It is a great question, because it implies that if he did not, some one or some power did it that had neither the authority nor the right to do so. We need not enlarge to Bible studies that there are no such phrases as "Christian Sabbath," "Jewish Sabbath," or "Mosaic Sabbath" in the Bible. Did God change the Sabbath day? We answer at once, Never! We challenge any man to prove that the divine Legislator, who gave the Sabbath law and the Sinaic law, has ever changed it or abrogated it. We challenge any man to prove that the Messiah, or his apostles, ever changed Jehovah's memorial Creation Sabbath day. Any man, any set of men, or any man-made council that has attempted a change of the divinely appointed Sabbath has not been given the divine, prophetic, Messianic, apostolic, or Scriptural authority for such an unwarrantable act.

Historical proofs, outside the Bible records, can be given that the Sabbath of Jehovah has always been kept by some of God's witnesses. Historical proofs can be given from the first century down to the present day of this important fact. There is no proof in Holy Scripture that the Sabbath is Sunday. There is not one instance in Clement, Justin Martyr, or any other writer, that during the first century Sunday was called the Lord's day, or that the Lord's day was called Sunday. Up to the end of the fourth century Sunday was not called Sabbath. The Lord's day (Jehovah's day of Apoc. i, io) did not succeed Sabbath as Sunday, but it was wholly changed by the Papacy, according to the testimony of writers of that anti-Christian Church. The prophets kept the Sabbath of Jehovah. The Messiah, who always obeyed his Father's commandments, kept the Sabbath. The apostles kept the Holy Sabbath day. Historically, God's witnesses kept the Seventh-day Sabbath in small scattered groups from the third century forward, and refused to depart from the teachings of the Messiah concerning the true Sabbath. Though hunted, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death by that murderous power that has "changed laws and times," they stood for the laws of God, the example of the Messiah, and the practices of the Apostolic Ecclesiases. Pagan influence, from the time of Constantine's edict, A. D. 321, and the influence of the apostate Roman Ecclesia, gradually expelled the Sabbath; but the true witnesses stood firm. Those who continued to keep the Sabbath, link modern Sabbathian-immersed-believers, such as "Israelites of the New Covenant," "Seventh-day Baptists," "The Church of God," "Seventh-day Adventists," etc., with the Messianic and the Apostolic New Covenant Ecclesiases. The witnesses in their earlier history were known as "Nazarenes," "Covinhandians" and "Hipistari." In the latter history they were known as "Vaudois," "Cathari," "Toulosians," "Albigenses," "Petorbiussians," "Pasagii," "Waldenses," etc. Their doctrines were simple and Scriptural, and their witness was holy, in contrast with the ecclesiastical corruption that surrounded them and their enemies who tried to exterminate them. The dominant "Church," so-called, followed them with unceasing persecution. In her was found the blood of the prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth" (Apoc. xviii, 24). There is no command to keep the first day. The Roman Catholic Church commands it. Therefore, Protestants, Puritans and other sects obey the Pope and not God. Neither do they obey his Anointed One, the messenger of the Covenant, or the commandment of the Holy Bible. Carlstadt, the great reformer, was for a complete return to the Holy Scriptures. He was a Sabbath-keeper. The thousands of pounds per annum spent by Reformation societies will not settle the apostolic faith of the New Covenant Scriptures. The Sabbath was instituted in Eden (Gen. ii, 2, 3): "And he rested on the seventh day from all his work...And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." We read of no alteration all through the Bible. The law of Jehovah, given to all Israel through his servant, Moses, says, in Clause 4, "Remember the sabbath day," This proves that the Sabbath day was a prior institution to the giving of the law on Sinai. Exodus xvi, 23, 27-29, before the written law, also proves it: "Tomorrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto Jehovah. Six days ye shall gather it [the manna]; but on the seventh day, which is the sabbath, in it there shall be none." Some went out to gather on the seventh day. Jehovah said unto Moses: "How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws?" (Exod. xxvii). So the people rested on the seventh day. We learn from these Scriptures that the Sabbath and other laws were in existence before the "ten words," called the "law," were codified. The crowning confirmation that the Sabbath began in Eden (Gen. ii, 2, 3) is by the Messiah himself. He said, "The Sabbath was made for man," that is, Adam, and so forth (Mark ii, 27). The Sabbath is mentioned in Moses, the Psalms and the Prophets, and in the New Covenant Scriptures. Saith the Creator of heaven and earth: "Verily my sabbath ye shall keep...It is a sign between me and the children of Israel for ever," "To a thousand generations" (Ex. xxxi, 13, 17; Ps. cv, 8).

Rome claims to have changed the Sabbath, as will be seen from an editorial in the Catholic Mirror, of Baltimore, the official organ of Cardinal Gibbons and the Papacy in the United States. The opinions of the following notable men on the subject of the Sabbath day are to the point:

Mr. Gladstone: "The seventh day of the week has been deposited from its title to obligatory religious observance, and its pre-rogative has been carried over to the first, under no direct precept from Scripture."

Canon Eyton: "There is no word, no hint, in the New Testament about abstaining from work on Sunday. No commandment of God bids us do this or not do that on Sunday, we are absolutely free so far as his law goes."

Sir William Domville: "Centuries of the Christian era passed away before Sunday was observed as a Sabbath."
In the bal-

Sabbath,

fact

the

with God. It is easy to go with the crowd,
to pleasure,

iminigrants."
The majority of the Italians who come to this country do not come for permanent residence.' The majority of the Italians who come to this country do not come for permanent residence.' The majority of the Italians who come to this country do not come for permanent residence.'

One who comes to a country for the purpose of permanent residence."

Immigrant, To come into a country of which one is not a native for the purpose of permanent residence. "To bring in as permanent residents."

Immigrant, A going into a country for the purpose of permanent residence."

The stress is laid on the word "permanent."

The majority of the Italians who come to this country do not come for permanent residence. A doctor is a home-lover. He comes to better his condition, and his aim and object is to better it as speedily as possible and then to return to the old country. Therefore, etymologically, he is not an immigrant, and by the fact itself he is entitled to the same description. Indeed, if I were to speak with a varying etymology,—he is an emigrant. Referring again to the dictionary, we find that,—

"Emigrant, emigrate, emigration are used with reference to the country from which migration is made, and immigration, immigrate and immigrant with reference to the country to which migration is made."

And the Italian is an emigrant. That is his tendency, and it is overpowering. He comes to this country (nominally as an "immigrant") to better his financial condition. Having done so, his one idea is to return to his homeland, and to do this he must "emigrate."

We talk in a sort of pitying way of "emigration from countries of the old world," when, actually, we have an "emigration problem" of our own, set to the same tune as the familiar "immigration problem."

Now and then, in political campaigns, we hear dissertations on "the time coming when the United States will send out emigrants"—to Alaska, Siberia, or South America. The time is the present. We are sending our emigrants every week, emigrants not to be ashamed of, the Americanized and Christianized Italians. And this emigration problem is rectifying the immigration problem. Senator Dillingham, chairman of the Senate Committee on Immigration, and author of the immigration law, writes me that "the necessity of securing statistics concerning outgoing aliens is a most important one, which will have considerable effect in setting the problem at rights before the people." And our emigrants do not go out to a new, but to an old country, their own old home. We criticize Europe sometimes for sending us her offscouring, but we, in sending out these, our emigrants, send trained men, able to the accomplishment of the Redeemer's last command. Ours is the training and the equipment. If some European countries were careful to send us fewer paupers and criminals and if all countries were as careful as some are to send their thrifty people, the problem would read and work differently from what it does.

Praise God that we are sending out emigrants, and that by them, equipped with the Gospel in their hearts and hands, we can have a part in the evangelization of Italy. Look though we may askance and with doubt on the Italians, are they not "chosen vessels" to bear the name of our Lord to their old home from which, twenty centuries ago, the uncorrupted Word went forth from the lips of Paul, and was instrumental in the conversion of our own ancestors? "They of Italy salute us," they who perish for the Bread of Life, and who, if we fail to train and equip these missionaries, can reproach us with a pathetic "Inasmuch" at the bar of the Master.

Hartford, Conn.

The Work of Brother Ch. Th. Lucky.

[The following is taken from a personal letter, written to Pastor Edwin Shaw by our missionary friend in Galicia.—En.]

Dear Brother:

I have sent you today a copy of a new paper, which is edited by my friend, a Jewish brother in Christ, and by me. Of course my name does not appear on the surface, neither as editor nor as contributor, or as any one that has a share in the work. But it is so. My name appears as "Jedidiah." You would write it "Jedi­diah." So it is in the English Bible.

Now I would like you to know all about this work. You know my love to the Seventy-first Baptist Denomination. And why do I love them? Because they—as a denomination—walk in the ways of God. They "keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." The church at large has thrown aside the obedience of God's commandments. I love God's Word and his commandments; therefore, my heart was made glad when I learned to know there is a group of non-Jewish Christians who are obedient to God, doing what he commanded.

To my great grief I have a hard struggle with my heart, the Jewish Christians. They are taught to forsake everything that the Old Testament teaches to do. Harder struggle have I, therefore, with Jewish brethren who reject Christ. It is impossible to make them see that Christ Jesus is the Christ, the promised Messiah, whom God the Father has sent to redeem the world from sin and transgression. Because—my brethren would say—the true Christ wouldn't abolish God's Word and commandment. They believe what the so-called Christians are doing, they are doing by the strict command of Christ.

I only mention this in order that you should understand me. You know this is the greatest object of my life, to work for the Master among his people Israel. To this work I devoted my life. I see it as the calling which the heavenly Lord gave me. And I do my work on a different plan. I am working hard to establish a distinctly He­brew Christianity, or distinctive Jewish Christianity, if you prefer this way of ex­pressing it. Many, many years there was all a failure. The Lord kept back the blessings. I succeeded many a time to build up a small community of Hebrews who accepted Jesus as their Messiah, but Satan took all away. Satan destroyed all work. I do not want to tell you all the grief and sorrow I have had. Therefore, I kept silence years and years and only here and there did I let the brethren in America know of my failure.

But now the sun seems to break through the clouds. The Lord has awakened a Jewish-Christian brother in Johannesburg, South Africa, and through him a few more staunch Jewish Christians. With these brethren I begin a new "era" of work; if we may say an "era." I have been in South Africa since my returning home and have been working hard to break through the surface, neither as editor nor as contributor, or as any one that has a share in the work. But it is so. My name appears as "Jedidiah." You would write it "Jedi­diah." So it is in the English Bible.

To my great grief I have a hard struggle with the Jewish Christians. They are taught to forsake everything that the Old Testament teaches to do. Harder struggle have I, therefore, with Jewish brethren who reject Christ. It is impossible to make them see that Christ Jesus is the Christ, the promised Messiah, whom God the Father has sent to redeem the world from sin and transgression. Because—my brethren would say—the true Christ wouldn't abolish God's Word and commandment. They believe what the so-called Christians are doing, they are doing by the strict command of Christ.

I only mention this in order that you should understand me. You know this is the greatest object of my life, to work for the Master among his people Israel. To this work I devoted my life. I see it as the calling which the heavenly Lord gave me. And I do my work on a different plan. I am working hard to establish a distinctly He­brew Christianity, or distinctive Jewish Christianity, if you prefer this way of ex­pressing it. Many, many years there was all a failure. The Lord kept back the blessings. I succeeded many a time to build up a small community of Hebrews who accepted Jesus as their Messiah, but Satan took all away. Satan destroyed all work. I do not want to tell you all the grief and sorrow I have had. Therefore, I kept silence years and years and only here and there did I let the brethren in America know of my failure.
Ph. Cohen found this out. He then published a booklet: "The Hebrew Christian and His National Continuity." This led to our mutual acquaintance—of course, only by writing—and we are joint now to do a good work.

"We began now to publish a paper in English, sub titulo "The Messianic Jew," of which I send you today the first issue. Brother Cohen will not remain in South Africa. We plan to make our seat either in Palestine or in some other fit place, in Europe, from which we can reach Jewish Christians, and Jews that are not disciples of Christ, as yet.

This way the Sabbath cause will be promoted in wide Jewish-Christian circles. Of course, we take in other commandments, but the more so the Ten Commandments, and amongst them is the Sabbath of God. We will have to speak and to write much about the Sabbath, for this is the chief issue now. I hope, it will enter, as a subject of the General Conference and then there will be a possibility to make use of the Burdick Jewish funds.

Meanwhile you can help me in making the people understand my aspirations and my hopes. If you have a moment to spare write something, give a review of the paper from your side. I expect others will also do that. But it would do a great good if you too would write.

With best wishes to you and your dear family, and to the whole denomination,
Yours in the Christ of God,
Ch. TH. LUCKY.

An Explanation.

Through a letter from Milton Junction, Wis., I learn that exceptions are taken to the little item called "An Old Friend in New Guise," presented at a recent session of the Woman's Society, for Christian Work of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Plainfield, N. J., on the score that to the late Rev. N. Wardner, and to him alone, is due the conversion of the late Rev. G. Velthuysen to the Sabbath and the founding of the Haarlem Church in Holland.

In explanation permit me to say, that in the first place there was no thought of anything, save a little item, hurriedly written to fill a need. Naturally, with the thought of Sabbath truth and Sabbath tracts, the names of the two men who had been most active in preparing and disseminating those truths came to my mind, and with no thought of detracting an iota from the just claims of the real originator of the little church, without doubt was the Rev. N. Wardner.

Trusting this explanation will be satisfactory, I am
Sincerely,
S. L. WARDNER.

MISSIONS

"I am the Good Shepherd; and I know my sheep and my sheep know me, just as the Father knows me and I know the Father; and I am laying down my life for the sheep.

And I have also other sheep, which do not belong to this fold: those also I must bring, and they will listen to my voice; and they shall become one flock under one Shepherd."—The New Testament in Modern Speech.

"The World for Christ."

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations.—Matt. xxiv, 14.

The history of the rise of the New Testament shows that it is only in the exercise of the missionary spirit that Christianity in its true power and essence really comes to light. True it is that the Gospel found the heathen, but in finding them it really discovered itself, coming as it did to a consciousness of its own depth and height and illimitable breadth. No caged bird knows the joy of real flight, no seed demonstrates the marvelous potency of the life that is within it till it finds a suitable soil. The richest gospel heritage has ever been out of the soil of a lost world.

It means little apart from such an environment. Today, as ever, Christ does not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. The task of the Christian Church today is to send the Gospel to the Christless nations; the task of the so-called Christian nations is to discover wherein they are lost when brought face to face with the searching question: "What ye do more than others?" For the successful accomplishment of the one task one generation of consecrated men and money is all that is necessary; for the other, millenniums may not suffice. But though this may cause regret, it ought not to cause alarm. The center of gravity of the kingdom of God has shifted too often, even in that short space of time we know, for us to think that God has anchored the fortunes of his kingdom to any type of civilization we are acquainted with. In the early morning of revelation Babylonia seems to have held the secret for a while; then for half a millennium Egypt, with its wondrous Nile; for a thousand years thereafter the Shekinah glowed on Mount Moriah's heights; then for a season Constantiople ruled; then Rome, with its golden hand as long as all the rest combined; and if today Berlin, London, and New York lead the world in Christian aggressiveness, is this an argument that the day will not come some time when Tokyo, Shanghai, and Calcutta shall forge to the front and take their places in the van? To say that the materialistic Occident has exhausted the potential of Christianity is to talk rubbish. We owe it not only to the heathen, but much more to Christ himself, to plant his standard in the regions beyond. We must save the heathen in order to save our Christ from becoming a merely national hero. The bane of paganism is its local deities. A merely Anglo-Saxon Christianity runs the same peril. We must carry Christ to the Orient in order that we may get the contribution their love and worship will make to his character and person.

Today, as in the olden time, Christ and Christ alone, stands ready to break down the wall of partition that divides the East from the West, and thus create a new mankind; and in the creation of this new humanity out of hitherto incongruous and warring elements Christ will grow to hitherto unimagined proportions. It is only when the water of life satisfies the thirst of the world that we properly appreciate its depth and fulness of life-giving power; it is only when the uplifted Christ draws all men that we can really love and worship him aright.—From "A Monument to Missions," by Thomas C. Carter, D. D., in the Missionary Voice.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone.
As thou hast sought, so let me seek,
Thy erring children, sad and lone.
O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

F. R. HAVERGAL.
Opportunities for Physicians in Mission Lands.

Albert B. Smith, acting candidate secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, writing in the Journal of the American Medical Association on the subject above, says:

"Thirty vacant fields for medical men and twenty-two for medical women, with no competition and unlimited opportunities for original research, have been brought to my attention by various missionary societies. Some hospitals have had to close for lack of workers.

"For men with pioneer instincts there are great fields entirely unoccupied; while for expert surgeons there is work at hand which is already self-supporting. Several internships, from one to three years, are also open for recent graduates.

"For women to whom the experience of Dr. Susie Rijnhart, of Tibet, appeals, there are great fields entirely unoccupied; while for experienced surgeons there are hospitals waiting.

"All this work is under the missionary societies of the various Protestant churches of the United States and Canada.

"The work requires men and women of good character, of sound judgment, not over thirty-five years of age, graduates of first-class medical schools (in some instances only those who have had both collegiate and professional training; together with either postgraduate or hospital experience), members of some Protestant church, and definitely interested in the religious motives and purpose of medical missions.

"Comfortable support is provided by the missionary societies. This includes traveling expenses for physicians and their families, provision for outfit, living quarters, language teachers, etc., in addition to which a salary is paid which is based on what experience shows to be needed to maintain the worker in the highest state of efficiency and varies in different countries. The net result is the same. It is not a work which will attract one who seeks large financial returns. The work demands those of heroic mold, who want to find the place where their medical skill is needed and whose training will be utilized to the utmost. The work demands devotion, wide sympathy, and earnest purpose. From a purely professional standpoint these opportunities are unparalleled. A woman graduate of a Canadian university, who went to Arabia a few years ago, reported after a fortnight in the only hospital along the coast of a thousand miles: 'During my visit here we have had twenty operations on the eye, one amputation, the removal of a large tumor, and numerous teeth extracted. In medicine we have had plague ulcers, tuberculosis, tetanus, smallpox, leprosy, paraplegia, different varieties of heart lesions, and other interesting cases. In gynecology we have had the usual run of inflammations and displacements, with atresia for a specialty. One of the peculiarities of the people here is that they never present themselves for treatment until the disease is far advanced; but of course there is an excuse for them in some cases, as they may have suffered for some years before there was a hospital to come to. About seventy-five per cent of the people seem to have eye trouble of some sort. Trachoma, trichiasis, ulcera- tion, and opacity are the commonest forms; yet inside a week one meets everything from simple ophthalmia to panophthalmitis. In fact, one would have to be an expert in every branch of medicine and surgery to do justice to the amount and range of material.'

"Calls are now in my hands from great cities, as well as country districts of China, Africa, Persia, the Philippine Islands, Egyptian Soudan, Arabia, Mexico, Turkey and Korea. I shall be glad to give further details to any physician to whom this opportunity for service appeals."

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"God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with him."

"I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify, to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God all things are known?"

"There is nothing which so refines the face and mind as the constant presence of good thoughts."
nia, surrounded by beautiful orange groves where is grown some of the finest fruit that is raised in the world. This church is the result of the earnest desire of Rev. John T. Davis, Mr. Charles B. Hull, Mr. Frank Titsworth and others who wanted to establish a colony in this goodly land. While they have all returned to the home-land, their works and hopes have remained and the Riverside Church is there, and there to stay, in this goodly land of promise. There is no one but that would now say, "Good for you, Davis, Hull, Titsworth, Coon and all the rest, for you built better than you knew." In Los Angeles there is that veteran saint, Dr. Lewis A. Platts, pastor over that growing flock. The Lord picked a man in answer to their fervent prayer who knows what service, faithfulness, loneliness, faith, sorrow, hope, self-sacrifice and joy all mean. Like "The Bright and Shining Star" of which he wrote when he on his way to this new field, his life floods the world with light and hope. Scene 4 closes with the promises of God fulfilled in a wonderful manner. One great moment of the day is the coming in of a new scene dealing with more wonderful than those here depicted.

801 Equitable Building, Denver, Colo.

Help for Suffering Chinese.

This week another remittance of $10,000 has been forwarded by cable through our State Department in Washington from the Christian Herald China Famine Fund to the Relief Committee. The this is the fourth remittance which the Christian Herald has cabled through the State Department since the opening of the Relief Fund, making the total sum cabled to date $26,000. Although the contributions have not yet reached the Christian Herald, in view of the immediate need, has followed its usual custom of anticipating the gifts of its readers to the extent of several thousand dollars.

Shanghai dispatches received during the week indicate that the situation in the famine provinces of Anhui and Kiang-su is steadily growing worse. Thousands are perish- ing of starvation; in many places there is not even an attempt made to bury the dead, "Nearly two million persons," the dispatch adds, "are in danger of death unless prompt relief is forthcoming." This frightful condition of affairs affords little hope that even the labors of the two large Relief Committees may be able to avert the impending calamity.

The whole civilized world is touched with sympathy for China and is now striving to hurry forward relief. Meanwhile, money cabled through the Christian Herald saves precious time and gets relief most quickly to the field. A gift to China now, forwarded by cable, will save lives in a few weeks. Another remittance of $10,000 for household relief and $10,000 to the renewal of the Christian Herald in China.

Refugees are pouring into Chin-kiang. The officials there are distributing soft boiled rice to about 10,000 people daily. As in the last famine vast crowds of destitute are surging up and down the country in the hopeless quest for food, and the missionaries are simply overwhelmed by the demands for aid which, owing to their very limited resources, they are unable to satisfy. It is not surprising that there should be danger of violence from these famine-stricken mobs, whose sufferings have driven them to desperation. Chairman Longden adds that the association on the committee will see that money sent to them reaches the sufferers in the form of life-sustaining food.

The floods have destroyed large areas in Hunan and Hupeh provinces and great desti- tution to the inhabitants. A urgent appeal for help has come to the China missionaries from Chan-teh-fu, Hunan.

It may soon become a question whether the plight of or the famine will be the more terrible, should the former continue to spread southward. Russia is agitated over the possible spread of the con- tagion to Western countries, and all civilized governments are taking precautions to bar out the plague by rigid quarantine, China is fighting her double battle with famine and pestilence. The pneumonic plague, still raging with undiminished violence in several parts of Manchuria, has already spread southward to the sea coast and Shantung. In the city of Harbin, lately 2,500 bodies of plague victims were burned there in a few hours, and lying in seven pits. The authorities are considering the advisability of burning the whole Chinese section of the city, which had a population of 10,000 and where 5,174 have already died of the plague.—The Christian Herald.
WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLEY, Contributing Editor.

"Just as of old the world rolls on and on, The day dies into night, night into dawn, Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold, 

Time loiters not, the river ever flows, Its brinks are white with blossoms or with snow, Its tide is warm with spring or winter cold, 

Where shall delight to honor. This 

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of 

She succeeded much in gaining 

Bareilly, India. Dur- this money. The work, in 

As a traveler in 

Doctor Swain succeeded in overcoming all obstacles in gaining her medical education, and in the same year in which she was graduated she was sent, by the 

The handling as such a sum ever involved. 

One object of the jubilee meetings that have been mentioned in these columns before, is to raise through the various 

Women physicians to go as a missionary to 

The Methodist Episcopal 

for women in the Far East. 

Doctor Swain retired from the work in 

in 1895, after having given twenty-seven years of her life to this service. 

It must have been that source of joy 

Doctor Swain during these later years of her life, to know that the work she had started alone so many years before had grown and extended its activities, until now many women, physicians and nurses, working in many different hospitals, in all heathen lands, were, while min- 

istering to the physical distress of the people, helping to point them to the great Physician who is able to give to them "the peace that passeth all understanding." 

As a special instance of the change in public sentiment we publish this week the story of the Chinese girl who came to New York to enter Johns Hopkins University.

We of the present can scarcely realize 

that the organizers of the first woman's missionary society had to meet. In forming that society fifty years ago. The organization of this society was 

followed, in 1861, by the work of the 

Sanitary Commission of the Civil War. At the close of the war the women were ready for other forms of benevolent work, and thus readily joined many mission- 

ary societies and societies for Christian 

work of all kinds, until now all cities and towns have their woman's missionary so- 

cieties, societies for the support of hos- 

pitals and schools, and societies for civil or municipal betterment. Few indeed are the hamlets that may not boast of at least one such society.

Last year the money raised and disburs-

ed by the women's foreign mission boards of the different denominations amounted to over $4,000,000. Think how many schools, hospitals and dispen-saries were helped with this money. The work in this country was done largely by women who gave their time and money in every way possible to save expense.

Mrs. Hillus in the Oudlpok expresses the 

opinion that there was in this work "probably as small a percentage of expense in
McLaren on Pulpit Prayers.

As to the special question which you ask, I have never thought of making any preparation for the devotional part of the service. I may be wrong, but I strongly feel that to do so would take all the reality out of prayer. It would certainly have that effect in my own case, and I believe that with every one it would reduce prayer to a mere act of the memory, and ruin the worth of worship to preacher and people. Let our public prayers be the spontaneous outcomes of our life. That seems to me to be the first condition. Then all the preparation that will be of any use will be the effort to make and keep that inward life true and close to God. There is no way to pray but to be good and full of God.

As to form and expression, let that take care of itself. Solicitude about that destroys the genuineness of our supplications; and I believe one chief reason why so much of our prayer is wearisomely ineffectual is because the man who prays is thinking more about his sentence than about God—that is to say, he is not praying at all, but trying to make fine phrases. If he would forget all about his phrases, and try to make himself be conscious of his own needs, and then speak, the result would be very different.

The same thing spoils sermons and prayers—want of reality caused by the intrusion of personal considerations, and occupation with the mere dress of our thoughts, rather than with the thoughts themselves; or, I would rather say, with the solemn realities to which the thoughts profess to turn. I care very little, in my own practice, about the shape of my sermons or my prayers, but I try to get a real grip of the things I am going to talk about, and the rest will come all right. If I may advise you, I would say, prepare yourself, by getting head and heart into your own practice, and let your power be active, and try to keep your spirit simple and devout; fix clearly the general course of your thought in a sermon, and let the inspiration of the moment shape your words. There will be a ring of directness and genuineness in such preaching, which is worth all the correctness and "eloquence" in the world.

A Signal Example of Church Social Service.

The reason for writing this article is implied in the title itself. It is because the Brick Church Institute of Rochester, N. Y., which was formally opened last June, is a signal example of what the church can do, must do, and is doing in the work of active social service. Social service is an idea which no longer needs to be defined. It is a phrase that is becoming more and more familiar in the press, in public speaking, and in casual conversation; and the weight of its meaning is bearing down upon us more and more heavily as the lines of its opportunities multiply and develop, and the horizon of its possibilities expands before our eyes. But in the minds of many the ideas of social service and church work are entirely disconnected; in fact, they have never been connected. It suggests progressive plans, up-to-date methods, expert direction; while much church work stands for kindly intention, narrow routine, and indefinite results. Needless to say, this wide-spread, adult phase is not a true one, for a rapidly growing number of churches throughout the country are trying out some phase of institutional work and grappling with the problems of their own neighborhood. Indeed the very conception of social service was inspired fundamentally by the power of preaching, and its branches are now being directed by men and women who bear the impress of a deeply religious spirit. Nevertheless, it is true that many other churches, and many more individuals, consider conventional church work as one thing and the effort to provide amusement and instruction for boys and girls quite another. Indeed there are trained, conscientious workers who say openly that social settlements thrive best where the church is relegated to the background and the Bible taught in disguise.

Therefore, when the fourth largest Presbyterian church in the country erects and furnishes a building and devotes it to social service purposes, at a cost of $105,000, and thereby proclaims itself not only in word, but in brick and stone, as a definite agency for the broadest, most comprehensive service it can perform for the community, the event is emphatically significant. It means, as William R. Taylor, the pastor of Brick Church, stated in his dedicatory address, "the realization of the comprehensiveness of life, and it is a frank acknowledgment of the legitimacy of the impulses which lead people, and especially young people, to seek society, recreation and sport."

So the Institute is the unsolicited gift of one man, Henry A. Strong, a member of Brick Church congregation, the cost of furnishing being met by many generous gifts from others. It is a four-story brick building with basement, standing next to the church to which it belongs. It is sixty-one feet wide, 150 feet deep. In the basement are bowling alleys, gymnasium, a plunge bath, and meeting room for boys. The main hall or entrance lobby on the first floor is more attractive than that of many a summer hotel, with broad stair-case, convenient office, comfortable wooden settees and chairs, and two large open fireplaces. Fine pictures hang on the walls, and the place is a temple to comfort and hospitality that was felt as soon as one enters. Just beyond the hall are church parlor, dining-room, kitchen and gymnasium, while on the floor above are class-rooms, an unusually large reading room for small children, and an assembly hall provided with a stage and two dressing-rooms. The third and fourth floors are devoted to eighty-two sleeping-rooms for men, each with a closet, two electric lights, sink, dressing-table, and call bell. There is a telephone on each floor. The rooms rent for from two to five dollars a week, and are an unique feature of the plant. So far the institute is not unlike a modern Y. M. C. A., built for up-to-date social settlement. The uses to which many rooms will be put are identical in all three, but in neither of the latter will be found one feature which the architect has provided for the Institute. On the first floor, at a corner of the main hall, a passageway leads directly to the church, and this passageway is symbolic of the ideas and ideals which have led the Brick Church from the pulpit to the class-room, and from recreative rooms for the church again. In every possible way this close connection between church and institute is being emphasized.

The formal opening of the building, which took place on a week night, was followed by a Sunday devoted at all its services, including the Sunday school, to the interests of both. At these services Doctor Raymond of Buffalo and Professor Coe of Union Theological Seminary spoke on various phases of the great problem—how to bring the church into helpful and recognized touch with the world's place life of the individual and of society.

This problem is no experiment in Brick Church. Ten years ago its solution was attempted, and the present building was the result. A test was made, and it grew at last to the proportions dreamed of by its superintendent, Winfred J. Smith. Doctor Taylor's confident hopefulness, his far-seeing wisdom, and personal inspiration have led his people into an opportunity of which this equipment, finer than anything else in the United States, is but the tangible evidence. The greatness of this opportunity can hardly be overestimated. The time is come when, to represent, the church must not only in the stated preaching of the Gospel, but must be commensurate with the threefold ministration of Christ—teaching, preaching and healing. To be in line with reality, closest to the actual needs of humanity, it must control the formative forces which are turning the currents of our complex modern life. This need for a thorough readjustment of methods the Brick Church recognizes and is meeting in masterly fashion.

To quote from a recent sermon by Doctor Taylor: "Our institute represents, first, our effort to conform our life and work as a church to changed conditions; second, to represent what Doctor Judson calls 'organized Christian kindness'; and third, our desire and purpose to do what we can to restore religious education to its proper place in the church."

To give proper attention to this last named department, as well as to superin tend all branches of the institute work, the services of Herbert W. Gates, of North Western University, have fortunately been engaged. Mr. Gates is an expert in this line, a trained professional worker and experienced advisory board, a large success is anticipated.—Katherine Stebbins, in the Survey.
It is interesting to observe the emphasis which the author lays upon the complete humanity of Jesus, accrediting to him full human experience. He was chiefly thinking, no doubt, of the temptation, suffering and death, but from what we learn of his habits from other sources in his humanity showed itself in various ways and not least of these was his sympathy with the afflicted. It was because Jesus shared our characteristics and experiences and his sympathy with us, that he can be our representative, our mediator, our "high priest." "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." In another connection the author speaks of having learned obedience by the things which he suffered, and again of his being made perfect through suffering. He was prepared for his mission, made perfect as a leader, as a Saviour, by partaking of the common experiences of mankind. Prof. S. Peake in the New Century Bible says, "The special qualification gained through suffering is sympathy, the fellow-feeling which grows out of identity of experience. He could not be perfect in sympathy unless he endured the sorrows and temptations of men." But how is this to help us—you and me and every one who feels the tightening of the Tempter's snare? Speculation about the work and mission of Jesus will shield no one from temptation. Mere intellectual belief in the saving power of Christ can keep no one from falling a victim to the wiles of the evil one. Even the acknowledgment of how we have been helped in the past will not suffice to keep us from yielding to the present temptation. The temptations of life are real, but the presence of a living Christ is just as real. When one has Christ in his heart, is striving each day to do the things which he did and looking to the same Father for strength and guidance, the temptations will be met and overcome in the same way in which our Saviour conquered.

A Matter of Conscience.

In the choice of a life-work are the young people of the denomination considering as seriously as they ought the question of Sabbath-keeping? Is it a question in their minds of business and the Sabbath, or business versus the Sabbath? Do they think that the greater moral obligation rests upon the life-work or upon the keeping of the Sabbath? Is it an important question in their minds? "A Matter of Conscience," by Fred Ainsworth, deals with them in a pleasing, logical way. It is a story about the temptations that came to a young man starting his career in a Sunday-keeping community. All this he endured because he feared the outside world. Are you ever tempted to give up the Sabbath because you think that you can not keep it and get a living? Read the following: "But I've got to live, Uncle Ben. Sure, why not? That's been the cry of heroes all through the ages. You remember at the battle of Bunker Hill when the provincials saw the redcoats and two to one and they that really meant to shoot, Putnam, he says to Prescott, 'We've got to live' and they both clenched their fists in the back side, and went back to their farming, and so the British were driven clear out of Boston. And then, don't you know when the Six Hundred got the order to charge at Balaklava, they took a look at those long lines of cannon, and knew the cannon balls would be a thing for them, but the ones at Balaklava, they've got to live.' And he led 'em all back to a big hill where they was at and they dug in in the mud. And so Tennyson wrote a long piece of poetry praising 'em. And don't you reckon when our forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence, one of 'em says, 'Now we've all got to hang together, we all hang separately.' And another one, Jefferson, I guess 'twas, says, 'I never thought of that. Well, we've got to live,' and he lit his pipe with the Declaration, and they all lit out, and the Declaration was free and independent ever after. And then, Garibaldi—"

"But I'll tell you what Garibaldi really said. When he drew up his army he asked who would follow him over the Alps, they asked what he offered them. He said, 'Cold, hunger, sickness, suffering, wounds—death.' Every man followed. But in your case, it ain't a question of living. The farm will bring that; it's only a matter of more money or less. As I told you before, it is setting a money value on your conscience. You wouldn't do it for fifty but for eight hundred dollars."

Christian Endeavor societies and individuals are urged to read and study this story. It is published in leaflet form for the Milton Junction Y. P. S. C. E. They are distributing these leaflets at five cents a copy or three cents a copy in numbers of fifty or more. Who Miss Mercy E. Garwata, Milton Junction, Wis. Read and choose right.

Missons—What Outpost Work is Our Society?--GAE. V. SIMPSON.

Rally Day, Jackson Center, Ohio, November 19, 1910.

Everybody knows the meaning of the term "mission," as used here. It simply refers to the business or duty on which one is sent.

Christ's mission in the world was to seek and to save those who were lost.

The Christian Endeavor of the future will have no new mission. It must seek to carry on the same work Christ left unfinished, and there can be no better methods than his. Advancement in knowledge and culture will not change the needs of the soul, or alter its relations to God. Man will always crave the assurance of eternal life, and in a world of trouble will yearn for peace with God.

The church is vitally interested in every movement that will contribute to the true upbuilding of humanity; but it must not forget that back of all sociological schemes, back of every system of ethics, back of every code of morals, back of everything which changing conditions and circumstances may thrust into temporary prominence, there still stands the Christ, the living Person, in whom God's love is revealed, and without whom lost men have never found hope.
Therefore, it is our mission of today to proclaim the Gospel of the risen Christ, and the brotherhood of man.

So long as a people's attention is turned inward upon self—merely trying to promote one's own existence—there is little progress. If you will notice in the Sabbath Recorder which churches or societies have interests in trying to help others outside of their own numbers, you can easily see which churches are making the most progress among their own members and maintaining the highest moral standards.

The liquor interests go about their work scientifically: they promote social conditions and advertise accordingly; they study the appetites and then drug their wares to suit the appetites. They must necessarily be Hydrophobia has been perfecting its own organization. The respectable people that have ventured to say that by the use of the same in a milder method of treatment. It is true we have organized our society can do.

Moral Antitoxin.

Some dreadful diseases have lost much of their terror by the discovery of a new method of treatment. Vaccination has stayed the spread of smallpox. The danger from diphtheria has been greatly lessened by introducing a counteracting poison. Hydrophobia has been warded off in like manner. The search for ways of combating many serious scourges has been directed along the line of finding the principle that causes them and offsetting it perhaps by the use of the same in a milder form.

There are signs of a disposition to follow a like course in dealing with a different class of cases. The boys around men in the army are evident, and it is proposed to meet these by supplying a saloon within their own quarters. It is a stock argument among a certain set of respectable people that to provide facilities for Sabbath-breaking sports will keep boys from getting into worse habits in bad company. Some persons talk sagely about teaching their children to play cards and dance at home as a kind of inoculation against the gambling-den and the low dance-hall. It remains for some sappient moralist to make further practical applications of the idea. It may be urged that the practice of vivisection will insure one against any inclination to cruelty or murder.

A course in pondering, the expert guidance of a skilled Fagin may be recommended as a safeguard against becoming an embezzler.

No man in his senses, unless he was a self-sacrificing investigator, would for a moment submit to receiving into his system the poison of an antitoxin without good reason for believing that it would ward off a greater evil. It is only the demonstrated value of such treatment that leads to its adoption. The whole weight of experience is against the worth of fancied moral antitoxins. Instead of giving immunity they only render one the more liable to attack.

Nor would any person be thought in his right mind if he should persist in urging the use of some offensive and dangerous remedies that admitting the better results could be secured by other means that had no evil features. Yet this is precisely the case when the question has to do with morals. It is assumed as self-evident that no wise and loving friend would offer a serpent instead of a fish or a scorpion for an egg, but that is just the sort of substitution that some would-be healers prescribe for present evils.—Burgess, in Christian Endeavor World.

Salem College Notes.

The one thing that is of most interest to the students at least, is the question of mixed lyceums. We now are supporting two separate lyceums, ladies' and a gentleman's lyceum. There is a movement on foot to change them into two mixed lyceums. It is a question left to the students and there are strong advocates on both sides.

Doctor Worley, one of the leading deniers of the Chase Alumnae, a very interesting and helpful talk, the third of February, to the subject, The Relation of Health to Teeth. We have been greatly favored in having the leading business men of the town frequently visit our chapel exercises and give us talks, each along the line of his own profession.

The basketball boys are making preparations to win more victories in the near future.

If they do, they'll hear us crow; if they don't, you all will know.

Owing to the fact that many students and school-teachers have expressed a desire to attend a summer school at Salem College, it has been thought wise to take a step in that direction for the accommodation of such individuals. The faculty will be principally the same, with the exception of two county superintendents, who will have charge of the common school branches. Effort is being put forth to make it a success.
A pleasant time was had by all—Nearly every one has a cold or the grip.

Little Genesis, N. Y.—January 31st the Christian Endeavor society gave a supper and social at which about $10 was realized. At the regular Sabbath service, January 11th, Professor Franklin R. Bush gave a very interesting lecture on the "Passion Play." The Rev. G. H. F. Randolph has accepted the call of this church and is now with us as pastor. Prof. Clarence Clarke of Alfred has been supplying the pulpit since January first.

Religion in the Popular Magazines.

The veritable rush of the popular magazines just now to print religious and ecclesiastical material is an index to the tenor of common American thinking that no watchful reader can miss. These magazine men are as keen as game dogs on the scent of the public's latest and liveliest religious trial. It is the best sort of presumptive evidence that the average man and woman today is a great deal readier than five years ago to hear and talk and think about religion, and the church ought to be encouraged by the indication but ought to be very much aroused to take advantage of this state of popular mind.

Of the present magazine trend there is no better example in the current month than the appearance in Everybody's of Dr. William Hanna Thompson's remarkable essay on "The Subject of Miracles." This article is a peculiarly good omen because it is not only religious but substantially religious. The editor who accepted it evidently read with the taste to call no longer for sensational froth such as was once the only guise under which religion could be served at all at a magazine table, and now recognizes a popular appetite quite equal to strong meat. For Doctor Thompson's article is strong meat of the stoutest faith-building fiber. He writes, as befits one of the eminent scientific authorities of the times, in terms quite unpretentiously but eloquently the fact that Doctor Thompson in all his writings just as in this article has always taught personal immortality with emphasis.—The Continent.

A Hint to the Wise is Sufficient.

"I got my best lesson in 'pastoral theology' in my first pastorate," remarked a successful minister. "When I was installed, the senior elder of the congregation was a rare old saint drawing close to the end of life. A few months later he fell sick, and he knew that his time had come. So he set his house in order, and then sent for his pastor.

"When I entered his room he spoke with a brusque bluntness which I had learned to know as the sign of his kindly heart. 'Come over here and sit down and talk to me,' he said. 'And now remember, I haven't much time for this, and I don't want you to talk to me like a minister; talk to me like the man you are.

"Well, that hit me hard; it came near throwing me clear of my balance. But I pulled myself together, and honestly tried to talk to him straight out and without any ministerial twang. He heard me in silence for a time, when suddenly he interrupted: 'Now, I want you to pray, and mind you, don't pray like a minister; pray like a man.'

"And I prayed. I like to think I satisfied him. And I can tell you here that I never have forgotten that lesson; ever since then I have tried to do my work like 'a man' and not like 'a minister, and if I have been saved from professional manners and professional spirit in my ministry, it's due, surely, to the teaching I received in the theological seminary, but to the training I got beside the deathbed of that fatherly old elder."—Exchange.

Notice.

The time has about come to print the second number of the Junior Quarterly. It is desired that all new and additional orders should be sent in very soon to serve as a guide to size of the edition to be printed.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Best to be True.

Dear Pussy, I love you, an' I se you is my true friend, 'Cause I saved you a whipping' today.

When cook missed her custard and every one said

It was puss that had stealed it away.

You know you is naughty sometimes, pussy, dear.

So in course you got blamed, an—all that

An' cook took a stick, an' she 'clared she would beat the thief out of that miserable cat!

But I didn't feel comfortable down in my heart, So I saved you the whipping', you see.

'Cause I went to mother an' told her I seen

She'd better tell cook to whip me,

'Cause the custard was stealed by a bad little girl,

Who felt dreefly sorry with shame,

An' it wouldn't be fair to whip pussy, in course,

When that bad little girl was to blame!

"Was it my little girlie?" my dear mother said,

I felt dreefly scared, but I nodded my head,

An' then mother said, "Go find nurse, for I guess there's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress.'

Well, then, course, they knew it was I and not you, and they run away;

But it's best to be true in the things that we do,

An' that's how I saved you a spankings' today.

—Southern Churchmen.

Polly's Victory.

So the little brown cottage was rented at last. Mrs. Skinner, the very rich but very "close" owner, looked the rough stone-cutter over and examined her money for the first month, and informed him that she had no money to spend in repairs.

"Famly?" she asked.

"One," was the answer.

"'N' ye didn't spose I thought ye'd had two famlys, did ye?"

Mrs. Skinner's voice was thin and shrill.

The stone-cutter didn't like it.

"There's just one in my family besides myself. That's Polly, my little girl."

"Ugh!" Mrs. Skinner up and objected the money the second time, looked the silver over carefully, and held the bills up to the light.

"If you don't find that money all right, just let me know, will you?" was all the stone-cutter said as he went away.

They moved into the little brown cottage that very evening, after his day's work was done. Mrs. Skinner, from her window opposite, noted how thin and shrill they had. She also noted that the little girl was followed by a white Pomeranian dog, and that she carried a large white something in her arms.

"Great girl like that to be playin' with dolls!" snifled Mrs. Skinner.

But as Polly turned about to look down the street a long, fluffy white tail moved itself back and forth just under the little girl's arms.

"A cat, as I'm a live woman! Poor folks allers burdens theirselves down with dumb critters. The poorer they be, the more dumb critters they has. These here folks'll bear watchin'. I'll insist on havin' my rent the very first day in th'month—in th'mornin'. I'll collect it myself. J'siar's too tender-hearted. One peck inta that little girl's face ud' make him all up. Like's he'd cut down on me.

Mrs. Skinner hadn't much to do. Her husband managed to keep away all day, and not many people cared for her friendship; so she had time to watch the little family of one. She saw that the stone-cutter never talked about the work, at morning and night; that every day at twelve and at five the little girl and the cat and dog posted themselves at the window, and when the stone-cutter appeared at the rickety gate she saw the door fly open and all three run to meet him.

"Must be kinder nice t' have somebody so tickly, and a good one to come home," said Mrs. Skinner to herself.

Rent day came. Mrs. Skinner set her lips together, tied on her bonnet, and rapped at the door of the little brown cottage. Polly opened it. Her sleeves were tucked up, and she had on a big gingham apron.

"O, good morning!" she said. "I think I know you are. I'm so glad you called; though I wish I'd been sprier with my work. I'm having a lot of trouble trying to make a cake for Napa's birthday—it's today, and he doesn't have to work this afternoon; and he's going to take me for a trolley ride. I'm afraid the fire isn't right. And I'm trying to make an icing for the cake; but it won't ice!"
Mrs. Skinner had come after the rent, and not to assist in baking. But Polly’s welcome touched her, and Polly’s appeal to her skill in cooking was a very wise thing, since Mrs. Skinner was proud of her cooking.

She put down the thought of rent and went to the stove, held her hand near the oven door, and looked wise. “That’s about right,” she said, “How long has it been in?”

“Ten minutes.”

“Then I’ll wait five more before I look in. It makes a cake heavy to keep opening the door an’ lettin’ the air onto it.”

“Dear me!” said Polly, “you know all about it, don’t you?”

“Well, I’ve baked cakes enough ter know somethin’ bout it,” said Mrs. Skinner. “Now let’s see yer icing. Why, land sakes! yer should a-beat the whites of your eggs all inter a froth afore ye added th’ sugar!”

“What shall I do?” cried Polly. “I’m so disappointed. I must have something nice for him, because it’s the first birthday since mamma—and I’ve bought three pretty candles, one for the birthday, one for the day, and one for the birthdays that I hope will come. O, if you’ll wait I’ll run to the grocer and tell him about it and ask him to trust me till next week. You see, I used all my money on this and the presents Tom and Tab and I are to give him. I’m sure the grocer’ll trust me, if I tell him it’s a surprise to papa.”

“Just you wait here,” said Mrs. Skinner, “and don’t you worry.” Then she opened the oven door very carefully and found that the cake was baking beautifully. “Five minutes more’ll fix it,” she said. “Now jest you wait.”

She went across the way and returned with two eggs, a bowl of powdered sugar, a bottle of flavoring, and a gingham apron. Polly flew to open the door. Mrs. Skinner’s heart grew warm. “O how good you are,” said Polly, and the white cat came up to rub herself against the visitor’s gown, while the white dog came over and gave her a friendly sniff or two. This icing iced, and the cake was a dream of snow, Polly said, as they stuck the candles on the edge of the plate.

“Now,” said Mrs. Skinner, “you just run over with me and I’ll give you some rose geranium leaves to lay ‘round it. Then if yer pa don’t think it nice he’s no friend of mine!”

They both went over, and both came back with the geranium leaves. Mrs. Skinner was becoming interested in the supper.

“I’m going to make a veal loaf for our supper t’ home,” she said. “I’ll bring ye over some slices an’ a plate uv my riz biscuits. Folks mostly like my riz biscuits.”

Polly was in ecstasies. “I don’t know what I’ve done without you,” she said. “I was ready to cry when you knocked.”

“There, there! never mind. What time’ll you hep this supper—’cause mebbe there’ll be one or two other things that I kin spare’s well as not.”

“I—I wish you would spare yourself,” said Polly, hesitatingly. “And maybe Mr. Skinner would come, too. I’ve seen him go in every day. And he looks so kind. Won’t you both come over and make a truly party out of our birthday? Papa would like it, I know. Sometimes we two are lonesome.”

And they came. You’d hardly expect it, but they really had a happy little time. Mrs. Skinner thought the white dog and cat were good to keep the little girl from being lonesome, and Mr. Skinner suggested, as the rent was handed them by the stone-cutter, that a good part of it should be used in repairs on the little brown cottage. —Author unknown.

The Temper and Tone.

It isn’t too much in the clothing, Nor in what we may possess; Not in the till or station, Nor in any idleness.

It’s not how much collected, Nor in what can be “shown,” But how much of heart perfected, How good the temper and tone.

It isn’t so much the polish, It isn’t where the birth, As it is the simple being, As it is the personal worth.

Whether in town or country, Whether right here or afar, Our joy rests not in having things, But in rests in what we are. —Exchange.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Rev. G. H. F. Randolph of Fouke, Ark., has accepted a call to the Little Genese Church in Allegany County, N. Y., and wishes his correspondents to address him there.

Rev. H. C. Van Horn has accepted the call to become pastor of the First Hopkinton Church at Ashaway, R. I., and will begin his labors there the first of May.

Rev. F. E. Peterson has resigned his pastorate at West Hallock, Ill., and expects to move, March 1, to Minnesota where he has purchased a farm, which he and his son, Lester, will work.

The C. B. Cottrell & Sons Company, printing-press manufacturers, of Westerly, R. I., have presented to Milton College, to be placed in the President’s room for the use of President Daland, a new Smith Premier typewriter, number to, containing all the most recent improvements; also a cabinet desk for the same, a beautiful piece of office furnishing, correspondence to the furnishings of the room. A revolving church at Utica, the gift of Dr. S. C. Maxson of Utica, N. Y. These additions make the President’s room a perfect room for its purpose.

The quarterly meeting will be held in our church, February 24-26.

Fifteen members have been added to the Walworth Seventh-day Baptist Church, seven by letter, and others are to follow. The other churches will also receive additions. The most valuable result of the meetings to date is seen in the spirit of work and cooperation. Four of the converts have signified their desire to prepare for the ministry or missionary work.

—Milton Journal.

“To pray for abundant blessings without putting forth our best efforts to obtain them by our labor, is like praying for plentiful harvests with the plow in the barn and the furrows untorn. God answers prayers for the harvest after the furrows are turned and the drill has done its work.”

—SYLVESTRUS VAN ALEN.

“It is worth while going through a lot of dust to get one diamond.”

SOUTH OTSEGO, N. Y.—I have not seen anything written from here in some time. I will tell you that we have a few members left, although somewhat scattered. We have not had any meetings (only church meeting) in some little time. Mrs. Rogers’ death leaves a vacant place that it will be hard to fill. We have one member ninety-one years old, who, although nearly helpless, is still trusting in her Saviour, keeping faithful to the end.

MRS. OLIVE STILLMAN.

Some Daily Wrinkles.

Hang your shovel up on a good hook. Don’t stand it up against a post or the side of the barn to be knocked down into the field.

Get the cows in just the minute a cold storm comes up. You may have feed you can afford to burn warming up cold and wet cows; I haven’t, and few farmers that I know of have.

Hustle the pails of milk out of the stable as soon as you can after milking. Milk is just like a sponge when it comes to taking in foul smells. These are what spoil milk and butter.

When you milk in the stable, have a shelf, if it be nothing more than a box, to set the pails of milk on. It is not cleanly nor the sign of a good farmer to let the pails stand on the floor.

Don’t think that you are cheating somebody else when you let the milk-pails stand all night and use them in the morning without washing. You are cheating nobody but yourself, and surely cheating yourself. Don’t forget that.

A currycomb, such as you use for the horses, and a good stiff brush, in the hands of a man that has the grit and patience to use them, are worth lots of good feed at any time of the year. Does the cows good and makes them look good, too. —SYLVESTRUS VAN ALEN.
Langworthy.—William A. was born in Hopkinton, R. I., November 7, 1821, and died in Daytona, Fla., January 3, 1901, having reached the ripe age of nearly ninety years. Mr. Langworthy was the son of Robert and Louisa (Newham) Langworthy, and was thus engaged in early life he became a member of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred, N. Y., and continued a faithful member till his death. He was little in the public eye, but during recent years has spent about two-thirds of his time in Florida. Langworthy, in his summer home at Watch Hill, and the other half at their home at Day­tona, Fla., from which latter place he was called to the home beyond.

In early life he united with the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, of which he remained a consistent and greatly beloved member till his death. He was little in the public eye, seeking the peace and quiet of home rather than public honors or preferment. Besides his son and family, with whom he lived, he leaves a granddaughter and family, Mrs. Clara Stillman Burke of Milford, Wis.

Simple funeral services were conducted at Daytona by Dr. A. E. Main and at Westerly by the writer, and the body was laid to rest in the family circle at the Ashaway Cemetery.

Crandall.—In Alfred, N. Y., February 8, 1911, James R. Crandall, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Mr. Crandall was the son of Rogers and Hannah McDougall Crandall and was born at Alfred, N. Y., September 14, 1831. He did not appear to be an old man, but his departure took from the community one of the oldest and most respected citizens.

Mr. Crandall's funeral services were conducted at Alfred by Rev. B. F. Wilson, Salem, Va., and interment took place in the Alfred Rural Cemetery, where the R. Frank Maxson Post performed the last sad rites for the loved comrade.

Wilson.—Mrs. Mandane E. Wilson, wife of Hiram Wilson, died in Salem, W. Va., February 10, 1911, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. See obituary elsewhere.

Rogers.—Mrs. Bertha Ray Rogers died February 9, 1911, at her home at South Otseca, aged 73 years. At an early age she experienced religion under the preaching of Elder Joshua Clarke, joining the Seventh-day Baptists. She was a faithful member of her church. She was married, December 24, 1888, to Mr. Emmett Rogers. Most of her life was spent in this valley of her home, church, Bible school and town, cherishing her memory. Farewell services were held in the home Sunday afternoon, February 12, conducted by Pastor W. L. Anderson, and interment took place in the Alfred Rural Cemetery where the R. Frank Maxson Post performed the last sad rites for the loved comrade.

Mrs. Wilson was the daughter of Jesse and Sarah Hintz, and was born in New Haven, Conn., when she was five years old.

Mrs. Wilson was a faithful member of the United Seventh-day Baptist Church, and was married to Mr. Rogers, a member of that denomination. They were the parents of two children, James R. and Mrs. Mary E. Emmons.

Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Wilson were members of the Methodist Church, and are buried in the Methodist Cemetery at Berea, W. Va.

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