

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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

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WHOLE No. 3,206.

SATISFIED.

In that far, glorious city Where God the Lord is King, Where through the wondrous spaces Glad Hallelujahs ring; Whose walls are jewel studded; Whose pearl-gates open wide; Where peace flows like a river, I shall be satisfied.

In that most blessed country, Of which the Lamb is light; Where glows with radiant splendor The day that knows no night; Where grow the trees of healing, The river of life beside; Where loved ones wait my coming— I shall be satisfied.

O city of foundations; O land beyond compare; O joy of all the nations, My longing heart is there. And there's earth's journey ended, Safe beyond flood and tide, With rapture and rejoicing, I shall be satisfied.

—The Advance.

High Born Motives I beseech you by the mercies of God. If he had taken notes that he might summarize the sermon, he would have written something like the following: It is difficult to know what motives one should appeal to that he may induce men to do what they ought to do. Low motives are weak because they are low. High motives are sometimes ineffectual because they belong to a plane of thinking and living above that with which people are familiar. The church is a family of which the pastor is at once parent and teacher. Being such, he seeks for the highest and most effective forms of appeal. He rejoices most when the family of God over which he is placed gains most in spiritual things. Success in worldly affairs should be sought, but only for sake of something higher. Worldly success is ephemeral. Worldly motives are not high-born. A life without high motives is poverty stricken, even though it gains worldly success. Only best things endure. Low motives are mortal, transient, delusive. God and truth are the great eternal realities, the enduring and perduring. Eternal life is the real object of your existence. This church needs to act from highest motives. The prevailing influences of these years favor low motives. This brings spiritual death, weakness, decay. Small weak churches abound in all this region, churches that were once large and strong. Low motives have been a large factor in their decay. This church has the method that does not need to take

warning. The malaria of low motives fills the air. You must breath it, but with the help of God you can counteract it. We must see danger in order to avoid it.

An Individual Matter

WHY does THE RECORDER refer to that sermon? Because what was said and suggested has wide application. Who preached it? That does not matter. Truth is independent of the man who preaches it. Where was it preached? Truths like those belong to all places. The sermon was preached in a Seventh-day Baptist Church, by the pastor of that church. When? Not so long ago but that a good many people will remember it when they read the foregoing outline report of it. Ought such sermons to be preached in all Seventh-day Baptist Churches? Yes. Ought the pastor of each specific church to preach such sermons? Yes. Ought he to preach them frequently? Yes. That is much better than for some outsider to do it. A pastor ought to be the most influential man who can stand in the pulpit of his church. Other men may come in to help him, but he ought to be the best teacher and guide of his people. It is folly and weakness to think that a pastor cannot say anything and everything that ought to be said to the people over whom God has placed him. He ought to be prepared to say what is necessary. Will this report of that sermon aid other pastors? That is the main reason for making these references to it. The editor deemed himself fortunate in having the chance to hear the sermon, and he desires to share that good fortune with others. One important feature of a pastor's work is to fit his words and themes to times, circumstances and places. Specificness and timeliness are valuable elements in themes and sermons. Many pulpits are weak for want of these elements. Attendance at church would be larger than it is if sermon-makers generalized less. Abstract themes and metaphysical discussions do not appeal to the practical side of life. The present age may be over-practical in its disregard for abstract discussions, but we think it is not. Ordinary duties, troubles and temptations to do evil are much in evidence. They are importunately practical, and people like to hear about them from the pulpit. They want to hear such themes from their chosen pastor, the man above all others who knows their needs, is anxious to help them, and is in sympathy with them. "Thou art the man; ye are the people; this is the time; that is the duty of the hour." People like such themes, even though the truth hits them like a rifle shot.

man's name is on the ledger. And bills go to each man when the month opens. God is a good book-keeper. What are you doing? What are you going to do? This question is for the person who sits where you do and bears the name your mother gave you. Thus the preacher said, and suggested.

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ALL thoughtful men look with anxiety upon the present situation touching honesty, regard for law, ethical questions, and religious life. Rev. Doctor Delk, of Philadelphia, addressing the Christian Endeavor Union of the State of Pennsylvania, July 19, discussed at length the "Moral Crisis of the Day." His address contains some excellent suggestions. He finds the primary cause of present disregard for higher and better things in materialistic philosophy. He said: "The profound, underlying cause of our moral crisis is that we are reaping the harvest of the materialistic philosophy sown by English, French and German writers of thirty and forty years ago." That is well said. It is part of the truth, but not all of it. The effects of such teachings do not appear at once so far as the masses of men are concerned. That materialistic philosophy, at first, seemed to touch only theological notions, and to oppose other forms of philosophy. Our older readers will recall it and the stir it made among theologians. The practical results upon the people are now at hand. The exaltation of material things to the exclusion of intellectual and spiritual things is the sin of these years. Material success and material enjoyment are the gods which men worship. This makes the age a commercial and money-getting one. The craze is for immediate and momentary enjoyment of things material. Money is the natural standard of measurement with materialistic philosophy. Higher standards and holier motives are buried. They are not denied so much as discarded. In common phrase, they "cut no ice." Such an age does not deny the existence of God, and righteousness, but it pushes them aside, rules them out. It says: "God may be all right, but I must rush off on an automobile run. Righteousness is well enough for preachers and good, old ladies, but I am on my way to the races. I suppose some things ought to be reformed, but I have made my pile, and sail for Europe to-morrow. Excuse me. I am in a hurry." Such is the harvest of materialistic philosophy. The men who promulgated the earth-born philosophy of the last century are dead and they have few successors, but the results of their theories are flooding the life of this generation, as a mountain-born freshet floods the low lands after the storm has died and the mountains are bright with sunshine. Economic questions play a part in the moral crisis, but they are secondary, as causes. These are results. A God-fearing age would be less insane in the exploitation of natural resources, and more truly economical in the use of money. Such an age discards higher values. It cannot understand them. Intellectual culture and higher educational problems are meaningless to the insane men of the Stock Exchange and the wheat pit. The ball rooms at Newport and the dancing hall in a country village do not know the meaning of "higher values." They cannot even read the words. The definition of value which passes current in such circles has no place for "higher." Such times do bring moral and religious crises of supreme moment, crises that are not only "epoch-making" but destiny-determining. This century has entered such a crisis as a vessel from summer seas comes into tropical tempests. Not to be "ship-shaped" and strong in such a time is to be ship-wrecked.

We should always hope for the best in life and endeavor to see the very best there is in humanity.

God, and a sense of obligation. How behave better when in the presence of parents and teachers. The world behaves better in the presence of God. God stands for highest values and holiest obligations. God means law, and order, reward and punishment. Men forget this when they forget God, casting Him out of mind and saying: "Perhaps there is a God somewhere, but I am going fishing, put up the lunch and don't forget the brandy." Lawlessness is the malaria of these years, and lawlessness among theologians and teachers of religion leads the procession. The church needs a revival of regard for God and the Ten Commandments; for Jesus the Christ and the Sermon on the Mount. The present "moral crisis" cannot be passed safely without such a revival. To see the need of the times clearly is an essential step toward curing it. The church needs a new view of God, His law, His Book, His Son; and of itself as commissioned to teach the world, reverence for these and their authority. Teachers and leaders in the church need less of metaphysical dogma, and more of God. They need a lower estimate of their own notions and methods, and a clearer perception and higher estimate of eternal truths and everlasting values. The church needs to be more actually religious. Re-conversion would help it amazingly. The nation suffers because people are lawless, and because law-makers are incompetent. No man is fit to make laws for his fellows who is not reverent and obedient to the law and will of God. If that truth were applied, legislative bodies would shrink like a worthless fabric in a July sunshine. I sought a hearing before the "Committee on Vice and Immorality" of the Legislature of one of the larger States a few years ago, but was refused the opportunity because the committee was at a private champagne supper! Shameful irony on the name of "vice and immorality." The materialistic philosophy of the last generation sowed seed for the present crisis, but no-lawism in the pulpits, yesterday, was sunshine and shower for its ranker growth. Poor Russia is in the throes of anarchy; but there is an anarchy of false theories about God and His law, under the guise of Christian liberty, and a good time generally, which is poison to manhood. It may not use dynamite, but it kills. Legislation against monopolies and canned meats is well, but all such efforts are a make-shift. The nation is sick for want of the tonic of reverence for God and the pure food of everlasting truth. Reform waits for men, high-minded men, men who know what right demands and dare to do what it requires. Railroad rate laws cannot create such men. The business world must believe that God presides over Wall street, and that the Eternal One keeps tab on the world's ledgers, before high-minded men can be born. Children swarm to the birth in the slums, where marriage vows are unknown and purity is a stranger, but God-fearing offspring fit to become reformers come only from Godly homes, where sanctified life begets its own. Like grows like. That law is universal and inexorable. The road to reform leads Godward. Washington, Harrisburg and Albany have some good in them, but the trail of the serpent is there. Safety and salvation for the church and for the nation lies in God, God, God.

That is what one man said. He was an inventor, a "born mechanic" and an enthusiast over his new motor car. The other man was an inquisitive editor. These two men had been

riding in the car. A few minutes before the motor car had come from Boston, Mass., to Avon, R. I. in about an hour and a distance of 121 miles. A few minutes before the conversation the car was running thirty-five miles an hour, for a little time, just to give the inquisitive editor an experience on a country road. When the car was going at that rate the motorist turned some bits of the machine and it came down quickly and gracefully to ten miles, which is a safe and safe speed for crooked country roads that run between stone-fences, give place to a trolley track, and abound with teams ranging from a gravel cart driven by an Italian to a costly landau driven by a coachman in uniform. At thirty-five miles an hour it was evident that the car was not doing its best. It throbbed and quivered as if to say, "let me go, please, I would like to show this question-asking editor what a car can do." The car reminded one of "Chiquita," the swift Spanish mare in Bret Harte's poem, of which the owner said: "That's nothing to what she can do when she's got her work cut out afore her." Whether at five miles or fifteen or thirty-five, the motor car made turns, took inequalities, surmounted obstacles, dashed through mud holes and water, obedient to her master's touch, joyously, very joyously. It was not grudging, but glad obedience. Now the car was silent and motionless, beautiful to look at but worthless for going. "If the power were put on now, would she move?" "No." "Why?" "She is set on the neutral." Then the ladies who came in the car took their places, the motorist called up an electric spark, pushed the machinery off "the neutral" and they went away up the street and over the hill like the soft south wind that was coming over the waters of the bay and going inland. "What is the point?" Are you "set on the neutral" and standing by the roadside, so far as making the world wiser and better is concerned? No matter about your own salvation; that is not of half so much importance as your duty and opportunity to help advance the kingdom of God and the reign of righteousness. That is the real purpose for which you exist. It is not enough that God should create such a world as this and establish His children on it for sake of the material enjoyment they can secure, or the money they can make. He who is "set on the neutral" as to higher and better things is of very little account, and of no permanent good worth recording. He is often a hindrance to righteousness. Had that beautiful motor car, with its marvelous power to go, continued inactive, the police would have removed it as a nuisance. If God were not longsuffering a good many well-dressed men would be arrested for vagrancy, or be compelled to "move on" lest the way be blockaded against workers. One purpose of these lines will be accomplished if the next motor car you see recalls and re-emphasises the folly and sin of being "set on the neutral." There are sermons in motor cars. Even the inventive motorist could not tell the inquiring editor what "force" is. Can you tell? "Can I?" It is a God-created mystery.

That is what he called them. Many of you know the man through the music he has written and you have sung. He is not a preacher. "We are suffering because too many men have been encouraged to enter the ministry who have little love for their work and no message from God to the people." That was his last. "We were walking together and I dreamt the very dream." It

would not have been to sleep if you had been in the audience. The leading thought in that way-side sermon was this: "If a man has a message, people will listen; if he has not they will go to sleep and stay at home next time. If a man has not such a message, and abiding love for his work, he had better keep away from the pulpit. The one message which this world needs is "repent and obey." That is the Bible message. Isaiah delivered it, John the Baptist repeated it, Jesus emphasized it. A man has no business in the pulpit without that message. "We," (he is a Protestant; belongs to a denomination which claims superior loyalty to the Bible), "have too many men in the pulpit who preach doubts and questioning instead of plain Bible. The times need evangelism, but they need "evangelical" evangelism, the keynote of which is repentance. The most popular thing now called evangelism is an exaggeration of the "love of God" without the tonic warning: "repent, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Men with such diluted messages are short-lived as pastors. They preach out in a little time. "_____," at the best was not more than a "five-year man." Moody had a message, even though he murdered the king's English. I once heard him say, "I love John Bull. God bless her." The convention laughed at his grammar, but men listened to his message. I believe in God's love, but I believe in His law, too. These years need more of that sort of faith. The preacher went one street and the audience another. I thought you would be interested in the sermon; hence these lines. What do you think of it? It was sound Protestantism, and "good Seventh-day Baptist doctrine." The preacher was not a Seventh-day Baptist.

THE RECORDER is under obligations to Clarence G. Young, of Trenton, Ont., Canada, for an official copy of the new Sunday law of Canada, a "corrected copy of an act respecting the Lord's day," which was "assented to 13th July, 1906." The text of the law is too long for reproduction entire, at this time. The closing item is: "This act shall come into force on the first day of March one thousand nine hundred and seven." The law contains no provision concerning Sabbath-keepers. Evidently the "corrected copy" was different from the bill as reported by one of our Canadian correspondents a few weeks since. In general the law prohibits all work and business or labor on Sunday, "Works of necessity excepted." Section 3 of the law makes an elaborate definition of what is included under "necessity and mercy." That our Canadian readers may have these at hand for reference, we reproduce Section 3:

- WORKS OF NECESSITY AND MERCY NOT PROHIBITED
- Notwithstanding anything herein contained, any person may on the Lord's Day do any work of necessity or mercy, and for greater certainty, but not so as to restrict the ordinary meaning of the expression "work of necessity or mercy," it is hereby declared that it shall be deemed to include the following classes of work:
- (a) Any necessary or customary work in connection with divine worship;
 - (b) Work for the relief of sickness and suffering, including the sale of drugs, medicines and surgical appliances by retail;
 - (c) Receiving, transmitting, or delivering telegrams or telephonic messages;
 - (d) Receiving, transmitting, or delivering news, or any other information, by means of any

- (e) Starting or maintaining fires, and ventilating, pumping out, and inspecting mines, when any such work is essential to the protection of property, life or health;
- (f) Any work without the doing of which on the Lord's Day, electric current, light, heat, cold air, water or gas cannot be continuously supplied for lawful purposes;
- (g) The conveying of travelers and work incidental thereto;
- (h) The continuance to their destination of trains and vessels in transit when the Lord's Day begins, and work incidental thereto;
- (i) Loading and unloading merchandise, at intermediate points, on or from passenger boats or passenger trains;
- (j) Keeping railway tracks clear of snow or ice, making repairs in cases of emergency, or doing any other work of a like incidental character necessary to keep the lines and tracks open on the Lord's Day;
- (k) Work before six o'clock in the forenoon and after eight o'clock in the afternoon of yard crews in handling cars in railway yards;
- (l) Loading, unloading and operating any ocean-going vessel which otherwise would be unduly delayed after her scheduled time of sailing, or any vessel which otherwise would be in imminent danger of being stopped by the closing of navigation; or loading or unloading before seven o'clock in the morning or after eight o'clock in the afternoon any grain, coal or ore carrying vessel after the fifteenth of September;
- (m) The caring for milk, cheese, and live animals, and the unloading of and caring for perishable products and live animals, arriving at any point during the Lord's Day;
- (n) The operation of any toll or drawbridge, or any ferry or boat, authorized by competent authority to carry passengers on the Lord's Day;
- (o) The hiring of horses and carriages or small boats for the personal use of the hirer or his family for any purpose not prohibited by this act;
- (p) Any unavoidable work after six o'clock in the afternoon of the Lord's Day, in the preparation of the regular Monday morning edition of a daily newspaper;
- (q) The conveying His Majesty's mails and work incidental thereto;
- (r) The delivery of milk for domestic use, and the work of domestic servants and of watchmen;
- (s) The operation by any Canadian electric street railway company whose line is interprovincial or international, of its cars, for passenger traffic, on the Lord's Day, on any line or branch now regularly so operated;
- (t) Work done by any person in the public service of His Majesty while acting therein under any regulation or direction of any department of the government;
- (u) Any unavoidable work by fishermen after six o'clock in the afternoon of the Lord's Day in the taking of fish;
- (v) All operations connected with the making of maple sugar and maple syrup in the maple grove;
- (w) Any unavoidable work on the Lord's Day to save property in cases of emergency or, where

such property is in imminent danger of destruction or serious injury;

(x) Any work which the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada, having regard to the object of this Act and with the object of preventing undue delay, deem necessary to permit in connection with the freight traffic of any railway. The costs of all applications to the Board under this paragraph shall be borne by the applicant, and, if more than one, in such proportions as the Board determines. Notice of application, in which the reasons to be relied on shall be fully set out, shall be given to the Department of Railways and Canals. In all other respects the procedure under the Railway Act, 1903, shall, so far as applicable, apply.

Newspapers published outside of Canada may not be sold in the dominion on Sunday. Prosecution under this law cannot be commenced without the leave of the Attorney-General for the province in which the offence is alleged to have been committed, nor after the expiration of sixty days from the time of the commission of the alleged offence." As a whole, the law is much more elaborate and more stringent than the Sunday laws in the United States. Public opinion may undergo considerable change, *pro* or *con* before the law goes into effect next March.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES.

Local outbreaks of the revolutionary sort have been daily occurrences in Russia during the week. Meanwhile it is evident that any apparent lull in the general storm is evidence of gathering forces rather than indications of acquiescence on the part of the people. The effort to prevent reform by prisons and bayonets will do little more than swell the list of deaths, and intensify hatred for the old order of things. The struggle between the people and the autocracy is bitter and it may be long. The people are unprepared for best forms of self-government, but the natural desire for it is awake, the just demands for it must be heard, and best results must be reached, by experience. Russia as it has been makes Russia as it is, unavoidable. Unjust repression and disregard for the rights of the masses are the natural seed for the present harvest. The latest news just at hand when these lines are written, is that Sveaborg, "The Gibraltar of the North," is in the hands of Finnish mineurs. Sveaborg is a strongly fortified town of Russian Finland, situated on seven islands in the Gulf of Finland, southeast of Helsingfors. The islands, which are connected by pontoons, form the site of a fortress which defends the harbor of Helsingfors and consists of numerous military works and batteries and an arsenal. Sveaborg also has an excellent harbor. The fortress was constructed in 1749. The island of Skatudden lies close to the city of Helsingfors, with which it is connected by a short bridge. It is half a mile long and about a quarter of a mile wide and is given over entirely to the fortress. The government railway from St. Petersburg encircles the city and terminates on Skatudden Island. The Skatudden fortress is about three miles from Sveaborg. The point is of much strategic importance at all times.

Sunday, July 29, made a record of accidental drowning quite in advance of the ordinary. A landslide on the New York Central Railroad just below Poughkeepsie, N. Y., wrecked the "Pacific Express" a little before midnight. The engineer and firemen were killed. The excellence of the modern sleeping car prevented any serious injury to the crowd of passengers on the wrecked train.

Friends and foes of anti-trust legislation are filled with interest by the fact that John D. Rockefeller has returned from France and gone to Ohio to answer a summons under the Ohio law in proceedings against the Standard Oil Company. The Ohio law was enacted in 1898. The definitions and provisions of that law in general are these:

A trust is a combination of capital, skill or acts by two or more persons, firms, partnerships, corporations or associations of persons, or of any two or more of them for either, any or all of the following purposes:

First—To create or carry out restrictions in trade or commerce.

Second—To limit or reduce the production or increase or reduce the price of merchandise or any commodity.

Third—To prevent competition in manufacturing, making, transportation, sale or purchase of merchandise, produce or any commodity.

Fourth—To fix at any standard or figure, whereby its price to the public or consumer shall be in any manner controlled or established, any article or commodity of merchandise, produce or commerce intended for sale, barter, use or consumption in this State.

Fifth—To make or enter into or execute or carry out any contracts, obligations or agreements of any kind or description, by which they shall bind or have bound themselves not to sell, dispose of or transport any article or any commodity or any article of trade, use or consumption below a common standard figure or fixed value, etc.

The present state of public opinion in favor of the law and Mr. Rockefeller's apparent willingness to appear before the Ohio Court promise tests and results such as have not been gained in other States, or in other suits.

New York City shows an enviable record in the lowering of the death-rate among infants, as the result of "fresh air" and the crusade in favor of pure milk.

The number of photographs in the "Rogues Gallery" of the city of New York has increased from 2,000 to 12,000 during the last eleven years. Burglary is the most marked form of crime on the list. A notable feature in the situation appears in the fact that foreigners make up the greater part of this addition to the picture gallery. Police Inspector McLaughlin says: "The gallery has been filled up these last few years with Russian, Polish and Hungarian Jews, Bohemians and Italians. They are mostly young fellows, who learn enough of American ways to be crooked. I suppose we must expect to get the bad with the good. When I left the bureau there were only four Italian crooks who had their pictures taken; now there are a great many. From sneaking and pocket picking these young fellows ascend to burglarizing a delicatessen store, but they rarely get higher. They don't study the profession like old-timers and they keep bungling. Yet the brightest rascals of the old days were foreigners. The Austro-Galician, the Roumanian Jew and the rest of to-day's gang lack the intelligence, the physical stamina and the courage of their predecessors. Every morning I line up from twenty to fifty of them, captured in all parts of the city, for my two hundred detectives to get a good look at, and every veteran notices their youthfulness, slight bodies and just cunning minds. The best of them are dapper little chaps, who would be rather afraid to use a gun."

The "meat question" commands the interest of

all our readers. If the good results now promised shall materialize, all people will rejoice. Secretary Wilson, who has meat inspection in charge, declares that within a very short space of time the meat products of the United States will be purer and more wholesome than any similar products of the world. The conditions existing in some of the slaughtering and packing houses abroad are about as bad as can be imagined, and the American people henceforth will enjoy a distinct advantage over the foreign consumers. Of particular importance is the rule providing for weekly inspection reports to be supplied the Bureau of Animal Industry. Without such reports it would be difficult to cope with the situation. As a general proposition, however, "I believe the law will be complied with in every detail, but I shall take nothing for granted and will make the inspections in every establishment that the law reaches rigid and complete."

The fortune of the late Russell Sage, of New York, \$80,000,000, goes to his widow. Mrs. Sage is likely to devote \$10,000,000 or more to benevolent work. It is said that she will enjoy giving the money away as much as Mr. Sage enjoyed getting and hoarding it.

The Congregationalists are leading in missionary work among Chinese and Japanese on the Pacific coast and in Hawaii.

It is reported that Andover Theological Seminary may be moved to Cambridge and affiliated with the Divinity School of Harvard University.

Dr. F. E. Clarke, leader of Christian Endeavor movement, reports that the work is booming in Great Britain.

London has now the largest Christian Endeavor union in the world—nearly eight hundred societies; but many other cities also have great unions, like Sheffield, with its two hundred societies, a union which has made a gain of nearly 25 per cent. since two years ago. In Liverpool there is a class of almost one hundred Endeavorers studying Esperanto, with an Endeavorer for a voluntary teacher, and for the sole purpose of being able to communicate with Endeavorers in other lands.

During the last twelve months the British Christian Endeavor Union enrolled 454 new societies. Eighty-four of these were Baptist, 77 Congregational, 66 Primitive Methodist, 64 Presbyterian, 40 United Methodist Free Church, and a number of other denominations were represented. Three hundred and twenty-three of the societies were English, 61 Scottish, 27 Irish and 43 Welsh. The Christian Union of Young People in Norway counts about 450 societies over the whole country.

A new cure for cancer is announced as being tested at the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital. It is known as "Trypsin," and claims to be "one of several digestive ferments 'enzymes' of the pancreas gland." Although the world is weary with waiting for a genuine cancer cure, every reasonable hope, and every honest experiment will be welcomed while the search continues.

THE DAY OF REST.

A bill providing for one compulsory day of rest in every week has been passed by the French Chamber of Deputies. It is aimed to put a stop to Sunday work or rather to work that continues seven days a week without a break.

This is legislation of vast significance. The French Chamber of Deputies has probably been moved to pass this bill by no religious consideration, for as a rule governing classes in France

are not subject to religious influences, many of them being, indeed, distinctly hostile to religion. The economic considerations are influencing legislation to increase the efficiency of labor. The French legislators have recognized the principle that a country's productive output is enhanced by a day of periodical rest from toil. This is due to the fact that industrial efficiency depends on certain social and mental conditions which continuous employment tend to ignore, and where these conditions do not exist the productive power shows signs of demoralization and decline.

In the United States there has been no change in social life more conspicuous than that exhibited in the observance of Sunday. A generation ago Sunday observance was largely a reflection of old Puritan ideas. From that extreme we have in a few years moved rapidly to the opposite pole of what has been, perhaps, erroneously termed "the Continental Sabbath," a Sabbath in which religious observances have been more and more ignored and the day given up to pleasure.

There is no likelihood whatever of a return to Puritan strictness, but the laxity of Sunday observance has resulted in increasing the labor of vast number of workers in order to provide for the pleasure of the multitude. In other words, the day from being a day of rest and worship has become very largely a day of exhausting pleasures and work. This laxity has led many voluntarily to labor seven days a week, because in seven they can earn more than in six.

It is a question to what extent the country is being weakened economically by this development; and the action of the French Chamber of Deputies suggests the idea that it may be necessary in this country to protect the right of every toiler to one day's rest out of seven, and not only protect him in that right, but to compel him to exercise it, so that if he is obliged to work Sunday, he shall at least take some other day of the week for rest. Undoubtedly that country is the strongest and most enduring in which its population as a whole devotes one day in seven to wholesome rest and worship. It may be said that many of the rich, who have command of every day in the week, are setting a bad example of devoting Sunday to forms of pleasures that compel less fortunate people to work.—*Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.*

JULY 24, 1906.

A SERIOUS ARRAIGNMENT.

H. D. CLARKE.

The writer does not assume to know or assert that the statements which are herein given are strictly true, but if only partly true they are worth a very serious consideration by all who send boys to college, and should also receive attention from Seventh-day Baptists, who, as reformers, are not fulfilling their mission, at least as citizens, if tacit consent or even indirect support is given these evils.

Senator Alexander Stevens Clay, of Georgia, made this statement a few days ago: "It is a deplorable fact that the institutions of higher education in this country, the great universities particularly, are criminally, willfully negligent in pointing out the dangers of drink and the power of a clean ballot. So much so is this that it is nothing but the strictest truth when I assert that our great universities are to-day nothing but institutions for the manufacture of drunkards and sports."

I made it my business to investigate and I found that the faculty were indifferent to the present habits of the students

And all universities are alike, and I have been at great pains to find out. The professors in them hold similar views. Their whole thought is to keep their jobs, and they think that to protest at the disgraceful drunkenness among student bodies, might disturb the equilibrium of their sinecures.

George H. Sandieson, managing editor, and brains of the *Christian Herald*, has just uttered these words: "Almost all the sermons and the editorials of our religious press to-day give no offense, because no offense is intended, and what good can be accomplished by a man who assiduously seeks not to offend? * * * The sermons we hear to-day and the editorials we read, most of them are spineless * * *"

Referring to Senator Clay's statement about our higher schools, Editor Sandieson said: "I emphatically endorse his arraignment of the educational institutions of higher learning in this country. My experience teaches me that, with one or two exceptions, the universities of this country are, to be conservative, demoralizing. * * * I pity the student who models his moral character after that of many of the members of the faculties of the majority of our colleges."

"And the reason of all this is money. Colleges scramble for additions to their classes, churches are madly clamoring for numbers, the howl of the publishing house is for more subscribers. And thus in their anxiety for material prosperity a 'no offense' policy is inaugurated by professor, clergyman, and editor alike which spells, in every case, moral dry rot. * * * When will people learn the infamy of the liquor traffic! To think that this great country, this country of wealth and power, this country of enlightened people, should stoop to such degradation as to allow its representative government to be in partnership in a business which damns the souls and murders the bodies of the citizens! And yet we, for the bribe of gold, license it, the paramount sin of civilization, and the leaders of moral thinking to-day, in the college, the press, and the church, praise it with faint damns."

There you have it, brethren, with no faint damn. And are we asking ourselves how the "paramount sin of civilization" comes to be licensed? Who helps license it? Do any Seventh-day Baptists in any way play a part in the license system with a faint "damn"? And we want to know if any of our colleges for the "scramble of additions to classes" are letting down the bars and condoning evil or loose Sabbath-keeping, or too large addition of First-day men as teachers, or give a consent to excessive sports, or teach very conservative notions about the drink curse, or have the "no offense policy"? Before any moral "dry rot" is discovered among us it will be well to keep a sharp look out and be content to be simply unpopular Seventh-day Baptists. We want no great endowment of colleges, no great addition to classes from the outside world, no imitation of "great universities," we want no large membership in our churches, no great subscription list for our papers, if it must be secured and maintained by a namby, pamby, dry rot, "no-offense" policy, and a crop of educated sports and dudes and "spineless" professors of religion.

Senator Clay and Editor Sandieson may have been too severe, but it takes severity to set people straight these days of rush and push and scramble for worldly gains; and when it is true that the religious press to-day is so demoralized as to adopt the "no offense" policy, and the moral dry rot.

Business Office.

During the past two weeks letters have been sent to all subscribers who are in arrears. Responses have begun coming in, but not as freely as was hoped. Some of them have been very interesting. We quote from two:

"Here's your cash. God bless the old RECORDER."

"I am most happy to be able to pay my subscription for THE SABBATH RECORDER. Thank you for reminding me of my obligation."

It is a pleasure to get such letters—to say nothing of the checks and money orders they contain.

It has been stated several times in this corner of THE RECORDER that the dates showing the expiration of subscription were being placed on the labels as fast as the renewals were received. Yet every little while some one asks, "Why don't you put the dates on the labels?" The reason is obvious, isn't it? If there is no date on your label it means that we have not received your renewal. The dates are going on fast—a number of them every week. We'd be glad to put one on your label.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT SHILOH.

Children's Day was observed at the Shiloh Seventh-day Baptist Church July 21. The interior of the church was prettily decorated with asparagus, sweet peas and blooming plants.

The little folks were under the management of Mrs. Coon, Miss May Dixon and Miss Susie Harris, and acted their parts well.

Altogether it was pronounced our best Children's Day, the song, "The Rainy Day Brigade," being especially taking.

The few remarks by Pastor Coon were very interesting to the children, as well as those "larger grown."

The Shiloh Sabbath-school is one of the largest in the denomination. It is under the management of Professor Walter B. Davis.

The following is the program for Children's Day:

Song by School—"O Lift Your Hearts,"
—No. 4 Junetide Voices

Exercise—"Our Children's Day,"
Recitation—"Make Room for the Children,"
—Emily Davis

Exercise—By Primary.
Song by the School—"Glad Hosannas Raise,"
—No. 8 Junetide Voices

Recitation—"The Glad Children's Day," Mildred Davis
Exercise—"True Blue."
Recitation—"Land of Smiles," Edith Sheppard
Song—"Christ, the Children's Friend."

Acrostic—Sunbeams.
"The Bright Little Sunbeams," Bertha Rainear
Song—"The Rainy Day Brigade."
Recitation—"Springtime," Elizabeth Harris
Recitation—"Finding the Bright Side," Tacy Coon
Recitation—"Help Somebody," Florence Bowden
Recitation—"Summer Time Has Come,"
—Bertie Sheppard

Recitation—"The Roses," Pauline Harris
Remarks—Pastor Coon.
Collection.
Song by School—"Happy Today is Our Song."

WEST EDMESTON CONVOCATION.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable report of the Railroad Committee, so far as it relates to the Convocation, it is hoped that this will make no difference in the attendance. It will increase the expense of some a little, and of a few from the West, probably, several dollars; but the program is so rich, it is believed that those who pay the traveling expenses can well afford the necessary increase.

That the program is an attractive one is evident from the following subjects and speakers: "The Meaning of This Convocation—A Forward Look;" "Literature as a Means of Religious and Moral Education;" "The Religious and Moral Value of Sabbath-keeping;" "What is Our Mission and Why is This Our Mission?" "The Pastor;" "The Pastor and Social Service;" "The Need of More Students for the Ministry;" "The Qualifications and Ways and Means of Accomplishing Our Mission;" "The Next Forward Step in the Work of Our Young People;" "The Next Forward Step in Our Woman's Work;" "Religious and Moral Education in the Home;" "Religious and Moral Education as Affected by the Historical and Literary Study of the Bible;" "Pedagogical Elements in the Ministry of Jesus;" "Religious and Moral Education as Conditioned by Modern Psychology and Pedagogy;" "Pastoral Leadership in Religious Education;" "Prayer and Conference Meeting;" "Sabbath Morning, Sermon; Sabbath Afternoon, Sabbath-school;" "The Adequacy of the Bible in Dealing With the Crises and Emergencies of Life;" "Report of Committee Appointed Last Year, on Course of Study for Pastor's Class, and Discussion;" "Religious and Moral Education as a Part of General Education;" "The Co-ordination of the Bible with Other Subjects of Study;" "The Educational Value of the Bible from an Ethical Point of View;" "The Relation of the Child to the Church;" "The Bible as an Interpreter of Individual and Social Life;" "Home Missions and Denominational Life and Growth;" "Foreign Missions and Denominational Life and Growth;" "The Meaning of This Convocation—A Backward Look."

The following are the speakers: Rev. E. A. Witter, Professor W. C. Whitford, Rev. W. D. Burdick, Rev. A. H. Lewis, Mr. Eugene Davis, Rev. E. D. Van Horn, Rev. G. W. Hills, Rev. L. A. Platts, Mr. J. N. Norwood, Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, Mrs. W. C. Daland, President W. C. Daland, Rev. T. J. Van Horn, Professor C. B. Clark, Rev. W. L. Greene, Rev. E. B. Saunders, Rev. L. C. Randolph, Rev. D. B. Coon, President B. C. Davis, Dr. A. C. Davis, Jr., Rev. W. D. Wilcox, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Rev. T. L. Gardiner, Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Mr. Jay W. Crofoot, Mr. H. L. Cottrell

There will be half-hour daily meetings for prayer and testimony led by Revs. S. H. Babcock, A. G. Crofoot, George W. Lewis and Eli F. Looftoro.

We therefore think it worth your while to attend the Convocation.

ARTHUR E. MAIN, *President.*

A. J. C. BOND, *Secretary.*

E. D. VAN HORN, *Treasurer.*

ALFRED, N. Y.

WHY YOUNG MEN FAIL.

An interviewer has gone to a number of professional and business men with the question. One after another of them accounted for the majority of present-day failures by a single word—laziness. They took the view that the one indispensable quality was industry, willingness, and ability to work, and they testified that this is the quality which is most lacking in young men to-day. I do not forget that some people who are very willing to work and are really industrious do not succeed. Nor do I ignore the undoubted fact that a few people fail because they are too busy; in other words, because they try to do too much. At the same time laziness is at the root of most failures.

Missions.

REV. EDWARD B. SAUNDERS, Corresponding Secretary
Ashaway, R. I.

DR. CLOUGH.

John E. Clough, the civil engineer who became a missionary to India, was right when he told the Telugus, if they came to the church, they must meet the outcasts on equal terms. A wonderful revolution came. Dr. Clough was evidently correct. Anything less would have resulted in a failure to the mission. That is good for India, but how about America? He took the same bearings when he dug the wonderful Buckingham canal, and gave employment to starving thousands. His correct Gospel bearings fed more souls than the work on the canal ever nurtured physically. The "tare" of cast is one of the most pestiferous plants known to missionaries and pastors. It grows in every clime where man is known. It seems to be indigenous with the race. Pastors seem powerless to exterminate it. It is appearing in some of our churches. Dr. Clough used a treatise called "the Bible," there is a cheap edition which the poorest can procure. The converted tax collector, Matthew, in the book he wrote gives in the 13th chapter an account of an experience which Christ had with this weed, the tare.

FROM A MISSIONARY PASTOR.

In a letter received with a quarterly report, a pastor says, "Two deaths during the year in our church have reduced the amount, which it is able to pay on pastor's salary nearly one-third, and for missionary purposes nearly one-half." I tell you this, that we may all work and pray for young men to take the place of those who fall in battle. Both of the men referred to were of the Elijah type; spiritually minded, but fearless, and strong leaders not only in the church but all the affairs of the community. Where are the young men who want the "double portion" of the spirit of Elijah? The prayer for this, was the fore-runner of the power to use and wear the mantle. If more would pray this prayer more would wear the mantle. We are short of such men.

One week ago last Sabbath I met with the church at Rockville, R. I., and spoke on missions to a good-sized congregation. They did not know that I was to speak, you see. Last Sabbath was spent with the church at Hopkinton City, R. I. The day was rainy and yet there was a fair-sized congregation. In the afternoon Pastor Randolph drove with me to the Seventh-day Baptist Chapel at Canonchet, three miles away, where he preaches every other Sabbath afternoon. There were only fourteen people out. They came through the rain, but the Holy Spirit came with them. We had a revival meeting. They asked for pledge cards and envelope to contribute for the missionary work of the Board.

QUARTERLY REPORT.

Report of the Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society for the quarter ending June 30th, 1906. During April, the first month of the quarter, much of my time was occupied with moving from Shiloh, N. J., to Ashaway, R. I. I have traveled nearly 3,000 miles, and spoken 29 times, 7 of them on missions. I have received \$104.27 for the Board, and expended on the Boston work, \$88.00. Traveling and other expenses, \$50.00. The Eastern Association very kindly paid my expenses as delegate to the Central, Western and North-western Associations. I have learned of three

church edifices the titles of which should be looked after. One at Uniondale, Pa., in Susquehanna County, on the Jefferson branch of the Erie railroad, the old Carbondale Seventh-day Baptist Church. Several of the members are still living, but the church has not been in use for some years. I am told of another one of our old churches still standing near Meadville, Pa. The other is the West Genesee, N. Y., Church. The matter was discussed at the Western Association. I have received 175 communications, and sent out 290. Prepared copy for the Missionary Page of the RECORDER. Taken charge of the evangelistic work of the Rev. L. D. Seager. He is with the student quartet of Milton College. They have been at Farina, where some have been converted and baptized. They are now at Stone Fort, Ill. The interest is good and some have been converted. It is expected they will go next to Jackson Center and Stokes, Ohio. The quartet are under the direction of the Young People's Board. Pray for them.

I have been revising the Pulpit roll.

Respectfully submitted,

E. B. SAUNDERS, Cor. Sec.

CURTISTON, ALA., JULY 9, 1906.

Secretary Saunders.—Dear Brother: During the quarter ending June 30th we have enjoyed a great deal of God's blessing. Our little church is getting along fairly well, with a Sabbath-school of about eighteen or twenty, regular attendants. Elder D. W. Leath has been with me and was a great help in our Sabbath-school; he has preached occasionally. My meetings at Heald's have been well attended and a good interest shown. This is one of the places where I have preached for at least eight years. We have held several revival meetings there and many have been converted since I began preaching. I have now preached to them two or three times and some are talking very favorably on the Sabbath question. Healds is nine miles south of Attalla. Rheas Chapel is two miles west of Attalla. I began preaching there one year ago, under a small shed about 16 by 20 feet. The meetings were continued a week, and twenty-four people were converted. This stimulated them to build a comfortable house of worship. We are preaching there now once a month to a fair sized congregation. We have a good choir and expect great things there this summer. Brown's farm is a place where there are several houses on the same farm and a good many families living near by, but no church building. There is a beautiful grove, where they have swept and arranged seats under the trees. I have preached here once a month during the last three months. A Mr. Oliver is still studying the Sabbath question, as I think I wrote you last quarter. He says he never works on the Seventh day without hurting his conscience.

I have an attendance of about fifty people. Center is a Missionary Baptist church, where I have preached occasionally. Pleasant Valley is another Baptist Church where I sometimes preach once a month. I have usually assisted them in revival meetings each year during the month of August. Curtiston, where I live, I preach once in a while, but my work has been put where I thought it would do the most good. I believe there have been lasting impressions made, and there are now many calls which I cannot fill. The weather is good and my health being better. I hope to put in a good quarter's work this summer. May God's blessing rest upon the work. We ask your prayers for us. We hope to hear from

you may come to see us, and be better acquainted with our needs. We hope to become as well acquainted with you as we were with Brother Whitford. I wrote to him as I would to a brother and hope it will be so with you in the future. We send to Brother Utter, Treasurer, four collections, two for the Missionary Society, and two for the Tract Society. May the dear Lord bless you all, is the wish of your brother in Christ.

R. S. WILSON.

ASHAWAY, R. I., JULY 15, 1906.

Dear Brother Corresponding Secretary: The quarter ending June the 30th, 1906, in our church at Niantic has been one of blessed experience to the little company that put their trust in the Lord. The prophetic promise that "they who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength," has been verified in the experience of His children here. He has been with them and given them comfort and deliverance, from infectious disease (scarlet fever) that had entered one of our families. He has drawn hearts nearer together in the bonds of Christian love. He has given blessing and comfort in the service of song and worship in the sanctuary which has been a great source of inspiration and comfort to the pastor.

He has put it into the hearts of the people here to put forth patient and sacrificing efforts, that have resulted in the repairing and redressing the church and furniture; in furnishing new carpets and in replacing the old and worn out cushions with new and attractive ones. Hands that were weak and weary from infirmity of old age and service gave their remaining strength in united effort with those younger, until the work was accomplished. We are now much better equipped for God's service in the sanctuary; and hope to do better service for the Master.

Fraternally yours,

HORACE STILLMAN.

THE LIFE'S EXPRESSION.

Wonderful stories have been woven around an old violin, hidden amid the accumulated dust and litter of a garret. Why? Because the broken strings had once felt the touch of a living hand, the breath of a soul searching through worlds of forms for living expression. It may be a faded landscape painting or a half-finished Madonna, a crude unnatural representation of the model, yet through it, through the light and shadow we read the delicate tracery of a soul's struggle toward the beauty that opened to his vision.

The holy of holies to a spiritual life are these half-uttered notes of music, or picture, or pen through which in tremulous rhythm move the thoughts of the highest. The deeper meaning of the note perhaps is too low, too faint to reach true outer expression, the hand too weak to blend the symphony of colors, translate the glory of the sunset, or the touch of snow upon a topmost ridge of highland, yet the beauty of the conception is not lost, the appeal of the vision to the inner life of the man remains to deepen with the beholding, and at last to form a real part of the life, expressive in the face and chastened tone. The highest value of expression is its deep reflective influence in the life of the giver. More wonderful than what he ever wrote was the soul of a Milton, who, when fallen in troublous times, encompassed by the darkness of persecution and physical blindness, could escape the limitations of his earthly prison-house and breathe out the soul's freedom and beauty in the "Paradise Lost."

Woman's Work.

ERNA A. HAYES, Leonardville, N. Y.

"An easy thing, oh Power Divine,
To thank Thee for these gifts of Thine!
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow;
But when shall I attain to this—
To thank Thee for the things I miss?"
—T. W. HIGGINSON.

TERSA ANNE.

"Tersy, Tersy Anne!"

Mrs. Baker shaded her eyes with her rough, brown hand, and watched, with a nervous impatience, the little pink sunbonnet bobbing so slowly up the garden path.

"Whatever was a-keepin' ye?" she went on, as it came within speaking distance.

The pink sunbonnet was pushed back, revealing a pair of hazel eyes, brimming with the sweetness of the rare summer morning.

"I was jest comin' in from feedin' the chickens, mother," said Tersa Anne, "and I stopped jest the least little minute to watch the birds, they sing so sweet, mother; and the wild rose bush by the woodshed is all in bloom."

"It's well enough fer them as hes time and money to set around sniffin' at the flowers," said Mrs. Baker, "but poor folks like us, as don't know where their next meal is a-comin' from, don't have no time to be skylarkin' about with the birds. Now hurry along at them dishes, child; Hetty Brown's cake, is almost done, and I promised ye'd fetch it down early."

There was no answer, but the summer sunshine seemed to vanish from the hazel eyes as Tersa Anne hung the pink sunbonnet on its peg and rolled up the sleeves of her blue pinafore.

It was a lovely June morning, radiant with sunlight, filled with the fragrance of flowers and the joyous carol of birds. Time was when Mrs. Baker herself would have paused on the doorstep to listen; but during eight years of widowhood and poverty, with a little child and an invalid mother to care for, Mrs. Baker had drowned the sweet things of life in the sea of her many cares. And so, on this morning, as she turned with a burning face from her hot oven, the golden sunshine sifting across the floor spoke only of sultry days and breathless nights, of berries to pick and gardens to weed, and the joyous carol of the birds was all forgotten.

"Good mornin', Marthy."

Mrs. Baker turned with a start from the cake she was icing, and confronted a tall, pleasant-faced woman, in a cool, dainty gown of spotless white.

"Tildy Pemberstone! Wal, I never! You're out callin' middlin' early fer Saturday mornin', hain't ye? Come right into the sittin' room."

"No, Marthy, thank you; I'll set right here by the window. I can't stay but a minute, and I don't want to hinder you a mite. But our Missionary Society meets to-morrow, you know, and we're anxious to raise a good offering; it ought to a' been sent in long ago. So I promised Mis' Allen, the President, that I'd run around and see what I could do this mornin'. You'll be havin' something fer a thank offering, won't ye, Marthy?"

The smile of welcome died from Mrs. Baker's face and the hard lines about her mouth deep-

ened. "Why don't ye go fer money to them as has the money to give?" she said, bitterly, "and

I heard her say last Sunday, after meetin', that she'd saved ten cents a yard on her new silk dress and she 'lowed to give it as a thank offerin' to the Lord. Thank offerin', indeed! Sech as her may well talk about thank offerin's. But when you come to a woman that's knowed nothin' but work and worry and trouble fer eight long year, it's a different matter."

"I knowed ye wouldn't have much to give, Marthy," said Mrs. Pemberstone, "but they need the money so bad out there in them mission fields, an' ef each on us could jest do a little it would mean so much to them."

"I've got enough needs of my own, Tildy, without worryin' about other people's," said Mrs. Baker. "No, Tildy, there ain't another woman 'ud rather give to the Lord than me; but when you've got precious little to be thankful fer and nothin' to give, ye can't be a-makin' thank offerin's to help other folks along."

"Well, Marthy, you know best," said Mrs. Pemberstone, rising. "But I must be a-goin'; it's gettin' hotter every minute, and I wouldn't be surprised ef we had a storm later on."

"And now, Tersy Anne," said Mrs. Baker, as Mrs. Pemberstone's tall figure disappeared down the front walk, "run right down to Hetty Brown's with this cake, 'cause she 'lowed to have company fer dinner. But ye ain't cryin', child? What's the matter?"

Tersa Anne sank into the willow rocker by the window and began to sob. "Hain't nothin' the matter, mother," she sobbed, "only, only I'm so sorry ye hain't got nothin' to be thankful for."

Mrs. Baker looked somewhat abashed as she gazed down at the small figure shaking with sobs. "Don't be frettin' about that, child," she said. "I reckon I have as much as I deserve."

"Oh, no, you haven't, mother," said Tersa Anne, lifting her tear-stained eyes. "You, as have worked so hard and faithful every day; but when I get a little older and can go a-workin' out, I'll buy you a dress jest like Mrs. Jenkins', mother, see if I don't."

Mrs. Baker smiled. "That's a long way ahead, child," she said. "But run along now, or Hetty 'll think she ain't goin' to get her cake at all."

Tersa Anne wiped her eyes and slipped her pink sunbonnet on again; but as she received the great white cake from her mother, she stooped and kissed one of the rough brown hands and whispered softly, "Leastways, I'm thankful for you, mother," and then, like a frightened fawn, she sped away down the garden path.

The morning hours flew quickly by, filled with many tasks, and Mrs. Baker was startled at last to hear the clock strike twelve.

"Twelve o'clock! Well, I do declare," she said to herself. "I 'lowed Tersy Anne 'ud be back two hours ago. It hain't like her to stay to Hetty's to dinner without askin'. I'll jest get the dinner on the table and mother and me 'll set down, and it's like she 'll be here soon."

But dinner was over and the little plate on the back of the stove had grown quite cold, and still Tersa Anne did not come. Mrs. Baker had just stepped to the door to look down the road, when there came a glare of lightning and an awful crash that made her tremble from head to foot. Looking up, she saw that the sunlight was fast disappearing beneath a cloud of inky blackness, and almost before she could get indoors again the wind had risen and the big drops began to fall. With deeper anxiety she watched down the path for the little pink sunbonnet, but it was nowhere to be seen, and she crossed herself with all the strength she had, for she would never

start for home in such a storm. How dark it was getting, to be sure! Almost too dark to do the dishes without lighting a lamp. And how the rain did dash the great drops in torrents against the windows! Hark! What was that? A dreadful peal of thunder, but a crackle of wood beside. Mr. Ellis' grand old oak had gone down before the lightning and the wind.

Mrs. Baker was not a timid woman, but she felt herself thrilled through and through by some strange, indefinite terror; and at every flash of lightning she strained her eyes to see a bit of pink in the distance, and then sighed with relief that it was not there. The storm was as brief as it was terrible; in a few moments it had passed, leaving the ruins of many a noble tree and modest dwelling in its path. But scarcely had the last drops ceased to fall when a woman with white face and haggard eyes appeared at the door. A great fear clutched at Mrs. Baker's heart.

"Hetty Brown, is that you? Oh, tell me what has happened!" she cried.

"Oh, Mrs. Baker," said the woman, "come as fast as ever you can! Baby got lost this mornin'. I thought he was with his papa in the field, but he wandered away, the little fellow. We was huntin' him, Jim one way and me the other, when Tersy Anne come, and when she heard about it she struck right out fer the woods. And oh! Mrs. Baker, they ain't either on 'em come back since!"

Mrs. Baker was a brave woman. "I'll go right with ye, Hetty," she said, trying to speak calmly. "Tersy Anne's a peart little creatur'; ef she found the baby, you may make sure she'd keep him safe." But all the while a dull fear hung over her, and her heart was full of agonized prayer for the safety of her child. How wild and terrible the woods looked as these two women entered them together. Twigs and branches lay twisted and broken on every side, while here and there was a huge trunk that had once been the pride of the forest. Whenever Mrs. Baker saw before her a freshly fallen tree, her heart was in her mouth lest there might be beneath its branches the little pink sunbonnet which they so eagerly sought. But on and on they went, and still no glimpse of Tersa or the child. It was almost evening and the twilight shadows were gathering, when Mrs. Brown, who walked a little in advance, stooped and lifted a little fluttering pink object and waved it frantically toward her friend.

"Oh, Hetty, it's Tersy Anne's! It's Tersy Anne's!" cried Mrs. Baker, snatching the little bonnet and pressing it to her lips.

What a little bonnet it was, after all! And how small were the nimble brown fingers that had so often slipped it over the curly head! Only a few short years ago she had rocked Tersa Anne to sleep on her bosom, and now what a helpful, womanly girl she had grown to be! Hark! What was that?

"Tersy! Tersy Anne!"

"Mother! Mother!" There was no mistaking the voice this time.

"Hetty Brown, as I live, they're down in Fletcher's cave!" said Mrs. Baker. It was but a few steps to a ledge of rocks that led down to a turbulent little stream. And it was but a few moments' task to climb over the rocks to the deep crevice known as Fletcher's cave. There on the ground, her face white and drawn with pain, lay Tersa Anne; and close in her arms, fast asleep, lay the little runaway boy.

Tersa Anne looked up and tried to smile. "He's

all safe here, Mrs. Brown; he hain't no need to worry," she said. "I found him out yonder jest as the storm was comin' up, and I tried to fetch him here, where we'd be safe. But he's a heavy little feller, and I slipped on the rocks and fell, and I guess I must 'a' broke my leg, it hurts me so, and I can't walk a step. But I'm sorry you had to worry, you and mother."

Mrs. Baker gathered the little girl close in her strong arms. "It don't matter the least in the world about that, honey," she said. "I'm jest so glad and thankful, so glad and thankful that we found ye, Tersy Anne!"

"Be ye thankful, mother?" said Tersa Anne, joyfully. "Oh, ain't I glad!" and feeling the touch of tender arms about her, she sank back on her mother's breast with a happy sigh.

The next afternoon, as Mrs. Matilda Pemberstone was starting for the missionary meeting, she was surprised to see Mrs. Baker waiting for her at the gate.

"I can't go to the meetin' with ye, though I'd like to," she said. "But I've got to stay with Tersy Anne, though the doctor says she's a-doin' fine. I jest wanted to give ye this. 'Tain't much, and I'd love to give ever so much more, but I jest can't do it now. Here," and she slipped a dollar bill into Matilda Pemberstone's hand; "it's my thank offerin' fer—fer Tersy Anne, Tildy."

MAY GRIGGS VAN VOORHIS, in Missionary Tidings.

A PRAYER OF GRATITUDE.

May my whole being, O God, be one thanksgiving unto Thee, may all within me praise Thee and love Thee; for all which Thou hast forgiven, and for all which Thou hast given; for thine unknown, hidden blessings, and for those which, in my negligence or thoughtlessness, I passed over; for any and every gift of nature or of grace; for my power of loving; for all blessings within and without; and for all which Thou hast yet in store for me; for everything whereby Thou hast drawn me to thyself, whether joy or sorrow; for all whereby Thou wiltest to make me thine own forever. Amen.

EDWARD B. PUSEY, in Closet and Altar.

"Let us lay hold of the happiness of to-day. Do we not go through life blindly, thinking that some fair to-morrow will bring us the gift we miss to-day? Poor mortal, when thinkest thou then to be happy? To-morrow? What is to-morrow? How is it different from to-day? Is it not but another to-day? Know thou, my heart, if thou art not happy to-day thou shalt never be happy! To-day it is given thee to be patient, to be unselfish, to be purposeful, to be strong, eager, and to work mightily! If thou doest these things, and if, remembering all thy mercies, thou doest them with a grateful heart, thou shalt be happy,—at least, as happy as it is given man to be on earth. * * * What thou callest happiness,—is it not often a certain fall in the thermometer, bringing cool winds and a fresh air? Is it not a question of sun, or of kind words said to thee of affection or sympathy, or of success in some trifle of thy business? Are these things, then, happiness? Do they satisfy forever thine immortal soul? Not so! Thou art happy when thou hast done thy duty, be the skies dark or fair, be men kind or unkind, just or base. Thou art happy when thou hast done what God has planned for thee this day, this hour. When

thou hast been brave, helpful, and above all uncomplaining of thy lot!

"Let us lay hold of common duties and relations. Let us lay hold of the tenderness that belongs to them. Shall we miss all the divine sweetness of life in order to have a career? Shall we shed home, family, relatives, and domestic duties, in order to learn sanskrit, ethnology, philology? * * * Very few lives are free,—free to go and come, travel, read, study, write, think, paint, sing, at will. In the lives of most women these gifts are an aside in life, as it were, an underbreath. Most of us are beset with loving calls of toil, care, responsibility, and quiet duties, which we must recognize, heed, obey. * * * * *"

"Let us lay hold of sorrow. Let us not be afraid of it, for when grasped firmly, like the nettle, it never stings. The life that has not known and accepted sorrow is strangely crude and untaught. It can neither help nor teach, for it has never learned. The life that has spurned the lesson of sorrow, or failed to read it aright, is cold and hard; but the life that has been disciplined by sorrow is courageous and full of holy and gentle love. * * * * * Every day of meeting sorrow superbly makes the life more grand. Every tear that falls from one's own eyes gives a deeper tenderness of look, of touch, of word, that shall soothe another's woe. Sorrow is not given to us alone that we may mourn. It is given us that, having felt, suffered, wept, we may be able to understand, love, bless."

ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN, in What is Worth While?

THE GREATEST MORAL ISSUE FACING OUR COUNTRY TO-DAY.

BY GOVERNOR HOCH, OF KANSAS.

ELDER A. H. LEWIS: Dear Bro.: For two reasons I should like Governor Hoke's article enclosed to appear in THE RECORDER. Principally, because of the pertinency and merit of it, and also, because I was acquainted with him about four years, while living in Marion, Kan., his home. He is an active member of the Methodist Church. When Christian people regard the ten commandments for which he pleads, I suppose they will keep the Sabbath Christ kept.

Yours, M. HARRY.

"I am asked, 'What is the greatest moral issue facing our country to-day?' and I answer unhesitatingly, the supremacy of law. Some alleged statesmen tell us that moral questions have no place in legislative halls or in the forum of governmental discussion anywhere; that they should be relegated to the churches, the literary societies, and the home, for consideration. Superficial thinkers these, if indeed they are thinkers at all. What is government? Whence cometh it? Government is the supremacy of an intelligent will. Primarily, government is of God. All good government is the supremacy of the will of God. Good government, therefore is inherently and essentially moral. To talk of separating the moral element from government is like talking of separating oxygen from air, sight from the eye, soul from the body. Take an essential thing from anything and what is left?"

"All law operates in the moral realm. The decalogue is a moral code and it embodies every essential in government. Were all Magna Chartas and constitutions and statutes swept out of existence the essentials of them all would be left us in the Ten Commandments. All human law, organic and statutory, is rooted in these ten principles, written by the finger of the Almighty and communicated to the world through the greatest

jurist in human history, Moses, of Sinai. This much to prove that the supremacy of law is a moral issue.

"This is a universe of law. Everything in the universe, animate and inanimate, with one exception, is loyal to law. Man is the only exception; man is the only anarchist. The planets revolve in their orbits in obedience to law. The seasons come and go in harmony with its mandate. The ocean waves ebb and flow at its bidding. The cattle on a thousand hills and the finny inhabitants of the watery deep live and move and have their being in harmony with law. The migratory birds obey its summons. Every blooming flower, every rippling rivulet, every dancing sunbeam responds to this all-controlling autocrat, law. Man only disobey. He is the only anarchist.

"Tell man that the specific poisons have their organic affinities; that the organic affinity of alcohol, for instance, is the brain; that it hardens the brain tissues and cells as boiling water hardens an egg, and he swallows the poison just the same. Tell him that the organic affinity of nicotine is the heart; that no habitual or extensive user of tobacco has a normal heart, and he puffs his cigar, or rolls a quid under his tongue as a sweet morsel, or smokes the deadly cigarette, in defiance of that fact, till the doctors call it heart failure, and the undertaker does the rest. Tell him that there is an intemperance of eating as well as of drinking, and he gormandizes until dyspepsia does its deadly work and his friends provide a shroud.

"So it is everywhere with man in the realm of natural law; and so it is with him in the realm of human enactment. This is a republic of law. 'Law,' said Holland, 'is the very bulwark of our liberties.'" "Let reverence for law," said Lincoln, "be taught to our children in the public schools, preached from our pulpits, proclaimed by the press and enshrined in the hearts of all the people." The greatest need in this country is the need of a revival of respect for law, because the most alarming sign of the times is the wide-spread and seemingly increasing disposition, from the great trust magnate and railroad manager to the petty thief and boot-legger, to evade and nullify law.

"Hence, I conclude as I began, by declaring that the greatest moral issue facing our country to-day is the supremacy of law."—Ram's Horn.

CONVOCATION.

Trains arrive in West Edmeston from the North at 10 a. m., 1.30 and 6.30 p. m. To come on the 10 a. m. train, leave Binghamton at 4.50 a. m., change at Richfield Junction and Bridgewater; leave Utica at 6.45 a. m., change at Bridgewater. To come on 1.30 p. m. train, leave Utica at 9.30 a. m., change at Richfield Junction and Bridgewater; no connections from Binghamton. To come on 6.30 p. m. train, leave Utica at 5.10 p. m., change at Bridgewater; leave Binghamton at 3.30 p. m., change at Richfield Junction and Bridgewater.

A. C. DAVIS, JR.

Of however much or however little importance it may be, I think there is nothing more beautiful to a right-minded and contemplative mind than a little child being taught by its mother to pray.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Foreigner—What is the significance of the eagle that is stamped on American money? United States Citizen—It is the emblem of its eagle. —Dorothy Dyer.

A GRAVE MISTAKE CORRECTED.

In THE RECORDER of July 23, 1906, an article headed "The Board Only Advisory" contains a phrase, "power with authority," which the writer, Rev. M. Harry, attributes to me. It may be that the time has come for me to say that I never used these words or any of a similar meaning; but, rather, a phrase having just the opposite meaning, namely, "power without authority."

My students are taught that churches and congregations will follow their leadership, not because they shall be elected to the pastoral office, but when, by their spirit, wisdom, fidelity, and efficiency, they shall prove themselves to be worthy and capable of leading. Our people have no great regard for mere office and authority; but they will show great respect for power. Theodore Roosevelt possessed no authority over Russia and Japan; but he had wonderful power.

The actual phrase, therefore, used by "the author of the resolutions," does indeed show conclusively, after the manner of Mr. Harry's reasoning, that the meaning this author put into them is exactly the opposite of that which Mr. Harry has been trying to get our people to find in them.

I have not, however, the honor of being the sole author of these resolutions; and, as to the "peculiar" and splendid phrase, power without authority, it first fell upon my delighted ears from the wisdom-speaking lips of Superintendent Henry M. Maxson, of Plainfield.

It may also be proper for me to add here that the movement which led up to the appointment of the Conference Advisory Board makes absolutely no change whatever in the manner of ordination, or in the power to ordain to the ministry. The individual church still has this power, as Dr. Platts did state with his usual clearness. But our General Conference has virtually said, We no longer think it wise for one man or church, or a group of men or churches, to ordain men to the Gospel ministry and expect their recognition by the entire denomination, or by the Christian world as though denominationally approved, until the Conference, directly or through its Advisory Board, shall, after due inquiry, give its official indorsement to such ordination.

ARTHUR E. MAIN.

ALFRED, N. Y., JULY 29, 1906.

AMONG THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS.

Pastor H. C. Van Horn, of Lost Creek, and your Field Secretary were invited to conduct the quarterly meeting of the Ritchie Church on July 14. Brother Van Horn preached at the morning service, after which the large congregation met at Deep Ford, where your Secretary administered baptism to five young people, all of whom were received into the membership of the Ritchie church at the covenant and communion service, held in the afternoon.

Three sessions were given to Sabbath-school work, and a conference of the officers and teachers of the Ritchie Sabbath-school was held on Monday evening. Among the new features that are to find a permanent place in Ritchie Sabbath-school are a Home Department, a teachers' meeting and quarterly collections for the Missionary, Tract and Education Societies and for the Sabbath-school Board. The Sabbath-school is doing a valuable and important work in holding up the lamp of truth in this community, and is all the more necessary now that the church is without a pastor.

The following Sabbath was spent with the lit-

Church. Six services were held, beginning on Thursday and closing on Sunday night. The meetings were largely attended, at some sessions as many as one hundred and seventy-five being present. We trust much of encouragement was brought to our people there. No regular services have been maintained for some time, but we believe that a strong evangelistic effort, followed by wise pastoral supervision, would bring lasting good and permanent results to our people. It did not seem practicable to reorganize the Sabbath-school, but twenty members were secured for home study and to be connected with the Home Department of the Ritchie Sabbath-school.

In the work at Ritchie and Conings your Secretary wishes to recognize the valuable assistance given by Pastor H. C. Van Horn.

WALTER L. GREENE. CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA., JULY 27, 1906.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The Rev. E. D. Van Horn has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Second Alfred (N. Y.) Church, and has begun his work there.

The Rev. A. McLearn and Mrs. McLearn, formerly of Rockville, R. I., have moved to Walworth, Wisconsin.

The Student Evangelistic Quartet from Milton College has been working in Southern Illinois with good success.

The Rev. J. H. Hurley has been compelled to give up his pastorate in West Virginia on account of failing health. He will make his home in Milton, Wis., for the present. He preached his farewell sermon at Black Lick, July 14.

The first Verona (N. Y.) Church reports seven recent additions by baptism, all young people.

Classes from the North Loup (Neb.) Junior C. E. Society have been "camping out" at McDowell canyon. They were in charge of Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Burdick.

L. D. Lowther, of Salem, W. Va., is secretary of the Ten Mile District Bible School Association which has just held its annual session at Marshville, W. Va.

The Rev. E. A. Witter, of Salem, W. Va., is a member of the Executive Committee of the Harrison County Sabbath School Association, which is preparing to hold a convention this month.

The Alfred (N. Y.) W. C. T. U. has procured a drinking fountain—and placed it at the corner of Main and Church streets.

Pastors Randolph and Van Horn of the First and Second Alfred (N. Y.) churches have had charge of a party of boys for an outing at Silver Lake. Pastor Randolph says "the boys will make better men for it."

Jay W. Crofoot, of Shanghai, China, is at Alfred, N. Y., having just arrived from the far east.

The Intermediate and Junior C. E. Societies at Alfred, N. Y., hold their meetings out of doors during the summer months.

CONFERENCE RAILROAD TICKETS.

The Passenger Associations have granted the usual rate of a fare and one-third to Conference on the certificate plan. They will not grant these rates to those who attend the Pre-Conference Convocation at West Edmeston, the week preceding the General Conference.

Those who buy railroad tickets on the certificate plan should purchase through tickets to Bridgewater, N. Y., or to New Berlin, N. Y., and procure of the ticket agent a certificate of full fare, going. The certificate must be brought to Conference and properly stamped there in order for the purchaser to procure a ticket for one-third fare returning. The return journey must be made over the same route as going.

Leonardsville, N. Y., is on a short railroad which does not belong to a passenger associa-

tion, hence the necessity of procuring tickets either to Bridgewater, five miles from Leonardsville, or to New Berlin, fifteen miles distant.

Bridgewater is on the Richfield Springs Branch of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. New Berlin is on a branch of the New York, Ontario & Western Railway. Trains leave Bridgewater for Leonardsville at 9.20 a. m., 12.45 p. m. and 6.07 p. m.

See that your local agent has certificates in advance of your wanting them.

Tickets may be procured from August 18 to 24 inclusive, good to return up to and including September 1.

IRA J. ORDWAY, 544 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HENRY D. BABCOCK, Leonardsville, N. Y.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD, 111 W. 5th St., Plainfield, N. J. Railroad Committee.

THE CHARGE OF THE MAD BRIGADE.

Half a block, half a block, Half a block onward, Packed into trolley cars Rode the six hundred. Maidens, and matrons hale, Tall spinsters, slim and pale, On to the Bargain Sale Rode the six hundred.

Autos to right of them, Hansoms to left of them, Flying trains over them, Rattled and thundered. Forward, through all the roar, On, through the crowd they bore, To Price and Seller's store Rode the six hundred.

When at that mart of trade, Stern-faced and unafraid, Oh, the wild charge they made! All the clerks wondered. Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to pacify All the six hundred.

On bargains still intent, Homeward the buyers went, With cash and patience spent, And friendships sundered. What though their hats sport dents, What though their gowns show rents— They have saved thirty cents; Noble six hundred!

—Louise Stevens, in Woman's Home Companion.

HIGH THINKING AND LONG LIVING.

According to a writer in a medical journal, probably one-third of the English agricultural laborers who survive the age of thirty or thirty-five die of paresis. The figures look exaggerated, but the intellectual barrenness of those laborers is almost incredible, and the monotony of their lives is perhaps not the least of their hardships and misfortunes. It is well known that brain workers live long as a class, and it has not yet become the custom to draw the "dead-line" against them at forty-five, as is the case in many occupations at present. The brain must have blood to be healthy. Thinking gives it free circulation. The American farmer in the present day is a reader and a thinker, in touch with all the movement of the world. Telephone, trolley, rural delivery keep him from isolation and monotony; and his outdoor life, with his mental and social activity, should give him a better chance of long life than the merely sedentary brain worker has.

Children's Page.

LUCY'S DEFECT.

She is not blind,—she is not deaf,—
 She's straight, and strong, and pretty,
 We think her so;—we know her mind
 Is clear, and quick, and witty.
 And Lucy is a pleasant child;
 Her grandma says of her,
 "In warp or woof, you'll not a trace
 Of selfishness discover."

Of gifts and graces Lucy has
 A goodly share conceded,
 Yet sometimes is amiss; her friends
 All see how much 'tis needed.
 Grandpa allows she's true and good,
 And owns he loves her dearly;
 And were it not for this defect
 He'd think her perfectly,—nearly.

With face or form, with head or heart,
 There isn't much the matter;
 But Lucy's very busy tongue
 Will chatter, chatter, chatter.
 Her brother, Bert, this very day,
 With a boy's bluntness told her,
 "My little sis, the thing you lack,
 Is just a good tongue-holder."

—St. Nicholas.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RED HEN.

The rain was dashing against the window panes and the wind coming in great noisy gusts, but inside the big nursery in Vincent Square the bright firelight showed a very pleasant room. Alas, the children whose domain it was were getting just a little fractious, and indeed a long wet day does try anyone's temper. Why, even Nurse Mary, who was usually the very soul of good nature, could not help being tired herself and wishing the day was over.

A well-known knock at the nursery door made the children give a great shout of welcome, and rush to give their visitor a loving embrace. "Oh! Auntie Pat! you are a darling, it has been such a long, long day, but it's a better day now." The big armchair was pulled forward, and the eager voices of the children made a great noise, and they finally got Auntie seated in the place of honor before she could make herself heard.

"Well, and how are you all getting on?" asked Auntie Pat; "have they been good children today, Nurse Mary?" But before nurse could answer, a chorus of voices cried out, "Of course, we were just as good as any one could expect such a terrible day! But we shall be splendid now, when you have come."

"Because," said Auntie, "if you are sure there are no naughty children here, I," and she stopped and looked round at the wondering faces, "I am going to stay for tea, and we shall have a party."
 "How grand!" cried Bob.

"Hurry up, nurse, and give us your very best spread; and won't you tell us a story while we are waiting?"

Auntie was always ready with a story, and the children loved the tales she made up as she went along, "all just out of her own head."

So Auntie was duly installed in the great easy chair, the children all as close to her as they could crowd; little Lucy, by right of being the youngest, in her usual place upon her knee, with her bright head on Auntie's shoulder.

"Now we are ready, what shall the story be to-day?"

"Just please yourself," the children cried, "all the stories are so good; but wait a bit! Tell us about the little red hen."

"Such a foolish tale," laughed Auntie; "will you listen to the story of that unfortunate little hen?"

story. Now remember, it is not quite a true story; I don't know where it came from first, but it's an old friend and I love it."

"Dear Patsy," said Phil, "the nonsense stories are the funniest, and begin, 'once upon a time.'"
 "Silence there, now, for the story."

"Once upon a time—oh, long, long ago, so long ago that no one can remember the time now—there was a little red hen lived all by herself in a cottage beside a wood, and she was the cleverest little hen that ever was seen, plump and jolly, and her feathers were so smooth and shining and just the very color of a ripe chestnut.

"Her cottage was a picture; it was so neat and tidy, the floor scrubbed white and the window panes so bright; it was just a pleasure to walk up the shining steps and knock with the brass knocker on the green painted door. The roses growing over the house used to peep in at the windows and kept tap-tapping as much as to say, 'Good morning, Mrs. Hen, how are you to-day?' But, oh, dear! oh, dear! even the garden of Eden had a big sinner living in it, and so had the fairy wood.

"At the far side of the wood there was another cottage, but it was a tumbledown, dirty old place, nothing nice would grow about it, just weeds and nettles and big thorny things, holes in the windows, no polish on the knocker, and the floor so dirty! Why, the red hen would have dropped down in a fit if she had seen it; then the feathers and bones lying all about the place as if some very queer things happened there. A cunning, cruel old rascal of a fox lived there with his dreadful old mother, and everybody knows how the foxes live—they just eat and sleep all the time, and never dream of keeping the house clean.

"Well, what do you think now? This Mr. Fox fell in love with our little red hen and used to frighten the life out of her, when he came prowling round the cottage and knocking on the window. But she would not go out for a walk with him, she did not like his sharp nose, and his teeth were so polished and hungry-looking. At last, when she went to the market or to visit her friends, she used to lock the door and put the key in her pocket, just for fear, you know, of what might be in the house when she got home.

"Mr. Foxy found she was too wise for all his tricks, and so he did not go near her for quite a good while. At last, one day, his old mother said, 'This is ridiculous, Reynard; you are getting quite pale and thin fretting about that little hen. Here, take this bag over your shoulder and be off with you, and don't be coming back here without that hen; I'll have the big pot boiling, and, man alive! we'll have such a supper as you never saw; now go on!' So the wretched fox trudged away through the wood until he came to the cottage. And what do you think? The door was—open!

"So in he popped and hid behind the door. Mrs. Red Hen did not expect to see him again, she thought he had given her up; so she had grown a bit careless, and when she went to the well for a can of water, she left the door wide open. Reynard could hear her happy little voice as she came up the walk singing, 'There's nae luck about the house,' and she stopped to wipe her feet on the mat. When she was in the kitchen, Mr. Foxy shut the door behind her and laughed. 'Ha, ha, my dearest dear, I have you now!' But Mrs. Red Hen just threw the can of water over him and shouted, 'No, no, Mr. Fox, you haven't got me yet.' She clapped her wings and up she

and there she sat and laughed at him, because foxes can't fly, you know, and poor heavy-penny thought she was safe; but she laughed too soon.

"When Reynard got the water wiped off his whiskers and out of his eyes, he reviewed the situation. Now, everybody knows, children, that ever since foxes were made, you could hardly be even with them! He gave a wicked chuckle and spread himself out as if he were going to stand on his head; he whirled himself round and round, and made his big bushy tail fly round like a wheel, until our little red hen became quite dizzy with watching it, and—down she fell. In a second, as quick as winking, he had her in the bag. 'Ho, ho, my pretty dear,' he said, 'all things come to the fox that waits, and I am going to have broth for supper.' So away he went across the wood with our little hen tied up in the bag over his shoulder. Her heart was very heavy as they jogged along, and she just thought it was all up with her. She suddenly remembered something, and putting her hand into her pocket she found a little housewife she always carried. You know our grandmothers carried a little book sort-of-a-thing with needles and thread, scissors and thimble in it, so Mrs. Red Hen was such a tidy little lady she had hers with her. Quick as thought she had the scissors out, and snick! there was a hole cut in the bag. Out she hopped and found a big stone lying on the road which she managed—for she was a clever little hen—to pop into the empty bag and fastened the hole up with a great safety-pin, while she went off like a bird, and soon was safe inside the cottage again, and she locked the door this time. Well, Foxy was very tired with his long walk, and said he to himself, 'Faith, who would have believed the little hen was such a weight? I'm sure she must be a stone weight at least.' His old mother was standing at the door looking for him: 'So, there you are at last, my boy,' she shouted; 'it must be a good fat wee hen, for you look as tired as if it was a sack of stones you were carrying, and not one little hen.' The pot was boiling all ready on the fire. 'Here, drop her in,' said the old fox; 'never mind about her feathers; why what a supper we are going to have.' She cut the string while Reynard held the bag over the pot. Out dropped the big stone, and with a great splash upset the pot, and all the boiling water went over the old fox and the young one, and they were both scalded to death! So that was the end of them. Years and years after, when our little red hen was quite an old lady with white hair and spectacles, she used to tell this story to her little grandchildren, when they were all sitting round the fire waiting for tea, just the way we are now. So that is the end of the little Red Hen."—M. Lowry, in *Little Folks*.

THEN AND NOW.

I can remember, in the long ago,
 How, when the evening shadows slowly grew,
 I nestled closely, as I loved to do,
 And begged a story in the twilight glow.
 But when those mother accents, sweet and low,
 Began some bed-time tale all strange and new,
 I cried—Not that one! Let me listen to
 The one you told last time—the one I know.
 Was I so different in the day of yore?
 I sit and dream anew the joys of old,
 Crying to Fate to send them back once more,
 Distressing what the future may unfold.
 The sweet the hope is of what lies below,
 Sweet is the memory of the tale that's told!
 —Dorothy Johnson, in *Magazine of Little Folks*.

Young People's Work.

Laura C. Randall, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Following is a letter from Milton Quartet:
 STONE FORT, ILL., JULY 26, 1906.

Dear Brother Davis: We are having good meetings at Stone Fort, although there are others holding meetings near us. Two that had joined with another church felt that they were not doing right and their own consciences brought them to us and they have joined our church. Some of the strongest workers of last year are attending one or the other of the meetings nearer than ours, but we are having good meetings and a good interest. It was expected that one series of meetings would close last night and if it did then we can expect much larger crowds and still deeper interest. We are not discouraged and will hold on for a week longer, I think.

Mr. Hull received a telegram, while at Farina, and had to go home, so Elder Seager is singing first bass in the quartet and doing the preaching also. I am,

Yours respectfully,
 E. E. HURLEY.

Let us remember these consecrated workers who have gone to Stone Fort, also the faithful ones of the Stone Fort Church who stand by the work the whole year round.

Yours ever,
 A. C. DAVIS, JR.

RUB IT OUT.

A grain of chaff under the eyelid makes trouble if it is not taken care of. The sooner the bit of delicate cleansing is done, the better. Likewise a word sometimes gets into the delicate structure of our complex life and causes irritation. We are restless and weary until it is taken out of the way of doing harm. One such word crept into an editorial two weeks ago. As soon as I read it in print I wished it out. I will not feel quite right about it without confessing.

Now I do not intend to bring the offender out in sight again. That would be to give a longer lease of life to the very thing that should be buried in oblivion. If you did not notice it, all right. Don't look for it. Only let it be pardoned and expunged from any tablet where its record remains. I used a harsh word to describe a certain kind of person. He is not likely to have read the article at all, but I beg his pardon just the same. For some cases no doubt the name was accurate enough, but it was liable to misapplication, and it was better left out altogether.

I see less and less occasion for harshness as I grow older. There are so many cases where our temper softens when we know all the circumstances. Even when a severe word is applicable, it is a serious question whether there are not better ways of winning a wayward brother than by calling him names. Have you ever met one of those gracious personalities that pull other people upward by expecting good of them? Many a spirit expands in aspiration when some one's confidence sets for them a larger pattern than they yet have the stature to reach. Of course, you can't bring boys and girls up on appreciation alone. The best farm in the world needs the hoe and the shovel plow. But it is disastrous to subject the tender, springing blades of a tender life to the frost of unjust condemnation and unmerciful severity.

Fourth-day. The decree of Cyrus found; decree of Darius; house of God finished; its dedication; arrangements for the worship of God; the passover kept with joy. 6: 1-22.

Fifth-day. Ezra accompanied by priests and others arrives at Jerusalem; the letter of King Artaxerxes to Ezra, and the king's great decree; Ezra's gratitude to Jehovah. 7: 1-28.

Sixth-day. A list of those to return with Ezra; Levites and Nethinim join the company; fasting and prayer; gold, silver, and vessels for the temple entrusted to the care of twelve selected priests; their arrival in Jerusalem; a great burnt offering. 8: 1-36.

We have had several good talks. He knows that whenever he does anything that needs attending to, I will go direct to him about it. He seems to like that kind of treatment from his pastor, even although he may sometimes think that the latter is pretty strict in his ideas. The boy is a natural leader, active and popular. He is a better fellow than he was once. He is not perfect, for this is not a fairy story. Different people, knowing that I have confidence in the lad and that I am in a position to influence his life, have brought me unfavorable reports about him. Some of these are echoes of the past. Some are exaggerations of the present. Some of them are true enough. Boys ought to be watched, but with sympathetic eyes. Many a restive, high spirited fellow has run away and smashed the family buggy because the colt's disposition was ruined when he was in training.

Don't let the boys "pull the wool over your eyes," but don't, on the other hand, keep them in an atmosphere of chronic suspicion. Be out and out. Put responsibility on them and hold them to account. Enjoy yourself with them. Study boy psychology. From the ground up, believe in their better selves. That is fundamental.

I tell you these lads are going to make splendid men bye and bye,—if we only help them develop a strong, self-reliant character for themselves.

THE READING AND STUDY COURSE IN BIBLE HISTORY.

You may begin this course any time and any where. Do it now. Send your name and address to Mrs. Walter L. Greene, Dunellen, N. J., and so identify yourself more fully with the movement and give inspiration to others who are following the course.

Total enrollment, 187.
 SIXTY-NINTH WEEK'S READING.

(Note these questions and answer them as you follow each day's reading. We suggest that you keep a permanent note book and answer them in writing at the close of the week's work.)

1. Give in your own words the account of the rebuilding of the temple.
2. What was Ezra's part in the rebuilding of the temple?
3. What was the occasion of the opposition of the enemies?

First-day. The altar of burnt offerings builded, and religious observances established. The laying of the foundation of the temple. 3: 1-13.

Second-day. Continued opposition to the building of the temple; a letter of accusation sent to Artaxerxes, king of Persia; the king decrees that the work of the house of God at Jerusalem shall cease. 4: 1-24.

Third-day. The work resumed under the influence of prophets; the movement called in question by the Persian governor; the governor's letter to Darius the king. 5: 1-17.

Fourth-day. The decree of Cyrus found; decree of Darius; house of God finished; its dedication; arrangements for the worship of God; the passover kept with joy. 6: 1-22.

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riages of people, Levites, priests and chief men with heathen women; his impassioned prayer at the time of the evening oblation. The people promise to put away heathen wives and their children; all the children of the captivity summoned to Jerusalem; measures for reform adopted; a list of those found to have married foreign women. 9: 1-10: 44.

THE DEACON'S WEEK.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to his Lord's work, and to do it with all his might, but he did, sometimes, feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while, perhaps, he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

The minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give you any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. Perhaps you will find work that ye knew not of, lying in your midst. And let us all on Sabbath evening meet here again, and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable. Sabbath night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn books for the purpose and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them, "Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for it," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I han't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell you. 'Well, brethren,' he said, "I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I have found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Monday, I looked about me to begin with. I am amazin' fond of coffee, and it a'n't good for me, the doctor says it a'n't; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm going to stay stopped."

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie, the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor

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he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsia like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and unreliable as a weather-cock. Dr. Drake, he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I came across that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em, if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie; I felt as though I couldn't! and, lo ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said then I wouldn't sneer at a drinkin' man no more, when he slipped up. I'd feel for him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my Bible class. Well, 'twould take the evenin' to tell, but I found one real sick; been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Then another man's old mother says to me before he come in from the shed, says she, 'he's been a sayin' that if folks practice what they preach, you'd ha' come around to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brething, so was I. I tell you, that day's work did me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now, I tell ye, but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month o' Sundays ever showed me.

"Now, come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailing; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towards everybody; so I went 'round seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon-spell, Philury says, says she, 'Square Tucker's bull is into th' orchard, a tearin' 'round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat! Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been breakin' into my lots ever since we got in th' aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull strong, as he ought, and that orchard was a young one, just comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin' with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house, and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up, and says he, 'Fellowship meetin'-day, a'n't it, Deacon?' I'd rather he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons come around like a man an' a Christian right here. He asked me to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothing else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was the one that wouldn't say I'd practice with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlasting nonsense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it ha'n't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seem'

one honest Christian man fetched me round to't." Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister. "Well, when the next day come, I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd open my mouth to give him jesse, when it come over me sudden that this was the day o' prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothing. I jest fetched in the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt up good, I called my wife.

"Dear me!" says she, "I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit." I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was just a-goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not being bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and give me seech a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me for twenty odd years, 'most scar't because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she'd always drawn herself, and then I milked the cow. When I came in, Philury was up fryin' the potatoes, and the tears a shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a little meaner'n I did the day before, but 'twan't nothing to my condition when I was goin' toward night, down the sullar stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy, 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa's goin' to die.' 'Why Josiah Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant an' good-natered I can but think he's struck with death.'

"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sullar stairs and cried. I did really. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as he did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never seen me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right an' reason to expect I'd do my part as well as their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons' short-comings than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind of left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cuterin', but I did have sense not to tear around and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas getting easy to practice after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curt' in calico. I had a han'some piece, all done off with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin', every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it but she was pleased with the figures on't and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place come across me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me feel all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' said I, 'I don't believe you've looked real close at this goods; 'tain't thorough work,' says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think

how many times before I had done such mean, unreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time saying and praying that I wanted to be like Christ. I kept a tripping of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd ruther, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's living Christian duty for twelve working hours; and the left of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be.

"So this morning came around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twas missionary morning, and seemed as if it was a sight easier to preach than to practice. Thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a Testament in my pocket, and knocked at her door. Says I, 'Good-mornin', ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang, somehow, I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallered a little, finally I said, says I, 'We don't see you to meeting very frequent, Mis' Vedder.'

"No, you don't!" says she, as quick as a wink. I stay at home and mind my business.

"Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good," says I, sort of conciliat-in'.

"Look a here, Deacon!" she snapped, "I've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we a'n't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poorer'n death, and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny don't know her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you coming here to-day for, I'd like to know, and talking so glib about meeting? Go to meeting? I'll go or come jest as I please, for all you. Now get out of this!" Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't; what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names; and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said considerable about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear him say, 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I could not face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head; and many others bent, too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement and enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old, "Go forward," and they obeyed his voice. The Sabbath-school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of peace past understanding. And another year they will keep another week of practice, in another season.

THE MODEL CHURCH

Well, wife, I've found the model church! I worshipped there today. It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray. The meetin'-house was finer built than they were years ago; But then I found, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me way back by the door; He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor; He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wished you'd heard the singin'—it had the old-time ring; The preacher said with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing"; The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled, Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire; I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir. And sang, as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more; I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore; I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form, And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin' I well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said; I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read; He hadn't time to read it, for the lightning' of his eye Went passing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple Gospel truth; It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth; 'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed; 'Twas full of invitation to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews; He shot the golden sentences down on the finest pews; And, though I can't see very well, I saw the falling tear That told me hell was some way off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place! How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face! I longed, dear wife, for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend, Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end.

I hope to meet that minister—the congregation, too— In the dear home beyond the skies, that shines from heaven's blue. I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray, The face of God's dear servant who preached his word today.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be won; The shinin' goal is just ahead, the race is nearly run. O'er the river we are hearin' they are throngin' to the shore, To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

ONE'S UTMOST

It is strange that a principle of living so thoroughly moral in itself as "the law of the utmost" should receive its most thorough respect in a trade that, among the least, does not represent the noblest feelings of the human heart. Its most

enterprises of unselfish good in which men engage, it is supposed to be greatly to one's credit to have put forth any effort whatever; a man who has spent any considerable time and labor on a good work expects to be praised for it unreservedly, no matter when or where he left off from it. Indeed, we often cease from a line of benevolent endeavor not because we even pretend to be exhausted, but solely because we consider that we have done "our share" and it is "time for someone else to try it now"—the fact that there is nobody else willing to try it being in our esteem apparently unimportant.

But in the harsh business of war it is clearly established that nothing less than one's "utmost" satisfies the demands of honor; it makes no matter how much an officer has done in the line of commanded duty,—if he could have done more, he has earned no credit. An officer in army or navy can never be court-martialed for failing; but in any circumstances, even in victory, the charge of having done less than he might, if sustained, is sufficient for his disgrace.—Nolan R. Best.

A LIVE WIRE

Life struck hard on death and made sharp lightning. In its flash I saw a sad picture. Little Arthur lay with his eyes closed in dreamless slumber, and his busy hands folded in rest. His pet dog stood near the coffin and wondered why his master did not speak. Eight playmates sat still, with faces as white as the flowers in their hands. Sad friends and neighbors filled the house where laughter had held sway. The broken-hearted family were alone in their grief, which none but He of Gethsemane could comfort. Only a few hours before, while playing, the little fellow had picked up a wire which was in his way. It looked harmless, but it was a live wire, and a live wire had made a dead boy.

Sadder than this picture was the one I saw on the street that night—a picture of young men and women stricken with a living death. They were born of a mother's pain and baptized with a father's tears; yet it seemed it had been better had they never lived, or had died in infancy. City life is full of wires of dissipation. The strange companion, glass of wine, or game of cards, look innocent enough, but sometimes they are in contact with a heavily charged wire connected with the devil's dynamo.

Let not the illusion of thy senses Betray thee to deadly offenses Be strong, be good, be pure; The right only shall endure; All things else are but false pretenses. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." —G. L. Morrill.

RELIGIOUS MATHEMATICS

There are no fractions in the mathematics of right and wrong. A thing is not truth until it is a whole truth. What seems half a truth is a whole lie. Many a man who cannot multiply numbers can divide a church. Redemption is not wrought by partial payments. When animosity is the divisor of a church, things will not come out even. You can never get the right answer. You cannot work some members until you remove the radical. The greatest joy in the Christian life comes from the last fraction of consecration.

A church's membership is most substantially increased by the rule of one.

Fifty shillings given once is more to the given than one shilling given fifty times.

We cannot work the problem of Christ's kingdom with mixed numbers.

A Christian is stable only when the center of interest falls without the base.

All the way around may be the safest distance between two points.

What some men gain in breadth they lose in depth.

No religious work can be higher than it is long. Its height is determined by its power to endure.

The old saying that "Chickens come home to roost," has many a good application. It is also true that the good we would do is often undone by our own mistakes. The following needs no further comment:

"She was dressed smartly, and when she met a little urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it, she said: 'You are a wicked boy; how could you rob that nest! No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs.'

"Oh, she don't care," answered the boy, edging away, 'she's on your hat.'"

To believe in life is to believe that it is a struggle in which victory will belong to justice. It is for us, then, to arm ourselves, to fight, and to suffer if need be, but never lose courage.—Charles Wagner.

A MECCA FOR SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS

A good place for Seventh-day Baptists to locate is Battle Creek, Michigan. Quite a colony is already here and more on the way. Write for particulars and we will send you a beautiful little poem entitled "Down to Battle Creek." Address THE AMERICAN HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION, Ward Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

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MARRIAGES

CRANDALL-BLANCHARD.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Linwood, Mass., July 3, 1906, by the Rev. John R. Thurston, Mr. Linton Brown Crandall, of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Adelaide May Blanchard, of Linwood, Mass.

L. B. C.

DEATHS

THOMPSON.—Eugene Adelbert Thompson was born in Hartsville, Steuben Co., New York, Feb. 19, 1850, and died at Rocky Glen, near Temecula, in Riverside Co., Cal., July 7, 1906. Bro. Thompson was a man of strong religious convictions, with the courage to stand by them. Not only has the bereaved family sustained a loss, but the Seventh-day Baptist Church cause has lost a loyal friend. He made a profession in early life, and it is thought the Milton Junction Church was his early church home. A few years ago when his wife and children were baptized and united with the Colony Heights (now Riverside) Church; he joined with them, and died in its fellowship. Just a few nights before the end he expressed the utmost confidence in his acceptance into the heavenly home. He was married June 22, 1881, to Mary A. Hudson, who with nine children, an aged mother, one brother and one sister, besides many other relatives and friends mourns his loss.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by
REV WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1906.

- June 30. Jesus and the Children.....Matt. 18: 1-14.
- July 7. The Duty of Forgiveness.....Matt. 18: 21-35.
- July 14. The Good Samaritan.....Luke 10: 25-37.
- July 21. Jesus Teaching How to Pray.....Luke 11: 1-13.
- July 28. Jesus Dines with a Pharisee.....Luke 14: 1-14.
- Aug. 4. False Excuses.....Luke 14: 15-24.
- Aug. 11. The Parable of the Two Sons.....Luke 15: 11-32.
- Aug. 18. The Judge, the Pharisee, and the Publican.....Luke 18: 1-14.
- Aug. 25. The Rich Young Ruler.....Mark 10: 17-31.
- Sept. 1. Bartimaeus and Zaccheus.....Luke 18: 35-19: 10.
- Sept. 8. Jesus Enters Jerusalem in Triumph.....Matt. 21: 1-17.
- Sept. 15. Jesus Silences the Pharisees and Sadducees.....Mark 12: 13-27.
- Sept. 22. Review.
- Sept. 29. Temperance Lesson.....Gal. 5: 15-26; 6: 7, 8.

LESSON VIII.—THE JUDGE, THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 18, 1906.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 18: 1-14.

Golden Text.—“God be merciful to me a sinner.” Luke 18: 13.

INTRODUCTION.

As we have already noted a number of times in our recent lessons the Gospel according to Luke is pre-eminently the Gospel of prayer. The parable with which our lesson begins in some respects reminds us of the parable of the Friend at Midnight which we studied in Lesson IV. Both teach the lesson of perseverance in prayer. Our Father is more ready to give than we are to ask. We are not to understand however that the way that the unjust judge answered the petition of the widow teaches us how God answers prayer; nor are we to take the widow as our model precisely in our manner of making requests of God. We are not to tease our heavenly Father, nor to believe that he yields to importunity.

It is the fact that the widow continued to pray without losing heart that stands out prominently for our instruction. No matter how dark the way may seem, we are still to trust in our Saviour. No matter how long delayed his coming may seem to be we are never to lose faith in him or to be discouraged.

The second half of the lesson shows that not all that is in the form of prayer is prayer. This paragraph serves as a good illustration of the first beatitude.

TIME.—Probably in the early part of the year 30.

PLACE.—Probably Perea.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his hearers.

OUTLINE:

1. The Lesson of Encouragement from the Unjust Judge. v. 1-8.
2. The Warning from the Example of the Pharisee and the Publican. v. 9-14.

NOTES.

1.—To the end that they ought always to pray. Not of course that the disciples of Jesus should pray continuously without giving attention to other matters, but that they should never despair and cease to ask for the things that they longed for. The lesson is general, but there is special allusion to the preceding paragraph. Christians are not to grow weary in praying for the coming of their Lord.

2. A judge, who feared not God, and regarded not man. He was bothered with no conscientious scruples, nor by fears that the people would remove him from office. He was probably a Gentile judge, not accountable to the people over whom he was placed.

3. A widow. The defenselessness of widows is often alluded to in the Bible. *Avenge me of mine adversary.* That is, Give me justice from the one who is injuring me. We do not know her cause of complaint, and for that matter we may not be certain that it was a just complaint; but at any rate she made formal application to have her wrong redressed. Possibly she wanted an injunction to restrain a neighbor from trespassing upon her land, or possibly she wanted money compensation for injury received.

4. *And he would not for a while.* She continued to come and he continued to refuse to have anything to do with the matter. Very likely it was simply because he was disinclined to give himself the trouble of setting the matter right. Possibly he had some definite reason for favoring her adversary. We do not know how long this situation continued, but long enough to test the mettle of the poor widow and the disposition of the judge. *Though I fear not God,* etc. He realizes that he has not the motives that would move a great many men, but there is a selfish motive that moves him.

5. *Because this widow troubleth me.* He was wearied by her entreaties and comes to decision purely from selfish motives. *Let her wear me out by her continual coming.* The verb translated “wear me out” might mean, “give me a black eye;” but if this is what the unjust judge intended to say he evidently meant it humorously, so the reading of our version expresses the sense very well. He feared that she would make life uncomfortable for him by her persistence. Compare the friend at midnight who got the bread from his unwilling neighbor.

6. *Hear what the unrighteous judge saith.* Thus our Saviour introduces the moral or the application of the parable. The circumstances of the parable are interesting, but the point is that the judge granted the request.

7. *And shall not God avenge his elect,* etc. The “avenge” is here of course figurative. Shall not God most assuredly give relief? If an unjust judge with no motive of pity shall give a favorable decision for a poor widow, who made petition to him occasionally, how much more shall our compassionate heavenly Father give the blessings longed for to his dear children who cry to him day and night? *And yet he is long suffering over them.* Probably this clause would be better rendered, Although he moves slowly upon their behalf. Our Lord would not deny that there are seeming discouragements, but would insist that there is sure ground of hope in spite of all.

8. *He will avenge them speedily.* We can not see the affairs of this life from God’s point of view. If we could we should see that he does act speedily for us. There is no question but that relief shall come at precisely the right time. All things considered his help comes speedily. Some interpret “speedily” to mean *suddenly.* God will move suddenly when the time comes; but that explanation hardly gives the encouragement needed. *Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?* In spite of this speedy relief the time is going to seem long, and the question is, Will the faith that men have in Jesus stand the test till his coming? Faith is loyal trust in Jesus Christ.

9. *And he spake also this parable.* The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican has no connection with the earlier part of our lesson. *Who trusted in themselves that they were righteous.* The ground of their confidence was in themselves; but that was enough for them. They felt sure of their own correct standing. *And set all others at naught.* This was a natural outcome of the trust in themselves. They despised all others as sinners in the sight of God.

10. *Two men went up into the temple to pray.* Doubtless at one of the usual hours for prayer. The temple was on a hill, and so all would go up when they went thither. *The one a Pharisee.* We could easily guess before reading the rest of the story that this man belonged to the class mentioned in v. 9. The Pharisees laid the greatest emphasis upon obedience to the very letter of the law. They held that the chief duty of man was to build a fence about the law. *The other a publican.* The publicans were the representatives of the foreign tax collectors. The Jews who accepted this office were considered by the Pharisees as apostates from the very fact that they helped to collect tax upon the chosen people which ought by right to be subject to no one but God.

11. *The Pharisee stood.* We are not to think ill of him because he stood, since that was a customary attitude in prayer. Moreover the word “stood” in this connection probably means no more than took his place. *Prayed thus with himself.* Some say that he merely addressed some complimentary remarks to himself without pray-

ing to God at all; but the prayer was apparently addressed to God. The expression “with himself” may mean that he did not speak out for all to hear. *I am not as the rest of men.* We are to give him credit for meaning the rest of mankind outside of my class. He would not have said that every single man in the world except himself was a sinner. *Extortioners.* The publicans were very likely to be extortioners. We are not to think that this Pharisee was lying when he said that he was innocent of these flagrant crimes. *Or even as this publican.* The publican is to his mind the striking example of the wicked people of the world.

12. *I fast twice in the week.* That is, according to the custom of those who would be very religious,—on Mondays and Thursdays. The law required a fast only once in the year,—on the day of Atonement. This Pharisee boasts that he has not only kept the commandments of the law, but that he has gone farther, and done many things that are not required. *I give tithes of all that I get.* The law required tithes of flocks and herds and of those things which made up the greater part of man’s income. Garden herbs were exempt. Here was another opportunity to do more than the law required: he gave a tithe of all his income. King James’ Version gives a wrong impression by using the word “possess” in this sentence. Tithes were always computed on the basis of income, and never upon capital.

13. *But the publican, standing afar off.* The Pharisee even if he did not pray aloud evidently intended to attract attention to himself engaged in his devotions; but the conduct of the publican is directly the opposite,—he goes into the temple to be sure, but he shuns the notice of men as unworthy. *Would not lift up so much as his eyes.* He feels unworthy to address God. *Smote his breast.* A symbolical token of great grief. *Be thou merciful to me a sinner.* Or literally, the sinner. He is overcome with the sense of his own sin. He makes no comparisons with others.

14. *This man went down to his house justified rather than the other.* The man who knows that he is wrong is the one that is standing a better chance to be made right in the sight of God than the one who thinks he is right already. *For every one that exalteth himself, etc.* Compare chap. 14: 11 in Lesson 5. This moral maxim has an illustration in the justification of the publican.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Weeds, if they are pulled out of a lawn at a time when they are full of seed, will evince a degree of care for the seed which is almost touching. They will curl their leaves upward as far as each can go to cover the seed and protect them from the sun until the end, and often one will find weeds that are quite dead, sun-killed, whose leaves still are wrapped firmly around the seed pods.

Does this not remind us of men’s desperate efforts to save themselves, and perhaps more often hoping against hope to protect their children from the evil consequences of their own vicious lives?

Life is but the beginning of things, and has not been so far unfolded as yet that we can see from the things in us and around us what sorrow does, nor what repentance does, nor what stumbling does, nor what oppressions and wrongs do. There is to be a time of disclosure when the end shall have come, and the experiment of unnumbered centuries shall have been wrought out, and we shall all have gone from hence and become airy spectators of the closing work in the other life. God knows that then the whole interior history of man and providence experience will declare, “God is good and the end crowns the beginning and the whole work.”

Popular Science.

H. H. WOODS.

Nickel.

This chemical metallic element was first discovered by Cronstedt in 1751. It has been claimed since to have been previously discovered in the sun’s atmosphere and in all meteoric iron.

In 1754 Mr. Cronstedt succeeded in obtaining nickel in an impure state, but found it closely allied to iron, which it resembled in color, though a little whiter, and both are on a par nearly as to tenacity, malleability, and ductility, but nickel is a harder metal than iron and more durable, hence more valuable, as it will not corrode, tarnish, or change its color; but being much scarcer than iron, there is not even a possibility of its ever replacing iron to any great extent.

Nickel can be welded to iron by heat and when so done can be rolled into very thin plates without any break or disintegration. This was discovered by Fleitmann in 1879. Since which time many cooking articles and other useful utensils have been made of this kind of nickel plated iron.

There is another metal to which nickel is closely allied, called “cobalt.” The atomic of both (58.8) metals are the same, both are of a steel gray color, and the specific gravity nearly or quite the same, but cobalt is much scarcer than nickel, and is less fusible, and less magnetic, and more difficult to manage when in a metallic form, hence it is but little sought after, or used in the arts.

The Island of New Caledonia, in the Southern Pacific, discovered by Captain Cook in 1774, furnishes the purest nickel ore yet discovered. There is not over one per cent. of impurities in this ore, though not found in large quantities. It has for some years been known and used as an alloy in the manufacture of German silver. It was only after the discoveries of Fleitmann that it could be used to ornament and protect iron that it came to be used to any extent.

The native metal (nickel) has been found only in one locality, Frazer river, where it is found in small, flattened grains among the scales of gold.

The ores of nickel are quite widely distributed and are mostly found in the vicinity of iron in very small quantities.

It has been known for some years that the nickel ore was more abundant in Canada than in any other part of the world, but within the last few years there has been a demand for nickel for coinage in Germany, in Switzerland, and Belgium and Mexico and the United States.

Since the United States commenced coining five-cent pieces called a “nickel,” composed of one part nickel, and three parts copper, and also for commercial purposes, she has obtained the chief part of her supply from Canada, and Canada now produces probably more nickel than all the rest of the world, the greatest part of which is used by the United States in the coining of five-cent pieces. The production of the Sudberryfield mines for the year 1904 is given as 4,729 tons.

It appears that the great field of nickel ore in Canada was thrown up by lava from below and while in a melted state spread out laterally and covered a large surface; hence it is found that this one field is composed of an eruptive rock thirty-six miles long, and seventeen miles wide, and is a mile and a quarter thick, in form somewhat like a triangle.

It is thought that the mine is rather a complicated one, and that it is probably much richer than the surface shows.

The greater part of the output of these Canadian ores is sent forward and treated and the pure nickel obtained at Constable Hook, New Jersey, near by the city of New York.

It is also said that the United States contemplates coining a pure nickel five-cent piece and a one cent. This would be an excellent thing to do, as the present five-cent piece is near the size and thickness of the twenty-five-cent piece, and often mistaken for one, and copper is now too plenty for the manufacture for money or to represent money, as its tendency to oxidation condemns it.

THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW.

Bards have praised in song and lay men whose office is to slay,

Men who go intrepid where their foemen lurk;
But the man behind the plow is a hero, too, I trow—
He’s the man that keeps them while they do the work.

Oh, the man behind the plow with the sun-tan on his brow;
His sole honor is the labor he has done.
But to shoot their brothers down is the glory and the crown
Of a million men that stand behind the gun!

’Tis a stirring thing, no doubt, with the enemy in rout,
To follow war-flags leading on before;
But the man that stays at home tilling the reluctant loam
Is the man who keeps the man that goes to war.

It is valorous to go where the warlike trumpets blow,
And the deadly shrapnel on its course is sped;
But it seems to me this man follows out a nobler plan
Than the man who knocks his brother in the head.

Then remember when you hear drums’ and trumpets’ martial cheer,
That upon some little field the work is done,
In a simple, humdrum way, toilsome day succeeding day,
That supports a man that marches with a gun.

Then apply it further still; all the shapers of world-will,
All the petty princelings who exact a bow,
All the fanfare of estate on which buttoned legions wait—
All depend upon the man behind the plow.
—Independent.

“THY GRANDMOTHER LOIS.”

It is but a slight touch by which Paul brings out the features of Lois, the grandmother of the youthful bishop of Ephesus, but it suffices. The rising stream of piety which delighted Paul in Timothy, had its fount and source in one who stood two generations behind him, the devout mother of his mother, who had developed in him as a lad those qualities which he needed in his present labors as a man.

If the great apostle to the Gentiles had been looking for one with whom to intrust the faith and fortunes of his most important charge, he would hardly have expected to find the object of his search at Lystra, confessedly pagan, and in the household of a father born outside the sacred lineage of the chosen people.

But in the family of that Greek father was a praying mother, and a gentle, believing, Bible-loving grandmother; and the childhood of the boy was protected from the contaminations of the corrupt life about him. In the evening of the day, when the little lad’s tasks were accomplished, and he, weary of his sports, cuddled up in his grandmother’s arms, she would tell him the story of her race. She would tell him of a God not to be represented in marble or bronze—of One, the Creator of worlds and the Sovereign of the Universe. She would tell him, not of

Olympian powers smiting the followers of rivals with arrows from their silver bows, but of angels visiting Abraham in the cool of the day, and talking with him of the redemption, first of his own race, eventually of all mankind. It was not of Hercules strangling serpents in his cradle that her story ran, but of David, single-handed, destroying a lion and a bear in defense of his flock. She told him of Joseph, whom passion could not tempt nor injustice embitter nor prosperity pervert. With the going down of the sun far away toward the great western sea, she would sing to him the psalms of her people, and as the “abend-glüh” burned rose-red upon the heights of the great Kara-Dagh, or Black Mountain, which towered above their home, the little lad doubtless fell asleep repeating to himself: “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.”

Many a Timothy in the Christian pulpit to-day confesses to himself that he owes more to his grandmother Lois than to his care-burdened father whose thoughts were of the agora or the forum,—more than he does to the scholarly rabbi in the seminary at whose feet he sat listening for an inspiration which is not in books or bookish talk.

Perhaps even now some aged Lois is wondering why the Lord delays his coming. Let her be patient. Little Timothy is doubtless dependent upon her for guidance. The good seed which she is permitted to sow in the heart of some little child at this late hour may yet prove the most important service of her life. In Timothy’s manhood service her works will follow her.—*The Interior.*

TOO MUCH TO ASK.

A traveler in the Highlands observed, while at a tavern in a small village, a very beautiful collie. At his request the owner was pointed out to him, and he asked the man what he would take for the dog.

“Ye’ll be taking him to America?” the Scot asked, cautiously.

“Certainly, if you sell him to me.”
“I no could’ part wie Rob,” the dog’s owner then said, emphatically. “I’m muckle fond-like o’ him,” and liberal offers were no inducement.

To his astonishment the traveler later saw the dog sold to a drover for half what he had offered, and after the drover had disappeared, requested an explanation. “You said that you could not sell him,” he remarked.

A twinkle came into the Highlander’s eyes. “No; I didna say I’d no sell him—I said I couldna part wie him,” he said. “Rob’ll be hame in two or three days fra noo, but I couldna ask him to swim across the ocean. Na, that woul’ be too muckle to ask!”—*Harper’s Weekly.*

Special Notices.

SEVENTH-DAY Baptists in Syracuse, N. Y., hold Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o’clock, in the hall on the second floor of the Lynch building, No. 120 South Salina street. All are cordially invited.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o’clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. W. D. WILCOX, Pastor, 5606 Ellis Ave.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist church, Washington Square South. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. Preaching services at 7.30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. DR. FRANCIS LAWRENCE, Pastor, 100 W. 94th Street.

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SUNSET ON THE SEA. BY REV. CHARLES P. CLEAVES. Now all the west has turned a golden glow, And all the sea has turned to glowing gold; There slipped the sun through shining clouds hung low, Where the vast chambers of the deep unfold.

Now is the voice of many waters heard, Heard by the spirit's ear that needs no sound; And voices of the ocean winds are stirred From caves of ocean all the world around.

The floods have lifted up their voice, O Lord! The floods of beauty and the floods of light; The floods of sea and the clouds with one accord, And this vast anthem is the sound of sight.

Deep calleth unto deep; sky calls to sea, And sea to sky, and shore to farthest shore. So calls the human spirit, God, to Thee, As Thou to human spirit evermore.

Never afar from him who will behold Art Thou. Yet how much more I feel and know When all the sea has turned to glowing gold, And all the west has turned a golden glow! —C. E. World.

CHURCH is used here to represent organized Christianity in all its forms. Crisis means the experiences through which the nation is now passing, touching honesty, uprightness, morality, etc. The fact we seek to set forth is that the present crisis is religious and moral, first and foremost. Whatever forms it may assume, whatever new features may appear, are minor considerations when placed alongside of the fact that the church, by its own claims, and in fact, is the source and centre of religious and moral influences, in the world. The business of the church is to set moral standards of action, to instruct men concerning these standards, and to inspire them to obedience. The church exists for the upbuilding of righteousness and the destruction of unrighteousness. Hence a crisis like that of these years calls to the church first and constantly. One of the important demands made by the crisis is that Christians and Christian leaders cease to think and teach that religion and morality are distinct. That ruinous theory has been taught openly and accepted tacitly until serious evil has resulted. Twenty-five years ago the writer had occasion to speak plainly on this point, in a given locality, because the pastor of a church in that neighborhood exploited the theological error that religion and morality were enemies. He said: "I had rather welcome an open and virulent sinner into this neighborhood than a merely moral man." The real point in his contention was a defence of some theological notions about "conversion," as against a "moral life." Whatever the truth there might have been in his contention, it seems to me that there was not

nourishment which true religion gives. Life is always reproductive. Genuine morality produces an increasing harvest because it is planted in the soil of religion. Conventional morality out issue." It is powerless to accomplish good, flourishes weakly, and dies prematurely "with-and too feeble to produce new stock. Where can the elixir of life be found? In "Thou art the man." In "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." In "Except ye repent ye shall perish." Isaiah, and Paul to the Romans are as full of moral ozone as breezes from the heart of the Atlantic or the winds which the spruce forests of the northland send forth, because they are full of God and His authority; full of: the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is life, through Jesus the Christ. The rejuvenation must begin with the church, and the primary point of departure is the soul-life of those in the pulpit and at the editorial desk. Neither men, nor churches, can give to others what they themselves do not possess. The whole church needs more religious morality at this crisis. It needs to take more orders from God and fewer from standards set by public opinion. "Glancoma" is the wasting of the optic nerve from the outer rim inward. There is too much glancoma blinding the churches to the fact that they are the "party of the first part" in this crisis. It is easy to preach, and write, and dogmatize concerning Jesus as the Son of God, and the metaphysics of his relation to "God the Father and God the Holy Ghost." Church leaders have been working in that direction for some centuries, over-working, foolishly working. It is not so easy to follow the teachings and example of Jesus, the Son of man. The present crisis calls for less theology and more practice, less theorizing and more doing. If your lamp of personal faith in truth and obedient love is lighted, take the "bushel" away and let it shine. If it is not lighted go to them that sell and buy oil, and light it quickly. Hold it high until one arm is weary, then change hands and hold higher. That is your personal duty in this crisis. Last evening I saw six lights in six different light houses, each guarding a given point and sending out its own warning. Light up your light.

IMMORALITY will not cure itself. The Church Must Lead. Saloons will not become centers of social and political reform. Wall street will not give special attention to municipal purity. The Meat Trust will not establish prayer-meetings, and Sunday-schools after the Platt model are not an aid to a better understanding of the Ten Commandments, even though they might favor a new rendering of the Golden Rule. Where shall help be found? In the church, or nowhere. The problem is a religious one. That is the first and dominant issue. Conscience must be created. The sense of personal obligation before God rather than effect public opinion, must be developed. Much of that which is called "moral conduct" is mere contentment with keeping out of scandal and the clutch of human law. Public opinion is anemic. It needs both tonic and socialism; the tonic of obligation and the

Brooding anarchism is an element in the present crisis which demands more consideration than it has received. A simple definition of anarchism is: "disregard for law." That disregard is essentially the same, whatever form it may assume, under whatever guise it may appear. Theological no-lawism, which is so popular in religious circles just now, is anarchism. It is radical and far-reaching. It begins with the