

The Sabbath Recorder

Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Cor. 4: 16-18.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—Beautiful Boulder; The General Conference; General Conference—Missionary Society's Hour.....	289-294	Lincoln on Lynch Law.....	309
CONDENSED NEWS—The Olympic Athletes; Labor Day; The Fleet at Melbourne; Women and Philanthropy; Count Tolstoy's Birthday.....	294	Religious Indifference.....	309
The Convocation—Fellowship in Christian Service.....	296	WOMAN'S WORK—My Task, (Poetry); Motherhood in Heathen Lands.....	310
Leave it With Him, (Poetry).....	299	Jews in the United States.....	311
General Conference—Address of Welcome; President's Address—Our Opportunities and Our Needs.....	300-305	What it Cost.....	312
MISSIONS—Broad Fields, Few Laborers.....	305	Habitual Kindness.....	312
An Important Decision.....	306	CHILDREN'S PAGE—A Riddle, (Poetry); Fred's Crow.....	313
Some Things That Are "Visited".....	307	Resolutions of Appreciation.....	314
Sankey a Mother-Made Man.....	308	Boorishness or Manliness.....	315
A Wholesome Tongue.....	308	Want a Bible Study Sunday.....	315
		HOME NEWS.....	316
		Deacon Benjamin P. Langworthy.....	317
		The Soul's Cry and the Saviour's Answer.....	317
		Does a Vacation Pay?.....	318
		DEATHS.....	318
		SABBATH SCHOOL.....	319

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Published weekly, under the auspices of the Sabbath School Board, by the American Sabbath Tract Society, at PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

TERMS.

Single copies per year60 cents

Ten copies, or upwards, per copy50 cents

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 65, NO. 10.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., SEPT. 7, 1908.

WHOLE NO. 3,314.

THEO. L. GARDINER, D. D., Editor.

N. O. MOORE, Business Manager.

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year\$2.00

Papers to foreign countries, including Canada, will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.

No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the **SABBATH RECORDER**, Plainfield, N. J.

EDITORIAL

Beautiful Boulder.

The Boulder pilgrimage is ended, and the pilgrims find themselves guests in this beautiful city of 12,000 inhabitants, under the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains. Something like two hundred delegates are now being cared for by the few Seventh-day Baptist families, in a most royal manner. Twenty-three are being entertained in the cozy little home of Dr. F. O. Burdick, and in a good-sized tent in his yard. The little church is packed to its utmost capacity each evening and well filled in each day session of the Convocation. The cottages and tents at the Chautauqua grounds are rapidly being taken, and each day brings Conference nearer. The good people of this little church certainly have their hands full for Convocation week, but they are bearing the burden with a charming grace, and seem delighted with the privilege.

But I began to write about "Beautiful Boulder." There seems to be no other appropriate adjective with which to describe this city and its surroundings. The alliteration makes it easy to use, but there is a real and natural cause for its having passed into a proverb wherever Boulder is known.

The Rocky Mountains of Colorado offer ideal places for summer vacation retreats and for health resorts. The altitude of many of her towns, the clear, dry, exhilarating atmosphere, the cool temperature during the heated season, and the excellent

mineral springs, conspire to make Colorado the Mecca for thousands of health seekers, and for those in need of rest for body or mind. Her stores of minerals and precious metals have solicited the labors of enterprising men, and enabled them to build splendid cities, and to establish excellent institutions.

The stupendous grandeur of these mountains is scarcely excelled in any land. What the Alps are to Europe, the Rockies are to America. I have stood upon the heights above the valley of the Tiber, and admired the hills and campagna around Rome; have viewed from Vesuvius the charming landscape spreading away around the Bay of Naples; have looked upon the beautiful vale of the Arno, and feasted my eyes upon the plain of Lombardy about Milan, with the snowy Alps towering to the sky along the northern Italian plains; I have stood enraptured among the mountain peaks that surround Lake Lucerne; and I am ready to affirm that the grand stretches of mountains and lakes and wide-spreading plains about "Beautiful Boulder" combine to make a picture worthy to hang beside any of them. The city itself, embowered in groves and gardens, hanging on the terraces of the foothills, with its beautiful homes and palaces, its fine public buildings, and its mountain torrent rushing through, seems like a precious gem set in emerald.

Take your stand with me upon the terrace near the auditorium at the Chautauqua grounds and look away to the eastward and the northward! This beautiful city is one mile away; and what a gem it does seem, set in such surroundings! Stretching away at your feet fifteen miles to the "gun-barrel hills" lies a broad plain of as magnificent farming lands as can be found on the face of the earth. I know no other expanse so rich and promising for husbandry, unless it be the valley of the North Loup, in Nebraska. Boulder adds to this the grandeur of mountain scenery, which rivals any we have ever seen. This plain is dotted over with small lakes, whose silver

sheen in the morning sun illumines the landscape like mirrors under a crystal sky.

Turning a little to the left you see Boulder with its fine cottage homes stretching along the hillside toward the Chautauqua, skirting the edge of the plain, and clambering up the terraces to the very foot of the "Flagstaff" peak, which towers 2,500 feet above the city. Fifteen minutes' walk will take you to the canon on the one side and the plain on the other. The altitude of the city itself is 5,350 feet.

All along the horizon to the westward, and extending away to the southward as far as the eye can reach, can be seen peak beyond peak of bare, almost perpendicular rocks, lifting up their heads to the very heavens. As they stand illumined by the morning sun, and clear-cut in the rare Colorado atmosphere they present a scene of the grandest confusion. This mighty wall of pinnacled rocks forms the western boundary of the Mississippi basin and the Great Plains. No pen can describe the scene; no picture can do it justice. It must be seen, to be appreciated.

Give the cities and the scenery along these mountain ranges the benefits of three thousand years of history with the classic associations of many generations, and all the world would hasten to pay them homage. For the simple lover of the grand and the beautiful, the scenes of this country are equal to those of the old world; but for the lover of classic literature and ancient arts, they lack the inspiration and charm of long historic associations.

When we think of the few years that have passed since the first "prairie schooners" dragged their weary way across the pathless plains toward this mountain wall, and when we stop to realize that the old men of our own day were among those pioneers, it is hard to believe that these splendid cities have sprung up in so short a time. One might think, if he did not know the facts, that these towns had enjoyed a thousand years of growth and prosperity. With all the wealth of the rich plains, and the stores of gold and silver and iron in the mountains right at their doors, these thriving towns have a wonderful future. Who can estimate the splendor and wealth and power that shall come to them before the century shall close? It

thrills the very soul to think of such vast possibilities, and almost makes one wish he might live to see their realization.

Now let us leave this terrace at Chautauqua, and take a little glance through the city itself. The trolley is approaching the loop at the gate of the grounds, and five minutes' ride will bring us well within the resident section of Boulder. You are impressed with the substantial, cozy stone cottages built in attractive modern styles, and with the well-kept lawns and thrifty gardens. Several millionaires with their palatial residences and business enterprises have helped to give the city an air of luxury and splendor which it could not otherwise possess. The fact that an unusually large proportion of the people own their homes will account largely for the tidy, homelike appearance of so many of these beautiful shaded streets.

Another thing that makes Boulder prosperous and homelike is the utter absence of the saloon. The infamous liquor traffic is outlawed in Boulder. The people evidently see the inconsistency of trying to build a city of happy and beautiful homes where the laboring man can own and embellish his residence, and at the same time licensing dens of iniquity and temptation that always rob men of their money and their manhood. The people here evidently think more of their own boys and girls, and of having a clean moral atmosphere in which they shall live, than they do of securing blood-money from the accursed liquor traffic with which to "pave their streets."

The University of Colorado finds a beautiful, clean school town in Boulder. Its buildings and grounds are between the main city and the Chautauqua grounds. Aside from this, Boulder has nine fine public school buildings, with fifty teachers, and a state preparatory High school. In all these schools there are 1,375 students. This statement does not include the Chautauqua summer school, which attracts to its halls one thousand teachers for special work and recreation.

There is a prosperous loan association that has built over 400 homes for its people. Boulder can boast of eleven churches, a \$40,000 Young Men's Christian Association building, a \$15,000 Carnegie Library,

two daily and five weekly papers, three railroads, and a good electric car system, reaching to Denver. It enjoys the luxury of natural gas for fuel and lights, and a fine electric plant, also for lighting the city. A commercial association of nearly four hundred members gives its push and energy to every good business enterprise. The city has a good modern sewerage system, two artificial ice plants, three plants for making pressed brick, and a fine flour-mill.

Two sanitariums, well equipped, offer their services to all who need such helpful retreats. There are three good hotels, one of which cost \$100,000.00. The Federal Government has appropriated \$60,000.00 for a new postoffice building, and the city enjoys the free delivery service. There is a paid fire department. There are many mines near Boulder, where are found gold, silver, tungsten (a fine metal for hardening steel), zinc, lead, copper, lime, building stone, coal, oil and gas. As to climate, the annual mean temperature is 51 degrees, and the mean summer temperature is 65 degrees.

It is needless to say that the more than two hundred "Convocationites" who have come from Dan to Beersheba in Seventh-day Baptist land are having a happy and profitable time in Boulder. The Conference opens tomorrow at the Chautauqua, where all will live in cottages and tents for the week to come.

Of the Convocation, I must write later.

The General Conference.

The twenty-sixth day of August, 1908, dawned bright and beautiful over the Chautauqua park at Boulder. The morning sun lit up the Rocky peaks towering fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above the auditorium, and the glow of the new day was reflected from them in softened light upon cottages and tents where more than a hundred delegates had passed the night. There were signs of life in the camp before the sun had shown his face to the dwellers in Boulder lying one thousand feet below. At an early hour newcomers began to enter, seeking camp homes for Conference week, and this little cottage-tent city began to show something of the life and animation usual to the meeting of friends and

the renewing of acquaintances just before our annual gatherings.

Breakfast was served in the great dining hall at 8 o'clock, and by the time 10.30 had arrived everything was ready for the opening of the General Conference. Promptly at 10.30 President Van Horn called the meeting to order. After an animated song service with President Daland at the piano, and S. C. Terry leading the song, Pastor F. O. Burdick extended to the Conference a hearty welcome, which will appear in the RECORDER. He was followed by Rev. S. R. Wheeler, Boulder's first pastor, who gave the story of the early struggles of our people here in building their house of worship, and gave interesting reminiscences from the early history of Boulder, and of the establishment of the Chautauqua at this place.

The response of the Secretary of Conference, Rev. W. D. Wilcox, was full of the spirit of the Master; and in well-chosen words he expressed the delight of all the visitors with their pleasant surroundings, and with their cordial welcome and entertainment during the Convocation.

Then followed the President's address, which was broad and comprehensive in its treatment of the great questions that confront the Christian world today. This address will appear in full in the RECORDER, and we hope you will all read it.

After the appointment of the important Committee on Nominations, the Conference adjourned for the noon hour. During this hour let us take a stroll through

THE CHAUTAUQUA GROUNDS

and see our immediate surroundings. To begin with, here is the auditorium, capable of seating five thousand people, standing on the eastern side of the park. There sits by my elbow, as I write, an old soldier musician from North Loup, who made music for Sherman's army in its march to Atlanta and the sea. He is full of music yet, and it is interesting to hear him tell of the days when he with others "broke ground" for this auditorium.

The park has been transformed from a rocky terrace to the present beautiful spot. There are eighty acres in the original lot, and a quarter-section has since been added, making in all 240 acres.

A part of this is now in a park for deer, several of which can be seen browsing contentedly in the gorge close by. The center of the park is nicely laid out in a flower garden with fine walks and many beds of beautiful flowers. As we step out of the south door of the auditorium we see at our left, close by, a beautiful large arbor covered with vines. In this are tables and seats for use in basket picnics. Something over one hundred cottages surround the central garden, forming a hollow square, and about the same number of tents are nestled in among the fruit trees and flower beds in the center. Close at hand above these cottages and tents is a good-sized reservoir of clear spring water for the use of Chautauqua people. On the northern side of the garden, at the lower edge of the cottage town toward Boulder, is the dining pavilion, capable of seating two hundred guests at one sitting. It is an ideal place, over 6,000 feet above sea level, and the Conference people enjoy it much. The trolley line from the town runs to the entrance gate a few rods below the auditorium, giving people a chance every fifteen minutes to go and come between town and camp.

But the two hundred delegates are now through with dinner, and the hour is at hand for the afternoon service.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION.

Promptly at two o'clock the Conference was called to order and the work of the afternoon was begun by the report of the Sabbath School Board, by Walter L. Greene. This was an interesting session. President Daland gave a fine offhand talk upon the relation between higher criticism and Sabbath-school work. We regret very much that he did not have a written address, which could be given to the RECORDER readers, and we are very sorry that we are utterly incapable of giving even so much as a fair and intelligent summary of this hustling talk. All who have heard President Daland talk when he is crowded for time, and as full of his subject as a locomotive is of steam, will appreciate the utter helplessness of any ordinary pen that would undertake to place what he says on paper. The only way the RECORDER readers can hope to know what he said in that

address is to persuade him to write it out so we can get it into type. Then we can get hold of it and give it to you, but there is no other way for you to get it. Even his most attentive hearers had to keep well awake if they caught all the words that fell from his lips. Again I say, I wish you could have heard him.

President Davis followed President Daland with the subject, "Religious Training in the Home." Since his address was written, we shall be able to give it in full.

The program for the Young People's hour was, as usual, full of interest. One of the encouraging features in our outlook for the future of our people is the active interest taken in denominational work by the young people. The papers read by them this year were fully up to the standard of former years. Miss Florence Clement of North Loup gave the address on "Committee Work," and Arlie Thorngate, of the same place, read the report of Junior work prepared by the superintendent, Walter G. Rood. Miss Eleanor Dunn read the paper prepared by Carrie E. Nelson on "Mission Work and Sabbath Reform." All these papers and the Secretary's report will appear in the Young People's Department of the RECORDER. At the close of this hour the young people's prize banner, which has been held by Ashaway for two years, was presented to the society at Fouke, who had won it, to hold for the year to come. The evening session was occupied by a preaching service, in which Rev. Samuel R. Wheeler, the pioneer pastor at Boulder, preached upon the subject, "Jesus Christ the Same Yesterday, Today and Forever."

TALLY-HO TO THE DITCHES.

At the close of the afternoon session, friends of Brother Hills appeared at the gate of the Chautauqua, to take some of the delegates out into the fields to show the benefits of irrigation. Brother Hills had been asked to invite some of his friends who would be interested in this matter, to be ready to go, and two great four-horse tally-hos were on hand to take them, and twenty-five or thirty improved the opportunity. For two hours we were treated to this free ride over the plain; and thus we saw what transformations a few little ditches of water can make in the appear-

ance of the fields. The barren, parched lands when placed under the ditch become fruitful gardens and profitable fields. The transformation is quite as great in physical things as is that which comes in spiritual things through the water of life when applied to human souls.

GOOD WORDS FOR OUR PEOPLE.

Riding on the trolley from Boulder to the Conference grounds, on the second morning of the session, the editor overheard a little conversation which did him good. It seems that one of our men had been talking with a professor in one of Boulder's schools, who was also the superintendent of the Chautauqua just closed here. Years of experience had led him to notice the characteristics of different people who had at various times used the Chautauqua grounds and buildings. In the conversation referred to, this gentleman said: "This is the finest bunch of people I ever saw on these grounds." I felt a deep sense of joy when these words fell upon my ears. It means indeed much to us when such words are spoken by strangers who witness the deportment of our young people and our Christian workers, when in large numbers they go abroad to hold conventions. It is a thing we should all regard with great satisfaction.

General Conference—Missionary Society's Hour.

The morning session of the second day of Conference was given to the Missionary Society. Everybody was sorry to learn of the sickness of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. E. B. Saunders, and of his inability to prepare his annual report and be present at Conference. Many people will pray for his speedy recovery, and that he may be spared for many years of work for the Master. In his absence, Brother George B. Carpenter presented a message from the Missionary Board, which was full of interest to all. He gave a brief history of the forward movements in our mission work during the year. The work and conditions upon both home and foreign fields were spoken of in a clear and concise manner and in the true missionary spirit. This message was followed by an address by Rev. F. E. Peterson, on the subject, "The

Spirit of Missions Essential to True Denominationalism." At the close of the address the noon hour was so near at hand that the next address by Rev. L. C. Randolph was postponed until sometime on Sabbath afternoon. The session of the missionary hour was a good one.

Next came the

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PROGRAM,

in which Dean Main presented the annual report as corresponding secretary. This excellent report was followed by one of Dr. Daland's rousing addresses, which was received with applause by the audience. His subject was, "The Need of Religion in Education," in which he expressed the hope that more and more our own colleges might be religious schools.

Dr. Daland's address was followed by an excellent paper by Prof. S. B. Bond of Salem, read by Prof. M. H. Van Horn, president of Conference. The subject of this paper was, "The Need of Education in Religion." It will appear in the RECORDER. Then followed a strong plea upon "The Ministry and Religious Education," by President B. C. Davis of Alfred. It was full of good thoughts and will be prepared for our readers. When they read it, I wish they could read into it the life and enthusiasm of the speaker.

The closing item of this hour was a paper by Dean Main, upon the important question of "Seventh-day Baptists and Religious Education." This was listened to with deep interest. It will appear, for your perusal, in due time.

This closed an excellent session upon the general question of Religious Education.

It would be well for Seventh-day Baptists who have young people to educate, if they could have all the good thoughts of this education hour written upon the tablets of their hearts.

THE PROGRAM OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD.

The Thursday evening session of Conference was given to the Woman's Board, and was fully up to the excellent standard of former years. Mrs. John H. Babcock of Milton presided over this session, and the report of the Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. A. Platts, was presented by Mrs. George Rood. The reports and papers of this pro-

gram will appear in the Woman's Department of the RECORDER. The North Loup ladies' quartet furnished excellent music for this service.

After the devotional exercises, which were led by Mrs. G. H. Trainer and Mrs. F. E. Peterson, the usual collection was taken for the work of the Board, which amounted to twelve dollars. The Treasurer's report was read by Mrs. A. B. West of Milton Junction, which makes a good showing for the year's work. Miss Ethel Davis, of the Pacific coast, sang a solo entitled "My Father Knows," which was heartily appreciated by the audience.

Then followed a paper prepared by Mrs. G. H. F. Randolph of Fouke and read by Mrs. Wilburt Davis of Farnam, Nebraska, which was full of practical points for the consideration of Seventh-day Baptists, regarding the neglect of fields in the Southwest. The paper was entitled, "Fouke and the Needs of the Southwest." It was a very fine setting forth of the needs, conditions, and opportunities in that great field. It is really too bad that our people are letting others enter the doors we have opened, and capture all we have gained.

The duet by Misses Pierce and Ordway of Chicago, "Hark, Hark, My Soul," which followed Mrs. Randolph's paper, was listened to with great interest. The ladies are to be congratulated upon the fine variety of music given in this service, entirely by women. It made a very pleasant change.

The paper by Mrs. Mary F. Whitford of Nile, N. Y., entitled, "Business Initiative—How can we furnish employment for our Sabbath-keeping young men and women?" was read by Mrs. W. D. Burdick of Farina, Illinois. It was a strong paper showing both sides of this important question. There certainly are two sides to it, and it can never be satisfactorily settled until the young people as well as the business men shall learn well their part in its solution.

This paper closed the addresses for the evening, and after singing "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," the ladies gave over the meeting to the President of Conference.

The important Committee on Nominations made a partial report, naming the members of committees for department work, who

have to do their work on Friday afternoon.

The audience this evening was larger than in any previous meeting, and great interest was manifested in the women's work.

CONDENSED NEWS

The Olympic Athletes.

The Olympic athletes are home again, bearing their crown of wild olive from the world contest. New Yorkers turned out en masse to give them welcome. No general, returning with all the honors of war, ever received a more enthusiastic or lustier greeting.

We Americans are a "shouting" people and a sport-loving people and it was fitting that we should thus show our appreciation of those who had come from taking part in perhaps the greatest contest of the kind that the world has ever known; and who, against competitors of the greatest skill, had won universal championship.

Sixty-three of the ninety-eight, who represented America in London, were present, and each received a gold medal with his name on it. Fifteen thousand took part in the parade in their honor.

One little incident affords a pathetic side to the picture. While the Americans were returning in triumph, the Italian who came so near winning the Marathon race fell from his tricycle, breaking his leg and bringing to an end his career as a runner.

On Monday, August 31, the athletes visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. Leaving their boats they marched, two abreast, to Sagamore Hill, giving vent to their good spirits in song and finally, as they came in view of the President's house, whistling "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." They were received by the President, Mrs. Roosevelt and their son Kermit. Before leaving, some one proposed three cheers for "the greatest President the United States ever had," and the house fairly trembled with their response.

As they left they sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

These details are of deeper interest than appears on the surface. One sees in them the American spirit, generous in applause

appreciative of the physical as well as the intellectual, democratic, independent, not refined enough to be weak.

Labor Day.

Some years ago an Englishman remarked, in my hearing, "You Americans have so few holidays!" Evidently many in our country think differently. One of the last added to our calendar is Labor Day. If we may believe the newspaper accounts this holiday was by no means easily obtained from the various State Legislatures. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says "To get the magic words 'legal holiday' after 'Labor Day' in the official almanacs was the work of more than fifteen years." It is now observed by every state in the Union, "except North Dakota. In Louisiana the observance is only in Orleans parish, and in Wyoming it is observed by proclamation of the Governor, but the holiday is as near country wide as it could be without the enactment of a national law."

Admiral Robley D. Evans has been placed on the retired list.

The Fleet at Melbourne.

The American fleet made its official landing at Melbourne, Australia, on Monday, August 31. As elsewhere Rear Admiral Sperry and his men received most kindly greetings. Thousands had crowded into Melbourne to give them welcome.

While the officers of the fleet have been shown great courtesy by the Melbourne officials, the marines and sailors have been the recipients of much informal hospitality.

Women and Philanthropy.

Women have taken an active part in most of the movements toward improving the condition of mankind. We remember that almost two hundred years ago a woman, Lady Mary Montagu, introduced into England what was at that time the best-known method of fighting smallpox, namely, inoculation. Today we have lost the old-time dread of that disease, and it pales in significance before the growing horror of the White Plague. Little wonder when we are told that, in New York State, there is a death from consumption every thirty-six minutes in the year!

In the crusade against this terrible

disease, again a woman is taking an active part, Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lady Aberdeen is president of the Woman's National Health Association and as president of the Irish committee, has directed the making out of the report already sent in, from the Irish section, for the International Congress on Tuberculosis, to be held in Washington in September.

Count Tolstoy's Birthday.

On the twenty-eighth day of August Count Tolstoy reached his eightieth birthday. He is still writing, still fighting, still advocating the principles to which he has devoted his life. Some of these, as his principle of non-resistance, are beyond the full sympathy of his time. So was the principle of the Golden Rule beyond the comprehension of the world of Christ's day. Would not the Christ, if living now, be criticised for over-meekness?

It would be interesting to know what Tolstoy's countrymen, high and low, will think of him fifty years hence. It is plain what the people outside think of him today.

He has established himself as a writer. Such works as "Anna Karenina" and "Resurrection" are products of a strong, heroic, and constant mind. There is no shadow of turning. Having espoused the cause of the oppressed, he will continue to fight for them, suffer with them, yes, die for them if need be.

He has been the friend of the Jews and all over the world they owe him gratitude.

Like all men who give themselves unselfishly to the cause of humanity, he is hated by some of the very ones whom he is trying to help. The revolutionists are at enmity with him because he has denounced their extreme measures. As for those who are in the high places of Russia, it is hard to say what they would do with him were he an obscure man. He is too much in the world's eye to be dealt with as they deal with the masses.

Notwithstanding this good man has so lately expressed a wish to be put to death with the so-called criminals of his land rather than by living to seem to be party to their persecutions, yet we cannot help wishing for him a still longer life of labor and usefulness.

THE CONVOCATION

Fellowship in Christian Service.

CONVOCATION ADDRESS BY REV. T. J. VAN HORN.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—*David*.

"And we shall sit at endless feast
Enjoying each the other's good.
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of love on earth?"

—*Tennyson*.

"If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another."—*John*.

Thus have poet and philosopher touched the vital chord in human hearts. The longing of the soul is for sympathy. The truth is written large in the social constitution of the race that man was made for the fellowship of his kind. The Word of Inspiration reinforces this great law of our being. It is a picture of rare beauty and attractiveness that is placed before us by the New Testament writers, of the fellowship that existed in the social life of the early church. It was a privilege with which the members of that community seemed enamored. It was a fellowship so simple and sincere as to be patent to all beholders. It could be truthfully said of them by the historian, that they had favor with God and all the people. It became a common remark among outsiders, "Behold, how these Christians love one another." One of those who had passed to the highest degree in such enjoyments writes: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us."

We find this fellowship growing into a communion, a compact so powerful as to successfully resist interference from outside forces, many and multiform. The civil power tried to break its advance, but it continued to gain strength in the face of fierce and bitter persecution. Nothing could stay its progress. There was and is a unity so forceful and so unique in this Christian *κοινωνία* as to challenge explanation. To understand the philosophy of that early community, and to discover the principles on which it was founded, and ac-

ording to which its members worked, is to find the way to success and power. I can hope for nothing more, in performance of the task assigned me, than to make a feeble effort in explanation of this social phenomenon. Yet it lies in embryo in the phraseology of my theme.

We are reminded in the beginning of our inquiry, that there was the element of Divinity in this fellowship. It had its origin when, in the counsels of the eternities, Father, Son and Holy Spirit communed together of the creation of man, his fall and his redemption. If, in those mysterious counsels, the theme was the power and glory of the eternal God to be exhibited in creative energy, even that which was to culminate in the making of man in God's own image; and if, in those Divine participations, it was recognized that man would be reduced and fall from his high estate, the plan was there laid for his restoration. It was to be by means of the Son offering himself to a life of unselfish service.

"I will leave these holy associations," said He, "I will surrender all this celestial glory, to teach man the way back to God."

And God said, "Go."

Here then was the origin of that fellowship that has been a potent factor in the world's redemption. It follows that this fellowship was inspired and controlled by that unique personality. It was built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.

The members of that fellowship acknowledged their allegiance to Him in unswerving loyalty. His example was their law, His teaching was the end of controversy. He stood to them in the relation of vine to branch. He was the head, they the members of the body. He was the Great Intelligence whose wisdom directed all the movements of the body. He opened His heart, and His life flowed into their lives. It was He who worked through them, "both to will and to do of his good pleasure." Without Him they could do nothing.

It is not hard to understand that a fellowship of kindred spirits who were thus dependent upon a great personality must have unity. But it was a unity of a striking kind. There was nothing mechanical about it. One life was the life of them all. It was a vital union. They all think the same thing. They are all of one accord, of one mind. They are swayed by one mighty purpose.

And yet in this unity, there is such diversity that every type of individuality finds room for exercise and development. Every one finds a place, and such is the character of the union that it suffers in its operation if the least member fails in its working.

On the other hand every faculty and fibre of the individual is nourished and developed as if the whole organization worked for that special end. It is a union in which one thinks not of his own individuality, in his eagerness to serve the common end.

And yet the strongest individuality is maintained by means of this self-forgetful service. To paraphrase a law laid down by Him who was its highest exponent, "Whosoever will save his individuality shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his individuality for my sake shall find it." Is it not thus only that union of any strength or vitality can be preserved? In striking metaphor Paul illustrates this diversified unity:

"For the body is not one member, but many.

"If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?"

"And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?"

"If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?"

"But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him.

"And if they were all one member, where were the body?"

"But now are they many members, yet but one body.

"And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the

head to the feet, I have no need of you. "Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary.

"And those members of the body, which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness."

And this implied another outstanding feature of the fellowship we are considering. It is a communion of unselfish service. It is not merely an association of congenial spirits where there may be enjoyed a high grade of æsthetic and refined social intercourse. It is not a mere idle indulgence of kindred souls in pleasing converse. Such seasons may be confidently expected. They are the rewards of our holy fellowship. We shall be able to say, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he spake to us in the way, while he opened to us the scriptures?" But these experiences will be only occasions where the fire of enthusiasm for practical service will flame up and we shall see, as did Peter and Paul, a vital relation between our "Visions and Tasks." Our Master shall say, as to the disciples of old, "Come ye apart for a while;" but even in our recreative seasons the multitudes shall press upon us with their pathetic needs, and the voice of Jesus shall bid us "Give ye them to eat."

The purpose of this fellowship shall not be attained by seeking its advancement as an end in itself. Herein is the distinction that exalts this fellowship above many fraternal orders. They exist for the mutual protection and financial advantage of their members. Admission to these fraternal orders, over and above whatever there may be of social privilege, is a business proposition, pure and simple. *Quid pro quo* is the essence of their philosophy. They exist simply for themselves. But if fellowship in Christian service is promised returns, it is conditional upon obedience to this teaching of its Great Exemplar.

"For if ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them.

"And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same.

"And if ye lend to *them* of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again.

"But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

This unselfishness in service for others, moreover, must extend beyond generosity in material things. The idea of fellowship, in truth, involves interchange of mental rather than material possessions. There is a type of selfishness and pride in our own intellectual possessions, the product of our mental labors, that is as subversive of Christian fellowship, as stinginess in material wealth. There is however this notable difference, that while we selfishly hoard our material wealth, we insist upon our fellows accepting the product of our intellectual struggles, and are inclined to be offended if they ungraciously decline the gift. The culture of Christian communion requires that we generously regard the conclusions and deductions of other men's study, and if, in honesty to ourselves, we cannot accept these deductions as equal in value to our own, we may yet refuse to be offended if *they* decline to prefer *our* conclusions.

Faithful adherence to a few Pauline maxims would steady and uphold the spirit of sound fellowship, in times when brethren begin to distrust one another regarding matters of doctrine and discipline and polity, and the milk of human kindness is changing to acid.

"In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another; in honor preferring one another."

"Be not wise in your own conceits."

How can brethren in the bonds of this fellowship resist the pathetic pleading of the great apostle for harmony, when he writes to the Philippian brethren:

"If *there be* therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies,

"Fulfill ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, *being* of one accord, of one mind.

"Let nothing *be done* through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:"

Of course there is *sacrifice* involved in this unselfish service. Sometimes a sacrifice of cherished plans and hopes, a sacrifice of place and power, a sacrifice of personal preferences. To preserve this fellowship there will be a communion of sorrow and of rejoicing, a participation in instruction and training, a sharing of toil and suffering. And we shall see the privilege as Paul saw it when he wrote: "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to *suffer* for his sake."

There shall come out of this noise of strife and groaning

A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim, postponing

All selfish seeking for the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to another

Be what Christ would have him,—brother unto brother.

And the joy of fellowship becomes a deep fountain, as the marks of suffering together for His sake deepen in our lives; and we say with Paul again:

"Henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear branded on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Finally, the fellowship we have in mind finds explanation in the *character* of the *purpose* animating all the members thereof. It is not merely that they are interested in the same thing, but it is the highest object the human mind can grasp.

It is the honor and glory of Jesus Christ, whose unique personality controls the whole body.

"This one thing I do . . . that I may win Christ" is the devoted language of each one. Nor is it glory and honor of Him in mere abstract qualities, which thus calls forth their exertion. A purpose sways them that is one with the purpose of Him whose glory they seek. Jesus "came to seek and to save that which was lost." This

was His dominant aim, the great trend of His existence. From the dimmest prophecy of His coming to the fullness of time when the angels proclaimed His birth, and on to the supreme moment on the cross when He cried, "It is finished," the scarlet thread of redemption guides the student to this one climax in history—the salvation of men. The further away any aggregation of men get from this aim, the weaker the bond of fellowship. The more earnestly and persistently men, in fellowship bound, pursue this end, the compacter and stronger will be the organization, the sweeter and more joyful the fellowship. Numbers is a negligible factor here. The bond is weakened when they step aside for the consideration of mechanical adjustment or technical and hair-splitting differences. The questions that need to concern them are:

"Are we in harmony with Jesus Christ and His methods in saving men?"

"Do the doctrines we hold subordinate themselves to God's plan of redemption?"

"Does our system of church polity subserve the great ends of the gospel of Jesus Christ?"

"Does anything we hold or practise hinder in any way the wings of the messenger who goes in obedience to the great commandment, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,' 'baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you'?"

Obedience to any command of His is a thoroughfare through which Jesus comes to abide in our hearts. "If a man love me, he will keep my word: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

When we yield ourselves to His great law of love, and gird ourselves for the humblest service in behalf of our fellow men, we are in the highway to the portals of glory opening wide, and the King shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father."

Thus shall be ushered in the final and never-ending stage of Christian fellowship. And even here unselfish service shall enter as a large factor to sweeten and deepen the bliss of that eternal communion.

"And there shall be no curse any more: and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein: and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads."

Boulder, Colorado,

August 22, 1908.

Leave It With Him.

Yes, leave it with Him,
The lilies all do,
And they grow.

They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow.

They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night,
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light;
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care,
As they grow.

Dropped down in the valley,
The field, anywhere—
Therefore they grow.

They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white,
They grow, clothed in glory, by heaven's own light;
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed,
And the ravens are fed
From His store;

But you who are loved,
And guarded, and led,
How much more

Will He clothe you and feed you and give you
His care?
Then leave it with Him, He has everywhere
Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him,
'Tis more dear to His heart,
You will know,

Than the lilies that bloom
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow.

Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His care,
You, you know.

—Presbyterian.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live."—Isaiah 55: 1-3.

The Seventh-day Baptist General Conference

One Hundred and Sixth Anniversary, Ninety-Sixth Session, Boulder, Colo., August 26-31, 1908.

Address of Welcome.

PASTOR F. O. BURDICK, OF BOULDER.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:—On behalf of the Boulder Seventh-day Baptist Church, it is my pleasant duty as its pastor to extend to you, the General Conference of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of America, welcome.

I welcome you to this great, growing West, where we, the members of the little Boulder Church, came a few years ago to establish our homes and plant our church banners.

I welcome you to Colorado, one of the youngest, nevertheless, because of its vastness of territory and its untold resources, one of the mightiest states in the Union.

I welcome you to our beautiful city, nestled at the foot of the mighty Rockies—beautiful not only because of what nature has kindly wrought for her, but also because of what her Christian citizenship has made of her by driving out the saloon, gambling dens and brothels. To such an atmosphere, doubly born of heaven, I bid you welcome.

I welcome you to our church, not large in numbers, but earnest and truly alive to all the interests of our beloved Zion, ready and anxious to strike hands with you for the advancement of our common cause.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Boulder is among the youngest in the sisterhood of churches and the nearest to the setting sun of any save one. It was organized May 20, 1893, with a constituent membership of fifteen. Rev. S. R. Wheeler, now of Marlboro, N. J., was its first pastor, and Deacon A. G. Coon, now of North Loup, Nebraska, its first deacon.

Its first business session was held at the home of T. H. Tucker, with Rev. S. R. Wheeler moderator and T. H. Tucker clerk. At this meeting a committee of three was appointed to see about securing a lot on which to build a church. Before the next regular session of the church was held, the clerk of the newly organized church, chairman of the building lot com-

mittee, and one of the founders of the church, Tho. H. Tucker, was called from the church militant to the church triumphant; and so soon after its organization the church was called to mourn the loss of a valuable member. After quite a struggle financially and otherwise, the lot was secured, the church was built (after having been nearly washed away by a flood) and dedicated February 16, 1895.

The church has had two pastors: Rev. S. R. Wheeler was the first. He began his pastorate May, 1893, and closed it March, 1903, serving about ten years. The present incumbent began his pastorate in April, 1903, and is now serving on his sixth year. Three deacons have served the church: Deacon A. G. Coon began his services in May, 1893, and closed them May, 1904, serving eleven years. Deacon A. L. Clark and Deacon S. J. Swan were ordained by the church September 30, 1904, and are still serving in that capacity.

In the fifteen and one-half years of the church's history it has enrolled 123 members. At present it numbers 60. During all this time it has been greatly assisted, financially and otherwise, in building the church edifice and in supporting its pastor by the Missionary Board, for which help the church is very grateful. Such in brief is the history of the church to which I welcome you.

To many of you this is the first introduction to your far western sister. To us this is the first welcome to a denominational gathering of any kind; and I have the honor of extending the first welcome to the General Conference this far west.

Lastly, permit me to welcome you to this beautiful Texardo Park. Nature has done all, seemingly, that it can to make this spot beautiful. Mountains, rocks, and canons on the west; broad plains, diversified with lakes and streams, fertile fields and trees, on the east. Here, in the very heart of nature, you will sojourn for a time, drinking in the exhilarating mountain air, feasting on the beauties of nature, re-

cuperating body and spirit. Remember these lovely things about you are the gift of God. Breathe deeply, then, this pure mountain air, enjoy yourselves among the clouds, and when the time comes for you to go home, may you truly feel that you have never been so near heaven before. We bespeak for you a happy time while you stay here, and may you be so refreshed and invigorated in body and in spirit, that when you return to your homes you may be better prepared to take up life's work again.

May Heaven's choicest benediction rest on all your deliberations. Again we welcome you.

President's Address—Our Opportunity and Our Needs.

PROF. M. H. VAN HORN.

For me to attempt to address the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference as its president, with the able, scholarly and comprehensive address of Dean Main, president last year, still fresh in your minds, seems almost like presumption. I shall not, however, attempt to tell you anything new, nor shall I venture in this address beyond familiar ground.

In a study of the religious situation as it is today, not only among Seventh-day Baptists but elsewhere, I have been impressed with the almost unprecedented opportunity now presented for aggressive Christian work that would yield great returns; and at the same time, with the unprepared condition of the Christian world to avail itself of the opportunity to its greatest working capacity. With these two points in view and with the hope that Seventh-day Baptists may be in the forefront of the onward movement Christianity should be making today, the program for the next few days has, with the help of many, been carefully worked out. May the blessings of our kind Heavenly Father rest bountifully upon us and the work we shall do during all the sessions of this Conference.

I have said there is open before us a great opportunity. The public conscience which for the last decade has been smothered and trampled underfoot in our mad rush for material prosperity, is now being rejuvenated. It is beginning to assert itself in almost all phases of American modern

life. A new era seems to be dawning. In the world of politics the change is noticeable even amid the strife and turmoil of a political campaign.

In both of the great

POLITICAL PARTIES

we find that men of honest purpose, men in whose moral integrity the people have confidence, are more in demand for public office than formerly. Corrupt political machinery is being pushed rapidly aside and the voice of the people is once more beginning to prevail. Great national weeklies and other periodicals vie with each other in exposing corrupt officials, in upholding and supporting those of high ideals, and find financial reward in an increased circulation. Men once driven from public life because of their devotion to ideals of public duty, their steadfastness of integrity and loyalty, are today becoming popular; and when one such dies, the newspapers of the land unite to pronounce him "the soul of honesty, truthfulness and fidelity." The same noble characteristics in public officials which once were blamed with panics in business, hard times and general unrest, and which resulted in banishment of the officials themselves to private life, are today urged as the strongest possible reasons why such men should remain in office. Men, politically, are beginning to love light whereas they once loved darkness. All of which indicates that the teachings of Christianity, whether the world recognizes them as such or not, are the ideals toward which men even in the political world are today struggling. All Christians should rejoice and be ready to help.

No less noticeable is the change now taking place in

THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Methods of business once looked upon as at least legitimate have lately been placed under the ban of the law. Men now expect and demand at the hands of business more humane and just treatment. Better homes and higher standards of living for employees are engaging the attention of employers. Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University, has completely summed up the business situation of the last few years in the following sentences:

"The attempt of human beings to live as though money were the only thing worth living for has produced a failure and a catastrophe before our own eyes. A few years ago American parents rehearsed to their children the stories of the poor boys who became rich and famous. But now they have ceased to worship Croesus or Midas and are probing the methods by which he acquired his fortune. That is to say, they are subjecting wealth and men of wealth to moral standards. The supremacy of righteousness and character has once more asserted itself.

"The sentiments and attitudes of people towards wealth as such, have changed. We are no longer praying that our children may have big fortunes. We recognize that a little with the fear of the Lord is better than great riches. . . . Some men express their thought in religious language and others in secular. But I think I make no mistake when I say that in the last few years Mammonism has been dethroned in this country; and while parents still desire for their children a sufficiency of bread, they nevertheless clearly recognize that higher still is intelligence, and above both, integrity of character and righteousness of life."

This state of mind among business men, the desire for higher standards, and the upward trend of the thoughts and actions of those engaged in the production of wealth, make it a most opportune time for Christian work.

Moreover, the American people are beginning to see

THE LIQUOR BUSINESS,

that twentieth century slavery question, in its true light and to act accordingly. They have given the business such a scare in the last twelve months that all its resources are being called into action for defense,—a thing unusual and till lately wholly unnecessary. The Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association which met at Niagara in the last week of June deemed it wise to pass many reformatory resolutions, also resolutions condemning the actions of temperance people. The advocates of temperance, or rather prohibition, are rejoicing over the turn affairs have taken. That unique action on the part of the state prohibition convention of Minnesota in sending to the

national convention of the United States Brewers' Association convened at Milwaukee a despatch announcing, "Your business is doomed as your outposts are now carried and the prohibition army is about to move against your main body," bespeaks the assurance of victory that now prevails in the ranks of temperance throughout the United States. The movement is begun. It has been the privilege of Seventh-day Baptists to be in the thick of the fight from the beginning. It is our privilege to help to continue the battle till victory is complete.

One of the slowest elements of present-day life to manifest any sign of an awakening conscience is that fickle, worldly, hard-to-define element termed modern society. But a slight change for the better is noticeable even there.

Enough has been said to make plain the change that is coming over the American people and causing the forces of sin and iniquity to quake and tremble as they have not been made to do in many years. An opportunity is opening for the forces of righteousness to unite and drive from among us the evils that have been sapping our life blood, many of them since the foundation of the nation.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

today has an open field with the enemy already in flight. What is she doing about it? Is she awake to the opportunity? With this quickening of the public conscience, with this flight of the forces of evil, Christians ought already to be occupying the ground. But an inspection of what ought to be our strongest fortresses—the church, the school and the home—reveals to us the fact that we are not as nearly ready as we ought to be. Although the church is, I believe, largely the cause of the present awakening, though perhaps indirectly, yet it for some reason fails to reach the masses of the people. In almost any city, at the hour appointed for church services, when the church bells of the entire city are pealing out their invitations, more men, women and children may be seen wandering upon the streets or seeking places of amusement and recreation, than are seen entering the places of worship. And what is true of the city church is also true of the country and village church, only upon a

smaller and perhaps less intense scale. Visiting, picnicing, outings of any sort are more interesting and attractive than church services. And when the solemn sober thoughts of life steal over these same people, and they feel the need of sympathy, encouragement or help, they seek not the church of God, but some fraternal or other organization instead. They, in wanting better things, do not seem to expect them at the hands of the church. The church does not appeal to them in any mood. It seems to have no place in their lives or to meet any soul-felt need. Something is vitally wrong. The church itself may be in need. Just what is needed is the great question of the day. Is it possible that God's spirit has in any way been crowded out of His church?

AND THE SCHOOL,

that which ought to be one of the strongest Christianizing forces at the command of Christians, has been divorced from religion and religious teaching. Just why religious teaching should be separated from secular, why the Bible should be studiously excluded from the curricula of the public, and other state-supported schools, I cannot understand. We appear to take religious freedom to mean the absence of any religion. Our claim for religious freedom is no better founded, and perhaps no more zealously guarded than that of political freedom; and yet the essentials of good citizenship are, and ought to be, prominent in the curriculum of every school supported by public funds. Teachers as a majority possess sufficiently good judgment not to teach partisanship instead of citizenship. And it seems they could just as consistently be trusted to teach the broad and fundamental principles of the Christian religion without teaching sect or denominationalism, or encroaching in any way upon the established principles of religious freedom. There are today throngs of young men and young women totally ignorant of the teachings of the Bible, who might have been armies of soldiers of the Cross had we dared to let them study the Bible in their school life. They probably have absorbed some of the principles of honesty, justice and morality, but they do not know their true foundation. When we have two distinct kinds of schools, one for

religious training and the other for secular, and indicate to the child by the amount of time given to each, that the importance of one is to the importance of the other about as one to twenty, and by practice at least give the child to understand that while secular things may with propriety be considered in the Sabbath school, yet the principles of religion must not be taught as such in the public school, we are helping to make a nation of people both worldly minded and anti-Christian. This is another problem before the religious world today for solution. Perhaps the present arrangement was as good as could be devised in the early history of the free schools. But the influence of the public school upon the individual life of the nation is too potent, and religious instruction too vital and necessary to the eternal welfare of our youth and the perpetuity of our nation, to allow the opportunity afforded by the schools for fundamental religious training to go to waste. The Catholic church early recognized the need, and met it by establishing the parish school in which there were over a million and a quarter receiving instruction last year. And statistics show that the increase in the membership of the Catholic church is much more rapid than in Protestant churches. But the parish school does not solve the problem.

In a report of the proceedings of the recent annual meeting of the National Education Association in Cleveland we find the following: "The National Education Association wishes to record its approval of the increasing appreciation among educators of the fact that the building of character is the real aim of schools. We hope for such a change of public sentiment as will permit and encourage the reading and study of the English Bible."

Last, but perhaps most important of all phases of life to be considered at this time, is

THE QUALITY OF OUR HOME LIFE.

Some one has said that too many of our homes have recently degenerated into a sort of dormitories—places merely to eat and to sleep. There seems to be a looseness in the government of the home that did not formerly exist. That vigorous and sternly administered government which in the early American home produced a God-fearing

and a law-abiding citizenship, seems out of date; and in its stead we have all too frequently either no family government, or the modern shilly-shally, moral-suasion sort which cannot fail to produce a people with little respect for the authority of either God or man. Many of what should be our best homes are sending out young men and young women without deep-set convictions of right and without firmly established Christian characters.

While our churches, our schools and our homes are in need, that which will materially help us to *meet and supply* not only these but all other needs as well, is found in the oft-repeated expression of the late Dr. O. U. Whitford, namely, "An infilling and an indwelling of the Holy Spirit." We need deeper convictions of duty. We need to be so filled with the Spirit of God that we shall dare, and know how, to utilize all the forces at our command in the building of Christian manhood. We need, more than money, more than organization, more than magnificent church buildings, a deeper and broader spirituality, a richer and fuller spiritual life.

The opportunity is open to all Christians; and the needs are applicable to all Christians. But the opportunity seems doubly open to Seventh-day Baptists. Men are looking for truth today as they have not looked in many years. There is a breaking loose from tradition and ill-founded creeds and tenets, that opens the way for the whole truth as found in God's Holy Word and for which Seventh-day Baptists stand. We should not be found wanting at this crucial time. Let us look about us and if the fruits of our lives are not the fruits of the Spirit, let us in the language of our Saviour, "tarry at Jerusalem till endued with power from on high."

WE SHOULD NOT BE NARROW IN OUR EFFORTS.

A broad view and wide fields of labor will be conducive to growth. One of the surest and best ways for us to interest the world in Sabbath truth is to take a deep, wholesome, helpful interest in the world's affairs. We owe this to the world not simply to call their attention to the Sabbath truth but for the sake of humanity. That which vitally affects our neighbor, of right

demands out attention and enlists our sympathy. There are so many perplexing problems before the world demanding immediate attention that we may be justly said to be recreant to duty if we do not add a thought in their solution.

WE SHOULD BE UNITED.

A house divided against itself has no more assurance of standing in the twentieth century than it had in the days of Christ. The strong should at least be patient with the weak. Brotherly love should freely abound everywhere among us. Sincere, frank, and open in all our dealings with each other, we can present a solid front against the forces of evil.

Finally, we should be strong and courageous in our strife for right and truth. A young man and an old man were at the same time looking upon a panoramic view of the battle of Gettysburg. The young man observing the tears flowing steadily down the furrowed cheek of his companion remarked in a somewhat passive mood, "A great battle." For some moments the older man did not reply. Then slowly lifting the stub of an arm, and pointing to it with his other hand, he answered "I was there." Young men, let us so enter the work that is before us that when the frosts of many years shall have settled upon our heads, we too can point with pride to the scars of battle and say to the younger generation, "In the great fight for God and humanity in the first years of the twentieth century, we were there."

As individuals, let us pray for and confidently expect, a renewal of Christian strength and fortitude in the few days we shall here be together; then let us go forth in God's strength to the work of the new year determined to make the most of the opportunity before us and to help to meet the needs.

August 26, 1908.

A millionaire lay dying. He had lived a life of which, as he now looked back on it, he felt none too proud. To the minister at his bedside he muttered, weakly:

"If I leave a thousand or so to the church will my salvation be assured?"

The minister answered, cautiously:

"I wouldn't like to be positive, but it's well worth trying."—*Ex.*

Missions

The following is from a letter, written by Dr. Rosa Palmberg, and published in the *Medical Missionary*. Speaking of her work in our Mission, Dr. Palmberg says:

"The medical work has been quietly growing without advertisement except the influence of those who have received help, which, I find, is the best kind of advertising. Often a patient who has received benefit has brought eight or nine others with her at some later visit, and the patients coming from long distances frequently tell us, "Your fame is very good in our corner," which, of course, sounds very pleasant to our ears. The number of visits to the dispensary last year were 5,484 as compared with 4,002 the year before and 2,692 the year previous to that.

"The helpless and desperate condition of the insane in this land wins my sympathy almost more than anything else. About the only treatment given them is to puncture them with long needles in the joints, head, stomach and abdomen. If that does not cure them, they are shut up in a room or cage, if the family can afford it; or if too poor, they are chained out under the open sky to a rock, where they can do no mischief. One case that will interest you readers was that of a wheelbarrow coolie. The family was very poor and dependent upon the man for support, and when their support became dependent, they had not enough to feed themselves, much less a crazy man. So they chained him out among the graves to a big post driven in the ground and began starving him to death. I had previously learned of the case and had given him medicine, and felt a longing desire to help him; but this state of things decided me, so I sent word to his mother to bring him to me and I would take care of him, which she gladly did, and for several months he was indeed a very great care.

I had to keep him chained, but treated him kindly and fed him well. His strength was wonderful, as he would twist heavy chains in two, break any lock and handcuff

with his hands behind him. Many a night I have had to get up and go down and catch him and bring him back and lock his chain with a new lock. He never tried to do me harm, but in every way he made me think of the demoniac among the tombs in the country of Gadarenes. At last the landlady rebelled and said he must go. He was much better, although still not recovered. He wandered harmlessly about the streets, coming to us for his food, and gradually grew better. When I returned from my summer vacation I found him in the waiting-room one Sabbath afternoon with a new look in his eye of intelligence and calmness which was good to see. I praised God for the change. He said he wanted work, but every one was afraid to trust him, and asked if I would give him something to do. I took him and he has been my faithful servant since, and it is my hope that he may become a true Christian.

"This has brought to our work more words of approval than anything else I have done, and has been an object lesson in Christianity to all the village."

August 19, 1908.

Broad Fields, Few Laborers.

It was a meeting of the session in the village of East Shang Dung, China. The eaves of the mud building's thatch roof were about six feet above the earth floor; the structure itself, in one room, was hardly more than twelve feet in length and half that in width.

This combined church and school had been cleared of the crowd of country people eager to gaze on the foreigners; the mean tables and benches had been pushed to one side, and "the pastor" with his one elder was ready for the examination of candidates for baptism. An old man who had already been once examined was ushered in.

"You yet wish to enter the church?" asked the missionary.

"I am still of a constant mind," the venerable catechumen replied with dignity.

"What benefit do you expect to receive?" "Peace for my heart." "Whom do you trust for peace?" "My Savior." "And who is your Savior?" "Jesus." "What did Jesus do for man?" "He lived in Judea

for three years and preached the doctrine." "And at last?" "At last he died on the cross." "Why did he die?" "He died to save all men."

The old man was intelligent, and answered clearly questions regarding the sacraments and the commandments. Having repeated the first commandment, the question was asked, "Then how about the gods in the temples?"

In tones of conviction the reply came, "They are idols!" The elder seemed satisfied, and after a few further questions it was agreed to admit the simple-hearted Christian to the church.

Not so fortunate was a later arrival, another aged man. In replying to questions it was brought out that he could not read. Asked for reasons for wishing to enter the church (far too many, it appears, hope to gain the aid of the foreigners in lawsuits), the poor, slow-witted inquirer, at loss for a reply, nervously fingered his clothing and laughed helplessly, while the perspiration stood out in great beads on his forehead.

"What are the sacraments of the church?" the questioner went on. "Baptism and—" It was as far as his memory would take him. "What do we mean by baptism?" His face lighted up with new intelligence: "Baptism—it is washing your face!"

The missionary looked at the countenance of the old man, still grimy with the winter's accumulation, and thought of the still dirtier faces of those others yet in the courtyard without. "No; washing the face is a very good custom indeed, but it is not baptism," said he, and after a little instruction the applicant was dismissed until the next examination, with an injunction to continue living a Christian life and try to understand these doctrines of the church. Simple doctrines they are indeed, yet almost too involved for some such long-dulled minds in China.—*Rev. Paul Patton Faris, in the Interior.*

An Important Decision.

In view of the recent death of Ira D. Sankey, the singer, our readers may be interested in reading again the story of his first acquaintance with Mr. Moody, as told by J. Wilbur Chapman, in "The Life and Work of Dwight L. Moody":

MOODY AND SANKEY.

An international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association was held at Indianapolis in June, 1880. Mr. Moody attended. During the convention an early morning prayer meeting was conducted in a church adjoining the hall where the convention was held. Mr. Moody led this meeting.

Ira D. Sankey, who at that time was Assistant Collector of Revenue in New Castle, Pa., but whose interest in religious work had made him an active worker in the field, had come to Indianapolis to attend the convention. He had heard of Mr. Moody, but had never seen him, and learning that the Chicago preacher was to lead this morning meeting, he yielded to a strong impulse and attended.

MR. SANKEY'S FIRST SINGING AT A MOODY MEETING.

When Mr. Sankey entered, the singing was being led by a man who was dragging through a long metre hymn in the slow old-fashioned way. Mr. Sankey was scarcely seated when some one touched his elbow, and turning around, he discovered that he was sitting beside the Rev. Robert McMillen, with whom he happened to be well acquainted. Mr. McMillen whispered to Mr. Sankey that nobody present seemed able to put any life into the singing, adding, "When that young man who is praying gets through, I wish you would start up something."

Without waiting for any further invitation, Mr. Sankey arose and sang with wonderful feeling,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

The power and fervor of the singer's voice was such that the congregation forgot to join in the chorus, and Mr. Sankey finished the hymn by himself.

The effect of this song was not missed by Mr. Moody. At the close of the service, when Mr. McMillen brought Mr. Sankey forward, Mr. Moody stepped to one side and took the singer by the hand. "Where do you come from?" he asked. "Pennsylvania," replied Mr. Sankey. "Are

you married or single?" "Married; I have a wife and one child." "What business are you in?" "I am a government official connected with the Internal Revenue service," answered Mr. Sankey, not realizing what motive was subjecting him to such cross-examination.

A SUDDEN PROPOSITION.

"Well," said Mr. Moody, decidedly, "you will have to give that up; I have been looking for you for eight years." Mr. Sankey stood amazed and was at a loss to understand just what Mr. Moody meant by telling him that he would have to give up a comfortable position, and he was so taken aback for a few seconds that he could scarcely reply. At last, however, recovering from his astonishment, he asked the evangelist what he meant. Mr. Moody promptly explained. "You will have to give up your government position and come with me. You are just the man I have been looking for, for a long time. I want you to come with me; you can do the singing, and I will do the talking."

The proposition did not sound particularly attractive to Mr. Sankey, and he told Mr. Moody, that he did not feel he could accept it and begged for time in which to consider the matter. Mr. Moody asked him if he would join in prayer in regard to it, and the singer replied that he would most gladly do so. Says Mr. Sankey, "I presume I prayed one way and he prayed another; however, it took him only six months to pray me out of business." . . . He [Mr. Sankey] went home to talk the matter over with his wife, and to her the proposed partnership seemed, at that time, an unwarranted and injudicious step, but after several months, the influence of Mr. Moody's invitation still working in him, he went by request to Chicago and spent a week with Mr. Moody. For several days they worked together in church, in Sunday school, in saloons and drinking dens, joining their gifts of speaking and singing to bring light to the discouraged and the sinful. When the week was over, Mr. Sankey had decided. He sent his resignation to Hugh McCulloch, who at that time was Secretary of the Treasury; another veteran of the War was given his place in the International Revenue Service, and Mr. Sankey joined forces with Mr. Moody.

Some Things That Are "Visited."

On a street corner, waiting for the trolley, stood a couple, neither of whom was apparently more than twenty-five years old, and with them was their little boy of perhaps five.

The woman talked rapidly in a low but angry voice; the man looked sulky and answered not a word. Evidently the wife and mother could get no satisfaction from her husband, so she turned crossly to the child. I had not noticed that the little fellow was doing anything naughty, but the mother seized him by the arm, dragged him a step or two, and shook him roughly, while she exclaimed, "Can't you ever behave yourself!"

Indeed, I thought, the sins of the fathers and mothers are visited upon the children, and often in just this way. I remembered, too, some like incidents and added, "How often we visit our ill-humor upon the innocent!"

"Don't mind, dear," said a mother, when the father, coming home late for supper, scolded his child unnecessarily because, running out to meet him, the little thing had fallen and muddied her clean white dress. Then, as he disappeared into the next room, she added by way of apology to the friend who was visiting them:

"Mr. Thorn gets so tired and worried over his business, we have to be very careful and not do or say anything to upset him when he comes home, especially before he has his supper."

We had a teacher once who was kind and just as a rule, though extremely sensitive. But one day the County Superintendent called, and found some fault with her work. I think it was the way she had written her e's on the blackboard (she made them always like the Greek e). Anyway the thing upset her, and for the remainder of the day after the Superintendent's call, we children had to suffer on account of those "e's".

I wonder if fathers and mothers and teachers realize how many times our words and looks and acts are so colored by our fretfulness or our sensitiveness or our sense of unredressed wrong, that we make the innocent children suffer, make them suffer because (I hate to say it, but is it

not true?)—because they are helpless and cannot retaliate, because we must find vent in our weakness, and we find it with those who are still weaker. A.

Sankey a Mother-Made Man.

From Dr. Charles Edward Locke's address, at the funeral of Mr. Ira D. Sankey:

"Mr. Sankey was born near Newcastle, Pennsylvania, August 28, 1840. He was reared in a happy home. The first hymn he remembered was sung to him by his mother as she put him to sleep upon her bosom,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

"At eight years of age he could correctly sing many of the familiar church tunes. He was a mother-made man. Once, when his father was a bit impatient because his son showed so much interest in singing schools, he said to his wife, 'I fear our son will never amount to anything—running around with a hymn-book under his arm.' The tender mother quickly replied, 'I should rather see him with a hymn book under his arm than with a whiskey bottle in his pocket.'"

God bless the mothers who sing to us of heaven, and who, by their faith in us, lay the surest foundation for our faith in that unseen country.

A Wholesome Tongue.

The wholesome tongue is full of praise. Praise is comely to the righteous. Words of praise fit the lips of a mortal quite as well as words of cursing or harsh criticism, and they are altogether profitable. The Bible has furnished us with a great multitude of such beautiful and edifying words: "Praise ye the Lord"; "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits"; "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will toward men"; "Hallelujah." Words of praise become the mouth of an angel, and mortal lips can find no better employment than to sing and speak the high praises of the Almighty. Let words of praise dwell on our tongues till listening worlds shall join the song.

The wholesome tongue will tell of the mercy and goodness and great salvation of

our God. Is it not a shame that men and women should employ so much breath talking about their neighbors, the fashions, and other things not at all edifying, and say so little to one another about the great things of the kingdom of God?

A wholesome tongue will diligently tell the happy experiences of a gracious soul. The Psalmist says, "Come all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." If the atmosphere is saturated with cursing so that it is unwholesome for the spirits of the children, why should not Christian men and women fill the air with the story of redeeming grace? Then the young will be safer and the world more beautiful.

A wholesome tongue is slow to speak. The apostle says, "Be slow to speak." Hasty speech has done much harm. A word hastily spoken is seldom fitly spoken. General Grant, General Washington and William of Orange were all slow to speak. They were all called silent men. But when they did speak their words were like apples of gold in baskets of silver. They were well-considered words. Be slow to speak when your heart is hot with anger. At such a time one is in danger of speaking hastily. If one is tempted to utter severe things about a neighbor he will do well to wait. Write it all down first, and put it away in a drawer or safe and wait till morning. After he has had time for sleep and prayer and sober thought, he may take out what he has written and read it over. Probably he will burn it and talk like a Christian.

The wholesome tongue will utter words of comfort and encouragement. There are many sad hearts, made so by bereavement, loss, affliction and disappointment. You may not have gold and silver ever ready to command, but you may be able to speak a word in season. There is a minister now living who has for half a century been an eloquent and powerful preacher of the everlasting gospel. When a young man he became discouraged because he fell so far below his ideal. He thought his sermons were dull and unprofitable. One day, after preaching what seemed to him a very dull and prosy sermon, he decided to abandon the pulpit and go back to the farm. On the very day he had determined to com-

municate his decision to one of the leading laymen of his congregation, that layman forestalled the communication by telling the young preacher how much he had been edified by his sermons, and how much the congregation had been helped by his labors. The heart which was cast down began to leap for joy, and the communication of his purpose to quit the pulpit was never announced, and for many years he has been a successful and mighty preacher of the Word of life. "A word fitly spoken, how good it is." "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life."

There are many in sore need of words of encouragement who are not worthy. They know their unworthiness. They have blundered, and stumbled, and slipped, and fallen. They are treading dangerously near the verge of despair. Any one can utter harsh criticisms and angry denunciations of such unhappy mortals, but only from gracious lips can wholesome words fall. These lines by James Whitcomb Riley contain a lesson for such a time:

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye: by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!

"A wholesome tongue is a tree of life."
—*Christian Advocate.*

Lincoln on Lynch Law.

In view of the recent disgraceful scenes in Springfield, Illinois, the *Christian Advocate* recalls the words uttered seventy-one years ago by Abraham Lincoln, then a young attorney at that place, in regard to mob violence as displayed in a then recent lynching in Missouri:

"Such are the effects of mob law, and such are the scenes becoming more and more frequent in this land so lately

famed for love of law and order, and the stories of which have even now grown too familiar to attract anything more than idle remark. But you are perhaps ready to ask, 'What has this to do with the perpetuation of our political institutions?' I answer, 'It has much to do with it.' * * * I know the American people are much attached to their Government; I know they would suffer much for its sake; I know they would endure evils long and patiently before they would exchange it for another—yet, notwithstanding all this, if the laws be continually despised and disregarded, if their rights to be secure in their persons and property are held by no better tenure than the caprice of a mob, the alienation of their affections from the Government is the natural consequence; and to that sooner or later it must come."

To this the *Advocate* adds the following comment:

"Lincoln has long lain buried in a Springfield tomb, but the truth of his warning is written in blood in the streets of that city."

Religious Indifference.

There have been few periods in the history of the world in which it was more urgent to have strong men in the pulpit than today. This is due to the fact that dissenters from religion are not merely attacking the outposts of religion, the customs, ceremonies, traditions and superstitions of the past, but are invading the very citadel, the sanctum sanctorum, and striking down with ruthless hand the very God enshrined in men's hearts. They are eager to put aside the Bible, the belief in immortality and whatever else is essential to the very life of religion. In times like these, when skepticism and infidelity, atheism and materialism are rampant, it requires strong, sane, sound and safe men in the pulpit to turn the tide away from religion and direct it into its proper channels, so that the fundamentals of religion will be preserved and with them the increase of the religious, moral and spiritual life furthered.—*American Israelite.*

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle.*

Woman's Work

ETHEL A. HAVEN, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Contributing Editor.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee:
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be
gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and
give thee peace.

My Task.

To love some one more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child to find his way,
To ponder o'er a noble thought, and pray
And smile when evening falls.

To follow Truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight
And answer when he calls.

—Selected.

Motherhood in Heathen Lands.

Mother love is God-given. Into the wigwam of the Indian, the hut of the Chinaman, the zenana of the Hindu, the krall of the African, the slum of the city, as well as the place of royalty, comes the divine gift to the mother, that makes the care of the helpless little one, not a burden, but a joy and a pleasure. The rare exception but proves the rule. "But," you say, "the missionaries tell us awful tales of infanticide." Alas, the tales are too true. I know of a woman who cried herself blind because her little girls were taken away from her and destroyed, and I also know that the pity and love that the Chinese mother has for her little one often drive her to submit to the awful thing. I have heard them say: "Life is so hard I wish I had died when I was a baby. It is better for my little one to die. It had been a mercy to me if some one had killed me." In many cases the child is destroyed in spite of the mother's wishes and pleadings, and her husband seems to her a murderer, and I ask, how much joy and pleasure can she then have as a wife?

Ah, you happy mothers who welcome your little girls so tenderly and joyfully, you daughters, who know that all your life

you have been the pride and delight of your father's heart, little do you know the anguish with which a heathen woman prays her gods that her little one may not be a girl, or with what solicitude she takes her offering to the temple, as day and night she prays for a son.

When her prayer is granted she is of course very happy, and builds all her hope on her boy. But death is relentless, and often he takes away the boy, and then she must not only bear her own loss, but the curse of the whole family, because she has let him die. It is her fault. It is her sin. "What have I done that the gods are so angry with me?" she exclaims! No one comforts, and she has no hope to cheer her heart. How can she bear it?

A crowd of curious women were examining with eager interest the articles in our Peking home, when I noted one woman with a pale, and sad face, who attracted my attention because she alone was not interested. "My little sister," I said, "you seem sick and sad. Have you sorrow in your heart?"

"Ai Yah, I have big sorrow, truly. I had one small boy and he is jeng la (thrown away)." I told her of the Father's love and how the tender Shepherd loves the little lambs and comes and takes them away from this hard world to the beautiful world above. "Your baby is not jeng la," I said. "He is safe. If you will be a Jesus woman he will take you to him, and you can be together again." She listened intently, and then exclaimed, "Is that so? I never heard it before. Chinese don't say so."

God pity stricken mothers who never heard of Jesus, and may he help us to pity them so much that we shall send the message he left us for them.

In a humble home in Peking, just outside the city gate a little child lay dying one day. The old mother-in-law seized it, and was rushing away with it when the mother exclaimed in agony, "My baby is not yet dead, she is not dead." "But she has only one breath left," said the old woman, "and the black cart will soon pass by, and if I do not hasten it will be left here in the room after it is dead, filling the house with demons."

So the little body was carried out to the

alley to be carted away to the baby-pit, where no mother ever goes.

May God help Christian mothers who sing: "There are angels hovering around," to pity heathen mothers who are afraid of their own dead because the devils hover around to snatch their souls as they leave the body.

Did you ever yet stop to think how a mother must feel as she sees her little girl nine or ten years old sold as a slave or a concubine, or even taken away to be married, as she remembers the early days of her own married life?

We speak of the millions of child widows in India under ten years of age, accursed and despised, stripped of the jewels so dear to their hearts, dressed in coarsest cloth, allowed only one meal a day, obliged to observe countless fasts, and suffering nameless indignities, and we pity them, and well we may. Should we not also pity the millions of mothers, whose hearts ache for their little girls, and yet they are unable to do anything to relieve them?

Is it a happy thought for a mother that custom demands that every daughter must be married and go away from her to serve like a slave a mother-in-law?

Chen Nai Nai was a widow with one only son. He drank wine and smoked opium, and was a sorrow instead of a comfort to his mother. "Many a time," said she, "I went out doors and prayed all night to the moon, saying: 'O moon, with your bright light, won't you shine down into my son's dark, black heart?' but the moon never answered, and so I went off to the star-god, for I heard that he was very powerful. The temple was very far away, and it was a long, hard road, but I did not mind the weary miles, for I hoped the god would hear. I never prayed for riches, I had only one prayer, it was always for my son."

May God pity heathen mothers who have bad boys, and have no one but the moon and star-gods to pray to in their distress.

We pity them in a way, but who can really enter into the depths of their experiences? Who can realize the anguish of an old Hindu mother as sick and dying, she lies on the bank of the Ganges, bereft of all care and physical comfort, and hears

her son who sits apart from her murmuring: "Mother, why don't you die?"

Millions of heathen mothers are hopeless and helpless unless we pity and help them! And our pity is of no use unless we pity them enough to help them. I knew a mother who held her baby in her arms and cared for it tenderly until she saw it dying, and then was so terrified that she screamed in fright, threw it down and ran away from it.

Afterward when the light of the gospel had changed her whole life and thought, she nursed another sick little one clear to the end, and then sweetly said: "She was Jesus' little blossom, he has come and transplanted her into the heavenly garden. He gave, he has taken his own. She is better there." There came a day when cruel Boxers gathered around her and bade her deny the Lord, but he had done too much for her, and she loved him too dearly, and so she bravely died for him, rather than prove faithless. Her daughter writes: "I felt very bad at first, but as I think it out, I thank God that he counted my mother worthy to die for him."

We may reach a few of the mothers of heathenism if we hasten, but most of them must die as they have lived, in the dark. Let us do the best we can for them and may we not double our efforts to bring the girls of all lands to Christ, and thus by God's blessing give to all the world at last a blessed Christian motherhood?—
Published by W. F. M. S. of M. E. Church.

Jews in the United States.

It is said that the total number of Jews in the United States is now not less than 1,600,000 and may reach a total of two million people. There are about 1,000,000 Jews in New York City, 180,000 in Chicago, and 100,000 in Philadelphia. Several other American cities contain from 30,000 to 80,000 Jews. Throughout the South in the largest towns the Jews are coming to exercise no mean influence as factors in the business world and the positions of influence occupied by many of these people give the race a power far beyond what might be indicated by its numbers. It is said that there are about 3,000 Jewish lawyers and a thousand Jewish physicians in New York City. Jews own some of the

greatest daily papers in the country, such as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, the New York *Times*, *World* and *Press*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the Chattanooga *Times*. Young men of this race are numerous as reporters and many of them occupy high places on the staffs of the daily papers. They are found in the legislatures of states and nation, and, as is well known, one of them, Mr. Oscar S. Straus, is a member of the President's cabinet. Why it is that there are still so many Americans who are inclined to look down upon any one of Jewish descent is a little puzzling in view of the fact that on the whole the citizenship of our Jewish countrymen is of a high grade and, while there are dishonest Jews, as there are dishonest people of every other race, the average Jewish business man has proved his integrity and high character. Many of these Jews have come from countries where they experience the greatest oppression, and trials and sufferings too numerous to mention, but in spite of this fact, they seem to fit very readily into the democratic conditions in this country and manifest in general a spirit of tolerance and liberality which is in every way commendable.—*The Morning Star*.

What It Cost.

A collier came to me at the close of one of my services, and said: "I would like to be a Christian, but I cannot receive what you said tonight."

I asked him why not.

He replied: "I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I cannot believe that he will forgive them if I just turn to him. It is too cheap."

I looked at him, and said: "My dear friend, have you been working today?"

He looked at me slightly astonished and said: "Yes, I was down in the pit, as usual."

"How did you get out of the pit?" I asked.

"The way I usually do. I got into the cage, and was pulled to the top."

"How much did you pay to come out of the pit?"

He looked at me astonished, and said: "Pay? Of course I didn't pay anything."

I asked him: "Were you not afraid to trust yourself in the cage? Was it not too cheap?"

"Oh, no!" he said. "It was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money, to sink that shaft."

And without another word the truth of that admission broke upon him, and he saw if he could have salvation without money and without price, it had cost the infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men.—*Campbell Morgan in British Weekly*.

Habitual Kindness.

There is no gift or grace that goes further toward making one beloved than the art of simple kindness. Just to be kind, in smile and word and deed, is the shortest, surest road to power over other lives. It is better to be kind than brilliant; one brings affection and loyalty; the other usually brings in its train only envy and bitterness. This adornment of simple kindness is one within the reach of everybody. There is no person so untalented as to be incapable of habitual kindness. The grace is one that grows in any soil, and beneath clouds or sunshine, snow or rain. It has taken centuries for men to grow into anything like an adequate appreciation of the wondrous excellencies of Jesus; but the humblest peasant by the Lake of Galilee or upon the hills of Judea could instantly discern and understand his simple kindness; for kindness is the universal language.—*Westminster*.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the members of the American Sabbath Tract Society for the election of officers and directors, and the transaction of such business as may properly come before them, will be held at the office of Charles C. Chipman, 220 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., on Wednesday, September 9, 1908, at 2.30 P. M.

STEPHEN BABCOCK,
President.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

No well-read man will claim that he says anything new.—*J. L. Spalding*.

Children's Page

A Riddle.

I have a head, a little head
That you could scarcely see;
But I have a mouth much bigger
Than my head could ever be.

That seems impossible, you say;
You think 'twould be a bother?
Why, no! My head is at one end,
My mouth's 'way at the other.

I have no feet, yet I can run,
And pretty fast, 'tis said;
The funny thing about me is,
I run when in my bed.

I've not a cent in all the world,
I seek not Fortune's ranks;
And yet it's true that, though so poor,
I own two splendid banks.

I've lots of "sand," yet run away;
I'm weak, yet "furnish power;"
No hands or arms, yet my embrace
Would kill in half an hour.

You think I am some fearful thing.
Ah, you begin to shiver!
Pray, don't; for after all, you know,
I'm only just a river.

—*Saint Nicholas*.

Fred's Crow.

ANNA STILLMAN.

"Come, Fred," said his father one day, "what do you think I have bought for you?"

Fred was a bright little boy of ten years and so full of life that his parents were always trying to think of something to keep him out of mischief.

"Oh, what is it?" said Fred to his father, "and where is it? Tell me quick, for I can't wait." Fred never could wait.

"Well, come on then, boy." And his father took him into the yard, and there, under a great old elm-tree, in a large wire cage, what do you think he saw? Two large, shiny black crows.

"Birds!" said Fred. "Well, what am I going to do with them?"

"Keep them for your pets," said papa, "and you must feed them and give them water every day; but you must not let them out of the cage."

"All right, papa," said Fred, "I will." So he fed and cared for Pepper and Ginger, as he called his pets, every day; and he grew very fond of them, and they in return grew to know and love their little master.

"Papa, why can't I let them out of the cage now?" asked Fred one day. "They won't leave me, and I'll look out for them."

"Well, my boy, you may try it now if you want to; but don't let them bother the neighbors," answered his father.

"No, sir, I'll see they don't." And the little boy trotted happily away to set his little pets free.

Pepper and Ginger seemed so happy to get out. They flapped their big black wings and circled around Fred's head, as if to say, "We thank you, little master," and then settled down contentedly, one on each shoulder.

For several weeks Fred and Pepper and Ginger took solid comfort; and people, looking out of their windows and seeing Fred riding his bicycle along the streets of the pretty little village with a black crow perched on each shoulder, would say, "There goes Fred and his pet crows! What a funny sight!"

But after awhile the crows began to get into mischief. They went off to play without Fred, and got into people's gardens, and did not behave on the whole as two nice crows should.

"Now, Fred," said papa, "you must keep Pepper and Ginger in their cage again. They are spoiling all the flower gardens around."

"Don't see why!" pouted Fred. "Guess ole Miss G—"

"Not another word!" said papa. "And, if they are not kept in their cage, I shall take them away."

So Fred sorrowfully took them to their prison, as he called it, and, locking it, said: "There, old fellows, you'll have to stay in there, and you can't have any more fun at all. If I was a feller's father, I'd let you go and scratch up ole Miss Grant's posies, but never mind, I'll think of something."

For several days they stayed in the cage; but one day, when Fred's father was not at home and his mother was busy and wouldn't see, Fred ran to his pets and said: "Now, Pepper and Ginger, if you'll prom-

ise to stay with me, I'll take you out for awhile. Pa wont know and I'll put you back before he comes home."

"Caw, caw," sang out Pepper, and Ginger flapped his wings excitedly as they flew from the cage and lighted on Fred's shoulder.

"Ah, Freddie, what will your father say?" something whispered to him.

"'Twon't do no hurt to hev 'em out a little while, and pa ought not to want 'em shut up like two ole gran'mothers," argued Fred.

Everything went well for a little while, but soon Brame, Fred's little friend, came along and said, "Come on fishin', Fred."

"Can't," said Fred. "Pa told me not to."

"Aw, he won't know, come on," insisted Brame.

Fred hesitated; but the fish-hooks and the thought of the shiny trout were too tempting, and, looking down at his little bare brown toes, he said slowly, "Well, I don't care much 'bout fishing myself, but 'spect it's my duty to give Pepper and Ginger a little fun."

"Sure, course 'tis!" said Brame; and off they trudged to the pond.

They had fished a long time when Brame, looking up, exclaimed suddenly, "Where's them crows?"

"Gee!" said Fred, frightened, "where'd they go? What'll pa say?"

"Glad I'm not in your shoes," said Brame, consolingly.

"Ain't got no shoes on!" called back Fred, who was already running for home.

It had cleared away beautifully after the rain; but the ground was wet, and Mrs. Grant had at last, with a tired sigh, got her clothes on the line, saying, "Now they will dry nicely after all, and I'm glad I've got the washing out."

Fred's father came home just in time that afternoon to see Pepper and Ginger hard at work. What were they doing, do you ask? What do you suppose? Well, if you cannot guess, then—just this: they were pulling the clothes-pins out from Mrs. Grant's clothes. It was indeed a strange sight. Each one would tug and peck away at one pin until it loosened and fell to the ground. Then they would flap their wings in a triumphant manner and fly to another;

and, as one after another fell to the dirty, rain-soaked ground, of course the clothes fell also.

Fred's father called to them; but not until every one of those nice, clean clothes lay on the ground, wet and soiled and ready for another washing, did those crows leave their mischievous work.

As soon as our naughty boy got home, he was sent immediately to bed.

"Well, my son," said his father, sternly, "your crows have gone, and you'll have to learn, through your own experiences, that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

As Fred lay in his little bed, sobbing softly by himself, his mother came up with his supper, and, gently putting her arm around him, she kissed him and said, "Mother is so sorry, but her little boy must learn that father and mother know best."

It is not known what became of the crows, and Fred never knew; but one thing is certain, he learned a lesson from that day.—*In Every Other Sunday.*

Resolutions of Appreciation.

Whereas, Julius Friedrich Sachse, Litt. D., of the City of Philadelphia, has written an exhaustive history of the German Seventh-day Baptists in America, devoting to them largely the following of his works: *The German Pietists of Provincial Pennsylvania*, 1 vol.; *The German Sectarians of Pennsylvania*, vols. I. and II.; and *The Music of Ephrata Cloister*, 1 vol., and

Whereas, His treatment of the German Seventh-day Baptists has been impartial and highly creditable to that people, and

Whereas, The results of his researches are of inestimable value not only to German Seventh-day Baptists, but to all Seventh-day Baptists, as well, and

Whereas, On numerous and sundry occasions, he has not merely evinced a deep interest in the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination at large, but has done much to conserve its material and other interests, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the Seventh-day Baptists of America, in General Conference assembled, congratulate Julius Friedrich Sachse upon the successful consummation of so monumental a historical work as his *German Pietists*, his *German Sectarians*, and his *Music of the Ephrata Cloister*.

RESOLVED, That we hereby express our deep and abiding appreciation of his generous treatment of our German Seventh-day Baptist brethren in particular, as well as English-speaking Seventh-day Baptists generally in these and other published works of his, and for his valuable assistance rendered in conserving the material interests of certain of our churches.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread

upon the records of the General Conference; that an attested copy be forwarded to Dr. Sachse; and that their publication be requested in the SABBATH RECORDER.

Boorishness or Manliness.

The average young man scoffs a little at one who is noticeable for his good manners. Many a healthy boy thinks a certain roughness in speech or manner is a sign of vigor and manliness, in contrast to the weak and effeminate ways of one, who is always bowing and scraping to people whom he meets. There could not be a greater mistake; because, while an over-display of politeness is a sign of hypocrisy, natural courtesy will never permit a man to behave in any way except in the thoughtful, quiet, refined way which belongs to good manners. A rough, honest man is certainly better than a slippery, well-mannered, dishonest one; and this is the reason for so much of the deliberately rough manner some of us adopt. But this does not prove that courteous behavior is wrong or to be avoided.

There is no reason, therefore, why the average young man in school or college or business, in his daily occupation, or when he comes in contact with women and men, girls and boys, should not make it a point to be reserved, self-contained, tolerant, and observant of the little rules which every one knows by heart. A systematic method of observing rules in such cases has its effect. For example, you will see a man in his discussion among his friends talking all the time, demanding the attention of others, insisting on his views, losing his temper, or making himself conspicuous in a hundred other ways. He may be a very good fellow, full of push and vigor, and so sure of his own views that in his heart he cannot conceive of any other person really having a different view of the subject. That is an estimable character to have. Confidence in one's own ideas often carries one over many a bad place. But the fact that a person has such a character, and his disagreeable way of forcing it upon you, are two entirely different things; and the difference between being confident and disagreeable, and confident and agreeable, is the difference between good and bad manners.—*Leaves of Light.*

Want a Bible Study Sunday.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature is asking all churches and all ministers to set apart one of the Sundays of September as "Bible Study Sunday," when pastors shall urge on their people systematic Bible reading and study. The object of the institute in asking that the matter be presented in the churches at this particular time is said to be a desire that at the time when church activities, suspended in many cases for the summer season, are resumed, Bible study shall be recognized as being an important factor in the life of the churches.

It is also believed by the members of the institute that the observance of this special Sunday will have great educational value. It will give the pastor added leadership in the direction of the people's study, and it will encourage those who carelessly or thoughtlessly read the Bible to undertake systematic study of its truths. The movement is an inter-denominational one, the call for the observance of the day being signed by Professor Ernest D. Burton, of the American Institute of Sacred Literature; Dr. Francis G. Peabody, of the Religious Education Association; Dr. Francis E. Clark, of the Society of Christian Endeavor; William N. Hartshorn, of the International Sunday School Association; Dr. William I. Quale, of the Epworth League; Dr. Edgar Y. Mullins, of the Baptist Young People's Union, and Richard C. Morse, of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.—*Tribune.*

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, for the election of officers and the transaction of such business as may properly come before it, will be held in the vestry of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church in Westerly, R. I., on Wednesday, September 9, 1908, at 9.30 o'clock, A. M.

A. S. BABCOCK,
Recording Secretary.

WM. L. CLARKE,
President.

HOME NEWS

ASHAWAY, R. I.—Pastor Burdick is attending the Convocation and Conference at Boulder, Colorado. During his absence, the pulpit has been supplied by Rev. T. H. Root of Alton and Prof. Earl P. Saunders. Mr. Root preached a strong sermon on "Growth in Grace." The attendance on this Sabbath was very small, because of a severe rain-storm. Next week, Mr. Cathcart, the pastor of the Congregational Church at Westerly will preach for us. Rev. Henry N. Jordan of Dunellen, N. J., occupied the pulpit on July 11, and delivered an inspiring sermon from the words found in 1 Cor. 13:13, and John 13:18. Theme, "The Dynamics of Religion." Rev. W. C. Whitford of Alfred, N. Y., and Rev. Andrew J. Potter of Noank have also recently occupied the pulpit and given us very helpful sermons.

The annual picnic of the Sabbath school was held at Quonocontaug and was much enjoyed by all who attended. A basket lunch was served and the day was spent in boating and bathing.

The members of the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor held a social on the church lawn on the afternoon of July 7th. Croquet sets were put out and the time was merrily spent in playing this and other games. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and ice cream were served.

The members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor attended a union social at Potter Hill on Tuesday evening, July 14. The societies comprising the union are the Seventh-day Baptist, Calvary Baptist, First Baptist, Broad Street Christian, Congregational and Grace Methodist of Westerly, and the societies at Potter Hill and Ashaway. Each society furnished a part of the refreshments and our society was in charge of the music. This social was held that the young people might have an opportunity to become acquainted. It is hoped that this plan will prove to be a success.

The Young People's Christian Endeavor meeting last Sabbath was led by Mrs. Wil-

liam L. Burdick, who gave a very helpful talk on "Cottage and school-house prayer meetings and home mission work."

The Ladies' Aid Society held a lawn fête on the church lawn on the evening after the Sabbath, August 15. The attendance was very large and the proceeds were about \$25. The Ashaway and Potter Hill band furnished music, and refreshments were sold.

The new trolley line from Westerly to Ashaway is the popular theme for conversation just at present. The work is progressing rapidly and it will probably not be very long before the two places will be in close connection. The trolley bridge crosses the Pawcatuck river below the First Hopkinton cemetery, very near the place where the ordinance of baptism took place in years gone by. The road passes through the lower part of the cemetery and from there through the woods to Potter Hill.

A. A. I.

Sept. 1, 1908.

DEAR RECORDER FRIENDS:

We are looking forward to the "Home Coming" of our flock on the 12th of this month with a specially longing interest. Two of our bright young girls recently took upon themselves the glorious title of "members of Christ's body" through baptism and church membership; but accepting the advice of a leader in denominational matters, "because there were so few young people right here and wider circles of opportunity existed in a near-by church," they joined there and we are stirred by that loss to more active exertions for the welfare of what remains, and are looking forward to that day with a longing for a stirring up of our personal interests, and individual acceptance of the Holy Spirit, that there may be a living, working discipleship here that shall care more for the Master's work than for material comforts.

We earnestly urge all members of the First Westerly Church, and all who have been previously connected with it to be with us on that date if consistent, or to send us some line showing their interest, and any who are not thus connected who have an interest and will send us a word of en-

couragement are now respectfully invited to send the same to the secretary,

ALBERT LANGWORTHY.

Westerly, R. I., R. F. D. No. 1.

Deacon Benjamin P. Langworthy.

[Having received no formal notice of the death of Brother Langworthy, we give the following, taken from the *Westerly Sun*. A fuller obituary will probably appear later.—Ed.]

"Deacon Benjamin P. Langworthy, one of the best known citizens of Hopkinton, died at his home in Tomaquag Valley this morning, Tuesday, August 18, aged 76 years and 26 days. He was the only son of Thomas and Waity (Peckham) Langworthy, and was born in Hopkinton. His father died in the town of Westerly when Benjamin was a little over three years old, and then his mother moved back to the old home, where he has resided ever since.

"On the tenth day of April, 1860, he married Sarah F. Clarke, daughter of Alfred Clarke of North Stonington, who, crippled a few years ago from a broken ankle, survives him to mourn the loss of a true and faithful husband. To them were born a son, Thomas Alfred, long since deceased, and a daughter, Mary Altana, now the wife of John A. Slocum.

"After some months of sickness Mr. Langworthy has passed away, having beside his immediate family many relatives and friends to mourn the departure of a good neighbor and friend. 'Today a good man is fallen in Israel.'"

The Soul's Cry and the Saviour's Answer.

Psa. 30:10, "Lord, be thou my helper."

Isa. 41:13, "Fear not; I will help thee."

Psa. 31:9, "O Lord, I am in trouble!"

Psa. 50:15, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

Psa. 51:2, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin."

Matt. 8:3, "I will; be thou clean."

Psa. 141:3, "Keep the door of my lips."

Exod. 4:12, "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

Luke 18:13, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

1 Tim. 1:15, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Acts 16:30, "What must I do to be saved?"

Acts 16:31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Job 23:3, "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Jer. 29:13, "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

Job 40:4 "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee?"

Isa. 1:18, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Psa. 51:10, "Create in me a clean heart, O God."

Ezek. 36:26, "A new heart also will I give you."

Psa. 6:6, "I am weary with my groaning."

Psa. 55:22, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

Psa. 27:9, "Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."

Heb. 13:5, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

2 Cor. 2:16, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

2 Cor. 12:9, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Psa. 42:2, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

Isa. 33:17, "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty!"

Psa. 130:6, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning."

Isa. 40:31, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Psa. 55:4, "The terrors of death are fallen upon me."

John 11:25, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Rev. 22:20, "Come, Lord Jesus."

Rev. 22:20, "Surely I come quickly."—*Arranged by R. Wells.*

A tiny four-year-old was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her hostess' knees to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. B. unable to help her out, she concluded thus: "Please God, 'scuse me. I can't remember my prayer and I'm staying with a lady who don't know any."—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

Does a Vacation Pay?

Does it pay to regain your cheerful personality?

Does it pay to sip power from its very fountainhead?

Does it pay to increase your creative power and originality?

Does it pay to get a firmer grip on your business or profession?

Does it pay to regain your lost confidence by upbuilding your health?

Do you want to get rid of the scars and stains of the year's campaign?

Will a fresh, vigorous brain serve you better than a fagged, jaded one?

Does it pay to exchange flaccid, stiffened muscles for strong, elastic ones?

Does it pay to get a new grip on life and to double your power to do good work?

Does it pay to put iron into the blood and absorb granite strength from the everlasting hills?

Does it pay to renew the buoyancy and light-heartedness, the spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth?

Does it pay to get in tune with the infinite by drinking in the medicinal tonic from the everlasting hills?

Does it pay to get rid of your nagging, rasping disposition so that you can attract people instead of repelling them?

Does it pay to get rid of some of our narrow prejudices, hatreds and jealousies that are encouraged by the strenuous city life?

Does it pay to add to the comfort and happiness of ourselves and those about us by being brighter and more cheerful ourselves?—*Success for July.*

Every hour shall be great if only you make it so. Every opportunity in life is somehow related to a thousand other possible ones if only you deal righteously with the one in hand.—*Robert Smith.*

"Almost anybody can be thrifty when he earns less than he needs. It's the unusual man who can be thrifty when he earns more than he needs."—*System.*

We all perceive that unless religion is converted into terms of conduct, that holy thing becomes a mockery.—*Frances Willard.*

DEATHS

COTTRELL—Elmer A. Cottrell was born in Almond, N. Y., December 15, 1841, and died at his home in Andover, N. Y., August 19, 1908.

Mr. Cottrell's father died when he (Elmer) was six years old. At an early age he commenced to work, and worked his way through life, accumulating some of this world's goods by his honesty and industry. He was well and favorably known through all this country. On February 25, 1871, he was married to Amelia Maria Clarke, who is left to mourn the loss of a devoted, loving husband. On January 15, 1881, he was baptized by Elder I. L. Cottrell and joined the Independence Seventh-day Baptist Church. He was a faithful member and willing supporter of the church all this time. He will be missed in his home, in the church, and in the community. All feel that a good man has gone to his reward.

Funeral services were held in the home August 21, where a large company were assembled. Text, "Be ye also ready." Burial in the Alfred Rural Cemetery. A. G. C.

DAVIS—Sarah Elizabeth, widow of the late Fernando C. Davis, was born in Utica, N. Y., February 7, 1834, and died in Oysterville, Wash., August 19, 1908.

She was the daughter of J. C. and Sabrina Shippey and is survived by three sisters and one brother. She was married in 1859 to Fernando C. Davis of Brookfield, N. Y., and one year later they went to the Pacific Coast via the Isthmus of Panama, stopping at San Francisco and later settling at Oysterville, Wash., where she has resided almost continuously for forty-eight years. She leaves two children to mourn her loss: Mr. John Lincoln Davis of Oysterville, Wash., and Miss Fidelia Davis of Portland, Oregon. She was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church early in life and remained a faithful member and staunch Sabbath-keeper until the time of her death. She was an accomplished musician and was at one time teacher of music in the Seventh-day Baptist college at Milton, Wis.

Though loyally devoted to her own church and people, she had a broad Christian charity which brought her in close touch with all God's children, and a large circle of friends and acquaintances will mourn her loss. F. G. D.

MILLER—On August 26, F. Morgan Miller, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Miller, aged five months.

Brief services were held at the home in Plainfield, N. J., on Friday afternoon, August 28.

"The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And hushed its fears and soothed its vain alarms;
And baby sleeps.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present griefs and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps." H. N. J.

Sabbath School

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

Sept. 26. Temperance Lesson. Isa. 5:11-23.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 19, 1908.**REVIEW.**

Golden Text for the Quarter.—"And David perceived that the Lord had established him king over Israel, and that he had exalted his kingdom for his people Israel's sake." 2 Sam. 5:12.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 1 Sam. 8:10-22; 10:17-27.
Second-day, 1 Sam. 12:1-5, 13-25; 15:13-28.
Third-day, 1 Sam. 16:1-3; 17:38-49.
Fourth-day, 1 Sam. 18:6-16; 20:30-42.
Fifth-day, 1 Sam. 26:17-25; 31:1-13.
Sixth-day, 2 Sam. 2:1-7; 5:1-5.

Sabbath-day, Psa. 18.

Our Lessons for this Quarter are grouped around the names of four men; two of whom were kings, and two were not. The one of the four of whom we know the least demands our admiration in no small degree. Jonathan arose above feelings of petty jealousy when he thought of his friend, and has preserved for himself a name that will not be forgotten. As for that matter we cannot forget Saul either; but we remember him for his envy and hatred of David and for the tragedy of his disobedience to Jehovah. Samuel is the upright judge, the faithful servant of Jehovah, declaring God's will for people and king. Whether David appears as shepherd boy, as fugitive from the wrath of Saul, or as king, he has always the same abiding trust in Jehovah and a zeal to do well his part in whatsoever sphere he may be placed.

In Lesson 1 we see the aged Samuel jealous for Jehovah's supremacy reluctantly acquiescing through the direction of God in the perverse demand of the people for a king to rule over them. In Lesson 2 Samuel presides over the choice of a king, reminding the people of their turning away from Jehovah and writing out the manner of the kingdom. In Lesson 3 Samuel formally resigns his office as judge, and after showing how honestly he has administered the affairs of government he gives the people a solemn warning to continue in the service of Jehovah.

Saul began his reign with very favorable prospects, but he rashly chose to seek his own way rather than to obey Jehovah who had made him king, and so came to speedy rejection. Lesson 4 graphically portrays his moral downfall.

In Lesson 5 we are first introduced to David who is chosen by Jehovah from among the sons of Jesse to be the successor of Saul. We should not forget that the choice fell upon him because God looks upon the heart rather than upon the outward appearance. Lesson 6 gives a good impression of the character of David when we see him going forth courageously to meet the giant who had defied the armies of the living God.

David's success and his manly conduct won for him the hearts of the people, but Saul became his bitter enemy. Lesson 7 tells us of one of Saul's many attempts upon the life of David.

The attitude of Saul's eldest son toward David is in marked contrast with that of his father. The friendship of Jonathan and David is a standard of comparison for the friendship of all subsequent ages. Lesson 8 gives us a glimpse of the mutual affection of these two young men.

Although Saul was David's bitter enemy, David is hardly to be reckoned as an enemy of Saul. In Lesson 9 David shows his magnanimity in sparing the life of Saul when he was easily within his power.

Lesson 10 pictures for us the tragic end of Saul's life. He perishes on the field of battle with his sons. Very likely he did not see this outcome of his evil choice when he decided to turn aside from obedience of Jehovah.

Lesson 11 tells us of the reward of David's years of waiting. He at length receives the kingdom which Samuel had promised him.

Brief papers upon the characters of each of the prominent men of these Lessons will help to make the review interesting and instructive. Another paper might be devoted to the geographical features of the Lessons.

Notice.

The Southwestern Association will meet with the Fouke Church, Fouke, Arkansas, October 1-4, 1908.

G. H. FITZ RANDOLPH,
Corresponding Secretary.

WANTED.

A number of Sabbath-keeping young men over eighteen years of age for nurse's training school, and call boys and elevator service. In writing please mention age and line of work in which you are interested. BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM, SANITARIUM, Battle Creek, Mich. tf.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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 New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South. The Sabbath School meets at 10.45 A. M. Preaching service at 11.30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors.

After May 1st, 1908, the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago will hold regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcome.

The Seventh-day Baptists in Madison, Wis., meet regularly Sabbath afternoons at 3 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all strangers in the city. For place of meeting, inquire of the superintendent, H. W. Rood, at 933 Jenifer Street.

Seventh-day Baptists in Los Angeles meet in Sabbath school work every Sabbath at 2 p. m. in Blanchard Hall, Broadway, between Second and Third streets. Room on ground floor of the Hill Street entrance. Sabbath-keepers who may be in Los Angeles are invited to meet with them.

Natton Seventh-day Baptist Church, near Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, England. Sabbath Services:—In the Chapel at Natton, at 11 A. M., on the second Sabbath in April, July, and October; and other times as convenient. Every Sabbath at 3 P. M., at Maysling House, Oldbury Road, Tewkesbury, residence of Alfred E. Appleton. Friends in the vicinity over the Sabbath are cordially invited.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Iowa Seventh-day Baptist churches convenes with the church at Garwin, September 4. Elder G. W. Burdick preaches the introductory sermon. Essayists: Frank Mentzer, Cora Carver, Mae Mudge, L. L. Loofboro, Nora Ford, Frank Hurley.

We are expecting the Alfred Seminary quartet with us.

JULIA K. SHRADER,
Secretary.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society will be held at the Theological Seminary building in Alfred, N. Y., on Thursday, September 10, 1908, at 3.30 P. M., to receive the annual report of the Executive Board, to elect officers, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

EDWARD M. TOMLINSON,
President.

V. A. BAGGS, Rec. Sec.

Annual Meeting of the Sabbath School Board of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference.

The Sabbath School Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference (incorporated) will hold its annual meeting on Wednesday, September 9, 1908, at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Charles C. Chipman, in the St. Paul Building, at 220 Broadway, in the Borough of Manhattan, in the City, County, and State of New York, to receive the annual report of the Trustees, to elect officers, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH,
Recording Secretary.

We are helped to our triumphs by others, but the question of what we shall do with our triumphs is a personal one and is the greatest test of character.—Robert Smith.

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Stated meetings the third First Day of the week in September, December, and March, and the first First Day of the week in June.

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The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.

The Board will not obtrude information, help or advice upon any church or persons, but give it when asked. The first three persons named in the Board will be its working force, being located near each other.

The Associational Secretaries will keep the working force of the Board informed in regard to the pastorless churches and unemployed ministers in their respective Associations, and give whatever aid and counsel they can.

All correspondence with the Board, either through its Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries will be strictly confidential.

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