

The Sabbath Recorder

Whate'er be mine, may it be mine to share
 With other folks the pleasure that it brings—
 Gold, happiness, or jewels passing rare,
 Be what it may that Fortune's bounty flings.

If it be simple tastes, O, may I find
 Companions who will take them as do I.
 If it be treasure of the soul or mind,
 May there be those to share it standing nigh.

If it be kindness of heart, good will,
 A hopefulness of spirit, may there be
 A goodly crowd about to take their fill
 Of these possessions that have come to me.

Save only sorrow—if that cup must come,
 Let me go forth into some spot unknown,
 Where all about unnoting shall be dumb
 The while I drain the bitter lees alone.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

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EDITORIAL

Keep Talking It Up.

I have read of a man who very much desired the removal of an objectionable building from a certain locality where he thought it ought not to be. He hardly knew how to bring it about, but after some consideration, decided to hire a man to talk about the project, as the surest way to accomplish his purpose. The price was one dollar a day on condition that the man should do nothing but talk day by day from morning till night with certain interested persons about the removal of that building. In less than three months the objectionable building was gone.

That man was a philosopher and understood human nature. He knew that if he could get people interested enough to talk over any project until the community became interested in it, that project would succeed. This is true in other things as well as in the moving of an old building.

If you want things to go, talk them up. Let the talk be steady, consistent and faithfully followed up, and the end is pretty sure to be reached. This means more than some momentary enthusiasm over desirable ends, when talk flashes up like a fire of shavings to go out as rapidly as it sprang up. There is too much of this kind of talking up things in our churches and schools, and in connection with the various branches of our work. There is many an obstacle to our progress that could be easily removed by a little talking up. Our work would go forward as we never knew it to go, if everybody would begin to talk it up.

That one man was enough to start the talking which ended in removing a building. We do not know what great things could be accomplished if the right man would begin to talk up in each community the various lines of work that seem to need help. The right man is not always the preacher or the deacon, though it may be either. In the case referred to it was the one dollar a day man. He must have been a humble, unpretentious worker, but he started a movement that brought success. It took several weeks, but it came because he kept "everlastingly at it." There was no spasmodic effort about it. How much one man can accomplish by talking things up if his heart is only in it!

What if our people should begin now to talk up our good causes, and try to have the obstacles to our work removed? Try it, brother, this means you. Try it, sister, you may be the very one, even though you think you are not.

Here is the RECORDER for instance, with only a few more than eighteen hundred paid subscriptions, when there ought to be three thousand! We are lacking some \$4,000.00 per year of making the RECORDER pay its way. This is too bad! It ought not to be so. What can we do? Are you not all sorry it is so? Well, friends, just how sorry are you? Suppose every reader begins now to talk it up, every day, at every opportunity, and tries his best to find and interest another, who will take the paper? Our subscription list would double in three months. It could not help doing so, I am sure, if everybody would take hold and in the right spirit talk it up.

Again, see how our schools are crippled for want of funds! Supposing we all set out for a steady pull of talking up endowments, making of wills, and plans for the welfare of Alfred, Salem, and Milton? I tell you, three years would not pass before these schools would all be on their feet, out of debt, and money for endowments well secured. We can do it just as well as not and never suffer by it.

Then there are our Missionary and Tract Society interests—yes, the interests of all our Boards. They have languished, simply because people did not talk them up. A little more interest in them, with the rank and file of our people talking things over in the right spirit, would have prevented their getting into debt. These debts were paid when people began in good earnest to talk the matter up. Our churches and prayer meetings will flourish when all the people talk them up. It is too bad that ever anybody talks them down.

Indeed, may it not be that even the scarcity of consecrated ministers is due to the fact that in so many churches and homes we have failed to talk and pray over the matter? What we need more than anything else now are people filled with the right spirit and ready at every point to talk up the blessed work God has given us to do.

Tested by Its Fruits.

The fruit test is always a good one. It will settle beyond controversy the real value of a tree, or a life, or a religion. The question in each case is, What does it do, or what is its natural outcome? Sometimes we meet truths hard to believe because the foundation facts are beyond our vision. In such cases we may examine the fruit until we are convinced of the reality and genuineness of the thing that produced them.

Jesus said, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and this precept holds true in a wonderful way in settling questions about himself and concerning the Bible. One is overwhelmed with the evidences of the superhuman nature of Jesus whenever he studies candidly and carefully the outcome of that matchless life. Here was an obscure peasant, known as the son of a carpenter, moving in a small circle of friends and living in an obscure village belonging to a despised section of Palestine. He was a modest, dutiful child; but there were others who, so far as human eye could see, were just as promising. From a human standpoint there were hundreds in Palestine more promising and more prominent than was Jesus up to his thirtieth year.

He had no special education and no training such as the world counts necessary to make great men. He had no wealth, but was so poor he "had not where to lay his head." His family was of humble ori-

gin and had no great name that could give their son a standing and influence among men. Everything was lacking which at that time, even more than now, was deemed requisite in making a man a leader of marked influence and power over his fellows. When he started out at the age of thirty, his own family did not rally around him. His mother was the only one who seemed to understand him, and she, doubtless, did not dream of his possibilities as a leader. His own townspeople were as strangers to him, and seemed to take no pride in owning him as a citizen of their village.

He spent only three years in public work, mostly in going about on foot and talking with the country people. He gathered about himself as helpers and pupils a dozen common men and a few women, who were, however, true to him to the last. The rulers and aristocracy either ignored or despised him, and he was apprehended and executed as a criminal.

And yet this despised Nazarine has come to be the great Head of the Church. He so inspired his followers that they were ready to sacrifice their lives for the religion he established. He has become the one central figure in all the world's history, making the focal point in all dates, and starting a new era in the reckoning of time.

All civilized nations are glad to be called by his name; and wherever his gospel has been preached throughout the world, the inevitable result has been the precious fruits of righteousness and the blessings of civilization. He has placed in the hearts of men the inspiration of a more heavenly music than the world had ever known; he has sweetened the fountains of literature until the world's poetry seems like messages from the better land. Out from the fountain of his life has come all the streams that have blessed the world and filled the souls of men with hope. Under his influence the world glories in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The man of Nazareth has risen above all kings and potentates in his power over the multitudes of earth; and his influence surpasses that of all other men combined in sweetening and sustaining the soul with reference to the life to come. His simple words surpass those of all philosophers in their power to enlighten the hopes of men who near

valley and the shadow of death. Millions are walking in his footsteps today, perfectly satisfied regarding his power as a Saviour from sin, and resting in the assurance of his words.

Surely this wonderful person must be more than a mere man. No merely human being could produce such results. Indeed by his "fruits" we must believe that he was really the Son of God, clothed with power divine.

The New Testament Our Fortress.

The New Testament is our high tower and strong fortress in the Sabbath question. We have been accused of going to the Old Testament for all Sabbath data, until many feel that the New Testament gives little help in this matter. This is a great mistake. The New Testament is our mightiest weapon in this fight for truth. In Genesis we read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." In John's Gospel we read, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . All things were made by him. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

Thus the same God who made the heavens and the earth, and finished them, redeemed man from the curse and said, "It is finished." Twice in the world has this word "finished" been used in its absolute sense. Once by God the Creator, and once by God the Redeemer. From the day the serpent bruiser was promised in Eden, to the day of his coming in Bethlehem, the Christ as the world's Redeemer was more and more clearly revealed. In the record in Genesis, as sin was about to enter and the need of God as Redeemer was felt, the name "Jehovah God" appears. Hitherto he had been known as Creator God, but now it must be Jehovah God, because sin is coming in and along with it the promise of salvation. Jehovah is the covenant name indicating his personal relation to his people, and at the outset in the book of Generations we have a promised Redeemer. But lest any one should suppose from the change of name there is a change of person; lest any one should think that he who is to come as the friend of sinners and Redeemer is a different being from the one who created the heavens and the earth, the two names are combined—"Jehovah God,"

or the personal God of the covenant. And throughout the entire Bible story of the fall, these two names are used together until thoroughly identified and established. Like a golden thread, the signs of the coming Redeemer run through the Old Testament. You see him in the burning bush, in the Shekinah, and in the Rock that was Christ. He appeared in type on every altar from Abel to the real Lamb of God on Calvary's cross.

Christ found his only credentials in the Old Testament and was himself the divine interpreter of its teachings. All our hope is built upon the foundations of the apostles and the prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.

At every turn we find him certifying to Moses and the prophets, and to the apostles as men authorized to speak for God. When we are asked, "Why do you believe in Moses?" the answer is always, "On the authority of Christ." He himself, in that matchless prayer, spoke of his existence with the Father before the world was; and the apostle who knew him best said he was in the beginning, and by him was made everything that was made. Therefore he made the Sabbath. He it was who rested from all his works on the seventh day, and he it was who blessed it and sanctified it. He it was again who placed it in the Decalogue, and said, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." And it was this same Redeemer God who "was God," and made the Sabbath, that said of himself, "The Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath." Of course he was, and as such he exercised his right to clear away the husks which Pharisees had placed around it, and to give men an example of how it should be kept.

And as the Son of man who came not to destroy the law but to fulfil; who came not only to redeem man from sin, but to teach him how to live, the Redeemer God carefully kept the Sabbath to the last week of his earthly life. He lived daily with those whom he was teaching to be the light of the world; and at his departure he commissioned them to teach all men the principles of his kingdom; still he nowhere hinted that there was ever to be any change of Sabbath. He also spoke to humanity as the divine man to man, and not as a Jew to the Jews. He taught that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sab-

bath. Thus mankind was the basis, and for the good of man it was made, and not for the Jews only. The Sabbath is no more Jewish than is the Christ.

When thought of thus, the change of the Sabbath would be a tremendous revolution in the plans of God for man. It would strike at the very foundations of religion. Is it reasonable to suppose that if such a revolution was contemplated by the God-man he would continue to keep the Sabbath of the commandments to the end, and then leave his disciples without giving them so much as a hint of any change? He told them all things necessary for them to know about his kingdom, and commissioned them to go teach all nations, and yet after he had been dead many years, every one of the evangelists wrote of the Sabbath as being the day before the "first day of the week." If the Lord of the Sabbath had authorized any change in the day which Jehovah for two thousand years had made his chief test of loyalty, it certainly would have been made clear. You do not need to go back to Sinai as the only ground for Sabbath-keeping, but take your stand beside the Christ, who was the creative power of God in the beginning and who rested with God in the first Sabbath, and in his example and teachings you will find authority for the only "Lord's day," blessed and sanctified, to be found in the Bible. Indeed, Jesus and his disciples were all Seventh-day Baptists.

Moody's Work Goes On.

The annual conference of Christian workers at Northfield, Massachusetts, seems to be unusually interesting this year. It was twenty-six years ago that Dwight L. Moody called together an assembly of Christian workers for a vacation conference, and organized the Northfield movement near his old home. While he lived he was the soul of the movement, and spent many thousands of dollars in providing for its future usefulness. He has passed from earth, and his works go on. The people meet at his grave, close by, to hold the sunset services, and they can read upon his tombstone these words: "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." How true the words must seem as the sun sinks behind the hills of New England, as the twilight shades soften the outlines of semi-

nary, school and auditorium founded by this good man, and the multitudes from the little city of tents and cottages pour forth to the evening convocation.

Delegates and noted speakers and teachers from all over the world assemble there year by year for rest and vacation study. The audiences this year are larger than ever and the usual high standard of work is maintained. Such men as Dr. W. L. Watkinson and Rev. J. Stuart Holden of London, Rev. John A. Hutton of Glasgow, Scotland, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson and singer George C. Stebbins of Brooklyn, evangelist C. M. Alexander and Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, need only to be mentioned to give some idea of the feast of good things enjoyed by those who are so fortunate as to be able to attend. For the praise service in the morning session there is a choir consisting of 200 adults and 100 children led by Mr. Stebbins, who has done this work for twenty-six years.

This conference will continue until well into September, when the two Moody schools will also be in session.

What a blessed work for a man to establish! How much better is such a monument as this, than would be a million dollar mausoleum over the remains of one who lived for worldly pleasure and spent fortunes upon himself. I know of no way in which men can so certainly perpetuate the influences of their lives and make sure that their property will continue to work for them in blessing the world after they are gone, as through the endowment of schools and institutions for education. Moody will live a thousand years in his Northfield school.

Practical Tests.

Napoleon I., riding in advance of his army, came to a river which must be bridged without delay, and said to his engineer: "Tell me the breadth of this river." "Sire, I cannot," was the reply, "the instruments are with the army ten miles away." "Measure the breadth of this stream instantly." "Sire, be reasonable."

"Ascertain at once the width of this river, or you shall be deposed from your office."

The engineer quickly faced the stream and, standing erect, pulled the front-piece of his helmet down until the edge of it just

touched the opposite bank. Then making his heel a pivot on which to turn, he whirled rapidly until his helmet-front touched the bank on which he stood. Marking this spot he paced the distance and turned to the emperor saying, "This is the breadth of the stream approximately." The emperor was pleased and the engineer was promoted.

If that engineer had not learned to make a practical application of the rules he had studied, he could not have stood that severe test. The emergency was great and required prompt action and there were no books or instruments at hand. His only hope was to make practical application of the theories he had learned, and that too with nothing but his body and his helmet-front. This he could do, and was therefore master of the situation. He understood the principle that the radii of a circle must be equal; and making his heel the centre, and the distance from it to where his cap-front touched the other bank one radius, he could easily find another radius on ground which he could pace. There was something practical in his education. He had learned just how to apply the rules he had learned.

Right here is where hundreds fail. Too many learn rules and theories by heart, and overlook their practical application to matters of life. Emergencies often come which will test our ability to apply what we have learned. Not standing this test, we fail utterly. Boys, in all your studies learn to look for the facts upon which your theories are based. This habit of study will make you master of any situation, whether it be measuring rivers or handling men.

President Roosevelt on National Hymns.

There is a bit of interesting correspondence in Uncle Remus's *Home Magazine*, between the President and Joel Chandler Harris, about national hymns. The *Home Magazine* is published in Atlanta, Georgia, a fact which makes the correspondence all the more interesting. The President had been riding with General Fitzhugh Lee, and Captain Butts of Georgia, after listening at the White House, to a noted band of singers about to depart on a foreign tour.

At the President's request they had sung "Dixie," "Old Kentucky Home," and

"Suwanee River," and as the President and his friends rode along they discoursed upon the merits of certain national hymns, and agreed that "Dixie" had probably come to be the most popular battle tune in our army. They expressed regret that it had no appropriate words to go with the tune. Then Captain Butts of the South expressed the opinion that just as "Dixie" stands alone among tunes, so the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Julia Ward Howe, is the finest battle hymn possessed by any nation. Thus they placed "Dixie" first among tunes and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" first among battle hymns. Soon after this conversation President Roosevelt wrote asking if the Southern people would be willing to join with the people of the North in making that hymn the national hymn as heartily as the North had accepted the tune "Dixie." He thinks there is not a sectional line in the hymn, and says he hopes all Americans will grow to realize in it a "great national treasure." He thinks the American people should come to know it so intimately that in any audience, anywhere in the land, if this hymn were started the people could join in singing the words. The President's letter is dated June 15, 1908.

Joel Chandler Harris wrote a pleasant letter to follow that of the President and they are both published in Uncle Remus's Magazine. This letter is all the more interesting because its author, since writing it, has laid down his pen forever.

Mr. Harris thought that the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" possessed the strength and dignity and also the verbal beauty which cannot be found combined in any other hymn. He said the President put the question to the country, and before the South first. Then he asked if the Southerners would be inclined to forget the "partisan genesis" of this wonderful hymn "as completely as Northerners have forgotten that of Dixie?" The "Battle Hymn" was written for the Northern Army during the Civil War, and Mr. Harris thought that if the people of the South "would acquiesce in President Roosevelt's proposition, it would mark to a greater degree than almost anything else could, the fact that this is indeed a united country." He then asked the people to say what they thought about it.

The tune "Dixie" has forgotten that there

ever was a Mason and Dixon's line. Now let the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" forget it also, and let a great nation of brothers join in making the heavens ring with its stirring music.

We give the hymn below and also a brief sketch of its author:

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

I.
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

II.
I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim
and-flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

III.
I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

IV.
He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

V.
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

SKETCH OF MRS. HOWE.

Julia Ward Howe, author of the hymn given above, is now in her ninetieth year, and retains all her faculties in a remarkable degree. She is often sought to preside over notable meetings in Boston, and can still lend her aid to all good causes by her graceful, witty speeches. For many years she has been counted among America's great reformers, having been active in the anti-slavery movement, and the struggles for woman's suffrage, prison reform, and international peace. She has written

volumes of poetry, travel, essays and biography. The one thing that will make her famous is the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which fired the Union hearts during the Civil War. Our soldiers sang it in camp and field to the tune of "John Brown's Body," and it will always have a warm place in their hearts.

About the time President Roosevelt wrote that letter to Mr. Harris, suggesting this as a national hymn, Mrs. Howe had a most remarkable vision, the substance of which, in her own words as taken from a Boston paper, was also published in the *Home Magazine*. We give it below:

MRS. HOWE'S VISION.

"One night recently," she says, "I had a vision of a new era which is to dawn for mankind and in which men and women are battling, equally, unitedly, for the uplifting and emancipating of the race from evil.

"There seemed to be a new, a wondrous ever-permeating light. The source of this light was born of human endeavor, immortal purpose of countless thousands of men and women who were equally doing their part in the world-wide battle with evil, and whose energy was bended to tear the mask from error, crime, superstition, greed, and to discover and apply the remedy.

"I saw men and women advancing like a mighty army laden with fruits of their research, their study, their endeavor in this battle with the powers of darkness, and ready to tear vice from the earth, to strip away all of selfishness, of greed, of rapine.

"Then I seemed to see them stoop down to their fellows and to lift them higher, higher, and yet higher.

"And then I saw the victory!
"All, all of evil was gone from the earth. Misery was blotted out. Mankind was emancipated and ready to march forward in a new era of human understanding, all-encompassing sympathy and ever-present help, the era of perfect love, of peace passing understanding."

CONDENSED NEWS

The Sick Man of the Bosphorus Better.

Turkey is improving. The Sultan has proclaimed a constitution for the government, and all of European Turkey is delighted. We do not know how long these symptoms of convalescence will last, but since the movement was forced upon the Sultan by the strong political party known as "Young Turks," and backed by the Albanian army, there is a much better chance for the movement to succeed than when a

similar proclamation was made in 1875. This effort at constitutional government had to be abandoned in 1877 when Russia declared war. The present constitution provides for the supremacy of the Sultan, but gives freedom of the press and in religion and education. It will probably succeed in European Turkey, but only an actual test can settle it in Turkey in Asia.

The Sultan is really an acute and able monarch after all. When he saw that the "Young Turks" had actually won over the Albanian army to the measure—an army which the Sultan considered very loyal—thus leaving him without adequate support, he immediately came to the front and himself led the procession and proclaimed a constitution.

There is hope for Turkey yet.

Our Fleet at New Zealand.

On Sunday, August 9, the great American fleet under command of Admiral Sperry sailed into the waters of New Zealand. Fifty thousand people lined the shores to greet the splendid ships as they sailed in, and everybody admired the perfect order and precision with which the fleet was aligned. The bands played British national airs, and as the Connecticut passed the Australasian flag-ship, its band returned the compliment by playing an American anthem.

The voyage across the Pacific was highly successful, and proved to be a splendid discipline in developing the fleet in symmetry and efficiency along all lines. The vessels arrived trim and clean, and showed no ill effects from their long voyage. They claim to have learned something valuable about economizing in coal during the voyage. Some of the ships claim to have made a great saving through the careful management of the engineering forces.

The Y. M. C. A. Relay Race.

The Young Men's Christian Association made a splendid record in their race from New York to Chicago. The silver tube with its message from Mayor McClellan of New York to the Mayor of Chicago, was delivered eleven hours and fifty-five minutes ahead of schedule time.

The whole distance of one thousand miles was run in 119 hours and 22 minutes, an average of about seven minutes and a quarter to the mile, or more than eight and

a half miles an hour. About two thousand boys took part, two of whom swam half a mile each in Cayuga Lake, New York State, in the night, in order to save a six-mile run around.

There was no miss at any relay. Every boy was on time and ready for his start. This shows a splendid discipline in the organization. In all respects it was a credit to American boys. Old Homer ought to be alive now to write one of his magnificent poems about the greater than Olympic race.

A Girl Who Means to Win.

Word comes from Duluth, Minnesota, that a young lady of eighteen is already in the line before the land office, with tent and provisions and plenty of reading matter, awaiting the opening day of the Fond du Lac Indian reservation, which is to be opened to settlers five weeks hence. She is number six in the line and proposes to hold her place the entire five weeks.

Death of Louise Chandler Moulton.

The literary world will be sorry indeed to learn of the death of the well-known author and poet, Louise Chandler Moulton. She died at her home in Boston, on August 10, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. She began her literary work when a school-girl, and for more than half a century the reading public has been familiar with her writings.

She has written many books of fiction, and volumes of poems, and been a contributor to the leading magazines; but she will be remembered quite as much on account of her stories for children as for any other line of her work. During the early Seventies, her matchless "Bedtime Stories," "Firelight Stories," and other juvenile writings gladdened the hearts of thousands both young and old.

Her stories of travel were much read, and many of her poems found a place in the hearts of people on both sides of the Atlantic. Her volume entitled "Swallow Flights" ran through many editions, and was especially pleasing to the people of England.

We give one of her best little poems below:

WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

We lay us down to sleep,
And leave to God, the rest;
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more be best.

Why vex our souls with care?
 The grave is cool and low,—
 Have we found life so fair
 That we should dread to go?
 We've kissed love's sweet, red lips,
 And left them sweet and red:
 The rose the wild bee sips
 Blooms on when he is dead.
 Some faithful friends we've found,
 But they who love us best,
 When we are under ground
 Will laugh on with the rest.
 No task have we begun
 But other hands can take;
 No work beneath the sun
 For which we need to wake.
 We lay us down to sleep;
 Our weary eyes we close:
 Whether to wake and weep
 Or wake no more, He knows.

New York to Paris Race.

All things considered, the completion of the journey from New York to Paris by way of Japan and Siberia by automobiles is one of the most notable events of this notable year. The route was across the American continent, by steamer from Seattle to Yokohama, across Japan, by steamer to Vladivostok, and then across Siberia, Russia, and Germany to France and Paris. The time occupied by the leading car was 165 days, or more than five months, and the first car reached Paris, Sunday evening, July 26. Probably when the cars started from New York few supposed that any of them would ever reach the end of the race. And the fact that such a journey is possible to automobiles is the chief thing of interest connected with the race. Although the German Protos car was the first to reach Paris by three days, the race was won by the American Thomas car. It was first planned that the cars should go to Alaska and across Behring Straits. The Thomas car made the full run across the American continent by way of Los Angeles and San Francisco to Seattle, several days ahead of any other car. It was shipped to Valdez, Alaska, to make the journey to Behring Straits according to the plan; when it was found that it would be impossible for an automobile to cross Alaska, and the car was ordered by the committee back to Seattle to be shipped to Yokohama. Meantime the German car had run as far as Idaho and broken down, and had been shipped to Seattle by rail, been repaired and been shipped to Yokohama on the

steamer ahead of the American car. Notwithstanding this the American car overtook the German in Siberia and passed it and reached the Russian frontier several days ahead. In Russia, by a misunderstanding of the language, the American car was sent several hundred miles out of the way, and the German car reached Moscow first by two and a half days and went on to St. Petersburg, Berlin and Paris, the Thomas car gaining all the time, but unable to make up the time lost in the detour. The American car was, however, allowed fifteen days over the German car because the latter was shipped by rail from Idaho to Seattle, and did not make the trip to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and also fifteen days because of its extra trip to Alaska. The American car has, therefore, thirty days to spare. It is to be regretted that it did not get to Paris first, but the superiority of the car and its management has been amply demonstrated, and the victory is fairly won and is a legitimate triumph for American mechanics and enterprise. The Italian Zusta car, which is much smaller than the others, made a gallant struggle but was hopelessly behind all the way.—*The Watchman*.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

We learn by private correspondence that Rev. J. G. Burdick, of Berlin, N. Y., has resigned the pastorate of that church, the same to take effect October 31. Brother Burdick's heart has always been in the work of missions, and his purpose now in leaving his pastorate is to enter evangelistic work in the home field.

The Berlin church has asked Brother Burdick to withdraw his resignation, but he is anxious to get back into evangelistic work and cannot see his way clear to remain in Berlin.

When this RECORDER reaches our readers, Dr. Lewis, W. L. Burdick and the editor will be on their way to Boulder to attend Convocation and Conference. They expect to leave New York at 9.15 on Monday, the 17th, and will be joined by the friends at Alfred on Tuesday morning.

We all hope Boulder will have a good and profitable meeting. We understand that, three weeks before Conference time,

more than ninety names had been sent on. The more the better.

Professor Clark's Family in Smash-Up.

Professor C. B. Clark and family, who were the guests of Buddington Carpenter and sister, at Asheville, N. Y., were in a smash-up last Monday. They were all going to Chautauqua to spend the day, having started about ten o'clock, in a surrey. When about four miles out of Asheville they were overtaken by an automobile, and turned into an oat field to be out of danger. The car, owned by G. P. Waite of Jamestown, put on full speed when the carriage was out of the way, making considerable noise, which frightened the horses, causing them to run. Floyd Carpenter, who was driving, was pulled out over the dashboard, but pluckily held on to the horses. The carriage was soon overturned. The tugs broke and the horses were freed from the carriage. After getting out of the debris and taking account of stock it was found that Paul Clark had a broken leg, about half way between the knee and ankle, Mrs. Clark had quite a bump on her head, and Professor Clark was badly shaken up. He has now gone to Salem, but Mrs. Clark and children will remain in Asheville until Paul is able to use crutches.—*Alfred Sun*.

We are sorry to hear of this mishap to President Clark and his family, and hope that no permanent ill effects will result.

School Notes.

In these days many young people are thinking of school matters and wondering what school they had better attend.

The *Southern Presbyterian* says some good things upon the kind of school that is most helpful, and we offer our readers three or four editorial notes from that paper. The sentiments expressed therein are shared by hosts of people in these days; and the superior advantages of small colleges in good temperance towns where Christian influences prevail are recognized by many leading educators.

We see the statement that in the book entitled "Who's Who in America" there are 14,443 names. Of these it appears that seventy per cent. had been in attendance at college, and fifty-six per cent. had graduated at college. Inasmuch as not more than one boy in a hundred (taking the average of the country) goes to college, it appears that seventy times as much celebrity is attained by any given number of college trained

boys as by other boys. Think over this before the opening of the fall sessions.

The best college is that in which the student is brought into the closest contact with teachers of ability and of Christian character. Mere lectures, however able, do not greatly influence the character of the students. It is personal contact. A college president once said to us that he had less influence as president than he formerly had as a professor. As professor he was not charged with the discipline of the college and the boys would come to him when they got into trouble, and he could give them advice and help, but as president they were afraid to tell him freely what they had been doing. To a professor who is a mere lecturer there is a like distance; they would not expect to find any sympathy in him and would therefore never go near him. Study the character of the teachers if you would find a good school.

Then study the character of the students. We know of a college in which the students give it clearly to be understood that dissipation would not be tolerated by them upon the campus, and the reckless student who frequented houses of unsavory reputation was invited by his fellows to pack his trunk and start for home at once. The faculty had no occasion to act; the students upheld the standard of morality. If a parent can find such a college let him take advantage of it.

In the *Brooklyn Citizen* of July 26, we see this statement:

"Every now and then press despatches from —, from —, and other homes of universities, record the rows of drunken students, had with policemen, theatre officials or citizens. These despatches are sidelights on one regrettable phase of college life. It is not that dissipation and drunkenness prevail largely in the universities, but the fact that drunkenness and dissipation are at all in evidence in college life, which causes many parents to regard the universities as places unsafe for their sons."

This leads us to repeat the caution to keep young men in such schools as would not tolerate the use of intoxicants on the grounds. There are plenty of them and we ought to avail ourselves of them.

Concerning Ordination.

C. H. GREENE.

The Rev. S. R. Wheeler's remarks on this subject in the SABBATH RECORDER of August 3, 1908, have moved me to add my mite, if so be I can be of any service in showing what can be, by what has been, and not "darken counsel."

I. Our English brethren never separated from the "regular Baptists," but have always, even unto this day, belonged to some Baptist association, never having organized among themselves. In England the Seventh-day Baptists quite often invited their Sunday brethren to assist in ordaining a Sabbatarian pastor. This was sometimes from stern necessity, there being no

available Seventh-day Baptist council. Such an ordination had the Rev. William Slater of Mill Yard in 1785. Our English brethren were also hopelessly divided on the question of Calvinism and Arminianism. Fortunately, all these hindrances are absent in America.

2. The "ordination council," as that term is now used, is a plant of American growth. When the English Baptists wish to ordain a brother, the local church sends a request to the pastors of neighboring churches to come to assist at the ceremony, not as representatives of their church, but of their own kindness will they come. If there be no desirable brethren near, to ordain the candidate, the church seems as well satisfied to call him to the pastorate unordained. This was done in the cases of the present pastors of both Mill Yard and Natton.

3. The local church was very jealous of her prerogative in ordination. Quite often, though not always, the pastor elect was subject to reordination before he could be fully installed over his church. The Rev. Edmund Townsend was ordained an evangelist by Natton, in 1722, and ordained as pastor of the Pinner's Hall Church five years later. Robert Cornthwaite, though an ordained Baptist pastor before he joined Mill Yard in 1726, was reordained by that church on March 8, 1726. A former pastor, John Maulden, however, was accepted with his Baptist papers only. Why he was spared and the other not spared does not appear.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Rhode Island appear to have had a form of hierarchy in all but name. The brother was started in on his commission of service as church clerk, then licentiate, evangelist, elder, pastor. Ruling elders were experimented with but just once—early in the nineteenth century—one of the candidates being Nathan Potter of Hopkinton. The office lapsed with the death of those brethren and has never been revived. This is a very potent commentary on what Hopkinton thought of "ruling elders."

As to the "hierarchy" mentioned above, the list of preachers is altogether too long to insert here, so I must be content with one or two examples:

Henry Clarke, the first pastor of the

First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Church, was a native of the northern part of the town of Hopkinton, Rhode Island. He was licensed to preach, by the old Hopkinton Church, in 1788; ordained a deacon, 1789; ordained an evangelist, 1793; and finally ordained pastor at Brookfield, New York, in 1797. John Burdick was born in Hopkinton, Rhode Island, 1732; joined the old Hopkinton Church, 1769; was licensed to preach and became very active in church work. In 1772 he was ordained an evangelist, and in 1793 he was ordained their pastor and took the oversight of the church.

With the advent of the nineteenth century this system of ecclesiastical promotion lapsed and has never been revived. The system worked well, however, for we do not hear that any of those fathers in Israel went far astray in conduct, and none of them left the Sabbath.

Patrick Henry's classical remark as to the lamp that we have to guide our feet in new and untried paths holds good in church as well as political work. It is true the times have changed and we have changed also; but that we should "change" so much as to swing back from the solid foundation of Baptist strength,—the individual church the unit of power,—is not, in the eternal fitness of things, either wise or desirable.

Battle Creek, Michigan,

August 7, 1908.

Light.

We stay in the dark when light is all around us. We call attention to the faults and let the virtues pass unnoticed. It is very discouraging to find that we are misunderstood, our words are misconstrued and often we become the author of things we never uttered.

As long as it is not true we need not worry, but must learn to accept the petty trials of life at their true value.

We can be bright and cheery ourselves, and when troubles come, as they surely will to all of us, we must believe that the silver lining of the cloud is there, even though we cannot see it.

And in the time of sorrow we may take our wounded hearts to the foot of the cross and plead forgiveness and ask for comfort from Him who died to save us all.

There, and only there, will we find "the peace that passeth understanding."—*Gulick.*

Missions

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Not ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is willed, is done!

—*Whittier.*

The Mission to the Streets.

When Margaret Andrews was twenty-five, she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. Her parents, although they at first tried to dissuade her, put no obstacle in the way of her hopes, and, full of eagerness, she began her training at a school in another city. One day, says the *California Advocate*, she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret packed her books and took the first train home, expecting to return in a few weeks. Long before the weeks had passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again, and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse. For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said, slowly, "You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered, quickly, "and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class, and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing—"

"Margaret," the old minister said, "come here."

Wonderingly the girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

"All up and down the streets," the old minister said, "in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them—they will not enter a church. Books cannot help them—many of them never open a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the gospel of hope, joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and women.

"Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. 'I wanted to tell her,' she said, 'how much good her happy face did me, but I was afraid that she would think it was presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day perhaps you will tell her for me.'

"Margaret, my child, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy—and they are, more than any of us realize—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?"

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was no coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

"Thank you," she said, "I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission—to the streets."—*The Christian.*

When Myrtle Went Home.

Six o'clock.

The mill whistle sounded and a few moments afterward a throng of people poured out of the great doors of the factory.

A savory odor of coffee and fried meat was wafted to the home-going workers and their lagging steps quickened. Supper promised a pleasant variety after a long day of confinement.

But one little figure loitered behind the rest, her eyes fixed on the pines lined dark against the glowing western sky.

Myrtle's heart was sick with that worst of heart maladies—homesickness. She hated the ugly "mill town" with its slovenly attempts at streets; the unkempt yards around the comfortless houses, and above all, the ceaseless noise and ubiquitous grime of the mill itself. For Myrtle had lived

nine of the eleven years of her life in a farmhouse, where there was no coal dust to defile the flowers around the doorstep, and no smoke to dull the sky. The back yard had sloped to the woods where one heard the gurgle of running water before the spring was reached.

A few pines still stood about the mill, the rear guard of the great army of straight limbed trees which had been slaughtered to make way for the mill and its hideous appurtenances, and Myrtle crept away whenever possible, to listen to the song of the wind in the pines.

There was a chill in the air tonight, the sun had set some time before the mill whistle shrieked its signal of freedom. Myrtle drew her shawl close about her stooping shoulders and hurried home through the twilight.

Somehow the day had seemed more trying than usual, and the child's heart had beat like a caged bird's while she stood at her loom, her fingers working automatically while her thoughts were far away.

"You're late, Myrtle."

Myrtle's mother divined, with a mother's unerring instinct, the workings of the child's inner nature, and now she asked no questions. Her heart yearned over Myrtle's wan face and she tried in every way to tempt her capricious appetite. Tonight she had placed a vase of goldenrod, the last of the season, on the supper table.

But the flowers, with their gay coloring, brought to Myrtle memories of the autumn fields where she had loved to wander. She laid down her fork, pushed away her plate and buried her face in her mother's lap. Then her overcharged heart found vent in passionate sobs.

"O Ma!" she cried, "are we going to live here forever and ever?"

"There now," her mother soothed, gathering Myrtle in her arms as if she were a baby, "You're just tired out from workin' all day. Tomorrow you'll feel better, after a spell of sleep."

"I won't never feel rested," the querulous child-voice answered, "till we go back home again."

* * * *

Darius Lockwood was not intentionally a cruel man. It was only that he was absolutely selfish where his own affairs were concerned. Thus, when he gave up his

farm and moved to the cotton mill ten miles away, the possibility that his family might object did not enter into his calculations. He was tired of farming, and he wanted to stop. And stop he did.

To tell the truth, only Myrtle rebelled at leaving the old farm for the untasted joys of town life. But with all the might of her childish nature she struggled against the new order of things. The home instinct is stronger in some than in others, as the same power for loving is not found in all natures.

It fell to Mrs. Lockwood's part to break the news of departure to Myrtle, and she had been startled at the child's distress. From Myrtle's point of view the change had seemed so needless, so altogether preposterous, that the mother, to defend her husband's position, had retreated behind the subterfuge of an untruth, pleading that a mortgage would soon be due on the farm.

Myrtle had sighed with relief, when her mother explained what a mortgage meant.

"If that's all, I'll just save all I can, until we can pay off the money, and then we can come back home."

Mrs. Lockwood had gone too far to retreat, and seeing that her words served to comfort Myrtle she quieted any compunctions she might have felt, and only parried certain questions as to the amount of the mortgage. As time went by she forgot the incident, but Myrtle did not. There was a secret corner in her little trunk where every available penny was stored. Mr. Lockwood prided himself on his generosity in giving each of his children who worked in the mill a portion of their wages. So every week Myrtle added something to the little hoard in the trunk.

It was the child's dream that some day she might hand her father a well-filled purse, saying dramatically meanwhile,

"Here is the money for the mortgage, I saved it,—now we can go home again."

But sometimes even the sublime faith of childhood faltered. The money in the trunk seemed to grow slowly, in spite of long days of ceaseless toil in the cotton mill.

The dreary winter dragged by. The roses had long since faded from Myrtle's wistful little face, and her appetite had not improved.

It was towards the last of March, after

a particularly bleak, gusty day, that the little girl had come home complaining of a pain in her side.

The next morning Myrtle's place at the loom was vacant.

The long-continued, monotonous work, together with the dust-laden air of the factory, had left the child little strength with which to fight pneumonia. From the first she raved with delirium. Once more she was back on the farm, laughing joyously over some flower, begging piteously for a drink from the spring, gathering hickory-nuts in the woods.

Then there would come hours of restless tossing when one word was repeated over and over again. At first no one could understand the indistinct muttering, but one night Mrs. Lockwood turned to her husband with the light of comprehension dawning in her face.

"O Darius, she thought we left the farm because there was a mortgage on it; I told her a story to satisfy her; she didn't never want to come away!"

That night was a very solemn one. Myrtle went alone into the shadows and the doctor leaning over the bed gave no word of encouragement to the awe-stricken parents.

"It's the crisis, and she has mighty little to fight on," was all the grim lips would vouchsafe.

Suddenly a light seemed to glorify the wan little face.

"Oh, the water is so cool, and look! Ma, the pines is wavin' in the wind—"

"God forgive me!" sobbed a man's voice. "If she'll only live, we'll go back home—tell her, Ma, quick!"

"Myrtle, Myrtle! Ma's li'l gal; O Myrtle, listen, baby, we're goin' home! Home, baby—Pa's agoin' to take you!"

"Home!" echoed the faint child-voice.

And the room grew very still.—*Ethel T. Crittenden, in the Watchman.*

The Turning Point of National Prosperity.

In dealing with our natural resources we have come to a place at last where every consideration of patriotism, every consideration of love of country, of gratitude for things that the country and the institutions of this nation have given to us, calls upon us for a return. If we owe anything to the

United States, if this country has been good to us, if it has given us and our people our prosperity, our education and our chance of happiness, is there a duty resting upon us to see, as far as in us lies, that those who are coming after us shall have the same opportunity, and ought we, apart from any business consideration, apart from the question of the immediate dollar, to take up this question of the future wealth and happiness and prosperity of the people of the United States? It seems to me that in one phase of it, at least, this question rises far above all matters of business, all matters of the prosperity of the individual now, and becomes a great question of national preservation. And while we all have a right to a reasonable use of natural resources during our lifetime, while we all may use, and should continue to use, the good things that were put here for our use, in the last analysis this question is larger than a business question. It is a higher question than any other question which is likely to come before us, except the question of national preservation and national efficiency.

This is one of the great quiet crises that come in the lives of men and the lives of nations, and upon the decision which we make within the next very few years will depend the future of this nation throughout all of its existence. We have come to a great turning point and we have reached, fortunately, that turning point with a leader in the person of the President to point the way to a wise solution of the problem which comes before us. We have reached that turning point with every probability of solving the question right. None of us believes that this nation will be allowed to go down-hill. None of us believes that the prosperity that we enjoy now, we shall fail to hand on to our people, but the only wise and reasonable basis upon which we can afford to proceed is that we shall change from the policy of recklessness of the past into a policy of foresight in the future.—*Gifford Pinchot in American Industries for June.*

"If your life must needs be taken up with humble duties, put into those duties the sweetness of a Christian spirit. Precious ointment does not lose its sweetness by being put into a common bottle."—*Christian Work.*

Woman's Work

ETHEL A. HAVEN, Leonardville, N. Y.

Contributing Editor.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.

Be Faithful.

"My child, be faithful.
Is the work small? This I require of thee
Do it with all thy heart as unto Me.

"My child, be faithful.
Great is thy task? My grace will suffice for thee
In well-doing weary not, co-laborer with Me.

"My child, be faithful.
Only to sow and reap I ask of thee—
This is thy part—increase is given by Me."
—Selected.

The Royal Road.

"I believe that every child should be taught obedience; but how can I teach my child to obey?"

This question in varying forms is the one that mothers propound most frequently to those who have undertaken to help them solve the problems of the home. Without question it is the most difficult problem that the mother has to meet in the early life of the child, because it includes almost all the other problems that come up.

What are some of the methods employed by the mothers at the present time to secure obedience? Watch your friends as they endeavor to manage their children, and you will discover for yourself the various methods that are in use.

For instance, there is the mother who believes that a child should always be given a reason for everything.

"Shut the door, Johnny," she says to her four-year-old.

"Why?" asks her young hopeful, going on with his play.

"Because the wind blows on mother, and she might take cold."

"Why don't you move your chair, then?"

"Because I can't very well."

"Why can't you?"

"Because my work is all here."

I will not weary you by giving the rest

of the colloquy. This is doubtless enough to show you that the child is maneuvering for delay. He looks upon each command of his mother as an opening for a contest of wits. As long as he can think up questions to ask her, he can put off the undesired activity which will take him away from his play. It may be that in the end the mother secures the shutting of the door, but she has not taught her child the lesson of prompt obedience, and obedience that is not prompt is not real obedience. You might call it compliance with a request, if you desire a descriptive phrase.

Then there is the mother who secures a similar obedience by means of bribery. She would not describe it in these terms, but that is practically what it amounts to.

"It's time for you to come in now, Flossie," she calls from the doorway.

"I don't want to come in," is Flossie's answer.

"But mother wants you to. See, mother has a lovely red apple which she will give you when you come in."

Flossie keeps on with her play for a few moments, and then, finding that she is tiring of the game and seeing that the apple is big and attractive, she runs home to secure her reward. She is not learning obedience, and as she grows older she will develop quite an astounding sharpness in the matter of driving bargains. She learns, early in life, that the more difficult she is to persuade, the larger the reward her mother will offer her for compliance.

Neither of these methods is successful. But here comes a woman who says, "I punish my children if they are disobedient." This sounds promising, and you look forward to a visit in her home with pleasure, feeling sure that you will find there a delightful contrast to the laxness evident in the two other homes. But you are surprised to discover that the children are hardly more obedient in this instance than they were in the other two. There are punishments, to be sure, with all the unpleasantness that usually accompanies that form of discipline, and you wonder why it is that so strict a mother nevertheless has disobedient children.

The next day, however, you get a clue, if you are wise enough to recognize it as such. Harry comes into the room and slams the door behind him, whereupon his

mother says, "If you slam that door again I will punish you."

Half an hour later, when you are both up-stairs, you hear the door down-stairs slam, and the mother says, "There's Harry, slamming that door again. If I were only down-stairs I would punish him good for that."

She says no more, but you see that she considers it too much trouble to go down-stairs and inflict the punishment which she had promised the child if he disobeyed her in this particular way again. At last your eyes are open and you begin to watch more closely. You see that, in reality, this mother is attempting to govern most of the time by threats, with an occasional punishment thrown in; but threats are not effective and occasional punishments very evidently do not teach obedience.

What, then, is the secret? We were taught in our childhood that there was no royal road to learning; no method by which lessons could be learned without effort. Is there a royal road to success in child-training, some easy method by means of which we may be sure that we have trained our children aright?

Different natures require different forms of treatment, and it would, therefore, be foolishness to attempt to give a specific method of treatment which should apply to every case coming to mothers all over this great land. But I believe there is one element which must enter into every method that is really successful.

How does Nature teach us to obey her laws? By punishment, you say. We know that, if we break a law of Nature, punishment in some form or other will follow. How do we know this? By experience. We have broken her laws and we have suffered the penalty that followed such infringement. Can we break Nature's law and escape the penalty? Can you put the hand into the fire and not have it burned? Can you jump from a building and not fall to the ground? These questions seem to you absurd, for we all know that, no matter how good an excuse we may have, a broken law is always followed by its penalty. This is Nature's secret of success. The inevitableness of her punishment teaches us not to transgress her laws. She leaves us no hope of escaping punishment.

Consequently, we adapt ourselves to her requirements.

The trouble with the mother who attempted to govern by threats with an occasional punishment was that her punishments were irregular. The child had reason to hope each time that this would be one of the occasions when his mother would overlook his misdoing and forget to punish him. Her threats meant little, because there was always the hope that she would not follow them out. Her punishments were too uncertain to be an effective deterrent.

This, I believe, is one of the great lessons for mothers to learn, that of being as inevitable as Mother Nature herself. This, I believe, is the royal road to successful child-training.

But this calls for careful thought on the part of the mother. Too often the mother threatens the child with a punishment which causes her so much inconvenience that she is tempted to let offenses pass without attention on her part.

"But," says the mother, "when my little one has done wrong and I go to reprove her, I cannot always think at the moment of the best way to punish her."

Naturally, therefore, it would be well for the mother to refrain from a threat or a promise of punishment upon the first offense. She can point out to her child the wrong action and tell her not to repeat it. Then, going by herself, let the mother cast about in her mind for the best form of punishment to correct this particular tendency of the child. A little quiet thought like this will often result in an inspiration in regard to the form of discipline. Then, having decided upon the form of punishment, the mother may tell the child her decision; or she may leave the little one in uncertainty as to the exact form of discipline which has been decided upon. But when the wrong deed is done, let the mother act immediately. It is not necessary to be cross, to be angry, or to be the least bit unkind. A decided action following immediately upon the wrong-doing is all that is necessary to impress the child,—if the action follows always, inevitably.

When the mother has learned thus consistently to follow up wrong-doing with punishment, she will find that threats are unnecessary. Threatening, indeed, is al-

ways a sign of weakness. Let your actions speak for you, and they will speak more effectively than words could ever do.

Indeed, it is not always necessary to have the discipline of children in the form of punishment. A little boy of two began to cry in an effort to get his own wishes. When told by his mother to stop crying, he replied, "I don't want to stop."

"Very well," said the mother. "There is one place in the house where you may cry all you want to, and that is in your bed."

To his bed he was forthwith taken and left until the crying had stopped. Whenever tears came after that, the same thing was done with him, and he quickly learned that crying resulted, not in his procuring the thing which he desired, but in his being placed in his bed. The consequence was that he soon gave up trying to get his own way by means of tears and became an exceptionally happy child, free from that crying and whining which spoils the happiness of so many homes.

Another baby thought it fun to run away from his mother when she was trying to dress him. Instead of scolding him, or shaking him, or making him suffer from some other form of punishment, the mother quietly left the room. When her baby called, she told him she was busy now and he would have to wait until she was ready to come and dress him. Upon her return, she explained to him that if he was not ready to be dressed when she was there with him, he would always have to wait her convenience. The spirit of play, of course, continued to crop out once in a while, but upon every occasion she quietly went about other matters, leaving him alone until he was more than anxious for her return. As this occurred every time he interfered with the operation of being dressed, he quickly learned to attend to that one thing, leaving his play until some other time.

In neither of these instances was the discipline inflicted in the form of punishment; but it was inevitable in its application, and the child learned to adapt himself to the requirements of the mother just as we learn to adapt ourselves to the laws of Nature.

A child is much happier under such a régime. There is no uncertainty in his mind as to whether today he will get his will and tomorrow it will be denied him. He knows that certain things are allowed

and that other things are forbidden; that obedience brings freedom and pleasure, and disobedience results in restraint and loss of happiness. The serious troubles that many parents and children go through are also done away, for by the use of this method of inevitableness in the early years the children grow up with a habit of obedience. But few rules are necessary, and, these being unflinchingly administered, they quickly become familiar to the child. Thus he learns that there is freedom within the bounds of the law; he grows into manhood understanding the difference between liberty and lawlessness.—*Mrs. Rose Woodallen Chapman, in the Union Signal.*

Tract Society — Executive Board Meeting.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, New Jersey, on Sunday, August 9, 1908, at 2.00 o'clock P. M.

Corliss F. Randolph by vote occupied the chair as temporary chairman until the arrival of Vice-President David E. Titsworth who then took the chair.

Members present: D. E. Titsworth, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, Corliss F. Randolph, H. N. Jordan, T. L. Gardiner, Asa F. Randolph, M. L. Clawson, C. W. Spicer, J. R. Dunham, A. L. Titsworth and Business Manager N. O. Moore.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The standing committees reported matters under their care progressing favorably.

The Treasurer reported the receipt of a communication from Wm. L. Clarke, executor of the estate of George S. Greenman, offering to turn over to the Tract and Missionary Societies as residuary legatees fifteen shares of the Tampa Building and Investment Co.'s stock at \$75.00 per share and a check to make up \$1,500.00, and stating that the Missionary Society was agreeable to the arrangement.

On motion it was voted to accept the proposition of the executor.

The committee on publishing tract entitled "Which Day Is the Sabbath?" by W. D. Tickner, reported having printed an edition of 2,000, of which 1,900 were shipped to the author for distribution and 100 placed in the tract depository.

Report adopted.

The Recording Secretary reported the deed properly executed perfecting the title to lots in Rogers Sea Breeze, Florida, conveyed to Wm. F. Stewart.

The following report of committee on literature at Conference was received and adopted:

To the Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society:

Your committee to whom was referred the matter of sending literature to Conference for use in connection with Sabbath Reform work, would report that after correspondence with the chairman of the local Conference committee it was decided to send 1500 copies of the monthly edition of the SABBATH RECORDER for August; said edition being devoted to Sabbath Reform matter designed especially for use at Conference. This issue will be dated August 24, and will be mailed to Boulder on August 17.

Respectfully submitted,
A. H. LEWIS,
N. O. MOORE,
Committee.

The following report of committee on liquidation of debt was received and adopted:

To the Tract Board:

Your committee appointed to consider ways and means for liquidating the remainder of the Tract Society's debt would respectfully report that we prepared and forwarded a circular letter for pastor and officers of the churches.

The response was very satisfactory, and we are glad to report the debt all paid and a surplus given for this purpose, which amounts to something over \$400.00.

THEO. L. GARDINER,
F. J. HUBBARD,
W. C. HUBBARD,
Committee.

Correspondence was received from Prof. Alfred A. Titsworth expressing his appreciation of the honor of membership in the Board, but expressing the wish that his name be not sent to the annual meeting as a nominee this year, owing to his continued inability to attend the meetings of the Board.

By vote the request was granted.

Correspondence from Secretary Lewis contained a letter from J. A. Davidson of Campbellford, Ontario, requesting the Board to print a few posters relating to the "Sabbath Laws of Jehovah," for his use in Ontario in counteracting the influence of posters of "The Lord's Day Alliance," announcing the prohibitions under their "Lord's Day Act."

On motion the request was granted and 100 copies were ordered printed.

Correspondence was also received from Secretary Lewis enclosing the yearly report of Rev. Geo. Seeley and the same will be incorporated in our report in the year book.

Correspondence was received from Rev. Eli F. Loofboro, reporting on his work in southern California and Oregon.

Editor Gardiner, as chairman of the Tract Society committee at the coming Conference, requested suggestions as to matters that ought to be considered by the committee at that time and the members gave the chairman such suggestions as occurred to them.

In view of the contemplated visit of Corliss F. Randolph to Ephrata and the German Seventh-day Baptists, the Board through the chairman requested him to extend to them the heart-felt Christian greetings and best wishes of this Board.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Rec. Sec.

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.

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.

The Alfred Seminary Quartet.

Since the contributing editor of this department is one of the young men who are traveling this summer in the interest of the Alfred Theological Seminary, it may not be out of place for me to tell something of the trip.

Let me say to begin with that while, as a group of young men, we expect to have a good time on this trip through the great Northwest, this is not our primary object. We are doing what we have been urged to do by the authorities of Alfred University in the interest of the Seminary. The spirit and purpose of our mission is distinctly Christian. We are out to create, if possible, a deeper interest in the Christian ministry; to emphasize the opportunities for service which the Christian ministry affords and to point out the advantages of our own Seminary as a place of training for such a work.

The young men constituting this quartet are all busy men. Three are pastors of churches: Rev. W. D. Wilcox, at Hornell, Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, at Alfred Station, and Rev. Jesse Hutchins, at Hartsville. The fourth man, our musical director, is Professor Neil Annas, who is at the head of the school of music in Alfred University. To leave our own fields of labor and to furnish supplies during our absence have meant no little sacrifice; but it is all done in the interest of a cause which is near and dear to our hearts.

The itinerary includes Jackson Center, Ohio, Walworth, Albion, Milton, Milton Junction, Rock River, Chicago, West Hallock, Farina, Gentry, Nortonville, North Loup, Farnam, Boulder, Garwin, Welton,

and Dodge Center. As our trip must be completed by the 12th of September our stay in each place must necessarily be short, two nights as a rule.

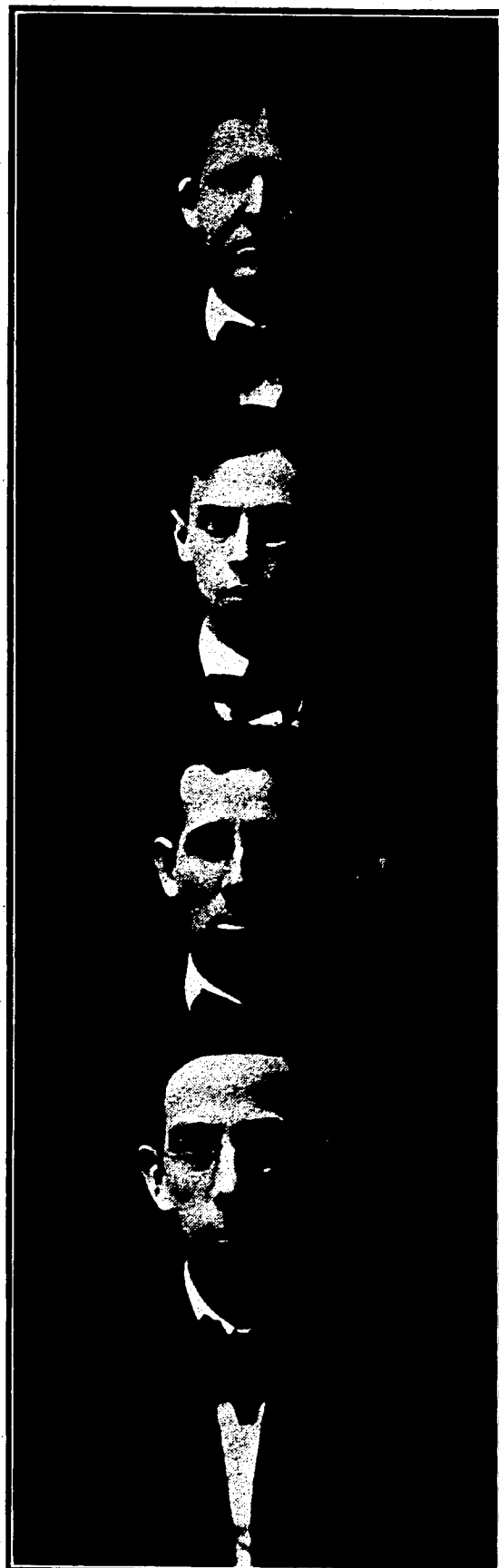
The first night we are conducting a religious service somewhat after the following order:

Professor Wilcox reads several selections from the Scriptures showing the different ways in which God has called men to the ministry. This is followed by prayer. Mr. Hutchins gives a short address from the point of view of a present student in the Seminary, in which he emphasizes the power of the spoken Word, as impressed by the personality of the minister; the value of college training in the development of strong personal character before taking up the higher course in training for the Gospel ministry. The writer speaks from the point of view of a graduate and speaks of the benefits derived from the course in our own Seminary in the following ways:

1. Personal touch with denominational leaders and life, and the associations with fellow students;
2. Religious training for practical lines of service;
3. The practical value of the Bible in solving the problems of life.

Mr. Wilcox then presents the advantages of the Seminary in equipment, the need of greater endowment and the need of loyalty to the Seminary as our own distinctly denominational

school. The burden of his message is, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." The addresses and other parts of the service are interspersed with songs from the quartet.



The second night is given to a concert, to which admission is charged or a collection taken for the purpose of defraying expenses as far as possible.

It will be interesting to know that at Jackson Center, Albion, and Milton, we found young men who are looking towards the ministry. The church at Jackson Center is thoroughly alive and the spirit of Christian warmth prevails. The quartet is most cordially received and royally entertained. As we proceed on our journey I shall endeavor to give impressions that may be helpful to others or get another member of the quartet to do so.

Jonathan — An Ideal Friend.

In that beautiful book on "Friendship," by Hugh Black, there is an allusion to the old Greek notion that a man's heart is like a segment of a circle until it finds its friendships which satisfy its yearning for a mutual love.

Among God's perfect gifts these friendships rank first. They are indispensable to happiness. The hermit was always a failure. He defied the universal law of fellowship. The root of the disease in his life was selfishness, the destroyer of friendships. Christ sought men. He needed those three most sympathetic disciples in his hour of trial. He graduated them from disciples into servants and then—friends.

Jonathan was an ideal friend. As his name signifies, "Jehovah is given," so was his unique, perfect friendship God's best gift to David. The shepherd-lad's harp must have sung a preface to that friendship, for what soothed Saul must have thrilled Jonathan. But not until that day when David stood before Saul to report his victory over Goliath was the union consummated. Then his words only were for the King, his loving gaze was toward Jonathan. For the heart of the King's son was offered to the brave defender of Israel. "He loved him as his own soul."

Like a lightning flash in a midnight storm, so in the crises, the hardest hours of life, such friendships are often revealed in a heart-penetrating gaze of true love, a word of sympathy that inspires the soldier for another fight, or a deed of sacrifice that staggers selfishness like a miracle.

The name "friend" must not bear the shame of a shallow, selfish sycophant's flat-

tery and infidelity. Nor must the genuine relation of friendship be confused with the shifting tides of mere acquaintance. If these prove untrue, be assured they never were true, never friends. True friendship is permanent, even as God's light and life. In its unselfishness it will not allow you to hurt yourself with wrong thought or habit. It will seek to take the evil tendency from you, as a mother strongly, yet carefully, unclasps a sharp knife from a child's hand, regardless of the resultant anger. There may be a short division. But with the reattraction of mercury they will again unite in a closer fellowship.

Self-advancement will be forgotten when a friend's interests are at stake. No nobler example of this has ever been than when Jonathan sought out David in the dark shadows of the Forest of Ziph, with the jealous, murderous Saul not far away, and calmed his anxious friend with the cheering prophecy: "Fear not, for the hand of Saul, my father, shall not find thee, and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee."

Only the very truest of friends could say that so gladly. He, the first-born of the reigning King, the prospective heir to the throne, rejoice that his friend was to have the coveted position? and be happy that he was to be second to him? This is the beauty, the miracle of true friendship. This is the "gift of Jehovah."

Such friendship stands all tests. Trials only reassure it. They reveal how strong is its love. Made like a strong anchor chain, by links of conversation, common experience and sacrifice, it endures all changes and losses and tribulations, even shame.

The tests of Jonathan's loyalty were most severe. His father, Saul, chided him with assisting David in escaping. He replied only that David planned no evil against the King, and was true to his father's best interests as well as David's. If friendships are true, they will not clash. But falsity and double-dealing will kill both. And yet while Jonathan's love for Saul never wavered, he saw that the father who had been so proud of him and had treated him as an intimate comrade was growing cold. And Saul's jealousy of David may have been in part for his loved son, Jonathan. But though Jonathan saw "The End" was about

to be written at the close of his family's history, and "The Beginning" before that of his friend, he faltered not. And when he sank in death beside his father on that fatal field of Gilboa, perhaps the sweetest thought was, "How much greater to be king of friends than king of men." And on the lonely throne of Israel, the half-soul of David called after him:

"I am distressed for thee, my brother
Jonathan,
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful, passing
the love of women."
—*Rev. Carl W. Scovel, in Christian Work.*

Prohibition and Business.

In the report of the proceedings of the liquor people's recent meeting some one is quoted as saying that under prohibition, in Atlanta, Georgia, "real estate had decreased in value 50 per cent." What was meant by the statement, of course, was not that "real estate had decreased in value 50 per cent," but that some saloon property had decreased in value. But be that as it may, here is something that is worth thinking about as we go along. The grocers and other dealers assert that their trade has been much better since the saloons closed—and this is perfectly reasonable. The principal of one of the public schools in a large section of the city, where wage earners and people in moderate circumstances live, says: "I have noticed a great many pairs of new shoes since prohibition went into effect, and the children are wearing better clothes"—and this is perfectly reasonable.

The street-car people of Atlanta say that accidents during the month of January, 1908, are 20 per cent less than for the same month last year. Judge Broyles of the police court says that "the total number of cases entered on the police docket during January, 1907, was 1,568, an average of fifty-eight each day." During January, 1908, the number was 637, an average of twenty-four each day. He also states: "The total number of cases for drunkenness during January, 1907, was 553, an average of 20½ a day. During January, 1908, the total number was sixty-five, an average of 2½ a day."

One of the most distinguished police officers of Atlanta city, whose beat is in the heart of the business district, says in discussing the condition of things under prohibition, in contrast with the days of the saloon: "I have not seen a drunken person on the streets in four weeks, whereas before the days of prohibition I saw an average of four or five a day"—and this is worth something in a city of over 100,000 people.—*W. P. Price, in Times-Democrat.*

A Satisfied Farmer.

President Roosevelt's plea for sanitary and social improvements among farmers finds a critic in a prominent farmer near Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. David McGable writes to the *Public Ledger* as follows:

Concerning the sanitary conditions of farming life in the South, Mr. Roosevelt may be right in his effort to bring about an improvement, but I am inclined to disagree with his view that the farm, as far as the North is concerned, should be made more attractive for mothers, wives and daughters. They have attraction enough, because nature provides amusement and interest in farm life of a far higher standard than the unnatural attractions of city life.

The mothers, wives and daughters living on farms find more enjoyment in their lives than do those residing in the city, and are better off morally, physically and mentally.

Mr. McGable approves the investigation recommended by the President as to the sanitary conditions in farm life, but adds: "I do not believe city attractions should be brought into the life of the farmer."

Really the President's suggestion that the farmer's life can be made more attractive is well meant and timely. He thinks it should be made more remunerative, and at the same time more pleasant. He also deplores the tendency of farmers' boys to drift into the cities.

In an editorial, the *Public Ledger* says:

The President thinks that it is highly important that the farmer and his wife should get not merely the largest returns in crops from the land, but that they should live the right kind of lives, enjoy the right kind of amusements, have the comforts and social advantages which a sane and good people need and want. He then wishes to know why the people rush to the city, and why the farmer's children leave the farm.

This is a large and difficult problem, but it may be set down as an axiom that if the children leave the farm the farm does not pay enough in personal satisfaction or in wages or in either.

Children's Page

By and By.

GRANDMA.

Is there a boy or is there a girl
Who thinks "by and by" is just as well,
When duty calls from pleasure away?
Is it you, is it you—who can tell?

You were having fun with your doll,
When your mamma called to you
And asked your help. You gave no heed,
Thinking, "By and by will do."

You were reading a story, my lad,
And I'm sure you can't deny
You knew when your papa spoke.
You thought, "Yes, by and by."

You ought to have pleasure and fun,
But if duty calls, you must hear
And answer at once. "By and by"
Is never so well, my dear.

If you wish to succeed in life
The motto "now" you must try;
You will surely fail to win,
If you trust in "by and by."

Edith's Lessons.

"Truth embodied in a tale
May enter in at lowly doors."

"Come, Edith, breakfast is waiting."

The dining-room door was shoved open, and a little girl appeared. "I came as soon as ever I could!" she protested. "That horrid shoe-string broke again!" she added, in an aggrieved tone.

"I told you to get a new pair yesterday, my dear. Come and eat your breakfast, it is getting cold. Your hair looks very rough, Edith; you surely did not brush it for fifteen minutes by the clock?"

"How could I, when I was late already? Oh—and I meant to go over that geography lesson before breakfast!"

Edith hurried down a few mouthfuls and made a dive at the pile of school-books. "Where is that geography?" she cried, despairingly.

"I think you had it in the sitting-room last evening, Edith," replied her mother, quietly.

Edith disappeared with a little rush, and Mrs. Litford half rose as if to follow her. "Better finish your own breakfast, Caroline," counseled her husband, glancing at

the clock. "Edith has about ten minutes for that lesson."

Mrs. Litford sighed. "What can I do, Robert?"

"Let the child alone; give her a chance to find herself."

"But, Robert, I hate to have her go to school so upset."

"So do I. But it won't lessen her impatience any to preach to her—just at present. Let her alone, Carrie; this is something she must work out for herself."

It was only a few minutes before Edith came tearing back. "It's dreadfully late!" she cried, and hurried out of the house with her jacket unbuttoned and her hat in hand, while the school-books, loosely tucked under her arm, seemed likely to drop at any moment.

Mrs. Litford looked at her husband. "She didn't kiss me good-by, Robert!" she said, with a little quiver.

"Well, dear, don't make a mountain out of that," returned her husband. "Edith is somewhat—preoccupied."

Edith hurried along. There were five minutes left—time enough if everything went smoothly. She rushed into the school-house yard with just one minute by the tower clock in which to reach her seat in the second story of the building. A book slipped; she caught at it hastily, and sent it and all its companions flying different ways. Despairingly, Edith scrambled after them, and as she picked up the last one the clock struck. She panted up the staircase and half ran toward the door of her room. It was locked; she was tardy.

Edith backed up against the wall, choky, but not tearful. "Everything is just as horrid as horrid can be!" she said to herself, with a little catch in her breath. "I don't see what I've done for—things—to be so mean!"

Five minutes later, having taken her demerit for being tardy, Edith walked slowly to her seat with a martyr-like air. The geography lesson proved a failure, and she blundered wildly through two other recitations.

There was a study hour before recess in which the pupils were supposed to "do" their problems in arithmetic. Edith worked feverishly, mutinously, with an unreasonable sense of injury every time a column of figures "added up wrong"—which was of-

tener than not. Recess came, but the problems were not nearly finished, and Edith, disregarding all signals, remained at her desk.

"Run out, Edith," said her teacher, Miss Winstanley. "You know we never allow pupils to study during recess."

Edith wandered aimlessly about the schoolyard, with small appetite for her luncheon. The arithmetic recitation, which followed recess, added another failure to the morning's disasters.

At the hour of dismissal, Miss Winstanley drew Edith gently aside. "You have seemed rather in a tangle this morning, my dear. Shall we sit down together and see if we cannot get it straightened out?"

Edith sniffed. Then a wave of self-pity surged over her, and she dropped her head on the desk and cried miserably.

When she finally looked up the other girls had all gone, and Miss Winstanley was seated beside her.

"I wish I could get straightened out!" said Edith between her sobs. "But everything has gone wrong this morning, and the harder I've tried the worse things have acted."

Miss Winstanley regarded her gravely, yet there was a little twitching at the corners of her mouth. "Edith," she said, quietly, "isn't it possible that you haven't gone to work in the right way? It is a good deal of an undertaking for you to attempt to straighten out the universe."

Edith stared at her. "Why, Miss Winstanley! I never tried to do that!" she cried.

"No? But you said that everything had gone wrong, you know."

Edith gave a little wriggle of uncomprehending annoyance.

"My dear little girl"—Miss Winstanley spoke gently but with quiet authority—"listen to me. Whom do you accuse when you say that everything goes wrong? This is a beautiful morning, your school-fellows are happy, they have their lessons. If you have come to grief, it is surely not because God, who made you and all else as the proof of his love and goodness, lacks wisdom. Would it not be better, in place of complaining of his government, to see how far you have given him what is certainly his due—your loving obedience?"

Edith considered. "It began with the

shoe-string," she announced. "It broke."

Miss Winstanley smiled. "According to Eve, it began with the serpent."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Winstanley," Edith replied, wonderingly.

"Eve blamed the serpent, Adam blamed Eve, and you blame the shoe-string, my dear! Don't you think it's a marvelous thing that a little shoe-string can be powerful enough to upset an entire morning for a little girl whom God loves and cares for? Would the shoe-string ever have troubled you if you hadn't let that little accident make you so flurried that you made failure after failure and forgot the lessons that you had already learned as well?"

"You mean it was my own fault?" queried Edith.

"Your ownest own, dear!"

The color rose in Edith's cheeks. "I guess I've been dreadfully silly, Miss Winstanley! I've been thinking that everything was trying to plague me—and I've just been plaguing myself."

Miss Winstanley smiled her approval. "If you have learned that lesson, Edith, I do not think you are likely to come to grief again in geography or in arithmetic. You may go."

"Why, Edith!" exclaimed her mother, as Edith came singing into the dining-room. "This is quite a change from breakfast. Things must have gone well with you, I think."

"Mumsie, dear," replied Edith, kissing her, "I've been learning something new at school today."

"Indeed, dear! And what is it?"

"Well, mumsie, I've learned"—Edith's voice told more than her words—"that it isn't things—it's myself!"—*Arthur Chamberlain, in Zion's Herald.*

Mrs. A. M. Clark.

Phoebe Maria Gorton Clarke, the eldest child of Thomas R. and Prudence (Treat) Gorton, was born about one mile and one-half from the village of North Brookfield, N. Y., December 11, 1830, and died at her home in Clayville, N. Y.

She was of the eighth generation of her family in this country. Her progenitor, Samuel Gorton, was born in 1592 in the town of Gorton (now included within the city of Manchester), England. He, with his family, embarked for the new world and

landed in Boston in March, 1636. In 1642 he purchased of the owners (the Narragansett sachems), the lands of Shawomet and founded the town he named Warwick, in Rhode Island, where he died in December, 1677. He was a man of strong and positive convictions and of great courage. He was a leader of his time and very influential.

Mrs. Clarke received her early education in the district school of her native town. Later she attended a seminary at Clinton, N. Y., and the Balliol School at Utica, N. Y. When not away from home attending school she had the advantages of a beautiful farm home, presided over by Christian parents, amid influences for good which made lasting impressions upon her and which followed her through life.

Her father was a deacon in the Baptist Church of North Brookfield, a man of strong Christian character and unflinching faith, influential in the town and community and universally beloved.

Her father's farm was located about one mile from the farm of her great-grandfather, Samuel Gorton, who, with his family, moved from Rhode Island and settled in Brookfield, Madison County, about 1795, at a place which has ever since been known as Gorton Hill. Here among the scenes of three generations of her family she grew to womanhood and received the preparation for usefulness in the world which has been such a potent factor in her life.

She was united in marriage, March 13, 1851, to Albert M. Clarke, son of Hosea B. and Lurana (Babcock) Clarke of Brookfield (Clarkville), N. Y. They settled at once on a farm at Verona, N. Y., where they lived for six years. In 1857 they bought a farm about one mile south of Clayville, N. Y., where they moved and lived until 1885 when they moved to the village of Clayville.

Three children came to bless this union: Lillian A., Mrs. L. J. Perry, of Napa, Cal.; Ida M., Mrs. J. M. Jennings of Earlville, N. Y.; Flora P., Mrs. C. C. Chipman of Yonkers, N. Y.; ten grandchildren, six of whom are married, and two great-grandchildren.

During all this period of over fifty-seven years, the family has not been called upon to mourn the loss of a member, she being the first to go to the better land, where she

will welcome the rest who follow one by one, as she has so beautifully done at her home on earth.

Her home life was ideal. Her great pleasure was in doing for her husband and children. But few people enjoyed each other's love and confidence as did she and her husband. Her only regret was that he must be left without her care. Her children have always been a great comfort to her, and particularly so during her last sickness. When sickness came to her father's household, or a brother's family, her aid was frequently sought and she most cheerfully responded to all calls.

She had a strong constitution, a loving and genial disposition, and she was endowed with a strong personality and more than usual mentality. She kept well informed on all current topics, was an extensive and good reader, was a good conversationalist and very entertaining. In her later life she traveled considerably, having six times crossed the continent.

In many respects she was like her mother who was a most remarkable woman, having lived to be ninety-two years old, retaining all her faculties to the last, and who was one of the best read and best informed women of her day, notwithstanding the fact that six months' schooling was all she had as a child.

Mrs. Clarke made many and loving friends. It was with pleasure that she referred to the years spent in Verona and recalled friends and friendships that remained dear to the end.

Her life in Clayville has been a benediction to all who came in contact with her. In whatever way she was sought, she was always found a friend, always seeing some good in every one. The rich or poor, strong or weak, always received the same cordial and loving attention. Her life was rich in every good work. She was a woman of whom it can be truthfully said: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . and their works do follow them."

January 28, 1849, she was baptized and united with the First-day Baptist Church of North Brookfield, N. Y. In May, 1854, she with her husband united with the First Verona Seventh-day Baptist Church of Verona, N. Y., of which she remained a member in good standing until her death.

During all her life in Clayville, though far removed from any church of her faith, she remained true to her religious belief; not in a narrow sense, however, for she affiliated and worked in and with the Congregational Church in Clayville, when such work did not interfere with her religious convictions. She was a leading spirit in the women's society of the church and congregation. She was superintendent of the Sunday school for several years and at one time a trustee of the church.

She had strong Christian courage and hope, was not afraid of death, which she faced with unflinching courage and great fortitude, always speaking of going in the most collected and hopeful way. Of her it may be fittingly said: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

She leaves to mourn her loss, beside her husband and children above mentioned, two brothers and one sister: James I. Gorton of Ossining, N. Y., who was superintendent of the schools of that place for thirty-seven years; Charles E. Gorton of Yonkers, N. Y., who has been superintendent of the schools there for the past twenty-five years; Mary L. Gorton of North Brookfield, N. Y., and a large number of relatives and friends. She was a sister of the late Frank T. Gorton, M. D., of Waterville, N. Y.

The following lines of Tennyson were very precious to her and frequently referred to as ideal:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bells,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewells
When I embark;

For though from out of bourne of Time and Place
The floods may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

In Memoriam.

MARY BASSETT CLARKE.

Mrs. Mary Bassett Clarke, wife of Deacon William L. Clarke, died at their home, near Westerly, Rhode Island, August 2, 1908. She was the daughter of John Chandler and Martha St. John Bassett and was born in Independence, New York, November 18, 1831. Though in her seventy-seventh year, yet her beautiful spirit had stayed the appearance of the approach of old age on the part of the physical through which it shone.

Her childhood and youth were spent in her Independence home. Here was laid the foundation for the preeminently useful and exemplary life she lived. By nature richly endowed, she added to her rare natural gifts of both mind and heart the culture which comes from constantly striving upward during the passing years.

In 1859 she and William L. Clarke, of Hopkinton, R. I., were united in holy wedlock, and for forty-nine happy and all too brief years have they walked life's pathway together, each a source of inspiration to the other and strengthened and sustained by the other in many years of service for humanity. At the time of their marriage Mrs. Clarke came with her husband to his home in Ashaway, R. I., where her life has since been an inseparable part of the life of the church and society. No one was loved more and no one could be more missed than she will be.

When a child she gave her life to Christ and joined the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Independence, N. Y., but soon after coming to Ashaway she became a member of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, R. I., of which she was a most loyal and faithful member till called to join the church triumphant.

To the public Mrs. Clarke is best known as a writer, as the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER know. At the early age of fifteen she commenced to contribute both prose and verse to the *Rural New Yorker* under the name "Ida Fairfield." In later years she used her own name. A collection of her poems was published in 1895, entitled "Autumn Leaves," but this book does not contain one third of her poems. She was constantly asked to write poems for special occasions and to these requests

she freely responded. In all her writings there is to be seen one master desire, namely, to help others, through surrender to Christ, to holy activity and joyful living.

Beside her husband she leaves one son, Charles W. Clarke, of Ashaway, R. I., three brothers and three sisters to mourn her departure, but that which is an irreparable loss to those who remain is her eternal gain, and of this blessed assurance she once wrote:

Where hast thou flown, O friend of mine?
My soul goes forth, in search of thine,
In search o'er land and sea;
From far-off hills of glory bright,
Through spaces filled with heavenly light,
Canst thou not come to me?

A single word, a touch, a sign,
The clasping of that hand of thine,
One moment as of yore,
To show me thou dost not forget,
To tell me that thou lovest yet,
And I will ask no more.

I would not have thee linger here,
But show me that thou livest, dear,
That death no triumph knew,
Beyond the frail and crumbling clay,
Blown by his icy breath away,
Like drops of morning dew.

Through trackless space I fain would fly,
With yearning strong and bitter cry—
The cry of soul for soul—
Bereft and desolate, alone,
Where'er through darkness thou hast flown,
To reach the heavenly goal.

Turn back a moment on thy way,
And give tonight one glimpse of day,
Assurance so divine;
The life which death could not destroy,
Thy free, glad life shall touch with joy,
And thrill this heart of mine.

Nay, must the dead return, to tell
The secrets death has guarded well?
Doth not our Lord declare
That "where I am, my own shall be,
And there forevermore with me,
My glory they shall share?"

Enough, I need not clasp thy hand,
Since thou art with the angel band,
Nor could I hear thee call,
For deaf and dumb and blind am I,
To sign or language of the sky,
But Christ reveals it all.

Farewell services were held Tuesday, August 4, in the church where she had worshiped for nearly fifty years, and all that was mortal was laid to rest in Oak Grove Cemetery.

WM. L. BURDICK,
Ashaway, R. I., August 10, 1908.

A Lucky Escape.

Nowhere outside the pages of fiction would we expect such an incident as the following, taken from the personal story of the Russian revolutionist Narodny. Narodny had just jumped from a window to escape the police. He says:

"When I scrambled to my feet I discovered myself in the yard and among half a dozen soldiers. I was without overcoat and hat—a very suspicious figure—and, having neither, I could not escape even could I get by the soldiers who surrounded me.

"I jerked a card from my pocket—to this day I do not know what it was—and handed it to one of the soldiers. 'Here is my card,' I said rapidly. 'I am a member of the secret police. One of these revolutionists is trying to escape. I am after him. Quick! Give me your coat and hat!'

"He automatically obeyed. I slipped on his coat and hat and to all appearances was a soldier of the Czar. I walked past the guarded gate of the yard, out into the street. Before me were thousands of soldiers. I saw my friends being brought down from the hall and put into the black vans, about which stood guards of Cossacks. I marched through my friends (all of that group are in prison today save only myself and the friend who escaped with me) with the air of a soldier on a very important message and pressed on through the mass of other soldiers that filled the street."—*American Magazine*.

First Westerly Church—Old Home Service.

Every individual who is or ever has been connected in membership with the First Westerly Church is earnestly invited to be with us in person or by letter on the second Sabbath in September.

We purpose having on Old Home service, through which to stir up the slumbering embers of spiritual fire, rekindle the flames of holy love, and start anew in the service that should receive our best in every human and every spiritual sense.

Join with us in this effort and be ready to accept and use the Holy Spirit as given by our great Leader.

Address correspondence to Albert Langworthy, Westerly, Rhode Island, R. F. D. No. 1.

HOME NEWS

BROOKFIELD.—Twice since our return from the Associations it has been our happy privilege to visit the baptismal waters where seven of our young ladies have taken higher ground in the Christian life and put on Christ. This step is particularly gratifying as their decisions have been made calmly and seriously as the result of the regular activities of the church. The influence of the step taken by these young people is being felt by others and we are working and praying for others who should be putting themselves on record for God's service.

Our Christian Endeavor Society has recently had an increase in its active membership. Nine joined the active list last Sabbath, largely from the ranks of those recently baptized.

The Sabbath school united with the Bible schools of the village in a union picnic which was held on Thursday, July 30, on the Brookfield Fair grounds. The day was pleasantly spent in visiting and social diversions, the usual picnic dinner, a Baraca ball game in the morning, and field sports in the afternoon. There was a large attendance and every one seemed to have a good time.

W. L. G.

DERUYTER, NEW YORK.—The farmers of this section have gathered a nice crop of hay this season.—We are finishing the new school building and preparing for the next opening term.

At the close of the last term, Professor Fuller invited the students and teachers of the adjoining districts to unite in class for advance study in a summer school. Many have desired that those who wish to pursue a course of advanced study might find DeRuyter a pleasant place in which to spend their vacation.

The cement walks are being extended over the village, making a good show around the school building.—The bell of DeRuyter Institute, which has called the nimble feet from play for seventy years, has been taken down and finds a home in the new building, to do duty for the coming generation.

Large numbers of children from New York have been distributed in the villages and homes about DeRuyter. Some of these children had places selected for them before they left the city. They are well dressed and presented themselves in good order. A large number of families went to the depot to welcome the children as they left the train. Many, no doubt, would have been pleased to take one or more children if there had been children enough to meet their requests.

On the second of this month, a good audience met at the Town Hall and spent a pleasant time in songs and declamations as an ovation to the children.—We noticed with pleasure the visitors at our church last Sabbath, August 8: Professor Whitford and his family, Sister Clark and daughter from Brookfield, and Brother Chipman from Yonkers, New York.—The meeting of Conference is the next in order. At the church meeting, on the evening of the 8th, it was voted that we send a letter to Conference and if any members of this church attend they are to act as delegates from this church.—Our Sabbath morning meetings are increasing in numbers, and we trust are increasing in spiritual enjoyment.

L. M. C.

The money received from the sale of public lands in the arid and semi-arid states of the Union is laid aside to be used for the construction of irrigation reservoirs and canals. The money thus spent becomes a charge against the land thus redeemed, and is ultimately to be repaid to the fund. The act enjoining this has been in force for less than five years, but already more than forty million dollars have been accumulated. In the South Atlantic and Middle States there are more than one hundred million acres of land rendered useless because of too much water, and, on the other hand, there are millions of acres of land rendered useless because of too little water. This important act will help to drain the swamps and water the deserts.

The United States is not alone in the spending of vast sums for irrigation; Mexico has just appropriated \$25,000,000 for this wise purpose.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

MARRIAGES

SHELDON-BURDICK—At the residence of the bride's parents, in East Valley, Alfred, New York, July 22, 1908, by Rev. L. C. Randolph, D. D., William W. Sheldon and Miss Adelaide C. Burdick, all of Alfred.

HALLENBECK-LANGWORTHY—In the First Seventh-day Baptist Church, Alfred, New York, August 5, 1908, by Rev. L. C. Randolph, D. D., assisted by Rev. H. R. Fraser, of Cornwall-on-Hudson, Clarence H. Hallenbeck, of Cornwall-on-Hudson, and Miss Bertha E. Langworthy, of Alfred.

DEATHS

LANGWORTHY—Entered into rest from the home of her sister, Mrs. Hiram Johnson, near Canochet, R. I., July 23, 1908, Miss Sarah Ann Langworthy, in the ninetieth year of her age.

The subject of this sketch was the oldest of a family of nine children born to Sanford and Margaret (Morrell) Langworthy. She was born in New York City, February 25, 1819. During her girlhood she came to Hopkinton, R. I., where she lived most of the rest of her life. Early in life she professed faith in Christ as her Saviour, from whom she never departed. She was a constituent member of the Second Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, R. I., and was the last constituent member of said church to depart this life. During early womanhood she was a successful teacher in the schools of Hopkinton and Westerly and was a good Sabbath school teacher. She was helpful and kind in the sick room, and ever loyal to her parents, brothers and sisters, a faithful friend, and a liberal supporter of the church.

In her declining years she was tenderly cared for by her youngest sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, where the funeral was held on Sunday afternoon, July 26, her pastor officiating.

L. F. R.

BAUMLER—Ethel (Crandall) Baumler was born in Brookfield, N. Y., March 18, 1880, and died in Brookfield at the home of her father, July 31, 1908.

Mrs. Baumler was a daughter of J. Arthur and Izora Crandall. June 15, 1902, she was married to Samuel C. Baumler and after that time made her home in Earlville and Brooklyn, N. Y., until her last and fatal sickness brought her to the old home some five months ago. In 1895 she professed faith in Jesus Christ and united with the Second Brookfield Church of which she remained a member until her death. She leaves a husband, one daughter, a father and a mother and one brother, James A. One sister, Grace, died in 1903.

W. L. G.

GREENMAN—Hon. E. W., son of Schuyler and Phebe Whitford Greenman, was born in Berlin, New York, January 26, 1840, and died at the hospital in Albany, August 3, 1908.

J. G. B.

CLARKE—Phebe M. Clarke, wife of Albert M. Clarke, died at her home in Clayville, N. Y., August 8, 1908, in the seventy-eighth year of her age. The funeral was solemnized at her late residence, Monday, August 10, at 2 p. m., conducted by Rev. G. F. Humphrey, of the Congregational Church. Interment in the Sauquoit Valley Cemetery.

General Howard's Last Interview With Grant.

My last interview with the general was during his illness which terminated in his death.

On Wednesday, March 25, 1885, I received a note from Colonel F. D. Grant, saying that his father, then in New York City, would be glad to see me at any time when he could see any one. "About the middle of the day is generally his best time—between 12 and 2 P. M."

The next day, Thursday, at half-past one, my brother and I appeared at the general's house on Sixty-sixth Street. A servant showed us into a little reception room to the right of the main hall. In a moment Colonel Grant appeared, and gave us a warm welcome. My brother thought it not best for him to see the general, and Colonel Grant led the way for me. At the foot of the stairs he said: "Father wished me to apprise you of his inability to talk; so, owing to his trouble, you must do the talking."

The colonel left me at the door of his father's room. It was in front on the south side. The general was alone, though through the open doors I could see members of the family and friends on the same floor within call. He was reclining in his favorite chair, his feet resting upon the extension and his head against the high part.

"How do you do, general?" he said, as he turned his face toward me and extended his right hand. I took his hand, and, heeding Colonel Grant's warning, began to talk. I tried to express my thanks for the interview and my deep sympathy for him in his affliction.

His face, whitish, but not emaciated, was natural except for the large swollen appearance on the left side. He turned to

ward the south window, and asked me to pass around and take a seat on that side. This was evidently easier for him, and a chair had been placed there near his feet. His muffled voice could hardly be recognized. Yet, notwithstanding the difficulty and my effort not to let him do so, he kept talking to me, but with an indistinct utterance.

I spoke of the late action of Congress restoring him to the army, and of the acts of the different legislatures and of the thousands of his old soldiers gathered into the Grand Army organizations.

"You will not be forgotten by them at this time, General Grant, and never will be!"

He expressed his gladness at this, but desired me to return to the subject of prayer and its fruits, of which we had spoken.

During our conversation General Grant was cheerful and patient, but now and then he changed the place of his head quickly as if in pain, and this motion warned me. I rose and said that I must not stay too long, for I would not weary him or add to his suffering. At parting I said:

"O general, how much I wish I could do something to help you. But you can always command me, if it should occur to you that I could do anything." I then asked, doubtless with some show of emotion, as I held his hand: "Is there anything, general?"

He answered slowly and very kindly: "Nothing more, General Howard; nothing besides what you have been doing."

"Good-by, General Grant. May God bless you!"

"Thank you; good-by." It was our last interview.

The general had the same complete self-possession as always, was cheerful, without a hint of impatience or complaint under his affliction. His was the submission of a great heart, in its own unstudied way, to the Heavenly Father, the Eternal Friend.

He had confidence in himself, it is true, but it was because he knew of a power beyond self, because he was helped and strengthened by that power beyond self. You may call it spirit, Providence or God. The name is not material. It is all the same.—O. O. Howard, in the Century.

Railroad Rates to Conference.

The regular Summer Tourist Tickets are the most economical and the most liberal in their provisions and we recommend them to all delegates who propose to attend the General Conference at Boulder, Colo. The Convocation will meet at Boulder on August 21st; the Conference, August 26th to 31st inclusive.

Summer Tourist tickets will be on sale to Denver and return from June 1st on. The going journey must be made within thirty days after starting, and the return trip must be completed by Oct. 31, 1908.

The tickets will permit stop-overs going at, and west of, the Missouri River at any point within transit limit of tickets, which is thirty days, and returning at, and west of, the Missouri River at any point within limit of ticket, which will be Oct. 31st.

All passengers who ticket from the East through Chicago, may stop off in Chicago going and coming within the limit of the ticket. Ticket must be deposited with joint ticket agent in Chicago immediately on arrival of train and a fee of 25c paid. All other stop-overs granted by railroads apply to these tickets; for instance, all railroads which pass through Niagara Falls allow a stop-over of ten days, likewise all railroads which pass through Washington allow a stop-over of ten days there, by simply depositing the ticket with the local ticket agent and taking up same when ready to resume journey.

The rate from New York City to Denver, Colo., and return is \$63.30. This rate is good over any railroad leaving New York City, with the exception of the New York Central and Pennsylvania R. R., which is \$3.00 higher. The delegates also have the privilege of going from Chicago to Denver via one road and returning to Chicago from Denver over another road, but the same railroad east of Chicago must be used both going and coming. The rate from Alfred, N. Y., to Denver and return is \$52.90. Chicago, Ill., to Denver and return is \$30.00. Milton, Wis., to Denver and return \$29.25. St. Louis, Mo., \$25.00. Omaha, Kansas City and St. Joseph, \$17.50. Proportional rates west of there. Double Pullman berth, either upper or lower, New

(Continued on page 224.)

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. 5. Saul and Jonathan Slain in Battle . . . 1 Sam. 31.
Sept. 12. David Made King Over Judah and Israel. . . 2 Sam. 2:17; 5:1-5.

Sept. 19. Review.
Sept. 26. Temperance Lesson. Isa. 5:11-23.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 29, 1908.

DAVID SPARES SAUL'S LIFE.

1 Sam. 26.

Golden Text.—"Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you." Luke 6:27.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 1 Sam. 21:1-15.

Second-day, 1 Sam. 22:1-23.

Third-day, 1 Sam. 23:1-29.

Fourth-day, 1 Sam. 24:1-22.

Fifth-day, 1 Sam. 25:1-22.

Sixth-day, 1 Sam. 25:23-44.

Sabbath-day, 1 Sam. 26:1-25.

INTRODUCTION.

After the events narrated in our Lesson of last week there was no longer any hope of reconciliation between David and Saul. David became an outlaw and a fugitive, and Saul was his open and vindictive enemy.

When David fled he obtained provision and a sword from Ahimelech, the priest at Nob. For this act of kindness to David Saul took summary revenge upon all the priests at Nob as well as the people who lived in that city, and this even when Ahimelech showed that he did not know but that David was still one of the most trusted servants of the king.

David sought refuge among the enemies of Israel, the Philistines and the Moabites, but he still spent much time in the land of Israel. His own immediate relatives who would of course be insecure under Saul's government fled to David's camp. There joined him also a band of restless and discontented men, and David soon became an outlaw chieftain.

During all this period David did not forget that he was an Israelite. When the people of Keilah were oppressed by the Philistines, David was their deliverer. They were however ungrateful toward him, and he had to flee from their city in order to avoid being delivered up to Saul. David and his men served the farmers and herds-

men of the border regions as a protection against the roving bands of marauders. It was in connection with this work that David had a romantic adventure which brought him an accomplished wife.

Saul was unremitting in his pursuit of David. At one time David escaped from a very dangerous situation by a providential invasion of the Philistines who required Saul's attention. At another time Saul was by accident thrown into the hands of David who spared the king's life in a cave.

Our present Lesson has some striking similarities with the incident recorded in ch. 24. It is not impossible that they are two varying accounts of the same event, especially since in the second account of David's sparing Saul we find no direct reference to the preceding incident.

TIME—Uncertain. During David's outlaw life.

PLACE—At the hill of Hachilah in the wilderness of Ziph. Probably in the southeastern part of the land of Judah.

PERSONS—David and Abishai; Saul and Abner.

OUTLINE:

1. David Invades Saul's Camp. v. 1-12.
2. David Declares how he has Spared Saul. v. 13-20.
3. Saul Acknowledges David's Generosity. v. 21-25.

NOTES.

1. *And the Ziphites came unto Saul.* Compare ch. 23:19 which is almost identical with this verse. Ziph was a few miles to the southeast of Hebron.

2. *Three thousand chosen men of Israel with him.* From the size of this army we may infer the intensity of Saul's determination to get David out of the way.

4. *Understood that Saul was come of a certainty.* By means of spies or scouts David obtained definite information in regard to his royal pursuer. Saul was exploring the country and hunting for David, but David knew precisely where Saul was.

5. *And David arose, etc.*—David goes in person to see just how his enemy is encamped. He notes with care the precise place where Saul slept and the others; and is thus ready to walk about in that camp in the dark. *The place of the wagons.* The precise meaning of the expression is a little in doubt. A better translation would be, "the entrenchment." We may feel sure that Saul was in that part of the camp esteemed most secure.

6. *Ahimelech the Hittite* is mentioned only here. The Hittites were probably the strongest nation of all that the Israelites dispossessed in

the land of Canaan. *Abishai* is often mentioned in connection with his warlike brother Joab with whom he subsequently shared the command of David's army. Their mother Zeruah was a sister of David.

7. *Came to the people by night.* We may imagine that Saul and his army a little too confident of their superior numbers were rather careless in keeping watch over their camp at night. *With his spear stuck in the ground at his head.* The spear thus thrust into the ground by the place of the king served as the symbol of royalty. King James' Version renders the last word of this line, "at his bolster," meaning pillow; but this is a guess that has not sufficient support.

8. *God hath delivered up thine enemy into thine hand this day.* We are to regard Abishai as perfectly sincere in this view of the case. He is sure that he can kill Saul at a single blow, and thus rid David of unjust persecution, and give him good opportunity to secure the kingdom for himself.

9. *Destroy him not.* David might avenge himself upon any other of his enemies, but he feels that to lift his hand against Saul would be an act of impiety, since he was the Anointed of Jehovah.

10. *Jehovah shall smite him,* etc. It seems easily possible that David could have undertaken a successful rebellion against the house of Saul even if he did not care to assassinate him; but he is fully determined to act only on the defensive toward the king, and to trust to the divine providence to take him out of the way in due time.

11. *Take the spear * * * and the cruse of water.* Thus David would have indisputable evidence that he had been in Saul's camp, and that he had been so near the king that he might easily have killed him.

12. *A deep sleep from Jehovah.* Our author explains the fact that no one was aroused in the camp as a special divine interposition. The word for "deep sleep" is the same as that used in regard to Adam in Gen. 2:21.

13. *Then David went over to the other side,* etc. David crossed the valley and found a convenient place where he could be seen and heard from Saul's camp while out of reach of missiles and secure from immediate pursuit.

15. *Art not thou a valiant man,* etc. David calls attention to the fact that Abner and the people have not guarded their royal master very well, and insinuates that they ought to be punished.

17. *Is this thy voice, my son David?* Saul is deeply moved at the sound of David's voice, es-

pecially as his words imply solicitude for the king's safety, and show that David has himself refrained from striking a blow when he had Saul at his mercy.

18. *Wherefore doth my lord pursue after his servant?* David now having gained the opportunity of a hearing with the king proceeds with great reverence by skillfully worded questions to assert his innocence.

19. *If it be Jehovah that hath stirred thee up against me.* David is too polite to insinuate that Saul is pursuing him from motives of private spite and hatred, and takes it for granted that the king is moved by some external influences either from God or man. He therefore proposes that an offering be made to Jehovah to turn away his wrath. If on the other hand Saul's action is inspired by men, David would invoke a curse upon them. *The inheritance of Jehovah.* That is, the land of Israel. *Go, serve other gods.* The implication is that even an Israelite if he were exiled from the promised land would naturally serve the gods of the land in which he happened to sojourn. After a while the Israelites grew into a broader view of their God Jehovah, and recognized him as the God of the whole world.

20. *Let not my blood fall to the earth.* David prays for mercy in view of his helplessness and insignificance. *A flea.* As something extremely insignificant. Possibly however we should read with the Greek Bible, "my soul."

21. *I have sinned.* Saul acknowledges that he has been wrong in his treatment of David. He is touched by David's consideration for him. *Return my son David.* Saul gives David a very cordial invitation to return to his court, and promises him freedom from danger. *I have played the fool,* etc. He makes the fullest acknowledgment of his mistaken attitude toward David.

22. *Behold the spear, O king!* David shows his friendliness by restoring the king's spear, but he ignores the invitation to return. It is easy to imagine that he thought himself more secure as a fugitive and a wanderer than as a favorite at the court of Saul.

23. *And Jehovah will render to every man his righteousness and his faithfulness.* David is not intending here to sound his own praises, but rather to express a proper confidence in God's just management of the affairs of men by his providence.

25. *Thou shalt do mightily.* Saul prophesies David's success, although not as explicitly as in ch. 24:21.

SUGGESTIONS.

Many men in David's situation would have followed the counsel of Abishai. David wanted

to be king to be sure; but he had a greater desire to do the will of Jehovah. Since Saul was the one who had been anointed of Jehovah he determined to lift no hand against him, but rather to let him live on his appointed lifetime, even if he himself must wait for years before receiving the kingdom promised him by Samuel.

We need to learn the lesson of self-control. In defeat and in success as well there are many opportunities to yield to the evil. David did not turn away from allegiance to Jehovah when an outlaw fleeing from pursuit, nor when by his skill and courage he was able to stand weapon in hand beside his unconscious enemy.

There is scarcely a bad man in the world but has some good in him. When we read of the schemes that Saul had for killing David, and know of his hatred, we think that he will never rest content till David is dead. But even this man's heart was touched by the kindness of David; he repented and made full confession.

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.

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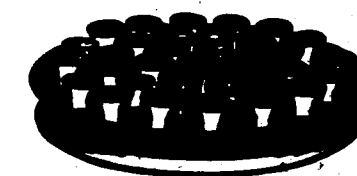


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The battle of our life is won and heaven begun, When we can say, "Thy will be done," but, Lord, until These restless hearts in thy deep love are still, We pray thee, "Teach us how to do thy will."
 —Lucy Larcom.

A Truthful Witness.

Walter was the important witness, and one of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.—*Selected.*

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