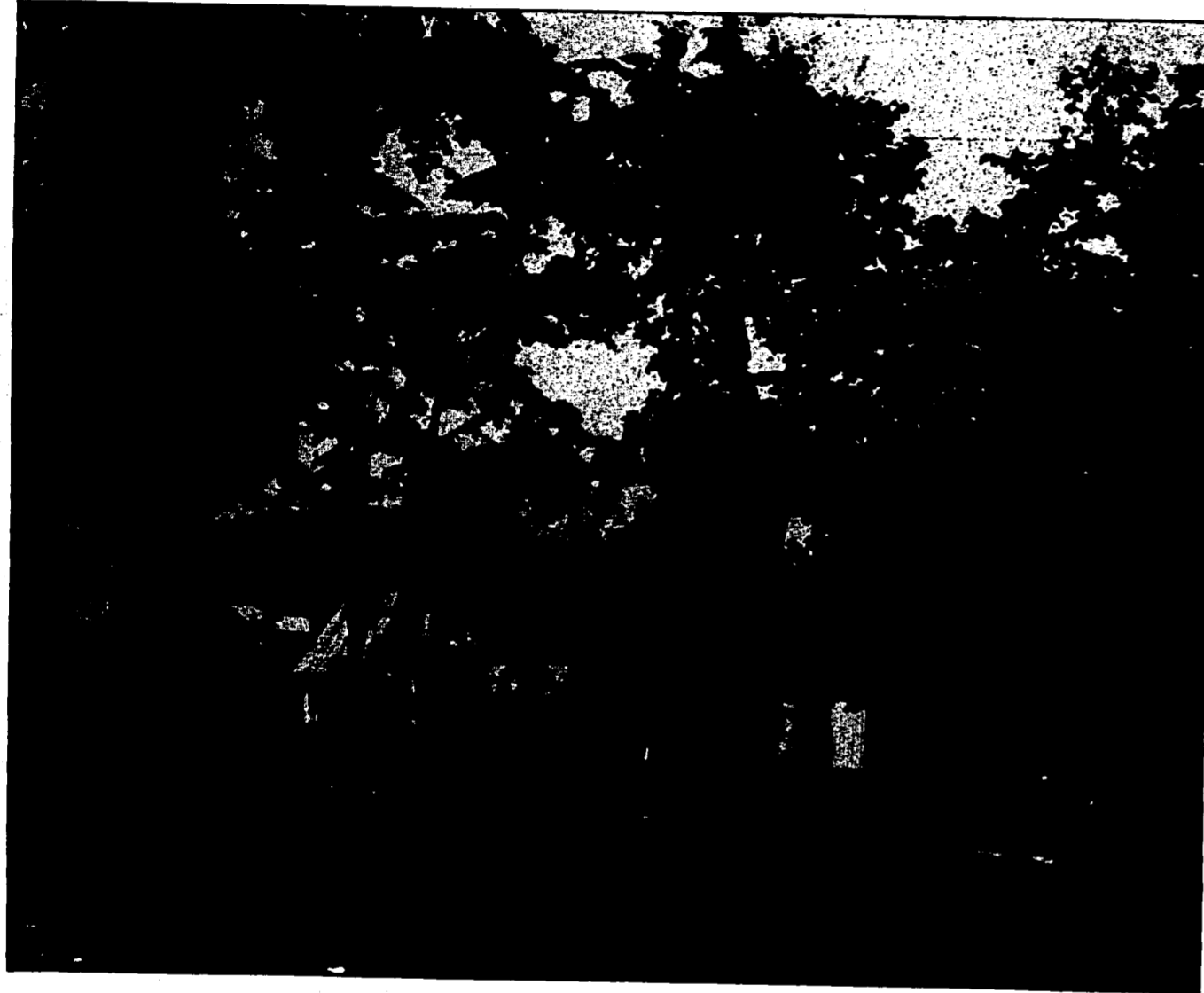


ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL OF
ALFRED UNIVERSITY



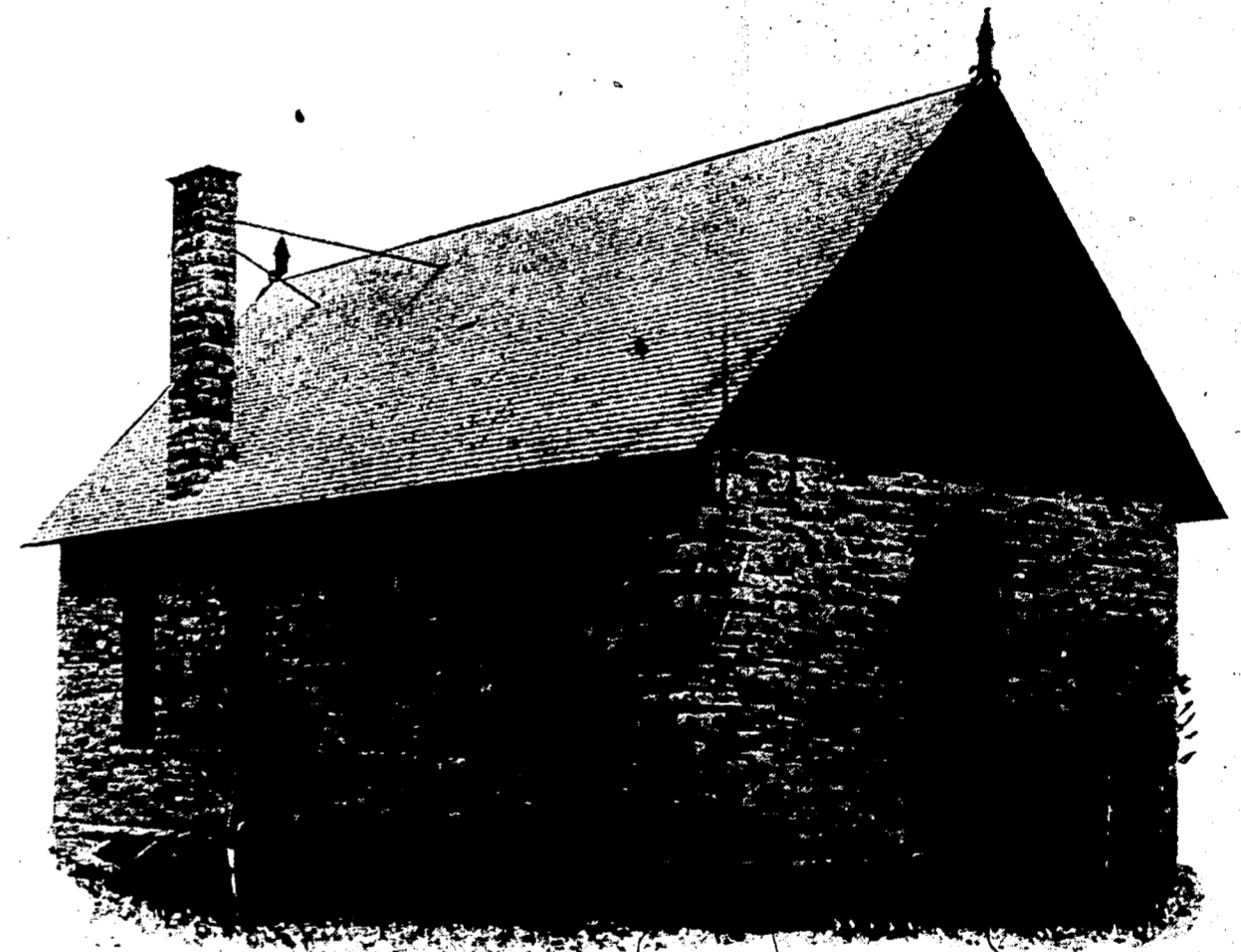
Offers courses in Theology, Biblical Languages and Literature, Homiletics, Public Speaking, Church History, Sacred Music and Evangelism. Degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and Certificates conferred on completion of courses.
A course for Christian Lay-Workers. Correspondence Work.

Especially designed for training of men for Seventh-day Baptist Ministry, but open on equal terms to men and women of all Christian Denominations.

For further information, address the Dean,

REV. ARTHUR E. MAIN, D. D.,
ALFRED, N. Y.

The Sabbath Recorder



BOULDER (COLORADO) CHURCH.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—Sabbath Reform a Religious Issue; The Boulder Pilgrims; Be Content With Your Humble Lot; "Accepting the Sabbath Deepened Her Joy"	257-267	Human Influence in the Call of God	278
Power of "Lost Causes"	267	Suppose	279
MISSIONS—Treasurer's Report; Annual Meeting	268	Something Better Than Money	279
The Problem of Christian Old Age	269	The Happy Life	280
Whip-poor-will	270	We'll Keep the Little Farm, (Poetry)	280
WOMAN'S WORK—For Love's Sake, (Poetry); The Close of Open Water; Annual Report of Ladies' Aid Society	272-276	HOME NEWS	281
Life in Robert College, Turkey	276	The Cross the Main Thing	281
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK	278	The Bible for Men	282
		Books and Reading	282
		The Voice of Jesus	283
		MARRIAGES	284
		DEATHS	284
		What Does it all Mean?	285
		SABBATH SCHOOL	286

Alfred University

ALFRED, N. Y. Founded 1836

First Semester opens

Sept. 8, 1908

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph. D., D. D., Pres.

ALFRED ACADEMY First Semester begins Sept. 8, 1908
WILLIAM MAXSON, Ph. B., Prin.

Milton College

First Semester begins Sept. 10, 1908.

A college of liberal training for young men and women. Degrees in arts, science, and music. Entrance requirements and required college studies identical with those of the University of Wisconsin. Many elective courses. Special advantages for the study of Anglo-Saxon and early English. Thorough courses in Biology and Geology.

The Academy of Milton College is an excellent preparatory school for the College or for the University. The School of Music has courses in pianoforte, violin, viola, violincello, vocal music, voice culture, harmony, musical kindergarten, etc.

Classes in Elocution and Physical Culture. Club boarding, \$1.75 per week; boarding in private families, \$3 to \$4 per week, including room rent and use of furniture.

For further information address the

Rev. W. C. Daland, D. D., President

or Prof. A. E. WHITFORD, M. A., Registrar,
Milton, Rock County, Wis.

Salem College

SALEM West Virginia

Fall term opens September 8.

Classical, Scientific, Music, and Normal Courses. State University credit given for the first two years of the Civil Engineering Course. Facilities for thorough work in all departments. The constant aim is to develop well rounded manhood and womanhood. Sympathetic relations between teachers and pupils and personal instruction possible.

The environments are conducive to enthusiastic work. Information gladly furnished.

CHAS. B. CLARK, S. M., A. M., President

American Sabbath Tract Society

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

STEPHEN BABCOCK, President, 48 Livingston Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
REV. A. H. LEWIS, Corresponding Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.
A. L. TITSWORTH, Recording Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.
F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer, Plainfield, N. J.
Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 P. M.

THE SABBATH VISITOR.

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

TERMS.

Single copies per year60 cents
Ten copies, or upwards, per copy50 cents
Communications should be addressed to *The Sabbath Visitor*, Plainfield, N. J.

HELPING HAND IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK.

A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons. Conducted by The Sabbath School Board. Price, 25 cents a copy per year; 7 cents a quarter.

Address communications to *The American Sabbath Tract Society*, Plainfield, N. J.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Wm. L. Clarke, President, Westerly, R. I.
A. S. Babcock, Recording Secretary, Rockville, R. I.
George H. Utter, Treasurer, Westerly, R. I.
Rev. E. B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary, Ashaway, R. I.

The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST PULPIT.

Published monthly by the SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This publication will contain a sermon for each Sabbath in the year by ministers living and departed. It is designed especially for pastorless churches and isolated Sabbath-keepers, but will be of value to all. Price fifty cents per year.

Subscriptions should be sent to Rev. E. B. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY.

E. M. TOMLINSON, President, Alfred, N. Y.
Rev. ARTHUR E. MAIN, Corresponding Secretary, Alfred, N. Y.

V. A. BAGGS, Recording Secretary, Alfred, N. Y.
A. B. KENYON, Treasurer, Alfred, N. Y.
The regular meetings of the Board are held in February, May, August and November, at the call of the President.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Next session is to be held at Boulder, Colo., August, 1908.

Prof. M. H. Van Horn, President, Salem, W. Va.
Rev. W. D. Wilcox, Recording Secretary, Alfred, N. Y.
Frank L. Greene, Corresponding Secretary, Alfred, N. Y.

Rev. W. C. Whitford, Treasurer, Alfred, N. Y.
Executive Committee—Rev. T. L. Gardiner, Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Lost Creek, W. Va.; W. H. Crandall, Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. L. C. Randolph, Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. W. L. Burdick, Ashaway, R. I.; V. E. Titworth, Plainfield, N. J.

BOARD OF SYSTEMATIC FINANCE.

Dr. Geo. W. Post, President, 1897 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.; C. B. Hull, Corresponding Secretary, Milton, Wis.; Dr. A. S. Maxson, Recording Secretary; O. S. Rogers, S. W. Maxson, Stephen Babcock, Dean A. E. Main, Rev. E. A. Witter.

Pledge cards and envelopes will be furnished free, carriage prepaid, on application to Dr. Albert S. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 65, NO. 9.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., AUG. 31, 1907.

WHOLE NO. 3,313.

THEO. L. GARDINER, D. D., Editor.
N. O. MOORE, Business Manager.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year\$2.00

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

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

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

EDITORIAL

Sabbath Reform a Religious Issue.

The word "reform" in my subject implies that something is wrong with the Sabbath which should be made right. Sometimes careful definitions of the words in such a subject are all that is necessary to establish the proposition involved. I suppose by the arrangement of the words in this topic the little verb "is," understood, becomes the asserting word; and if written out in full we should have this proposition: *Sabbath Reform is a religious issue.* This of course implies that there are other issues, not religious, which have been made prominent, and which make it necessary to magnify this one. Therefore it will be proper for me not only to establish the truth of my proposition, but also to show the falsity of any other that may be arrayed against it. If any non-religious issue is being pushed to the front under the guise of Sabbath Reform, it is pertinent to show wherein it fails, when compared with the religious issue. And if men who push such measures are sailing under false colors in order to succeed, it will be proper also to make this appear.

Now let us look at the meaning of two or three words in my subject. The word "reform" means "to change from bad to good; especially to restore to former goodness; to free from evils and abuses; to change for better by alteration or reconstruction."

No one can study the popular conceptions of the Sabbath, and conscientiously compare them with the God-given and

Christ-honored conceptions found in the Bible, without feeling that reform is greatly needed, even among Seventh-day Baptists. It is painfully evident that our own conceptions of the meaning and purpose of God's holy day are altogether too low. Thus we come far short of the spiritual uplift and blessing we should receive from this perpetual representative of God in sacred time. The vast majority of Sabbathizers seem to have lost sight entirely of the real spiritual nature of the Sabbath; and they have consequently placed it upon the low, physical plane of bodily rest and recreation. The noble conception of a special and particular day, made sacred above other days and sanctified by Jehovah as his representative among days forever, has been lost sight of amid the confusion of idolatrous ages and in the mad rush for worldly things. Thus the unthinking multitudes never regard any time as sacred, and consequently never seem to think of God or care for heaven. The so-called American Sabbath is to them only a holiday to be spent in recreation and worldly pastimes.

Again, the great host of professed Christians, who do hold some regard for a sacred day and still cherish the institution of the Sabbath; who compose the membership of ten thousand churches; who claim the Bible as their only rule of faith and practice,—are, after all, keeping a day which God never sanctified and for which there is not so much as a shadow of Bible authority! For such a day the

UNCHURCHED MASSES HAVE NO RESPECT and in sheer desperation these so-called Bible Christians are striving to have it established by civil laws.

When we behold all these things, in a world rapidly becoming Sabbathless, how can we escape the conviction that there is a crying need of Sabbath Reform? Outside the ranks of Seventh-day people, the great world, as regards the Sabbath, naturally falls into two classes: those who care for neither God nor Sabbath, and the professed Christians who substitute a man-

made Sabbath for God's holy day, and try to bolster it up by civil laws.

The vast multitudes of unsaved, churchless people are wise enough to see that Christians have no divine authority for the day they try to force upon their fellows. They see clearly the inconsistency of proclaiming the Bible as God's word to man, and then in practice going squarely against its clearest and plainest teaching; and so the unsaved laugh to scorn those who try to win them to Jehovah!

Men must be made to see that God is behind the teachings of the church, before those teachings can appeal to their consciences. Whenever the church departs from God's specific command and from the teachings and example of Christ, in order to establish another day in place of God's Sabbath, then it is that human authority supplants the divine. Human laws have no authority over conscience. God is the only authority in matters of religion; and it is folly for those who would lead men to Christ, to try to enforce a Sabbath upon them by penal laws!

Again, the word "issue" in my subject is significant. It means, "that which has come into prominent interest or discussion; as, the main issue in a campaign." In law, it is the essential point or question, involved in all the pleading and presented for special consideration.

When, therefore, we use the expression, "Sabbath Reform a religious issue," we mean that the essential point or question involved in all the pleading for Sabbath Reform should be purely religious, and all motives to Sabbath observance should come from the religious principle, rather than from the political or legal.

But what do we mean by "religious"? If we define religion according to the Standard Dictionary, we find it is "a belief binding the spiritual nature of man to a supernatural being on whom he is conscious that he is dependent; also, the practice that springs out of the recognition of such relation, including the personal life and experience, the doctrines, the duties and the rites founded on it." This you see has to do only with the relations between man and his Maker. Every motive and all authority in such matters must come from God alone and through the consciences of men. The word "religious" pertains

entirely to religion, and has to do only with man's spiritual nature, which should hear and heed the voice of God.

The Sabbath is

ESSENTIALLY A RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION, made for man's spiritual nature and expressly for his spiritual needs; and nothing but appeals to conscience can enthrone it in the human heart. It was the first institution (after that of marriage) given by God to man, and before man became a laborer. It was given not merely to remind man of the Creation, but to bring the Creator nigh to man. Thus it was essentially an institution to keep men in touch with God—God's perpetual witness and representative in time. Hence the Sabbath is purely religious in character and purpose; and any true issue regarding it must be a religious issue, if out of it grows any higher conception of God's Sabbath and its observance.

All reforms may, in some sense, be considered religious, but Sabbath Reform is especially so, since the Sabbath was made to stand for God in time, and to make man holy. Its functions are strictly spiritual; and whoever regards it as merely a day of physical rest comes far short of comprehending God's purpose in giving it. Probably the present Sabbathless condition so much deplored by every true Christian is due more to this low estimate of Sabbath-keeping than to any other one thing. Physical rest could not be its main purpose. God was not tired: he needed no rest. Moreover, he said the Sabbath was given that men might know him. It was made to keep man in close touch with God. The Creator knew how easy it would be for spiritual beings in a physical world to lose sight of him. The tendency to walk by sight instead of faith is so strong that man would surely forget the true God, and worship things in nature, which he can see or handle, if there were no immaterial institution like the Sabbath, to return again and again and thereby to keep in his mind the great fact of Creation, and in his soul the consciousness of an ever-present Creator. This precious, holy portion of time could not long be forgotten, since it must return, desired or undesired, every seventh day, filled with the Jehovah Spirit, with its God-blessed, peaceful hours for special communion with the Creator and Saviour of men. It was thus especially adapted to

wean men from the world and to fix their affections on heaven.

This holy God-filled Sabbath was so essential to the spiritual welfare of man, that God gave it the most conspicuous place in his law, and repeatedly made it, more than any other precept of the Ten, a test of his people's loyalty.

IF MEN HAD ALWAYS BEEN TRUE to this sacred day, keeping it as God intended, they would never have forgotten him, and idol worship would never have been known.

It is impossible to be spiritually minded without communion with God. And since all the tendencies of worldliness are to crowd God out of mind, nothing was more natural than for him to guard against this by giving man a definite day, made sacred, and peculiarly fitted to keep God enthroned in the heart.

Thus we see that the intrinsic value of true Sabbath-keeping inheres not in the physical rest, but in the spiritual uplift it gives the soul. None but the spiritually minded can truly keep the Sabbath. It belongs essentially to religion. To make it merely a rest day is not keeping the Sabbath. To use it as a holiday is as sacrilegious as it would be to spend it in work. There is only one way truly to Sabbatize, and that is by devout, spiritual, loyal recognition of God's own sacred day as his representative among days.

Again, if this be true, we cannot regard the Sabbath as simply a "memorial of Creation," as some say; but it is the reminder of the Creator, and a perpetual

WITNESS AGAINST IDOLATRY.

Forgetting this representative of God in time was always the first step toward idol-worship. This commandment forgotten, and all were forgotten. This faithfully kept, and there was no trouble about the others. Hence whenever God remonstrated with his people for forgetting him, he always charged them with forsaking his Sabbath, as if that were the main thing. The Sabbath-breaker violated the fundamental law of God; hence he was considered guilty of treason against God, and when he forgot the Sabbath it was construed that he had forgotten God. On the other hand, the true Sabbath-keeper finds the Sabbath the point of contact between himself and Jehovah, who has a special

blessing for him on that particular day, that is not promised for any other day.

Thus we have seen how absolutely spiritual, or religious, is the Sabbath of Jehovah. Therefore if any reform is to be secured on this question, it must be obtained on religious grounds only. The question of the Sabbath is purely a matter for the conscience of the individual, and its claims must be accepted through the voluntary choice of each person. No other can choose or accept a Sabbath for me, and make it available for my good. I must do that for myself. It is a matter between me and my Maker.

You cannot make men Sabbath-keepers by law. You may thus compel them to stop honest work, and you can hinder them in their recreations, but this will only drive unwilling hearts farther away from God, and tend to make our government a hot-bed for infidels. It is bad enough to have multitudes who are utterly indifferent to religion and to the Sabbath; but when legal steps are taken to enforce a Sabbath upon them, this indifference turns to bitter hatred for all religion, and the oppressed have nothing but feelings of contempt for their oppressors. Thus thousands would be driven to hate Christianity. This would stultify the efforts of Christians to bring men to Christ, and so defeat the very purpose aimed at by those who plead for the laws.

No wonder the chasm between the church and the world grows wider each year, and that hosts of sinful men within the sound of church bells are becoming Sabbathless and therefore Godless! This is just what must be expected, when representatives of the meek and lowly Jesus leave the gospel of love and resort to the iron hand of civil law!

Already the drift of the Sabbathless masses is away from the churches and from religion, and no legal enactments can ever bring them back or make them loyal. No wonder Bible-loving people are anxious about Sabbath Reform. They know that if the world is ever brought to the Sabbath, it must be upon the authority of the Bible alone, and that nothing but the gospel of love brought home to the consciences of sinful men can bring them to the Lord of the Sabbath.

To establish any tenet of religion by law is a

DIRECT VIOLATION OF OUR CONSTITUTION, a step toward the union of church and state, and would tend to make conscience an outlaw. It would be a long step backward toward the tyranny our fathers fled to a wilderness world to escape.

The strangest thing to me in all this matter is that Christian men, in the light of the twentieth century, could for one moment think of passing laws upon matters of faith or religion! The story of the past is black with crimes as a result of the union of church and state. The establishment of religion by law has been the acknowledged curse of the world. To escape its blighting influences the Pilgrims forsook homes and friends and native land to find a country where consciences could be free.

Old England imprisoned and executed men whose only crime was love of liberty in thought, faith and worship! Her dungeons were filled with Christians who suffered for conscience' sake; but those things never made the world any better. Men may enforce penal laws upon unwilling consciences till doomsday and only make matters worse. The true Sabbath could never be enthroned in human hearts by such methods, and it is impossible in this way to make Sunday a sacred day.

Is it not strange that, heedless of the warnings of history, the descendants of the persecuted Pilgrims should themselves become persecutors, and strive to compel men against their consciences to observe a certain day as a Sabbath? Is this liberty-loving America? Are we living under the guarantees of the Constitution which forbids legislation on matters of religion? Why should men be forced by law to keep a Sabbath any more than they should be compelled to submit to baptism, or to join the church, to support the ministry or to participate in communion?

Why not legislate against infidelity and compel men to recognize the true God or pay a fine and go to prison? Is it not just as proper to compel men to regard the first commandment as it is to compel them to observe the fourth? If in olden time it was regarded as persecution for the state to establish the tenets of religion, why should it not be so considered today?

Indeed it is hard to see how penal laws to apprehend and punish all who cannot

see their way clear to observe the Sunday are any different in spirit from those under which the martyrs suffered. In early colonial days, this same spirit, carried to its natural end, hounded and harried men and women for their faith.

IN THE LIGHT OF THESE CHRISTIAN TIMES there should be no laws to apprehend and punish Christian Sabbath-keepers who cannot conscientiously observe Sunday as a Sabbath. Such laws savor too much of the spirit of the Dark Ages, and would be more at home in the land and times of the Inquisition.

Men in our times who persist in compelling the observance of any particular day, whether it be the seventh day or the first, would not hesitate to cast into prison those who did not conform to their laws. This they have done time and again in our own free country—and that too for quietly working on farms where nobody could be disturbed! Had these law-making Christians lived in the sixteenth century, they would have been eager to banish Roger Williams for his preaching, imprison Ann Hutchinson for holding independent meetings, and others for failing to attend church.

But some one may say: "We do not try to compel men to keep a Sabbath, we only wish to compel them to take a rest one day in seven." Well, if this is all, why be so particular to fix a special day in the week? Cannot men rest as well on one day as upon another? Why not let each man choose his own day for rest, if this is the only object in such legislation?

By what principle, either in our Constitution or in the nature of things, is it right to tax men one-seventh of their time, who do not wish to rest, but who prefer to pursue honest work?

"Nay, this name, "Legal Rest Bill," is only a subterfuge to avoid using a religious name and so make the law unconstitutional. It is a move to secure a law that has all its roots in religion, while its outward forms belong to the secular only; its real purpose is to compel the observance of a religious institution without using a religious name. No matter what name is given to the bills in this reform issue, the men behind them clamor for a Sunday Sabbath established by law.

Does anybody think that the advocates of the "Legal Rest Bill" would be so persistent if the religious claims for Sunday were not behind it? Eliminate entirely the religious element belonging to Sunday as a supposed Sabbath, and leave no hope of securing anything more than mere rest by such laws, and how long, think you, would the church leaders continue their zealous efforts in the lobbies of Congress, to secure them?

Whatever claim is made, or whatever may be the name given to these proposed laws, we do know that they are expected, if passed, to interfere with the conscientious beliefs of thousands of the American people, whom the officials will not hesitate to punish if the Sunday law is not observed.

This is indeed pushing Sabbath Reform to an issue very different from a religious one. And this is the very thing against which we must ever protest. Seventh-day Baptists would protest just the same, if laws were proposed in favor of Seventh-day. We would leave the matter of the Sabbath to the individual conscience, with only the teachings of the Gospel to enforce its claims, and have the civil laws protect all days alike. There is a vast difference between protecting people in equal rights regarding all days, and in thrusting upon them, for religious purposes, a special day above all others.

Let me say in closing, that Sabbath Reform has much to do with every other reform. If the Sabbath were enthroned in the hearts of all men, the other reforms would follow as a natural consequence. This is a reform that offers a grander field for courageous, philanthropic effort than does almost any other.

True and consecrated men are needed, who are willing to suffer, if need be, for the truth's sake, and who will dedicate time, talents and money to so noble a work.

THE WORLD MUST BE EDUCATED regarding the real meaning and spirit of religious liberty, and the character and purpose of the Sabbath. Men of all faiths must unite to prevent legislation, which if secured will lead to persecution. Pulpit and platform, printing press and private workers must labor to redeem Sabbath Reform from the curse of being made a political issue. The more religious and spir-

itual the issue, the greater will be the chance to help the world up to God.

The Boulder Pilgrims.

Four Boulder pilgrims en route to the Convocation and Conference are snugly fixed away on the Erie train, No. 7, Tuesday, August 18, 1908. You may recognize them as Dean, Pastor, Prex, and Editor. There were five in the plan, but the Secretary was overcome in New York by the heat, and had to be sent to his Plainfield home after having bought his tickets and made a start.

It was a great disappointment to all the company and to Secretary himself that he could not go. He had come with Pastor from Rhode Island, the Editor had met them in New York, and after a very pleasant interview with the officials of the Erie and the Santa Fé railroads, who courteously fixed special tickets and berths for the entire journey, the Secretary started alone for Grand Central station to stay with the baggage, while Pastor and Editor visited another office.

After this visit they were to meet the Secretary at the station. But when Pastor and Editor reached that place, there was no Secretary to be seen. After a long search and no little concern the poor man was found outside, where he had gone to find a cool breeze. He had been so completely prostrated by the heat that for a time he was almost helpless. It was soon evident that he could not go on that night, as the very thought of a close car was almost smothering to him. It was too late for a train or boat to take him back to Watch Hill, and the only thing left for him to do was to go to his home in Plainfield. So Pastor and Editor helped him across the ferry and on board his home train, after which, lonely and disappointed, they hurried away to the Erie train for Chicago. It was a great cross for them to leave Secretary behind, but there was no other way. They parted with him, hoping he would recover so as to go on to Conference a few days later. After a pleasant hour's visit, Pastor and Editor went to rest, in the hope of meeting friends at Alfred in the morning. At Alfred they were joined by Dean and Prex, who completed the group for the time being.

All seemed in excellent spirits, and the only shadow was caused by the absence of

the Secretary. The two newcomers had expected to be met by his genial smile and hearty welcome, and it took some moments for them to realize that the beloved Secretary was really left behind.

It was soon apparent that these four pilgrims had the great questions concerning our denominational work close at heart, and they settled down to talk matters over. There was Prex. Nobody knew him until he spoke and we heard his familiar voice! What in the world had happened to our dear Prex? We had forgotten that he ever had such a chin, and it was difficult to reconcile that strange face with the well-known voice. But it was really Prex—the same old jolly boy! Well, just as soon as Editor could get a word with Prex, he said: "Look here, Prex, I want to offer you a word of advice." "What is it," said Prex. Editor looked the boy square in the face and said as impressively as he could: "I want you to let that beard grow again just as soon as you can."

Then there was Dean, sedate and wise as ever, with lots and lots of things to say. His head was full of theology, and there was quite an interest in scientific agriculture, in Florida orange groves, pecans, peanuts, Convocation and Conference. And there was Pastor, pleasant-faced, mild-spoken, and asking questions. He was an interested listener and took in all that was said. If any one wanted help, he was always ready to do his part.

Prex was under a special burden, because at the last moment somebody else's work had been shifted over on to him, and he must improve every spare moment to prepare for Convocation program.

Then last of all came the Editor. His first question always was, "What do you know?" He had to put a word in here and there, no matter who was talking. When not doing this or driving his quill, he would be found curled up on his seat fast asleep.

The pilgrims were afterward joined by several friends who dropped in one at a time along the route. Among these were Pastor Babcock of Genesee who came aboard with his wife at Olean. Several times during the day the pilgrims were cheered by a friendly call from him. Then there were five ladies representing Alfred, Hartsville, Salem, Nile, and Milton, who, with their pleasant quiet ways and happy faces, were heartily welcomed.

About six o'clock, the pilgrims' car was side-tracked at Kent, Ohio, to await the coming of the Buffalo express, which was to take it to Chicago. Here all had a "square meal" and two hours in which to walk about town and rest. But Editor and Dean soon returned to the car where the one began to push the pen and the other buried his face in a book.

Just before leaving Kent the pilgrims met with a pleasant surprise. It seems that Pastor Lester had planned to join them with the Alfred people, and no one of them could tell just why he got left, but he did. Still he was, as usual, equal to the emergency. In some fortunate way he managed to catch the Buffalo flier some hours after the pilgrims' train had left him, and just as the sleeper was about to pull out from Kent, at 8.20 P. M., in bounced Pastor Lester, his face all flushed with victory, his beaming smile lighting up the whole car, and tumbling his "luggage" down in a heap on the floor, exclaimed: "Hello, fellows! what you doing here?" The pilgrims were glad to see him and all his belongings with him. He had on his overcoat, so he could not possibly lose that; his gripsack was too large to lose without losing the man with it, and none of us asked him whether or not he had scattered any of his things along the way. Indeed, the pilgrims thought he had the full complement of baggage pieces, and so asked him no questions.

Well, Pastor Lester had been studying up the guides and maps along the way, and quicker than I can tell it, he whipped them out of his pocket, dropped into a seat and began explaining to those gathered about, that there were certain places on the trip which they could not afford to miss seeing. His head was full of Pike's Peak, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Manitou, and the Garden of the Gods.

The sleeper was rapidly being transformed for night service, and seat after seat disappeared until there was but little standing room. This was occupied by the pilgrims, while Lester, Dean and Prex could be heard plotting as to how they could persuade the Santa Fé officials in Chicago to give them opportunity to see these places without extra cost.

Thus ended a pleasant day in the pilgrim-age and all retired for the second night.

Of the hubbub and confusion at the ticket

office in Chicago I must not speak. The pilgrims were quite successful in carrying out their plans with the Santa Fé people, and quiet was soon restored. Here we must lay down our pen, and await developments.

(Number two)

The Pilgrims had a busy day in Chicago. Each one in his own way filled in the time until six o'clock, when they all took train for Denver via Kansas City and Topeka. They had not been long on the way when Prex almost floored the others by telling a little incident that befell some of the party at Kent.

It seems that two of the pilgrims and four of the ladies were taking a walk toward the outskirts of the town, along a road leading to "Silver Lake," a place they had seen mentioned on some postal cards they had purchased. One of the party, seeing a group of urchins coming, said: "Boys, how far is it to Silver Lake." "Six miles," was the prompt reply.

Of course this drew a laugh from our party, as the time was altogether too limited for them to walk to Silver Lake.

Quick as thought one of the boys, hoping to help the pedestrians out, exclaimed, "Say, there is another lake over that way, only three miles away." This brought another laugh from the company. Then a third boy shouted: "Say, right over yonder lies Lake Erie, only thirty-six miles away." This of course was about all the pilgrim party could stand. Just at this critical moment a ragged, barefooted little urchin piped out: "Say, mister, it is only half a mile to the river and there is good swimming there!" This was too much for the pilgrims. It proved to be their Waterloo, and it is needless to say that they will not be likely to tackle another group of Ohio street boys this season. It took some time for them to recover and reorganize sufficiently to walk back to the train, but they reached it in good time, and so far as we can see, no one is the worse for his experience.

MAGNIFICENT FARM LANDS.

Riding through the magnificent farming country of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas reminds us of a little talk we overheard yesterday between Dean and Pastor, upon

the question of scientific farming and of agricultural schools. There is no question as to our need of such schools, and no doubt that great possibilities await those who learn well the lessons to be taught in them. When I see these beautiful Kansas prairies stretching away mile after mile all day long through as rich farm lands as can be found in any country; with cornfields spread out as far as the eye can see; dotted over with farm buildings embowered in orchards and groves; with far-reaching pasture lands covered with peaceful grazing herds,—I am not surprised that men leave the rocky New England farms and the hard-pan hills of New York for such a country as this.

Little do the farmers realize the opportunities to increase their profits by wise scientific farming, and the Dean and his companions said some good things which I wish every farmer could learn by heart. Again, one of the saddest things to contemplate is the stampede of the young people away from the farms to the cities.

The hope of our future is now in the country churches. Would to God we had many more churches composed of educated, loyal, contented farmers.

Just as we were penning these words, two Kansas City papers came into the car, and to our surprise we discovered two editorials upon this subject, from which we clip the following:

A SQUARE DEAL FOR THE FARMERS.

The parcels post for the people in rural communities, good roads and advanced educational advantages are issues of great importance to the Western farmers. They all are involved in the suggestion of President Roosevelt for bringing about improved conditions in farm life.

Aside from the progress which requires legislation, the farmers themselves are keeping abreast of the times in the adoption of farm methods. The agricultural schools are equipping the young men of the country homes for every modern requirement in reducing the great agricultural industry of America to a science. The farmers are buying improved modern machinery, they are building modern houses for the comfort of their families and improving the social conditions of the rural districts.

The development of the ideal farm life is the hope of the country. A prosperous, contented farmer promises more than material benefit to a community. He adds to the most trustworthy citizenship and represents an uncorrupted suffrage. He stands for good government and clean, square politics.—*Kansas City Times.*

SCIENTIFIC WORK NECESSARY.

Two kinds of farmers are to be considered in the one-acre plan as in the big farm proposition. One is the man who is content to stick any kind of seed into the ground and wait for it to grow. This kind complains when results are disappointing, blames the ground or the seed or the climate, forgetting that the chief trouble has been the lack of method, system, cultivation, intelligence.

The other, the successful farmer who studies modern systems of gardening or farming, who sets his mark high and aims at it steadily; who feeds his soil properly; who profits by the experience of others; who plants the best things at the right time and gets returns that are satisfying. This farmer keeps in touch with intensive methods of soil culture, loses no time, keeps his ground busy all the time and has no waste.

Obviously, the modern farmer will be the successful farmer of the future. He will not work by lantern light. He will observe union rules. His home yard will be neat, his horses sleek and well fed, his wife will not have to carry in wood or coal or pump water from an unsanitary well. The family won't have to bathe in the washtub. All these things are within reach of the near-the-city farmer. They are possible for the other farmer, too, when he learns how.—*Kansas City Journal.*

NEWCOMERS.

When we reached Topeka, we found a great chair-car full of Nortonville people awaiting our arrival. There were forty-three of them and their car was attached to our train. This gave the pilgrims quite a home feeling, and there was much visiting between passengers of the two cars.

Friday morning found us surrounded by desert land inhabited mostly by prairie dogs; and nothing in sight but sage brush and sand. Right in the midst of this barren tract stands the hustling city of Pueblo, the "Pittsburg of the West," with 60,000 inhabitants, three railroads and nearly three hundred industrial plants. The most important business interest is the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's works, employing 7,000 men. They have their own hospital and employ some forty physicians. Pueblo is 120 miles from Denver.

The pilgrims made some pleasant acquaintances among the passengers, who were interested to learn something of our people. Just after leaving Pueblo three traveling men joined with our singers in making the car ring with sacred songs. They were very pleasant people.

The pilgrims reached the highest altitude at Colorado Springs, 5,989 feet above sea level. Denver is 5,200 feet above, and

Boulder is 5,400 feet above the sea.

We arrived at Denver one hour late, at 11.30 A. M. Pastor Hills had telegraphed for a special observation car, to be at station ready to help the pilgrims and their friends see the sights in that city. Here I must lay down my pen and join them. Will tell you what we saw in the next number of Boulder Pilgrims.

(Number three)

DENVER.

Here we are in "Beautiful Denver"! The Boulder Pilgrims find themselves in a throng of nearly seventy friends all en route for Convocation and Conference, coming from Nortonville, Milton, and other points along the line. A heavy storm had been hanging over the mountains for two or three hours and soon after our arrival in Denver the rain began to pour down in torrents. This was a surprise to us. We had heard about "three hundred and sixty-five days of sunshine" in Denver, and many of the company had thought it hardly necessary to bring either umbrellas or rubbers. But we soon found that both were sometimes greatly needed in sunny Denver.

Nearly forty of the company took a special excursion car labeled "Seeing Denver" and, with a live man to talk to them and point out the places of interest, two hours of the time were passed very pleasantly. Yes, Denver is beautiful, even in a rain-storm. But the shower soon passed away, and the sunshine added beauty to the scenes. No one was at a loss to see why Denver is beautiful. Of course Nature had done her very best to make for her a beautiful spot, and to store away in her mountain walls hoards of gold and silver and precious building stones. With all these at hand, live public-spirited men could make any town beautiful. We also saw evidences that Denver has just such men. The signs of pride in the embellishments of the city were visible on every hand. The substantial, well-built public buildings, the magnificent schoolhouses and churches, the cozy, substantial cottages, the palatial homes surrounded by beautiful lawns, and the fine public parks, all make a panorama which the passing tourist cannot easily forget.

The benevolent institutions, such as sanitariums, hospitals, homes for consumptives,

all on prominent sites and surrounded by great parks, speak whole volumes for the spirit of benevolence and interest in suffering humanity which made them possible.

I do not wonder that the people of Denver are proud of their city scarcely fifty years old! The speaker on the train pointed out the lot where, in 1858, the first white child was born in Denver, now occupied by the magnificent Mining Exchange building. Denver now has a population of 205,000. There are one hundred and seventy churches, seventy grammar schools and six high schools.

Here the United States has a magnificent mint building, which cost one million five hundred thousand dollars. The state capitol situated in the heart of Denver is about the third best in the Union, and cost three million dollars.

We cannot do justice in a brief editorial to this hustling city under the shadow of the Rockies, with its twenty-three railroads, its twenty-six parks, its libraries, museums and splendid schools. Its Convention Auditorium alone cost five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the people here mean to gain for Denver the name of "Convention City," as it is evident that they intend to draw hither every convention within their reach. This new Auditorium was completed just in time for the convention that nominated Bryan for president. Its seating capacity is twelve thousand five hundred, and it is lighted by 5,000 sixteen candle-power electric lights.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THEMSELVES.

It is sometimes worth while to see what people think of themselves. Here is an extract from a Denver *Times* editorial which shows something of the spirit of the Denverites:

Warm days of spring are reported in the East. It may not be evident from the reports of the Weather Bureau, but the journals of the large cities are urging the citizens to get out to attend to lawns and plant a few flowers to break the everlasting monotony of miles and miles of paved streets and stretching roadways. And this clamor always is the Eastern harbinger of spring. In that section, eternal vigilance always has been the price of a few blades of grass.

With us in Denver it is different. No other city in the country is made up so exclusively of citizens to whom civic pride and the love of nature's beauties have become a passion.

Here no prodding or exhortation is necessary to induce the home owner and the man who rents

to do their utmost to contribute to the general beauty scheme of the city. Probably in no other community is there less wordy agitation for a beautiful city, and certainly there is nowhere else a municipality that blossoms and responds to the effort of its citizens as does Denver.

In every part—in South, West and North Denver, Capitol Hill and Park Hill, and the suburbs—without a word being said and apparently without concert, every resident is out working and spending money in a friendly rivalry to the end that his grass plot and flower garden may excel those of his neighbors. Even before the spring rains have come to clothe the city in its garb of green, citizens are out with the garden hose and spade and trowel attempting to force the issue.

Be Content With Your Humble Lot.

There are many people in humble life who are unhappy because they cannot be great, or rich, or eloquent. Discontentment with their lot unfits them for success where they are, and prevents their realizing the blessings within their reach. Some of the happiest souls I know are found in the humble walks, where faith, love, fidelity and contentment make for them a veritable heaven upon earth.

Many a man, loaded down with the dignities and responsibilities of high estate, would gladly exchange all his emoluments for the freedom and peace he left behind when he began to rise. This ought to comfort the humble who never expect to be great, and who are disposed to be dissatisfied with their surroundings.

Ask the greatest preacher in America, and he will tell you that he was a hundred fold happier, and the world was brighter to him, when he lived in the old country home and did his best on the farm or in the shop. Now his life must feel the effects of the tension under which he has been for years while attaining his high position, and there is constantly a hard strain if he sustains himself in the eyes of the public and keeps pace with these hustling times. It is this exhausting effort to hold himself up to the high standard already reached, so as not to fall below his reputation or his office, that wears out brain and nerve, and wastes the life forces as does nothing else.

This is true in every profession and in every line of business. And the higher one goes, the more severe becomes the strain.

If we study the lives of most of the great leaders, we find that nervous strain, care and responsibility, and the distressing exac-

tions of public service have sent the majority to early graves. Not that there is no compensation in good and great works and in high positions, but all who attain unto these things must pay the full price, and the cost is great.

The author who, in his last work, has won a long-sought name and place, can never again have an easy time, nor can he rest on his laurels. He must keep up, at least to the "high-water mark," or lose his place in the public mind. Indeed, it is hardly enough simply to hold his position; he must advance, if he wishes to keep his crown.

We also notice that the higher men go and the greater their responsibilities, the more strenuous and wearing is their work. Not one of all the ex-Presidents or Vice Presidents is living today; and it is worthy of note, that no one of them survived many years his term of office.

If we could hear the testimony of all the great men of earth, of all the masters in finance, of all the commanders of armies, they would tell us that such success as they attained is not essential to happiness, neither is it conducive to long life.

We know nothing of the awful worry and grinding care of men in high positions and of those who possess great fortunes. The world evens things up pretty well, and for every step upward there must be an adequate expenditure of energy, and an added burden to balance the thing gained. Thus the man in humble life has as good a chance to be happy and as good reason to be content as the one in higher station. These obvious truths ought to make the peasant more satisfied with his lot. True, the humble man may not have the orator's gift, but he does not have to sustain the orator's reputation. He may not become a leader of men as does the statesman; but he does not have to bear up under the exacting demands and meet the nerve-racking strains which come to the latter. He may not be able to reach the position of manager in some enormous business enterprise, but he at the same time escapes the killing responsibility of carrying its burdens.

The chances are that the humble Christian man, willing to do well his little part in the world's work, will live longer and

be happier that he could, were he to change places with any one of the men he is sometimes tempted to envy.

One thing is sure, there are no such exacting penalties attached to the efforts of the honest, pure, God-fearing man who is satisfied with his lot and who does his best where God has placed him.

In the sight of God there is only one true standard, and that is a Christlike life. Unto this the poorest man on earth may come, and find no disappointing, troublesome burdens.

"Accepting the Sabbath Deepened Her Joy."

A devout Christian woman on her way to the Holy Land met some Seventh-day Baptists on shipboard and became convinced that she ought to keep the Sabbath of Jehovah. She therefore yielded to the voice of conscience and kept her first Sabbath in Jerusalem. Since that day she has enjoyed a peace of soul and nearness to God, such as she never knew before, although for several years, while keeping Sunday, she had been a faithful Christian worker. She tells a blessed story of her new joy and the strength of a higher life that filled her soul as never before, when she opened her heart to accept this new-found duty of Sabbath-keeping.

What brought this better fruit into her life? What gave her this rest of faith and joy of hope beyond and above everything she had previously known? Have any of you experienced such an uplift toward God from a similar cause? If so, you need no help to answer this question. Hundreds of Sabbath-keepers have had the same experience, similar results. Now what if all professed Christians should see and accept this same truth today and begin the conscientious observance of God's Sabbath? Would there be any uplift in Christian experience? Would the combined fruitage of Christian life be likely to improve as the result? What power it would add to Christian effort to reach an unsaved world! What a change would come over the spirit and manner of Sabbath-keeping among the multitudes! Indeed, I believe it would bring God nearer to the heart of man than he has been since the fall in Eden. It would come nearer restoring the peace of Eden than has anything since the coming of

Christ. And to the power of Satan it would strike the deadliest blow that has been given since that memorable defeat in the wilderness of Judea two thousand years ago.

Power of "Lost Causes."

REV. A. H. LEWIS, D. D.

The deathless power of great truths and eternal verities is one of the potent influences in the history of the world. This seems like contradiction to the superficial observer and the ignorant; but, seen in its true light, there is neither contradiction nor cause for questioning. One element of power in such cases is the loyalty and devotion which a "lost cause" awakens in the hearts of its true friends, those who can see that causes seem to be lost only to those whose vision is dim, whose faith is weak. The farewell words of Jesus to his disheartened followers is an illustration. When he had gone their hopes revived because they began to see his words and work in clearer perspective and larger vision. That revived devotion had double power.

The history of Christianity as a whole, as well as the history of specific reforms,—political, social, or moral,—abounds with proof that to lose one's cause is to gain much of loyalty and devotion through the sorrow and even temporary despair that are awakened by loss. To say that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," is another way of stating the power of a lost cause. That only few remain true to a lost cause, comes because only great souls have adequate spiritual vision.

Failure, many times, is the immediate prophecy of success. It often happens that God's way of leading us to victory is through temporary defeat. Sorrow, in loyal hearts becomes the soil of richest and most enduring joy. Disappointment is best of teachers, through which highest forms of satisfaction come to him who, in spite of the fears of lesser men, still believes in a cause.

When a worthy cause is cherished only in the hearts of a few faithful ones, they see the entire situation in clearer light and realize that, while no immediate effort on their part can regain lost ground in a moment, their unwavering loyalty, persistent

labor and undying faith will open new roads to victory. Reformers learn their most important lessons in this way. The greatness of the issues and the vitality of the interests involved go far in determining how long and patiently one must wait and work for the vindication and resurrection of a lost cause. However far away the time of vindication and resurrection may be, that unknown future must be conquered by faith, and finally captured by persistent effort. Sorrow over failure and delay must be an incentive to action and a buttress to hope, not a source of paralysis or despair. The character of a true reformer appears in the fact that hope springs anew from failure, and new strength to strike comes when lesser men are paralyzed by doubt and fear. Such men see true values as they are, and appreciate their hidden and latent worth. He is a true child of God who remains loyal to what men of shorter vision and weaker faith call "lost causes," because he learns to weigh real values and rightly estimate permanent worth. He also comes to see how little the present moment has to do in determining final results.

Everything that aids men in gaining this larger conception of life and truth and destiny is worth more than it costs. Nowhere is the truth that cost and worth are nearest neighbors better illustrated than in the service of unpopular reforms, and causes which the short-sighted call "lost."

Emerson, the philosopher-seer, did well when he advised young men to give themselves "to some unpopular reform." Who would make much or most of himself must live for a worthy cause, and be moved by adequate motives. Manhood and noble character, spiritual unfolding and real worth, here or hereafter, take root and grow in no other soil. One's self-good demands faith and labor for ends so great, though long delayed, that time-serving men deem them lost or barren of results. Every eternal verity and all greater questions of duty must be seen in the light of an "eternal now" rather than in any segment of an earthly calendar. Phrase it as you will, there is unmeasured comfort and untold strength in the faith that sings at midnight at the grave of a "lost cause."

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again; The eternal years of God are hers."

July 19, 1908.

Missions

Treasurer's Report.

For the month of July, 1908.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer,

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DR.

Available cash in treasury, July 1, 1908 \$2,559 27

Church at

Riverside, Cal. 7 75

Plainfield, N. J. 20 51

Chicago, Ill. 10 00

Shingle House, Pa. 10 00

Richburg, N. Y. 3 71

Hammond, La. 5 63

Marlboro, N. J. 3 75

Farina, Ill. 14 64

Attalla, Ala. 4 00

Little Genesee, N. Y. 22 86

Lost Creek, W. Va.,

Dr. Palmborg's salary 5 75

Adams Centre, N. Y. 31 00

Milton, Wis. 35 93

Class No. 8, Sabbath school, Ashaway, R. I.

Shanghai Chapel 6 00

Young People's Board,

Shanghai Chapel \$ 5 00

China Mission 10 00

Dr. Palmborg's salary 30 00— 45 00

Seventh-day Baptist Mission, Syracuse, N. Y. 1 17

Part proceeds of sale of church lot at Cromanton, Fla. 5 00

Y. P. S. C. E., Plainfield, N. J.,

Shanghai Chapel 12 00

Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund,

Shanghai Chapel 1,500 00

Mrs. J. R. Van Horn, Boulder, Col. 1 25

Emery Ehret, Boulder, Col. 2 50

Sabbath school, Hornell, N. Y. 1 24

Income from Permanent Fund 389 80

C. H. Green, Battle Creek, Mich. 15 00

Shiloh Female Mite Society 15 07

Mrs. L. C. Worden, Watch Hill, R. I. 2 00

Y. P. S. C. E., Rockville, R. I. 2 00

R. G. Davis, Scott, N. Y. 2 50

Income Ezra Crandall Estate, Milton, Wis. 25 00

Carl W. Crumb, Milton Wis.,

African work 5 00

Sabbath school, Milton, Wis.,

African work 2 07

"Boy Workers" Class, Milton Sabbath school 2 00

Collected on the field by L. D. Seager 10 00

Mrs. A. B. Stillman, Nortonville, Kan. 5 00

Woman's Executive Board,

Geneal Fund \$44 79

Susie M. Burdick's salary 75 75

China Mission 2 00— 122 54

J. H. Hurley, collected on field 11 70

\$4,018 64

CR.

G. H. Fitz Randolph, salary and expenses to June 30, 1908 \$ 151 67

J. H. Hurley, salary to June 30, 1908 150 00

R. S. Wilson, salary and expenses to June 30, 1908 93 75

Quarter ending June 30, 1908, church at

Niantic, R. I. 18 75

Salemville, Pa. 25 00

Marlboro, N. J. 25 00

Shingle House, Pa. 25 00

Scott, N. Y. 25 00

Second Verona, N. Y. 12 50

Richburg, N. Y. 18 75

Cumberland, N. C. 6 25

Welton, Iowa (4 weeks) 8 33

Quarter ending this day, church at

Hartsville, N. Y. 12 50

Garwin, Iowa 25 00

Boulder, Col. 37 50

Farnam, Neb. 12 50

Hammond, La. 25 00

Riverside, Cal. 37 50

D. H. Davis, Shangahi, money for Chapel at Shanghai 1,500 00

L. D. Seager, salary quarter ending June 30, 1908 50 00

S. H. Babcock, labor in Western Association 4 10

Transferred to Shanghai Mission Fund 23 00

Available cash in treasury, July 31, 1908, 2,631 54

\$4,918 64

E. & O. E.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

Annual Meeting.

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

A. S. BABCOCK,
Recording Secretary.

WM. L. CLARKE,
President.

EDITOR OF SABBATH RECORDER:

DEAR SIR:—Having seen no reply to the inquiry of Mrs. John F. Tibbetts in your issue of July 6, I will say that, from a hasty examination of the records in my possession, I find there were several Samuel Clarkes that formerly belonged to the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist Church. A Samuel Clark was baptized the 21st day, 5th month, 1708. If he joined the church, it was at some later date, perhaps one of these:

Samuel joined in 1740.
Samuel joined in 1768.
Samuel joined in 1786.
Elizabeth, wife of Samuel (a hatter), baptized September 25, 1770.

Jonathan Clarke, baptized June 21, 1747, and joined the Newport Seventh-day Baptist Church, July 29, 1747.

Samuel Clarke, Esq., of Jamestown, died Sunday, October 21, 1761.

Samuel, of Newport, formerly of Middletown, died April 20, 1823, aged seventy-six.

Amy, wife of Samuel, died at Smithfield, August 5, 1827, aged seventy-six.

Samuel, a private in Colonel Carey's regiment, 1776.

I would advise Mrs. Tibbetts to write Miss E. M. Tilley, at the Rhode Island Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I., for any further information in the matter.

Respectfully yours,

E. C. STILLMAN.

Ashaway, Rhode Island.

The Problem of Christian Old Age.

Paul has a cheering thought about the undecaying inner life. The outward man, he says, always decays, but the inner man is renewed day by day. This teaching is full of comfort for those who are advancing in years. The problem of Christian old age is to keep the heart young and full of all youth's gladness, however feeble and broken the body may become. We need to be most watchful lest we allow our life to lose its zest and deteriorate in its quality when old age begins to come on. Hopes of achievement appear to be ended for us—our work is almost done, we think. Sometimes people, as they grow old, become less sweet, less beautiful in spirit. Troubles, disasters, and misfortunes have made the days hard and painful for them. Perhaps health is broken, and suffering is added to the other elements that make old age unhappy.

Renan, in one of his books, recalls an old French legend of a buried city on the coast of Brittany. With its homes, public buildings, churches and thronged streets, it sank instantly into the sea. The legend says that the city's life goes on as before, down beneath the waves. The fishermen, when in calm weather they row over the

place, think they sometimes can see the gleaming tips of the church spires deep in the water, and fancy they can hear the chiming of the bells in the old belfries and even the murmur of the city's noises.

There are men who in their old age seem to have an experience like this. Their life of youthful hopes, dreams, successes, loves and joys, has been sunk out of sight, submerged in misfortunes and adversities, and has vanished altogether. Nothing remains of it all but a memory. In their discouragement they often think sadly of their past and seem to hear the echoes of the old songs of hope and gladness, and to catch visions of the old beauty and splendor. But that is all. Nothing real is left. Their spirits have grown hopeless and bitter.

But this is not worthy living for those who are immortal, who were born to be children of God. The hard things are not meant to mar our life—they are meant to make us only the braver, the worthier, the nobler.

"Confide ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes
Wi' a calm and tranquil mind.
Tho' pressed and hemmed on every side,
Hae faith and ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keeps
Its ain drap o' dew."

It is not meant that the infirmities of old age shall break through into our inner life; that should grow all the more beautiful the more the outer life is broken. The shattering of the old mortal tent should reveal more and more of the glory of the divine life that dwells within.

Do you ever think, you who are growing old, that old age ought really to be the very best of life? We are too apt to settle down to the feeling that in our infirmities we cannot any longer live beautifully, worthily, usefully or actively. But this is not the true way to think of old age. We should reach our best then in every way. That is what Browning declares in Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hands
Who saith, 'A whole I planned:
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor
be afraid.'"

Is it not true that old age should be the best, the very best, of all life? It should be the most beautiful, with the flaws mended, the faults cured, the mistakes corrected, the lessons learned. Youth is full of immaturity. Mid-life is full of toil and care, strife and ambition. Old age should be as the autumn, with its golden fruit. We ought to be better Christians than ever we have been before, more submissive to God's will, more content, more patient and gentle, kindlier and more loving, when we grow old. We are drawing nearer to heaven every day, and our visions of the Father's house should be clearer and brighter. Old age is the time of harvest; it should not be marked by emptiness and decay, but by richer fruitfulness and more gracious beauty. It may be lonely, with so many gone of those who used to cluster about the life, but the loneliness will not be for long, for it is drawing nearer continually to all the great company of waiting ones in heaven.

Old age may be feeble, but the marks of feebleness are really foretokens of glory. Dr. Guthrie, as his life grew feeble, spoke of his thin locks, his trembling steps, his dullness of hearing, his dimness of eye, and the crow's-feet, like the land-birds lighting on the shrouds, telling the weary mariner that he was nearing the haven. Old people have no reason for sadness; they are really in their best days. Let them be sure to live now at their best. Paul was growing old when he wrote of his enthusiastic vision of beauty yet to be attained, but we hear no note of age or weariness in him. He did not think of his life as done. He showed no consciousness that he had passed the highest reach of living. He was still forgetting the past and reaching forth, because he knew that the best was yet before him. His outward man was feeble, his health shattered, his physical vigor decaying, but the man within was undecayed and undecaying. He was never before so Christ-like as he was now, never so full of hope, never so enthusiastic in his service of his Master.

Those who are growing old should show the ripest spiritual fruitfulness. They should do their best work for Christ in the days that remain. They should live their sweetest, gentlest, kindest, most helpful

life in the time they have yet to stay in this world. They should make their years of old age years of quietness and peace, a glad, holy eventide. But this can be the story of their experiences only if their life be hid with Christ in God. Apart from Christ, no life can keep its zest or its radiance.—*Sunday School Times.*

Whip-poor-will.

MARY A. STILLMAN.

"There is our whip-poor-will!" said Doris, and in almost the same breath, "There is our whip-poor-will!" cried John, "Now it is time to go barefooted!"

These children loved the nocturnal bird and welcomed it every summer as an old friend.

"Oh, I wish we could see him!" they cried, "and he seems to be coming nearer. Let us creep out the back door and see if we cannot get a glimpse of him before dark."

So they sat down quietly on the broad stone that formed the step, and soon their watching was rewarded by their seeing a mottled, dusky bird with a big head light upon a rock not far away. "Whip-poor-will!" sang the bird once, then stopped as if listening to see if any one was noticing him. The children were near enough to hear plainly the cluck which precedes his song, but they made no sound and soon he began singing again, repeating the message of punishment many times.

"I wonder why poor Will must be whipped," said Doris when it had grown so dark that they had to go into the house.

"I don't know; we must ask Uncle Rufus tomorrow," answered John.

"Uncle Rufus," as everybody calls him, is an old man who lives a sort of hermit life in a hut on the edge of the woods. He sleeps there, at least, when he pleases, but he spends his days out of doors hunting, fishing, and picking the wild berries that grow so plentifully all about his camp. He is glad to have visits from the children and never says "I don't know" to their questions.

"Poor Will is old Mister Whip-poor-will's own son, I suppose," he said when the children sought him out next day. "Birds make their children mind, I can tell you,

even if they have to be punished. When little birds are lazy and won't leave the nest, the parents punish them by not feeding them, and so starve them to it."

"What kind of a nest does Mrs. Whip-poor-will have?" asked John.

"She doesn't have any! She just lays her two eggs on the ground or on dead leaves. I should think the young birds would have to be whipped to make them stay where their mother wants them."

"Is the night hawk the same as the whip-poor-will?"

"There now, honey, don't you know better than that? The night hawk flies high in the sky and calls down 'Pe-unt, pe-unt' as he catches his supper of bugs and things. He begins to fly before dark and you can plainly see the large white spots on his wings. Some folks say those are silver dollars, but what a bird wants of money I don't know. The whip-poor-will flies low and lights on a rock or fence to sing. The night hawk is a goat-sucker, though, I've heard tell, same as the whip-poor-will and the chuck-will's-widow."

"A goat-sucker, Uncle Rufus? What does that mean?"

"Oh, they have mouths big enough to milk a goat or a cow or anything, you know, but la, I don't suppose anybody ever saw 'em do it. They catch lots of night moths for us, though, and we ought to be glad of that."

"Does it sound to you as if he says 'Whip-poor-will,' Uncle Rufus?" asked Doris.

"Well, now, sometimes it does and sometimes it doesn't. Pownee, an Indian I used to know in Pennsylvania, told me that the whip-poor-will says 'Plant the wheat! Plant the wheat!' and if you listen right I believe he does say that. Indians know a lot about birds and everything else in the forest. Pownee says that the whip-poor-will is the god of the night and that he made the moon. He says that if you want to know whether you are to have a long life or not you must say 'No!' to the whip-poor-will when you hear him singing. If he sings a long time you will live to be old."

"Why, that is what the Germans think about the cuckoo!" said Doris. "I know a

song about a little girl who was counting the years of her life in that way.

"To near a hundred counted she,
But still the bird sang lustily,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!"

"If my life was going to depend on the whip-poor-will song," said John, "I should want to choose my time for counting. When our lamp is first lighted in the evening the bird sings once and then listens a long time; but in the night he gets to going at a great rate. Why one night last summer he lighted on our roof and waked me up. I thought I would count to put myself to sleep again, and he said 'whip-poor-will' over eight hundred times!"

"Whew, Johnny, you are going to be a regular Methuselah, aren't you?"

"Oh, Uncle Rufus, what is that pretty pink flower over there, hanging down from its stem like a sack?"

"Why that is the wild lady's slipper or whip-poor-will's shoe, but I don't suppose either a lady or a bird ever wore one. Look around here and you can pick a bunch to take home."

"Oh, thank you, we must go pretty soon. Come and see us before long."

"Yes, I'll bring your mother some berries before many days. Good-by, children!" and Uncle Rufus shouldered his fish pole and disappeared in the woods.

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 best time to handle a man is when he is a boy.—*Judge Lindsay.*

Woman's Work

ETHEL A. HAVEN, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Contributing Editor.

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

Be not simply good: be good for something.—
Thoreau.

For Love's Sake.

You have read of the Moslem palace—
The marvelous fane that stands
On the banks of the distant Jumna,
The wonder of all the lands.

You have read of its marble splendors,
Its carvings of rare device,
Its domes and its towers that glisten
Like visions of Paradise.

You have listened, as one has told you
Of its pinnacles snowy fair,—
So pure that they seemed suspended
Like clouds in the crystal air.

Of the flow of its fountains falling
As softly as mourner's tears;
Of the lily and rose kept blooming
For over two hundred years.

Of the friezes of frost-like beauty,
The jewels that crust the wall,
The carvings that crown the archway,
The innermost shrine of all—

Where lies in her sculptured coffin,
(Whose chiselings, mortal man
Hath never excelled), the dearest
Of the loves of the Shah Jehan.

They read you the shining legends
Whose letters are set in gems,
On the walls of the sacred chambers
That sparkle like diadems.

And they tell you these letters, gleaming
Wherever the eye may look,
Are words of the Moslem Prophet.
Are texts from his holy book.

And still as you heard, you questioned
Right wonderingly, as you must,
"Why rear such a palace, only
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it?—The Shah had promised
His beautiful Nourmahal
To do it because he loved her,
He loved her—and that was all.

So minaret, wall and column,
And tower and dome above,
All tell of a sacred promise,
All utter one accent—Love.

You know of another temple,
A grander than Hindu shrine,
The splendor of whose perfections
Is mystical, strange, divine.

You have read of its deep foundations,
Which neither the frost nor flood,
Nor forces of earth can weaken,
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,
By the wisdom that fills the throne,
Was quarried, and hewn, and polished,
Its wonderful corner-stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,
So lofty its turrets rise,
That the pile in its finished glory
Will reach to the very skies.

The lapse of the silent Kedron,
The roses of Sharon fair,
Gethsemane's sacred olives
And cedars, are round it there.

And graved on its walls and pillars,
And cut in its crystal stone,
Are the words of our Prophet, sweeter
Than Islam hath ever known:—

Texts culled from the holy Gospel,
That comfort, refresh, sustain,
And shine with a rarer luster
Than the gems of the Hindu fane.

The plan of the temple, only
Its architect understands;
And yet He accepts—(Oh, wonder!)
The helping of human hands.

And so, for the work's progression,
He is willing that great and small
Should bring Him their bits of carving,
So needed, to fill the wall.

Not one does the Master-BUILDER
Disdainfully cast away:—
Why, even He takes the chippings,
We women have brought today!

Oh, not to the dead—to the living,
We rear, on the earth He trod,
This fane to His lasting glory—
This Church to the Christ of God!

Why labor and strive? We have promised
(And dare we the vow recall?)
To do it because we love Him,
We love Him—and that is all.

For over the church's portal,
Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set one signet,
And graven one watchword—Love.
—Margaret J. Preston, in *Missionary Helper*.

The Close of Open Water.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Once more we are landsmen. Once more our six short months afloat are over and the little *Strathcona* is once again safely tied alongside the wharf, the planking of which is already covered with the snow of approaching winter.

As we passed into this, our last harbor, between the two great towering cliffs overhanging the narrow entrance, and as the Capital City opened out all round us, leaving us right in its busy midst, we seemed suddenly shut off, as it were, by closed gates from the restless life beyond—from the field of activities which till a moment ago had been absorbing all our interests. We seemed to have suddenly reached the horizon, and passed directly into a new life. For into this fair harbor no rough seas can reach. There are no rocks to fear, no shoals to shun, the anchor once down in this harbor we no longer fear that our little vessel will drift from her moorings in the hours of darkness and sleep. Once lowered it will hold where we left it till we weigh it again ourselves on the way to some new field of labor. A sense of tension relieved comes over one, and for a brief while, thankfulness for rest. But almost at once a new feeling chases this away and one's mind flies back in review over the experiences of the past. What a new light seems to be thrown on the relative importance of things outside the "narrows"! There gradually creeps into one's reverie the shadow of a desire, in spite of rest and peace, that some of the opportunities might come back just once more.

But the iron mooring chains are fast to the great gump heads of the wharf—the sails are already unreaved and the ship dismantled—the very funnel covered in. The last mile stone is passed—the last chapter closed. What now is the live issue?

It has been suggested that we should ask His Excellency the Governor—viceroy of the King, to inspect the little ship. But when at length I put it to our good skipper, he protested as I had half expected.

"She looks too much as if she had been through a mill, Doctor. She will look better after we have painted her in the spring."

In truth there was no denying it, for she

looked just as if she had just come out of battle. The topmasts had been struck for the late gale and the dainty rigging we sailed out with had been stripped off and stowed. Our ragged remnant of a flag fluttered now from an impromptu staff, which, lashed into the large topgallant iron, looked lost and forlorn. The masts were grimy with smoke and weathered and salted with the sea spray, for the continuance of heavy easterly weather had given the men no chance to scrape down during the voyage home. As for her deck houses, the varnish, where any was left, had assumed the color of skimmed milk from the continued driving sleet and spume. Up to two feet above the level of the rails most of it had been scraped off bodily by the heavy deck loads of pine wood, which we had been carrying out of the bays to the hospitals as our last contribution toward their winter comfort. The paint on her sides and bulwarks had paid such tribute to the sterns of countless fishing boats alongside that the once shiny black surface was mottled like a pane of frosted glass. While below the water line—well, even there we would like to go over her on dock ourselves before others saw her. For we had struck twice on a nasty day in the late fall when we tried to navigate a part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the way to the new Canadian hospital, a piece of coast that was new to all of us. She had in fact entered her last port like a man cut off without a moment's warning. Thus she certainly was not, as some would say, ready for inspection.

But as I stood on the wharf running my eye over her familiar lines, to me endeared by so many happy days together, there was a sort of feeling that I would not have it otherwise. For she looked like a workman right from his field of labor. Her very toilworn features spoke of things accomplished, and afforded some scant solace for the regrets that opportunities had gone by.

I could see again as I looked at her, the thousands of miles of coast she had carried us along—the record of over a thousand folk that had sought and found help aboard her this summer—the score of poor souls for whom we could do nothing but bear them, sheltered in her snug cabin, to the larger hospitals where they could be better

tended than by us at sea. I remembered visitors, and helpers, whom she had faithfully carried, and who were now scattered where they could tell of the needs of our folks, and bring them better help in years to come. I remembered the ministers and travelers that had been lent a hand as they pushed their way up and down our coast—the women and children and aged persons that she had carried up the long bays to their winter home, and to whom she had saved the suffering of the long exposure in small and open boats. One remembered the libraries she had distributed all along this bookless coast line, the children picked up and carried to the shelter of the orphanage, the casks, the food and drugs for men and dogs placed at known rendezvous along the line of winter travel, making the long dog journeys possible. How often had her now-boarded-up windows lighted up her cabin for a floating Court of Justice in lonely places where, even if the judgments arrived at had been rather equitable than legal, yet disputes had been ended, wrong doing punished, and the weak had been time and again helped to get right done them.

One remembered how she had been a terror to certain evil doers and more especially to those wretches, whose greed for sordid gain leads them to defy the laws of God and man, as they sell illicitly the poisonous drinks with which they lure brave-men-and-true to their ruin. On a truck on the wharf beside me, even now, on its way to the police station lay a consignment that our little ship on one of her raiding expeditions had saved from doing the damage it was capable of. How like a confiscated bombshell it looked! And one remembered pleasantly the comment of a fisherman friend on the success of her missionary efforts at one especially troublesome settlement: "Bedad, if the mission ship goes on like this long we won't be able to kape an ould bottle in the house to put a drop of ile in."

Again I could see her saving from destruction a helpless schooner abandoned by her crew and fast beating to pieces on a lee shore. I could see her cabin loaded with sacks of warm clothing for use in districts where dire poverty from failure in the fishing, or possible accident in the

perilous work had left defenceless women and children to face the coming cold of winter unprotected; and among those who had been benefited in this way, were the crews of half a dozen unfortunate schooners, wrecked in the heavy equinoctial gale of last September.

And beyond all the physical aid that had been rendered, one remembered the many sorrowful hearts to which she had carried messages of comfort and cheer. To some dying she had brought the joyful view of the realities of life beyond and to some stricken hearts bereft of the hand they looked to for protection, she had brought the material help, the ray of hope which God permits the hand of a brother to carry as possibly its most precious burden.

The skipper who had come to the rail to insert a fender between the streak of the wharf shores noticed that I was still examining the ship and he interrupted my reverie.

"Doesn't look exactly like a pleasure yacht, Doctor, does it?"

"Indeed she doesn't, skipper," and I almost added "thank God." For it is some years since I have had time to seek pleasure in that way. Somehow the idea of the mission steamer being a "pleasure yacht" grated on one's nerves. A mere "pleasure yacht" was in my mind, and rose to my lips too. For though some might not think it, the true following of the Master makes men utilitarian. His servants must "hustle" in this busy world as do the servants of His enemy,—a truth the middle ages did not appear to know. The Master's followers must have strong reasons to give themselves when they can afford to seek their pleasure as others do. Out of this very port she had sailed just six months ago not knowing what she might be called on to do, or to face, before she could hope to get back to her haven of rest again. She had started with a high purpose, anxious to serve God by serving His brothers, and seeking the joy which can only be won in one way, the same joy which the Lord has promised, that His faithful children shall share with Him, hereafter. The joy of toil here, and toil-won rest hereafter. "The blessing of heaven is perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil."

Our ship had stood forth a tiny speck in the great ocean, a thing that man's mind might well despise as ill calculated to achieve service of any value to the King of kings. Presumptuous it had often seemed even to us as we thought of the great work to be done—of the unchartered shore, the countless delays, the thousands of scattered craft, the short season, the strong passions and the great temptations of the men that we purposed to try and win. Moreover now as the incidents of the summer flitted in review before my mind I could not but remember that twice we had struck rocks, once had been all but overwhelmed in a storm, several times had been astray in fogs, twice had broken down for want of power, had been ourselves forced to seek help and to lose time undergoing repairs. It seemed a poor record. Just at this moment the wake of a ferry tug rocked the *Strathcona*, and the bump she gave the wharf called me back to the world of realities abruptly. After all she still lay there. A stout little steamer full of capabilities, ready and waiting for fresh responsibilities.

The sluggish schooner in which we first sailed with one doctor, only enabling us to spend three months out of twelve on the coast, had vanished, till now even in winter, in their distant stations in far off Labrador, at the time when all possible help from outside is cut off, are three doctors and three trained nurses and many other agencies, all proclaiming with splints and bandages, with remunerative work and cheaper flour, with good books and with simple toys, and in other ways,—what God can do in spite of blundering workmen. Even as the *Strathcona* lay temporarily inactive through the agency of her adversaries of winter and ice she kept saying: "Despise not yourself however imperfect. Be ready, and your time for usefulness is sure to come."

There will come joy again. Not in rest (meaning so often little better than idleness) but in the use of functions, in the realization of capacity and power, come joy to the true man or woman. I fancied I could see written round the now silenced funnel the words of a familiar hymn:

"Only an armor bearer, yet may I stand
Ready to follow at the King's command."

God grant when I come up for inspection, when my voyage is over, I may not fear the verdict. God grant that he who inspects may see in me the evidences of work done, of cargoes carried home. May the logbook record many a brother helped, yes, and saved. For though He will see—as see He will—the dints in the planking, and the scratches on the paint and spars—yes even if they speak to Him, while they remind us of the sorry contact with rock and shoal, still we have confidence to believe there will be nothing to dread from Him.

"Yes, yes, Skipper. God bless the old ship. Let her be inspected, I say, just as she is."—*Wilfred T. Grenfell, in Record of Christian Work.*

Annual Report of Ladies' Aid Society.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Gentry (Arkansas) Seventh-day Baptist Church has held eleven regular, and eighteen special sessions. There has been an average attendance of seven members. We have thirteen members on the roll. The interest has been good among those who have attended.

Financially it has been the best year we have had. We have pieced and quilted one quilt and quilted four others; have tied fourteen comfortables, and made eighteen pillow slips. We have no work on hand at present, but are starting a quilt to work on when we do not have other work. We have had quite a bit of work outside of our society this year; have taken in, through the year, for work and dues, \$26.25. Mrs. Ochs presented the society with \$16.00, a token of appreciation for the help it gave her daughter two years ago.

We have spent \$47.16 as follows:

Woman's Board \$12.00; Society expenses \$3.33; Fouke School \$1.83; Emma Helm \$2.00; Church debt \$28.00.

Our numbers have decreased by removals, but most of those who have left us have gone where we have other societies. One new family has come to make a home with us, and there is a prospect of others coming soon; so we are looking forward to full ranks again.

We feel that our efforts have been richly blessed this year, and hope that even great-

er interest and enthusiasm will do much in the Master's cause the coming year.

LAURA M. VAN HORN,
Corresponding Secretary.

Life in Robert College, Turkey.

When we were in Constantinople and while sailing up the Bosphorus, we saw something of Robert College. Later we listened to an address by its president.

Robert College stands on the banks of the Bosphorus, a few miles above Constantinople, and is doing a great work for that country. It was established by an American and hence Americans are greatly interested in it.

The following article by Carl Wadsworth Scovel, published in the *Christian Endeavor World*, is full of interest:

What place could be more fascinating to a teacher than the American college on the shore of the Bosphorus? It was certainly a delightful prospect to teach hard English to the descendants of Xenophon, Homer, and Herodotus! And yet it seemed almost sacrilegious to take the throne over these Greek boys whose literary grandparents we had been taught to reverence as the high patrons of broad culture.

And yet here we are, nevertheless, away up four stories, in the northeast corner of the imposing central building of Robert College. The little study is almost too small for stretching, but immense for seeing. Out of its east window is the blue Bosphorus at its narrowest point. Merchant vessels flying all sorts of flags are pushing their way into its swift current. And right on this summit, according to tradition, Darius sat on his throne, and watched his host of seven hundred thousand cross from old Asia to subdue Scythia and Thrace.

We turn to the north window, and there are the three towers and connecting walls of Roumeli Hissar (European Castle), built by Mahomet II, the Conqueror, in 1452. One thousand master builders, each having under him four masons and many thousand common workmen, finished this immense fortress in five months, beautiful old Greek palaces and Christian churches being demolished to furnish marble and stone. Although it was built so hastily, yet the cannon, firing balls of six hundred pounds' weight, kept the wheat-ships from passing down the Bosphorus to relieve the beleaguered city. Constantinople fell the next year, and now up and down the Bosphorus pass the swift side-wheel passenger-steamers, at whose stern floats the red flag with its star and crescent.

INTERNATIONAL WAR CONTINUES.

But reverie, however delightful, is not long allowed in an Oriental school. In this land of many nationalities, so watchful and jealous of one another, "eternal vigilance" is the price of peace. It is to be my first evening's surveillance of the evening study-hour in the large

schoolroom. So I am on duty. There is a loud noise in the entry, as if Troy were falling. The babel of tongues I cannot decipher. The intense feeling between Bulgarian and Greek, seen lately in the Macedonian struggle, is here stirring up a battle. They were indifferent to my standing between them for some moments, still defying one another. Then they sluggishly took their seats; but the ringleader, the modern Alcibiades, had to be expelled.

AN INTERRUPTED CONCERT.

The half-breed in Turkey also needs watching. A boy whose father was a Greek and his mother a Bulgarian came into the dormitory for whose order I was responsible, as my room and study were adjacent to it. He had been expelled from all the Bulgarian schools as incorrigible, and I expected trouble.

One evening the bell rang for quiet at 10.10 as usual, and the lights were put out. As I sat in my study I heard an ominous "meow" out in the dark dormitory, then a few echoes. If not checked at once, it meant a concert that would be heard all through the corridors of the college. Twice I opened the door, and reminded the boys of the rule for quiet.

Again the challenge came, and again from the direction of my new guest. I took my lamp, and went out into the dormitory, and over to his bed. The light showed a face as calm and restful in sleep as an innocent babe's. Perhaps he had never heard of possum, but he could play it well. As I gripped him by the shoulder, he slowly came back to consciousness!

As he did not know English, I had to make my charge in French. But my vocabulary was weak. He did not seem disturbed. I turned to good old Anglo-Saxon, which he did not understand. This added to the terror of the riot act. His past record gave me the rights of a plenipotentiary, and so I gave him the option of leaving the school in disgrace or accepting our college's principle of mutual trust and gentlemanly conduct. He looked more and more frightened as the words came out in increasing intensity. The boys interpreted my philippic after I returned to my room, and the concert did not come off. Philippides accepted the ultimatum, and his later conduct was excellent.

A COLLEGE BOY'S JOKE.

The collegian on the Bosphorus has as much humor and mischief as his brother across the Atlantic. A new American tutor, who needed a fire in his room, and had not yet learned Turkish enough to talk with the servants, was told by one of the boys to say, "Yangun var." So he hurried down to the kitchen, and shouted, that they might better understand him, "Yangun var." The servants dropped their work, grabbed the buckets of water, and dashed by him. He had said, "Conflagration," and transformed the kitchen-squad into the college fire-brigade. He should have used the word "atesh" in asking for fire in a stove.

But the boys met their match one day in the genial, broad scholar, the late Dr. A. L. Long, professor of science. The clever doctor had an answer for every question. The students in zoölogy tried to catch him by sticking together pieces of two bugs, making an odd insect that

would bewilder the most modern evolutionists. When they presented it to the doctor for classification, he examined it sharply for a moment, and then, twinkling at them over his glasses, he said: "You ask what bug this is, boys? Well, I call it a hum-bug!"

A NOVEL NEW-YEAR'S GREETING.

At Christmas and New Year's the boys indulge their Oriental fondness for giving presents. But, when the Bulgarian New Year came, twelve days after ours (for they still keep to the Old Style of calendar), I was treated to an exceptional initiation.

Popoff, a senior and monitor over the smaller Bulgarian boys, magnificent in size, and several years older than myself, asked whether the Bulgarian boys could come into my room at midnight, and wish me a happy New Year. I need not arise, and he would see that all was proper. It was a home custom of the boys, and would give them much pleasure.

Although I was told it meant a light thrashing with the leafy branches of a certain bush, like our American birthday whippings, I rather longed for just one such experience. I put over my bed a heavy Bulgarian rug, about half an inch thick, out of courtesy to Bulgaria, of course, and soon began to perspire in anticipation and realization.

At last the clock struck midnight. At once the Bulgarian boys in all the dormitories jumped out of their beds, waking up the sleepy ones with the noisy thrashing of their branches, and shouting in Bulgarian, "Happy New Year!" After the rounds among the boys were made there was a gentle knock upon my door, and Popoff came in with a lantern. He gave me a very cordial greeting, and then about fifty boys passed in Indian file around him and past my bed, laughing merrily as they whipped my thick Bulgarian rug, and wishing me in a very sweet, strange tongue "a most happy New Year."

The next morning I thought I should be free to watch the other teachers get their switchings: but the little boys kept up the sport on us all until nearly noon, expecting candy, nuts, or pennies in exchange for whipping the bad spirits away from us during the New Year.

Among the two hundred scholars at Robert College there are always a number of American and English boys. These have tried to introduce their national games. Cricket has met with no favor; tennis has been adopted by a few; but baseball is the popular game of all nationalities and ages. The Bulgarians are especially skillful. They throw, catch, and run like an old-time athlete, showing the energy that was largely instrumental in winning their country's independence from Turkey.

AN AMERICAN BASEBALL GAME.

In the spring of 1899 the Quinnebaug, a rather inoffensive American frigate, steamed into the Golden Horn. The college boys had twice before defeated the American sailors in baseball, and most confidently challenged the men of the Quinnebaug. The game was played on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, on a fine meadow devoted to sports and sheep-grazing, a little above the ruins of Anadolou Hissar (Asiatic Castle), which was Mahomet's eastern sentinel

of this narrow strait. And now to think that this quiet valley, dreaming of the wild deeds of Persian, Greek, and Moslem, was to be aroused by the shouts of an American baseball game!

The sailors went to bat first, and made a few runs the first inning. Our boys then came in, and eyed a wiry Irishman whom the marines had put in the box. He did not throw so fast a ball as our boys, but, "One, two, three, striker out." One after another the boys struck the air, and threw their bats on the ground in angry despair. They had met their Waterloo in a curve-pitcher. The following innings were like the first. They played a hard game, but to no avail. The Irishman smiled, and said he would "put it right over the plate," but it did not seem to stay there. If I had only learned to pitch a curve! I never felt so much the deficiency of my college education. But at the close of the game, whose score was big for the American lads of the sea—God bless them!—our college boys gave them three hearty cheers, and then another for the jolly Irish twirler. And, as the boats rowed away down the Bosphorus, the Stars and Stripes waved back triumphantly, as much as to say: "America never gives up, boys. The last game is always hers."

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.

Notice.

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

We are expecting the Alfred Seminary quartet with us.

JULIA K. SHRADER,
Secretary.

"Have you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone,
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on."

Young People's Work

REV. EDGAR D. VAN HORN, Alfred Station, N. Y.
Contributing Editor.

BERLIN, N. Y.—The Sabbath school held their picnic in a grove, where a goodly number partook of a bountiful dinner, followed by ice-cream. In the afternoon a very exciting game of ball was played. All report a good time.

The Ladies' Aid Society are having the church wired for electric lights. The Electric Light Company expect to have the lights in operation by fall. The Ladies' Aid also had a food sale, and realized about seventeen dollars. This is not the first venture the ladies have made in that direction, as they are not slow to profit by public opinion.

M. E. G.

August 13, 1908.

GARWIN, IOWA.—We were much pleased with the interest manifested in one of our Endeavor meetings recently. It was over an article in the RECORDER written by Mrs. Loofboro. It was voted to join in the plan, as stated by the writer, for the education of the Gold Coast boys.

JULIA K. SHRADER,
Corresponding Secretary.

Human Influence in the Call of God.

In the Bible lesson on "David Anointed as King" it appears that the selection of David was more purely a divine choice than that of Saul had been. The implication of the Scriptural account of the selection of Saul is that human desire influenced the divine selection. It is also noticeable that the lot was employed to discover the divine choice of the first king, while the prophet Samuel after communion with God fixed upon David by inspired discernment of the man. The term that is applied to David as "a man after God's heart" seems to be in contrast with the implied term that could be given to Saul as a man after the people's heart. God in the second selection has his own man in an unhampered choice.

It is, then, a question worthy of consideration, how far human influence may af-

fect the filling of positions which are in the calling of God. The first eleven apostles made a choice by lot of Matthias to fill the vacant place of Judas, but the choice never seems to have proved itself by deeds or to have passed into Christian history as evidently endorsed by Christ. In the case of Saul of Tarsus, however, there was a pure divine call and no man had a direct hand in his experience until Barnabas introduced him to the church. Paul's selection was endorsed with divine gifts and power. His was a case of clear, divine action, so much so as to cause distrust among men who looked for a traditional succession in the apostleship.

On the other hand instances can be cited in which human influence was inspired or blessed of God, as when Hannah prayed for a child and consecrated him specifically to the service of Jehovah. He became the divinely accredited prophet of Jehovah to Israel. It is considered by Christian parents that they may pray for their sons and daughters to be called of God into spiritual service, and yet parents are extremely cautious not to use personal influence in immediately or directly producing a conversion or confession, or in casting weight into the balance of a decision for the ministry.

There seems to be a large field for human action in the use of prayer, education, training and general influence as means of cooperating with divine influence, but when it comes to the actual choice of a man for a divine calling or the choice by the man himself of the calling the ground is reserved to God and the spirit of the man. It is holy ground where the soul must be alone with God. In the selection of Paul and Barnabas as missionaries the language of the text shows that the Holy Ghost was first in choosing and that human judgment fully acquiesced. There are instances in which it would seem that men are made ministers by the direct persuasion or strong will power of others instead of making their own free choice under divine constraint alone.

Human influence may be used to the utmost to mould and influence conduct and character, but the pure divine influence on the human spirit is necessary to bring forth the man after God's heart who will be

thoroughly devoted to the work of God and will show the genuineness of his calling by his deeds.—*The Watchman.*

Suppose.

Suppose that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness. Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment so much of our complicated, tangled, artificial modern life. Suppose that, instead of increasing their wants and their desires, instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage and bric-a-brac that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and gasp for breath, instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show, or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into the weary race of wealth and fashion—suppose, instead of all this, they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, "plain living and high thinking." Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them, and Christ died for them, and heaven is sure, and so set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the splendor of the sea, the peace of the everlasting hills, the songs of the birds, the sweetness of flowers, the wholesome savor of good food, the delight of action and motion, the refreshment of sleep, the charm of music, the blessing of human love and friendship—rejoice in all these without fear or misgiving, because they come from God, and because Christ has sanctified them all by his presence and touch.—*Dr. Henry Van Dyke.*

Something Better Than Money.

"I sat where they sat."—Ezekiel 3:15.
You do not want your life to be a cipher. You want to help some one, and you do not know how. You have very little money to give, perhaps none at all; very little influence; very little of anything.

You have the possibility of the most valuable equipment that any man ever had.

Here was Ezekiel. He was a youth just starting in the noblest of all callings, that of a preacher. Yet God held him back until he had cultivated what you may cultivate. He had made all intellectual preparation. He had absorbed the message that he was to deliver to those poor captives down there by the waters of Babylon. In his Oriental manner of expressing it, he had "eaten" the roll on which that message was written. Still God held him back. There was one more thing which was absolutely necessary. He had to put himself in their place. Then, but not till then, he was prepared for his work.

What is the greatest underlying need in the commercial world today? It is not simply more wages. Men are having larger wages than they have ever had in the history of mankind. It is more sympathy. It is a greater willingness on the part of those in position and power to enter into real appreciation of the trials and anxieties of those whom they control. It is a greater willingness on the part of the employee to realize that his employer has his cares as well as he; that he has his sleepless nights too, and thus, just as often as he can, to give him credit for at least trying, amid many perplexities of his own, to do his best.

Why is it that one preacher will reach a multitude and another will not? That is a question which it is seldom easy to answer, because there is no "secret" of success, unless we use the nebulous term "personality," and that does not answer. For who can tell us what personality is? The "secrets" are multiplex, and many of them escape analysis. But among them all, in the successful preacher we shall always find this: When he looks out over his congregation "he has compassion on the multitude," as Jesus had; he puts himself in their place. No man with a heart in him can be formal or cold or unimpressive when he can say to himself at such a time, and feel it, "Here is a company of struggling men and women, each one the center of a history; each one in some undefinable way longing to be better than he is; each one stifling his own sob and fighting his own battle. And each one of these trouble-tossed men and women is silently pleading for some word of courage and hope." That

is the "secret," if there is any secret. He sits where they sit.

And this same "secret" of influence runs all through life. Whether our pulpit is in the church or the workshop, the schoolhouse or the home, we can never really help others until, by the power of just such sympathy as the Master himself felt, we have put ourselves in their place. Thus, one teacher in the school is more successful than another. They may have the same equipment, and often have. But the first has learned to become in spirit a little child, to sit where the scholars sit.

You want to help somebody. Then learn to sit where he sits. The last thing that the good Samaritan gave was his money.—*George Thomas Dawling in New York Herald.*

The Happy Life.

Happiness is largely to be found in the development of this universal self within each one of us. There is little need to advise our friends to care for the individual self, with the imperious desires of the body and the acquired tastes of the mind. That part of our life is in no danger of neglect. But here is the larger self, the life we share with others, the one all-embracing life of God in which our lives exist, as the life-giving sap flows through root and branch and every leaf of the tree, however different root and branch and leaves may appear. And just because our lives have this universal, divine element, the best men and women are never satisfied with those things that simply minister to the physical and intellectual life, but they are always seeking a larger realization of themselves in human brotherhood. Such a life has its sorrows: plenty of them I suppose, since the larger our life is the more opportunities there are for pain to enter it. Yet the men and women who live such lives—and who is not blessed by the friendship of such—are they not to be called happy? Just because happiness means so much more than pleasure or contentment, because it is permanent and related to duty, we do speak of such lives as happy. They make us happy, and we believe they are themselves happy.

At the close of her great novel, George Eliot makes the disciplined and ennobled Romola say to the little Lillo, who wished

to be a great man and a happy man, when he grew up: "We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to think of that end, and not what will happen to you because of it."

This universal self, this life of sympathy and fellow service, is the movement of the indwelling spirit among men. And does it not follow that as we yield to this influence and enter more and more into the varied interests of others, their labors, their sorrows, their joys, their ambitions, our own lives become nobler, more beneficent, more Christlike, more worthy to reveal the fatherhood of God unto other men!—*George D. Lamiter.*

We'll Keep the Little Farm.

Well, Jane, I guess we'll keep the place,
We've lived here, you and I,
Upon this little farm so long,
Let's stay here till we die.
You know I thought I'd sell it once,
To Jones, or Deacon Brown,
And take the money we have saved
And buy a house in town.
But when the buds begin to swell,
And grass begins to grow,
Somehow it doesn't seem to me
I ought to let it go.

I love the crimson clover,
And the fields of waving corn;
The quiet, balmy evening,
And the fragrant, dewy morn;
The pink and snowy blossoms
Hanging on the apple trees;
The chirping of the crickets,
And the humming of the bees.
I love the summer's honey breath,
The blushing buds of May;
The teeming autumn, rich with fruit,
The scent of new-mown hay;
The noisy babble of the brook,
And laughter of the rill;
The lowing herds upon the heath,
And flocks upon the hill.
And when I think of leaving all,
It fills me with alarm;
So, after all, I guess it's best
To keep the little farm.

—*J. Elmer French, in the Standard.*

HOME NEWS

FARINA, ILLINOIS.—Seven of the twelve classes in our Sabbath school are adult classes. Forty of the members of the school were present at every session of the school last quarter.

The Intermediate Society of Christian Endeavor, having completed the study of Greene's "Manual of Bible Study," has taken up the study of Protestant missions in South America. We were fortunate in having with us at the first study, Mr. Fremont Burdick, who has been living at Buenos Ayres the past twenty years. His remarks about the natives, the immigrants, soil, climate, agricultural products, schools, Catholic and Protestant religions, etc., were very interesting and stimulating as a beginning to the study of missions in "the neglected continent." Mr. Burdick is to visit many of the countries of South America this year, and we anticipate a visit from him next summer and another interesting description of South America and its people.

Our Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is having monthly mission study, using as text-book, Strong's "The Challenge of the City." The meetings are conducted by Mrs. H. B. Crandall and Mrs. W. D. Burdick, who alternate in leading them. We think we were fortunate in choosing this book for our initial course of mission study.—Ten or more from Farina are planning to attend the General Conference.—Farina received a visit from the Seminary quartet, on August 5, and 6, for which we are grateful. The Seminary will have a larger place in our affections and gifts, I trust, because of the addresses given to the good-sized audience on Tuesday night.

It is a cause for rejoicing to the pastor that so many in the church manifest a deep interest in the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the church and community and in the life and work of the denomination and its Boards.

W. D. B.

DODGE CENTER, MINNESOTA.—We cannot tell you how much we enjoyed the North-

western Association which so recently convened with us. All of the delegates brought us much encouragement and help. We listened to many excellent papers and sermons by men we had long wished to see, and we felt proud that Seventh-day Baptists had such men. I wish every Seventh-day Baptist could have heard Dr. Lewis' sermon on Sabbath morning. It did us all good. As a result of the meetings and God's workings among us, eleven have been added to the church and others are thinking seriously on the subject. May God's blessing rest upon the church to which the Association goes next year. We trust they will receive as much good as we did this year.

Pastor Sayre is holding meetings every Sunday in a schoolhouse about seven miles southwest of Dodge Center. We judge by the attendance that the interest is good.

We have been having several weeks of dry weather. Haying and harvesting are nearly over, and the hum of the threshing machine is now heard.

M. E.

The Cross the Main Thing.

There is an old European town, it is said, which has in its center a lofty marble building in the form of a cross. All the streets of the town radiate from this building, and at whatever point you pause in walking through them, looking back you get a view of the cruciform pile in the midst. Our churches should be like this town. Every avenue of service should radiate from the self-sacrifice of Christ; every worker should gain his inspiration and power from the cross of Christ.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Annual Meeting.

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

EDWARD M. TOMLINSON,
President.

V. A. BAGGS, Rec. Sec.

The Bible for Men.

As history the Bible is unique. In it we trace the material universe back to its origin in God. In it we learn the origin of sin and crime and civilization.

If you would study the history of literature, you must know your Bible, for hundreds of thousands of volumes in our great libraries were written because the Bible exists. Theology, which is the science of God, the greatest science in the world, is unintelligible without the Bible; and archeology, that fascinating science which with pick and shovel has unearthed the buried treasures of Egypt and Assyria, is inexplicable without the Bible.

The poet's corner cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of the Bible. It will be conceded by all lovers of poetry that among the greatest English-speaking poets are Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Browning; and a knowledge of the Bible is absolutely essential to the understanding of any one of them. They teem with Biblical allusions. Milton and much of Byron are sealed books to the man ignorant of the Bible. Indeed, if you would write poetry, you cannot become great if you ignore the great thoughts about God, infinity, eternity, life, love and immortality which the Bible contains. Take out of English literature the classic books that demand a knowledge of the Bible for their proper appreciation and you have blotted the sun out of our literary sky.

Would you study the history of art in sculpture and painting, you must be acquainted with the Bible, for the best paintings of the old masters and the finest statuary were inspired for the most part by scenes and ideals drawn from the Bible. You must remain ignorant of the genius of Raphael and Michael Angelo if you refuse to know the Bible, for the scenes and characters they depicted with brush and chisel were Biblical. The paintings of Dore, Tissot and Sargent, modern master artists, cannot be understood without a knowledge of the Bible.

The great musicians, whose masterpieces have thrilled the souls of millions, cannot be interpreted and appreciated without a knowledge of the Bible. Handel's oratorios of the "Messiah," "Esther," "Saul," "Joshua," "Jephthah," and "Israel in

Egypt," all of them masterpieces of musical composition, cannot be understood without a knowledge of the Bible. Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," both the work of musical geniuses, are enigmas without Biblical knowledge. If you would know the history of education, from the little country schoolhouse to the great university, you cannot ignore the Bible, for these schools and universities were founded by men who read their Bibles and drank from its pages the love of knowledge as well as of virtue and religion. The Pilgrims and Puritans of New England built first the church and then the schoolhouse. Next came the college and the universities. The great universities of the old world were founded and fostered by men whom the Bible inspired with the love of learning and made self-sacrificing enough to provide for the higher education of future generations.

The Bible in the hand and heart of the missionary has revolutionized the educational system of China and Japan, while it has transformed cannibal tribes into civilized communities. Charles Darham frankly confessed that it had done for the Terra-del-Fuegians what he thought was impossible. The study of great modern movements which have emancipated the human mind and given to millions civil and religious liberty compels us to take into account the Bible as the mightiest factor in bringing about these results.—*Rev. A. C. Dixon, in Southern Presbyterian.*

Books and Reading.

The love of books is a factor of power to those who possess it. Paul wrote to Timothy, "Give attention to reading." Books are friends which have no moods, are always the same, never betray confidence and never pass out of our lives. Reading passes into character, studies form the habits which make the man.

Shall one read fiction? Yes, but not in the ninety per cent ratio in which works of fiction are drawn from our public libraries,—a significant sign of the mental habits of the American people. It is not our business in the world to play but to work, with play as recreation from work. Fiction may have its place as change and rest from

the serious studies that are the due of our real interests in life.

There are books in flesh and blood as well as in paper and type, books known and read of all men. Books are but the reflection of character. To use Thoreau's phrase, "There have been greater men than Homer or Chaucer or Shakespeare, only they never got the time to say so; they never took to the way of writing." These, too, are worthy of study.

One book too often lies neglected, dust-covered; the book of which Sir Walter Scott said to Mr. Lockhart, "There is but one book, bring me the Bible;" of which Ewald said to Dean Stanley, pointing to a New Testament, "In this little volume is contained all the best wisdom of the world;" of which Coleridge, transcendent genius as he was, said that it "found him at a lower depth of his nature than any other;" of which Heine, the skeptical German poet-pessimist, said, "What a book! as vast, as wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, towering above the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, life and death, the whole drama of humanity, are in the Book;" of which Matthew Arnold, the apostle of culture, said, "As well imagine a man with a sense of sculpture not cultivating it by the help of the remains of Greek art, and a man with a sense of poetry not cultivating it by the help of Homer and Shakespeare, as a man with a sense for conduct not cultivating it by the help of the Bible."

We dwell in lower realms when we might walk a more excellent way. "The good is the enemy of the best." As Goethe said, "Our blessings are our greatest curses." We are content with less than the best in literature as in life. We read fiction when we might read truth. We talk of the inspiration of Dante's visions, of Burns' wild music, when we might walk with prophet and apostle and commune with the spirits invisible of the immortal dead. We might have the comradeship of the Book which gave great-heartedness to Luther and Whitefield, fixity of character to Knox and Latimer and Bunyan, aggressiveness to Boniface and San Xavier, sweet-spiritedness to Melancthon and Fenelon, self-sacrifice to Florence Nightingale and Lincoln,

repose in the midst of alarms to Calvin and Gladstone.

Men may walk in the light of such a book, fight in the glory of such a book, die in the peace of such a book.—*Rev. Walter H. Bradley, in the Interior.*

The Voice of Jesus.

There is a beautiful story told by a European traveler of a custom prevailing among the fishermen's wives on the shores of the Adriatic Sea. These women are in the habit of going down to the shore at eventide, when their husbands are out on the waves, and singing the first stanza of a familiar hymn. After they have sung it they will listen till they hear borne by the wind across the desert sea the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the winds upon the waves; and both are happy. Perhaps, if we listen, we too may hear in this desert world some whisper borne from afar to remind us that there is a heaven and a home. . . . To all of us storm-tossed voyagers on life's ocean there comes a sweet voice from the echoing shore, even the voice of Him who stilled the waves of Galilee, comforting, reassuring, dispelling doubts and fears, and making our hearts happy with the promise of that coming time when we shall be welcomed to a home from which we shall go no more out.—*Selected.*

A story is told of a king who tested his subjects by placing a large stone in the center of the street near his palace. Many people avoided it, some stumbled over it, most complained about it. When it was clear that no one would remove it voluntarily, the king called the people before him and with his own hands removed the stone, disclosing underneath it a box filled with gold and treasures, and marked, "For him who removes this stone." Under the stone of church-work are treasures for all that will essay to lift it.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

There is a temptation ever before us to be what the multitude want us to be, instead of what we are. Some men are not great enough to permit people to be disappointed in them.—*Robert Smith.*

MARRIAGES

ROSE-LAWRENCE—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Albion, Wisconsin, July 15, 1908, Mr. Marion Rose and Miss Addie Lawrence, of Milton Junction, Rev. T. J. Van Horn officiating.

COON-SATTERLEE—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Emma Satterlee, August 5, 1908, by the Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Mr. Clifford S. Coon and Miss Eva E. Satterlee, both of Farina, Illinois.

MATHEWS-BRAGUE—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Mathews, Alfred Station, N. Y., August 11, 1908, by Rev. L. C. Randolph, D. D., Mr. William B. Brague and Miss Edna A. Mathews, both of Alfred.

ANDREWS-COREY—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Rockville, R. I., August 12, 1908, by Rev. Erlo E. Sutton, Stephen Bowen Andrews, of Rockville, R. I., and Miss Marianna Corey, of Hope Valley, R. I.

DEATHS

BROOK—Brother Ezekiel Brook entered into rest on July 28, 1908, and was buried from his home on July 30.

He was the twin brother of Deacon Ephraim Brook, who died six months before. He was one of the oldest members of the Waterford Church, and is survived by the last member of the family, Mrs. Hannah Lester, who is in her ninety-first year. These twin brothers commanded the highest respect of all who knew them.

A. J. P.

PETTIBONE—Mrs. Jennie Pettibone Kame, born May 31, 1862, died August 11, 1908.

Mrs. Kame was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Pettibone, and was born in Alfred, where the family lived until 1876, when they removed to Hornellsville, now Hornell. January 2, 1879, she was married to Mr. Theodore Kame, also of Hornellsville. Mrs. Kame leaves to mourn her going away, a husband, one daughter, Mrs. Estella Kame Travis, her widowed and lonely mother with whom she had been living, a sister, Miss Estella Kame, a brother, Hawley Pettibone, and three grandchildren. She was an interested member of the Hornell Seventh-day Baptist Church, and an official member of the Ethel Rebekah Lodge, members of which took part in the funeral exercises. Her pleasant and kindly disposition won many friends; and the presence of Lodge Sisters, and of a large congregation at the church, a large array of beautiful flowers, and excellent music, witnessed to the interest, good-will, and sympathy of friends and neighbors.

A. E. M.

DAVIS—Aunt Mary Ann Bovee was born in Hoosick, November 8, 1818, and died at the old home, August 14, 1908, aged 90 years, 9 months, and 6 days.

She was married to Thomas Davis in 1836, who died in 1881. Mrs. Davis joined the Berlin Seventh-day Baptist Church, March, 1848, and for more than sixty years was a faithful, earnest Christian member. Somewhere in the years of 1843 to 1845, she, with Elder H. H. Baben and Mrs. David Green organized a Bible school. There are a number of people here who hold "reward merits" given to them for faithful attendance and committing of verses. One of these cards is dated 1845. Mrs. Davis embraced the Sabbath after her marriage to Thomas Davis and was a faithful Sabbath-keeper as long as she lived, though for many years not living where she could attend church.

Funeral services were held in the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Berlin, and the large number of people present attested the esteem in which the community held her. Sermon by the Pastor from the words, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

J. G. B.

SAUNDERS—In Brookfield, N. Y., August 16, 1908, Miss E. Sophia Saunders in her 76th year.

Miss Eunice Sophia Saunders, daughter of Augustus and Eunice Lewis Saunders, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., December 12, 1832, and died at her late home in the village of Brookfield, August 16, 1908. She had ten brothers and sisters, nine of whom grew to manhood and womanhood, all of whom have preceded her to the other shore except one sister, Miss Phebe L. Saunders, of Waterville, N. Y.

When about sixteen years of age, she began teaching in the public schools, and continued in that work until about twenty years ago, when duties at home called her from her chosen profession. As a teacher, she lived for some years in Minnesota and in Alfred and Hamilton, N. Y., and in Brookfield where she did her last teaching about 1888. Her school education was received, for the most part, at Brookfield Academy and DeRuyter Institute. During her many years of teaching she has touched the lives of hundreds of boys and girls who have felt the ennobling influences of her cultured and refined personality. Old students of Brookfield Academy often speak in sincere appreciation of her work as a teacher. She looked for the good in each and she inspired a feeling in all that much was expected of them. As a teacher she was thorough and painstaking and no student appealed to her in vain for help or counsel.

Though she attempted to live the Christian life from her youth, it was not until 1860 that she was baptized and united with the Second Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Church of which she has since been a most active and consistent member. For nearly thirty years she has been in continuous service in the Sabbath school either as an officer or as a teacher. She was a devout and thorough student of the Word and those who came under her instruction, in a special way, will bear in memory her faith and her optimistic view of life and her sweet Christian spirit. Every branch of the church's ac-

tivities received her share of service and liberal benevolence. She was a loyal and faithful member of the Ladies' Aid and of the King's Daughters. Truly she hath done what she could, and a large circle of friends, young and old, rise up to call her blessed. She leaves an adopted child, Mary Elizabeth, and a number of nephews and nieces.

Farewell services were conducted at her late residence, August 19, by her pastor, Rev. Walter L. Greene. Interment in Brookfield Rural Cemetery.

W. L. G.

What Does it all Mean?

I am a member of a church with about a thousand members. We are in a big city, and in one of the poorer, more congested districts. Not a third of the members attend with any degree of regularity. Probably most of them are not situated so that they can. A great many are merely nominal members—their names are still on the roll.

According to my training, all these members are my brothers and sisters in Christ. Being of the household of faith, they stand even a little closer related to me than my neighbors whom I am enjoined to love as I love myself.

What are the facts? Although I am one of the oldest continuous members of that church, I do not know more than one in four of its members. There are not half a dozen people in the church that would know half of its membership. Of course the new minister himself doesn't begin to know them all.

It is rather difficult to be a brother or sister to some one whom you do not know at all.

But it is not a whit easier to be a real brother to some people whom you know precious well. Let me indicate.

Here is an old man and his wife; they are not only my brother and sister in the church; they are my neighbors across the way, and they are my friends as well. They are God's own children. He is bedridden, slowly dying; she, much younger and stronger, but with a deadly malady fixed upon her. They live in one basement room, and are entirely dependent upon charity which comes very largely through the instrumentality of the church and its members.

Some of us who are neighbors, friends, and Christian brothers and sisters to these

good people have generous living accommodations, a change for the summer months, and means, though not large, enough and to spare. Of course we are helping, not only in this case, but in many others both inside the church and out.

But how would it be if they were really my own brother and sister; if I truly loved them as I do myself? Why, of course, they would share my house, or at least have more ample accommodations than their present cramped quarters. Instead of living on precarious charity squeezed down to the utmost limit, they would be sharing my bounty.

What is the matter with me and my fellow workers in the church that have more than their needs actually require? Why! we are all afraid, every last one of us, of coming some day to a dire need that shall either make us the objects of charity, or else so cramp us as to take the joy all out of life. We see all about us hard-working, self-respecting, earnest Christian people reduced to want or poverty through sickness or misfortune or old age, and we have such a horror of the charity that we ourselves dole out to people in such circumstances that we register a solemn determination that, come what may, we will not be found in any such scrape.

Our requirements expand and our needs multiply as life grows stronger and richer, and most of us never get to the point where we are, for the present and future, financially at ease.

We understand all of that well enough when we stop to look it in the face, but the world at large looks at our professions of brotherliness and neighborliness, and then at the facts, and goes on its way a-wondering what it all means.—*Searchlight in Christian Endeavor World.*

Yes, Vote Them Out.

On April 7 about 1,500 liquor saloons were voted out of existence in Illinois. This no-license victory has been of a very sweeping character. The result of the election in Illinois is another evidence that the temperance sentiment in the United States is gaining. Temperance workers everywhere may now take new heart, and go to work with fresh vigor for the extirpation of the saloon.

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

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

DAVID MADE KING OVER JUDAH AND
ISRAEL.

2 Sam. 2:1-7; 5:1-5.

Golden Text.—"David went on and grew great,
and the Lord God of Hosts was with him."

2 Sam. 5:10.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 2 Sam. 2:1-17.

Second-day, 2 Sam. 2:18-32.

Third-day, 2 Sam. 3:1-21.

Fourth-day, 2 Sam. 3:22-39.

Fourth-day, 2 Sam. 4:1-12.

Sixth-day, 2 Sam. 5:1-25.

Sabbath-day, Psa. 45:1-17.

INTRODUCTION.

The Second Book of Samuel continues the narrative of the First Book with no break whatever; the two parts are really one book.

In the first chapter we have a different account of the death of Saul from that which we studied last week. Perhaps we are to regard this as an independent parallel account taken by our author of the Book of Samuel from a different source. In that case we would have to say that we were not sure whether Saul came to his death from his own hand, or by the blow of the Amalekite. The easiest way to harmonize the two accounts is to imagine that the Amalekite camp-follower was fortunate enough to find the body of Saul before the Philistines came to strip the dead, and that he actually did take the crown and the bracelet, and lied about his active part in the death of the king in order to get a greater reward from David. But whether he told the truth or a falsehood he made a serious mistake in his calculation. David was unlike most claimants to the thrones of that age. He had the Amalekite slain at once since on his own confession he had slain the Lord's anointed.

We do not wonder that David should write a beautiful poem to commemorate the virtues of

his friend Jonathan; but he certainly shows an exceedingly generous spirit in his praise of Saul.

Even after the death of Saul David did not immediately come into full recognition as king of Israel. The people were not fully united as one nation, and very likely there were some who remembered that David had been a vassal of the Philistine Achish and marched with the Philistines toward Gilboa.

Although Saul left no son of genius or ability, he had accomplished enough for the nation in his lifetime to inspire in the hearts of many the feeling that the royal authority should remain in his family.

David easily obtained the adherence of the southern portion of the people, but it was only after years of civil war that he was recognized as king over all Israel.

TIME—Soon after last week's Lesson.

PLACE—Hebron.

PERSONS—David and his family, and his friends; the men of Jabesh-gilead; the people of Israel.

OUTLINE:

1. David is Made King over Judah. v. 1-4a.
2. David sends a Message to Jabesh-gilead. v. 4b-7.
3. David is Made King over All Israel. Ch. 5:1-5.

NOTES.

1. *After this.* That is, after receiving the news of Saul's death as recorded in ch. 1. We are to remember that David was at Ziklag, the city assigned to him by the Philistine king. *David inquired of Jehovah.* The way seemed clear now for David to take the kingdom which had been promised him. Before setting out to reap the reward of his patience David asks counsel of Jehovah. It is probable that the inquiry was made through the priest Abiathar by means of the sacred ephod. Compare 1 Sam. 23:9. *Whither shall I go up?* After receiving an affirmative response to his first inquiry, he seeks more particular direction. We do not know just how the answers of Jehovah were given. It seems probable that the answers were always either Yes or No. Perhaps the cities of Judah were mentioned one by one, and the answer came Yes when Hebron was named. Compare the choice of persons by the sacred lot, as for example in the case of Saul when he was chosen king.

2. *And his two wives also.* David officially abandons Ziklag as a place of residence, and brings his household and personal retainers to Hebron. In regard to his wives see 1 Sam. 25.

3. *Every man with his household.* Even if more than half of David's six hundred men had families this band of retainers would make a considerable colony. *And they dwell in the cities of Hebron.* Possibly this means the villages around about Hebron; but just as likely the plural is a mistake of a copyist, and the city of Hebron is intended. David would naturally desire to have his warriors close at hand.

4. *And the men of Judah came.* The representatives of this tribe chose David as king, and installed him in office. We notice both in this Lesson and elsewhere indications that the government of Israel was a limited monarchy. Theoretically if not always actually a king needed to be confirmed in his office by vote of the elders of the people. David was very popular in view of his success as a military leader. His gift from the spoil of the Amalekites had doubtless predisposed the elders in his favor. See 1 Sam. 30:26. It is to be remembered also that David was the able leader of six hundred men; and it may therefore have seemed a necessity to elect him. *They anointed David king.* The anointing was the sign of his consecration to the office. The priests were likewise anointed. Compare David's previous anointing at the hands of the prophet Samuel. *And they told David.* These words should be regarded as beginning a new paragraph. The connection with what precedes is not apparent. This sentence follows naturally immediately after 1 Sam. 31:13.

5. *And David sent messengers unto the men of Jabesh-gilead.* We are scarcely justified in saying that David was intent to get the men of this city to acknowledge him as king. Rather David takes pleasure in recognizing a brave and generous deed. Compare in contrast his command for speedy punishment upon the Amalekite who claimed that he had killed Saul. *Blessed be ye of Jehovah.* David invokes blessing upon them for their pious deed in burying the body of their late king. David would have it noted that he had not been the rival of Saul, and he does not regard those who were especial friends of Saul as his especial enemies. Far otherwise; those who have served Saul well demand especial praise from David.

6. *Jehovah show lovingkindness and truth unto you.* Since they had done so well for Saul David invokes the divine lovingkindness and faithfulness on their behalf. *And I also will requite you.* In addition to the divine blessing David promises them his own favor.

7. *Now therefore let your hands be strong.* We are probably to understand that David would suggest that they make a valiant stand against

the Philistines. Possibly also his words imply that he will come to their assistance if they wish to follow the example of the men of Judah and make him their king; but the precise meaning is not clear.

Ch. 5:1. *Then came all the tribes of Israel to David.* That is, after the seven years of intermittent warfare between the house of Saul and David. Abner led an army against David's army at Gibeon and was defeated. As the war continued David was continually the gainer, and Ishbosheth the loser, till at length Abner turned to David's side and influenced the elders of Israel in David's favor. Although Abner was assassinated by Joab the sentiment of the people was evidently toward David, and Ishbosheth (whose real name was doubtless Ishbaal) was speedily put out of the way by those who hoped to win the favor of the more popular ruler. With 2 Sam. 5 compare 1 Chron. 11. *We are thy bone and thy flesh.* They claim him as a near relative.

2. *It was thou that leddest out,* etc. They remember him as the valiant military leader during the reign of Saul. It is just such a man as he that they need for king. *Thou shalt be shepherd of my people Israel.* The people of Israel are often spoken of as the flock of God.

3. *And king David made a covenant with them.* This was not just like the modern constitution of a limited monarchy; but evidently the rights and responsibilities of both king and people were in some way denied. *They anointed David king.* Thus was he the third time solemnly consecrated to his office.

4. *David was thirty years old when he began to reign.* Still a man of youthful vigor, although he had distinguished himself in the later years of the reign of Saul.

5. *Over all Israel and Judah.* Our author is writing at a time when Israel and Judah had again been separated for years, and so cannot feel that the expression "all Israel" is sufficient to include the whole nation.

SUGGESTIONS.

David at length had the reward of his years of patient waiting. Circumstances often arose that made the promise seem doubtful; but he trusted in the word of God that came by Samuel.

We do well to imitate David's example in inquiring of the Lord. We have not the sacred ephod, nor the Urim and the Thummim by which to get a supernatural and positive answer; but we have the Bible, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit and an enlightened conscience, and need not to be in doubt in regard to duty.

Some men call upon God only when they get into trouble, but it is much better to seek his

guidance in the first place, and thus avoid danger and mistake.

"Public office is a public trust." David was to be shepherd of God's people. They needed care like a flock of sheep. He was not to rule for his own sake; but that he might do the best possible for the nation.

It is well to praise those who have done right—especially when their deeds have been at cost to themselves or risk. We should imitate David in his praise of the men of Jabesh-gilead.

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.

WANTED.

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

Individual Communion Service



Made of several materials MANY DESIGNS. Send for catalogue No. 60. Mention name of church and number of communicants.

Geo. H. Springer, Mgr.,

256 and 258 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

He Was Selfish.

Teddy was about ten years old. In view of this interesting event Teddy's mother had ordered some ice cream and cakes and other dainties, and Teddy was told to invite his little friends to a birthday party.

The evening of the celebration came around, and all the goodies were waiting to be enjoyed. Teddy and his mother were also waiting.

Suddenly the youngster said: "Mother, don't you think it is time to eat the ice cream and cake now?"

"No, indeed, my son," she replied, "we must wait until your friends are here."

"Well, to tell you the truth, mother," began Teddy, "I just thought that for once in my life I'd like to have enough goodies, so I guess we better begin now, 'cause I didn't invite any one."

THE WORLDS GREATEST SEWING MACHINE

LIGHT RUNNING

NEWHOME



If you want either a Vibrating Shuttle, Rotary Shuttle or a Single Thread [Chain Stitch] Sewing Machine write to

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
Orange, Mass.

Many sewing machines are made to sell regardless of quality, but the New Home is made to wear.

Our guaranty never runs out.

Sold by authorized dealers only.

FOR SALE BY

Shirley & Johnston, Plainfield.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

President—Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Milton, Wis.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. J. B. Morton, Milton, Wis.; Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Milton, Wis.; Mrs. L. A. Platts, Milton, Wis.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. L. A. Platts, Milton, Wis.

Treasurer—Mrs. Geo. R. Boss, Milton, Wis.
Editor of Woman's Page—Miss Ethel A. Haven, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Secretary, Eastern Association—Mrs. Anna Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.

Secretary, Southeastern Association—Mrs. E. A. Witter, Salem, W. Va.

Secretary, Central Association—Miss Ethel A. Haven, Leonardsville, N. Y.

Secretary, Western Association—Mrs. Alice McGibency, R. F. D. No. 1., Friendship, N. Y.

Secretary, Southwestern Association—Mrs. G. H. F. Randolph, Fouke, Ark.

Secretary, Northwestern Association—Mrs. Nettie West, Milton Junction, Wis.

Secretary, Pacific Coast Association—Mrs. Frank Titsworth, Riverside, Cal.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

President—Esle F. Randolph, Great Mills, N. Y.
Vice President—Edward E. Whitford, New York City.

Recording Secretary—Corliss F. Randolph, 76 South Tenth Street, Newark, N. J.

Corresponding Secretary—Royal L. Cottrell, 209 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Treasurer—Charles C. Chipman, 220 Broadway, New York City.

Vice Presidents of the Corporation only—Abert Whitford, Westerly, R. I.; Ira Lee Cottrell, Leonardsville, N. Y.; Ahva J. C. Bond, Nile, N. Y.; Herbert C. Van Horn, Lost Creek, W. Va.; Willard D. Burdick, Farina, Ill.; Gideon H. F. Randolph, Fouke, Ark.

Board of Trustees—Esle F. Randolph, Corliss F. Randolph, Royal L. Cottrell, Charles C. Chipman, George B. Shaw, Stephen Babcock, Edward E. Whitford, Alfred C. Prentice, Harry W. Prentice, J. Alfred Wilson, Elisha S. Chipman, R. Bertrand Tolbert, Clifford H. Coon, Samuel F. Bates, Holly W. Maxson.

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

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD.

President—A. C. Davis, Jr., West Edmeston, N. Y.
Secretary—A. L. Davis, Verona, N. Y.

Treasurer—Mrs. S. B. Everts, Adams, N. Y.
General Junior Superintendent—W. G. Rood, North Loup, Nebr.

Contributing Editor of Young People's Page of the RECORDER—Rev. E. D. Van Horn, Alfred Station, N. Y.

Associational Field Secretaries—L. Gertrude Stillman, Ashaway, R. I.; A. L. Davis, Verona, N. Y.; Mrs. A. E. Webster, Alfred, N. Y.; C. A. Davis, Milton Jct., Wis.; O. A. Bond, Aberdeen, W. Va.; C. C. Van Horn, Gentry, Ark.

BOARD OF PULPIT SUPPLY AND MINISTERIAL EMPLOYMENT.

Ira B. Crandall, President, Westerly, R. I.
Frank B. Hill, Recording Secretary, Ashaway, R. I.
Rev. E. B. Saunders, Corresponding Secretary, Ashaway, R. I.

Associational Secretaries—Stephen Babcock, Eastern, 48 Livingston Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.; Dr. A. C. Davis, Jr., Central, West Edmeston, N. Y.; W. C. Whitford, Western, Alfred, N. Y.; U. S. Griffin, Northwestern, Nortonville, Kans.; F. J. Ehret, Southeastern, Salem, W. Va.; W. R. Potter, Southwestern, Hammond, La.

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

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

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

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

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST BUREAU OF EMPLOYMENT AND CORRESPONDENCE.

President—W. M. Davis, Chicago, Ill.
Vice President—W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.

Secretaries—L. K. Burdick, Battle Creek, Mich.; O. S. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J.

Associational Secretaries—Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va.; C. Laton Ford, Plainfield, N. J.; Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St., Utica, N. Y.; S. W. Maxson, Alfred, N. Y.; W. K. Davis, Milton, Wis.; F. R. Saunders, Hammond, La.

Under control of General Conference. Denominational in scope and purpose. Inclose stamp for reply.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST

MEMORIAL FUND.

H. M. MAXSON, President, Plainfield, N. J.
D. E. TITSWORTH, Vice President, Plainfield, N. J.
W. C. HUBBARD, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.
JOSEPH A. HUBBARD, Treasurer, Plainfield, N. J.
Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.
Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

REV. A. E. MAIN, Dean.
The next year opens Tuesday, Sept 15, 1908.

New York City

HERBERT G. WHIPPLE,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
220 Broadway. St. Paul Building.

C. C. CHIPMAN,
ARCHITECT.
220 Broadway. St. Paul Building.

HARRY W. PRENTICE, D. D. S.,
"THE NORTHPORT."
76 West 103d Street.

ALFRED CARLYLE PRENTICE, M. D.,
226 West 78th Street.
Hours: 1-3 and 6-7.

ORRA S. ROGERS, Special Agent,
MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INS. Co.,
137 Broadway. Tel. 6548 Cort.

Utica, N. Y.

DR. S. C. MAXSON,
Office, 225 Genesee Street.

Chicago, Ill.

BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
Suite 510 and 512, Tacoma Bldg.,
131 LaSalle St. Telephone Main 3141. Chicago, Ill.

Plainfield, N. J.

WILLIAM M. STILLMAN,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.