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—Addison Moore, D. D.

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EDITORIAL

The Faith of Our Fathers is the Best Medicine.

In an exhaustive article of fourteen pages in the *School Exchange* of Newark, N. J., Dr. William H. Hicks, a noted specialist in nervous diseases, who has spent much time in hospital work, explains the "Present Status of Hypnotism" as a means of cure. After speaking at length upon the follies of the present craze for treatment by hypnotism, and of the credulity of mankind in things occult and mysterious, and after showing some of the mistakes of scientists as seen in the history of scientific research, Mr. Hicks refers to the fact that subjective preparedness, by faith in the remedy, has had much to do with the success of the various cults in matters of religion and of healing; and speaks of the claims of Christian Science, the Immanuel movement and hypnotism. His remarks upon the treatment of children by mesmerism are especially timely. He shows how utterly foolish are the theories of mesmerism for such treatment, as viewed in the light of established principles concerning the child's moral and physical training and development.

In one place he says: "Too many people fancy themselves scientific and logical when they ridicule the faith of our fathers as impractical and childlike, and in the next breath declare their belief in a doctrine far

more mysterious and fanciful." The closing page of this lecture is so full of sound sense, we give it here.

The child does not need metaphysical pap or psychological flim-flam; it needs plain, practical, common sense advice and training; it needs to be taught the facts of every-day life; that every cause has a rational, definite and inevitable effect; that health, self-control and strength of character are not acquired by a sudden resolution or a fiat of the will, but are attained by a process of growth and development through years of experience, self-restraint and rational living. He needs to be taught that we live in an age of specialization and differentiation; that no man can be proficient in all branches of knowledge; that the man who devotes his whole time to any given subject is more likely to understand it than he who gives his time to other subjects as well; that if he desires a picture made he should go to an artist; if he wishes an analysis of a substance he should consult a chemist; if he requires legal help he should see a lawyer; if he needs religious instruction, spiritual consolation or doctrinal advice, he should go to his pastor; and if he is ill he should consult his physician.

Moreover, he should be taught that if he is borne down by the bitter trials and misfortunes of life and the burden seems greater than he can bear, the distressed, sin-sick, storm-tossed soul can find solace and healing balm, not in hypnotism, nor occultism, nor the psychic power of any individual, however great, but in the faith of our fathers, a faith that rests, not upon mathematical formulæ, nor scientific demonstration, but upon the traditional experience and testimony of the human race; a faith that the most learned philosopher in Christendom can no more explain than the crudest savage in the jungles of Africa; a faith that has survived the destruction of armies and dynasties and the wreck of empires; a faith that in some form has existed in the human breast from time so remote as to be lost in the misty dawn of creation; a sacred faith upon which rests the foundations of the church and of revealed religion; a faith that has withstood the shock, ridicule and sneer of scientific rationalism and has come out of the conflict triumphant and full of vigor; a faith that promises the broken-hearted mother that, beyond the grave, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the utmost reach of human help or harm, she shall regain her lost child.

He should be taught that we have nothing to gain by allowing these pseudo-scientists to snuff out with the cold breath of scepticism this ancient and sacred flame, and try to rekindle in its stead the sickly phosphorescent glow of modern

occultism; that we should be sincere in this matter, ask ourselves if we shall accept the fallacies, deceptions and insincerities of the *séance* and professional mystic, or hark back to the Rock of Ages that has withstood the test of time.

It should be pointed out to him that prayer has brought peace and comfort to millions of weary, foot-sore, disappointed pilgrims on life's journey—prayer that is lifted up on the wings of faith; that a Protestant's faith rests upon his own interpretations of the teachings of the Bible, and he prays to the God of Wesley, Calvin, Luther, Phillips Brooks and Charles Spurgeon; that a Catholic's faith rests upon the teachings of the New Testament as interpreted by that ancient and historic church of which he is a communicant; and that he prays to the God of Savonarola and Cardinal Newman; that the faith of a Jew rests upon his belief in the Hebrew Scriptures, and he prays to the God of Abraham, Isaac and of Jacob; that, Protestant, Catholic or Jew, the faith that is within him, piercing the thin veil of ritualistic ceremony and sectarian bias, appeals to him who "moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform," who "plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm"; that this ancient and sacred faith is a therapeutic remedy of incalculable value to the sick, troubled soul; that it is sublime and helpful and supporting in life's trials and moral battles, but it can not cure a diseased liver or kidney, or a real disease of the nervous system, functional or organic; that it can not remove a tumor of the brain, or take away cancer of the stomach, and that this faith should not be cheapened and belittled by the miserable makeshifts and false claims of so-called scientific occultism—the fads, fancies, pseudo-religions and mystic theories of modern egotism.

Death of Brother Hatcher.

Our readers may remember a letter published in the RECORDER, November 30, 1908, concerning Brother W. J. Hatcher, a teacher in Alabama, who was "almost persuaded" to keep the Sabbath, and who invited correspondence from our brethren. The letter referred to was found in the pocket of Doctor Lewis after his death and forwarded to me. Several of our readers wrote helpful letters to the young brother for which he was very thankful. A second letter regarding himself and wife, telling of their conversion to the Sabbath and their purpose to be loyal to it while life should last, was published May 10, 1909. In this letter he told how much good the letters written by Sabbath-keepers

had done them, and how they appreciated the encouragement thus given.

The following extracts from a letter to Rev. T. J. Van Horn, written by Sister Hatcher, tells the sad story of Brother Hatcher's death. Some of our readers, I know, will write her words of comfort.

DEAR BROTHER T. J. VAN HORN:

How can I tell you that your kind letter came too late for an answer by my dear husband! Mr. Hatcher died May 12. When letters come addressed to him, my heart is so broken, I hardly know how to answer them.

He suffered with congestion of the kidneys and lived only three days after being taken seriously ill. He was twenty-seven years old and I am twenty-four, with three little children. The baby was only seven weeks old when its father died.

Mr. Hatcher loved the Sabbath-keepers, and one day just before his death he said that since he began keeping Sabbath he had been more successful in everything he had undertaken than ever before in his life.

He had never united with a Seventh-day Baptist church, but had promised to go to Brother Wilson soon and join the Attalla Church, which is about fifty miles away. This is the only church we know in this country that keeps Sabbath. . . . Some one was so kind to send us the RECORDER. I do love it, and since Mr. Hatcher died have several times thought I would write to it, but it is so hard to write about his death, I have never done so. I am very lonely, and would appreciate letters from any of the dear Sabbath-keepers. Do pray that I may be able to bring up my dear little ones—two girls and a boy—in the right way.

MINNIE LEE HATCHER.

Guntersville, Ala.

An Insult to the Almighty.

Did you ever hear men say that God made the liquor and, therefore, it must be right to use it? I have; and it always seemed to me like an insult to the Almighty, and at the same time a shameful voluntary confession of foolishness on the part of the one saying it. One might as well accuse God of making the dynamite bomb with which a man kills his fellow men; or of making the gambling machine with which one robs men of their money! It would be almost as sensible to make a plea for burglars upon the ground that God made their tools, as it is to plead for liquor drinking on the ground that God made alcohol. Away with such nonsense!

The Los Angeles Field.

The quarterly report of Brother L. A. Platts to the two boards shows something of his work for three months, including the time and labor required in moving his family from Milton, Wis., to the Pacific coast. He preached twelve sermons himself and engaged, at his own expense, Rev. V. A. Henry to preach three times during the pastor's absence while moving and getting settled. By request of some who keep First-day Doctor Platts preached once on the Sabbath question. He reports seventy-five letters and postal cards written, sixty-two calls and visits requiring more than three hundred miles of travel, the distribution of three hundred and forty-one pages of literature, and regular Bible study throughout the quarter, before each preaching service. Regarding his home, Doctor Platts says: "We have a small tenement in South Pasadena, about ten miles from the place of meeting in Los Angeles, to which we have access by two lines of electric cars at an expense of fifteen cents for the round trip. The cheapness of the rent and the fresh country air out here make this a very desirable arrangement. My address is simply, South Pasadena, Cal., Box 490."

Ministers' Pensions.

A friend sends us a clipping regarding the action of the Presbyterian General Assembly in reference to their ministerial relief fund. The committee reported that the \$300 annually paid to retired ministers was all too small, and recommended the payment of \$500 a year to each retired minister, and \$300 to each widow of a minister. More than five thousand five hundred churches had contributed to this fund during the year, and the churches that did not contribute received a severe reprimand for their negligence. The endowment fund for this purpose in the hands of the Presbyterian boards amounts to \$2,000,000.

This movement by which superannuated and infirm ministers who have spent years in unremunerative service for the good of others are provided for in their time of need is indeed a worthy one. It seems

strange that so little attention is being paid to the pleas that have been made through the RECORDER for gifts to such a fund for worthy Seventh-day Baptist ministers. There have been a few offerings for this purpose sent to Brother Joseph A. Hubbard, treasurer of the Memorial Board. We do hope the matter will not be neglected, but that the fund may soon grow into a substantial sum, the interest of which may bring relief to aged and worn-out ministers who need help.

Many Sabbath-keeping Converts.

RECORDER readers will be interested in the news recently brought to America by Rev. Joseph Booth, who has for several years been a missionary among the tribes of Africa. It seems that after the business collapse of his African mission several years ago, Mr. Booth continued vigorous missionary work in the country about Nyassaland, and in other sections of the dark continent as far south as Cape Town, South Africa. For some time he was under the employ of "Pastor Russell's" church of Brooklyn as missionary in Africa, but has always adhered firmly to the Bible Sabbath. It seems that Mr. Booth has been wonderfully blessed in winning converts to Christianity and to the true Sabbath. When, however, it was discovered by his employers in America that he was winning hundreds to the Sabbath, efforts were promptly made to persuade him to cease teaching that doctrine. This, he says, he declined to do, and was, therefore, called home to Brooklyn, and after several interviews was discharged. For some weeks now he has been trying to secure aid to return and open a school in which to train native teachers and preachers for the great work there. The stories told by Brother Booth and confirmed by several letters from native preachers written to him are wonderful indeed. If not more than one third of the converts should hold out, the work would still be wonderful. It would even then exceed anything in the line of making Sabbath converts that we have ever known. Thousands are represented as having come to the Sabbath of Jehovah. After all, it may be that the African mission we all

thought had failed is not so much a failure as we supposed. The converts are being persecuted and opposed by the Sunday-keepers—even threatened with imprisonment, or worse, in order to turn them away from the truth.

Copies of several letters from African Seventh-day churches lie before me as I write. Some are addressed to "Pastor Joseph Booth, Seventh-day Baptist preacher, Cape Town, South Africa," and others have been sent to him in America since his arrival. I will give you here some extracts from these letters. It seems that one preacher was "deported" from his work, and yielding to the pressure and offers of the opposition, forsook the Sabbath, taking many with him.

On December 11, 1909, Pastor Hanson Tandu writes:

My journey to Nyassaland was excellent. At Dwambazi, south of Bandawe, there is a grass church. I baptized 121 at one time and 54 at another. Also at Chief Chifira's village 139 were baptized. . . . I find the work from which Preacher Elliott Kamwana was deported, to be a great work. . . . When the white missionaries (Presbyterian) heard this fame, that many are coming to be immersed by Pastor Gilbert and myself, then they began to find the fault, to accuse me, and to ask each other in what way they could trap me. They sent three elders of their church to examine me at my preaching, which was at Chief Chifira's village when the Lord's Supper took place. . . . There were 8,363 baptized Christians who sat at the Lord's Supper. . . . My dear brother pastor, Gilbert Chihayi, was with me. We went on to Usiska, which is two days' journey north. There 200 were baptized and 3,272 sat at the Lord's Supper by Pastor Gilbert. At Sanga also, a day's journey farther, 131 were immersed and about 3,000 took communion.

The white missionaries wrote that Hanson Tandu had come to destroy the old mission, . . . and advised the magistrate to lock me up in prison. If I had wings I should fly and learn from God himself if he is not caring for the Ethiopian race, or if he is against us. Many Christian natives are crying for schools. . . . Please try to send us help.

To quote further from these letters would make this article too long. In a second letter Hanson Tandu tells of the effort to have schools of their own since the Sunday schools have raised the prices for them; also of the return to Sunday of one preacher, and that some are following him.

Tandu says, "I am one of the Sabbath-keepers," and expresses a desire to see American Sabbath-keepers and tell them of the work in Nyassaland. He speaks of 3,000 in Bandawe district who long to join the Sabbath-keepers in America; and, again, of "Charles Domingo," a preacher who is "educated and not afraid of any European minister." He wants books on the Sabbath question. Still another letter from another district, dated May 13, 1910, tells of a large company of Sabbath-keepers; also of the stopping of the meetings in Bandawe by the "First-day preachers. Four churches and their preachers are mentioned in this letter as standing firm for the Sabbath, whose aggregate membership reaches above 2,000.

Some of the writers speak of their readiness to die, if need be, for the truth. Their cry for help is truly pathetic.

Another Word.

Since the editorial regarding the wonderful work in Africa was written, the letter in another column by Brother David E. Titsworth has come to hand. We are very glad Brother Titsworth found time to write before he left America for his European trip, and we most heartily commend his letter to our readers. It is interesting as to its subject-matter, and shows the true Christian spirit. Certainly, it does look as if God in his wisdom was giving us a victory where we had counted a defeat. The Lord gives victories in his own way, and sometimes it seems to be his plan to give them through the defeat of human plans. We thought to win success through a commercial stock company which should not only bring converts to the truth, but also bring gain to the stockholders. Our plan failed, just as many another business enterprise has failed; but God's plan has not failed. The mission work done in self-sacrificing toil upon the simple gospel plan has brought forth fruits; and we should learn our lesson well. Now that God has blessed Brother Booth in bringing hundreds to Christ and his Sabbath, we should heed the Macedonian cry, and enter the door God has opened.

CONDENSED NEWS

Spain's Fight with the Vatican.

The effort of the Spanish government to modernize Spain and eliminate the clerical element as a factor in the government of the kingdom has resulted in the recall from the Vatican of the Spanish ambassador, thus making a complete break in diplomatic relations between Spain and the Holy See. This last step has made a great sensation in Rome, and brought matters in Spain to a high state of excitement. Cardinal Merry del Val, the papal secretary, is reported as having offered his resignation, which the Pope refuses to accept. The Vatican officials are taking the darkest view of the situation, and charge the French masonic element and the English Protestant influences, through the friends of the Queen, with aiding Premier Canalejas in his efforts to separate church and state.

In Spain the clerical element is strongly with the Pope, and both the government and the clerical party have accepted the challenge to battle. The expelled pretender to the Spanish throne has also to be reckoned with lest he take advantage of the unsettled conditions and make trouble. Catholics from some provinces express willingness to die, if need be, in support of the church. The Pope demands that the order allowing Protestant churches freedom to worship in Spain and to display their notices shall not be carried out; while Spain insists upon freedom of conscience in the matter of worship. Spain also insists that the church shall keep hands off from government affairs.

The decree had been given, compelling all orders to register and be regulated by law, and the Pope insisted upon the withdrawal of this decree before negotiations could proceed. Thereupon Spain's Premier recalled the ambassador from the Vatican. Spain blames the Holy See for all the trouble.

Reports from London say that the new King and Queen are growing in favor with the people every day.

Certain Chinese officials in Manchuria are reported to have resigned as a protest

against the Russo-Japanese treaty recently signed.

Much concern is manifested over the prospects of the fall of the famous leaning tower of Pisa. The tower is said to be sinking and it seems almost certain that it will go the way of the Campanile of Venice. In order to prevent a catastrophe, a commission has been appointed to look into the matter. The chimes which weigh several tons have been taken down. The tower is nearly a thousand years old, and it is now stated that it was not built to lean, but that the leaning is due to the giving way of a portion of its foundation.

The Attorney General has decided that there is no legal reason why the statue of General Robert E. Lee should not stand in the Capitol, in Statuary Hall, at Washington. President Taft agrees with Mr. Wickersham in this matter.

A great movement is on foot in New York City, by which thousands of children are being furnished with suitable playgrounds. Mr. William R. Harper is the originator of the scheme, and has been made superintendent of the parks set aside for the use of the children. Mr. Harper made the plea that the parks, large and small, scattered all through the city, could be put to a better use than merely to furnish clean lawns; and that if they could be turned into playgrounds for children, many congested streets would be relieved of the crowds at humdrum play, and the health and vigor of the children would be greatly helped. The necessary authority was given, and Mr. Harper set about his work. It is proving a wonderful success in every way. The superintendent sees that the children are taught proper games, aids them in learning to play, and teaches athletics. The streets are relieved and thousands of children are being made happy and healthy.

Wm. J. Bryan was ousted from the leadership of his party in the Nebraska state convention, on the local option issue which he heartily championed. He now declares that he will push the local option issue in the county elections of his State. We know Mr. Bryan will make a good fight, for which the best people will honor him.

John G. Carlisle, who died in New York, Sunday, July 31, was a conspicuous Democratic leader in national politics for twenty years, 1875-1895. He was a man of great power in argument, and could make his points clear in a contest without any show of feeling. This placed him in the front rank among the leaders in Congress, and made him Speaker of the House. Mr. Carlisle was Secretary of the Treasury under Grover Cleveland.

Southwestern Seventh-day Baptist Folly.

REV. S. I. LEE.

The editorial on remembering the little band, in RECORDER of June 20, strikes a chord of sympathetic approval, especially in its reference to the Southwestern field. For several years I was general missionary on that field and have ever, as now, felt a deep interest in its prosperity.

For several years past there has been a centralization of the missionary effort on this field that I could not approve of; but as it seemed to meet the approval of the Missionary Board, and especially the corresponding secretary, I have offered no suggestions, fearing that anything I might offer would be regarded as stumbling-stones of hindrance to the success of the plan pursued. Now that we have no missionary on this field, I will venture to state some facts and offer some suggestions based on these facts.

My predecessor, Eld. J. F. Shaw, the first general missionary on this field, was a convert to the Sabbath, and an able, logical preacher who kept the Sabbath to the front, holding that Sabbath observance was our justification for denominational existence and that, therefore, the distinctive mission of a Seventh-day Baptist missionary was to teach men and women that the transgression of any law of God is sin, and that the Sabbath law enshrined in the heart of the Ten Words is a prominent part of the law of God, and should be enshrined in the hearts of all his children.

Elder Shaw had a fair measure of success, and through his efforts a goodly number became Sabbath-keepers, and several little companies were organized into Seventh-day Baptist churches. Perhaps some

were organized which it would have been better not to organize; if so, these represent one extreme.

These little companies, and some lone Sabbath-keepers, became mission stations to be visited by the missionary as often as other duties permitted, that he might encourage these and preach the Gospel, including Sabbath observance, to them and their neighbors.

When I became general missionary I pursued nearly the same course here outlined, as did also J. S. Powers in his few months of service.

The result was a number of very small Seventh-day Baptist churches scattered over a large territory, each needing help, and many lone Sabbath-keepers who were at intervals (sometimes long ones) visited and encouraged by the missionary who, in turn, was in many cases greatly encouraged by them.

The evil one sowed some darnel, but the wheat grew, and some of the sheaves have been garnered by the reapers, while the growth of darnel in the field is evidence that the end is not yet.

When Elder Randolph came on the field he pursued for a few years a similar course as to visiting the different parts of the field; but more and more a centralizing policy was developed and Fouke became the Southwestern Seventh-day Baptist field so far as missionary meetings were held, with not more, and probably fewer, services held at other places than are given by some of our northern pastors to some of the feeble churches. One after another the little churches were disbanded, and the members became non-resident members of Fouke Church. Many of these have never seen Fouke and seldom have they seen its missionary pastor, and years have passed since they have heard a Seventh-day Baptist preach.

Little Prairie Church has not been subjected to the disintegrating process, but with (for several years past) very little missionary work has developed some additional strength, though it is needing help. Fouke has for several years received most of the labor of the last missionary on the Southwestern field, who has succeeded in gathering into the church most of the chil-

dren of the resident Sabbath-keepers, who are now the majority of the resident members.

The Randolph school has been fairly successful. The teachers have been well fitted for the work and have been noble helpers in church work, freely giving their best efforts for the good of the children, and are worthy of all commendation. But it is a question for the Missionary Board whether a missionary for the Southwest shall centralize his work to some one place, or extend his work to cover as far as possible the whole field.

To some extent both systems have been tried. We greatly need men of good physical endurance, consecrated to the work and willing to sacrifice for its success.

One more suggestion. In my opinion it is advisable for the missionary to utilize all home talent on the field as far as available for useful service, and to identify his interests with the interests of the people. This will require personal acquaintance and individual effort for a right influence on those among whom we live. A missionary needs to be a man of positive convictions, but should recognize that others also have convictions, and seek to avoid a clash by always maintaining a loving spirit and not by coercion, which, if it does not cause a clash, tends to lessen the loving fellowship so greatly to be desired among brethren. May Seventh-day Baptist wisdom and not folly be the rule in the great Southwest and everywhere, is my prayer.

Conference at Salem—Why Attend it.

PRESIDENT C. B. CLARK.

We have been giving for a few weeks past some reasons for hoping that the coming Conference may prove to be one of much service and help to our people and denomination. We desire to state in few words *why* it may be to your advantage to attend the sessions of this Conference.

First, then, we have been making hopeful preparation for this gathering. We have been trying to arrange a program that would in many ways prove, under the blessing of God, to be a help to all. Come to enjoy the program.

Second. The local committees on the

entertainment of Conference are doing all in their power to complete arrangements to give you a pleasant and hearty reception and to keep you happy, hearty and comfortable while you enjoy this spiritual feast. Come to enjoy the change for a few days.

Third. We should get better acquainted, and exchange ideas and experiences. We have common hopes and purposes. We should be a friendly and united people. Conference is especially designed to promote this end. Come, therefore, to enjoy Conference as a social gathering—a family gathering.

Fourth. You need this spiritual refreshing. Before and above all else Conference is a place where we may seek and gain spiritual strength. We are a busy and industrious people, but even business has its limitations. Business and commercialism, unless properly prescribed and limited, tend to deaden our consciousness of higher and eternal verities. We must not forget that character is, after all, the supreme object of life, that it is our mission to represent the "Divine Life" among our fellows. Conference should greatly promote this higher consciousness. Conference should inspire and energize our lives with the leaven of unlifting, holy thought. Come, therefore, to enjoy this inspiration and uplift.

Fifth. If you need the inspiration of God through the message of others, they too need the inspiration of your best thinking and your presence. It is a great mistake to suppose that ministers have a monopoly on good thoughts. You have some, too. The layman often does as much thinking on the "Divine Life" as does his pastor. Come, therefore, to *give* as well as to *get*. Come to *help*, and enjoy the privilege.

Sixth. Not every one can leave home to attend even so important a gathering as Conference. The great majority will of course be unable to come. Your church, therefore,—those who must stay at home—need the results of so great a meeting. Come, then, to carry home for the sake of others the results of Conference for you. Come to receive and then in turn give a hopeful report. Come, therefore, to serve those who remain at home.

Seventh. The Southeastern Association, the Salem Church and Salem College, each

and all need the encouragement of the presence of Conference. This is not one of the larger associations—perhaps it is the smallest. Salem College is not one of our older institutions of learning, but it is a healthy "child." It needs your fatherly and motherly suggestions and advice, as well as your protection and care. This is not a call for your money, but it is a call for your sincere support. Come, then, to encourage our young people and speak an encouraging word to others too. There is not one but needs more of the "Divine Life" within his own. Come, then, in prayer and hope. Bring some of the "divine living" with you and carry more away.

Adjourned Meeting of the Trustees of the Sabbath School Board.

Pursuant to adjournment at their last regular meeting, an adjourned meeting of the Trustees of the Sabbath School Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference was held on the first day of the week, July 31, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m., at 220 Broadway, New York City. In the absence of the President and Vice-President, Harry W. Prentice was elected president *pro-tempore*.

The following members were present: Charles C. Chipman, Elisha S. Chipman, Harry W. Prentice, J. Alfred Wilson, and Corliss F. Randolph. Prayer was offered by Charles C. Chipman.

The Recording Secretary reported that notice of the meeting had been mailed to all the Trustees.

A communication was read from Rev. Arthur E. Main concerning the publication of his book entitled *Bible Studies on the Sabbath*, stating that the first edition was exhausted, and asking advice as to the publication of a revised edition, copy for which was almost ready. Upon motion, it was voted that we approve the publication of a revised edition upon the same financial basis as the first.

The Annual Report of the Sabbath School Board to the General Conference, including the reports of the Field Secretary and Treasurer, was presented by the Recording Secretary, and after reading and discussion, was adopted by unanimous vote.

Voted, That the Recording Secretary be authorized to have three hundred copies of the Annual Report printed for distribution.

Voted, That the President be authorized to make such special arrangements for the sale of *Green's Manual for Bible Study*, at the approaching session of the General Conference, as in his judgment may be wise.

Minutes read and approved.
Adjourned.

HARRY W. PRENTICE,
President Pro Tempore.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH,
Recording Secretary.

The Convocation.

The Seventh-day Baptist Convocation, at Lost Creek, W. Va., is to commence Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, August 19, 1910.

There will be a morning and an afternoon session each day, but no evening session, as the people of Lost Creek think it would not be best under the existing circumstances.

Sabbath day, August 20, is set aside for the examination and ordination of Pres. C. B. Clark of Salem College to the gospel ministry. The program in part is as follows:

10.00 a. m. Examination, conducted by Dean A. E. Main.
12.00 m. Dinner.
2.30 p. m. Ordination sermon—Pres. B. C. Davis.
Welcome in behalf of the ministry—Pres. W. C. Daland.
Welcome in behalf of Salem College—Prof. S. B. Bond.
Consecrating prayer—Pastor Geo. W. Hills.
Benediction—Pres. C. B. Clark.

The Convocation will close with the Monday afternoon session, or that of Tuesday forenoon. Pastor Stillman of Lost Creek thought it better to leave it optional, and the program is arranged accordingly.

Addresses, papers, discussions, music and devotionals will fill short forenoon and afternoon sessions. There will be picnic dinners in the church, and the rest of the time is left for recreation.

This is President Davis' old home church where his father, Rev. Samuel D. Davis, was pastor about twenty-five years. Under Elder Davis' leadership and pastoral care the church is said to have increased its membership from sixty-five to upwards of two hundred members.

The General Conference was held here September 24-28, 1884—twenty-six years ago, and this Convocation may be the last denominational meeting to be held with the church in many years. We hope the attendance may be good, and think many will be interested in the ordination of President Clark as well as in Convocation. Those coming on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad change at Clarksburg for Lost Creek.

I. L. COTTRELL,
Sec. of Com.

"The great question is not whether you have failed but whether you are content with failure."

Missions

Edwin Shaw's Mission.

Reception at Boulder.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

The reception was not held on my account nor in my honor, but I was lucky enough to be in Boulder at the time and was included among the invited guests. Several people, including three families and a few others, have recently come to Boulder from Hammond, La. It was for these people that the reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Andrews, on Arapahoe Avenue, close up at the foot of Flagstaff Mountain.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. "Allie" Davis and two sons, Roy and Elwin, Mr. and Mrs. Erlo Davis, and son Albert, Miss Gladys Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Saunders and daughter Margaret, Mr. Charles Clarke, and a Mr. Irish (I have forgotten his first name, but he is a brother of "Hal" Irish who some years ago studied chemistry with me at Milton).

These people, in the language of American culture, make a nice little "bunch," and are a great help to the Boulder Church.

There were sixty people present at this reception. It was Monday evening, July 11. Chinese lanterns lighted up the lawn where the children played "drop-the-handkerchief" and other games. In the house was music—organ and singing; visiting and merry laughter were everywhere. Of course there were refreshments, the most delicious pineapple-ice and cake. It was wholly informal; no set speeches of welcome and response were made: but I am sure we all felt the cordial, hearty spirit of kindness and friendship better than any formal words could express it. These times of social fellowship are worth—oh, so much to any church, especially in interesting and holding the children and young people. I wish I could be suddenly transported for an hour or so to Boulder when the church holds its reception for its pastor, Rev. A. L. Davis, in September.

EDWIN SHAW.

En route from Boulder to Cosmos.

Syracuse, Kan.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

I wonder what the readers of the RECORDER would think if I were to tell them that I rode yesterday fifty-two miles across the prairies with the sheriff of Stanton County, Kan.? Well, I did, but he is also the stage-driver from Syracuse to Richfield; and in a well-equipped two-seated hack, with all sorts of packages, from individual mail sacks, and bundles of laundry, to ten-gallon milk-cans, and crated slats for windmill, we made the trip in nine hours of actual driving, an hour being spent at noon in changing horses and in eating dinner at a farmhouse—a good dinner it was, too. You see I am on my way from Boulder, Colo., to Cosmos, Okla., and there are no lines of railroad running north and south; so I came out east from Pueblo to Syracuse, which is about eighty miles north of Cosmos. A daily stage goes to Richfield, where a team from Cosmos is to meet me. Twenty-five years ago there were two stages daily and several thriving towns along the way which have almost or quite disappeared since then, due I am told to a lack, or rather an irregularity, of rainfall, for only two weeks ago here in Richfield six inches of water fell in twelve hours.

I was at Syracuse Sunday night and had the pleasure of attending the services of the Methodist church. Because of the warm weather the services were held on the lawn under the open sky. Chairs and planks made comfortable seats; lanterns and torches furnished light for the song service; the organ had been brought out to lead in the music. There were about one hundred and thirty present. The pastor used the parable of the mustard seed as his theme for a helpful, interesting sermon. I was scores of miles distant from any acquaintance, but I felt quite at home in the service. There is a "tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," even when we are among entire strangers.

EDWIN SHAW.

Richfield, Kan.,
July 19, 1910.

"Friendship is a golden coin that brightens with the using."

Drifting.

REV. J. T. DAVIS.

Delivered at Garwin, Iowa, and requested for publication by the congregation.

Text: "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them."—Heb. ii, 1.

It had not been my intention to enter the arena, where so many abler contestants have been struggling with the various forms of Higher Criticism. My only apology now is that the many things said by our own people in the RECORDER have so disturbed the faith of some of our young people as to call forth rather severe remarks concerning some statements made by our religious leaders of higher critical tendencies. In justice to these brethren I felt it my duty to plead for charity for them and said that the inspiration of the Bible is a question of faith, and that it can not be proved as a mathematical problem. This statement I soon found disturbed others and so I felt it necessary to say to them, that our Bible was compiled by the Laodicean Council in 363 A. D., and was not fully accepted by all the Christian churches even at the beginning of the fifth century; that if we claim an infallibly inspired Bible, logically, we must claim an infallibly inspired council at Laodicea, 363 years after our Lord's nativity; that while I personally believe in the inspiration of the Bible and the divine leading of the Council of Laodicea, yet I plead for charity for those who differ from me—those, if you please, of more advanced thought, for it is a question of faith.

Now I wish to show the drift of modern religious thought—show where we must land unless the tide changes; and I wish my brethren of the more advanced thought could see this danger as I believe it exists.

My text is a complete justification for discussing the theme I have chosen. If it was necessary for Paul to exhort the people to give more earnest heed to the things heard, lest haply they drift away from them, when these very things were comparatively new, and conveyed a new thought, then certainly after a lapse of

eighteen hundred forty-six years I am justified in raising the question, Are we drifting?

I select the new version because it is in form more expressive of my thought. Paul is here addressing the Hebrews, speaking of the Hebrew's historical characters. The first chapter of Hebrews is bold, direct, and a wonder in argument and logic. Notice with what boldness he states that the same God who spake by the prophets anciently "hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world"—not that the worlds were evolved from chaos. To the unprejudiced Hebrew mind, the argument must have been conclusive.

Will you pardon a leaf from my personal experience along this line, to show the change that has taken place.

In the year 1890 I entered Alfred University and commenced the study of theology. It is to note the change that has taken place in the last twenty years that I call attention to this fact. Let me say for my teachers, that you may find many men of greater scholarship today, for we will not dispute that scholarship has advanced, but they were men standing well abreast with the times in which they lived; and in my opinion, to find men of keener perception, deeper piety, more honest and God-fearing than President Allen, T. R. Williams, D. E. Maxson, A. H. Lewis and E. M. Tomlinson, will require a search long and in the end futile.

I entered that institution expecting to have the infallibility of the Scriptures proved so conclusively that all doubts must vanish. Imagine my chagrin when the mystery grew more dense and my faith was turning to doubts. Let me say right here, that there is not a doubt suggested by the Higher Critic of these modern days that I did not have to meet, and meet in a bitterness I hope never to experience again. So unsatisfactory were these results, that I spent one year in Chicago University. Had the Holy Spirit not touched me before, had I not had personal experience that to me was real, I doubt if I had not cast it all aside. Do you wonder that I plead for my brother, the Higher Critic?

But to the change: I remember the spirit with which my criticism, or if you please, my skepticism, was received by my teachers. When I wanted to take the position that the Bible was not the Word of God, but contained the Word, i. e., part was inspired and part was not, I was given to understand that I held a dangerous position. I did not like the term inspiration of the Bible and wanted to use a pet term of my own, one I believe I never heard before or since, namely, The best religious thought of the ages; and I was made to feel that I was regarded as rather heretical. In short, although the inspiration of the Bible, the infallibility of its teachings, was never proved, yet I was made to feel, and I think correctly, that my teachers one and all accepted it as such. Yet in later years I heard one of these selfsame teachers say that the Decalogue was a Hebrew conception. Another professor, not one of those named above, but one who stood high among our people, said, in substance, in a sermon or lecture I heard him deliver, that God is not moved by prayer—prayer only affects the petitioner, bringing him more in harmony with God. Yet James says, "The prayer of the righteous man availeth much"; and Christ says, "Ask, and ye shall receive," and also, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."

Now let us turn to the much mooted question of evolution, and let me say, I shall not try to dispute it, nor do I wish to ridicule or antagonize it as a working theory, neither would I ridicule or antagonize its advocates. But to show the trend of thought among religious leaders along this line, I want to quote what one dear brother says. I call him dear because I knew him in his early ministry and I loved him then and I love him still and would not cast any reflection. After saying that he believes evolution best expresses the development of the races and that the theory of evolution to him better harmonizes with the general spirit of biblical teaching than the anti-evolution conception of life; that, except in theology in some denominational seminaries, evolution is accepted "as the clue to their investigations by all teachers", he adds:

Since such is the condition of education today, there are three courses open to the religious leader. He may set himself up in antagonism to evolution, and he may satisfy himself, and perhaps some to whom he preaches who have not studied the subject, that the hypothesis of evolution is untrue. But it must be frankly said that he will satisfy no one else, and he will be vainly trying to stem an irresistible tide of thought. He will utterly fail to gain anything more than pity from those who have the scientific training and manner of thinking. A second course would be for the religious leader to concede that the theory of evolution holds in the natural world, but to insist that some other law operates in the spiritual world. One could reason thus and be consistent, but . . . we shall be more consistent if we believe that his method of working is one and the same in both realms and that he does not use contrary and inconsistent methods. The third course, and that which I wish to urge as the right attitude for religious leaders to take, is frankly to accept evolution; to say to the scientist, "Since you have studied this subject, and this is your verdict, I accept it, and I will see what light it throws upon the problems of moral life and religion."

Now since there is nothing else to do if we get anything but pity from those who "have the scientific training and manner of thinking"; and since we desire their confidence more than their pity, we accept it for argument's sake and see what it will bring us. A certain young minister from the Seminary, recently said, in substance, that no minister (intelligent, we understand him) would preach a sermon not in harmony with modern thought and research. According to this, we may say that, in harmony with Foster and Eliot, we can now preach a salvation without a sacrifice, and that even the name of Christ may be forgotten. Again, let us hear what other teachers of modern thought are saying, that our preaching may be in harmony therewith. In a recent article Professor Zueblin of the University of Chicago is quoted as saying, "There can be and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than with it." "Every normal man has room for more than one person in his heart." "Like politics and religion, we have taken it for granted that the marriage relationship is right and have not questioned it." Here we have a gospel of free love. Prof. A. Ross says, "Wide stairways are open between social levels. But to the climber children are incumbrances."

Professor Sumner of Yale asserts that there is no such thing as a God-given and unchanging morality; that ethical notions are mere fragments of speculation and unrealities and ought to be discarded altogether. A former pastor in this town said to me a few months ago, when speaking of the Decalogue as a moral code for Seventh-day Baptists: "There can be no moral code or standard for all, i. e., the people on Mars or some other planet may have a moral standard different from ours." I answered, "If this be true, God has different standards of morals or we are forced to admit a plurality of Gods." Prof. Edwin L. Earp of Syracuse being asked concerning the Ten Commandments replied, "It is unscientific to imagine that God ever turned stone-mason and chiseled the commandments on a rock."

Since preparing the foregoing there has come into my hands a magazine entitled *Words of Life*, published by the Conditional Immortality Mission, president, Robert Strange, Glasgow. In the April number, 1910, from pages 108 to 116 may be found the quotations given, which show how our English cousins regard our American theology. The writer, after saying that the teaching of Higher Criticism has come in like a flood and swept the country for us, leaving behind it a wrecked faith in the Bible as the Word of God, calls our attention to the following quotations from *Watchword and Truth*, June, 1909, as proof of what he says: "At a congress of Episcopalians in Boston Doctor McConnell said boldly and without qualification that the church was teaching the children of its Sunday schools a pack of lies when it taught the Old Testament as historically true." "At the same gathering Doctor Foster waived the Bible aside as having been annihilated long ago by his logic, but he paid his respects to the Jesus whom we worshiped as 'God manifested in the flesh.' He was kind enough to tell us that in about a million years, more or less, the world will have grown, advanced and developed so wonderfully that the very name of Jesus Christ will have been blotted out of the annals of human history, and forgotten from the memory of man."

Again this writer says: "In the same magazine and same number we are informed that Doctor Jordan of Stanford University has declared that there is no such thing as sin. At most it is but a human experience! And in Philadelphia the religious liberals have assembled in a Hicksite meeting-house, and Doctors Crapsey, Hull, Peabody, Faunce, Foster and a number of reformed Jewish rabbis have been expatiating on a Christianity without Christ, a revelation without a Bible, a hope without the resurrection and a millennium without an advent. Everything was connected with religion—modern life, democracy, evolution, the social question, politics, social service, industrialism, the child and temperance—all connected with religion, but nothing linked with Christ or the Word of God which he so highly honored." The writer says: "These are the specimens of what the professors of American Universities teach, and so it is not surprising that some of our young students from the Union Theological Seminary were at first refused, because that they denied almost every distinctive doctrine of Christianity. Afterwards, however, at a conclave of professors, and by professional influence, some of them were admitted to the ministry." "Not only is the person of Jesus Christ rejected, but that of God himself as the great Creator and Ruler over all. Thus Doctor Foster, in a book recently published by him, says: 'The word God is a symbol to designate the universe in its ideal achieving capacity.'"

Before dropping this magazine I want to quote a few references to show that the modern religious thought is striking at the home as well as the church. It says: "The other demoniac doctrine, 'forbidding to marry', is equally serious and is much farther developed today. . . . One of the latest developments on this subject is to be found in the teachings of Christian Science. The law has gone forth to its thousands of followers that until time matures human growth, marriage and progeny will continue unprohibited in Christian Science; that is to say, Christian Scientists are taught to look upon marriage as a thing only to be tolerated for a time, until men and women can raise themselves up to a higher plain

and dispense with it altogether. . . . This is but the beginning of worse evils to follow and these words of Dr. I. N. Haldeman are well worthy of serious consideration: 'Christian Science teaches that celibacy is nearer right than marriage and in proportion as the rising generation abstain from the marriage state the fuller demonstration of Science will they have'. He says further: 'The ignoring of the marriage tie is being taught openly in many of our American universities.' Then he claims to quote from the *Cosmopolitan* of May, 1909: 'In hundreds of class-rooms it is being taught daily that the Decalogue is no more sacred than a syllabus, that the home as an institution is doomed, that there are no absolute evils, that immorality is simply an act in contravention of society's accepted standards.'" Then follow several quotations we have already given.

Now I want you to notice, as a result of this teaching, the increase of divorces during the thirty years from 1870 to 1900. *Watchword and Truth* (April, 1909) says: "It is not surprising to learn that the divorce rate in the United States in 1870 was 29 in every 100,000 of the population, while it rose to 82 in 1879, and to 200 in 1900. . . . At present there is one divorce in every twelve marriages."

That the Decalogue is not regarded as sacred, note the teaching of Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts in the *Christian Herald* of April 20, 1910. In speaking of the Sabbath he says: "It was the Jewish Sabbath written upon a table of stone by the finger of God and handed down from Mt. Sinai to Moses. Presumably it represented the Edenic Sabbath, but to be quite sure that it did, an almanac must be discovered covering six thousand years of unbroken weeks and months. . . . The first day of the week recurring every seventh day is now the Sabbath." For this he offers no argument, only that "Christ rose on the first day of the week, and appeared to the disciples again the next."

Now let us sum up the evidence and render our decision, for this is a case where we must be our own judge and jury. I do not ask you to accept my conclusion. Possibly, the gray matter of which my mental machinery is composed is at fault.

But I confess to you, I have not "the scientific training and manner of thinking" to accept evolution in both the material and spiritual world and still maintain my faith in God, his Word, and Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men. While I admit, and without any false modesty, that I may not have the acuteness of mind possessed by some of my brethren of the progressive thought, I hope I will be pardoned if appearing egotistic when I say: I believe there are hundreds if not thousands of minds no more acute than my own, and as likely to make shipwreck as I. Hear me patiently as I try to sum up this evidence. We are urged that the right attitude for religious leaders to take is frankly to accept evolution; that in choosing between the positions that may be taken, it is more consistent if we believe that God's methods of working is one and the same in both realms. When we accept this, we are forced to the conclusion not only that God did not create man in his own likeness and image, but that if he created anything it was something infinitesimally small—smaller than the smallest polliwig the eye can discern; and from this man has evolved. I do not wonder that Professor Foster in his late book says: "The word God is a symbol to designate the universe in its ideal achieving capacity." No, my friends, taking this position it is hard for me not to eliminate God entirely from my working theory of the creative act, and say with Foster, "The word God is a symbol," etc. In other words, there is no God but nature; and, in some way which science has not yet discovered but may in a few years, by some chemical process, life may be produced. This is evolution in the natural world.

Now take the "more consistent" view that God's method in the spiritual world is also evolution. Then we conclude that Genesis is not a history of Creation. It is merely a poetic expression of the Hebrew conception of Creation. With this theory it is easy to see how Doctor Crafts can pass so easily from acknowledging the Sabbath to be the perpetuation of the Edenic Sabbath and then say, "The first day of the week is now the Sabbath." This is certainly no greater license than Moses

took when he said, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them" (Gen. i, 27), when as a matter of fact the animal we call man was not created but evolved.

Again, if the science of evolution is correct, the thing God created in his own likeness and image and called man is not the animal we call man today, but that little creature we can see only by the use of the magnifying glass. If this be true, then I am quite ready to stand with Professor Earp and to say, "It is unscientific to imagine that God ever turned stone-mason and chiseled the commandments on rock." If the record in Exodus regarding the writing of the Decalogue is false or merely a Hebrew conception, we would say, Then all the book may be false, and we would naturally question all the writings of Moses: for to admit this, virtually eliminates the divine hand from all, and we have only the Hebrew conception of morality; we have Moses gathering up the moral conception of the earlier peoples and "lifting it to a higher and sacred place in the purest of all ancient religions, the Hebrew cultus." It is only the development of the earlier religious thought of morality.

But here is our trouble: the Pentateuch seems to be the foundation on which all other Scripture writers base their arguments, and the whole structure commences to tremble. But, it seems to me, that is in harmony with the thought that the Sabbath was a Hebrew conception and that the prophets and lawgivers of Israel took the Seventh-day of primitive peoples and lifted it to a high and sacred place. Not only does this remove the divine sanction from the Sabbath, but our moral standard is trailed in the dust. I am, therefore, partially prepared to hear Professor Zueblin say: "There can be and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than with them. . . . Every normal man has room for more than one person in his heart." But I'm wondering, if there is a Mrs. Zueblin, if she thinks the professor is a normal man, or how the professor would be pleased to think of Mrs. Zueblin as a normal woman. Can any one face these facts, this kind of teaching, science, morality, modern thought,

modern research, and fail to see that we are drifting? As an evidence that this teaching was not tolerated twenty-five years ago in our theological seminaries, I call to your memory the Briggs trial for heresy about that period. Yet, as I remember the charges brought against Professor Briggs, they were mild when compared with what we have noted; yet the Briggs trial for heresy was a noted trial. Yes, we're drifting.

"Drifting away from the Saviour,
Drifting to lands unknown,
Drifting away by night and by day,
Drifting, yes, drifting alone.

"Drifting away from the Saviour,
Even the angels weep;
Still you drift on, with mirth and with song,
Out on the fathomless deep."

I confess to you that if I must accept these theories, then a conception of the Christian era is as good as a Hebrew conception. If the Decalogue is only a Hebrew conception, then for us to hold our young people to the Sabbath—yea, to a moral life, is a Herculean task. Yes, if you please, this is the evolution boat and this is the cargo it carries; and no one, it seems to me, can question that the Christian Church is drifting. But where will we land? As I look back over the last quarter of a century, I see Professor Briggs as an advanced guard for the great army of free and scientific Christian thinkers of today. But the army has gone beyond the guard and Professor Briggs with his heresy of twenty-five years ago is a back number today. Pardon me if I suggest that the advanced guard today, the advanced thinkers, are of the Foster school; and unless the tide is changed, unless the course of our boat is turned, I am no prophet, or in less than twenty-five years, from many pulpits will be preached salvation without the sacrifice of Christ. I am no prophet, or if the present rate of change continues, it will not take one million years for the name of Christ to be unknown. For if evolution is the true basis, Moses gave the best religious thought of his age; Isaiah a little better than Moses; John better than Isaiah; Christ a little better than John; Briggs a little better than Christ; and Foster better than Briggs. So we will necessarily have

to change our definition from the "best religious thought of the ages", to "the best religious thought of the time."

Understand, I am not fighting my brethren of the evolution tendencies; I am not fighting the theory of evolution; I do not claim to be able to disprove it: I am only showing the drift of this teaching and where we must land. And I maintain without fear of successful contradiction, that if evolution is the only true and correct basis, then as Christ and the apostles' teaching was in advance of that of Moses and the prophets, so Professors Zueblin, Ross, Sumner, Earp, Briggs and Foster, logically should be in advance of Christ and the apostles. If so, down falls the marriage relation, the home, the Sabbath; the cross of Christ is trailed in the dust; the church—yea, the very name of Christ is forgotten, and on the ruins thereof is built a monument to evolution and scientific thought. Are you ready for it?

Again I say, the question of biblical inspiration is the question of faith, and I plead for charity for my brethren of evolution tendencies. But it is up to you to choose. If you wish to drift, get on the evolution boat; but I confess to you that after over ten years of drifting I changed my baggage back to the old Ship of Zion. With Christ as my Captain and also my Pilot, his blood-stained banner nailed to the masthead, I stand on her deck with Bible in hand and cry, "This is my Chart, the Holy Spirit my compass. With this book I stand or fall." And with all love for my brethren, I fear that the love of science, culture, investigation, has taken the place of the spiritual compass, not intentionally and not dishonestly, for I speak from over ten years of experience along this line. With all this before me, I stand on the deck of the old ship, tossed though she may be by the wind, and though the billows of doubt roll high, I stand and sing,—

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

"I love thy church, O God,
Her halls before me stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hand."

Conference.

Conference date is rapidly approaching. Arrangements at Salem are being energetically pushed in preparation for its entertainment. Long-laid plans are materializing. The people of West Virginia are much the best prepared they have ever been to care for it. The college buildings will dispense with the need of the use of tents, which is no small item in the expense and comfort. The opera chairs of the new auditorium will be found much to the comfort of the people and the rooms of the new building will be convenient for committee work.

We are expecting a large attendance. All are most cordially invited. We hope you will all come praying for a rich feast of divine blessing and a spiritual uplift that may inspire us as a denomination to a brighter hope and a more consecrated service for Him "whom having not seen, ye love."

GEO. W. HILLS,
Pastor.

Convocation.

Trains leave Clarksburg at 6 and 11.30 a. m. and at 6.30 p. m. for Lost Creek. Please send names to Pastor M. G. Stillman.

A Beautiful Prayer.

Spirit Divine, thou alone canst make me a new creature, for thou alone art able to work within me. It is not new things I want; it is a new heart, a new life. Come, brood over the waters of my spirit until they catch the impress of thine own image and subside into thine own calm. Fountain of all life, let me live in thee.—George Matheson.

Civilization can only be permanent and continue a blessing to any people if, in addition to promoting their material well-being, it also stands for an orderly individual liberty, for the growth of intelligence, and for equal justice in the administration of law. Christianity alone meets these fundamental requirements.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Woman's Work

ETHEL A. HAVEN, Leonardsville, N. Y.
Contributing Editor.

He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same
bringeth forth much fruit.

Great Truths.

Great truths are dearly bought; the common truth,

Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Won in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in
might,
Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the
light.

Great truths are greatly won, not formed by
chance,

Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-plowed
field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.
—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Sacredness of Our Work.

That task which has been placed in our hands—to the doing of which we have felt the call of God—should be sacred, should command our utmost endeavor.

A young minister believed himself called to labor in an inconspicuous field, among a rude and primitive people. His salary was small and not always forthcoming; he became well acquainted with the pinch of poverty; there were poor school privileges for his child, and lack of means of self-culture for himself and wife. Yet there he labored on year after year. Nothing occurred to attract the attention of outsiders or the leaders in the denomination. Immediate results of his preaching did not appear; but attentive listening to his mes-

sages became marked and the hearts of the people turned to him. By and by, one after another professed Christ, and the listening grew more and more intense and hearers multiplied.

Friends admonished this man: He was throwing away opportunities, burying his youth; he owed something to himself and family. His reply was ever the same: God had sent him to this people and did not yet set him free to go elsewhere. Was he right? Being certain of God's call to a place or work, must not the conscientious person there abide? What success crowns his efforts is of secondary importance, but that he should be where God wants him is of first importance, for only there can God bless him. That young minister in his modest field is learning lessons he can not afford to miss if his after life is to be fruitful. He is gaining knowledge of men and how to win them; learning to endure and to wait; to harden the muscles of will and faith; to be not easily discouraged nor turned from a purpose; to value small returns.

We are in the world. Wherefore? To enjoy self, to have an easy time, to abstract the honey from life for self-delight? Or are we here to help God bring back his own to him and to their heritage of peace? What seaman shall dare sail on through the hurricane, with shout and song, because his own craft is able to out-ride the gale, and excuse himself from trying to rescue those perishing about him because his heart was so merry and his song so jubilant that he failed to realize their need of help? Will such excuse satisfy either his Master or himself, think you, when he stands before the great white throne?

"To every man his work," said the Master. Have we found ours? What is it? Where is it to be? These are questions of paramount importance. Success, immediate or future, little or much, is something for another to decide. Ours the patient effort, the hopeful sowing of seed; the watering of soil, the cheerful obedience that the Word tells us is "better than sacrifice."
—The Union Signal.

The Faith that Saves.

I had hired out the *Strathcona* to collect the ballot-boxes for the government at the election along this northernmost section of coast, for the hire money would mean a sadly needed extension to our hospital. This had compelled me to make my last visits along the Labrador and return to St. Anthony in a small motor boat. And now, October 20, I was stranded with no way to get south in time for my first winter engagements. So at last I put together a few things and started out to either run a hundred miles south and then walk across country twenty miles to a railroad, or turn north and try to catch a schooner that I heard was loading fish for St. Johns. The weather settled the matter and north we went. To my great joy we found this schooner just ready to start and only waiting the return of the tide to let go her lines. She was already off in the stream. She was carrying ostensibly a load of fish, but there were over fifty freighters on board, and we saw more women and children on deck than fish. To my request for a passage south on her, I was accorded a most genial invitation to "come along" and in half a minute my bags were slung aboard and I was left standing alone, with the launch puffing out of the harbor.

The captain proved to be a man of the name of Christian, a Norwegian whose great-grandfather had jumped overboard from a Norse man-of-war, as she passed along the coast. He had at last swum ashore at an island called Baccalbas, been received with the traditional hospitality of the coast, and had given rise since that day to enough Christians to form a respectable sect by themselves. The sailor instinct maintained in all, and my host proved to be as good a man of the sea as his inherited capacities would portend. Thus we carried away our main boom guy with a sudden northeast puff last night, and in only a very few minutes the skipper had it down and a new splice in the stout wire, which made it as strong as ever. The shaking up of the bilge water and the drainage from the wet fish we are carrying were against my principles last night, so I dragged up my sleeping bag and slept on deck by the after counter, near the wheel. Every time

I opened my eyes during the night I was sure to see the skipper poking about in the dark, doing some little kindness to his vessel which he loves, as every sailor who is worth his salt should do. It is a matter of faith trusting to schooners anyhow on this coast in the fall of the year, there are so many "liabilities" in the southern parts of this western ocean—by "liabilities" I mean debts that men who do business in great waters are called upon to meet unexpectedly every year, and no one knows what follows the settling of their account. This suggested my subject yesterday afternoon as I gathered the crowd aft on deck for a word of prayer and praise.

We mustered only three hymn-books, and the deck was already filled with barrels and puncheons and boats and dogs and fires in open sand barrels for cooking, and every other conceivable object. The cabins and holds were full of women and children and fish and boxes and nets and supplies. But on the whole, I don't know that I have ever gathered with a crowd in a place where one was more likely to realize the presence of God. This is only a statement of fact. I've been in the most ancient European cathedrals, I have inhaled the most odoriferous incense, I have walked in procession with choristers in white and clergy in colors, I have attended evangelistic meetings in crowded auditoriums, where the very air seemed charged with an atmosphere calculated to stir up the emotions readily. But I repeat, Mr. Editor, I know of no place where the presence of God seems realer and nearer than it did in the midst of my blue-jerseyed, big-booted audience, sitting on or squatting among the *débris* of a Labrador fishery on the deck of the good schooner *Vernie May*, 50 miles from Funk Islands, with a northeaster blowing and a heavy atmosphere so that you couldn't see in any direction more than a mile from the ship.

Faith being the subject, we talked of our need of help other than our own if we chanced in a little too near the Snap Rock in the night, for that dangerous rock lay right in our way and is neither lighted nor buoyed. The reasonableness of faith in a loving Father above as practical as that we placed in the schooner beneath our feet

or her skipper, who was a stranger to us, seemed to appeal to my audience and I noticed that the old words of

"What a friend we have in Jesus"

seemed to ring out more clearly and more heartily than the hymn at first, which broke the spell of the novelty of a "religious" meeting under the circumstances.

When the meeting was over and the men were once again boiling their kettles for the evening "mug up" before retiring below, I got into conversation with some of the men as we stood on deck around the blazing open fire.

Suddenly a grizzled and white-haired skipper broke in: "I thought you was speaking to me, Doctor, when you'se was speaking about it's faith what saves."

"How was that, skipper? Has your life then been saved to be some use to God on earth?"

"I've been heading that way these many years," he replied.

"Well, what makes you think that faith saves you more than any other man?"

"I don't think no such thing," he answered, "but I'll tell you how I knows it saved me, if you cares to hear it."

"Go ahead, skipper, we all want to hear."

"Well, Doctor, some twenty years ago I had a time just near here much like you had last winter. It was in the spring o' the year, and I and my chum were out on the White Islands, and we started at mid-day to sail in to the mainland. There were a strong northerly tide running agin a smart nor'easter, and it were knocking up a dirty lop. We wasn't more'n two hun'erd yards from the shore before a tall sea caught our boat, under the counter, and over she went. The boat were a Nova-Scotian gasher that we was in, and we went over all standing. She were clinker built, so we was able to climb up by the planks onto her keel. But it were impossible to hold on, for the loppin seas kept washing us off. There was another boat passed close by us. But they didn't take no notice of us, and were soon out o' sight. Jim—that were my chum—could swim all right, but I couldn't swim a stroke. Yet if I hadn't a-kept putting Jim back onto the bot-tom o' the boat, he'd a drowned several

times over and somehow I felt sure us was going to be saved, and kept a-telling Jim so. But he wouldn't believe it anyhow. He kept on a-saying: 'I'm lost, Sam, body and soul, lost body and soul.' I told him to keep believing, as I was sure us 'ud be saved somehow.

"Well, us drifted along wi' t' current till us met the easterly tide a-comin' out o' the straits, and then us turned to the southeast and drifted away to the south'ard again, away outside t' White Islands and then down to the south about five miles off t' coast.

"Yes, it were cold, and us swallowed a tidy bit o' water, and then all of a sudden the old boat turned over on one side and righted herself. Well, in I gets over the side and pulls the masts and sails out o' her to steady her, and that's just where I did wrong, for over she goes again, and from that time she would neither stay up nor down. It were ever so much harder after that to hold on at all for there were nothing under water to steady her, so I had to keep putting Jim on, for he had no heart for hisself and were as good as drowned already. Three times, believe me, Doctor, that boat turned over and every time us got in over she went again.

"It was now coming on night and we was off St. Anthony, drifted south twelve miles as far as I could make out. I kept on a-trying to cheer Jim up and somehow that helped me. It always is a help to be trying to help some one else. I kept on at Jim telling him as I was plum' sure us'd be saved. Yes, I must say now I dunno why I b'lieved so strong. But there it was. I did believe un, and that's what sove us. For sure enough, just at dark up comes a schooner. She was a-beatin' down to the Labrador. But the cross sea took her ahead and she was a-running for St. Anthony for anchorage. She kept on a-running, till she was well by us and some would ha' thought our last chance were gone. But somehow I knowed better than that, and sure enough, before she'd gone very far, round she comes and drops a boat. It weren't long from that before us had Jim safe aboard. But he were never no good after, not to work. He just lived on a year or so, and then he pined away.

No, Doctor, he had no faith, he hadn't.

"Did us save the boat? Well, no. You'se don't think much o' the value o' them kind o' things at such times, not but there were a gun fast in her too. But them things don't seem o' no account when it comes to a point o' being saved."

"I've noticed that myself, skipper," I replied, "I've looked old Father Death in the face, and it certainly did make a difference in the value one put on things one thought so much of at other times. Did you feel afraid when you were in the water all that time, skipper?"

"Not the smallest bit o' fear ever came in my mind. After we was ashore I was all torn to bits wi' fear at what us had gone thro.' It seemed a most wonderful good thing that we was saved when it were so easy to ha' been lost. But there weren't no fear in me, Doctor, not in the water. You see I believed all the while that us 'd be sove and it were just that as sove us. So when you was a-speakin' about faith there, I thought perhaps you meant me. But it's just the same wi' every one o' us. There be so many dangers all around that it be easy enough to perish and only faith can save ere a one o' us."

There was a bright twinkle in the old man's eyes reflecting the bright fire burning in the sand barrel, and as I looked round at the faces of the other men, with no little joy, I saw an assenting expression thrown back from every feature.

May God give us all that faith, my reader, that shall make us trust in Christ as simply as these my friends, and so practically that we may at once set to work in that faith to save the many "Jims" that have no faith around us.—*Wilfred T. Grenfell, M. D., in Record of Christian Work.*

Education for Social Living.

CLYDE EHRET.

Northwestern Association.

Notwithstanding the fact that some species seek and devour others, the whole creation reflects the idea that life exists for life. A study of nature soon shows that certain plants render aid to others by furnishing shade, protection, and preserving

moisture. The social spirit exhibited by certain animals may well put to shame the selfishness revealed in some phases of human conduct. The student of natural history has discovered many instances of one-sided mutualism where one species performs service for another without receiving consideration in return, as well as instances where the service is mutual.

This principle of peaceful and harmonious combination in mutual service which is so beautifully illustrated in animal and vegetable life has made its way into human society but slowly. Individuality has been far more conspicuous than social adaptation. The types of character developed in the ancient world impress us with their individualism. He who gained wealth and power, whether a Solomon, a Cræsus, an Alexander or a Cæsar, seemed to have little capacity for ministering to others. Both Greece and Rome permitted a few to gain wealth, luxury and learning, while the masses were poor, ignorant and miserable.

The new education of which we have been hearing so much in later years really began its work nineteen hundred years ago when Christ the great Teacher summoned the world to a life of service. He said, "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." We can not doubt this as a fundamental principle of life and action laid down by Christ, toward which future generations should work and attain. It is becoming more and more clear that the Christianizing of the individual as well as society is to be accomplished only as this principle is incarnated in men and women. It is more and more dawning upon us that in their better form socialism and Christianity are synonymous terms. Christian sentiment and faith that are not transmuted into service are soon seen to be but "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal". For what can life mean to us more than service? Social service has showed how forces have come into the world bringing new ideals, new dangers, new responsibilities and new relationship. Progress in commerce, in-

dustry and politics calls for a more willing service of man to man. Education and religion are deeply affected by the idea that "man liveth not to himself alone but in an important sense is his brother's keeper, and will be held responsible, measurably, for his welfare." No one is independent or can act as he pleases, but is a part and parcel of the whole and must necessarily be influenced and guided by it. And while he is being guided, he is helping to guide; while he is cared for, he is also helping to care for others.

Man must understand and be able to serve in the best possible way; he must adapt himself to those conditions and requirements at all times. The demands of the past even up to twenty-five years ago were quite different from what they are today, and we must understand that the world is progressive—progressive not only in its conceptions, aims and ideals, but in its means, methods and appliances. We must understand that we now live in an age when intelligence, honor, wisdom, morals and service are deemed higher attainments than houses, lands and bank-stock. We must understand the life and nature of both young and old, as they are subject to home, school, church, state, and all other acting forces. And how can we understand them beyond the extent of our intelligence?

Of the many truths we find in the Bible, do we find one that in so few words reveals so much of the past and present condition of men as the one, spoken by God, in Hosea iv, 6, which says, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge"? A look into history shows how through all times the lives of countless numbers of God's children have been destroyed because they did not understand their true relations to the world and to each other.

In earlier times, when two nations went to war, the conquerors killed the conquered. Later, instead of killing them outright, they conceived the idea of making them their slaves; and the captives often, under the power of their inferiors, little by little wore their lives away. It was a universal idea that the physically strong should rule the weak; and not only rule, but should be sustained and supported by them.

Yet all destruction was not done by one class imposing upon another: at times the actions of one class toward another brought destruction upon themselves. This is forcibly shown in the crusades, when the European nations took it upon themselves to free the Holy Land from the barbarians. As many times as they marched out from home, so many times were they destroyed. No more touching scene is recorded in history than the one made by the children in the "children's crusade."

Do we need to view history to find all the causes of destruction of men? No, we see them about us every day. Men are miserable, men are unhappy, men are dying because of their unfortunate conditions. It is seen in the country, in the towns and in the cities. No neighborhood, let it be where it may, is free from social degeneration; and little improvement is to be hoped for till men come into a better understanding of life and its relations. It is in proportion as men understand themselves, each other and God, that the world is made better.

When man does not understand these forces, he associates with the things that drag him down. Why is it that men go to the saloons? It is by no means the thirst for liquor alone, but often a more compelling thirst for companionship and society. Not knowing where it may be found, they seek places of degradation and vice, the only available substitutes for cheerful homes. And often the patronage of such places is in no small degree the consequence of squalor and domestic misery. Few men can resist the temptation if they have no alternative but the tenement or the street. Indeed, the drink habit, in a much larger degree than many have realized, is the consequence of bad food and unwholesome surroundings; and reforms are likely to remain provisional and temporary if they do not teach the need of better homes, more healthful pleasures, wholesome cooking and enlightened entertainments.

Our prisons are today filled with those of little education—those who have not the proper understanding of the treatment they should give their neighbors. Of the twelve hundred prisoners in the prison of my own

State, less than ten per cent are educated; and the majority of these are educated only in a special line. And what is true of West Virginia is no exception; the same is true in most of the prisons of the world. As a class prisoners are victims of poverty, intemperance, ignorance and immorality.

Seeing that man is in these conditions, we realize that the process of reform must be slow at best. And how can he be lifted above these conditions, except as he is enlightened? True schools of the highest type have been, and are, the channels through which these regenerating influences have worked their way into the minds of men. Whenever a child has been taught to read he has been intrusted with a key wherewith he may unlock the great storehouse of knowledge. And a continuation of his education teaches him how to use the many things found therein; to rise out of himself and think the thoughts of others. History and literature become his teachers. He knows from experience that life is a struggle, but he now sees that mankind has been struggling upward for ages, and to the sum total of human toil and pain he is indebted for what he is, and that to a certain degree he himself is responsible for the future of the race. God's revelation becomes his possession, and in its pages are revealed to him, not only his own weakness and depravity, but the loving Deity perfect in power and goodness.

Throughout the long march from the savagery of six thousand years ago to the civilization of the present, progress was very slow, but it has been measurably hastened since schools began their work of mental development.

That education has been effective in preventing crime can be safely affirmed. The lighting of streets, the establishment of banks, scientific appliances employed by the police, the use of chemistry and electricity in the detection of crime, and the better administrations of justice, are but instances of improved social conditions which education has effected.

If our jails and prisons are as full as ever, we know that many are deterred from evil-doing by modern facilities for detecting and punishing crime. If intemperance is still defiantly assaulting life and character,

and though it be the direct agent of more crime than all other causes considered, still we know that a moral sentiment is being developed that will eventually place this evil in subjection and protect society from its dangers. If the education of the past has not been, as some think, a powerful corrective of crime, still it has certainly produced a higher average of intelligence, and has fortified the public mind and conscience in its attempt to deal with wrong-doing.

The host of evils now pressing upon us are vast and threatening. Intemperance, bad heredity, ignorance, poverty and insane nihilistic tendencies are present in great strength. To meet these ends our schools, both public and private, may do a great work. Educational reforms instituted during the last few years, and now being vigorously pushed, are looking toward this result. The schools of today are becoming more corrective, less penal and less repressive than in the past. Strong healthy growth, physical, intellectual and moral, leading to honest citizenship and the establishment of Christian character, is the end and aim of all true culture.

(To be continued.)

Notice to Sabbath-school Workers.

The wish has been expressed by some of our Sabbath-school workers that there be an exhibit of supplies and plans and methods of Sabbath-school work. In accord with these expressed desires, plans are under way to have such an exhibit in connection with the General Conference. The help of Sabbath-school workers in all the churches is solicited to secure material for the exhibit.

Good books for workers on Sabbath-school organization, teacher training, courses of study and home religious instruction; note-books and other plans of hand work, original courses of Bible and mission study, record books for secretaries, treasurers, librarians, home-department superintendents, and cradle-roll superintendents; good quarterlies and teachers' helps, all will be in line with what is desired.

Bring or send all material direct to Rev. Walter L. Greene, Field Secretary of the Sabbath School Board, Salem, W. Va.

Young People's Work

REV. H. C. VAN HORN, Contributing Editor.

Duty Under Difficulties.

REV. A. J. C. BOND.

Prayer meeting topic for August 20, 1910.

Sunday, August 14—Patience in dark days (Ex. v, 19-23; vi, 1).

Monday, August 15—Duty rewarded (Josh. xiv, 6-15).

Tuesday, August 16—A trying situation (Acts xxvi, 19-29).

Wednesday, August 17—Duty in peril (2 Cor. xi, 23-33).

Thursday, August 18—No surrender (Acts iv, 13-23).

Friday, August 19—Graces we need (Rom. v, 1-5).

Sabbath day, August 20—Topic: Duty under difficulties (2 Tim. ii, 1-13).

2 TIM. II, 1-13.

"Thou therefore, my child, be strengthened in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. . . . Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus. . . . Remember Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, of the seed of David, according to my gospel: wherein I suffer hardship unto bonds, as a malefactor; but the word of God is not bound. Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory."

The theme of this Scripture is the theme of all Paul's letters and sermons: Jesus the Christ. To the Corinthians he says, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." And in our lesson for today that name is repeated four times.

The goal of all life is the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. Many things demand attention in this life. Life is so complex, and our needs are so varied. The great problem of life is to give all these necessary things their relative place. There is scarcely a temporary need of humanity, however small, that does not become for some one the chief aim of life, the one all-absorbing object of pursuit. But he who fails to seek first His kingdom and His

righteousness makes the one fatal blunder. Failing in the one object for which he was created, life becomes a total failure. But for him who obtains the salvation which is in Christ Jesus there is an eternal glory. It is a little thing, then, that we suffer hardship here, for victory is sure, and it will come soon. The Christ who suffered, and with whom we must suffer, is risen from the dead, and by his grace are we strengthened.

With the goal of life clearly before us, and the presence of Christ with us, that which was difficult becomes easy; joy far exceeds the sorrow, and what seemed a hopeless struggle becomes a glad triumphant march to a sure and glorious victory.

THE THREE METAPHORS OF THE LESSON.

A warfare.—The Christian life has often been likened unto a warfare. This conception of life has given rise to many strong figures of speech, and has been the inspiration of some of our finest poems and hymns. It has been the means of winning many a victory for righteousness; many a defeat for sin. It is sadly true that too often Christians have mistaken the foe and have been fighting the wrong thing.

In planning a campaign or in directing a battle it is well to have the issue well defined, to determine just what forces are with us and what against us. We need to remember that it is sin and evil that are to be destroyed, and that we are to save if possible the men with whom these are the most closely associated. This gives rise to some of the difficulties of this way, but we can not do our duty and be indifferent to these things. Every man is my brother, and sin is our common enemy, and whatever the difficulties that are in the way of destroying the power of sin, we must face our duty like a good soldier, knowing that victory is sure. "*The battle is not to the strong.*"

A contest.—Paul must have been somewhat familiar with the Roman games and to him they illustrate again the Christian life.

I never think of the comparison of the Christian life with an athletic contest without calling to mind a story which some

college young men once told me. Among the field sports of the college which they attended was that of running races. There was one young man who always entered but never won. Yet while he never won a race, he never fell out by the way but always finished the course. If a gravel got into his shoe so that he could not run comfortably, he would stop long enough to remove the annoying pebble even if he had to take off his shoe. No matter how late he was coming in, no matter how far behind the last runner, he always crossed the line at a good speed, and amid the cheers of the crowd who thought it all a good joke.

While this young man was a poor contestant in view of the object of the race and the rules governing it, yet this incident serves to illustrate this very important point, which is the main thing in the Christian life, he who finishes the course wins. "*The race is not to the swift.*"

Husbandry.—It was in the beginning of "strawberry time" last spring that I overheard a woman say that some one had phoned to them for four quarts of strawberries. She said they replied that they could not furnish them as they had picked but two quarts. The point is, they did not furnish any, since they had as yet picked but two quarts and these they wanted themselves. True, they expected to sell strawberries, but they were able to have of the first and best for their own table.

They had put out the plants, had cultivated and weeded them, and had covered them from the frosts of winter. They had overcome many difficulties in growing these berries and it was but proper that they should enjoy the first dishful or the first shortcake. And how enjoyable it is to pick the berries from the patch which you have planted and tended yourself. It seems to add flavor to the fruit.

The one who does his duty faithfully as a good husbandman, under whatever difficulties, will enjoy the fruit of his labor.

How happy is that young person who in his own life, or in his own home or society or community, enjoys a condition of peace and purity which he has helped to bring about, by

whatever of struggle or difficulty. The same principle of enjoying the fruit of our labor will obtain in the next world. "*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*" "*He that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.*"

THE VIOLIN.

Last night I overheard some one across the way playing a violin. It was not the music of the master of the bow, but rather of the learner. I doubt not the one who was playing could have made better music. In fact I am quite sure of it, for I have heard her play as a part of the program of a concert of merit. Possibly there was present with her last night the temptation to strike out on some familiar piece, one which she could play easily and well. But to play only that which is easy will never make a violinist. She was mastering some points which would make for progress. She was overcoming some difficulties which would make her playing easier and better by and by.

It is possible that she found real pleasure and delight in struggling with the difficult places, as she remembered the added mastery which it would give her of the bow, and the sweeter harmonies which she would be able to produce.

There is an underlying principle here which determines the weight of our difficulties, and the place they are to assume in our lives. The clearer we have in mind the goal at which we are aiming, and the more nearly the overcoming of these difficulties is related to our attaining that goal, the easier it will be to overcome the difficulties which would defeat our aim in life.

If Christian character and the progress of the kingdom of the Master is the aim clearly before us, then there is no hardship we will not endure, no difficulty we will not overcome, to reach the goal. A duty seen will be enough to claim all our powers; whether it be hard or easy will be a matter of comparative indifference.

Does it make life hard and its tasks irksome to be a slave to duty? It gives purpose and stability to life. It is rather to be free from the uncertain demands of time and circumstances, and to be able to

pursue with confidence the way of life and hope and victory.

EXAMPLES FROM HISTORY.

I have read in an ancient book of a young man who was in great straits, humanly speaking, when a decree had gone out that he who should pray to any other god or man except to the king of the land in which he was a captive should be put to death. But I read there that the young man never altered his custom of praying to Jehovah three times a day, and that when he was cast into the den of lions, the lions' mouths were shut so that they did not touch him; not because they were not hungry, for they tore into pieces those who had plotted against the young Hebrew, while the latter was promoted by the king.

I have read in this same old book of three young men who were cast into a fiery furnace because they were not willing to betray their God by bowing with the multitude to an image of gold. And these young men were not touched by the flames; not because the fire was not hot enough, for it consumed those who had cast them in, while the latter were exalted among the people.

Even if Daniel had been devoured by the lions, and the three young Hebrews consumed by the flames, would we have said they were unwise? No! a life given up for the sake of the truth is incomparably better than a life eternally lost for the sake of adding a few years to existence here. But the lesson which these ancient stories of heroism teach is that God never forsakes those who put their trust in him. The psalmist said in his old age that he had never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread.

The truthfulness of this statement has been verified by Sabbath-keeping business men under modern financial conditions.

TO THE LEADER.

With this topic it ought to be possible to have a very interesting and profitable experience meeting. Almost every Christian has had some well-defined experiences in meeting difficulty. An interchange of such experiences ought to be very helpful.

Milton Junction.

News Notes.

FOUKE, ARK.—Six new members have been received into the church, since last report, by baptism.—The two lectures by Field Secretary Greene were helpful.

SALEM, W. VA.—Seven members were received into the church, recently—two by letter, three by baptism and two by testimony.—The Junior Christian Endeavor entertainment No. 1 netted \$16.00; No. 2, \$2.75; five socials and suppers by Ladies' Aid, \$131.26. The Christian Endeavor raised \$85 by pledges.—Things are quiet, with many students away for vacation and many of our own people out of town.—July 16 the pastor preached a children's sermon to a houseful, mostly children. An offering was taken for the Juniors.—Great preparation is being made for Conference.

ALBION, WIS.—Our society has just elected new officers and committees for the rest of the year and we are hoping to do better work than ever before.—On July 19 the Christian Endeavor Society held an ice-cream social with \$6.25 for proceeds, to be used for quartet work. This completes the amount of \$90 which was apportioned to our society to raise.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—During the association there were five members taken into the church by letter; afterwards nine more were received, one by letter and eight by baptism.—The pastor recently gave a lecture under the auspices of the choir, entitled, "A Hayseed in Gotham", which was very interesting and well attended; the proceeds (\$23) were used to make a payment on the church piano.—Through the efforts of the Ladies' Aid Society, \$125 has been raised by the church, largely for Salem College, which entitles us to name a room in the new building the North Loup room.—On the evening of July 16 the "Busy Bees", a class of young ladies of the Sabbath school, which is furnishing the means to educate a girl in China, gave an ice-cream social at which they cleared \$13.50.—The Juniors were responsible for the "rest" room which so many used and enjoyed at the association. It was in the basement of the church and was fitted up with chairs, davenport, rugs, wash-bowls, towels, and combs and brushes. It was also used by Rev. A. J. C. Bond of Milton Junction as a place in which to meet about forty boys, of whom, after an interesting and helpful talk, three expressed a desire for baptism.—Pastor Shaw with the help of the church has been conducting an evening service at a school-house at Union Ridge; also in school district No. 64, north of North Loup.—All the sessions of the association were well attended in spite of the busy season, several meetings taxing the capacity of the church. The revival spirit was manifest throughout and every opportunity for prayer and testimony promptly taken. After association, Rev. E. B. Saunders and Rev. M. B. Kelly remained for a few days to continue a few after-meetings; at these there were good attendance and interest.—At the Christian Endeavor meeting, July 16, there was installation of the officers for the coming six months.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Six have united with the church during the last three months; seven more to be baptized and to join the church next Sabbath, July 23.—The last two socials by the Christian Endeavor Society and two by the church have been greatly enjoyed and were not planned for financial purposes.—The Christian Endeavor helped pay local expenses of the state convention held in our city, June 30 to July 3.—The pastor preached the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the American Medical Missionary College, June 11; also gave an address before the Sanitarium W. C. T. U., June 19.—The first church social was held at the home of Doctor Johanson.—Farewell reception for Helen Titsworth was the occasion of welcoming pastor and family.—The second church social was held at the home of the pastor and was also the occasion of a farewell reception for Deacon Hunt and family and Miss Ruby Coon.—The church has changed its place of meeting from the college building to the Sanitarium Chapel.

Which?

UNCLE BILL.

The critics both high and low had been pulling and hauling the Bible, each trying to twist it to suit his own peculiar theory, each in turn combating the other fellow's interpretation and trying to show where he was wrong, some even going so far as to say that parts of it were not so, especially where it hit their personal sins.

When there was a lull in the noise, some one spoke up and addressing a quiet, thoughtful person asked, "What do you think about it, Uncle Silas? You have not said anything so far; tell us what is your idea."

Uncle Silas cleared his throat and replied: "Well, boys, somewhere in the Bible it says something about a tree being known by its fruit. I was thinking what kind of fruit would grow on some of the theories I have heard expressed here in the last two hours.

"For instance, Tom told of some things in the Bible that he did not believe ever took place; George told of another part that in his weighty opinion was historically incorrect; Harry did not like another part, while others took a knock at the Bible in general, with only two standing up for it.

"Now, suppose we were holding evangelistic meetings, and the preacher each evening after reading a chapter from the Bible should say, 'Now, this part of the

Bible is wrong historically, no reasonable man can believe it; and another part or chapter was stuck in by some pernicious fellow when no one was looking.' Would there be many converts as the result of that kind of preaching?

"Last month when Uncle Henry Smith died, if Pastor Jones in his funeral sermon had read the parts of the Bible that Uncle Henry and Aunt Nancy set such great store by and remarked that nowadays people had good reason to believe that it was largely fake anyway, would Aunt Nancy have felt comforted or not?

"And suppose Joe Atwood before he died had heard you fellows express your unbelief in this, that and the other part of the Bible, would he have died wholly trusting his Saviour?

"Now, if the kind of a Bible you boys would make—or that would remain after you got through cutting and slashing—would do these things, why hack, chop and cut until we have only the covers, preface and reference maps left?"

"But if this grand old Bible that has so far withstood all the assaults of infidels, know-it-alls and would-be high brows can still turn sinners from the error of their ways, comfort the sick and dying, strengthen the feeble faith of the discouraged, and make the whole world brighter and better, why, let's keep it just as it is. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

Then the critics and knockers pulled their hats down over their eyes and one by one slipped quietly out, leaving Uncle Silas alone.

Letter From Brother Seeley.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

It is about a year since I wrote last a few words for the SABBATH RECORDER. I drop you some lines to tell you our RECORDER grows better all the time. Every week it comes laden with the precious things of the Kingdom, that we may grow thereby. I hope we are growing all the while more in conformity to the precious will of our dear Redeemer, and doing his work with much faithfulness.

I must speak also of the most excellent volumes that have recently come from the

Recorder Press. I refer to the two volumes of Seventh-day Baptist history, so large, well printed and strongly bound, making a fine appearance; then the contents are so valuable and useful to all Seventh-day Baptists. All our homes should have them; the few dollars they cost are as nothing to their real value. Any one who is well-read in those histories is well educated along denominational lines. I wish to speak of our lamented Doctor Lewis' last work, "Spiritual Sabbathism" is most worthy of a place on all our bookshelves. It is the crowning literary production from the pen of our late beloved brother. Doctor Main's "Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question" is a very important and valuable contribution to the study of the scriptural Sabbath. It should find a place in all Seventh-day Baptist homes and minds.

These are books for the thoughtful, prayerful study of our dear people, the study of a lifetime. But yet another useful and very interesting volume, sent to me by our esteemed brother, George B. Carpenter of Ashaway, R. I., is the "Bi-Centennial Celebration of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, R. I."

Personally, I take a great interest in our denominational history, and I must say by this time I am abundantly pleased, instructed and satisfied. Doubtless our people wish to hear of the work of the Canadian Branch Office located in this Province of New Brunswick. Well, I have sent out 227,742 pages of our tracts into Labrador, Newfoundland and Jamaica, also into the State of Maine and neighboring localities, and throughout the Dominion of Canada. I have no doubt many will have received them with wonder as something new under the sun. Not having known anything, or little, about the truth of the Sabbath in Bible teaching before, a new era will dawn upon them and set them to thinking on the subject.

Later on we may hear from it. Just a few days ago I received a post-card from a minister's wife, setting forth how she felt, not pleased but indignant. These are the contents of the card:

REV. GEORGE SEELEY,

SIR: Mr. R—— and myself wish you to know we strongly disapprove of the literature

you sent us the other day, and hope you will not trouble yourself to send any more.

MRS. GEO. E. R——D.

Tamworth.

So of course I'll send her no more till she asks for it. A letter or card of this sort comes very occasionally. An opposite sort presents itself in the case of an old gentleman who knew me long ago, and who now resides in Massachusetts, but is on a visit to a daughter after nineteen years' absence. I had given the postmaster here a package for himself, to do as he wished with. The person referred to above saw them and requested he might have them, to which the other kindly consented, saying they were just what he wished for, and seemed well pleased. Surely it is happy all are not alike in their views.

GEORGE SEELEY.

Sunnie Brae,
Moncton, N. B., Canada.

The Cause in Africa.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

I desire to say a few things to our people about a Sabbath interest in British East Central Africa which has come to our notice through letters sent to Mr. Booth by students whom he has trained for Gospel and Sabbath-reform work.

My reasons for doing so are fourfold:

1. Granting the statements in these letters to be true, there are at least one-third as many Sabbath-keeping Christians, not Seventh-day Adventists, in and about Nyassaland, as there are in this country—the result of about ten years' work.

2. The character of the men who give the information, judged by their letters. These breathe a devotion to truth, and to the Sabbath truth, which in at least one instance led to imprisonment, and yet without wavering—the prisoner, Pastor Hanson Tandu, like Paul, using his prison environment to teach the truth and having a goodly company meeting each Sabbath in the prison.

The letters evidence a deep, strong spirituality, and knowledge of God's Word. One of our brethren upon reading the letters said of them, "Excepting for some strange grammar they would do credit to

any theological class we have had in Alfred for many years."

They tell of the loyalty of the Sabbath-keepers there in the face of great opposition by the leaders of other denominations.

3. The situation seems to warrant a belief that this result is an outgrowth and development of the work of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association which appeared to end so disastrously; and also to justify in some degree Mr. Booth's assertion at that time, that despite the financial failure, the seed sown would yet bring forth an abundant harvest.

4. The feeling that is more or less widespread that we have failed in our duty to Africa, and that we should have gone on with it.

The African mind, according to Sir Harry Johnson, one of Britain's ablest representatives in Africa, is peculiarly susceptible to Bible instruction and readily adopts truth in its simplicity. Thus it is easy to have them see that when the Bible speaks of the seventh day as the Sabbath it means it and not the first day. It is a fertile soil, and if properly and carefully cultivated may be counted on for large returns.

Now a word about Mr. Booth, partially in response to many questions which have been asked me.

To many of us the apparent failure of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association was so sore a disappointment that, judging from my own case, we found ourselves with a strong prejudice against him and his methods. However, as president of that association and thus in close touch with all its workings, I can say that I know of nothing dishonest in his dealings. We differed sharply on many points of administration, we questioned his judgment, we smarted under his criticisms, as he did under ours; but he had given up all he had, and had offered his life's service and even life itself, if God willed, for that work, and it is not strange that a man should look harshly upon the amounts spent by Christians for self-comfort and luxuries, while the needs of a branch of Christ's work, which appealed so strongly to him, were so great and urgent.

Since we disposed of the plantation in Africa to the Seventh-day Adventists, he worked for them there, having frankly stated to them that while he could not adopt all of their teachings, he could and would teach the truth of the Bible Sabbath. Later he has been employed by a people headed by Pastor Charles Russell of Brooklyn, with the distinct understanding that he would teach the observance of the seventh day as the Sabbath.

His motto, he says, is, "Where God leads, I'll try." This led him to us.

If I am asked why this defense of Mr. Booth, I answer, that in my opinion, he has greater influence with the native Africans, and more ability to lead them to accept the Bible truth, than any man I have ever met, and, if we are to seize the opportunity opened to us in Africa, we can avail ourselves of his knowledge and ability to the great advantage of the cause we stand for as a denomination; and I am anxious that prejudices, as strong as my own, may not stand in the way of using him, if we can, and working with him along such lines as our present knowledge and experience may suggest.

D. E. TITSWORTH.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. A. P. Ashurst, a former pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Alfred Station, and for a number of years located at Hammond, La., has accepted a call to the Seventh-day Baptist church at Walworth, Wis.—Rev. Walter L. Greene has returned from his Southern trip in the interest of the Sabbath School Board.—*Alfred Sun*.

Rev. Mr. Resser of Waynesboro, Pa., a leader among the German Seventh-day Baptists and pastor at Snow Hill, preached for the church at Plainfield, N. J., on July 23; and Rev. Samuel Zerfass of Ephrata, pastor and leader in the same denomination, preached for Plainfield on July 30. A very pleasant acquaintance is growing between many of our people and our German Sabbath-keeping brethren.

David E. Titworth sailed for Europe by the White Star steamship, Teutonic, hoping to secure a much needed rest. He expects to be away until the middle of September. His friends wish him a pleasant voyage and safe return.

Children's Page

From Putty to Witchgrass.

"Mother, please give me a quarter?"

"Why, Philip, I gave you fifty cents only a day or two ago, and your grandmother gave you a dollar last week, and what about your allowance?"

"I spent my allowance at the picnic," said Philip, "and grandmother's dollar went for the circus."

"What did you buy at the circus?"

"I got some peanuts and a milk shake and a lemon phosphate, and I took in the wild man, and of course I had to pay for the ticket."

"What have you done with the fifty cents I gave you?"

"It was awful hot yesterday, and Bob Snyder and I had a Broadway and a pineapple rickey and—"

"Well, you've spent too much money for rickies and sweet stuff," declared Philip's mother; "you can't have any more this week."

"Please, mother," pleaded Philip. "It's so hot, and I promised Jimmie Aken I'd treat this afternoon."

"A boy who has no money shouldn't promise to treat."

Philip's mother spoke decidedly, and Philip knew it was no use to tease; so he left the house and sauntered off across the lawn, which sloped down to the river, and threw himself on the bank. Jimmie Aken joined him presently, and he was as disappointed as Phil when he found there was no treat in store for him. The two boys lay on their backs and talked about milk shakes and phosphates and "rickies" until their mouths watered, and they felt more and more abused every minute. Fortunately a chipmunk, scurrying up a tree just at this point, diverted their minds. They kept still and watched him a few moments.

"He's quick, though," said Phil.

"He can beat those men at the circus," exclaimed Jimmie Aken. "Remember how they stood on each other's heads and made a pyramid?"

"Sure," returned Philip.

"Wasn't the top man a corker?"

"'Bout's light as that chipmunk," declared Phil. "That's the way I'm going to be when I'm grown up. I'm going to have muscle." Here Phil sat up, and, pushing up his sleeve, crooked his arm slowly. At the same time he looked anxiously at Jimmie. "See the muscle?" he inquired.

Jimmie examined the slim little arm, and shook his head.

"Well, there's going to be muscle there. I'm going in for gym practice and rowing and everything when I grow up."

"So'm I," declared Jimmie Aken.

"Hello, youngsters! Got anything wet to drink on these premises?"

The boys looked up, and their eyes almost started out of their heads, for there, striding forward toward them like a splendid giant, was the famous "first stroke" of the Varsity crew!

As soon as Philip could collect his scattered senses he sprang to his feet.

"What—what'll you have?" he inquired eagerly, "a milk shake or a phosphate or a—or a—"

The giant dropped upon the grass. "Keep anything you like on tap here?" he inquired.

Phil had a feeling that the distinguished stranger was laughing at him, and he hastened to explain that there was a fine place for cool drinks not very far away.

"Like 'em?" inquired the stranger.

"Um-m-m-m," replied Phil, "don't you?"

"How many a day, youngster?"

Phil shook his head dubiously. "First of the week, when I get my allowance I have a lot, but I don't have any by the end of the week, unless mother or grandmother gives me some money."

The big stranger looked Phil over, but he didn't say a word.

Meanwhile, Phil was staring at his splendid guest. "I—I'm going in for muscles like those when I grow up," he said.

The man opened his eyes wide. "Made a beginning?"

Phil nodded. "I have some dumbbells."

The big stranger smiled, then he turned to Jimmie. "Bring me some of those pebbles there on the bank," he demanded.

"So you want to be a big man, eh?" he said, taking the pebbles from Jimmie. "Well, I'll give you a pointer. This pebble," the stranger placing it on the ground, close to his hand, "is you—a little chap made of putty. And this one," he put another at arm's length, "is also you, but you're a man now, made of some sort of material that's a cross between India rubber and witchgrass, see?"

Phil nodded eagerly.

"It's something of a process, youngster, this changing putty to witchgrass, and you want to be sure to get the right chemicals. There is a little word which, if you begin now and apply it to the putty when necessary, will work like magic. Of course, you have got to keep in training, but that's easy. The difficult thing is to apply that word when it ought to be applied. Know what the word is?"

Phil shook his head.

"Well, now listen. I'll deposit a pebble every time I say the word, and you can see me bridge the space from putty to witchgrass. First comes a question, then the word." The stranger now held up a pebble. "Here goes! Want to go over your allowance and have a milk shake? N-n-n-o-o-o." The stranger seemed to have a hard time saying no.

"Want a lemon phosphate? N-n-n-o-o-o."

"A pineapple rickey? N-n-n-o-o-o."

"A hot chocolate fudge? N-n-n-o-o-o."

"Want to overeat at dinner and have more plum pudding? N-n-o-o."

"More ice cream? N-n-o-o."

"More mince pie? N-n-o-o."

"Want to show off at the gym and overdo? N-n-o."

"Want to keep on running after you are winded? N-n-o."

The stranger said "no" quite easily now, and he put down the pebbles very fast. "You see," he explained, "you've said no so much it comes easy."

"Want to stay out late nights and have fun? No."

"Like rich food? No."

"Beer? No."

"Cigarettes? No."

"There." The stranger deposited his last pebble. "You're into port—all India

rubber and witchgrass!" Then he rose to his feet. "Just remember, youngsters, if you want a straight course to the goal, don't pamper yourselves. Now, if I could trouble you for a glass of water."

Phil ran to the house for water. The man drank a glass, thanked him, said good-by and was off, leaving the boys to watch his splendid figure until it was out of sight. *Frances J. Delano, in Congregationalist.*

Conference Railroad Arrangements.

The Railroad Committee have been able to secure a rate of fare and three-fifths, on the certificate plan, for those attending Conference, provided one hundred or more persons are in attendance who have purchased tickets to Salem, W. Va.

Ask the ticket agent for a *certificate*, showing you have purchased a through ticket—not a receipt.

Mr. Moses H. Van Horn of Salem will collect certificates and have the railroad companies' agent visé them, for which the company make a charge of 25c., so that you may obtain the reduced fare to point from which certificate reduction is authorized.

Tickets are good *going* from August 20 to 26 inclusive, and *returning* from August 28 to September 1 inclusive.

Up to the present time the committee have been able to secure these rates from the following passenger associations only: New England Passenger Association—covering all railroads in the New England States; Trunk Line Association—covering railroads in States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, but *not* including *local* fares in West Virginia. We also expect to hear favorably from Central Passenger Association—covering railroads in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and that part of southern Illinois south of a line drawn from Chicago to Keokuk.

Delegates from the Northwestern Association should purchase tickets to nearest convenient city in Central Passenger Association, and then a through ticket to Salem, W. Va., taking a certificate therefor, which will entitle you to a three-fifths fare from Salem to point from which you purchased *through* ticket. For instance, persons from Milton and vicinity purchase tickets to Chicago, and in Chicago purchase through tickets to Salem, asking for certificate; from North Loup and Nortonville purchase to St. Louis, and then a through ticket to Salem. The railroad rate (fare and three-fifths) to Salem, W. Va., from New York is about \$20.90; from Chicago \$18.75; from St. Louis, \$23.60.

Respectfully,

IRA J. ORDWAY,

Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Plainfield, N. J.

HOME NEWS

RIVERSIDE, CAL.—The RECORDER readers will be interested to know a few of the facts that are greatly encouraging the members of the Riverside Church. The first of the year many pledged themselves to support "A Forward Movement" for 1910. The first in a list of things we would aim for was "spiritual growth." Results are very gratifying as we observe them now. Greater things are yet to be rejoiced over, we believe.

A few weeks ago some of the members of the church were called together in consultation. A campaign to get others to surrender themselves to Christ was planned. Individual members of the church committed themselves to the work. Every day reports came to me of personal work that was being done. Then some extra meetings were planned. Six public meetings were held during two weeks. We were greatly encouraged and strengthened by the help of Doctor Platts and his wife at three of these meetings.

Last Sabbath fifteen were added to the church, six of them by baptism. Since the first of the year twenty-one have united with us. Three have been members of other denominations, Presbyterian and Methodist. Some have had a beautiful experience, indeed. Some have taken up the work again after years of drifting. Many hearts are made glad because of these things.

The church sent the pastor and his wife to the mountains, where they were instructed to remain about four weeks. Other members of the church were coming and going during that time. We had a delightful time living in the open day and night.—The church and society enjoyed a cantelope feed the evening after the Sabbath. This is becoming an annual event, through the kindness of D. E. Furrow, toward which the society and its friends look with pleasure. None go away empty unless, perchance, the better judgment prevails.—The church releases its pastor again this week for his annual trip up the coast. Some whom he

visits are to be baptized.—The Misses Viola, Mary and Nanny Brown and their mother have recently come from Milton. Miss Gelsemina has spent the last two years near Riverside, teaching.

E. F. LOOFBORO.

July 25, 1910.

BOULDER, COLO.—The Boulder Church has had two things to be especially thankful for during the last month. First, a favorable reply from the Rev. Alva Davis who was called some time ago to serve as its pastor, and second, a visit from the Rev. Edwin Shaw.

Mr. Davis and family are planning to come to this field immediately after Conference, so we have something to look forward to and every one is well pleased.

The Rev. Edwin Shaw reached Boulder, July 6, and staid over two Sabbaths. During the time, he spent several days in Denver calling on different ones connected in one way and another with the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination.

Mr. Shaw spent several days calling on members of the Boulder society. One day was taken up in driving twelve miles into the hills to visit a recent convert to the Sabbath. Before he had been here a week he could call by name each member of the society. It was a blessing indeed to have Brother Shaw with us. His quiet cordial manner won him many friends and his sermons were a source of inspiration to us.

As a church, we appreciate the kindness of the Plainfield Church in giving up its pastor for this trip, and the financial aid from the Missionary Board which made the trip possible. Such a visit means a great deal to us, for we see so few of our ministers; and after being without a pastor so long, Brother Shaw's visit was especially enjoyable.

Another source of encouragement is the addition of four new families to the society. These are the families of Erlo Davis, Alie Davis, and Herbert Saunders, of Hammond, La., and that of Deacon Hunt of Battle Creek, Mich. All of these people are capable and helpful and will do much toward the advancement of the church. We welcome them gladly, and feel that better times are in sight.

MARRIAGES

HITCHCOCK-HITCHCOCK.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Hebron, Pa., June 27, 1910, by Pastor Davis, Mr. Thomas E. Hitchcock of Bath, N. Y., and Mrs. Jennie A. Hitchcock of Shingle House, Pa.

DEATHS

WILSON.—Mrs. Lena Hall Wilson, after a long and painful sickness, departed this life at Chicago, Ill., April 28, 1910.

In the maturity of a beautiful womanhood, bearing bravely the burdens of a very busy life, faithfully and lovingly discharging the duties of a wife and mother, our sister was called to her rest. She was a loyal and faithful member of the Richburg Seventh-day Baptist Church, and with her fine musical gifts did much for the interest of worship in song. She has left one son, Dr. Lavern Bassett of Chicago, Ill., and a brother, Luin Hall; a husband, A. C. Wilson, and a wide circle of friends to hold her in loving remembrance.

The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, O. D. Sherman, at Alfred, April 30, and the worn and wearied body was laid away in the beautiful cemetery there. o. d. s.

TITSWORTH.—William Wallace Titworth, son of Thomas B. and Clara C. Titworth of Plainfield, N. J., died on July 6, 1910, at his home, 565 Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., aged forty-two years.

Death came suddenly, through ptomaine poisoning, from meat bought in the market, which had been "doctored" to give the bright red color. He lived only three days after eating this meat. Other members of the family had a narrow escape from having eaten of the same meat.

Mr. Titworth leaves a wife and three small children to mourn their deep loss, besides his bereaved father and mother. He was a special workman in iron and steel, and took great pride in standing at the head in his profession. The funeral was held on Friday evening in the home, by Rev. W. J. Macdonald, pastor of the South Reformed Church, and on the following day the remains were brought to Plainfield, N. J., and laid to rest in the I. D. Titworth burial lot, in beautiful Hillside Cemetery. He was a devoted husband and father, and a man of excellent habits. The family have the heartfelt sympathy of a great company of friends.

T. L. G.

COCHRAN.—Mary Elizabeth Barber Cochran was born May 11, 1848, in Scott, New York, and died in the town of Scott, N. Y., July 6, 1910.

Funeral services were conducted July 8, by Rev. E. D. Van Horn. Interment in Union Cemetery. E. D. V. H.

COON.—Biol O. Coon of Little Genesee, died at his home, Tuesday, July 19, 1910, from a complication of diseases, after eight weeks of severe illness, aged seventy-three years.

Brother Coon was born in Little Genesee, June 21, 1837, a son of Lewis J. and Emily Kenyon Coon. He was married, February 5, 1859, to Martha Caroline Hall, who died in 1901. To them were born three daughters,—Mary, wife of Walter H. Burdick, Ida B. Coon, Josephine Coon Hiscox, and one son, Louis S. Coon, who died March 15, 1906. Mr. Coon was married the second time, September 13, 1906, to Grace M. Clark of Little Genesee. Brother Coon witnessed a good profession in early manhood. Born and reared under godly influence, he developed a sturdy Christian character, true and loyal to his family, to society and the church. As a citizen and business man he was widely known and respected, always interested in good works, progressive, cheery and hopeful.

The funeral services were conducted at his late home on Thursday, by Pastor Sherman, of the Richburg Church. Text: 2 Timothy iv, 7. o. d. s.

BOUGHTON.—Caroline S. Evans Clarke Boughton, the subject of this brief sketch, and daughter of Prof. Gurdon Evans, a former well-known teacher at Shiloh, N. J., and DeRuyter and Alfred, N. Y., and Mrs. Adelaide C. Wilcox Evans, was born in Whitestown, N. Y., May 4, 1851, and died at Alfred, N. Y., July 14, 1910.

In earlier years she joined the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred; but at the time of her death was a member of the First Church of Verona, N. Y., where her first husband was a pastor. In 1893 she was married to Rev. Joshua Clarke, who died in 1895. In February, 1900, she was married to Captain H. S. Boughton, who died in June, 1910. To both of these husbands she ministered with fidelity. One sister survives. Miss Adelaide C. Evans.

Mrs. Boughton was faithful in meeting recognized obligations; sympathetic and affectionate in disposition; and kind and helpful to others in ways and at times not always known to the public.

A. E. MAIN.

HINMAN.—Rev. Horace Hannibal Hinman died in Oberlin, Ohio, on Sabbath day, July 16, 1910, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. See fuller notice elsewhere.

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Sabbath School

LESSON VIII.—AUG. 20, 1910.

JESUS NEARING JERUSALEM.

Matthew xx, 17-34.

Golden Text.—"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." Matt. xx, 28.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, John ix, 1-12.

Second-day, Matt. ix, 27-38.

Third-day, Mark viii, 11-26.

Fourth-day, Luke xxii, 14-30.

Fifth-day, Mark x, 32-52.

Sixth-day, Luke xviii, 31-43.

Sabbath-day, Matt. xx, 17-34.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*.)

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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. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 518 W. 156th Street.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors 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 118 South Mills Street.

The Seventh-day Baptists of Los Angeles, Cal., hold Sabbath school at 2 o'clock and preaching services at 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon in Music Hall, Blanchard Building, 232 South Hill Street. All are cordially invited.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Michigan, holds regular services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel, North Washington Ave., at 2.45 p. m. Visitors are cordially welcome. To reach the chapel, enter Sanitarium from Washington Ave., take second elevator to the right, descend to basement, turn to left and go to end of corridor. Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor, 216 W. Van Buren St.

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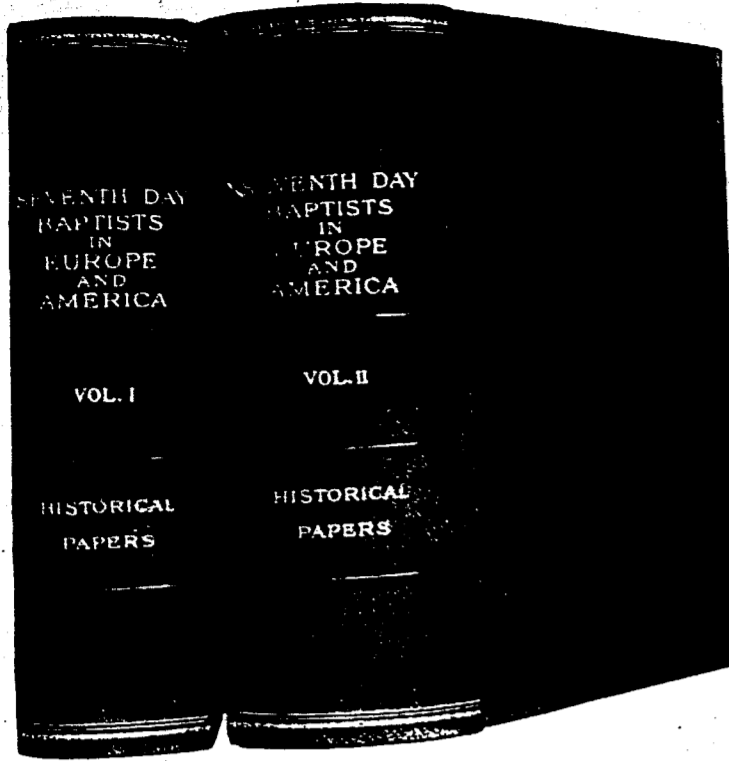
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Not only Peter in the judgment-hall,
Not only in the centuries gone by,
Did coward hearts deny thee, Lord of all!
But even in our time, and constantly;
For feeble wills, and the mean fear of men,
And selfish dread, are with us now as then.

Today we vow allegiance to thy name;
Today our souls, ourselves, we pledge to thee;
Yet if a storm-wind of reproach or blame
Rises and beats upon us suddenly,
Faltering and fearful we deny our Lord,
By traitorous silence or by uttered word.

We close our lips when speech would wake a sneer;
We turn aside, and shirk the rougher path;
We gloss and blink as if we did not hear
The scoffing word which calls for righteous wrath.
All unrebuked we let the scoffer go,
And we deny our Lord and Master so.

Come thou, as once of old thou camest in
And "looked on Peter" in the judgment-hall;
Let that deep, grieved gaze rebuke our sin,
Questioning, recalling, wakening, pardoning all,
Till we go out and weep the whole night long,
Made strong by sorrow as he was made strong.

—Susan Coolidge.

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