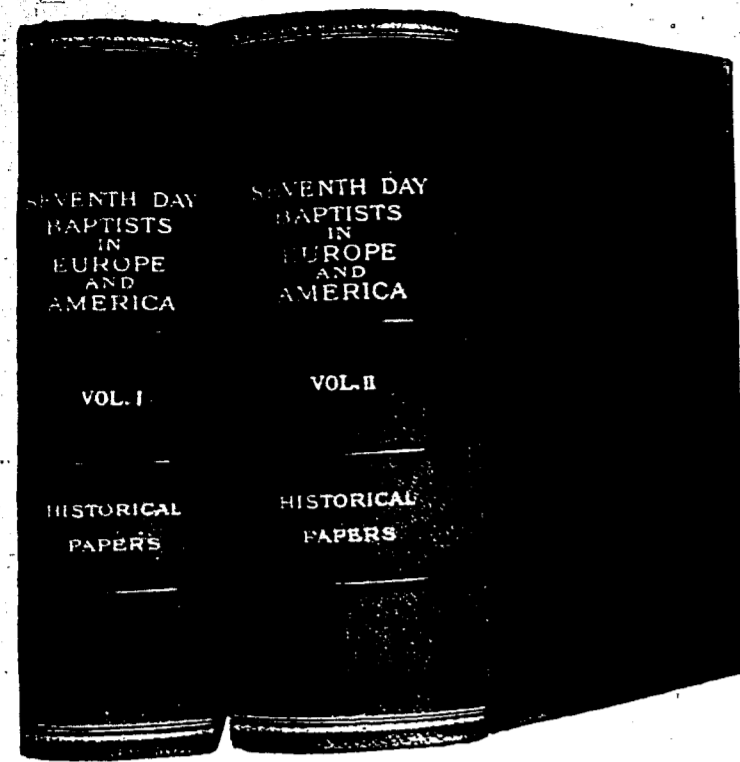


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Master, to do great work for thee, my hand
Is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit—
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which thou hast traced; or, many-skilled, combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned.
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought,
Just one by one, as they were given by thee,
Not knowing what came next in thy wise thought;
Set each stone by thy master hand of grace,
Form the mosaic as thou wilt for me,
And in thy temple pavement give it place.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

—CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—The Value of the Country Church; Pulpit and Pew are Both to Blame; The Country Churches Give the Ministers; A Discouraged Body of Men	225-228
CONDENSED NEWS—World's Fair at Brussels Destroyed; Florence Nightingale is Dead; The Pope and the Spanish Government	228
The Building of Character	230
Annual Meetings	233
MISSIONS—Letter From Holland; Our China Schools; Edwin Shaw's Mission; Report of Edgar D. Van Horn; Report of Brother Platts; Young Men's Mission at Lieu-oo; Announcement Regarding the Opening of the Young Men's Mission of Lieu-oo	234-240
Reminiscences of An Octogenarian	240
If I Can Help (poetry)	240

WOMAN'S WORK—Womanhood (poetry); Chinese in Shorthand and Its Inventor; Berlin, N. Y.	241
Adirondack Campers	243
Concerning Brother Lucky's Trip Last Year	244
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Christ Our Saviour; An Experience Meeting—What the Christian Endeavor Has Done for Me; News Notes	246-251
In Memoriam	252
CHILDREN'S PAGE—Happy Comrades (poetry); The Lazy Windmill	252
HOME NEWS	253
MARRIAGES	253
DEATHS	253
SABBATH SCHOOL	256

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EDITORIAL

The Value of the Country Church.

One year ago, while waiting for my train in a thriving little village of the Empire State, I was shocked to see what was once a beautiful little house of worship literally falling to pieces. It was on a street in which were many cozy homes and well-kept cottages, but trees and wild brush had grown up through its front platform and close along its side walls as if to hide the blot made by a rotting house of worship. The roof had decayed and was falling in, and it did look as though the people there cared little for religion.

Not many miles away stands another church in a farming community three or four miles from a village, and the last time I saw it, great holes had come in the roof, and people had long since ceased to worship there. Thirty-seven years ago it was my privilege to preach in that house to quite a company of devout worshipers, but for years now the house has been empty and the church is extinct.

These two cases are fair and truthful illustrations of conditions in many rural districts today.

Again, in many sections of the land there are churches that once had two or three hundred members, which are now holding on to life with a mere handful of worshipers, while the great majority who live around them have lost all interest in church matters and fallen out of the habit of attending any public worship.

Thus great rural districts have become almost churchless, and that, too, in communities which in years gone by gave to the world some of its best ministers. These conditions have not come because these sections have fewer inhabitants than of old, for they have more now than in other days. It is largely due to a loss of interest in religion, on the part of the country people. In many instances the young people have joined the multitudes that drift into the cities, and the fathers who remain have fallen in with those who magnify city life and belittle life in the country, and who feel that small country churches are of little account.

In some cases, especially in New England, and in some Western States, the native population has been replaced by foreigners who seldom prize the blessings offered by the church. People in farming communities are, as a rule, growing richer; their farms are growing better, their herds are growing larger, and their homes are more comfortable; and the communities are more prosperous. Country people are intelligent and care well for their public schools—from many of which the Bible is excluded; and they send their children to college—after years of home life in which no interest has been taken in religion or in the church.

These are the conditions that confront us. There must be a waking up to the country church problem, if large sections of this country are to be saved from lapsing into paganism. Our forefathers were godly men; their first thoughts, after establishing their homes, were for a church home where together they could worship according to their conscientious beliefs. Under the old conditions the rural churches flourished. The farmer then settled upon his farm for life and expected to make homes for his boys close around him; and after the home the church was most important. But the shifting population of later years has changed the conditions for the rural church. Instead of a church-going and church-loving

rural population, even in places where there are people enough to crowd a large house every week, we have thousands who never enter the house of God and who care nothing for the Christian religion. To be sure a large proportion of these are not of Puritanic stock. They do not belong to the race of godly men who laid the foundations for the splendid civilization with which we are surrounded; but it is just as much the duty of Christian people to go after them as it is to send missionaries to foreign lands.

I know no greater folly than the one being committed by those who advise the abandonment of the smaller churches, and who urge the members to join the stronger ones. Such a movement should give us great concern for the future of both the church and the Nation. It is not in keeping with the missionary spirit of this age; and is a public surrender to the enemy of all good. It practically acknowledges the defeat of the church in its purpose to evangelize the world; and it really "pleads guilty" to the charge of caring only for its own members, while it is indifferent to the fate of the churchless millions going down to death without hope. Indeed, the denomination that does not care for its smaller churches, but neglects them until they die, is surely committing denominational suicide.

Pulpit and Pew are Both to Blame.

We must not ascribe all the blame for the conditions mentioned in the preceding article, to the unchristian and pleasure-seeking masses who never go to church. If all professed Christians fully believed in the worth of the country church, and consistently put their beliefs into practice, many of the thoughtless multitude outside might be won, and the problem would be greatly simplified. But the sad fact remains that Christian America has come to think of the cities as the great centers in the fight with sin and godlessness, and has practically overlooked the importance of the rural districts.

I would not lessen the activities in cities, neither would I detract from the concentrated interest in city churches; but I do insist upon clearer conceptions of the immeasurable and far-reaching worth of rural

churches in the shaping of the world's destinies. And I further insist that it is the fault of both pulpit and pew that this great worth is not more fully realized.

Is it not true that the preacher and the laity alike unite in the practice of belittling the church of the crossroads or of the village, and of exalting the wealthy and strong church of the city? In this way rural congregations have come to regard themselves as weak and trifling instruments in the work of bringing in the kingdom of God, while they look upon the city churches as mighty powers for righteousness.

The country pastor under this influence has absorbed the prevailing thought, and longs for a field where he can preach to throngs of people, and thus increase, as he thinks, his power for good. He is not untrue to his charge in the country. He wishes to do all he can in his small field, and he recognizes the fact that his rural church has given to the world some strong men; but he is inevitably drawn by the subtle power of the prevailing sentiment of the church at large, emphasized by the press, that the country church is only a secondary instrument in the work of saving men and in bringing better social conditions. Even his own parishioners believe that if he is bright and gifted they can not hope to keep him long, that as a matter of course he will improve the first opportunity offered to go to some larger church in the great town.

Thus it is that the prevailing sentiment, even with country churches themselves, is one of self-abasement. The tendency to belittle themselves and to underestimate their value prevails in both pulpit and pew among rural churches.

This is too bad, and it has gone on long enough. The claim of superiority for the city church is utterly false, and it is time the Christian world put in a strong protest against this tendency to underestimate the worth of rural churches in the great world's work for humanity. Thank God that one great President of our Nation has, with almost prophetic vision, recognized the worth of the country church, and called attention to it in the appointment of a national commission on country life.

In the better days to come, for which we are praying, it will be found that the rural churches scattered up and down our land have been mighty factors in God's hand, to bring in the higher and holier and brighter life for which Christ laid foundations, and which the prophets foretold. Happy is the pastor who holds the respect of all who dwell about his little church in the country, and who can lead the young life of the entire community to the higher ideals that make churches strong and a nation great.

The Country Churches Give the Ministers.

The value of the rural churches is clearly seen when we consider that they give most of the ministers and many prominent and active lay members. The statistics of all denominations show that a great majority of their church leaders were country-born and country-bred. In the report of the Presbyterian Denomination for 1909 the figures show that out of 403 candidates for the ministry in their seminaries, 204 were sons of farmers, and 50 others were sons of laboring men, mostly from the country. Another estimate showed that out of 417 candidates 191 were from strictly rural churches and 150 were from churches in country villages. Thus out of 417 theological students 341 were practically from country churches and only 76 from city churches. Again, in comparison between large and small churches in the country, it was shown that a large majority of those students who were country-born came from the small churches.

These figures, I believe, will hold true in all denominations, and one would be surprised, could he have all the data, to see how much of the real life, the spiritual backbone, in the great city churches has been furnished by the small churches in the country. Newell Dwight Hillis, the great pastor of Plymouth Church, came from a little back-country church in western Iowa; Dr. Josiah Strong of national fame was born in a rural home in Illinois; and the little country town of Bound Brook, N. J., gave to the world Talmage and Van Dyke. Thus, if one studies such a work as "Who is Who in America," he will meet with surprise after surprise, in seeing how

many of the ministers and laymen who are molding the religious thought of today in the great cities were country-born.

And when we study our own denomination, we see that the smaller rural churches have given nearly every active minister now living. Where is there a man among our pastors who can really be claimed as a product of any one of our largest, wealthiest churches? A pastor of the largest church in the denomination once wrote that the atmosphere in his church was not conducive to producing ministers. One little country church in Wisconsin, now extinct, gave us three or four strong ministers who blessed the world with many years of faithful work. And I can point to one small country church in western New York, that has furnished to the denomination four ministers and six ministers' wives, and its resident membership has never been much over one hundred and fifty. Another in New England has a similar record.

Thus we see that great possibilities are wrapped up in the country churches; and he who becomes the pastor of one may have the opportunity of preparing for life's great work those who shall be denominational leaders in years to come. Little did Rev. J. M. Todd realize the work he was doing for the future of the denomination, when, while pastor of the rural church now dead, at Berlin, Wis., he was winning the respect of A. H. Lewis, and leading him into the Christian life. In after years Doctor Lewis regarded Elder Todd as his spiritual father, and never forgot his patience and faithfulness in helping him over a hard place in religious experience. Had not the little Berlin Church been blessed with a faithful pastor just at that time, it is more than probable that we should never have been helped by the inspiring life and teachings of Abram Herbert Lewis.

What is true in this case is equally true in many other cases. When the self-sacrificing pastor is toiling in some small country church, he is more likely to be shaping the destiny of some future leader than he would be if pastor of the largest church in the land. Indeed, I am not sure but that the men who have been faithful in the mission fields and smaller parishes have done more for the cause at large than

those who have held high-salaried pastorates in the wealthiest and largest churches.

If the young minister wishes to aid in shaping the future of the church; if he would spend his life where its influence will surely reach and mold characters for the ministry, for the teacher's profession, for missionaries, and for the most helpful laymen of the coming day, then the country pastorate should not be despised. If he desires to build up the spiritual life of the great communities which are sure to furnish the material for the best elements of society in the next generation, communities where he can find the best conditions available for reaching the hearts and consciences of men, and where the good seed is most likely to bring a great harvest, he will certainly be drawn toward the country church.

But he can not realize the best results there if he goes merely as a temporary worker, expecting soon to leave for other fields. The man in the country can do his best work for spiritual and social betterment, only after he has become acquainted with all the families in the community, identified himself with their interests, won his way into all hearts, and given them the assurance that he is ready to share their lot, and sacrifice for the entire community, as well as for his own church. He must settle among them contentedly, take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and hang up his hat to stay. If he labors with one eye on his present field, and the other on his next, he is bound to discount his well-meant efforts to bring in a new tide of religious faith and moral enthusiasm. The longer a truly respected and well beloved man of God lives in any country community, the better are his opportunities for securing permanent good results.

A Discouraged Body of Men.

I am sorry for the Missionary Board! Its members have had the work, entrusted to them by the churches, upon their hearts all the year. They have planned and prayed and labored for the prosperity of both home and foreign missions, and trusted the people to stand by them. They have made monthly and quarterly statements so everybody might know the good

work they are doing, and the amount of money necessary to keep it going. Then, some months ago, when a great fear began to creep over them that they would have to go to Conference in debt, Brother Saunders laid the matter upon the hearts of the people, and others wrote about it for the RECORDER. In order to relieve the board of some of its burdens, Brother D. H. Davis, for a year or more, has accepted no salary, but earned his living by translating for the Chinese. Now, after all this, word comes that the Missionary Board finds itself over \$5,000 in debt, and has had to hire that much in order to meet its obligations for the year! What does it all mean? Some one said yesterday, "The members of the board are a good deal discouraged." I am sorry for them. It is too bad! Again I ask, What does it all mean? What are we going to do about it? One church made a special canvass immediately after what was said in the RECORDER some weeks ago, and it did well. If all the churches had done equally well, the Missionary Board would be out of debt today.

Let everybody get right to business, and pay up this debt before another month passes. It will be a disgrace for Seventh-day Baptists to have to curtail in mission work just now when the rest of the world is forging ahead under the influences of a world-wide revival in missions.

CONDENSED NEWS

World's Fair at Brussels Destroyed.

The great "White City" of the World's Fair at Brussels, Belgium, was utterly destroyed by fire on Sunday, August 14. A spark dropped into inflammable material in the telegraph office quickly sprang into a wild flame before a gale of wind, and the entire city of combustible material was doomed. Nothing could save the great exposition, and everything had to be left to the mercy of the flames.

Fully one hundred thousand people were on the grounds, and in the Kermesse (the Coney Island of the Belgian fair) when the fire broke out. Two were killed and many were injured. The crowds were removed

from the grounds by the soldiers and police in quite good order, with the exception of the throngs in the Kermesse. Here the panic was something terrible, the exits were clogged with immense throngs, and men and women were trampled down by the stronger ones, in mad efforts to escape.

The governments of all Europe and Asia were well represented by fine buildings and valuable exhibits. The great art galleries of the world were also well represented, and all industries and trades had placed there exhibits of machinery and produce and manufactured goods. There was a great menagerie filled with animals, and when it was seen that these could not be saved, efforts were made to shoot them; but the fire was too quick for even this act of mercy, and they were left to perish. The French especially had remarkable agricultural and horticultural exhibits from various parts of the world, and the Spanish had a fine reproduction of the Alhambra Palace, with many other exhibits, such as national treasures of the royal families, all of which had to go.

The flames also devoured forty houses on the avenue adjoining the grounds.

Florence Nightingale is Dead.

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean War, died at her home in London, England, on August 14, 1910. She is the only woman who ever received the Order of Merit. This was bestowed upon her by King Edward in 1907. She was an English woman, born in Florence, Italy, in May, 1820, and was a little over ninety years old at her death. Educated for a nurse she gave her life to the care of the sick and wounded. During the Crimean War she established a hospital opposite Constantinople, at the mouth of the Bosphorus, and became the superintendent of all the hospitals in that section. Thousands of soldiers were cared for under her administration, and after she left the hospital in 1856, broken in health from an attack of hospital fever, the soldiers tried to erect a monument to her honor by their contributions. This she would not permit. Queen Victoria sent her a jewel and a letter of thanks. Fifty thousand pounds sterling was raised to found a school for nurses to be under Miss Nightingale's di-

rection. She wrote several books upon nursing and hospital work. In harmony with her wish, her funeral will be as quiet and unpretentious as possible. The "Angel of the Crimea" rests from her labors and her works do follow her. No better monument can be reared to any one than that which she has reared in the hearts of a grateful posterity.

The Pope and the Spanish Government.

The Pope, according to reports from Rome, is much pleased over the loyalty of the clericals in Spain, to the Vatican. Telegrams and letters from all parts of Spain, assuring him of complete support, make the Pontiff hopeful that the church cause will triumph; and he evidently expects that when the Spanish Cortes meets, a majority will promptly depose Premier Canalejas. The Pope looks upon the Premier as a traitor who has betrayed the nation.

On the other hand, Canalejas is expressing great satisfaction with the many congratulations that have reached him from abroad, over the step he has taken. Of course the clerical element looks upon all such as unjustifiable interference with Spain's internal affairs. It is hard for the Pope to yield his hold upon the temporal powers of Europe; but one by one he has been compelled to give them up, and it is probable that he may have to yield at this point also.

The battleships and men of the Atlantic fleet are being given a royal welcome at Newport, R. I., where the fleet expects to remain ten days. The city is elaborately decorated and lighted with electric illuminations that will remind the soldiers of some of the receptions they received on their cruise abroad. An entertainment fund of nearly \$10,000 has been raised by subscription, and the freedom of the city will be given the bluejackets while in port. The entertainment includes a New England clambake for them. There are ten thousand men in the fleet.

At a great meeting of the unemployed in New York, presided over by J. Eads How, chairman of the Brotherhood Welfare Association of Philadelphia, it was decided to send a letter of sympathy to Mayor Gay-

nor's family, expressing the hope that he may recover from his wound received by the assassin's hand, and also to suggest that an arrangement to furnish labor for all the unemployed would do much to prevent attempts at assassination of public officials. A great mass-meeting is contemplated in which leaders like Roosevelt, Jack London and Bryan will be asked to speak, and help devise plans by which all who desire employment may be provided with it.

Within a period of six days ending August sixth, 20,668 cases of cholera were reported throughout Russia, with 8,679 deaths. The disease is causing great consternation in Russia, and the Austrian and German governments are taking precautions against an invasion of Russian cholera. There is a scarcity of physicians in the infected districts. Some think the number of deaths is not being truthfully reported, and statements among these classes have varied from 25,000 to 40,000 deaths. There is a serious state of depression all through southern Russia.

The Postoffice Department has begun an investigation which reveals astounding frauds in mining schemes in which the perpetrators have made use of the mails. Mr. Dickson, the head of the department, says the American people have been swindled out of not less than \$50,000,000 through fake mining schemes within ten years.

The refusal of railroads to grant usual reduced rates to the veterans of the Grand Army for the encampment in Atlantic City in September, has called forth many expressions of indignation among Grand Army men. Thus far seven local posts have decided not to go at all, but only to send delegates. The action of the railroads is regarded as a "deliberate hold-up at the expense of the veterans." It looks now as if the boys would stay at home, and the railroads would be the losers.

"The man who makes the most of his opportunities is the man who makes the most of everything that comes his way. So much that comes his way is an opportunity in disguise."

The Building of Character.

H. L. COTTRELL.

Northwestern Association.

Scripture lesson, Mark x, 17-31.

The story of Jesus and the rich young ruler presents to me a sad yet beautiful picture. On the one hand, I see a noble young man, whose life is filled with wonderful latent possibilities, coming to the Master and inquiring how he may inherit the kingdom of heaven. I love to think of him as a perfect model of physical, moral and intellectual manhood; six feet tall, with broad shoulders and sturdy limbs, and well proportioned in every part; his face, the index of the soul, a face of moral beauty and cleanliness, in which one may see the stamp of a true character. He had kept the commandments from his youth up, had laid a strong foundation for any useful work in life; and as Jesus looked upon him and thought of the power he might become in the kingdom of heaven if he only would be willing to make the all-important choice in life, no wonder that he loved him.

Yet although he seemed to be a perfect man in every respect, Jesus, looking into the very depths of his life, discovered the false brick in that otherwise strong building of character and, as a final answer to his question, said, "One thing thou lackest: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me. But his countenance fell at the saying, and he went away sorrowful: for he was one that had great possessions."

With these words he struck the weak place in that otherwise beautiful life. He did not love the Lord, his God, with all his mind, soul and strength. No character which does not have as its foundation and corner-stone love for God and humanity can ever realize the highest possibilities. The world never tires of beholding character, that tower of strength that stands four-square to every wind that blows, repelling the storms of selfishness, jealousy and deceit which threaten its stability, and like a great lighthouse on the ocean's wastes, sending out encouragement and hope to the lone spiritual mariner. . . .

Every character, my dear friends, that is

worth anything must be able to stand the test. Jesus Christ was such a character who could not be swerved from his mission of bringing salvation to men, either by the temptations of Satan, the invitations to earthly power or the cross of Calvary. Will your characters stand the test?

"The Rev. H. W. Pope tells the story of a Christian blacksmith who had a good deal of affliction and was challenged by an unbeliever to account for it. This was his explanation. 'You know I am a blacksmith and often take a piece of iron and put it into the fire and bring it to a white heat. Then I put it on the anvil and strike it once or twice to see if it will take a temper. If I think it will, I plunge it into the water and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire again, and again plunge it into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I put it on the anvil, and hammer it, and bend it, and rasp it, and file it, and it makes some useful article which I put into a carriage, where it will do good service for twenty-five years. If, however, when I first strike it on the anvil, I think it will not take a temper, I throw it into the scrap heap and sell it at half a penny a pound. Now I believe my heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I will take a temper. He has put me into the fire and into the water. I have tried to bear it just as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been, Lord, put me into the fire if you will, put me into the water if you think I need it; do anything you please, O Lord, only don't throw me into the scrap heap.'"

Dear friends, when we stand before the great white throne to be judged by our Lord, are we altogether too sure that he will not consign us to the scrap heap?

Character can not be had for the asking; it must be paid for at a great price. We may inherit noble impulses, tendencies, capacities and wonderful possibilities from parents and grandparents, but we, ourselves, by the help of God, must build our own characters, if we have any. Heredity and environment are mighty forces which have a great deal to do with the shaping of this building of character; no one would deny their powerful influence. But after all is said and done, the

individual succumbs to his inherited tendencies and impulses, succumbs to the influences of his companions, only when he, himself, chooses, of his own free will, to do so. Perhaps these hereditary and surrounding influences are many times so great that a person makes the choice almost unconsciously, but he nevertheless makes the choice himself; yet as a free moral agent he ought to become more conscious, more concerned as to the way he chooses. The individual personality, the will together with the emotions and the intellect, must constitute the court for final decision as to the kind of materials which shall go into this building of character, as to the shape which this building shall assume. I would have the words of Elizabeth Harrison engraved upon the minds of every man and woman in the world. She says, "But over and above the too exclusive study of heredity, which leads to fatalism, down below the exclusive study of environment, which leads to despondency, shines the light of the thought that self-activity is greater than any barriers placed by ancestry or by surroundings." "Man is a limit-transcending being," is the watchword of the new education. It lies not in our start but in ourselves whether we shall end life with diamonds upon our heads or fagots in our hands. No one who has read Booker T. Washington's autobiography will ever say again that heredity or environment stand unconquerable before the self-activity of the human soul. There we see the man with the hoe slowly transforming himself into a prince among men by his constant, determined choosing of kingdoms and stars rather than of herbs and apples."

But having determined that we ourselves are the "architects of our own fate," what materials are going into this building of character? In the words of the hymn-writer:

"We are building day by day, while we onward
press our way,
And the thoughts that fill our heart, of the building
form a part.
We are building day by day, in the loving words
we say,
In the deeds of kindness done, and the victories
we have won."

Yes, the thoughts, impulses, motives and

words, the deeds, purposes, ideals and victories of life, form the marble blocks or the worthless bricks that go into our buildings for eternity. But not only the deeds which we have accomplished, but also what we have striven to do and failed, form parts of our edifices. "Not on the vulgar mass called work must sentence pass", but God will look behind the struggles and the tears and see imbedded in that hidden noble purpose, the deeds striven for but yet unrealized. Victories over sin may not always bring new blocks into our buildings, but they strengthen the blocks which are already there, and make them more impervious to the attacks of the enemy. When we ward off the attacks of sensuality, pride and avarice by our purity, humility and unselfishness, our purity becomes more pure, our humility more humble, our unselfishness more unselfish, and our whole character more Christlike.

But although we are the "architects of our own fate," it is a very consoling fact that we do not need to labor in the dark, to build our edifices of character without a model. In this respect we have the advantage of many in the past who earnestly sought to erect a building of character and happiness, yet strove in vain because they were compelled to labor in the dark. Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, failed to achieve the highest character because, laboring in the dark, without any divine model after which to pattern, he took a wrong attitude toward life, holding that existence was nothing but misery and that salvation from the miseries of existence could be realized only by the complete annihilation of desire. The grandest and most enduring superstructure of character could never rise upon such beliefs as foundation-stones. Confucius may have considered morality simply as the cornerstone of a complete character while Mohammed may have honestly thought that tribute and the sword were the legitimate allies of true religion; yet, living in spiritual darkness and spiritual ignorance, they were unable to realize how imperfect were their religious conceptions. But how much greater will our condemnation be if we, who live in a land of Christian light, liberty and opportunity, fail to accept Jesus

Christ as our divine Model for Christian character and conduct?

But the acceptance of Jesus Christ as our divine Model implies faith in him, faith in the efficacy of his life and principles. "Faith and works" then are the only two handmaidens which, working together, are able to chisel out the most enduring character. The young man is willing to deny himself many pleasures, undergo many hardships, toil earnestly year in and year out for the sake of an education because of his enduring faith in the value of an education. So it is true in the realm of character that faith in the enduring principles of righteousness forms the main-spring and inspiration to activity in character-building.

But what is the relation of character to Christian service and efficiency? It is needless to say that the relation is a most vital one. It would be as useless to attempt to save men without possessing character as it would be to catch fish without bait. Character many times speaks louder than words and is most powerful in drawing men to the foot of the cross. It is said that the missionary has to be especially careful as to his character because the Oriental is peculiarly sensitive to any inconsistencies between his teachings and his life. Any such inconsistencies prove fatal to the missionary interests. How often is it true that a man's character speaks so loud that you can scarcely hear what he says. What was it that saved Peter, the fisherman? You remember the story. Jesus was walking along the shore of the sea of Galilee and entering into a ship which was Simon's he told him to cast out his net for a draught of fishes. But Simon said, "Master, we toiled all night and took nothing; but at thy word, I will let down the nets." And what a multitude of fishes were caught as a reward for obedience; so many that both ships were filled so full that they began to sink. And then what a strange thing Peter did! He fell down at Jesus' knees saying, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." We have no record that Jesus had been condemning him for his sin or striving with him personally to lead a better life. What then was the voice that spoke to Peter but

the voice of Jesus' character? In view of the multitude of fishes, revealing as it did the power of Jesus, in view of his whole manner and bearing which disclosed the beauty and richness of his pure and spotless life, Peter must have felt more than ever before what a mean and little man he was, how unworthy he was to be even in the presence of such a character. Indeed, Peter never looked so black and hideous in his own eyes before, since never before had he stood in such striking contrast to the Life, the Truth, and the Way. Think, dear friends, what wonderful possibilities for power and efficiency lie before you if you are willing to pay the cost of character and build into your edifices for eternity those bricks of thought and action which are able to stand the tests of the furnace.

But one of the sterling qualities of character that make it most efficient in soul-saving is a quality most prominent in the life of Jesus—humility. Perhaps there are too many Christians who would rather point sinners to themselves than to Jesus Christ—Christians who think more of bringing glory to themselves than of magnifying the power of the King of kings and Lord of lords. To such the teaching of Jesus is not inappropriate, Let him who would be great among you be the servant of all. We may learn a helpful lesson from the skilful fisherman who attributed his success in fishing to obedience to three rules: the first rule was, "Keep yourself out of sight;" the second rule was similar to the first, "Keep yourself *farther* out of sight;" while the third rule naturally followed from the other two, "Keep yourself *still farther* out of sight." The game of catching fish is not so much unlike the game of catching men, and so the rules of the old fisherman might well be heeded by the man who feels that Christianity is worth propagating and is willing to work. And when Christian people become more willing to bury self and selfish advancement in the interests of righteousness, when they become more willing to reflect, not self, but Jesus Christ to a dying world, then the "kingdom of the world (will) become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ" and "life, death, and that vast forever" will be "one grand sweet song."

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Iowa churches will be held in the Carlton Seventh-day Baptist church at Garwin, September 2-4 inclusive. Rev. G. W. Burdick of Welton will preach the introductory sermon. We are expecting a delegate from the Minnesota semi-annual meeting. All are cordially invited to attend.

GERTRUDE FORD,
Clerk.

Annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society.

The annual meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society will be held at the Theological Seminary building in Alfred, New York, on Thursday, September 8, 1910, at eight o'clock in the evening, for the consideration of the annual report of the Executive Board, for the election of officers, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

EDWARD M. TOMLINSON,
President.
VERNON A. BAGGS,
Recording Secretary.

The One Heresy to be Feared.

Men talk about orthodoxy, heresy and schism. There is only one kind of schism, that by which a man cuts his own soul or his neighbor's soul off from Christ. There is only one kind of heresy, that which denies the mission of Christ to seek and to save the lost. And there is only one kind of orthodoxy, that in which Christ leads men into fellowship with the living God.—Henry Van Dyke.

The Congress reports that about \$25,000,000 have been spent on the mission field during the past year. It is estimated that over 21,000,000 pagans have been converted in the century to Christianity. Over 4,000,000 patients were treated last year in the Christian hospitals in mission lands. Much remains to be done, but much has been done.—Baptist Commonwealth.

If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering and to prosper.—Daniel Webster.

Missions

Letter From Holland.

DEAR BROTHER:

Last week you received, no doubt, the sad news of my beloved father's decease. To him it was a deliverance from the bonds of an ill and broken spirit and a worn-out and suffering body, into the freedom and glory of heaven. I sat down at his death-bed in the early morning of Wednesday, the first of June. He was very calm. I read words of comfort and praise, hymns, which once were very precious to him. He seemed to listen but he did not say a word. He was conscious when I came. I was telephoned about 4 o'clock a. m. I immediately went to the hospital and he expired about 6 o'clock, my sister and brother-in-law being present also. I feel very thankful that his long way of suffering has now been accomplished.

Though there was nothing on earth which could give him any comfort these last months, I regularly came to see him two or three times a week. It always was a hard thing. The nurses in the hospital loved him; they always remembered how kind and grateful he had been the first weeks after his operation, and how his heart was overflowing with thanks and joy in the Lord. I recollect how one day he asked me to pray earnestly for him, as he felt as if he were falling into a dark and deep abyss; this feeling grew stronger day by day. Ardent and persevering were the prayers of his numerous friends all over the world, in several denominations, but he has not been restored to peace before entering the eternal glory. For poor Lazarus, when after his death he was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, the contrast could not have been greater than it was for my father, out of his despondency into the joy of heaven.

Very remarkably, the week before my father's death (when there was not yet the least sign of his approaching end) I received for him a letter from Doctor Palmberg, who was then in Germany on her way from

China to America, saying she wished to see my father and the church in Holland. I replied it would be a great privilege for us to meet her and to hear about our China Mission; at the same time I added a few words about my father's condition. It was arranged that Doctor Palmberg should come and stay with the Haarlem Church the first Sabbath of June. I announced a meeting in that church on Sabbath eve and met Doctor Palmberg at Amsterdam. We were much pleased to receive her in my home to stay with us Thursday night and Friday.

Where Providence marvelously combined my father's decease (after a sickness of more than thirteen months, on the day before Doctor Palmberg's arrival) with her visit to the church in Holland, we accepted this as an indication to let the meeting go on and combined the two facts. We devoted a few words to the memory of our beloved pastor; then Doctor Palmberg in her plain and clear way brought our dear China Mission very near to our minds and hearts. The meeting was well attended, also by several First-day friends. In the morning of this Sabbath we celebrated the Lord's Supper; in the afternoon Doctor Palmberg continued her striking communications, which went straight to the hearts of all hearers—the members of our little Haarlem Church and the friends from elsewhere. I can not tell you how much we appreciated this blessing to our church, the kind visit of Doctor Palmberg. It was no doubt very tiring for her; she came for rest, but was very busy among us for the Lord's sake.

When we saw our dear colored friend Amnokoo, we heartily thanked the Lord; and having now heard Doctor Palmberg telling so many striking facts from the China field, we rejoice much the more in the glorious prospect of meeting brothers and sisters of all generations, peoples and tongues, bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

At the funeral, Monday, June the fifth, about three hundred friends gathered round the tomb; our beloved deacon, Brother Spaan, spoke for the Haarlem Church, the president of the Christian Temperance

Union (whose president my father has been for many years) followed, then a member of the town council, a pastor of the Reformed (Presbyterian) church, a representative of the central board of the Midnight Mission and last, but not least, Doctor Palmberg speaking for our American brethren,—all united in honoring my father's memory as a faithful disciple of Christ. After the funeral the friends were welcome in the chapel and many Seventh-day Baptists and temperance people from elsewhere continued to recall precious memories of rich blessings for which my father had been instrumental.

The Sabbath with Doctor Palmberg and the day of the funeral will never be forgotten among us. I hope you will excuse me for not having written you earlier. As to the question, in which way my father's work may be continued, I am living in a crisis. This last year of my father's illness Brother Spaan, our deacon, Brother Taekema, the student, and myself have divided the work in the pastorate for the Haarlem and Rotterdam churches and I have edited the *Boodschapper*. I could hardly find time for it, combined with all my work in the Purity movement, issued from the Midnight Mission, the work to which the Lord called me and in which I have been struggling for more than twenty years—the best part of my life.

The talents trusted to me are of a quite different character from those of my father, but I pray for grace to live by the same principles, not asking what is well pleasing to my own mind and taste, but only asking to see clearly the way in which the Lord wants me to go. I hope you all will join with me in this prayer.

For the present moment I do not believe it would be the right way to leave the Purity work and devote myself principally to the pastorate, if the church should call me. As to the editorship of the *Boodschapper* I am sure there is a unanimous desire among our people and the readers in general that I should continue this work and I have no objection to this and will do it with all my heart. We are very thankful for the liberal support our American friends have offered for the Lord's cause

in Holland during my father's life, and we hope you will continue your assistance.

With very kind regards,
Yours in Christ,

G. VELTHUYSEN.

Amsterdam,

June 11, 1910.

Our China Schools.

DEAR DOCTOR GARDINER:

Today the last of the three schools under my care has been closed for the summer vacation. The girls' boarding school, always the first to close and for a longer vacation than the day schools, had its final exercises on July 5, and most of the girls went home at once. Some days and nights of extreme heat had made me eager for them to scatter, as our building is not very well suited to hot weather.

On Thursday morning, July 14, the Zia-jaw day school mustered thirty-four strong for final examinations and to get handkerchiefs and tea with crackers. These children are mostly from the country about us, but a few come from the West Gate. Sometimes these children are spoken of as "ragamuffins", but it has seemed to me of late that the appearance of some indicated that their parents' fortunes might be looking up a little. The school certainly has benefited by Mrs. Crofoot's teaching on Sabbath mornings.

Today has been "last day" in the city school: Forty-four children have registered in that school this half-year. Since the opening, one has come into the boarding school, the parents of another objected to her being taught the Bible and took her out, while a third was kept at home because her people concluded that she was "too precious" to go to school. Of the remaining forty-one, thirty-nine were on hand today. One of the two absent ones was ill and the other was "afraid of the examinations." That so many have held on to the end is good and worthy of remark, also that this school has paid its own expenses.

I wish that the home people could have seen the eager-faced little company. They came in gala-day attire and it made a very gay picture.

We make quite an occasion of the last day. The Vung-li teacher in the boys'

boarding school examined the Chinese books today, Mrs. Tsur (Kwe-iung) the Bible and the one geography class, Miss Waung of the girls' school the arithmetic, and to me fell the four small classes in English. At two o'clock fifty or more of the relatives and friends of the children came in and there was a short program. Mrs. Tsur read the Scripture and led in prayer, then three little girls gave short recitations in English, fourteen girls had a little exercise in Chinese, after which there was a short talk about Booker T. Washington. The children also sang some hymns; then a report card with a handkerchief was given to each child and tea and cakes were served to all.

Some time ago the parents of several children requested that school be kept for half a day through the summer. They say that with no school the children get very unruly and they, the parents, are likely to be called into court to answer for their misdemeanors. It is rather hard on the teacher but in some ways it is better for her to have some responsibility, so we are going to try it. Some children will doubtless drop out permanently.

Three bright little girls who come from the same home and whom I call "Hoods" because of the funny little black hoods with big frills around the face which they wear in the winter, it is said will not continue to come. A while ago I noticed they were looking so badly. Their faces had grown thin and pinched and of a bad color. Upon inquiry it came to light that their feet were being bound. Of course I protested. I told the children to tell the home folks that many, many in China are not now binding the feet, that the custom is going out, and told them to ask to have their feet unbound. Yesterday one of the little girls said their feet were to be unbound, but that may have been politeness, just saying the thing she knew I wanted to hear. Their removal from the school may be because of my protest against the binding of their feet. One tries to look at the other side and rejoice in the girls who can run and walk on two good feet and whose faces look as children's faces should look, but the still large company of little girls who hobble around on crippled feet with white, drawn

faces give one no little depression of spirit.

In going to and from this school we have given thanks many times for improved conditions in the city. The streets are cleaner than they used to be. There are two new gates in the wall; the one nearest us, the New West Gate, opens upon a carriage road which extends about three quarters of a mile into the city. We go and come all through the city by ricksha, now. It is not always convenient for the rickshas to pass on the narrow walks but with much vociferation it is done. Today's paper prophesies that the walls are to be removed altogether, soon.

Passing along the new carriage road, not long ago, I came upon a shrine in the wall of one of the houses. Inside was an idol, the eyes of which were tightly bound about with red paper. Dzau Sien-sang told me it was a new idol and the eyes had not been painted in yet. On a certain day the people would be assembled and with much kowtowing the eyes would be supplied by a painter, after which the idol would take charge of affairs in that locality.

And so it goes—here and there progress, but very, very many in the old darkness. At the same time our Commission holds good, "Go ye . . . preach . . ."

Very sincerely yours,

SUSIE M. BURDICK.

West Gate,
July 17, 1910.

Edwin Shaw's Mission.

Cosmos, Okla.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

When last I wrote to the RECORDER I was at Richfield, Kan., fifty-three miles from a railroad, waiting to drive on twenty-five miles farther to Cosmos. Counting the day I arrived and the day I left I spent nine days at Cosmos.

The country in this section of Oklahoma is beautifully situated, but is not likely to be settled permanently so long as the nearest point on the railroad is forty-five miles distant. It requires three days to make the round trip with a double team and heavy wagon. This year has been exceedingly dry and hot and the farmers have no crops to speak of; but I find a similar condition, as I am leaving Cosmos, here in Kansas at

Wichita and Arkansas City. When a railroad has been built within a reasonable distance of Cosmos, and the farmers have learned how better to conserve the rainfall, this country is sure to become settled with prosperous, well-to-do people. But just now it is a poor place for a poor man.

I found here within a radius of four miles from the schoolhouse, which is used as the church, seventeen homes of people who by belief and family connections and practice are Sabbath-keepers. Then there are several places where a young unmarried man has a home but lives there only just enough to hold his right to the title. It takes five years' residence to secure from "Uncle Sam" a deed to a quarter-section of land. Then there are several farms owned by Sabbath-keepers who having secured a deed have gone away and are waiting for a railroad to be built and are now earning a living on farms nearer market and nearer school privileges.

But I counted up seventy-one people, men, women and children, who are now residents of Cosmos, who belong to our people. Of these, fifty-one came out to the services on Sabbath day, and forty-six people were present at the last service on Tuesday evening.

We held six public meetings while I was in this country, two on Sunday at Prairie View schoolhouse over in the edge of Kansas, three at the Cosmos schoolhouse, and an open-air meeting the evening after the Sabbath at the postoffice. At this time the Cosmos band furnished music. Then I took part in two baseball games, one near the postoffice, and one near the store of A. S. Thayer. I called at sixteen homes, most of them twice or more. I am especially interested in this field because of the large number of children and young people. Of the fifty-one present on Sabbath day three were small babies, seventeen were children, eight were young people, and twelve were young married people.

Whether or not our interest as a people in Cosmos is to be permanent it matters not to me just now. These people are here and are making a brave struggle to keep alive the interest in religious matters. They maintain a Sabbath school every week. Some one reads a sermon three Sabbaths a

month, and the Christian Endeavor Society takes charge of the other Sabbath service. The Woman's Missionary Society sent by me an offering to the Missionary Board. I shall recommend that the pastor of the Boulder Church be sent to this field for ten days or two weeks in the early winter.

A Happy Family.

The long-enduring, patient driver was getting weary of the questions, but when I said, "Oh, what kind of a bird is that?" he gently sighed and replied, "Why, that is a prairie-dog owl." I suppose my brother George, instead of asking the question, would have said, "There, that makes the nineteenth variety of bird I have seen since we left the last windmill." Just as the driver answered my question, sure enough, the owl dropped down into a hole in the ground; and there in another hole near by I saw the shining eyes of a cottontail rabbit. "And do they all live in these holes together, prairie-dog, owl and cottontail rabbit?" said I. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "and if you will dig down into one of these holes you might find a rattlesnake too, for all four of these animals live together." I did not stop to dig, and so I do not know whether the driver was "stringing" me or not. If he was in earnest, it makes a good illustration of what harmony there may be in the animal kingdom where there is occasion for it, an illustration well worth the imitation of some of us "higher" animals.

EDWIN SHAW.

Cosmos, Okla.

Report of Edgar D. Van Horn.

Rev. Edwin Shaw, Corresponding Secretary, American Sabbath Tract Society,

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I returned on Monday, August 1, from Scott, N. Y., where I spent the month of July according to the direction of Secretary Saunders, to whom was referred the supervision of my work for that month. While there I preached five Sabbaths, conducted one funeral, performed one wedding ceremony, and made sixty calls. I spent much time visiting with the people in their homes, working with them on their farms,

especially in the hay fields, by which means I became acquainted with them, learning to highly respect and love them. Within the twenty-five homes in which I called and visited I found some indifferent to the religious interests of the church, some discouraged, while in others there was a spirit of loyalty and a desire to see the cause grow and the interests of the church and Sabbath advanced.

The conditions in the church are pretty much the same as those prevailing in other country churches. The membership is not so large as it once was. Older people have passed away and many of the younger people have moved to near-by towns where they have left their interest in the Sabbath and their home church. Notwithstanding these discouragements there is a reasonable hope that Scott can be made a strong, healthful country church. I called and visited in twenty-five homes where the people have been or are still Sabbath-keepers and have more or less interest in the church. The people in this community, as in all others, want some one who will *love* and *lead* them. Hence if some one with tact, common sense, and consecration would go there he would find in them ready and willing followers, and could gather in a short time a congregation of not less than fifty or possibly sixty. The town of Scott is greatly in need of shepherding, especially by a man who will take an active interest in the social life of the young people and lead them in good and healthful amusements and recreation.

The experiences of the last month have confirmed my feelings of hopefulness which came to me after my first brief canvass. There is only one other church in the place—a Methodist church; this too is in a run-down condition, so that there is the greater demand for a consecrated man in our own church, and the opportunities are equal to the demand.

Scarlet fever and measles kept the attendance small the first three Sabbaths I was there, but it improved and the last Sabbath there were forty present and there were still others who could not be there.

I must also mention the fact that there are some families living in the towns of Homer and Cortland where there are loyal

Sabbath-keepers and others who might be encouraged by a good pastor. The Scott people appreciated very much the work which I tried to do. At the last service I held they passed a vote of thanks to the New York City Church and the Tract and Mission boards for making it possible for them to have pastoral work during this month, and for the encouragement that came through this work. I can not recommend too strongly the importance of this field, nor can we emphasize too much the need to us as a denomination of keeping alive and active these small country churches, especially one with the possibilities of the Scott Church.

Sincerely yours,
EDGAR D. VAN HORN.

Leonardsville, N. Y.,
Aug. 3, 1910.

Report of Brother Platts.

To the American Sabbath Tract Society,

DEAR BRETHREN:

As I am now settled in regular missionary pastoral work, I presume the regular quarterly reports will be as acceptable to you as the monthly statements which I have hitherto made. I have just finished the first month of the first quarter of this settled work. I write this to suggest my thought about this method of reporting, more than to give you an official report; you will, nevertheless, be interested in a few statements concerning this month's work.

In the first place, it has been a very hot month—the hottest that my seventy years have ever brought me, the thermometer registering as high as 110 in the shade some days; but the unfailing cool breeze evenings and mornings has kept the heat from becoming oppressive and I have kept unusually well.

By invitation of Brother Loofboro, I spent several days with him at Riverside in special work, during which I preached three times, and filled all the Sabbath appointments at Los Angeles, making eight sermons during the month. The five Sabbaths gave an average attendance of nineteen, the smallest, on an exceedingly hot day, being seven, and the largest thirty-two.

Three new members have been added to the church, and several strangers have been in. I have made 18 calls and visits, written 31 letters and postal cards and given out 76 pages of tracts.

Last week I spent four days with my family at Ocean Park as the guests of one of our families there.

As the time for the anniversaries draws near, I am praying that your meetings may be abundantly blessed of God and that the coming year may be exceedingly fruitful in results for the enlargement of the church and for the glory of God.

Yours fraternally,
L. A. PLATTS.

South Pasadena, Cal.,
July 31, 1910.

Young Men's Mission of Lieu-oo.

I. *Aim*.—It is the aim of this mission to give the highest physical, mental, and spiritual help to all who come within its influence.

II. *Equipment needed*.—Building, Chinese helper, organ, lamps, chairs, benches, pictures, books, magazines, and gymnasium apparatus.

III. *Work Planned*:

1. Athletics. Classes in light calisthenics and outdoor sports.

2. Reading-room and library. All kinds of Bibles and other good Christian books for all to read will be available. There will be other Christian books for sale, and tracts to be given to interested ones. We hope also to add some good books along other lines.

3. Reception-room with games. This room, under direction and uplifting influences, is to provide for the social life of young men.

4. Day English classes. Mrs. Davis will continue to teach as now, but in the English room of the mission.

5. There may be no demand for these, but we offer evening English classes for the benefit of those who work during the day.

6. Bible-study classes in which all will be urged to enlist.

7. Chapel services will be held each day, and general services two or three times during every week.

IV. Plan for Support:

We are asking the students of Alfred, Milton and Salem to provide for the rent of the building, and the salary of the helper. We trust that funds to purchase the equipment will come from friends interested in the work, but desire that *no* contributions for this work shall lessen the regular gifts to the Missionary Society.

Announcement Regarding the Opening of the Young Men's Mission of Lieu-oo.

An association, the aim of which shall be to help young men physically, mentally and spiritually, will be opened on the first day of the ninth month at the "Dung Ka" near Sing Zak Jau. To accomplish the above-mentioned purpose of helpfulness, gambling, smoking of opium or tobacco, drinking of wine, or any practice which weakens mind, soul or body, will not be allowed. All who join this society are requested to refrain from bad language while in the building, and "mo-ing" or "fan-ing" is prohibited.

WORK PLANNED.

1. Athletics. 2. Reading-room and library. 3. Reception-room with games. 4. Day English classes. 5. Evening English classes. 6. Bible-study classes. 7. Chapel services and public worship.

The fee for the first three will be *thirty cents* a month.

Tuition to private pupils in English will cost \$3.00 a month for one-half hour a day, six days in the week.

If there are two or more in a class, the fee will be \$2.00 each a month for one-half hour a day, six days in a week.

If there are ten or more who wish to begin the study of English in a class, the fee will be \$1.00 a month each for three quarters of an hour daily, six days in the week.

If there are ten or more who wish to study English in the evening, the fee will be *sixty cents* for each pupil. This class will meet for three quarters of an hour three times a week.

The rules of the building, and the time for meeting of the different classes in English, athletics and Bible, also for religious services, will be posted from time to time in the building so that all can see.

All moneys received from dues and tuition fees will go toward paying the expenses of the association.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

II.

C. A. BURDICK.

Denominational Leaders.

It was my fortune in the early part of my ministry to have pastorates, at different times, within the bounds of all our associations except the Central. It was my privilege as well as duty to represent a church, of which I was pastor, in the annual meetings of the association of which it was a member. And the wide extent of my pastoral relations as indicated above, and a period of service as recording secretary of the Missionary Society, gave me opportunity to become acquainted, as co-worker, with most of the denominational leaders, both ministers and laymen, who were on the stage of action forty or fifty years ago.

It was a peculiarity of this company of denominational leaders, that it was composed not only of those who had been lifelong Seventh-day Baptists, but also of some who had come to us from different religious denominations—Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, the Christian Church—each of which had contributed its quota. And it was a matter of fact that, while the converts to the Sabbath were loyal to the denomination through their love of the Sabbath which they had come to embrace, some still held to certain tenets of the denomination to which they had belonged before uniting with us.

It is an illustration of the power of the Sabbath truth, that it could cement together in bonds of Christian fellowship those who held different shades of denominational beliefs. The Sabbath became very precious to these converts because of the sometimes prolonged and agonized struggles with conscience that it had cost them to sever the bonds which had held them in former church and social relations.

It is also an illustration of the "large liberty" allowed by Seventh-day Baptists in matters of opinion in minor points, that there was so little disturbance of Christian

fellowship caused by the differences of opinion held by persons from other denominations, although there was at times some clashing between persons holding opposing views. This fact was brought out in an editorial in the SABBATH RECORDER of April 11, in which the editor treated at some length disturbance of feeling in some quarters by the published views of Bible criticism. I quote just a few words of that editorial referring to some clashing between leaders fifty years ago.

"Men in those days locked horns much oftener than they do now, and the controversy was often warm between them. Such questions as open, or close communion, the resurrection of the dead, and the nature of man gave rise to many a word battle," etc. I was witness to some of these word battles. But notwithstanding all this, these brethren who were accessions to our denomination have in the years that have gone by been true and loyal to our Sabbath cause, and have filled the various offices of pastor, missionary, teacher in our schools, member of denominational boards, etc., and their descendants have been held in no way distinct from the descendants of lifelong Seventh-day Baptists. And the names of the following brethren of this class are to be held in common with other denominational leaders in grateful remembrance: Sherman S. Griswold, T. B. Brown, N. Wardner and Lemman Andrus, from the Baptists; J. W. Morton, from the Reformed Presbyterians; James Summerbell, from the Christian Church; Alexander Campbell, Presbyterian; J. E. N. Backus, from the Methodists; J. H. Cochran, Scotland. Perhaps there are others whose names should be added to this list.

If I Can Help.

ANGELINE ABBEY.

If I can only, day by day,
Just help another in life's way;
Can speak a word, or sing a song
To help some timid soul along;
A cup of water only give
Some fainting one that he may live;
A smile bestow, or give a flower,—
Just what is needed in the hour;
If I can only give my days,
Each moment filled with work or praise,
Though life sends much of grief or pain,
I shall not then have lived in vain!

North Loup, Neb.

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.

Womanhood.

No change I marked when childhood fled,
So softly slipped away the years,
But somewhere spring and summer met,
And left me woman's joys and tears.

I know it by the summer sky
That higher, clearer, wider seems;
And by the rarer light of sun
That warmer joy and gladness beams.

I know it by the deeper shades
That calm and check the brightening hours;
And by the longer rains that beat,
Where once fell lightly dropping showers.

I know it by the filling grain,
And richer tint of prouder flower;
And by the fuller life that swells
With strength and hope each golden hour.

Then, joyful summer days, shine on!
Make full and ripe the growing grain;
And if my heart is cold or hard,
Spare not thy tears, O summer rain!

—Mrs. E. R. Steinhauer.

Chinese in Shorthand and its Inventor.

The story to be told here is so like a fairy tale that it naturally begins in this wise.

Once upon a time, a shy, modest woman, with loving fidelity in her heart, and a write ribbon above it, conceived a great thought, nursed and developed it to great possibilities, until it has become a rich gift from her to a far-away land, toward whose teeming millions the heart of the Christian world is now turning, as to a great field white for harvest.

Living in California, the Chinese people were familiar to her sight, and, it may be added, repulsive to her sense; but there they were, a heathen people in a Christian land.

Their raucous tones and unintelligible speech made involuntary and constant ap-

peals to her religious nature, and daily there grew upon her an appreciation of their state, and a keener sense of the inability of others to reach a race so entrenched by all that made them inaccessible, speaking only a language that others must spend many years to learn.

She was a stenographer, with the trained ear of a musician. The thought came to her that each character in shorthand writing represented a sound, as a note in music does, and that the peculiar rise and fall of the voice in Chinese speech could be easily expressed in the same way.

She at once procured some Chinese writing, asked a Chinaman to read to her, and was gratified to prove her theory.

Finding sounds for which she had no equivalent sign, she provided new characters to suit, and in a very short time was able to take down whatever she heard, in Chinese, and easily read it.

Chinese scholars were amazed at her facility in transcribing and reading correctly a language entirely unknown to herself.

Educated Chinese recognize the value of her application to their language of a system of writing, immeasurably surpassing the tedious and difficult methods now in use, that can be acquired in as many days as the old style required years to learn.

Experts in stenography have unequivocally endorsed the marvelous simplicity of the idea she has so practically applied.

The Chinese language is monosyllabic, and thus especially adapted to her method. Only the rudimentary lessons of the Pitman system, into which she has incorporated the necessary additional characters, are required, and any ordinary boy or girl can learn to write and read it in a week.

Five years are reckoned on for a missionary to learn Chinese.

Think of being able to read the Bible in Chinese after a week's study, and think, also, what a help this must be in thoroughly learning the Chinese language.

A scientific gentleman who had written a book on stenography, though not a professed Christian, exclaimed, when he saw her work, "Why don't the missionary people get hold of this? This would uplift the four hundred millions of China, if it could be put into their schools."

Mrs. Barrett has a little booklet, to be had for fifty cents, in which she tells the story of her work, illustrated by pages of her Chinese shorthand, but she has passed lightly over her own heroic consecration to it.

A woman of delicate mold, not inured to toil or hardship, she left her own lovely home in Sacramento, and lived in Chinatown of San Francisco, that she might thoroughly test her methods, until failing strength drove her from its unwholesome precincts to a seaside resort.

Near there she found a Chinese fishing village, and there sometimes amid the fishnets on the beach, with an upturned boat for a blackboard, she taught boys who had never before been able to read, their own language; sometimes she taught the girls in their father's opium den, until its odors became unbearable, and she would take her class out among the drying fish to complete the lesson.

Far more trying than these experiences have been the mountains of indifference and prejudice that have obstructed her way.

However, recognition is coming. The Chinese themselves have a "First Reader" for use in some of their schools in California, printed in Mrs. Barrett's characters, and they are asking now for a "Second Reader" and other text-books. The Paulist Fathers, than whom the Jesuits have no more shrewd or far-seeing educators, have the catechism of their church in these characters, for use in their missions to Chinese in San Francisco, and are planning for other elementary religious instruction in the same form.

The Adventist Conference invites Mrs. Barrett to its great missionary meetings, that she may instruct their outgoing missionaries. A professor in a Japanese college procured Mrs. Barrett's booklet for use among Chinese students, of whom he said there were thousands coming to the colleges in Japan.

A call for it comes from Korea.

Dr. A. B. Simpson, of the Missionary Alliance, recommends it to that body.

Doctor Dey, of the famous mission in the heart of Africa, finding it adaptable to the languages of Africa, will use the system

in the school for which he has just received a generous endowment.

The highest encomiums of officials and educators attest the value of Mrs. Barrett's achievement. She will give the work freely to any publisher who will bring out the New Testament in this form, many times less expensive to do, and less difficult to learn than the Chinese writing itself, which the greater number of the Chinese can not read at all.

The worship of ancestors has bred a degree of reverence for the methods instituted by them, that makes the innovation of new ideas a shock to Chinese sensibility, but barriers are falling now, and it may be that Mrs. Barrett and her happy thought have come to the Kingdom for such a time as this.

When her seventieth birthday was near, with beaming eyes and holy zeal, she said, "I have asked the Lord for ten years more of life, that I may see this in the schools in China." It is not too much to expect that her faith will be honored, and she shall see the realization of her vision.—*Dorcas J. Spencer, in Union Signal.*

Berlin, N. Y.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its annual election of officers on the first Tuesday in August, and such other business was transacted as came before the society. We are quite encouraged by the treasurer's report, which shows our income to have been about \$125.

Most of this has been obtained "by the sweat of our brows," in quilting, tying comfortables, conducting food sales, and suppers. We have added some improvements to the parsonage and to the church dining-room, sent \$15 to the Woman's Board, and have \$24 burning our pocket.

A little Sabbath-breaker arrived at the parsonage Sabbath morning, July 30, bringing sunshine and the name of Rosetta Ruth.

Our Sabbath-school picnic was held in Hakes' Grove, August 9, where a bountiful feast was spread beneath the venerable maples, and a pleasant time was enjoyed until one of the youthful ball-players met with an accident, fracturing a bone in his leg, from which he is still suffering.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

Adirondack Campers.

MRS. B. C. DAVIS.

An English novelist said very recently that it was quite permissible, in a little speech, to speak lightly upon large subjects. I suppose it hardly follows that, in a little article, you may touch lightly upon joyous experiences, and hope at the same time to be very interesting.

However, vacation experiences should be joyous ones, and if reported at all, at least by the writer, must certainly be but lightly touched.

While the little Sabbatarian colony of a dozen or more members, camping in the Adirondack Mountains for a brief summer vacation, may not be under obligations to the RECORDER readers to report themselves every year, yet as the RECORDER makes its welcome visits to these woods, and tells its happy story and sometimes its sad one, of the brothers and sisters of the larger family, scattered so widely, we feel the desire not to be forgotten by the other members of that family.

The little rustic camp overlooking the beautiful lake, outlined by forests and guarded by mountains, had been shut and locked for eleven long months. Its neighbors also had been tenantless during the snows and winds of winter, while their occupants had been doing things out in the busy world. July, however, finds the geniuses of these retreats returning like birds to their summer haunts. "Deerland Lodge." "Overbank." "Bonnie View" and "Kanakadea" are vibrant with life, and the names Stillman, Maxson, Rogers, Davis, Burdick, Titsworth and Holmes give quite a home feeling to this wild but beautiful place in the Adirondack Mountains.

These were the names represented yesterday on a trim little launch, which easily bore the party numbering fifteen, with their baskets, rugs, cushions, etc., numbering considerably more, to the foot of the lake, twelve miles below. The teasing raindrops tantalized between spasmodic bursts of sunshine, but left only the roughened water to show they had accompanied us on our way.

Soon the guide-boats transferred passengers and baggage to shore, where a short

climb revealed a little clearing in the forest, a clearing evidently occupied by many another camping party, as shown by a rude table of weather-beaten boards, a frame-half covered with dried balsam—such as forms many a camper's bed—and a very desirable fireplace formed by the rolling together of a few rocks.

But best and finest of all were the gigantic pines, stately pillars of a veritable temple. Surely the proud old Acropolis, in all its glory, never boasted pillars to rival these stately ones of this natural temple. I think if those old Greeks had discovered it they would have dedicated it to no less important among their Gods than Father Zeus himself.

But these were very human mortals on this picnic—which usually means a very hungry crowd; so the fire soon burned in the fireplace, and bass, bacon, beans and coffee—all found places over the glowing coals.

Out of respect to fifteen enormous appetites, I suppose, the threatening clouds held aloof until after they—the appetites—had been appeased and dishes were again stowed into pack baskets. Then we were glad to avail ourselves of the protection of the improvised tent which our senior camper, with an instinct born of long experience, had provided.

But sunshine is never so soft and beautiful as on a *showery day*, and he who has not seen the nearer mountains with their heads in the clouds, while distant ones melt into misty, indefinable blue, has never seen with the physical eye one of the finest illustrations of sentiment concerning those inevitable days which "must be dark and dreary," that they may also be indescribably tender and beautiful.

But, sunshine for strolls and tents for showers, is a pretty good picnic combination and a call to the motor-boat came as a surprise that evening was approaching and broke up for the time the cozy, social hour beneath the canvas.

Soon we were sheltered and happy in the *Evelyn* and, as she plunged through the waves and whitecaps, she gaily tossed the spray over the closed windows and gave her challenge to the racing swallows, swiftly flying by her side, probably seeking their

suppers from the insect life above the water's surface, but apparently vying with the *Evelyn* in a mad race to the finish.

Once more in the little camp, drawn close around the crackling open fire, it was unanimously voted one of the most enjoyable days of the vacation now so nearly passed—one of the pleasant memories to be carried with us as we leave for Convocation and Conference, and from there into the strenuous work of another college year.

Concerning Brother Lucky's Trip Last Year.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SABBATH RECORDER:

At the latest hour may it not be possible to atone for shameful neglect? I promised my dear Brother Lucky that I would try to tell the readers of the RECORDER about the trip that he made last year after Conference and let them know of some of the conclusions reached by him, or at least some of the impressions he received of the work among Jewish people in this country. The reasons why I have not done this sooner have been partly my own procrastination of the task and partly that the real or imagined difficulties of the task stood in the way. These difficulties may have arisen out of the mists of my own brain or may be due to the actual trouble I find in trying to see Brother Lucky's mind as it is and then transfer his ideas to the minds of your readers. The delicacy of Brother Lucky's thought and the refinements of his thought in regard to the work of missions make it quite impossible for any one to mediate between him and those to whom he would bring his ideas.

It will be remembered that Brother Lucky was at the Conference in Milton and with others was a guest in our home. On the thirteenth of September he left Milton and went to Milwaukee to visit Brother Kovats, the Hungarian Seventh-day Baptist who is working there among his own people. Brother Lucky had an enjoyable visit there of two days or more and was favorably impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of Brother Kovats. Brother Lucky felt, however, that it might be better if the ability and power of such a man as Mr. Kovats were put into service in some place where there were not only many

of his countrymen, but also a church of our faith with whom and with whose pastor he might cooperate and whose counsel he might have.

From Milwaukee Brother Lucky went to Chicago, where he spent a week. He looked over the work done or attempted there in the interest of his people, but in his letter to me he did not mention any details except to say that he hoped that his interviews with workers might not under God's blessing be without fruit.

A visit of a similar nature he made in Cleveland, Ohio, from the twenty-second to the twenty-seventh of September and another in Pittsburg, Pa., from September 28 to October 5. The hard rain that fell when he reached the former city seemed to match the depressing effect of the hopelessness of much of the work that is attempted to win his people to the light of the Gospel.

The sixth of October found Brother Lucky in Washington, D. C., on a bright and happy morning, the herald of a pleasant and not unprofitable visit. In this city Brother Lucky's heart was deeply touched to see how a retired Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, employs himself zealously at three related tasks: (1) To hunt up all Jews, visit them, talk to them about Jesus and preach to them the word of life, giving them literature and the like; (2) Without compensation to represent in his work any pastor or preacher who is willing to have him represent him; (3) To give warning, advice and consolation to all prisoners and others, visiting them in quite apostolic fashion. Brother Lucky says that it is pathetic to see this old man at his work, which is surely the work of God. Brother Lucky visited the meetings and noted with great interest the work of the Seventh-day Adventists in Washington and was led to lament that the Seventh-day Baptists are not active in the capital city of our country, where the beauty of the city is often in contrast with the ugliness of sin.

Later Brother Lucky spent some days in Baltimore and Philadelphia and passed what was to him a blessed Sabbath on the fifteenth and sixteenth of October at Shiloh. The name Shiloh has always been to him an inspiration. On the first day of the

week, October 17, with Pastor D. B. Coon Brother Lucky made a visit to a family at Vineland, N. J. On the eighteenth of October Brother Lucky went back to Philadelphia and later to New York.

The days following he spent in the vicinity of New York City, and during the time attended meetings of the Tract Board in Plainfield and of the "Yearly Meeting" of churches in New Market. He says that he longed to return to Galicia, but New York City held him chained. He visited many people in many places during the days before he went to Alfred in December.

At Alfred he rejoiced at the beauty of the tabernacles of learning, and exclaimed, "How goodly are thy tents, O Israel!" He sees in our institutions of learning the ground of the future usefulness of our people and would have the interests of Israel conserved in the establishment of a "Jews' Library", or at least a department of the library of one of our schools as a Jewish department, the nucleus of which already exists in many books of that people.

From Milton to Alfred our brother thus made his journey, and later when he crossed the ocean and at last reached his country in peace his heart was still with the people who next to his own brethren are loved as his own. God has ripened rich fruits of grace in the life of our brother and this visit of his has bound him closer to us than ever before.

WILLIAM C. DALAND.

Work for the Aged.

An opportunity for an interesting study in social economics has been afforded by the generous effort of the *New York Times* to secure employment for men and women over fifty years of age who needed it. The sympathy of the management of the *Times* was aroused by an appeal from a man past fifty, who could not find work because of his age. Realizing that there were probably many suffering the same disability, the *Times* offered to insert the advertisements of such free in the *Sunday Times*. The response in both appeals and approval showed that the *Times* had struck a responsive chord. The first Sunday it printed 166 free advertisements for persons more than fifty years old who need-

ed work; the second Sunday it printed 242 of these advertisements, and many more later. Employers showed their interest, and scores of positions have been obtained for unemployed. Incidentally this excellent deed has brought out several points of extreme interest.

It is interesting to note that very few represent themselves as out of employment because of discharge on account of age. "We take care of our own old men," was the general reply to a representative of the *Times*, who was sent out to investigate the causes of the unemployment of men and women above fifty. The most numerous causes are failure in business or loss of invested funds, compelling one who had been independent to begin to work for others in old age; loss of business by being forced out by the great combinations, and of positions by industrial and commercial consolidations; the failure of health in the case of men, and the loss of husbands who had supported them in the case of women. Large response by employers was made to the benevolent efforts of the *Times*, and the success in obtaining places to work for the *Times'* advertisers proves that a great cause of unemployment is the failure to bring the unemployed in touch with the place that needs him. The Charity Organization Society of New York City has a special Employment Bureau for the Handicapped, which is working for the old, as well as those partially disabled from other causes. The sympathetic effort of the *Times* has brought out an important revelation of social conditions.—*The Watchman*.

"You may expect a bumper crop of mosquitoes if you leave them breeding-places in the shape of stagnant pools of water, old clogged drain-ditches, damp caves or cellars, foul water-barrels, and old cans and buckets lying around partly full of water after a rain."

"The farmer should beautify everything he touches, and touch everything that is not beautiful."

"Some ardent enemies of monopoly always monopolize the conversation."

Young People's Work

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

Christ Our Saviour.

REV. A. J. C. BOND.

Prayer meeting topic for September 3, 1910.

Daily Reading.

Sunday—A Saviour from sin (Matt. i, 21; Heb. vii, 25).

Monday—From falling (Luke xxii, 31, 32; Jude 24, 25).

Tuesday—From punishment (Eph. v, 6; Rom. v, 9, 10).

Wednesday—From ourselves (Gal. v, 16; vi, 8; Rom. viii, 1, 2).

Thursday—From error (Heb. iii, 10; John xiv, 6).

Friday—From death (Rom. vi, 23; 2 Tim. i, 10).

Sabbath day—Topic: Christ our Saviour (John iii, 5-21). (Consecration meeting.)

JOHN III, 5-21.

It is characteristic of John that when he has related some incident in the life of the Master, he discusses at some length the principles involved. No doubt he chooses the incidents in the life of Jesus that will illustrate the principles of the Kingdom, and that will yield themselves readily to his purpose in writing his Gospel. In John xx, 31, he tells us what his purpose is: "But these are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in his name."

The coming of Nicodemus, the Pharisee, to see Jesus, serves well John's purpose, so he gives a full account especially of the teaching growing out of the incident. And the Scripture lesson today is one of the choice passages of the Bible.

We do well to remember that Nicodemus was, as far as we are able to judge, a clean, straight man, of high ideals, and a leader of the most earnest religious sect of his time. Fearing, no doubt, what his co-religionists might say, he went at night and unobserved to Jesus, that he might learn

more about him and his new doctrine. Notwithstanding the manner and time of his coming, the fact that he came is a splendid testimony to the character of the man. He could not be sure that the Pharisees had all necessary religious truth. With his powers of discernment and his ability to weigh matters, he was able to see in Jesus something which possibly they would do well to consider. He felt that Jesus was a teacher come from God, and he looked to him, no doubt, for a fresh message from heaven. Perhaps it was as much a personal matter with Nicodemus as it was a matter of their religion as a people, in which he had a place as leader. Being an honest Pharisee he had personal religious aspirations which were not satisfied even by the most scrupulous and faithful fulfilment of every prescribed ceremony. So Jesus began to talk to him about the new birth, salvation and eternal life. I think that as a result of this conversation there must have stolen into Nicodemus' heart some feeling of the need of a personal Saviour. He must have felt that this continued personal relationship with Jesus would satisfy the one thirst of his soul. He may not have been able to define his feeling, but I imagine it was there. It is the feeling which comes to every one at some time, if he have any acquaintance with Jesus; a desire for companionship with him. Blessed is he who finds that constant companionship with him is possible. And this is what it is to have his salvation.

To live with him constantly, to have his abiding presence with us, is to be saved from all that is low and mean and unworthy; is to be saved to all that is high and pure and good.

Young men, in the strength and vigor of your young manhood, young women, in the freshness and purity of your young life, let nothing come between you and the fullest enjoyment of the companionship of Jesus. Perhaps none of you will be tempted to seek the low things of life, but the temptation will be great for you to take up with something a little less than the best. And just as sure as you submit your life to a sliding standard, your life will be a failure. Let not the fear of what others will say keep you from doing those things

which mark you as a companion of Jesus. Let not the offers of worldly advancement woo you from him. There can be no compromise. We are either his, eternally his, living in the enjoyment of his saving presence, or we are lost, eternally lost, because feeding upon the vain things of earth.

You will have many flattering offers from the world, and I do not ask you to despise them. But measure every opportunity of life by the standard of loyalty to Jesus Christ.

I have seen young people who have been brought up in our homes and churches, taught in our Sabbath schools the truths of the Bible, nurtured in the atmosphere of a loyal Sabbath-keeping community, themselves believing and keeping the Sabbath, and from all these influences they have breathed into their lives the elements of character which make them young people of power, sought after by worldly concerns with offers of worldly advancement; and I have seen these young people deny and despise these early influences and agencies and throw them all away for the prizes which the world offers. Perhaps some one says it is not throwing it all away if that character and ability are used in doing the world's work. Well, that depends upon what you mean by "the world's work", and whether your real motive is service, or whether this is a pleasing phrase which you are trying to use to ease the irritating pressure of your own conscience. The world's work does not amount to the snap of your finger if it does not contribute to the building up of the things which Jesus came to promote. Do not fool yourselves, young people, you who have ability and power. You have it; God bless you and guide you in the use of it. But you can not be disloyal throughout your life in one particular, and work in harmony with him and under his blessing in others.

Jesus our Saviour saves to the uttermost. That means not only that he saves from the lowest depths, but he saves from the most subtle sins, and to a life of increasing strength, joy and usefulness.

My Sins.

Isaiah xxxviii, 17.

"Behind his back,"

God says, who lieth never.

My sins of every brand,

Canceled by his own hand,
Are signed and sealed, and put
Out of his sight forever!

And he stands guard.
Who, then,—the wildest dreamer,—
Would dare to pass that way
To snatch my sins away
And show them for my shame
When God is my Redeemer?

"Behind his back!"
O,—best of all the story,—
Through this surpassing grace
I look into his face,
And can not see my sins;
I can only see his glory.

—Mary E. Allbright, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

JOHN III, 16.

"For God so loved the world. . . ."
Jesus Christ is the most perfect revelation of God's love for the world. We often assure ourselves that God loves us because he created us and we are his. But this does not go back far enough nor down deep enough. God created other things than man, yet we can not say that God loves the ocean or the mountains, the trees or the grass. God cares for the sparrow and clothes the lily in gorgeous beauty, but he can not love these. They respond to his care, and fill their place in his great plan. But when we say God loves the world, we mean men and women, boys and girls. But his love existed prior to his creatorship. Because God is love he created man that he might love him. No object is capable of being loved except it be capable of loving. It was only when God had created man that a channel was opened up for the outflowing of God's holy love. For man was created in God's likeness, hence with a capacity to love in return. Love both seeks possession of its object and lives for its object. True love does not exist where either impulse is lacking. Of course our desire to possess in peculiar fellowship a being who is attractive to us because related by nature or in spirit and tastes, this in all its varying degrees of selfishness we call love, for there is no other term to use. But every one knows that as that love grows stronger and purer the giving impulse increases, and the one who truly loves would give his life for the object of his love. True mother love is perhaps the nearest approach of human love to the divine, and

we measure it by the sacrifice the mother would make for her child. We have said that no being can be loved who is not capable of loving in return. This is by no means the same as saying that no one can be loved except he love in return, and give expression of that love in a normal way. A mother's love and tender yearning will follow an ungrateful and rebellious son to the ends of the earth; and she would gladly give all that she has to draw him back to the home nest and to the purity of his childhood. The giving of herself does not cease because her love is unrequited. But in thought and anxiety and in consuming prayer she daily gives her life for him who should, but who does not, love her. Yet the very fact that the son is capable of loving in return is what inspires her love. And she ever feeds upon the hope that some day he will return, and she would gladly give her life to know for one brief moment that her boy loved the mother who bore him.

God's love for the world was so great, the giving impulse so strong, that in Jesus Christ he gave himself to the world, the object of his love. And he desires to have in fellowship all mankind. He wants every man, woman and child in all the world to love him and he wants all to give themselves to him. And no one can do less than this and be a normal human being.

Love is of such a nature that that being can not be created who can love and yet who must love. To create a being capable of fellowship with God—capable of spontaneous love and intelligent service—meant the creating of a being who could withhold that love and refuse the service. Every child that comes into the world is born with a capacity to love God and to worship him. But through wilfulness or indifference the blessings of fellowship with him may never be enjoyed. This is pitifully true in many lives. Yet God so loved the world. God hates sin, but it grieves him when we cling to it and thus shut ourselves out from the blessings of his love.

TO THE LEADER.

Make use in the meeting of the daily readings, which are brief and very much to the point.

Discuss the needs, opportunities and methods of evangelistic work for your society, especially during these fall and winter months.

Milton Junction.

An Experience Meeting: What the Christian Endeavor has Done for Me.

As I read over my Christian Endeavor pledge, I realize how much I owe to its simple requirements, for the great undercurrents of my life.

First of all, "I promise"; the sacred character of a pledge. It is no light thing to make a promise, and I have learned to be very careful about making any promise; but having made one, I must keep it, at no matter how great inconvenience or self-sacrifice.

"The rule of my life to read the Bible and pray." I can not be sure how much I owe to Christian Endeavor for my love and reverence for God's Holy Word. Doubtless other influences have shared, at least, in teaching me to turn to the sacred pages continually for instruction, inspiration and direction. I do know that it was in the prayer meeting of the society that I first lifted my trembling voice in public prayer. But for the persistent call of duty in the society I could never have learned to pray aloud—an unmeasured blessing which I should have missed in my whole life.

"To support my own church." How many times, as a young Christian, the motto, "For Christ and the Church," has rallied drooping courage, made the struggle seem worth while, and carried the efforts through to success. "I love thy church, O God," with all my heart.

"Some reason . . . conscientiously give." Ah, there has been the touchstone of conduct! With what nicety one learns to measure values, by this rule. Am I selfish? Will the "reason" bear His scanning? Am I putting the lesser and well-seeming reason forward, and hiding in the secret corner of my heart the true and self-indulgent excuse? Am I honest with myself? Would I accept this, if some one else should offer it as *his* reason? Is my conscience sensitive and responsive? Strip all the frills away, and let me get at the naked

truth. Will I be ashamed of this evasion of duty, when I stand before the bar, and answer for the deeds done in the body? If I am not sure—then better "be true to all my duties."

"Take some part . . . in every prayer meeting." Early in my Christian Endeavor work this promise was singularly emphasized, and I thank God for the strength which helped me in this duty. How often I have quivered to the heart as the moment came for me to speak, and, too weak and frightened to stand, have pulled myself up by the back of the seat ahead, to give the faltering testimony that meant so much to me. With determined persistence, the trembling hesitation gradually gave place to more confidence and ease of manner. I shall never be able to say what I want to say, as I would like to say it. But this cross has become a joy and certain blessing.

It was in Christian Endeavor that I first learned the unspeakable happiness of leading a soul to Christ. It is in Christian Endeavor I have found my choicest friends and sweetest companionships. And in Christian Endeavor I have had the keynote of my life clearly sounded, "Service for Christ and his church."

HARRIETT CARPENTER VAN HORN.

DEAR SIR:

In answer to the question, "What has the Christian Endeavor done for me?" I would say that it has helped me to be more regular in my Bible reading and prayer. Early in my Christian Endeavor work in the Junior Society, the importance of this point was impressed upon me. As a reminder of our duty, we Juniors were to answer, "Faithful," each week at roll-call if we had prayed and read the Bible each day of the week. If we had not been faithful, we could only answer with shame, "Present."

As I passed into the Senior Society, I still endeavored not to overlook this daily duty. I feel that our pledge is of great importance and should be impressed on the minds of the members more than it is sometimes. There are other points in the pledge of as much importance as those I mentioned as helping me. While some points help one, others will help some one

else; but all must find some help from the Christian Endeavor Society.

Your friend,

JOHN FITZ RANDOLPH.

Fouke, Ark.

DEAR MR. VAN HORN:

To answer the question, "What has the Christian Endeavor done for me?" one must first answer the harder one, "What would my life have been without the Christian Endeavor?" This can be answered only by more or less vague imagination. Self-measurement at best is limited by the individual point of view. The experiences of one's life are so infinitely intricate, and complex, and so subtle in their influence upon the future of one's life, that no one can tell until years after what kind of factors and how strong in the growth of a life, certain experiences have been, and then only in the large; for a life is bound up with all other lives and environments by such closely knit relations and ties that we inevitably fail to take account of many of them. But these are our *human* limitations. My answer is, therefore, only what I think and not any absolute or definite evaluation of the influence of the Christian Endeavor upon my life.

I can not tell at all accurately just what the Christian Endeavor has done for me merely from my own point of view, for there have been several influences working in my religious life during my active period of Christian Endeavor work. I think I can truthfully say, however, that the Christian Endeavor has been a strong influence in helping me to feel at home in the church. It was not until I had active work to do in the Christian Endeavor that I felt my responsibility for a part (very small, to be sure) of the religious organization of the community. It was then that I first realized that I was working for the same ends as the church and was in reality as well as name a member of the church.

The Christian Endeavor has been one of the means of teaching me that all men, however well-educated or illiterate they may be, are brothers in that, when they come down to fundamentals, they have a common yearning to get "in tune with the Infinite," to feel that God is good and that

he is *their* God. Through hearing others speak I have learned that others may find the same things which I hold as sacred and eternal, in vastly different ways and through different means. This has taught me not only to be appreciative of those who differ from me, but to try to learn of the many ways in which God makes himself known to men. This, it seems to me, is one of the prime functions of the Christian Endeavor. It puts new meaning into Christ's "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Any religious organization, to be vital and virile, must be but the outward expression and outflow of an inwardly true and sincere spiritual life. I can not say that the Christian Endeavor as an organization has been a principal factor in my spiritual development. My mother, teachers and friends have been my greatest and noblest inspirations and have done most to help me realize what is valuable and eternal in God's universe—both for life and death. The Christian Endeavor has been merely one element in my religious activity and development, and, as such, like the branches of a tree it can not be taken away without doing violence to the life or perhaps killing it.

Camp Lauderdale, Elkhorn, Wis.

MR. H. C. VAN HORN:

Although I have been a member of our Christian Endeavor Society ever since it was organized, I find it difficult to say just "what the Christian Endeavor has done for me."

It has done much to develop my Christian character. It has brought me in closer touch with my pastors. The work of the Lookout and Relief Committee has brought out that side of my nature which otherwise would not have been developed. It has kept me in touch with the young people, especially those much younger than myself, and more interested in missions, both home and foreign, and in our missionaries.

MERCY E. GARTHWAITE.

Milton Junction, Wis.

News Notes.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.—The tag contest by the Ladies' Industrial Society for purpose of raising money for the church was a success, about \$200 being secured. The same society served dinner July 13.

RICHBURG, N. Y.—The Ladies' Aid Society and the Endeavor Society have joined forces in holding socials for the benefit of parsonage repairs. An ice-cream social was held July 26; proceeds \$7.00.—Pastor Sherman, who recently resigned, is about ready to remove to his home at Alfred.—The church feels pleased to have secured the services of Mr. R. R. Thorngate as pastor.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.—The Ladies' Aid Society held an interesting session at the home of H. K. Bassett, July 23. Money received, \$6.40.

WEST EDMESTON, N. Y.—The Christian Endeavor Society held an ice-cream social on the evening of July 7; proceeds \$8.40. At the church and society business meeting, recently, it was voted to invite the Central Association to meet with this church next year. Pastor and Mrs. R. G. Davis have gone to Niagara and Buffalo, expecting to spend one month in that vicinity. In their absence the Sabbath morning services will be conducted by members of the church. [Good for West Edmeston.—Ed.]

H. C. Van Horn,
DEAR BROTHER:

Since Bro. Edwin Shaw's visit to our locality and his encouragement that I should more fully report my work in this country, I will write it out for you. Somehow the RECORDER is watched by many for reports from Cosmos. I find that this field, like nearly every pioneer country, is a splendid missionary opening. Denominationalism is not strong; but on the contrary, in most localities the different denominations meet together for Sunday school and church services.

Bro. Ira Goff did considerable preaching at different locations, on First-day, while here. I have become so connected with Bible work in the various Sunday schools of Morton County, Kan., and Texas County, Okla., that I was sent as county delegate of both counties to their state Sunday-school conventions the present summer—one at Kansas City, Kan., the other at Oklahoma City, Okla. These privileges proved to be of great educational benefit to me.

There is great enthusiasm shown in these large gatherings. Since attending those meetings I have been present at two county conventions, and at Morton County convention was elected superintendent of teacher training for the county. In the week to follow I am to attend one county rally and a township convention and will

speak at both. Friday, July 15, I spoke at Pleasant Valley convention, the Sabbath following at Hugoton, county seat of Stevens County, Kan., and on my way home stopped, on Sunday, at a schoolhouse, where I spoke one hour to an interested company of First-day people, explaining our position, as a people, as to the Sabbath and temperance. I was urged to come that way again. I only regret that I have so little time to give to the work.

Yours truly,

E. D. STILLMAN.

Cosmos, Okla., July 30, 1910.

In Memoriam.

Rev. H. H. Hinman, born 1822, died 1910.

The Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church wishes to express appreciation of the life and services of Rev. H. H. Hinman, who passed away Sabbath morning, July 16, 1910, at his home in Oberlin, Ohio.

Elder Hinman has been a member of this church since October, 1893, serving the church as opportunity afforded, from his location so far away, and his labors as missionary and writer for various publications. He was a broad-minded minister of the Gospel, being thoroughly equipped by scholarly attainments and rich experience in missionary work in Africa as well as much evangelistic work in this country. His conscientious regard for truth was ably defended by his clear logic, and his rich spiritual life. He was not only a strong preacher, but also a writer of marked ability and force. It can be truthfully said, he was a great and good man. His life-work has been well done and will remain a heritage to his family, the Christian Church and the world at large.

IRA J. ORDWAY,
Committee.

The Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church, in session August 6, 1910, unanimously adopted this memorial and requested the clerk to spread this memorial upon its records, and send copies to the family, and also to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

By order of and in behalf of the church,
C. U. PARKER, Clerk.

W. J. Bryan on the Saloon.

"The saloon differs from all other business in that no one regards it as a blessing. It is not defended as a good thing. It is not an educational center. It is not an economic or normal asset to a community. It is a nuisance, and only tolerated when it is believed to be necessary. It can not be defended at all if the community does not want it. The liquor dealer ought to be content to sell where his services are desired, and the manufacturer of liquor ought to be content to dispose of his products among those who desire them. He is entirely outside of his sphere when he attempts to force his business upon a community or to interfere in decisions upon the liquor question." In this connection we have the following from the *Commoner*:

"In speaking against the evils of intemperance, and in proposing remedies, Mr. Bryan not only has nothing to gain politically, but he risks the alienation of valued friends who agree with him on other questions but do not agree with him on this. Nothing less imperative than a sense of duty could lead him to take a position that may separate him from men whose companionship he has prized and whose support he gratefully appreciates, but these issues are here and the citizen must meet them.

"The liquor interest, recognizing the force of the moral movement which is everywhere at work for the uplifting of society, is audaciously and insolently endeavoring to coerce both the Democratic and the Republican parties into inaction; its lobbyists infest the capital of the Nation and the capitals of all the States. Mr. Bryan would not deserve the confidence which has been reposed in him if he kept silent in the presence of this gigantic conspiracy against the home, society and the state. Whether he is able to accomplish much or little he will at least register his protest against the saloon in politics as he has registered his protest against the trust in politics, and if it 'kills him politically,' as the emissaries of the liquor traffic boast, he will die honorably, and his political death may at least help to convince thoughtful people of the magnitude of the powers that are banded together to do evil."—*Presbyterian of the South.*

Children's Page

Happy Comrades.

When Donald and his grandpa go out to take a walk,
They have no end of jollity and confidential talk;
They have so much in common and they never disagree,
Though Donald's only five years old, and grandpa seventy-three.

They visit first the barnyard to see the cows and sheep,
Though stopping at the pigsty to take a hasty peep;
They see the fluffy chickens, the goslings, and the hens,
And watch the turkey-gobbler as he struts along the fence.

They go to see the kittens in a barrel in the shed,
They hear the rooster crowing in the hayloft overhead;
And the startled guineas cackle as the visitors appear,
And the cross old gander hisses when the couple get too near.

Then hand in hand they wander off adown the dusty street,
Between two rows of maples where the spreading branches meet;
A robin nods a welcome as the jolly people pass,
And a hoptoad jumps and tumbles to the shelter of the grass.

In the bushes by the roadside they hear the catbird call,
And a frightened chipmunk scurries in his hole within the wall.
They get some pussy-willows in a hollow by the brook,
And they watch the minnows swimming in a little sheltered nook.

Then trudging slowly homeward, they end their jolly walk,
With happy shouts and laughter, and confidential talk.
They have so much in common and they never disagree,
Though Donald's only five years old, and grandpa seventy-three.

—E. H. Phelps, in *Young Evangelist*.

The Lazy Windmill.

Once upon a time there was a big old windmill. It belonged to the farmer.

It had worked hard for many, many years, and the farmer, when speaking of it, used to call it "Old Faithful."

But one day the windmill had stopped working.

The wheel stood perfectly still. A strong wind passed by. It said to the windmill: "Come, come! Why are you not at work? Let me help you turn your wheel."

"No, no!" said the windmill, "I do not wish for your help. I shall rest all day today. I am so tired!"

"Oh, but we must always work before we rest," said the wind. "Come, I shall be glad to help you." The wind blew upon the wheel. The wheel would not turn.

"I will try again," said the wind. So it blew long and hard.

"I do not have to mind you!" said the windmill. "I tell you I am tired, and I shall rest today! Go away, old wind!"

So the wind sighed and went away. "Oh, how fine it is to rest!" said the windmill.

All day long it remained still. It grew late and the tired horses came home. They had worked hard all day in the hot sun.

They were so thirsty. When they saw the windmill, they started into a little trot, in their haste to reach the water tank.

Poor, tired horses! It was empty. "Is the windmill broken?" asked the farmer.

"No, it is all right.

"Why hasn't it worked today?

"The wind blew hard, too.

"I can't understand this!" he said.

The cows came for a drink.

The sheep came for a drink.

The chickens came for a drink.

The dog came for a drink.

The birds came for a drink.

There was no water.

"Oh, why didn't I work," said the windmill.

"There is no water for the horses and cows.

"There is no water for the sheep and chickens!

"There is no water for the dogs and the birds!

"Oh, I am sorry I didn't work!" And the windmill began to creak and groan in sorrow.

"Oh, I wish the wind would blow!

"I would work so hard that the tank would soon be full!"

A gentle wind came.

It tried to turn the wheel, but it was too weak; so it called its friends.

The friends came. They all pushed and pushed! Suddenly the wheel stopped creaking and groaning, and, as it whirled merrily around, it sang this song:

"With the wind to help me,
Round and round I'll go;
Then the sparkling water,
To my tank will flow."

Soon the tank was full of clear, cold, sparkling water, and, as the animals eagerly drank their fill, the wheel busily turned round and round, humming contentedly to itself.—*Kathlyne J. Libby, in School Education.*

HOME NEWS

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The little church at Battle Creek we feel is a healthy child of the denomination. We are gradually growing, both spiritually and numerically. Those who have moved here recently are grateful for the ones who organized the church.

The Missionary Society at various times has loyally aided us, and the people are continually giving for mission fields; for all this we are thankful. In time we hope to become less dependent. Some of us more fully appreciate and realize the important mission our Missionary Society is doing. If we would be a "child of the King", we must be active, growing, developing into full maturity.

Our pastor, Rev. D. Burdett Coon, is giving us able and practical sermons, filled with applications for our needs.

Those coming to Battle Creek from our churches we hope will bring their letters with them; for we need their influence while they are with us, thus lending a hand to the work.

The atmosphere of the Sanitarium is helpful to good morals, but this is a modern city with its allurements. One, however, can be just what he himself determines to be.

Parents also will be held responsible for the influence they exert upon their children. The Proverbs give some excellent instructions in this line. Much is said of the unimportance of denominations. If we are standing for a truth, have we not that specific mission to live and labor for? Dare we retreat from our principles? Let us apply the test, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

W. L. HUMMEL.

MARRIAGES

CROCKETT-STILLMAN—At the Seventh-day Baptist church, Albion, Wis., August 10, 1910, by Rev. L. C. Randolph, assisted by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, Mr. Henry C. Crockett of Battle Creek, Mich., and Miss Minerva Stillman of Albion, Wis.

DEATHS

BARBER.—In Bridgeport, Conn., July 14, 1910, Sarah A. Barber, in the 85th year of her age.

Mrs. Barber was born in Westerly, R. I., January 8, 1826, and was the daughter of William and Sarah Greene. The most of the first fifty years of her life was passed in Westerly, but during the last thirty-three years her home has been in Bridgeport, Conn. In early life she made a profession of faith in Christ and sixty-two years ago became a member of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, R. I. In 1848 she and Lieutenant J. Clarke Barber were united in marriage, and to them were born two children, Herbert W. and Alida M. Lieutenant Barber died fifteen years ago, since which time Mrs. Barber has been most tenderly and faithfully cared for by her daughter. Sabbath day, July 16th, she was brought to Ashaway, R. I., and farewell services and burial took place in Oak Grove Cemetery.
W. M. L. B.

SUTTON.—Hannah J. Sutton, daughter of Martin and Anna Hughes, was born on Greenbrier Creek, Harrison Co., Va., now Doddridge Co., W. Va., June 2, 1831, and died July 29, 1910, aged 79 years, 1 month and 27 days.

After the association Sister Sutton left her home at Berea, W. Va., for an extended visit among friends and relatives on Lick Run, in Doddridge County, at Buckhannon, and at Clarksburg. She was taken sick at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Avis Husk, near Wilsonsburg. Her sons and daughter hastened to her side, but she never rallied but passed peacefully.

to rest. The remains were brought to her home on Otterslide, where she had lived since her marriage to H. D. Sutton, March 10, 1853. She was the mother of nine children, five of whom are living and were present at the funeral. She was a member of the Pine Grove Church and later of the Ritchie Seventh-day Baptist Church. She has been a strong factor in the religious life of the community. Her children and descendants, with a large circle of friends, revere her memory.

L. D. SEAGER.

DAVIS—Carrie Randolph Davis, daughter of Howell W. and Marietta Randolph, was born in Shiloh, N. J., September 3, 1844, and died at her home in Farina, Ill., August 1, 1910.

When she was five years old she went with her parents to Walworth, Wis., where she made her home till she was married to Dr. A. C. Davis, April 26, 1865. They came directly to Farina to make their home. In May, 1867, she united by letter with the Farina Church, and during almost the entire history of the church has been one of its most devoted and active members. Seven children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Davis. Upon them the mother poured out her love in self-sacrificing service and inspiring example. This home circle was first broken by the death of Fay, and later by the death of Arnold C. Davis Jr. No words can express the sorrow that thus came to the mother, but she continued the same cheerful, hopeful, helpful Christian that she had been for many years.

In December, 1908, she was stricken with paralysis, and since then has been in an almost helpless condition. During these months of her sickness, her husband and their children have given her most loving attention and care, no sacrifice being too great or service too heavy for them to perform in order to add to her comfort and happiness.

Mrs. Davis has two brothers and a sister living.—Warren Randolph of Chicago, Mrs. F. E. Peterson of West Hallock, Ill., and Rev. L. C. Randolph of Milton, Wis. Her five living children are Mrs. J. H. Irish of Vandalia, Ill., Mrs. J. W. Johanson of South Dakota, Carroll Davis of Farina, and Honor and Aster, who are at home.

Memorial services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon, conducted by her pastor, assisted by the Rev. L. C. Randolph, who concluded the services with tender and eloquent words of respect, in memory of his sister.

W. D. B.

TROWBRIDGE—Donald Trowbridge was born in the town of Adams, N. Y., August 15, 1897, and died at his home in Adams, August 1, 1910.

He was the second son of Sherman and Louise Trowbridge. He was a bright, cheerful boy, taking a lively interest in all athletic sports suited to a boy of his age. While his parents had reason to suspect, for some months, that he was not really well, he was not known to complain. He faithfully performed his set

duties even to the last day he was about. After but a brief illness of less than two days his earth life was brought to a close. The parents, with a brother and sister, mourn deeply their loss.

Burial services were had at the home, on the afternoon of August 4. The floral offerings were so profuse the casket was literally buried beneath them and Donald looked like one sleeping in a flowery bower. A very large company of sympathizing friends were present and followed the remains to their last resting-place in the Adams Center Cemetery. The services were conducted by the writer.

E. A. W.

The following lines on the death of Donald Trowbridge were written by Eva Witter, a member of his Sabbath-school class.

So lonesome some hearts are crying,
Though lips can not form the word,
For a smiling face is missing
And a happy laugh is not heard.

Two brown eyes are closed forever,
Two lips are cold and still.
One young heart has ceased its beating,
Gone is its pulse and will.

One brother alone is left now
For the other's true heart did cease;
He has gone to his Maker in heaven
And his heart rests safely in peace.

His comrades and schoolmates now miss him;
They long for his bright face again;
The memory is not all of sorrow,
But tenderness mingled with pain.

At the table stands one chair empty
One less happy face we behold,
But he's entered the portals of heaven
And is seeing their wonderful gold.

O spirit, so sweet and so tender,
Look down from thy bright home of love,
Help us not to grieve for thy absence
But look to the Father above.

SUTTON—Okey Loren, son of Rev. E. E. and Blanch R. Sutton, was born at Rockville, R. I., April 17, 1910, and died August 5, 1910, aged 3 months and 19 days.

Burial at Greenbrier Seventh-day Baptist Cemetery, W. Va., August 7. Their many friends express the most heartfelt sympathy with them in this great sorrow that has come to their lives.

Keeping the Nation's Time.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock noon every day in the year, says a Washington correspondent, a young man walks into a certain room of the main building at the Naval Observatory, which is set up on a hill in the northwestern part of the District of Columbia. He glances at the various clocks in the room and then goes over to

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. 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, at 2.45 p. m. The chapel is third door to right beyond library. Visitors are cordially welcome. Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor, 216 W. Van Buren Street.

Lives Lost in Mines.

The statistics of coal mining casualties in the United States, compiled by the geological survey for the calendar year 1909, show an apparent falling off in fatalities during the year, but since the special bulletin on the subject states that no account is taken of the year's greatest disaster, that at Cherry, Ill., in November last, the facts are that 1909 was exceeded only by 1907 as one of heavy catastrophes. Last year, leaving out the Cherry mine disaster, in which 393 miners and rescuers were burned to death or suffocated, there were 2,412 deaths from coal mine accidents, against 2,450 in 1908 and 3,125 in 1907, the most disastrous year in mining history in this country. This disaster brings the total of fatalities in 1909 up to 2,805.—*The Morning Star*.

The virtue that comes out victorious in the crisis must have been nourished and cultivated in the humdrum moments.—*Alexander Maclaren*.

a table which is covered with electric apparatus.

He watches the clocks to his left closely and waits for the hands to reach five minutes of twelve. As the second hand approaches the 60' on the dial he prepares to shift a switch. The clock is so finely adjusted that when the second hand points to 60 it exactly marks the beginning of a new minute.

As it touches the 60 the switches are thrown on. That starts a signal that goes out instantaneously over 900,000 miles of telegraph lines. In Washington, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Newport, Baltimore, Newport News, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, Key West, Galveston, Chicago and elsewhere the time balls go up on their poles. People know that it is five minutes before noon, Washington time.

The clock which keeps the time in the observatory ticks on. With each tick there is a contact of electric points. A circuit is closed and an instrument on the table similar in appearance to a telegraph sounder ticks away loudly.

It goes on to the twenty-ninth second, then skips one tick, then resumes its steady sounding until the last five seconds, then there is another gap. These gaps are for the purpose of giving listeners at other ends of the great system of wires a chance to know what part of the minute the clock is on. So it goes up to the last minute.

At the twenty-ninth second there is again the skipping of one second. Finally the clock gets around to the fiftieth second. Then the circuit remains open for ten seconds. There is silence all along the telegraph wires.

At the other ends, where there are time balls or merely train operators, the long pause indicates that noon is almost there. The second hand makes on toward 60 and finally reaches the mark. Then there is another click, in about a second the sounder is down and that tells hundreds of thousands of people that it is noon in Washington, that the Naval Observatory says so, and the Naval Observatory is now one of the best time-keeping institutions in the United States.—*Morning Star*.

Sabbath School

LESSON X.—SEPT. 3, 1910.

TWO PARABLES OF JUDGMENT.

Matthew xxi, 33-46.

Golden Text.—Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you." Matt. xxi, 43.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Isa. v, 1-17.

Second-day, Psa. lxxx, 1-19.

Third-day, Mark xi, 20-33.

Fourth-day, Mark xii, 1-12.

Fifth-day, Luke xx, 1-19.

Sixth-day, Matt. xxi, 18-32.

Sabbath-day, Matt. xxi, 33-46.

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

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

Wanted, a Sabbath-keeping woman or girl to do all or part of the housework. Mrs. Mabel D. Main, Daytona, Fla.

15,22,29,5,12

WANTED.

A Sabbath-keeping job compositor; permanent position for right party. Address Printer, care SABBATH RECORDER, Plainfield, N. J.

15,22

Tinsmith and plumber wanted at once, Steady work for right man. A. M. Coon, Leonardsville, N. Y.

15,22

WANTED.

Copies of Year Book for 1909. Send to RECORDER office.

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WANTED.

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

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A position by a German Seventh-day Baptist minister who has taught public school 26 years, is a widower and must earn money. Has edited a newspaper. Address Box 225, Ephrata, Pa.

WANTED.

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PHYSICIAN WANTED.

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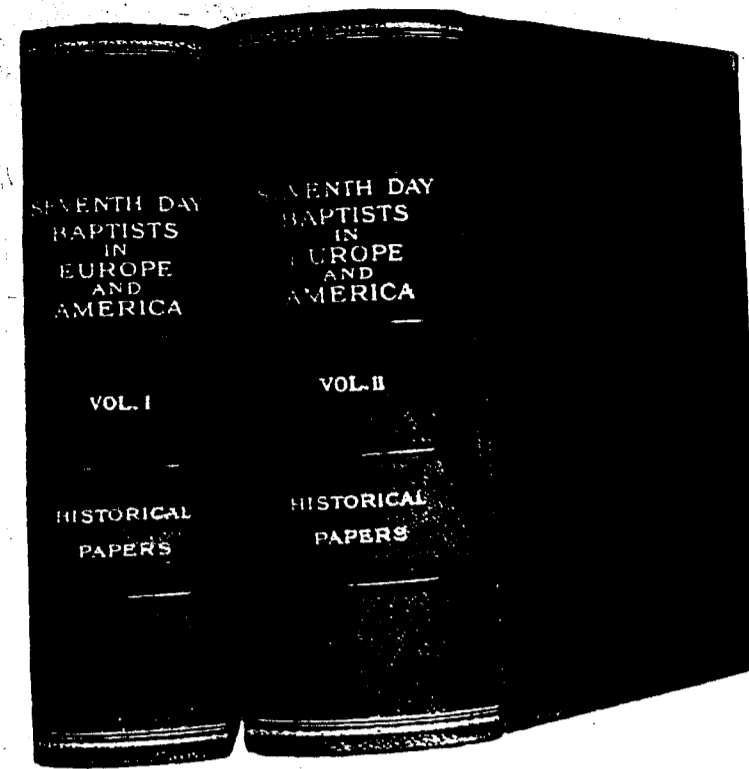
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"Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more: but judge ye this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block in his brother's way, or an occasion of falling." Let us rather place for him stepping-stones or a ladder. Overthrow not for any sake the divine work, but be one of its workers, filled with all goodness, filled with all knowledge, which is the fulness of the divine blessing. For "as it is written"—"they shall see, to whom no tidings of him came. And they who have not heard shall understand." Yea, better than we do, who think we have the only heritage!

—Lady Welby, in *Hibbert Journal*.

—CONTENTS—

EDITORIAL—"Great Forgivers;" The Convocation at Lost Creek; Convocation Sabbath; Sunday at Convocation	257-262	Church	270
CONDENSED NEWS—Forest Fires; A Deplorable Situation; In Nicaragua	262	Was Man Created or Evolved?	272
Annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society	263	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Proud—Of What? What the Christian Endeavor Has Done for Me; News Notes	276-279
Reminiscences of An Octogenarian	264	Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors	281
MISSIONS—Extract From Edwin Shaw's Report	265	CHILDREN'S PAGE—The Children's Letter (poetry); A Day With Elizabeth	282
Address of Welcome to President Clark From Salem College	266	DENOMINATIONAL NEWS—Ashaway People Greet Doctor Palmberg; Farewell Reception; Some Visitors at Conference	284
WOMAN'S WORK—The Music That Carries (poetry); From the President	269	HOME NEWS	285
The Educational Service of the Village		DEATHS	286
		SABBATH SCHOOL	288