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**A SONG OF THE CORN.**

I will sing a song of the tender corn!  
It is fair to see in the early morn,  
When its long, green leaves, with dew impearled,  
Wave a welcome to the waking world,  
And the slender fingers of the breeze  
Stir them to sweetest harmonies.

I will sing a song of the sturdy corn!  
It is summer's child, of her gladness born;  
On a fairy loom its silk is spun,  
By fairy hands are its tassels done;  
And its gracious gift to man appears  
In health and strength from its plenteous ears.

I will sing a song of the ripened corn!  
You may pass its sturdy stalks with scorn,  
To seek some sweeter, daintier thing  
For a theme when next you softly sing,  
But no flower that greets the summer morn  
Is more splendid than the golden corn.

—Ninette M. Lowater.

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## EDITORIAL

### Northwestern Association—Notes.

The Northwestern Association convened with the church at Garwin, Iowa, on Sixth-day morning, June 23, 1911, with the largest audience at the very beginning of the session, that we had found in all the opening days of the associations thus far. Though warm the day was ideal, and after two days and two nights sweltering on the trains it was a real treat to get into the cool, quiet little church at Garwin.

Our train arrived just in time for the first session and we went, baggage and all, right to the place of meeting. This was my first visit to the Garwin Church, and I really found a pleasant surprise in more ways than one. First, this is a more beautiful country than I had expected to see. There are just hills enough, with rolling plains between and small tracts of woodland here and there, to make it most delightful. The great fields of grain, especially the corn, looked by far the best of any we had seen along the way. Everything said in unmistakable language, "This is a good land."

Second, I was told that several families had been seeking homes in Garwin of late, making the outlook for the church here more hopeful. A great work is being done. The labors of Pastor J. T. Davis have been abundantly blessed, and the spirit of revival that brought so many into the church last year still prevails. For

four years Brother Davis struggled on here in efforts to strengthen the things that remained, with much to discourage and little to cheer a pastor desiring to see God's cause prosper. But he was faithful and courageous until at last, over a year ago, in one of his cottage prayer meetings the revival broke out and the blessed harvest came.

Garwin is a thrifty little village of about six hundred inhabitants. It is laid out with streets fully one hundred feet wide and is situated on a hillside overlooking as beautiful and as fruitful rolling farm-lands as can be found in the great West. It is on a branch of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, about twelve miles from the main line at Tama and two hundred and eighty-one miles from Chicago.

We are always glad to see signs of growth and permanent settlements of Seventh-day Baptists in a particularly good farming country. One of the saddest features of our past has been the tendency to drift about, hunting for new homelands, and this has too often resulted in moves for worse instead of better. Too many beautiful and productive farms such as we see about Garwin and North Loup and other places have been allowed to pass into other hands, to the great loss and disadvantage of Sabbath-keeping people. Other people have in many cases taken the lands we have left and grown rich upon them, while the former uneasy and discontented owners have grown poorer by their moves. It is too bad that as we pass farm after farm now covered with splendid crops of corn and oats and wheat, with fine herds of cattle grazing on rich pasture-lands and with every sign of prosperity about the homes, we have to hear the same old story so oft repeated, "All this land was once owned by Seventh-day Baptists." Then we frequently learn that those who left such land, looking for better, did not find as good; and while they have been growing poorer under their hop-skip-and-jump

policy, the old neighbors they left behind have steadily gained until now they are well-to-do. Really it is a cause of joy when we see signs of a growing disposition to stay in good places near our churches and to hold the land and contentedly labor for permanent upbuilding. It is a hopeful sign when we discover an inclination on the part of lone families, scattered, and away from church influences of their own faith, to move where we have churches and where schools are better. Really life is too short for us to waste its best years in places where children can have no help outside their own homes in lines of spiritual upbuilding, and where there are no Sabbath privileges.

When the congregation had joined in singing, "That will be Heaven for Me," and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the description of the transfiguration had been read from the Bible, it was evident that the spiritual tone of the association was such as to ensure an excellent meeting. The zeal with which the people entered into the work was well accounted for when Pastor John T. Davis in his address of welcome said, "The people of Garwin have been looking for this meeting twelvemonths and praying for a rich blessing to come with it." The welcome was stated in three words, "I welcome you." Then in a happy way Brother Davis bade us welcome to the town, the church and the homes.

This was all good, but there was a still better thing to which he gave us a pressing welcome. To Pastor Davis it seemed that the social phase was nothing in importance compared with the spiritual work God has for us as a people to do. "To this," said he, "we welcome you. Men have been saved here through faith in the Gospel of the Bible, and we welcome you to the work of deepening and strengthening that faith. We are here alone, plodding in an isolated community, so far as our own people are concerned. We are not scholarly, but we welcome the students and scholars of all our people. O for a tidal wave that shall not stop when the delegates are gone!"

Philip L. Coon, the president of the association, responded to the welcome al-

ready being realized by the delegates who were here from eleven States. He emphasized the need of unity among our people if we are to stand the pressure being brought to bear upon us.

The theme of the association was announced as, "Practical Christian Living Essential to Denominational Growth and Permanence." The leader felt that much help must be gained in these meetings if we are able to carry on our work.

In the prayer meeting which followed, there was manifested the same deep yearning for the Holy Spirit's presence and power that had characterized the other associations. This prevailing spirit, giving a strong evangelistic turn to all the sessions, from Berlin to Garwin, is the one thing that fills our hearts with hope for the future of these gatherings. There can be no question about the worth of the associational gatherings to all the churches and communities where they have been held this year. If the larger churches do not feel the need of such annual gatherings, the smaller ones certainly do; and if the strong churches could see the benefits of this work as we saw them in Garwin, the abandonment of the associations would not be thought of. There might be some change perhaps, giving these meetings greater evangelical power, but to abandon them would never be encouraged.

#### PASTOR RANDOLPH'S SERMON.

The opening sermon by Rev. L. C. Randolph, from the question of John the Baptist to Jesus, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" was especially helpful for those who long for practical Christian living. The answers sent by Jesus back to the lonely John were nothing more than statements of his practical work—such work as the prophets had foretold.

Every one has dark days—days of discouragement, and times when night shadows find the wandering soul away from home. All great new life has come through travail of soul.

Every time the cause we love appears to get a setback, we are inclined to be discouraged. It was so with David, Moses, Elijah, Paul; and even Christ in his hour of darkness exclaimed, "My God, my God,

why hast thou forsaken me?" John the Baptist was no exception to this rule. He needed some practical, tangible evidence to strengthen his faith.

#### CHRIST'S CREDENTIALS.

In the day of John's loneliness in the prison beyond Jordan, when he stood in need of a renewal of assurance about the Christ and sent to ask him if he was the one who was to come or should they look for another, Jesus sent him his credentials showing that he was really the one. The answer was simple but conclusive: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me."

John had been lonely before, no doubt, but now his days were drawing to a close, and as the shadows gathered about him he needed reassurance and comfort. Christ did not chide John, but sent him the true answer, which must have been the greatest comfort. John was the last of the prophets who prophesied regarding the Christ, and in the answer received he saw that Jesus was fulfilling the Messianic prophecies, and therefore must be the one who was to come.

Brother Randolph referred to three periods in our denominational life: (1) the period of organization; (2) the period of restatement of beliefs; and (3) the period in which practical living is emphasized. He believes in them all, but the key-note of success must be practical Christian living. We must let our light so shine that others seeing our good works shall glorify our heavenly Father. This practical Christian living is the work Christ has left us to do.

The watch was made to keep time, and if it does not do that it has to go back to the maker and be fitted to do its work. Until this is done it is good for nothing. The church is to save men, and when it does not do this let it go back to its Maker and be fitted to do its work. The one thing we need is spiritual power.

I knew a man who thought he had received the Holy Spirit, but was not quite sure. He asked a friend to describe its effect when received. This of itself was evidence that he had not the Holy Spirit, for when one receives the real indwelling he will not need to have it described in that way.

It is no sign of the Holy Spirit's presence when men merely go to church and keep Sabbath and live so it can be said of them they do nothing bad. When the disciples were filled with the Holy Spirit everybody saw it. The first thought that should occupy our minds is not that of upholding a denomination, but the thought of saving men. The party that thinks of self first and the country last is doomed to go down in defeat, and this principle holds good with denominations.

Thousands have theories about religion, and in their hearts long to do better. But they do not do better; they talk and wish, but do not bring things to pass! How the world does need practical Christian living! The true workman for God today must be one who has had a blessed experience himself and can help others to a genuine hope. He must be able to sympathize with the sinner and to show him the way out of his sins. Dying men do not want theories and philosophies and nice sayings about culture and reform; they want a practical, tangible hold on the Saviour who can lift them out of the pit. They want something that will help them into God's kingdom. The world was never more hungry than today for the dear old Gospel.

#### FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

The afternoon of Friday was given to reports from delegates representing the various associations, and to the interests of the American Sabbath Tract Society. Among the reports none was more interesting than that of the corresponding secretary. In this association the letters from the churches are not read in full, but a condensed statement of their contents is presented by the corresponding secretary, who carefully reads them and gleans therefrom whatever is necessary for a complete understanding of the conditions in the churches. This report showed a growing interest in all lines of denominational work.

Revivals were reported from several churches. Out of twenty-two churches twenty sent reports to the association. There are 2,629 members in the Northwestern Association. During the year \$20,997.96 had been raised for God's cause, and the report showed a net gain of 115 members.

North Loup Church alone had made a net gain of 50 members, making the present total membership in that church 351. Five times during the year Pastor Shaw and his people visited the baptismal waters. The Battle Creek field was reported as one of the most promising and hopeful fields in the denomination.

The little church at Garwin has just built a small addition to the house of worship, thus making room for the pulpit and choir over and above the room it had before. A basement is also being built, which will be very convenient when completed.

#### THE TRACT BOARD'S HOUR.

Much interest was manifested in the work of the Tract Board. The efforts of the board to come into closer touch with the churches were carefully explained, and the burdens being borne at each monthly meeting wherein the board has been trying to solve the hard problems pressed upon its attention were laid upon the hearts of the people. The movement by which the Tract and Missionary boards are uniting in the work of both home and foreign missions was heartily approved by the people; and the sending out of gospel truths by the printed page, the meeting of deficits on the SABBATH RECORDER and *Sabbath Visitor* by earnings of the publishing house and otherwise, so that over two thousand families can have these papers at less than cost, were all recognized as genuine missionary work. When money is expended for preaching the Gospel we never expect to get it back, and we do not regard that as a deficit. We think of it as being given for the Lord's work, to bring men to Christ, to instruct them in Bible truths and to encourage them in faithful living. When funds are used for publishing tracts for gratuitous distribution we never expect to get the money back; it is regarded as missionary work by which the Gospel is

preached to individuals and to families at home. Then why should money used to place the SABBATH RECORDER, with its words of help and comfort and instruction, into the hands of thousands be looked upon as a deficit, and held up to the people as a reproach? If enough were charged for this paper to make it self-supporting with its present list of subscribers, probably half the families who now take and pay for it would not see their way clear to do so, and there would still be a deficit. It would require more than one thousand new subscribers to make it pay its way at the present price. This number can hardly be expected at present from our people; and were it not for the faithful services and careful management of the Tract Board regarding the publishing house, and its loyalty to the SABBATH RECORDER in meeting its bills, it is hard to see how we could have any denominational paper at all. Who can estimate the loss to Seventh-day Baptists, as a people scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to the lone Sabbath-keepers, to the isolated families, to the missionaries at home and abroad, to the poor families who are receiving it as a gift from hearts that love their fellow men, if this weekly messenger of truth, this bearer of the Gospel of Christ, were taken away? Is it not true missionary work to give such a paper to the world? Is it not the work of the Master to thus help to strengthen all the churches, and to send the good news to those who dwell in the "regions beyond"? Again, are not those who make gifts to send the SABBATH RECORDER to those who can not take it for themselves, giving for missions as certainly as are those who give to send a preacher to those who have not the Gospel?

It has been many a day since I have seen deeper interest manifested in this matter, and in other phases of the work entrusted to the Tract Board, than was seen in the association at Garwin. The board certainly has the sympathy of the people in its effort to settle wisely the important questions coming before it in these days. And as the people come to understand more fully the real facts in the case, as they realize more the burdens and perplexities of their board, sitting hour after hour on the second, Sunday of every month wrestling

with problems belonging to the publishing house, to the home fields, to the Macedonian cries from Africa, Holland, Java and other places where God has opened doors for Sabbath truth, they will respond more liberally for the support of the work, and their sympathies will be more strongly enlisted in the several lines of work undertaken by the board.

#### FRIDAY EVENING AT GARWIN.

The prayer meeting evening of the association at Garwin will long be remembered by many as a season of deep and genuine heart-searching. After the sermon by Brother Wing from the text, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," there was held a remarkable prayer and testimony meeting. The quartet and some of the other delegates had been downtown holding a meeting on the street just before the services at the church. Reports from this street meeting added to the interest of the prayer meeting, and evidently the Holy Spirit was working in many hearts. Really the revival that broke out two evenings later had already begun. One lone Sabbath-keeper testified that it had been twenty-one years since she had stood in such a meeting among her own people. Every one was touched by her words, and her face was illumined with joy as she spoke of what that meeting meant to her. Her daughter indicated her desire to put on Christ and unite with God's people.

Each evening the gospel meetings were held on the streets just before the services at the church, and on Sunday afternoon, while the women's meeting was being held in the church, a men's meeting was held in the park. This too was a powerful meeting. It was led by Rev. L. C. Randolph, who had the support of a large company of Christian workers. Nearly all the twenty ministers present at the association were there ready to respond with brief testimonies in which they had been asked to tell why they were Christians, and there was a male chorus of twenty singers who made the park ring with the songs usually sung by the quartets.

Many worldly men sitting around on the grass were moved to tears by these songs and testimonies. Pastor Randolph's talk,

especially to men, was a strong appeal for true manhood and clean living. In the evening meeting of that day the feeling became intense, and after Elder Kelly's appeal four young people came forward seeking the Saviour—three young men and one young lady. Then followed a scene that must have been much like the Pentecost of old. The hardest hearts were touched. On the following day Pastor Davis had the pleasure of baptizing four and of receiving these and three others into the church.

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#### Hopeful Signs.

If we pause to consider the changes for better that have come to the associations within thirty or forty years, we shall see less cause for discouragement. In the years gone by there were no sessions conducted entirely by young people, no woman's hour given entirely to woman's work in all denominational lines. No quartets, both male and female, ever stirred the hearts of the people, and the evangelical spirit so common today, resulting in revivals, was practically unknown. The spirit and methods of association work have changed for the better, and no one can make a careful study of these things without seeing hopeful signs, and realizing something of the worth of the associations to our people. Even though the attendance in some sections is all too small, great good has certainly been done. Berlin, West Edmeston, Hebron Center and Garwin can all bear witness to this truth. I do not know how the money spent in sending delegates to these associations could have been better spent in any other form of mission work.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew; and if we lack them, it is because we open not our hearts to receive them.—*The Standard*.

There are quiet victories, great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism done every day in nooks and corners and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts.—*"Battle of Life."*

## EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

### Eighty-four Men Indicted.

It seems that the government is determined to make thorough work of prosecuting the trusts. This time it is the wire manufacturers and their employees that have been on trial for acting in restraint of trade. The indicted men represent thirty-five companies, all of which are considered guilty of entering into pooling associations contrary to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Some of the indicted men have belonged to more than one of these pools, and are held by the grand jury under a separate indictment for each one to which they belonged. One company, the United States Steel Corporation, was declared to belong to seven out of the nine pools, and its president was accordingly indicted seven times. Another, the John A. Roebling's Sons company appears in eight indictments. Among these eighty-four men held by the grand jury are found some prominent family names. They are men who have stood high in American business and political life. The companies they represent have controlled from 70 to 90 per cent of all the steel and copper wire, electric cable, nail and horseshoe business of the country. It really begins to look as though the private manufacturer might, after all, have some chance for business in the United States.

### After Paper Box Makers Again.

About a year and a half ago the government prosecuted the combination of box-board manufacturers, and the men pleaded guilty of violating the Sherman law. Now the same companies are indicted a second time. The bill of complaint charges that scarcely a year went by before these defendants were busy getting up a new scheme for the restraint of both interstate and foreign trade.

Civil suit has also been brought against about a score of magazines and periodicals, charged with combination and conspiracy to restrain the home and foreign commerce in magazines and other publications.

The complaint asks for a dissolution of this illegal combination.

During the ceremonies at the coronation of King George V., the old Trinity church in New York City held services in honor of the event. The chimes pealed out "God Save the King," and "America." The spirit of the world has improved since the days of George III. In Revolutionary times the rector of this same church was removed from his pulpit for praying for the King George of that day, but now the great men of America vie with each other in efforts to honor England's King. May this spirit of brotherhood prevail until the welfare of all nations is made the subject of prayers, not only in Trinity church but in every church.

Seventy-six melon growers in the South have united with the merchants and dealers in New York in lodging complaint with the Interstate Commerce Commission against several railroads in combination with the Pennsylvania Railroad, for charging the Southern growers thirteen cents a hundred higher freight on melons than is charged from equally distant points in the Central and Northern States. The complaint asks that such discrimination be stopped.

The Bureau of Statistics reveals quite a falling off in the imports of champagne and diamonds during the year. According to this high authority Americans have reduced their foreign champagne bills one-half, and at the same time they have bought \$7,000,000 worth of diamonds less in eleven months than in the same period last year. This report may raise the question as to whether the people are really economizing along these two lines of expenditure, or whether there are not some more gigantic smuggling schemes to be unearthed. Time will tell.

The much talked of Root amendment to the Canadian Reciprocity Bill was defeated in the Senate without the formality of a roll-call. It is said that when the matter had been thoroughly canvassed, the advocates of the amendment found themselves in such a small minority that they did not care to have their actual weakness

revealed to the country by a formal roll-call.

It was announced at the White House that the Anglo-American arbitration treaty had been agreed upon in every important provision. Only a few minor details now remain to be adjusted between the State Department of our own country and the British Government.

The Committee on Expenditures, that has been investigating the "Day portrait mystery", recommended that William H. Michael, former clerk of the department and now United States Consul at Calcutta, and Thomas H. Morrison, disbursing clerk, be dismissed for the good of public service and the integrity of public officials. It also recommends that Mr. Michael be prosecuted for criminal action. This report was adopted.

The case briefly stated is this: An artist was employed to paint a portrait of former Secretary of State Day. The records show that while the artist received only \$850 for his work, the sum of \$2,450 was actually drawn from the secret fund of the department to pay for the portrait! The difference of \$1,600 has not been accounted for by Mr. Michael who received it from the hands of the disbursing clerk.

J. Pierpont Morgan recently purchased an autograph letter written by Martin Luther to Emperor Charles V., for which he paid \$25,000. The other day Mr. Morgan presented this letter to the Kaiser of Germany. His majesty was greatly pleased, and conferred upon Mr. Morgan the Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle.

Everybody should rejoice over the prospects of an amicable settlement of the controversy regarding seal-fishing in the Bering Sea. Russia, Japan, Canada and the United States have at last come to a practical agreement that will probably put a stop to the reckless destruction of seals by poachers fishing in the deep sea. The females as well as the males have been wantonly destroyed by these pelagic fishermen, until complete extermination was threatened. The treaty now being completed between the four nations concerned in the

business will practically put deep-sea poachers out of business, and by carefully husbanding the herds of seals around their island homes for propagation will again allow them to multiply.

Since the United States and Russia will be the chief beneficiaries under this international compact, they have agreed to indemnify Canada and Japan for the loss to them caused by prohibiting the open-sea fishing. The United States, Russia and Japan agree to place in a common indemnity fund thirty per cent of the skins taken on their islands, this fund to indemnify the Canadian and Japanese governments. Japan shares equally with Canada in the distribution of this fund because her chances for a land catch are very small.

Under this treaty each nation will now receive a fair share of the profit arising from this protection and perpetuation of the seal herd, and no one of them will be driven by its neighbors into a policy of poaching in open sea which could only result in exterminating the race of seals. For more than thirty years this seal problem has been a disturbing element, and has stubbornly resisted solution. The present administration is entitled to great credit for the diplomacy that has resulted in its settlement.

Forty years ago a party of eleven tourists were lost in the Des Bessons glacier of Mont Blanc. One of them was John C. Randall, a banker of Quincy, Mass. Of the eleven men lost only five bodies were recovered, the other six going into the floe of the glacier. If this glacier is true to its traditions these six bodies should be given up this season at its terminal, for it has been found that, after forty years, things lost where these men went down have come out where the ice-floe discharges its burdens and melts into a stream. Already this season the massive glacier has disgorged at its mouth some of the alpenstocks and other articles belonging to this company of lost men. And now, Miss Edith Randall, daughter of John C. Randall, has started for Chamounix confidently expecting to recover the body of her father. She will find a home at the foot of the mountain, in the same hotel where

her father stayed; and, day by day, she will watch for the appearance of her long lost father's body.

Damage claims amounting to \$250,000 have been filed in the State Department at Washington, against Mexico, for the killing and wounding of several Americans in El Paso during the battle of Juarez. These claims vary from a few hundred dollars to \$25,000 each.

Prizes of money, the highest being a ten-dollar gold piece, were offered in New York City, by the American Civic Association, for the best essay written by school children in that city, on "The House Fly as a Carrier of Disease." The ten-dollar prize was won by a negro girl aged thirteen years. She is a pupil in the Henrietta School, one of the children's aid schools.

Among other things she said:

If we only believed that the filthy fly was the germ carrier we would not spend so much time disinfecting ourselves and avoiding the houses or streets in which disease may be found. Instead we would clean our rooms, make our homes sanitary and inspect the shops from which we buy our food.

At the convention of the American Zionists held in Tannersville, N. Y., a proposition to purchase one hundred thousand acres of land each year for Jewish colonies was received with great enthusiasm. The proposition was made by the national fund commission, which is the active agency of the Zionist movement, and looks toward regaining possession of Palestine for the Jewish people.

Another earthquake gave San Francisco a terrible scare on July 1. There were two distinct shocks that made the great iron buildings weave and creak and sent multitudes panic-stricken into the streets. The shocks both in San Francisco and San José were the hardest since the destructive quake of 1906. No great damage was done, but the people received a bad fright. This time the tremors did not seem to follow the old lines of the earth's "fault" but extended farther inland to the Sierra Mountains.

#### Useless and Foolhardy Risks.

At last a great daily paper of New York City has raised a cry against the foolhardy

risks being taken by airships in sailing over crowded cities. The useless and hazardous adventure of Harry N. Atwood, who made the thrilling flight back and forth over New York's most densely populated sections on July 1, was the cause of timely protest in the *New York Tribune*. Though this flight happened to be successful, it gives no assurance that the next one will be; and the *Tribune* thinks the legislatures should quickly take the matter in hand and designate in what courses airships may be allowed to sail. It also thinks each State should insist on strict regulations regarding those who are licensed to operate flying-machines, and that aeronauts should be held responsible for any damage or loss of life they may cause.

Really it is nothing short of an outrage for a man to endanger human life as Atwood has done in New York. Had any mishap plunged his airship into the crowded streets or upon the tall skyscrapers of Manhattan, the loss of life would have been great. In some foreign countries such a feat as the cutting of five figure 8's over a crowded city would not be permitted, and it should not be allowed in America. If aviators are foolish enough to place their own lives in jeopardy until they practically commit suicide, they should not be allowed to jeopardize the lives of other people.

Some people wreck their Christian lives, if I may be allowed to use an old and familiar illustration, by trying to sail between the Scylla and Charybdis of Yes and No. . . . There are spheres where compromise is nothing short of treason. There are times when like Martin Luther we must say: "Here I stand. I can do none other, God help me." That intolerance of what is against Christ, that intolerance of the base, the sinful, is not harshness. It is not the foe of love and sympathy and generous culture. It is the solid rock upon which alone we can stand, if in the power of the Spirit we are going to reach out our hand to help another.—*Canon Cody*.

The best cooperation that God has in his plans for the human race lies in the high-minded, religious mothers."

## SABBATH REFORM

### Church and State.

It is true, indeed, that there is no official union of church and state in this country. But we must not infer from this that there is any antagonism between the civil and religious authorities. Far from it: the church and state move on parallel lines. They mutually assist one another. The state holds over the spiritual rulers theegis of its protection without interfering with the sacred and God-given rights of conscience. And the church on her part helps to enforce the civil laws by moral and religious sanctions.—*Cardinal Gibbons (at his fiftieth anniversary)*.

### Gems of Truth.

We assume that all are agreed that the Holy Scriptures are the words of the living God, and that its authority is a final appeal in all religious controversy. We lay down the rule that "Scripture must harmonize. Doubtful and ambiguous passages must not be interpreted to contradict explicit and decisive ones."

Jehovah being the author of all divine revelation, no man's arguments can overthrow or in any way affect its divine origin! We endorse the inspired words of the Psalmist: "Thy law is truth."

\* \* \* \* \*

What is the sabbath of Christendom? The universally recognized sabbath day of rest is the first day of the week, called Sunday, called also the Christian sabbath, and the Lord's day. Sunday is a legally recognized and established day of rest in this country. The Jews are exempted to a certain extent, as all conscientious Sabbatarians should be.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are several sabbaths named in the Bible, as sabbaths of years, annual sabbaths, passover sabbaths, the Seventh-day Sabbath. There are many man-named sabbaths, having *no* scriptural authority, as the Jewish sabbath, the Christian sabbath, the

First-day sabbath, "your sabbath," "my sabbath," and "every day is a sabbath."

There is only one *true* Seventh-day Sabbath, the Jehovah-commanded memorial day of Creation, beginning in Eden (Gen. ii, 3): "And God blessed" (the Hebrew is *barak*, to declare blessed)—"And God declared blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." (The Hebrew for sanctified is *quadesh*, to separate, to set apart.) So we can read it—"And God declared blessed the seventh day, and set it apart." He set it apart for man, as is proved by Messiah's declaration (Mark ii, 27), "The sabbath was made for man"—for Adam, for all mankind. Moses, the Psalms, the Prophets, the Messiah and Apostles venerated Jehovah's memorial day—the Sabbath day of Creation. "Worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters" (Rev. xiv, 7).

WM. T. WISEMAN.

London, Eng.

### Not Under the Law, but Under Grace.

LENORA E. STILLMAN.

What is grace? It is divine favor or pardon. "We are not under the law, but under grace." We are not condemned by the law, but we are pardoned; for Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law. There is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. His blood cleanses us from all sin.

And what is sin? The Bible answers, "Sin is the transgression of the law." We have all broken the holy law of God, and our only hope of salvation is in the grace of God—the pardon which he offers freely through his Son. There is no other name given under heaven or among men whereby we may be saved. In him is life, and the life is the light of men.

Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. Christ, our salvation, knew no sin. He has left us an example that we should follow in his steps. These are his words: "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love."

But you have heard some one say that Christ abolished the law, and that it is now right to disregard the Sabbath and

keep Sunday. Who told you that? Does the Bible say so? Beware of the counsel of men. Trust ye not in any brother, but hear the word of God. In the reign of King Jeroboam, God spoke to a certain prophet; but he took the word of another who called himself a prophet of the Lord, and disobeyed the word of God which came to him, that he might follow this other prophet. His fate is a warning to us, fellow Christians. Cursed is the man that leaneth on the arm of flesh.

Listen to Christ's own words: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

What did Christ abolish in his flesh? The Bible says, "The law of commandments contained in ordinances." Read the Book of Leviticus and the other books of Moses and then read the Book of Hebrews. By these books you will understand that the ordinances of the temple service prefigured the sacrifice of Christ, who has offered himself once for all. When he died, the veil of the temple was rent in twain. The offering for sin was accomplished. In his flesh Christ had abolished the law of commandments contained in ordinances.

What do you know of the Ten Commandments which God gave to his people, speaking them from Mt. Sinai and twice writing them with his own hand? This is the testimony of Moses: "These words the Lord spake unto all your assembly in the mount out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud, and of the thick darkness, with a great voice; and he added no more. And he wrote them in two tables of stone, and delivered them unto me."

God added no more. Can we presume to add to the law of God a command to keep Sunday? The Bible says, "Add not thou unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar." Let those who tell us to keep Sunday in honor of Christ's resurrection remember that the Word of God does not tell us to observe this day. It was the first day of the week when the women, who had rested on the Sabbath according to the commandment, came to the

tomb and found that Christ had risen. God says the Seventh-day is the Sabbath. If you call the First-day the Sabbath, you are not telling the truth. Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness. Let us, too, have faith in God.

"Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law."

*Westerly, R. I.*

#### Problems of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

JESSE G. BURDICK.

*Read at the Eastern Association.*

The work of the American Sabbath Tract Society is too great and varied and its problems too many and complicated for me to attempt, in what I shall say, to touch upon more than two or three of them.

#### FIELD WORK.

The problem of aggressive field work is one that confronts the board. This is a question of vital importance, one that sooner or later must be settled. The ultimate success of the Tract Society depends largely upon the right solution of this question. To my mind the importance of having a strong man as a field worker, one who can devote his entire time to the work, going among the people of the denomination and presenting to them the needs and work of the society, can not be overestimated. In consequence of this personal contact such a one would be in a position to judge what the wishes of the people are, and would thus become the medium of contact between the people and the board. The board could do its work more intelligently than is possible under existing circumstances. The field worker would be an important factor in molding the policy of the board. The people should be more fully informed regarding the policy of the society than it is possible for them to be by reading the printed reports that are given out from time to time. I firmly believe that if such a plan were carried out, there would be a much closer union between the people and the board, and a tighter grip would be obtained upon the hearts and lives of our young people. Our

young people need to come into a more personal contact with the denominational leaders, that the importance of those vital issues of our denomination that make us a peculiar people may be impressed more forcibly upon their hearts and lives; and the one vital question above all others that needs to be pressed home into the very lives of our young people is the truth of "God's Sabbath." This is the distinctive work of the American Sabbath Tract Society and this is a work that can not be done entirely through the medium of the printed page. This must be supplemented by the personal contact and influence of the living teacher.

Who can tell how many of our loyal and devoted pastors and lay workers who are today doing their share in carrying the burdens of our denominational interests have been saved to our cause by the help given them by some denominational leader at just the time when their faith in the Sabbath was about to give way? I know of some, you know of some, God knows of them all; but God only knows how many have been and are being lost to our cause for the want of just that kind of help in their time of sore need.

To do this work most efficiently, the field worker should devote his entire time to the interests of the society, visiting the churches, preaching the Sabbath truth and telling the people what the board is trying to do and what its needs are. This I feel certain would create a deeper interest on the part of the people in the work of the Tract Society. It is not at all certain that the field worker must be a minister; the churches need all we have and more. This would be a grand work for a consecrated layman. In all branches of Christian activity the laymen are coming more and more to take an active part and are becoming a great power in the advancement of God's cause. The laymen in our denomination are not in any degree inferior to the laymen of other denominations. I am sure there are many laymen among our number that could fill the position of field worker in a worthy manner. We can see the possibilities at hand when we think of such men as Doctor Post, C. C. Chipman, W. H. Ingham, Stephen

Babcock, Corliss Randolph, Esle Randolph, Wardner Williams, and many others; no one can say we have not the material.

To support a field worker would of course take money; anything that is worth while takes good hard cash: but the welfare of our denomination ought to rest so heavy upon the hearts and pocketbooks of the people that they would be more than willing to put up cash for the work.

#### THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Another great problem the board has to face—and it is a serious one, too—is that of the SABBATH RECORDER. Now do not think for a moment there is anything the matter with the RECORDER, for there is not. It is as good a paper of its class as is published by any other denomination, and it fully meets the requirements for which it is published, namely, the dissemination of denominational truths and happenings throughout the denomination. It is a bureau of information for the people and it is strictly high class. Then wherein lies the problem? Frankly speaking, it is lack of denominational loyalty on the part of the people—a lack of interest in the success of God's truth. This is proved by the fact that only 2,000 out of an entire church membership of 10,000 care enough about keeping themselves posted in regard to denominational matters to put up the small sum of \$2.00 a year, and by so doing put themselves on "The Firing Line." The results of this neglect are many and far reaching; one of them is, the people are not so well informed on denominational matters as they ought to be, and consequently do not have as keen an interest as they should, and would have, if they were regular readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. Another result is that every year there is a large deficit on the RECORDER, estimated this year at \$2,600. To make up this deficit, money has to be taken from the working capital of the board—money that the board sorely needs to use to meet the constantly increasing demands that come before it for consideration.

The problem is, how to make the SABBATH RECORDER pay its own way. One way would be to raise the subscription price. If this were done, what would it

lead up to? As we have stated, the deficit is \$2,600. To make the SABBATH RECORDER self-supporting on the present paid-subscription list would mean a raise of \$1.30 a year, or a total of \$3.30. Even at that the subscriber would be getting the full worth of his money. I consider the SABBATH RECORDER worth more than that. But this would not solve the problem; for, should the subscription price be raised to the figures mentioned, the number of subscribers would decrease very materially and the price would have to be "boosted" still higher, with the result that it would land above the \$4.00 mark. This policy, while it might remove the financial difficulty, would not entirely solve the problem. The reflex action upon the people would be disastrous; for their indifference would become even greater than it is under present conditions. The only practical solution of the question is to increase the number of subscribers, and every Seventh-day Baptist in the denomination that is worthy to bear the name can, and ought, to have a part in this solution. We need at least 1,300 more subscribers. This would mean that one out of every three of our members should be a subscriber to the SABBATH RECORDER, or a little more than one to every family. Is this too much? I think not. The RECORDER can not completely accomplish its mission until it becomes a weekly visitor in every home of the denomination.

What are the conditions that prevail in the Eastern Association? These are the facts: total membership in round numbers 2,000; number of SABBATH RECORDERS taken 350, or 1 to every 5.7 of its membership. The ratio in the entire denomination is 1 to 5. This means that the Eastern Association must raise its subscription list 15 per cent to be on par with the rest of the denomination. And if it should do what it is in duty bound to do, and make the ratio 1 to 3, it must raise the subscription list 85 per cent. This would mean an increase to the RECORDER fund from this association of \$600.00, and if this ratio should be attained by the entire denomination, a total increase of \$2,600—a sum that would look good to Brother Hubbard, our worthy treasurer, who has to

see to it that the bills are paid. This amount would largely be a net profit to the society, as the additional cost of printing the 1,300 more copies of the SABBATH RECORDER would be comparatively small.

Another result of this policy would be the removal of the financial difficulty attending the employment of a field worker. The money now used to meet the deficit on the SABBATH RECORDER would be available for this purpose.

The person who pays the sum of \$2.00 a year for the RECORDER is not in any way making a donation to the Tract Society; the society returns to him full value for his investment. To prove this statement I want to call your attention to a few facts concerning the SABBATH RECORDER—facts that can be easily verified by reading the issue of May 8 in particular, or any other issue you may choose. The RECORDER has been published for more than seventy years. It contains thirty-two pages of solid reading matter that will be helpful and instructive to any one who reads it. This might be classified somewhat as follows: five pages of editorial matter that Doctor Gardiner is responsible for (read it and see if you are not helped by the reading); two pages of editorial news items upon the current events of the day; three pages of Sabbath Reform matter that should appeal to every Seventh-day Baptist; a sermon by Rev. Edwin Shaw; about seven pages devoted to missions and giving a large amount of information in regard to our missionary work in both the foreign and home field by Secretary Saunders and other missionary workers; three pages telling of the work of the Woman's Board; three pages describing the work of the Young People's Board; something like five columns of denominational news items that tell us what is going on throughout the denomination. This is not all either; there are more things well worth knowing, and any Seventh-day Baptist would be made the better by reading them.

The mechanical make-up of the SABBATH RECORDER will bear comparison with that of any other periodical of its class; it is high class in every particular. All this can be obtained for the small sum of four cents a week, less than the price of a glass

of soda water or a plate of ice-cream. That isn't very much, is it? But you are getting a good deal more than simply the interesting reading matter that is contained within the pages of the SABBATH RECORDER; you are getting information that will be of lasting value to yourself and the members of your family long after the RECORDER has been read and laid aside. You create within your heart a deeper interest in denominational affairs—an interest that will broaden your vision of your duty in support of the work of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

I firmly believe that the SABBATH RECORDER should be a regular visitor in every Seventh-day Baptist family; and those parents who do not throw around their children the wholesome influence of this splendid denominational paper fail in their duty to those they have brought into the world, and to the denomination which they have pledged themselves by most sacred vows to support.

#### FINANCIAL AND MORAL SUPPORT.

The problem of finance is one that enters largely into the plans and work of the board; for it is true that it takes good money to do the Lord's work, and a large portion of the money that the board has at its command must of necessity come from the people. There is a constantly increasing demand upon the board to enlarge its work, but it can not do nearly as much as it desires to do, because of the lack of money. At the beginning of this year the board issued a budget of the estimated expenses of the year. To meet these they asked for an average of only seventy cents a member for the denomination. This is not a very large amount, is it? It would seem that any one could give this much for the cause. This would mean for the Eastern Association a sum total of \$1,400. Have we given it? The reports received from the churches this year show that only \$902.24 has been contributed by the churches of the Eastern Association for the Tract Society, a trifle more than 60 per cent of the very reasonable sum asked for by the board. Six churches report nothing given for tract work.

Now, brethren, in view of these indis-

putable facts, it seems to me that only one conclusion can be reached and that is, the people of our denomination do not have the welfare and success of the American Sabbath Tract Society at heart as they should. We all of us, I am sure, love our denomination and the Bible truths for which it stands, and desire its ultimate success. The Tract Society has a very important part in bringing about this success. Its work is just as important as that of the Missionary Society, the Education Society, the Woman's Board or the Young People's Board. The success of the whole denominational work depends entirely upon the successful workings of all its different branches.

The members of the board are your servants to do your work, and they desire most earnestly to do what the people want them to do; but they also earnestly desire your financial and prayerful support to the end that God's eternal truth may be established in the hearts of men.

I am going to tack a text to the end of this paper. My words may not fit the text, but the text is suggestive, I am sure, and is found in Nehemiah iv, 6: "So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof; *for the people had a mind to work.*"

#### Christmas Box for Africa.

In a letter received by the associational secretary, Mrs. Booth gives the following list of articles for the Christmas box: suitable clothing, books, patterns, cotton, buttons, large wall texts; all calendars are also useful.

Mrs. D. E. Titsworth has kindly consented to take charge of the packing of the box. Her address is 909 Madison Ave., Plainfield, N. J. Mr. Titsworth says the box will need to be shipped by the first of August. As to the freight, all packages sent to Mrs. Titsworth should be prepaid, as there is no fund to meet that expense. If any one wishes to give money, it will be used for defraying expenses, and any surplus will be sent to Mrs. Booth to help her in her good work.

ANNA C. RANDOLPH,  
Associational Secretary.



## WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY, MILTON, WIS.  
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR.

### Swedish Mother's Lullaby.

There sitteth a dove, so fair and white,  
All on the lily spray;  
And she listeneth how to the Saviour above  
The little children pray.  
Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,  
And to heaven's gate hath sped,  
And unto the Father in heaven she bears  
The prayers that the children have said.  
And back she comes from the pearly gate,  
And brings—that dove so mild—  
From the Father in heaven, who hears her  
speak,  
A blessing for every child.

—Unidentified.

This week we are glad to publish the message of the corresponding secretary of the Woman's Board to the various associations. We are all glad of the privilege of reading the papers presented at these meetings. Your editor has not received all these articles, and she is watching for the arrival of the others. The women of your association enjoyed your programs and we know you will give pleasure to others by sharing your papers with us all.

We are glad, too, to hear again from Mrs. E. D. Van Horn, and to know that the little boy of whom she wrote is to have a breath of country air.

It seems pitiful that in this land of which we are so proud, and where we are ready to hold our heads so high and announce that "all men are created free and equal," there are not only men and women, but many, many little children who suffer because of the lack of pure air and wholesome food.

Mrs. Van Horn's appeal will touch many hearts. It is one thing to have one's heart touched, but we all know it is quite another thing to act upon the appeal that touches the heart.

That the woman who has already answered Mrs. Van Horn's appeal will receive a blessing we can not doubt.

### Our Aims and Plans.

If we are loyal Seventh-day Baptists our aim must be, first, the evangelization of the world (Matt. xxviii, 18-20), and second, the promotion of the cause of Sabbath Reform (Ex. xx, 8-11).

How far these fundamental principles exercise a direct influence upon our course of action we ourselves may not always fully realize.

As women of the denomination we are widely separated by distance, and our work must be varied owing to local conditions and possibilities. Still we have, we believe, union of purpose, and above all else do we desire the concentration of our efforts to the fulfilment of these aims.

"Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares."

At the beginning of the Conference year your attention was called, by the use of the annual letter, to the different lines of work along which we might engage aside from the objects requiring pledges for appropriations. These need not be repeated here. Your ear would be caught by the familiar sound of them. Still it might be a good plan to ask your secretary to read the last letter aloud at your next meeting, and then measure your efforts, or the result of your efforts, by the side of the aims with which the year was begun.

You will readily see that all that has been undertaken must be carried on. Nothing can be dropped on home or foreign field; rather the ever-widening door of opportunity shows new fields, and greater needs, and if we believe that every new burden of care laid upon us demanding self-denial, sacrifice or service, carries in it a new blessing for us, shall we not be ready to accept it?

As to our plans. If we are to succeed in carrying our designs into effect we must do definite work, not wholesale or haphazard.

The tendency of effort this year has been toward foreign missions. Our anxiety for the health of Dr. Rosa Palmberg of Lieu-oo Station has been somewhat relieved by her regained strength. Her visits to the churches during her stay in the homeland have been an inspiration wherever she has

gone, and must be productive of much good to the cause she so well represents.

How pitifully small our own feeble exertions appear as compared with her generous sacrifice of time, strength and means. So also the compelled home-coming of Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Davis may, in God's hands, prove to be a blessing in many ways that are now unseen by us.

Dr. Grace Crandall, who is now on the China Mission field, filled us all with loving pride and admiration, by her unassuming, but determined, giving up of her own personal interests, that she might give her splendid talents and strength to the cause of missions. With her, to hear the call of God was to at once obey.

It is now our part to give to her our appreciation of her sacrifice in practical ways, and to the Missionary Society our hearty support in her behalf.

Miss Anna West, of Milton Junction, Wis., offered herself at Conference last fall in answer to the call from Shanghai, China, for an assistant for Miss Susie Burdick in the mission school in that place.

She has already completed the necessary year of preparation at Alfred, N. Y., and is ready and anxious to accompany Doctor Palmberg on her return to China this fall, if she can be sent. The Woman's Board stands pledged to raise her salary, and have so notified the Missionary Society. We now ask for individual pledges for this especial purpose for the year, not to exclude what may be raised by societies. Can we do any more than we are now doing, will be the question you will be asking. Let us remember that by our giving we are helping to bring the kingdom of God to the world. Doctor Palmberg can tell us how much Miss Burdick really needs a helper.

Nor need we confine our doing to foreign fields alone. Small churches, isolated Sabbath-keepers, and the demands for local church work, form so endless a variety for real missionary work, that there is something for each of us to do.

The Mission Circle Leaflet for last year was designed to increase the interest of our women in our own boards, and the churches of the different associations. This year the topic has been China Missions entirely. These programs are suggestive

only, and we hope the research the study has occasioned has been profitable.

Other foreign mission fields may be considered in like manner next year. Will you kindly tell us your preference as to the study, or make any suggestions you would like to see carried out?

Then there is the interest in SABBATH RECORDER work always open to us—original material for our page, extending subscriptions, etc.

We should be more concerned about the work of the Tract Society. You will notice the appropriation to that society, for which we stand pledged from year to year, is equal to the pledge given to the Missionary Society, while the treasurer's book shows only a little more than half as much received for general purposes.

The payment on scholarship and endowment toward support of our educational interests, our pledge to Fouke School, these have also stood as our plans.

Acknowledging our debt of gratitude for the faithful souls who have blessed the world with pure, noble lives, lives that should animate us to more unselfish living, the board has been considering the plan of having published biographies of our early missionaries. Steps have already been taken toward the preparation of such an account of the life of Mrs. Lucy C. Carpenter, and that of others may follow later on.

It is said that the truths of the Bible every year acquire a greater influence and receive a wider circulation. We see how this statement has been verified by the spread of the Sabbath truth in Africa during the last few years. You have only to read the letters in the SABBATH RECORDER written by Mrs. Anna S. Booth, to know what she needs and what she would like to have us do. It is for our women to consider the plan of Mrs. Booth at the associations, and at Conference this fall to let the Woman's Board know whether or not we shall make the definite pledge for which she asks. Will you make a special effort at this time to help decide this important matter? Shall we have a part in the great work of spreading the truth concerning the Bible Sabbath in the Dark Continent?

We often feel that our personal influence is indeed too small to be noticed, but we may help to promulgate Sabbath truth by our own living. A dear little First-day girl once said to her Seventh-day playmate, "My papa says that you folks keep your Sabbath better than we do ours." Thus we are "known and read of all men."

Our work does not lie alone in the amount of money we raise for the carrying on of all this work, although from the constant appeal for funds it might almost appear so. The president of Conference a few years ago said in his opening address on this subject, "The lack of money is the least of our problems," meaning that when we are entirely right in other respects there will be no lack of funds.

We can generally find time and a way to do what we very much wish to do.

We often hear of people whose donations to the cause are small, and who speak of giving the widow's mite. What a grand thing it would be if in our giving of time, strength, or means, we should really imitate the poor widow. We would then realize more fully than we now do what a *mighty* thing was the widow's mite. For "she of her want did cast in *all* that she had, even all her living."

We must answer for our actions, God will answer for our powers.

Do we ask too much? Do we expect too much? Little comes to those who expect little. If we are doing God's work, then *he* is back of it all, and we should expect large things.

In behalf of the Woman's Board,  
METTA P. BABCOCK,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

Milton, Wis.,  
May 8, 1911.

#### Letter From Mrs. Van Horn.

MY DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

Perhaps you will be interested to know that the plea for "fresh air" aid to the Italian children, in last week's SABBATH RECORDER, is already being answered by one sister. A good woman from Alfred, N. Y., who is far richer in her love to humanity than in material wealth, wrote me this morning, that as she nearly every year had entertained some of the "fresh air" chil-

dren, she would like two or three this year from the Italian Mission; and she added, "If no one else has taken that delicate eight-year-old boy, I'd like to do so; and if he wishes, and everything is all right, he may stay longer than two weeks."

I am so happy in anticipation of the good times the little people will have that I am writing this to you and others. Perhaps other homes, like this sister's, will be made happier this summer, because of love shown to "some of the least of these" of Christ's brethren.

Let me add, too, that if any Sabbath-school classes, Junior societies, or individuals, living in the vicinity of New York City, should wish to send flowers to the mission this summer, if they will express them to Mr. Antonio Savarese, 332 East 117th St., New York City, in time to reach him on Friday, he will gladly distribute them among his people on Sabbath day, or give them to any who may be ill.

Very truly yours in Christ's service,  
HARRIET B. VAN HORN.

1043 Southern Boulevard,  
New York City.

#### Changing the Associations.

*Report adopted by the Northwestern Association.*

After consultation with the Executive Committee of the Northwestern Association, the Missionary Committee, and others, your committee to consider the field of denominational interest represented by this association would respectfully report as follows:

We believe that there should be a strong, concerted forward movement in winning the world to Christ and the truth which he has commissioned us to preach. Our present methods are not accomplishing the work we ought to do. Some definite method should be adopted and followed by our denomination as a whole. As steps toward that end we recommend:

I. That our associational programs be planned to promote evangelism and Sabbath Reform, vital themes being made prominent and ample time given for discussion; that the evangelistic motive and spirit manifested in this gathering be fostered and developed in increasing measure.

2. That the annual gatherings of the various associations be held in the autumn after the General Conference, this gathering being omitted in the association in which the General Conference is held, the interchange of delegates to be continued as in the past.

3. That the Executive Committee of each association be asked to name a committee of two to confer with similar committees from the other associations at the General Conference this year touching the matters contained in this report, and that this joint committee submit the recommendations upon which they shall agree, to the individual churches for approval.

4. That this association now appoint a strong committee to inaugurate at once, in consultation with the Joint Committee of the Missionary and Tract boards, a systematic campaign of aggressive work covering a period of not less than two years upon the whitening fields of the great Northwest; that our pastors and churches pledge their coöperation as God shall give them strength and means; and that the plans include a larger use of lay workers and the surrender of pastors by their churches for evangelistic campaigns.

J. T. DAVIS,  
G. W. POST,  
L. C. RANDOLPH,  
*Committee.*

#### The Confederate Volunteer of 1861.

A glance at the personnel of the Confederate army in the years 1861-65 will perhaps be instructive. In its ranks are serving, side by side, the sons of the plain farmer and the sons of the great landowners—the Southern aristocrat. Not a few of the men who are carrying muskets, or serving as troopers, are classical scholars, the flower of the Southern universities. In an interval of the suspension of hostilities at the battle of Cold Harbor, a private soldier lies on the ground poring over an Arabic grammar—it is Crawford H. Toy, who is destined to become the famous professor of Oriental languages at Harvard University. In one of the battles in the Valley of Virginia a volunteer aid of General John B. Gordon is severely wounded—it is Basil L. Gildersleeve, who

has left his professor's chair at the University of Virginia to serve in the field. He still lives, wearing the laurel of distinction as the greatest Grecian in the English-speaking world. At the siege of Fort Donelson in 1862 one of the heroic captains who yields up his life in the trenches is the Reverend Dabney C. Harrison, who raised a company in his own Virginia parish, and entered the army at its head. In the Southwest a lieutenant general falls in battle—it is Gen. Leonidas Polk, who laid aside his bishop's robes to become a soldier in the field, having been educated to arms at West Point.

It is a striking fact that when Virginia threw in her lot with her Southern sisters in April, 1861, practically the whole body of students at her State University, 515 out of 530 who were registered from the Southern States, enlisted in the Confederate army. That army thus represented the whole Southern people. It was a self-levy *en masse* of the male population in all save certain mountain regions in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia.

One gets a possibly new and surprising conception of the character of the rank and file of the Southern army in such incidents as the following: Here are mock trials going on in the moot court of a certain artillery company and the discussions are pronounced by a competent authority "brilliant and powerful." Here is a group of privates in a Maryland infantry regiment in winter-quarter huts near Fairfax, Va.; and among the subjects discussed are these.—Vattel and Philmore on international law; Humboldt's works and travels; the African explorations of Barth; the influence of climate on the human features; the culture of cotton; the laws relating to property. Here are some Virginia privates in a howitzer company solemnly officiating at the burial of a tame crow; and the exercises include an English speech, a Latin oration, and a Greek ode!—From "Glimpses of the Confederate Army," by Randolph H. McKim, in the *American Review of Reviews* for April.

"Apart from Christ, apart from power, joy, peace and completeness."

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### Lessons From Animals.

REV. JESSE E. HUTCHINS.

Prayer meeting topic for July 22, 1911.

#### Daily Readings.

Sunday—The birds: provision (Matt. vi, 25-34).

Monday—The ants: industry (Prov. vi, 6-11; xxx, 25).

Tuesday—The lion: strength (Prov. xxx, 30).

Wednesday—The eagle: training (Deut. xxxii, 9-13).

Thursday—The sheep: trustfulness (Ps. xxiii).

Friday—Dove and serpent: purity and wisdom (Matt. x, 16).

Sabbath day—Topic: Lessons from the animals (Ps. civ, 10-31). (If convenient, an outdoor meeting.)

It would be a wonderfully interesting study to go through the Bible and see how many animals are mentioned and the different lessons which are drawn from them. In many instances some of the characteristics are shown and man is likened to these, as in Genesis xlix where Jacob blesses his sons and each is likened to some animal. But in most references the object of the writer is to show that God as the Creator of all things has not left his work to itself, but ever has a watchful eye over all his creatures. In the topic for our study today we learn that the Father has made provision for all things. The beasts of the field, the cattle of his pastures, have their feeding-grounds and watering-places; the birds of the heavens have the trees for their habitation; the preying animals have their dens among the rocks; and the monsters of the deep are not left uncared for. The great lesson from these references is that if God has such a great interest in the lower animals, how much greater must be his care for man who alone bears the image of his Maker.

Jesus, too, from the lives of animals draws some of his most beautiful object-lessons. I like to think of him as he sat there on the Mount of Olives and preached that beautiful sermon to his disciples, that he saw, flying about over their heads, now

alighting here and there around them, picking up seeds of grain which may have been dropped from the sheaves, the subjects from which he speaks those beautiful words, "Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not of much more value than they?" But to me, the most beautiful lesson and the one which expresses the most, is in connection with Jesus' lament over Jerusalem. He had just exposed Phariseism and uttered those seven woes against hypocrisy. But through it all there appears his love for the children of God which shines forth in the words which he speaks as he heard the motherly cluck of the hen and saw her brood seek refuge under her wings. His love as well as his grief are shown as he says: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" (Matt. xxiii, 37).

Since God has made all things for a purpose, and has made such ample provision for their needs, how careful we should be that we do not needlessly injure any of these things! In Proverbs we are told that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." And so we as Christians should be ever watchful concerning their welfare. Evangelist Evarts of Boston tells of a man who was converted from drunkenness and became an earnest Christian. One night he said in his testimony that even the cat had got religion. Before he was converted, whenever he entered the house the cat would run to get out of his way, but now she came to him and rubbed against him wishing to be petted. I wonder if that isn't often the case, when we get genuinely converted we think that everything else has changed and it is the other fellow who acts different, while it is only our transformed condition. There is a Welsh family here in Berlin who lived in Wales at the time of the great Welsh revival. They told me one day of the conversion of a teamster who was a very rough and profane man. Whenever he attempted to drive his team he would yell and swear so that he could be heard from a

great distance. The next morning after his conversion he hitched up his team, climbed on to the wagon and attempted to make them go. But with his changed manner and without the use of his former language, he was in a great predicament—the team would not go. As he was in a hurry, he finally sent to the stable for a rough man to come and swear at the team to make them go. But he did not resort to this means any more, but soon had them broken over into a Christian team.

There is another lesson which we may learn from the horse. Did you ever try to drive a balky horse? Did you ever see people who acted the same way? Who generally was the balkier, the horse or the driver? Many a good horse has been spoiled by a poor driver. The characteristic of weakness was there, but was so handled that it was easily developed to his ruin. Most of us are that way; we would rather be kindly led than fiercely driven. But we are given the power to rise above our surroundings, no matter how we were trained. Nevertheless we sometimes foolishly develop the ways of the balky horse. Notice the first thing that happens when the horse balks. The load stops. After that he may go backward, or he may go to kicking, but he makes no progress. Don't be a balky or kicking Christian; you will never get anywhere.

A suggestion which if followed would make this an interesting meeting would be for the leader to assign in advance to the members, such animals as the lion, sheep, serpent, eagle, dove, etc., to bring lessons from the Bible about them.

Another suggestion would be for some one to look up the laws in regard to cruelty to animals.

#### The New Serial Story.

A new serial story in ten chapters is begun in this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER. At the request of your editor it is written by the author of *The Brambles*, Miss Alice Annette Larkin, especially for the Young People's Department. Don't by any means fail to read it. I wish you could all sit down and read it in one or two sittings as I have done. I am sure your hearts would burn within you.

It is a denominational story with such wide breadth of sympathy, and so well told, that one's interest is unabated to the very last and he wishes there were more. There is nothing fanciful in the story; its characters are true to life and working within possibilities. The heroine with her own problem to work out finds its solution in the helping of others. A thread of romance serves to quicken the interest. I bespeak for it a careful reading. God grant that the picture of achievements here drawn may become realities in many communities.

#### The Cloud With the Silver Lining.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

Author of *The Doings of the Brambles*.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### The Storm Breaks.

Every cloud has a silver lining  
No matter how dark the day;  
Then turn to the side that is bright and shining  
And the shadows will flee away.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning in early September. The heat of the summer had passed and now Mother Nature was calling the whole world to make the most of the beautiful autumn days.

But there was little sunshine in the heart of Esther Williams, who sat scanning a magazine in the office of the great eye specialist.

"Oh! why doesn't he hurry?" she kept saying to herself. "This suspense is terrible, and it must be that he knows by this time. What if—" But her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the specialist's brusque—"Ready, Miss Williams," and laying her magazine on the table, she stepped quickly into the private office.

A careful examination of the eyes, a close study of the little memorandum book in his hand, and the great doctor, whose every moment was precious, turned to his patient: "I am very sorry, Miss Williams, but my fears are confirmed. Your eyes are in a serious condition. No—it's not that, there's little danger of blindness if you take proper care of them, but they must have complete rest for at least two years. You know I warned you last month of what was coming. The prescription for your glasses will be filled tomorrow. If

you are wise, you will try to make the best of this trouble. Brooding over it will not help it any."

"But my career, and the engagement to sing next season; will it be impossible for me to attempt just a little work?"

"Utterly impossible! You can not sing without practice, and of course practice means study and hard study at that. I am sorry for you but my verdict is final. Don't let this disappointment overwhelm you. There are many others who have had to meet this same trial. Good morning, Miss Williams." And the door closed behind Doctor Brown, who was truly sorry for the blighted hopes of his patient.

In the outer office Esther was trying to recover her composure. She was almost stunned by the final examination, for she had hardly expected that Doctor Brown's fears of a month ago would be confirmed. What was there for her to do? Of course she would go home to the old-fashioned homestead on the hill, home to Hazelton, the pleasant little village that knew but little excitement. Father and mother would be glad to have her, there was no doubt of that, but they didn't really need her. For Avis was at home now, and Edith lived only two miles away, and the children were almost always there. But the career that she had planned, how could she give it all up? And two whole years' interruption would mean that she could never hope to accomplish anything with her music, for the two years must be years entirely without practice. And too, who would want to start all over again at the end of that time?

So she thought as she walked dejectedly down the stairs and out to the street. The city was bustling with life but she saw little of it. Even the firemen's parade, headed by two brass bands and followed by a long line of men and boys, failed to arouse her. A little crippled newsboy calling, "Mornin' papers, ma'am, all about the grand concert in Carnegie Hall," finally brought her to herself. No, she didn't want to see the account of it, she couldn't bear to read it now, but she would buy to help the brave little lad. So she handed him the money, and took the paper and placed it in her bag.

"Thank you, ma'am," the little fellow

was saying. "An' good luck to you. 'Tis a pretty day." Perhaps he noticed the sadness in Miss Esther's eyes. Somehow these few kind words broke the spell of gloom that had settled upon her, and she answered his greeting quite cheerily. Then, noticing his wistful glance at the bouquet of pansies on her coat, she hastily unpinned them and gave them to him. Then his dark little face was fairly transfigured with joy. And too, a little of it was reflected in the face of Esther.

Why should she carry her trouble in her face? There was enough of sorrow and disappointment in the world without proclaiming it on the housetops. Suddenly there came to her mind the words of the quotation:

"If the countenance always reflected  
The thoughts that dwell in the mind,  
Would the looks that we bring to others,  
Be cheerful and loving and kind?"

So she would not allow herself to think of her disappointment as she did the few errands that she had planned before her train left the city. She became quite enthusiastic as she chose the dainty white cashmere for little Ruth's new coat. Mother's worsteds and Avis' embroidery materials were selected with the greatest of care.

Not until she was seated on the homeward-bound train did she stop to think of her plans for the future. Then she drew the morning's issue of the *Journal* from her bag. Not a glance did she give the account of the concert in Carnegie Hall, but what was this item just beneath? In large, black letters she read—

ORDINATION OF A FORMER HAZELTON BOY.  
BRINGS HONOR UPON THIS LITTLE VILLAGE.  
RICHARD BOND POWERS BECOMES THE PASTOR  
OF THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST  
CHURCH AT EASTERLY.

and so on through a long account of the services in which he was ordained to the gospel ministry.

Esther read the article through to the end, then, with tear-dimmed eyes, carefully folded the paper and put it back in her bag. Father and mother would surely want to see it. For until two years ago, every one in the little village had confidently expected that it would not be long ere

Esther and Richard would join heart and hand in their life-work. And father and mother had been bitterly disappointed when Richard went away one night and did not return, although all his vacations were spent in Hazelton. Father and mother had loved him almost as their own son. But the anticipated career had come between the young people, for Esther declared that she could never give up her plan of winning the applause of multitudes with her really wonderful voice. So Richard Powers had devoted himself closer than ever to his studies, while Esther, with an ache in her heart but strong determination in every fiber of her being, had gone on with her training.

Today the old heartache came back, but the train soon stopped at her station and her father was there waiting for her. One glance at her pale face told him all he needed to know, and wisely he said nothing about the specialist's decision.

"We've had a bit of news in town today," he announced, as they jogged along behind Molly, the bay mare. "Dick Robinson was digging in the cellar of the old house at the Ross farm Wednesday afternoon and he really discovered a box of money. Not very much, to be sure, but enough to cause no little excitement. And the excitement increased last night when it was learned that he and John Peterson took the ten dollars that Dick found in the box and started for California. Fortunately they were found before they got very far, and Judge Hoxsie brought them back this morning."

"I don't doubt that some of the boys put it there purposely," Esther remarked. "That boy seems to have a perfect craze for digging for buried treasure. He reads altogether too many stories of adventure for a boy of his age. It seems to me that he'd far better go to work and help support the family. I heard last week that there has been some talk of sending him to the reform school at Crawford. I guess it would about use his mother up if they did, for he's the very apple of her eye; but he needs restraint."

"But they won't do that, I hope," Deacon Williams anxiously replied. "He's no worse than many other boys. He reminds me of that old rhyme:

"Be he big or little, a boy's a boy,  
A father's hope and a mother's joy;  
A chip of the old block brought down to date,  
And he'll be much the same, as sure as fate."

"But mother's had a caller today, too," the deacon went on, "the president of the Ladies' Aid society came to tell her that they've about decided to disband, for there seems to be little interest in the work. They can't get any one to take part on the programs, and it all seems like a great waste of effort. Mother's all worked up about it. I guess this old town needs a waking up, but I'm afraid nothing short of a genuine old tornado would do it. But here we are at last. Molly, you're always slow but sure."

"Don't say a word about it, Mother," Esther pleaded, as she entered the house. "The disappointment has come, that's all. Some time I will tell you more about it, but not yet."

So mother turned all her attention to the preparing of a delicious supper, knowing that Esther could best fight this trouble out by herself. She was very sorry for her, so sorry that she longed to take her in her arms and comfort her as she did when she was a little girl. But, back of the sorrow, was it wrong that there should be a tiny bit of joy—joy that she would still have her daughter with her for two whole years, and thankfulness, too, that she would not have to face the temptations of a singer's life? As for the eyes, she felt quite sure that the long rest would completely restore them.

Avis had company for supper, and Edith and the children came in just as they were sitting down to the table. So Father urged them all to draw up their chairs and try some of Mother's baked beans and brown bread.

"O Auntie Esther!" little Ruth exclaimed. "Did you buy my new coat an' is it as pretty as Mabel's? 'Cause she says hers is the beautifulest one anywhere 'round." So the white cloth was brought out and admired.

"An' now will you make it for me right now tomorrow, Auntie Esther?"

For the first time since she had chosen the cloth Esther realized that not one stitch could she take in the pretty new coat.

What was it going to mean to her not to be able to use her eyes at all? How would the days and months and years pass? It was too hard; it was more than she could bear. But she must not think about it now.

"Come, Ruthie," she said, "let's go out and see the flowers. Aunty Esther wants a nice, large bunch of pansies." So hand in hand they walked among the bright-faced little blossoms.

In the house the family was eagerly reading and discussing the article in the *Journal* that Esther had left on the table.

"'Twas a bad mistake," mother was saying, "when Richard stopped coming here. He is a noble young man, and I believe he will have great success in his work. How much Esther could have helped him with her music. But it's too late to cry about it now. Probably it is all for the best, and some day she will see the silver lining of her cloud. Everything seems very black to her just at this time. Only last week she received an especially good offer to travel in a well-known company. But I believe that everything will come out right in the end."

A few hours later, Esther, unable to sleep, picked up the copy of the *Journal* that she had carried to her room, and read once more the account of the ordination services. Then she turned to another page and there, in so prominent a place that she wondered how it could have been overlooked before, was an article that filled her with astonishment and dismay. Under the heading, "The Going out of the Hazelton Church," she read:

"The readers of the *Journal* will be interested to note that the Hazelton Seventh-day Baptist Church, which has long been in a feeble condition, is practically dead. The church has had no pastor for the last five years, as the ministers in the denomination have preferred to serve the large, flourishing churches rather than hide their talents in a small village like ours. The trustees of the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church are contemplating the purchase of the building for their use on First-day. The Ladies' Aid society will disband this week, and the Young People's society has been extinct for some time.

"The little wooden building located among the pines will no longer open its doors to a people eager to enter, and the old bell that has tolled out the passing years will sound no more, for the Pleasant Valley people will put a more modern one in the tower. These Seventh-day Baptists will all have to go ere many years. Their doctrine is an unpopular one, and they can not last very long. Their history is almost completed and the chapter closed."

Was it mere chance that this fell into the hands of Esther Williams just at this time? Or was it only part of a plan of him who holds the destinies of men and nations in his hands?

We shall see.

(To be continued.)

Ashaway, R. I.

#### News Notes.

SALEM, W. VA.—Five decided for Christ at a recent decision meeting.—Pastor Hills is preaching every Sunday at the State Industrial School for Girls. He has recently given special Tract Society and Sabbath Reform sermons in our own church, resulting in a larger contribution to that society and interest in the SABBATH RECORDER. He conducted the regular quarterly meeting at the Greenbrier church last Sabbath.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.—Three were added to the church on a recent Sabbath by baptism.—The Men's Club gave a picnic dinner to the church and society on the evening of June 11, at Fairmont Park.—The Rev. C. A. Burdick preached Sabbath, June 17. He was on his way to the International Sunday School Convention at San Francisco.—We shall miss our girls who soon go to Berkeley to attend the summer school.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Doctor Palmberg was with us one Sabbath in May.—Pastor Bond was in attendance at the Northwestern Association at Garwin, Iowa, and from there went to Arkansas to be with the Fouke and Little Prairie churches through the month of July.—The Rev. O. S. Mills left the first of June to work with the Minnesota and northern Wisconsin churches.

NEW AUBURN, MINN.—The Ladies' Aid society has occasional meetings for local purposes and to collect funds for their society's use.—Brother O. S. Mills is expected to be with us over the Sabbaths, July 1 and 8. We keep up regular Sabbath services with fair interest, congregations averaging from twenty to twenty-five; Sabbath-school attendance 18-22. Our numbers are reduced by removals.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—The Rev. Wm. C. Whitford of Alfred has been visiting here for several days and occupied the pulpit Sabbath day, June 24.—

The ladies' society for June was held at the home of Mrs. R. S. Langworthy.—The Sabbath school has accepted an invitation to picnic with the Leonardsville school at Button's Falls the Fourth.—Rev. W. L. Greene's family arrived here the latter part of May. Mr. Greene is to spend his time with some of the outlying churches in Sabbath-school work while his family will remain here for a time.—During commencement week the honors and prizes for scholarship were carried off by Seventh-day Baptist young people. The contest was in the form of a play. The first prize for ladies was awarded to Ruth Brown; for gentlemen, to June Spooner. The Senior scholarship prize was taken by Eugenia Bacon.

#### Expressions of Appreciation Sent to President Taft.

MR. PRESIDENT:

On behalf of the National Council representing the whole of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales, having about 10,000 separate congregations, we beg to express our profound thankfulness, not only for the most Christian proposals that you have made in favor of arbitration between the two countries, but for the cordial unanimity with which those proposals have been welcomed.

Not only have you taken a step in advance more momentous than any statesman has previously ventured to suggest, but you have had the happiness of witnessing its approval, both by the masses of the people and their leaders, more far-spread and enthusiastic than anything that has been witnessed in this generation.

We are gratified to know that these proposals are to be embodied in a permanent form, and we can not doubt that they will have a profound effect on the relations between civilized nations.

We welcome the growing community of conviction and feeling between the United States and Great Britain which evinces their agreement in humane aspiration, progressive spirit and moral weals.

Holding as they do empire over a third of the population of the world, their agreement to withdraw all disputes from the final arbitrament of the sword must have far-reaching results.

We beg to offer you the expressions of our profound respect and congratulation and of our wish that you may long be spared to exert your personal influence on

behalf of all that will help to further the upward progress of mankind.

REV. CHARLES BROWN,

President,

SIR J. COMPTON RICHETT,

Treasurer,

REV. F. B. MEYER,

Secretary.

June, 1911.

#### Uplifting Power of the Bible in a Mexican Home.

[The following interesting experience, told by a traveler in Mexico, shows the transforming power of the Bible in a home. It is well worth relating here, just when every one is thinking of the three hundredth anniversary of the Book that has done so much to unlift humanity: It comes to us quoted from the *Bible Society Record*.—ED.]

It was in the market place of Tingambato (a picturesque little town of Michoacan) that I found José. I had been studying bugs and birds that afternoon, and after sundown I strolled to the plaza to look at the people's faces. They seemed much the same: sullen, hopeless, resigned to a purposeless drifting. For a half hour I looked in vain for some sign of animation, some expression of humanity. Then came José.

He attracted my attention from a distance by his quick movements, and the light from a peanut-vender's torch revealed a genuinely intelligent face, which held clear and honest eyes. The boy was dressed neatly in clean clothing and wore shoes; his hat was large and well shaped, setting squarely on his head. All these small details marked him from the lounging, heavy, surly crowd that lay about the plaza in a perturbed lassitude. So I walked over to where Joe stood and asked if the peanuts were eatable.

The lad smiled and assured me that there were none better, offering me a handful to try. I purchased a few cents' worth from the avernine urchin who sat at the base of a huge mountain of nuts and asked Joe to come over to one of the stone benches for a little chat. Joe was delighted and we went.

He apologized for sitting down with me;

he apologized for eating with me. These simple people, when sober, apologize for treading on your shadow by moonlight. I easily forgave him and then asked questions as to his home, his life, his work, and his philosophy.

I learned of his arrival in T—, of how he had found work at the sawmill, and about his promotion to assistant store-keeper, after which there was a hammer lost, and he was discharged because he could not find it. Many little incidents of interest he told me concerning his mill life, and I encouraged him to go on.

He had returned to the mill again, and found work in another department, but the work was hard and his hands had many indurations, showing intimate acquaintance with the shovel handle. But he assured me that it was not to last long; that one who worked faithfully and well would be rewarded and put into a place of trust. He seemed very sure of this and his expression quite surprised me.

Then he told me that if the poorer classes of Mexico City could have water, they would not patronize the *pulquerias* so much and would be much happier; but they were not given water because the powerful ones who controlled such things as water taps for the public, were the ones who owned miles and miles, hundreds of miles, of *pulque* plants. He told me his heart went out to all these poor people who were drinking alcohol, when they would many times prefer a draft of cold water.

Many other things Joe told me, about politics, social conditions, and ethics as he understood them. A real jewel I had found among the pebbles, and I strongly desired to know the why and wherefore of this boy's character. So I questioned further, asking him if he smoked, if he ever drank, if he ate *chile* and drank coffee, as his companions did. I was greatly astonished at his negative replies, and asked him outright why?

"Oh," he said, "we have a book at our house. It is the only one in all this country hereabout. My father keeps it and reads to us on Sundays and feast days, and I read by candle light until my eyes are very tired, and in this book are many things that make one think about things. I read, and then I wonder if it is right

to do this, and if it is wrong to do that, and I think it is wrong to use stimulants, because it makes one dizzy and lazy, and one can not work well, nor keep one's temper well, nor sleep, nor be happy."

"And the name of this book?" I asked. He seemed a bit disturbed at this question. He shifted his position and looked around him to see if listening ears were close at hand. I expected something very mysterious indeed.

"But this book is prohibited," he said. "The *cura* would have us cut by all our friends if he knew we read in this book. We keep very quiet about it, and only our best friends know, and they come on Sundays and listen to my father read. Perhaps you, who come from Mexico, know the book. It is 'La Santa Biblia.'"

I told José that I knew something about the book, but that I should like to know more. He invited me most cordially to come to his house and see it. He was sure that it was the greatest book in all the world.

"Do you know of many other books?" I asked.

"No, but I am sure there are no others like this one—there can not be. It makes us different from the rest of the people; we are happier, we are more healthful, we are better in every way, and I wish there were more of these books here; I wish that more might read and understand, and be *different*."

So here was the cause of the difference. This was the reason for the quicker motions, the brighter eyes, the pleasant voice, the generous confidences and open frankness. I always look for cause behind every effect, and I had found what I was looking for; so I went back to the hotel, promising José that I would see more of him, and that he should have a lamp to read by, so that his eyes would not tire so soon.

Doctor's wife—"Yes, my husband is so rushed I scarcely see him five minutes a day."

Her friend—"Dear me, has a new epidemic broken out?"

Doctor's wife—"No, the people are beginning to return from the fashionable summer resorts."—*Lippincott's*.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### The Secret the Fish Told.

Cousin Tom and the twins had spent all the morning beside the lake. They had taken off their shoes and stockings and waded in the water, they had caught a can full of crayfish, and they had watched the minnows dart hither and thither in the water. As they gathered up the crumbs after luncheon and threw them to the fish, Bess said:

"Now, Cousin Tom, please tell us a story, a real out-of-door story."

"A water story, too," added Ben.

"Yes, and a fish story," chimed in Bess.

"Anything else?" laughed Cousin Tom. "I suppose you think I have all sorts of stories packed away in my brain, and all I have to do is to open my mouth and out they come."

"Course," said Bess, snuggling to her cousin's side. "And if you should not find just the right one, then you'd make a brand-new one, but I like best the really-true ones."

"Well, it happens, my fair lady," said Cousin Tom, "that I have one on the top shelf of my memory that seems to fit the case, a fish story, and a really-true story."

"A good many years ago, away up in the hills of Ohio, some men made a business of manufacturing whisky—'moonshine,' they called it—and they sold it on the sly to all the people for miles around, even sending it to distant places in casks marked 'flour' or 'sugar.' It was all done secretly, for you see it was in disobedience to the laws of our country, and if Uncle Sam knew of it, the men would be punished and their property taken. For many years these men had been doing this, not only cheating the government, but hurting men and women and boys and girls by the sale of the drink. At last Uncle Sam's officers heard of it, and men were sent to hunt for the place. They searched all through the hills, but could not find it. The only place they could find was an old ramshackle cabin that looked as if it had not been used, for cobwebs hung on the walls and the rats and the bats made their

nests in it. When the officers asked the people who lived near, they all said, 'Oh, no, nobody has made or sold whisky around here for a long time.'

"Beside this old cabin ran a little creek, and a path led down the hill along its course. Down this path rode the officers, very much disappointed that they had not found the lawbreakers.

"'If brooks could talk, as the poets try to make us believe,' said one of the men with a laugh, 'that little stream might tell us the secret we want to know, for I'm sure many a cask of whisky has gone down this way on dark nights.'

"'At least, it shall give us a drink,' said the other man, getting off his horse and going to the side of the creek. But instead of drinking, he looked curiously into the water.

"'What have you found?' called the other man.

"'Something queer,' was the reply. 'Come and look.'

"'Well, if these aren't the queerest acting fish!' exclaimed his companion. Near the surface of the water, hundreds of fish were to be seen flopping and wriggling and twisting in a most peculiar manner, some turned upon their backs and floating helplessly, others performing all sorts of un-fishlike antics.

"'These fish have had a dose of whisky,' said one of the men, at the same time dipping up some of the water and tasting it. 'Just as I thought—alcohol. The secret's out and the fish have told it.'

"That night the two officers, accompanied by others of Uncle Sam's men, followed the creek path, found a room fitted up with two big copper boilers for making whisky, and arrested the owners. When the lawbreakers learned that morning that they were in danger of being caught, they had emptied all the whisky into the little creek, and the poor fish had been forced to drink it in with the water."

"It was pretty hard on the fish," said Bess, "but it came out all right, and I'm glad the naughty men were caught."

"They didn't stop to arrest the fish, did they?" said Ben, thoughtfully; "they went right after people who made and sold the poison stuff. I wonder why they don't do that here in Middleton. When they see

poor Pete Billings come staggering down the street, or hear old Dan Ross beating his wife and baby, why doesn't somebody just go to the place where the whisky was sold and shut it up tight for ever and ever? That's what Uncle Sam ought to do."

"Some day that will be done, Ben," said Cousin Tom, "and I hope the 'some day' isn't far away."—*Union Signal.*

#### Resolutions of Respect.

To the husband and children of our departed sister, Mrs. Flora Depew.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In behalf of the Petrolia Mission Sabbath School, of which she was a loyal member and a faithful primary-class teacher, we wish to extend to you our sincere sympathy, and express our appreciation of her sweet Christian life and spirit. To you is left the precious memory of a patient Christian wife and mother. We would point the lonely husband to our kind heavenly Father for comfort, and to the children we would say: Follow the example of patience and trust that your mother set before you.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this testimonial be presented to the bereaved family, that a copy be placed on our Sabbath-school records, and one sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

H. L. HULETT, M. D.,  
MRS. WAITY A. WITTER,  
MRS. KATE GREEN,  
*Committee.*

#### What They Quarreled About.

Miss Aurelia Ray and Miss Selina Simpson met each other on the village street, one bright day in early summer, and though they were next door neighbors and had been for thirty years, they never noticed each other in the slightest way.

After they had passed, however, each made a remark to herself concerning the other with regard to what she was carrying; for both had been to the village market-place to buy vegetables and had missed meeting there only because Miss Aurelia had to go to the grocery store as well.

"I declare if Aurelia Ray isn't going to have peas for dinner again. She had them only Monday; I saw her throwing the pods

out on the ash heap," commented Miss Simpson as she passed her neighbor.

"If I was Selina Simpson I'd have something besides string beans, once in a while," was Miss Ray's corresponding criticism.

These two had not spoken to each other in twenty years, though once the best of friends; and though neither would have acknowledged the fact, these harsh sounding criticisms of each other's doings were pitiable little crumbs of comfort to each.

Miss Aurelia passed in at her pretty iron gateway and going to the kitchen door passed her basket over to the little maid who met her there, and after giving her a few directions went around and entered the front door and leaving her hat on the hall table went into her pretty parlor and sat down in a very comfortable chair to rest.

Miss Selina, a half hour later, entered her little house and after a brief rest proceeded to prepare her string beans herself, not having a maid.

Indeed, Selina Simpson was not at all well-off as regards the goods of this world, and while she snipped off the ends of her little handful of beans and cut them in pieces she was all the while thinking that she might better have used the few cents she had paid for them to buy something which was more essential.

But she did so enjoy string beans.

Then she looked over across at Aurelia Ray's neat premises with a great sigh.

"Strange that I should have so little and Aurelia so much," she thought, almost speaking the words aloud.

While Aurelia rested in her big luxurious chair she, also, was thinking, but in a different vein.

"Selina begins to show her age. She's looking pale; I don't believe she's well."

She started suddenly as she heard her own voice saying the last words aloud. Then she went on thinking and thinking.

After a while the little maid who did all her cooking and most of the other work came and called her to dinner, adding:

"There's an awful strong smell of something burning over in Miss Simpson's house."

Miss Aurelia went to the door and sniffed.

"I should think there was," she said. Then she went and sat down to her own nicely prepared dinner, but somehow it did not taste right.

"Jennie, what does it smell like—that scent that we get from the other house?"

"Burnt beans, ma'am," responded Jennie promptly.

Miss Aurelia arose and went to a window that commanded a view of Miss Selina Simpson's house.

There was Miss Selina in her back yard scraping out something black and scrappy from her little agate stew-pan into the ash heap.

"She's certainly done it," murmured Miss Aurelia. She stood there a few moments and then went back to the little dining-table.

Jennie had finished her dinner and was about to set away the food that remained from the meal, and Miss Aurelia noted that there was a half bowlful of peas.

"Jennie," she said, "run over with that dish of peas and give it to Miss Selina. I am sure that she has burned her beans so that they are not fit to eat."

Jennie's eyes opened wide in astonishment, for every one for miles around knew of the antagonism between the two single ladies, and that it had existed for twenty years; but of course she obeyed instantly, glad of the opportunity to penetrate where she had always before been strictly prohibited from going.

"Be sure to tell her that we smelled her beans," admonished Miss Aurelia.

Then she watched Jennie out of sight and waited anxiously.

During the ten minutes of Jennie's absence Miss Aurelia sat back and shut her eyes and thought and thought, just as she did an hour or so earlier, but all to no purpose; the thing she was trying to resurrect from the grave where memory had buried it would not come to life again at the call of her will. The voice of Jennie startled her.

"She says, ma'am, that she won't take 'em. She acts sick, ma'am. I tried to coax her and then she began to cry."

Miss Aurelia quickly rose to her feet and grasped the bowl. Hesitating a moment she took from the table a plate of roast lamb and selecting several juicy slices laid them on a saucer and started out herself, her lips drawn in a firm line of determination.

"We'll see," she said; "I always used

to have my way with Selina Simpson." She found Miss Selina sitting dejectedly in a low rocker, and in such deep thought that, entering the open door in her quiet way, she was not observed until she spoke.

"Selina Simpson, you're sick; you needn't deny it. I saw it in your face to-day when I passed you," she said.

Miss Selina's paleness changed to a blooming scarlet.

"And what if I am," she said confusedly, starting half out of her chair, at the sudden appearance of Miss Aurelia. Then remembering her manners she got up and set her visitor a chair.

But Miss Aurelia did not want a chair. She set her two dishes in the little oven of the kitchen range and then went back to Miss Selina, who was vainly trying to keep from crying out loud like a child.

"You see, Lina, it's like this," she said, "you and I have both been silly ninnies for twenty long years. While I am at it I may as well own up that *I don't know what it was we quarreled about*. Think of that. I've been racking my brain ever since I met you today, trying to think what it was and I can't."

Selina's crying mood suddenly changed to one of laughing, and hers came near to being a case of hysteria.

"*I can't think either*," she gasped, and then they both laughed and cried together.

After a while they regained composure and talked quietly together a few moments, then Miss Aurelia went home saying as she went out the door:

"There isn't the least bit of use of our living all alone so; that house is big enough for both of us and I haven't a soul to live with me, not a relative, I mean, neither have you. I'm going to move you over to my house and take care of you, and you can have the rent of your house for pin-money."

And to this day they can not exactly recall what it was they quarreled about, and they never think of disagreeing now, though they have shared the same home for a long time.

"You see, Lina, we had so much *real* trouble in those years that the little disturbances like that were completely crowded out. We will never try to recall it again."—*Mary Sweet Potter.*

## DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

### Alfred's New Treasurer.

Curtis Fitz Randolph of Ashaway, who for a number of years has been the secretary and treasurer of the Ashaway Line and Twine Manufacturing Company; in that place, has resigned from the position, to take effect August 1. He has been engaged to assume the duty of treasurer of Alfred University, at Alfred, N. Y., and will consequently remove to that seat of learning.—*Westerly Sun*.

### Dean Kenyon Honored.

At the recent annual meeting of the New York State League of Savings and Loan Associations held at Ogdensburg, Alfred was honored by the election of Dean A. B. Kenyon to the office of president. Dean Kenyon is held in high esteem by the leaders of loan association work, and is considered one of the best in the State along these lines. The *Sun* extends congratulations to the State League, the Alfred Association and to Dean Kenyon.—*Alfred Sun*.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond leaves today for Garwin, Iowa, to attend the annual session of the Seventh-day Baptist Northwestern Association. From there he will go to Fouke and Little Prairie, Ark., and Hammond, La., to do gospel work and will be absent six weeks.—*Milton Telephone*.

Brother Bond goes for the Young People's Board. Six other pastors are giving one month each in various sections, under the direction of the Tract Board. These are Revs. George B. Shaw, T. J. Van Horn, Edgar D. Van Horn, W. D. Burdick, D. B. Coon and Henry N. Jordan.

Rev. R. R. Thorngate and family leave Richburg the first of the week for their new pastorate at Verona, N. Y.—On account of the illness of the eldest son, Stanton, of President and Mrs. Davis, with hay fever and asthma, they will go to their camp at Long Lake in the Adirondacks this week, ten days earlier than they usually go.—*Alfred Sun*.

Rev. W. C. Whitford of Alfred who has been attending commencement at Colgate

is expected here this evening. Mr. Whitford will occupy the Seventh-day Baptist pulpit Sabbath morning.—*Brookfield Courier*.

Within a few weeks the lightning has struck both the church at West Edmeston and that of Leonardsville, N. Y. The West Edmeston church was set on fire, but prompt action on the part of the people saved it. The steeple of the Leonardsville church was considerably injured, but the house was not set on fire and only slight damage was done to the interior of the building.

### Every Human Being Needs a Change.

"Last summer I met on the street a girl from Virginia. I knew her well. She had always lived in the country. The day was almost insufferably hot. I was worn and city tired; she was as fresh as a rose. 'My dear,' I said, 'how can you look so fresh and delightful on a day like this?' 'And you! How can you notice the heat,' she said wonderingly, 'when you have the glorious sky-scrapers to look at, and the shop-windows, with their wonderful fashions and colors, and the people—the people! and these blessed little low-necked victorias' (a drabbed-looking, little, low victoria was being driven past by a typical red-faced cabby), 'and those delightful high-heeled hansom?'"

"These things were to her what hills and valleys and river and wood and field would have been to me at that moment, and the sight of them was quite as refreshing, fully as invigorating. They were new, they were different, they gave the mind change and recreation.

"For after all, it is not necessarily woods and fields that we need, but 'change—that primarily. It is not often our work itself, but the dull monotony of work that wears us out; not the duties of the day, but the dull repetition of these duties, the same thing over and over and over, until the mind sickens or grows dull, perhaps, without knowing why. You are not well; you have lost interest in everything; you go to a doctor and pay him to tell you—what? That you need a change. I could have told you as much without a fee. It is what most of us, excepting a very, very few, need."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

## HOME NEWS

DERUYTER, N. Y.—Since our last communication there have been three additions to the membership of our church. During the month that Pastor Wing was away attending associations, we had two excellent sermons from Pastor Campbell of the First-day Baptist church; and one Sabbath Brother Walter L. Greene preached for us and gave a very interesting talk to the Sabbath school, also an illustrated lecture, "Rambles in the Holy Land," on the Sunday evening following, which was much enjoyed. A number of our First-day friends were present.

All were heartily glad to welcome our pastor home once more, and we trust that we may catch something of the inspiration he brought with him and so be more zealous in the Lord's work. E. M. A.

July 2, 1911.

JACKSON CENTER, OHIO.—Our entire village is still under the influence of one of the greatest revivals in all its history. Although the human leader, Rev. E. J. Forsythe of Waterloo, Iowa, is now in Postville, Iowa, conducting a similar campaign, the good work still goes on at Jackson Center. Up to date something over 100 have joined the M. E. church, and about 35 or 40 have united with the Disciple church. Of these, 57 were added by immersion on Sunday, June 25. On Sabbath day, July 1, the Seventh-day Baptist church journeyed to the Miami River, eight miles distant, where 17 willing and consecrated candidates were "buried with Christ" in baptism by the pastor. It was indeed a joyful occasion to all present. Nearly every family of the church attended, and with friends and neighbors made a company of nearly 200 souls. We hope, in the near future, to visit this place again for the same purpose. It is stated by some of our people that considering the large territory affected by the revival we received fully our share of conversions.

Not only have the churches received these additions, but as might be expected,

the entire membership is greatly revived. The weekly prayer meetings have taken on new life and interest. In fact every department of church work has felt this great spiritual uplift.

A Men's League has been formed from all the churches, and last Sunday afternoon 65 were present and a great meeting followed. Voices long silent in church work were eloquent in praises to God for present spiritual possession.

As a direct effect of this great revival our village of over 1,000 inhabitants, which for many years has licensed two or more saloons, has petitioned the authorities for a special election which will occur July 11, when we expect to "withdraw the hand of fellowship" from our two saloons; and although the law allows them to remain thirty days after the election, we feel sure that their business by our consent must soon cease. And should the usual "blind pig" follow we are certain that his nourishment will not place him much beyond the typical "razorback." We desire also to say that if any of our churches in the Northwestern Association are in a low state of spirituality, or embarrassed by the saloon element and desire help, they will search for a long time before finding a better leader than Brother Forsythe, who by the way is the nearest a Seventh-day Baptist of any worker we ever met among First-day people. He scored the churches for believing the popular doctrine that Christ was crucified on Friday and rose on Sunday. He denies any divine appointment of a First-day Sabbath, simply holding that law-keeping under grace is not necessary. He stated that he never even thought of the laws of Ohio as he entered the State, nor of the Ten Commandments, admitting however that if the law is our present guide the Seventh-day is the Sabbath. He is also a strong immersionist. But with all the above slugs hurled into the Pedobaptist camp, such was his power over men in a spiritual way, that the town easily raised over \$800 for the four weeks' work by his party of five. This brother in many respects is a veritable Billy Sunday. Indeed, many like him better than Mr. Sunday. We hear he is to return to an adjoining county in the early autumn. It



should also be stated that Mrs. Forsythe is far above the average as a speaker and a personal worker. Their eldest son, of twenty-two summers, is a marvel with the children, and a good choir leader. Besides much spiritual instruction he organized what is known here as "The Booster Choir," of some 75 children. At present they are led by Prof. Guy Polan of our church and furnish music for one of the churches each week. They sing for us next Sabbath, and a happy consecrated band are they.

Let the good work go on is our prayer.  
Yours for spiritual progress,

G. W. L.

#### The Confederate Soldier in Camp and on the March.

The general aspect of the Confederate camps compared unfavorably with those of the men in blue. They were not as a rule, attractive in appearance. The tents and camps' equipage were nothing like so smart, so spick and span,—very far from it indeed! Our engineer corps were far inferior, lacking in proper tools and equipment. The sappers and miners of the Federal army on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg did rapid and effective work during the night following the first day's battle, as they had previously done at Chancellorsville—work which our men could not begin to match. When we had to throw up breastworks in the field, as at Hagerstown, after Gettysburg, it had usually to be done with our bayonets. Spades and axes were luxuries at such times. Bands of music were rare, and generally of inferior quality; but the men made up for it as far as they could by a gay *insouciance*, and by singing in camp and on the march. I have seen the men of the First Maryland Infantry trudging wearily through mud and rain, sadly bedraggled by a long march, strike up with great gusto their favorite song, "Gay and happy."

"So let the wide world wag as it will,  
We'll be gay and happy still."

The contrast between the sentiment of the song and the environment of the column was sufficiently striking. In one respect I think our camps had the advantage

of the Union camps,—we had no sutlers, and we had no camp followers.

But though our camp equipage and equipment were so inferior to those of our antagonists, I do not think any experienced soldier, watching our marching columns of infantry or cavalry, or witnessing our brigade drills, could fail to be thrilled by the spectacle they presented. Here at least there was no inferiority to the army in blue. The soldierly qualities that tell on the march, and on the field of battle, shone out here conspicuously. A more impressive spectacle has seldom been seen in any wars than was presented by Jeb Stuart's brigades of cavalry when they passed in review before General Lee at Brandy Station in June, 1863. The pomp and pageantry of gorgeous uniforms and dazzling equipment of horse and riders, were indeed absent; but splendid horsemanship, and that superb *esprit de corps* that marks the veteran legion, and which, though not a tangible or a visible thing, yet stamps itself upon a marching column—these were unmistakably here. And I take leave to express my own individual opinion that the blue-gray coat of the Confederate officer, richly adorned with gold lace, and his light-blue trousers, and that rakish slouch hat he wore, made up a uniform of great beauty. Oh, it was a gallant array to look upon that June day of 1863!—*American Review of Reviews*.

#### Get a Nurse's Training.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium offers the very best inducements to those who wish to qualify for nursing. Both men and women nurses are in increasing demand. Splendid opportunities for doing good, and at the same time earning a liberal salary. Specially favorable opening for Sabbath-keepers. For full information address the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

#### FOR SALE.

160 acres of land, 3 miles from North Loup, \$45 per acre. \$8,000 stock of general merchandise. 1 dwelling-house.

R. N. BEE,  
North Loup, Neb.

4w.

## MARRIAGES

GREENE-SATTERLEE.—Frank J. Greene Jr. and Eva M. Satterlee, at the parsonage in Berlin, by the pastor, June 17, 1911.

MUZZY-CODDING.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Milton, Wis., June 28, 1911, by the Rev. L. C. Randolph, D.D., Mr. James P. Muzzy and Mrs. Amanda Coddling, all of Milton.

BRENEMAN-INGLIS.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Milton, Wis., June 29, 1911, by the Rev. L. C. Randolph, D.D., Mr. Fred M. Breneman of Scott, Wis., and Miss Harriet Inglis of Milton.

## DEATHS

WHIPPLE.—Abby M. Ennis Whipple, wife of George Whipple, died in Ashaway, R. I., May 28, 1911, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

Mrs. Whipple had the love and esteem of a host of friends. She was a real and true homemaker. She leaves a husband, who is an invalid and in feeble health, to mourn her departure. Two children also are left in loneliness—Attorney Herbert G. Whipple, 220 Broadway, N. Y., and Mrs. John Hill, Ashaway, R. I., and two grandchildren, the children of Attorney Whipple and wife.

The funeral was held "at the house," May 31. The floral offerings were beautiful. The strewing of flowers in the open grave upon the casket by the grandchildren was truly pathetic. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" (Ps. xxx, 5). L. F. R.

"While you and I may be reviewing our virtues, the world may be looking at our faults."

"James," asked the Bible-school teacher, "did you memorize the first six verses of the twelfth chapter of Joshua?"

"No'm, ma was pressing autumn leaves in that part of the Bible."—*M. L. Hayward in Woman's Home Companion*.

#### Notice.

The Pacific Coast Seventh-day Baptist Association desires to put itself in mutually helpful relations to such persons or families as may be thinking of coming this

way. To this end it has appointed its corresponding secretary a committee to receive inquiries concerning different localities along the coast, their business, schools, church and social privileges, etc., to answer these inquiries or to refer them to others, who from longer acquaintance are better able to do so. This is not to hold out flattering inducements to come to California, but to give to those who may find it necessary or desirable to make a change of location, reliable information. We are learning the value of having our families settle together, of working out *together* their Sabbath problems under new conditions. If you are thinking of doing anything of the kind, consult this association through its secretary.

MRS. L. A. PLATTS,  
Corresponding Secretary.

Long Beach, Cal.,  
R. D. 2, Box 266.

#### Pecan Growing in Florida.

"I feel safe in saying that pecan culture offers greater possibilities than any other line of horticulture." We have fifteen acres set out in pecan trees; and are looking for persons who would like to invest from ten to one hundred dollars, or more, coöperating with us in building up a nut orchard of from seventy-five to one hundred acres, that, at the end of ten years, should be worth not less than five or six hundred dollars an acre. The owner of a small Florida farm, the chief features of which are a pecan orchard of fifteen acres and good buildings, said he could not afford to exchange his place for \$20,000.00. This is not a get-rich-quick proposition; but we believe that we offer an opportunity for a safe and profitable investment. Land can be bought at Sisco, Fla., for five dollars an acre and up. This is a good location for building up a Florida Seventh-day Baptist neighborhood. For further information address

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## SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON III.—JULY 15, 1911.

MANASSEH'S WICKEDNESS AND PENITENCE.

2 Chron. xxxiii, 1-20.

*Golden Text*.—"Cease to do evil; learn to do well." Isa. i, 16, 17.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, 2 Chron. xii, 1-16.

Second-day, 2 Chron. xxii, 1-12.

Third-day, Psa. li, 1-19.

Fourth-day, Prayer of Manasseh in Apocrypha.

Fifth-day, Jer. xv, 1-14.

Sixth-day, 2 Kings xxi, 1-18.

Sabbath-day, 2 Chron. xxxiii, 1-20.

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

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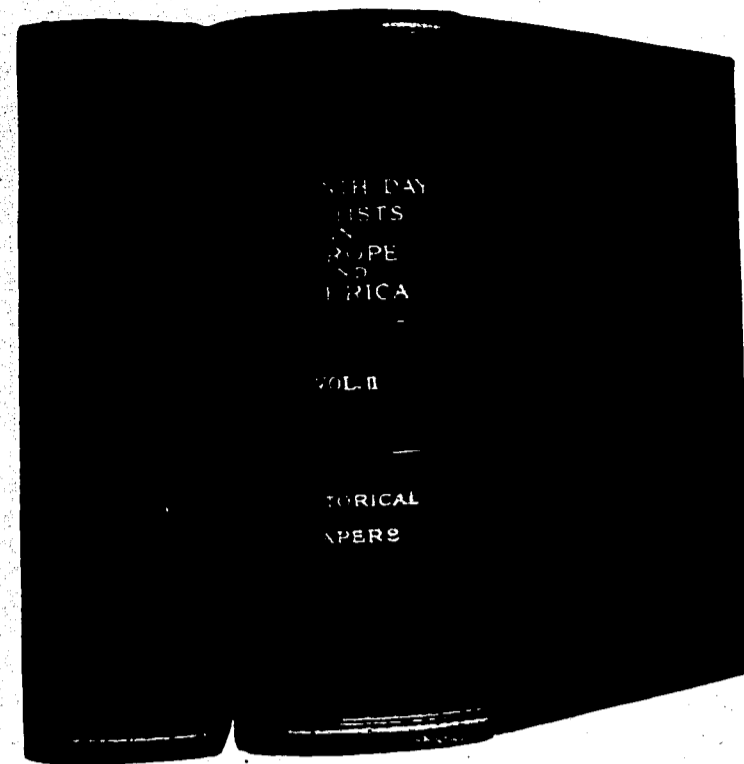
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I hear it singing in the noon  
When aging summer grieves,  
And fading maples sadly croon  
The farewell of the leaves;  
I hear it when mid shrouding snows  
The chanting winds intone  
A threnody above the rose:  
"Will He not keep His own?"

I hear it singing in the night  
When out across the bar  
The moonlight falls in shimmering white,  
And calls my bark afar;  
It sings to me when vesper bells  
Steal out upon the deep,  
And through all nature sings and swells:  
"He loves thee; rest and sleep."

—Rose Trumbull, in *Sunday School Times*.

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