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The Sabbath Recorder

I WILL.

**I will start anew this morning, with a higher,
fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruth-
less neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's
call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining and my heart
shall know no fear.**

**I will look sometimes about me for the things
that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the
grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths
that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another
moves ahead.**

**I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's
strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to
prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me,
rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more
concerned with mine.**

—S. E. Kiser.

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THEO. L. GARDINER, D. D., Editor.

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EDITORIAL

A Sentence Prayer for the Week.

Help us, O God, to walk carefully forward in the path of duty, to do the right thing in the right spirit, to speak words of wisdom for thy good cause, and when we are sorely tried, do thou give us grace and strength to keep our lips carefully closed.

The Last Call.

This is the last number of the SABBATH RECORDER that can reach its readers before the issue of Conference week. Therefore this is the last appeal for a large representation from the churches to this all-important annual gathering. There are a few things that should be kept well in mind; hence we repeat them here. It is important that the Committee of Arrangements should know how many are going to Westerly, and who they are. The prospects are good for a large attendance, and it will be no small task to arrange so many delegates in homes where they are to be entertained, unless their names are sent on in advance. This should be done even when delegates know they are to visit friends. If any come upon their friends unawares, without informing the committee in advance, they must not feel put out if they, upon arrival, find the places they hoped to occupy, already filled by arrangements of the committee. If changes of plans are made after your names are sent on and you decide not to go, such

changes should be reported immediately to the committee. If you have to decide at the last minute to go, and if there is then but one mail before you are to start, let that mail carry the announcement that you are going. Let us do all we can to lighten the burdens of our Rhode Island friends in these matters.

Again, see to it that every church is represented by some loyal active workers who care more for the denominational interests than they do for the excursions and picnics, and who will stand by through thick and thin for committee work whenever needed. After such representation is provided, then encourage every one else to go who can, the more the better. We must not forget that much is at stake in the Conference gatherings, and we shall need the wisest heads among us in settling the problems we shall meet there. We trust that the General Conference of 1911 will go down in our history as one of the most important ever held.

Stick to Your Bush.

I remember two little boys who, more than fifty years ago, used to go together time after time for berries that grew in the woodland pastures. There was but two years difference in their ages, and they were always together either in play or at work. The younger was a faithful little fellow, the only help of a widowed mother, who had been left with a small farm to care for. Whenever these boys went berrying together the younger one always did the best. He carried home more berries, and of better quality, and they were always cleaner than those of his companion. Invariably he received commendation when the two returned with their pails. There was no other outcome, for the pail of the elder boy always showed disadvantage. He could see this himself, and usually went home shamefaced, as though he dreaded the inspection sure to come. Indeed, he was always glad when it so happened upon their return that he could carry his pail into his own home alone,

without the presence of the fuller pail for unfavorable comparison.

Many times during the years that have flown has the picture of these two boys with their berry pails come to mind, and with it the lesson suggested by the title of this article. The secret of the younger boy's success is well told in this little poem by an unknown writer:

One day in huckleberry time, when little Johnny
Flails
And half a dozen other boys were starting with
their pails
To gather berries, Johnny's pa in talking with
him said
That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come
out ahead.
"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and
then stick to it till
You've picked it clean. Let those go chasing
all about who will
In search of better bushes; but it's picking tells,
my son.
To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking
one."
And Johnny did as he was told, and sure enough,
he found
By sticking to his bush while all the others
chased around
In search of better picking, 'twas as his father
said,
For while the others looked he worked, and so
came out ahead.
And Johnny recollected this when he became a
man,
And first of all he laid him out a well-determined
plan.
So while the brilliant triflers failed with all their
brains and push,
Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to
his bush."

You see the unknown poet has given a broader application than that which belongs to the berry field, and that is just what I would do. The difference between the two boys is well told in the poem. The successful one would jump into the work at the first fair bush he found and pick as though there was no other bush in the field until it was stripped of its ripe berries. I can see him yet, running with all his might to reach that first bush, and then picking as though everything depended upon faithful work with that. Meantime his companion would be looking about half dissatisfied with the bush at hand and trying to see something better. He would run about, blunder through the brush, litter his berries full of dirt, or fall down and spill them, thus wasting much precious time and losing good opportunities, until the

hour for home-going was at hand. Then with a dissatisfied heart over his poor harvest as compared with the full pail of his friend, he had to go home and face the reckoning.

The history of our people shows many a record well illustrated by the story of these two boys. Some have prospered by sticking to their bush, while others have failed by constant chasing about in search of better picking. Some have left fair farms to look for better, only to shack about, growing poorer, while others have stuck to the deserted fields of those who left and grown well off.

Some neglect the duty that lies close at hand and do nothing, while longing for greater work farther away. Many have never learned to do the next thing, as a sure preparation for better work and a higher position. If you would go higher and fill a larger place, you must faithfully do the work near at hand. If you would be able to show the best results by and by from your life work, you must stick to your bush, at each point in life, until the work belonging to it is well done. In school stick close to study, rather than dream over the future work you would like to do. In the small pastorate stick to your bush, with the very best work you can give, and that, too, with an eye single to that one interest, rather than spend time looking for a larger field. Don't waste life's day trying to discover what you ought to do, while the little near-by duties are neglected. If you do, the going home time will find you with small results in hand and inferior in quality; and your soul will be dissatisfied and tormented with thoughts of "what might have been," while you will shrink from the reckoning when the Master shall inspect your work.

About Rates to Conference.

On another page will be found a statement regarding fares to Conference. Mark carefully what the committee says, and govern yourselves accordingly. The committee has been unable to secure the old-time rates, but by following Mr. Hubbard's advice something may be saved.

There is nothing like an obedient to-day to reveal God's will tomorrow.—*Sc'l.*

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Steamship Collides With an Iceberg.

The steamship *Columbia* of the Anchor Line came into port on August 7 with a badly battered nose, caused by collision with an immense iceberg about one hundred miles off Cape Race. It was in the early morning, and owing to a heavy fog the *Columbia* had slowed down and all were watching for a supposed steamer ahead. The signals were blown as usual for approaching vessels and were promptly answered. There were plain indications of a wake or track in the sea, such as is usually left by a vessel, and both watchmen announced a steamer dead ahead. When, however, the captain's second long blast of the whistle was promptly answered, he was sure the supposed ship was a liner to the northwest. He was deceived, however, and soon found that the supposed replies to his sirens were echoes hurled back to him from the side of an immense iceberg drifting directly into his path and close at hand. Engines were quickly reversed, but the momentum of the ship drove her prow twelve feet into the solid ice and piled the bow deck with ice three feet high, literally burying the bow watchman. The compact drove the nose post of the prow and the steel plates in seven feet, and crumpled the bow enough to cripple both anchors, fill the first compartment with water, sweep the dishes from the dinner tables, hurl the waiters and stewards to the floor and tumble the passengers around in great shape. The rebound, aided by reversed engines, soon cleared the vessel from the iceberg and she was free from the monster that had threatened her ruin.

The coolness of the officers and the exercise of good sense among the leading passengers prevented a panic, although the passengers evidently had plenty of trouble of their own. Those on the side of the tables toward the bow had their laps piled full of dishes, some on deck were injured by being thrown violently, some bones were broken and many bruises sustained. In the midst of the confusion many pale faces were in evidence, and one general groan went up after the ship struck; still

there was no panic. An importer among the passengers, who had been through a similar iceberg experience in 1899 on board the *City of Rome*, struck up a Scotch song and after singing it through laughed so merrily that the soothing effect was like magic, and the panic was averted.

Ninety tons of water rushed into the forward compartment and stood five feet deep in the hold. Pumps were quickly set to work, and men were soon busy strengthening the second bulkhead to sustain the terrible pressure brought so suddenly upon it. It took twenty men nearly two hours to hack the ice piled on the bow into small pieces and throw it overboard. The vessel was seriously injured but was able to creep into port with all on board safely sheltered and well cared for.

Admiral Togo's Visit.

Admiral Togo of Japan, who arrived in New York one day last week, was given a royal welcome to that city and became the honored guest of America.

New York officials kept their guest busy from nine in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, when he took train for Washington. In his civilian's dress Heihachiro Togo appeared like a "simple old gentleman from the country" making his first visit to the city; but when he donned the white duck uniform of an admiral in the Japanese navy, with its gold braid and sword, he looked more like the great man he really is. In the hands of the Mayor and officials, escorted by the police and cheered by waiting throngs at every turn, the Admiral had a great ovation for six hours. He is a most modest, unassuming man and receives these great attentions with the utmost indifference. He simply expressed his appreciation for the kind reception given him, and expressed thanks that our Nation had allowed him the pleasure.

At Washington he was received and given a hearty welcome by President Taft and was to be the Nation's guest at the capital for four days. The new Willard Hotel flew the Japanese flag in his honor, and wherever he was entertained both the Stars and Stripes and the flag of Japan were displayed together.

At a dinner at the White House President Taft extended to Japan, through the Admiral, an invitation to join the United

States, Great Britain and France in the world movement for international peace.

The President's toast to the Emperor of Japan and Admiral Togo's reply are here given in full: The President said:

To one who has shown himself a great ruler, who has given all of his time and energy and intellect to the progress of his country and the preservation of the interests of the people, whose wonderful power in the selection of great men to accomplish great tasks has lifted Japan to a place among the first nations of the world, and whose sense of humanity and justice can be always counted on to contribute effectively to the peace of the world—His Majesty the Emperor of Japan.

Then turning to Count Togo he said:

I would indeed fail in my duty and be untrue to my own deepest convictions did I not take this occasion of the first public welcome to you as our national guest to express my own appreciation and that of the American people, of the broad and humanitarian view taken by His Majesty the Emperor of Japan and the Imperial Japanese Government in so readily and generously affirming, in the most positive and solemn manner, that no consideration of selfish interest should be permitted to obstruct the progress of the great world movement for international peace as exemplified in the general treaties of arbitration between the United States, Great Britain and France, signed on the day of your arrival in this country.

I gladly acknowledge this important part which Japan has played in facilitating this noble achievement by its prompt and unreserved recognition, in the recent Anglo-Japanese agreement, of the great moral principle of arbitration, and I entertain the hope, with confidence, that the time may be not far distant when Japan will see fit to join in the movement now so auspiciously inaugurated.

Count Togo acknowledged the toast through Commander Taniguchi, his aid. He said:

Mr. President: It is my pleasant duty and great honor to convey to His Majesty the Emperor, my august sovereign, the most kind words you have just said for him. As for me, words fail me to express what I feel deeply at heart. I can only say that I thank you most heartily for the honor you have done me.

On Admiral Togo's visit to Mount Vernon he reverently entered the tomb of Washington, and with a brief invocation in Japanese, placed a wreath of roses upon the sarcophagus, and after standing a moment in the attitude of one at salute turned away. As he came out the solemnity of the occasion was broken when he saw a regular battery of cameras pointed at him. Instantly his face was lighted up with

smiles, and amid an outburst of laughter, Rear-Admiral Wainwright exclaimed: "That's the only way we'll ever shoot at you, I guess." The party was taken to Mount Vernon on the President's private yacht, and the Marine Band furnished the music.

Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, on a visit to Havana Harbor donned overalls and made a careful inspection of the wreck of the battleship *Maine* so far as it has been uncovered. He expressed great satisfaction with the work and said the matter was intensely interesting to him.

The referendum campaign in Canada is beginning to warm up. The contest on the reciprocity question promises to be a fierce one, and both sides seem confident of victory. Election is six weeks ahead, and while an effort is being made by the opposition to keep the reciprocity question in the background and not allow it to appear as the vital issue, the friends of the bill are determined that every ballot shall tell upon this particular issue. President Taft is almost as conspicuous a figure in the minds of the people of Canada as is Sir Wilfred Laurier. Probably our President's utterances will be quoted in this campaign quite as often as those of any other man.

All efforts to form a local provisional government in Hayti failed, and President Simons found a refuge in Kingston. He landed there under a strong escort, as many Haytians whom he had banished from Hayti were there to greet him, in angry mood. At present Hayti is in foreign hands, as the diplomatic corps rules in the capital.

North Loup's First Parsonage!

The following story of pioneer life in North Loup, Neb., is taken from the *Loyalist*, and will be interesting to many readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. It is told by Charles Rood, one of the boys who went to Nebraska with the company led by Eld. Oscar Babcock. The house made of the logs referred to was North Loup's first parsonage, and is still standing and in use near the village.

"When we first came here Eld. Oscar

Babcock was our first pastor, in fact he was the only minister in all the North Loup country. As his people were not able to pay him a salary for his services they decided to build for him a log house. He was living in a dugout near where the barn on the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage now stands.

"In March, 1873, fourteen men besides myself, with ten teams, went to the cedar canyons across the river east from the present site of the village of Burwell for the logs with which to build the house. We crossed the river on the ice just above where the Elyria bridge spans the river. The weather had been ideal for some time for that period of the year, but the ice was solid when we crossed on the up trip. We reached our destination a little before night, cut down a few trees and made ready for the night. The night was clear and it scarcely froze at all. In the evening we had lots of fun, as a lot of men can have when they are off by themselves as we were. One of the stunts I remember we did, was to try to stick all our axes in a sapling without the first one dropping out. The task is not the easy one one might think it to be. By the time half of them were in they would begin to be jarred loose. However, after a long time we were successful in our efforts. Plummer Horr and Heman Babcock decided to make their bed at the foot of the tree, and after they were cosily in between the covers my brother George found another ax and, stepping up to the tree as if to strike it in with the other axes, he soon had Heme and Horr on the run, for if he had struck the tree the chances are some axes would have fallen to the ground. The next morning we were up early and at work. By the middle of the forenoon we were loaded and ready for the start home. Reaching the river about sundown we found to our dismay that the splendid weather we had enjoyed so much had melted the ice and that where we had crossed the day before on solid ice there was now a narrow channel through which the water was rushing and the channel was widening all the time. We knew if we did not cross that night we would have to wait till the ice would go out and the river had settled down to normal, or else go to St. Paul to the nearest bridge. As we did not relish the stay till the ice would

go out or a trip of fifty miles to the bridge, we decided to cross that night. We managed to get some logs across the channel for a bridge and then George Larkin crossed with his oxen. The wagons were run by hand to the bridge and then George would hitch his oxen to them with a long chain and pull them across. As the logs were on the ice we found it a difficult matter to raise the wagons onto them. Enoch Davis, one of the party, was lifting on one of the wheels when the ice broke and he dropped into the water. He went down and when he came up he caught the edge of the ice in his hands, and with our assistance he was soon out of the water. The water was so deep he did not touch bottom, and had it not been he caught the ice as he came up and that we were there to give him ready assistance, that plunge would have been the last of Enoch.

"About ten o'clock and just as we had got the last load over, the wind came up in a fearful gale from the northwest, and it was fearfully cold, too. *Cold! Oh my, but how cold!*

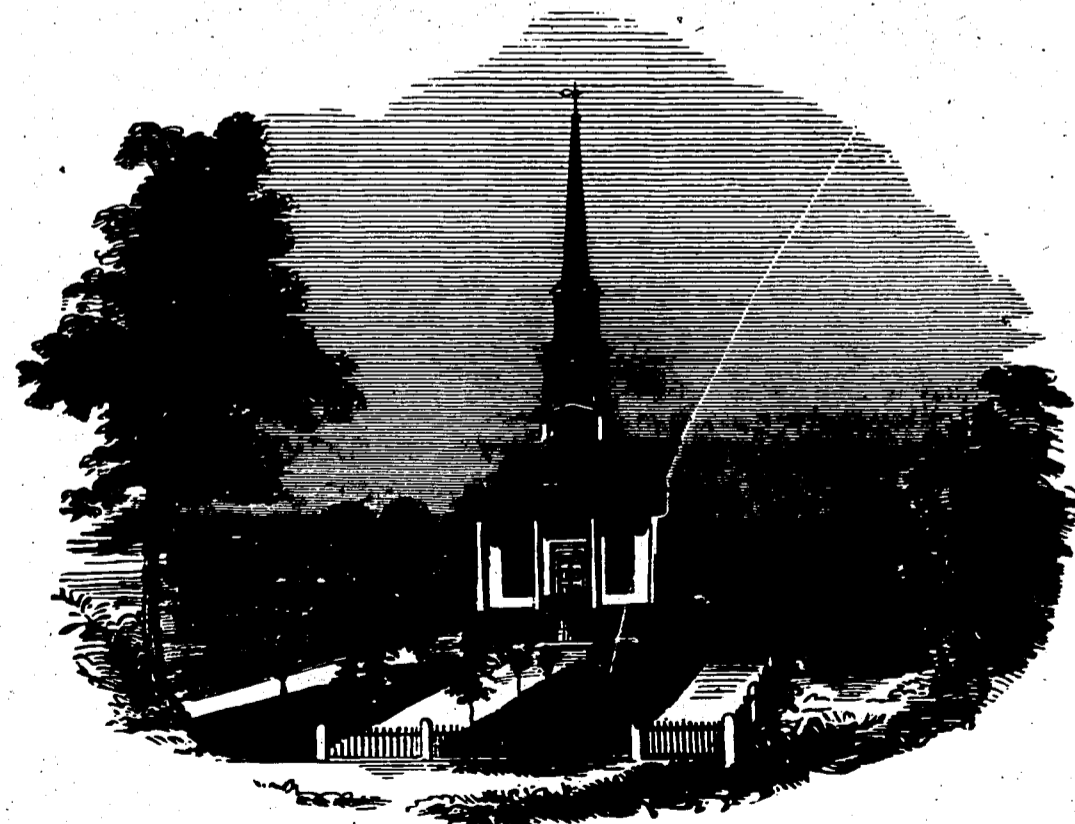
"There was not a house anywhere near us and that meant a night on the prairies without any protection, so we camped on the open prairie and what a night it was! Think, too, of poor Enoch in his wet clothes! We could not build a fire with which to cook warm food. In the morning the wind, if possible, blew harder than it did the night before, and the cold was more intense. For breakfast we nibbled at our frozen water-johnny-cake. Then we hitched up and started home.

"Part of the time the dust and cinders from the burned-over prairie were so thick we could scarcely see the teams we were driving, and could not see at all the wagons ahead of us. At noon we stopped in the canyon east of Warren Collins' farm and ate a little more of our delicious, frozen water-johnny-cake, reaching home about night. It was so cold I am sure I did not ride a quarter of a mile all day. And so you have the history of the logs with which the house in which Claud Hill lives was built."

"Denunciation of sin may be necessary, but the enunciation of truth is far more necessary and let it be given in love that cometh from above."



OLD WESTERLY CHURCH, 1780



SIXTY YEARS AGO.



THE WESTERLY CHURCH TODAY

Historic Westerly.

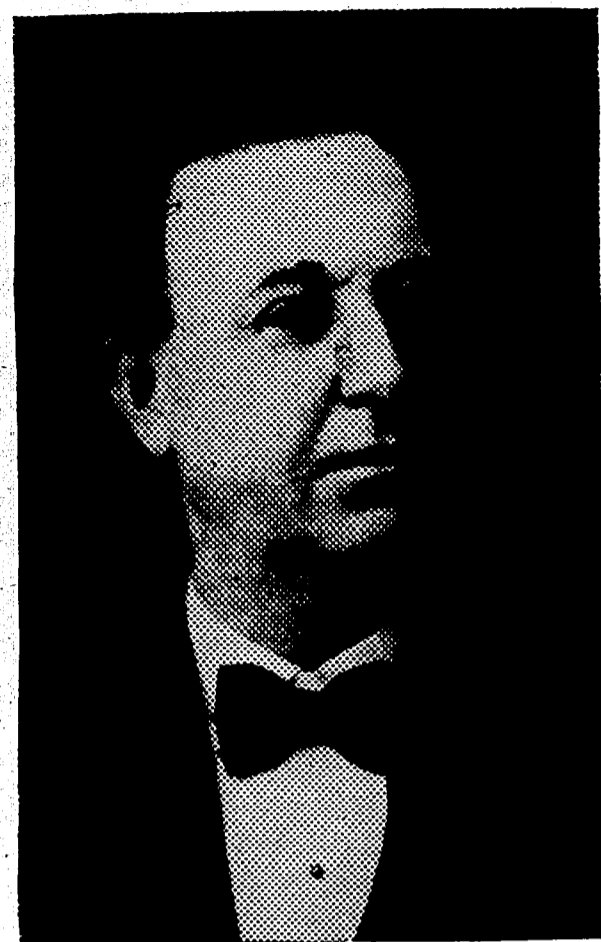
Westerly, where the Conference is to be held this year, is rich in historic interest. The old homes, the old scenes and the locations of the old churches will attract many who go to the East the last of the month for the Conference. From the churches at Newport and Westerly sprung the ancestors of the Seventh-day Baptists of today. It was there that the few forefathers settled that they might practice religious liberty, and worship as their conscience dictated. There it was that the few families grew into communities, all members of one church, the Westerly Church. That was as far back as 1680, for it was then that the first meeting-house was built. Here the people of Westerly and Hopkinton worshipped for 155 years, when another took its place that there might be room for the growing church. Up to 1708 the churches at Westerly and Newport were one, but then they separated. The Westerly Church later became known as the Hopkinton Church. The membership continued to grow as did the section of country until 1816, when the membership was

the largest. It then numbered 947. In fact, the denomination had grown to such numbers and the people had spread out over the surrounding country to such an extent, that they soon began to leave the mother church and to form new churches, that they might find it more convenient to meet. From this mother church, which in its latter years was known as the Hopkinton Church, there sprung many churches. Members from this church settled in Brookfield, DeRuyter, Verona and Little Genesee, and there formed churches. But it was not until 1770 that the people of Hopkinton and Westerly began to separate themselves from the mother church. It was in that year that the meeting-house was built at Rockville, ten miles north of the Hopkinton church. Other churches were started at Hopkinton City, Dunn's Corners, South Kingston, Mystic, Conn., and Niantic. In all, there were fifteen churches which left the mother church.

It was seventy-one years ago that the Westerly Church broke away from the old ties. The church has had twelve pastors, the present one being Rev. Clayton A. Burdick. It is this old church which welcomes now the Seventh-day Baptists to the General Conference.



JUDGE A. R. STILLMAN
President of Westerly Church and
Chairman of Conference Executive Committee



HON. ALBERT H. LANGWORTHY
Chairman of the Commissary Committee

Ready for Conference.

From all reports Westerly is ready for a large Conference, and the church will be disappointed if the size is not what they anticipate. The committees have made complete arrangements for the affair, and word comes that all is in readiness. The church is particularly anxious that the delegates from all sections announce as soon as possible their intentions to be in Westerly. They should send word to J. Irving Maxson, Westerly, R. I., as soon as they have decided what they will do.

It is hard to tell at this period of the preliminary arrangements how many there will be at the sessions, but from the number of Westerly homes announced as having their accommodations filled or nearly full, the number already promises to be large.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Iowa churches will be held at Marion, Iowa, September 1-3. Rev. J. H. Hurley, delegate from the Minnesota semi-annual meeting, will preach the introductory sermon. All are cordially invited to attend.

MRS. CHAS. MICHEL,
Clerk.

No Disadvantage.

There is, after all, no disadvantage in being a member of a small church. We make a mistake when we speak of the small churches as our feeble churches. Sometimes these are the strongest ones we have, in spiritual things, and they often give to the denomination our most efficient leaders. I recently heard one of our ministers tell of his early experiences as a lone Sabbath-keeper, in a home where his father gathered the neighbors into his own house on Sabbaths for Bible study, and again how he was helped in a very small frontier Sabbath school; and the conclusion growing out of his experience was, that it is no hardship to belong to a small school or little church where each one feels his responsibility and bears his share of the work.

"One of the things that I am thankful for every day that I live is for my share in the world's work," said a wise and busy woman. "I am thankful that my hands are full." The blessing of the full hands and the full days is one that we sometimes fail to appreciate until illness or some misfortune forces us to stand aside for a time, while the eager, useful procession passes by without us. A vital part in the world we live in, a head and a hand for its work, a heart for its needs, its joys, its burdens, and faith for its outlook—these are the best gifts that can be ours for healthful and happy days.—J. D. M.

"They shall walk with me in white."
Rev. iii, 4.

In the imagery of Scripture white stands for purity, victory and joy. These are the threefold blessings of the people who walk with Jesus. They will possess the beauty of purity, because no uncleanness can live in his presence. They will be victorious, for defeat is impossible to those who are led by Christ. And they will have joy, because it is the inseparable companion of purity and victory.

"As long as hope is set upon service, it is not fixed upon Christ, and he should hold full and absolute possession of our hearts. Our lives may be so occupied with good things in themselves that we do not see the King."

SABBATH REFORM

There are two great facts which ought to settle the Sabbath question: the one is the law of God, which declares that "the seventh day is the sabbath;" the other is the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, who observed the Sabbath according to the law. These two, it seems to us, ought to satisfy the mind of every Christian.—*Signs of the Times.*

Astounding Efforts to Brace up a False Theory.

It seems that the Seventh-day Adventist brethren have been preaching Sabbath truth in New Haven, Conn., and that one of the First-day pastors of that city, Rev. W. E. Scofield, fearing that the truth might demoralize his flock, gave them due warning to keep away from the Adventist tent-meetings. We learn by correspondence that the Seventh-day people replied to his severe criticisms through the papers and challenged him to debate the question. This Mr. Scofield declined to do; but, on the ground that it was his "duty to establish his congregation in the truth," he made the Sabbath question the subject of his Sunday morning sermon in his own church, and published it in the *Journal-Courier* of New Haven, on July 31.

Seldom does one see so many rash statements and utterly unwarranted assumptions from one who professes to know the Bible, and who claims to accept it as his rule of life. Really, it almost takes one's breath in astonishment, and makes one blush for a man, who, while pretending to be a teacher of truth, yet shows such disregard of the plainest Bible teachings, and makes such palpably false representations as are seen in some of the newspaper paragraphs ascribed to him. He evidently has not studied the subject very thoroughly, or else, hard pressed by circumstances, he feels it necessary to bolster up, at all hazards, a theory for which there is no word of Bible authority.

The *New London Day*, a First-day paper, comments editorially upon the sermon as an "unwise attack" which might better have been omitted. We have not space for

all the far-fetched theories and distortions of scriptures offered, but quote enough here to show the character of the sermon.

Those who insist upon observing Saturday base their claim upon the wording of the fourth commandment, which says, "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a sabbath unto the Lord thy God." We should bear in mind that this commandment specifies the seventh day, but does not say the seventh day of the week. It was the seventh day after six days of labor that was intended, and not a particular day of the week numbered and known as the seventh day. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* tells us that the ancient Egyptians had a week of seven days, named after the seven planets, but that the week began with Saturday. In that case the only specified seventh day that the Israelites had known up to the time of giving the commandments was Friday.

In reading this commandment it has been taken for granted that the seventh day was identical with Saturday, and that the commandment under the old dispensation was only fulfilled by the keeping of that day as the Sabbath. Many a child has asked why we Christians do not keep Saturday according to the commandment; and when told that Christ changed it to Sunday has again asked how we know. And the answer to that question has not always been satisfactory. It is because of this inference that the seventh day of the commandment is identical with Saturday that certain Christians have separated themselves from the rest of Christendom, and organized themselves for the purpose of antagonizing Sunday observance. I propose to show you, first of all, that this inference is incorrect, and that there was no Saturday Sabbath under the Mosaic law. People have jumped to this conclusion simply because the Jews are now observing Saturday as their Sabbath. But the Jews are now separated from Mosaic worship and customs, are compelled to follow a modern calendar, and their religious life and customs are determined for them by rabbinical law. There is nothing in the Mosaic law which points to a Saturday Sabbath. Everything points the other way, as I shall proceed to show.

After thus assuming that the seventh day in the fourth commandment does not mean the seventh day of the week, but only a seventh after any six days of toil, the speaker referred to the Egyptian calendar to confuse his audience by mixing indiscriminately the well-known monthly and equally well-known weekly reckonings, one of which is natural, or astronomical, and the other an independent reckoning given by Jehovah in the beginning, and given for a special and obvious purpose. Then he went into the old familiar way of mixing the Hebrew ceremonial sabbaths and the

dozen or more festival sabbaths, all in one common jumble with the Sabbath of Jehovah given at Creation and brought to remembrance at Sinai, speaking as though the several sabbaths were identical with the Sabbath of the fourth commandment.

The regular weekly Sabbath of Jehovah should not be confused with the festival and ceremonial sabbaths occurring on a certain day of the month or a certain day in the year. The latter would not occur on the same day of the week every time, but the former always came on the seventh day of the week.

Mr. Scofield says: "In reading this command it has been taken for granted that the seventh day is identical with Saturday. . . . I propose to show you that this inference is incorrect, and that there was no Saturday Sabbath under the Mosaic law. . . . There is nothing in the Mosaic law that points to a Saturday Sabbath"! There are many other statements in the sermon as reported, just as wild and unwarranted as this, and it is hard to see how any intelligent, candid man trying to "establish his congregation in the truth" could make them. Of course the term "Saturday" is as unscriptural as are Mr. Scofield's statements. But he will probably admit that the day he calls Saturday is now the seventh day of the week. He will also admit, if candid, that the order of the days of the week has not been changed since the days of Christ, and that the last day of the week and not the first was the weekly Sabbath at that time. It was this Sabbath Jesus referred to when he said he was Lord of it, and that it was made for man. I know of no Sunday-keeping scholar who thinks differently upon this point.

Again, it will readily be seen that some years after the resurrection of Christ the evangelists in telling the story of it refer to the Sabbath as the day before the first day of the week—the Sabbath which they kept "according to the commandment." Jesus and his apostles seemed to "take it for granted" also that the seventh day in the commandment was identical with the seventh day of the week ("Saturday") and that there is something "in the Mosaic law that points" to it as the weekly Sabbath of Jehovah, made for man.

Why should a man desiring to "estab-

lish his congregation in the truth," squarely contradict such universally accepted facts? Why should any one deny pointblank the plainest teachings of the Bible, especially when these teachings were accepted and exemplified by Christ and his apostles?

If the seventh day in the commandment does not mean the seventh day of the week, then in the name of sound common sense what does it mean? What is the significance of the word "remember" if there was no weekly Sabbath previous to Sinai? Why the reference in the commandment to the week established at Creation with its seven day-periods, if the term seventh day in the commandment does not mean the seventh day of the week? For what purpose did Jehovah establish the arbitrary division of time into seven periods called the week if it were not to fix forever that sanctified and holy portion called Sabbath? Every other division of time was developed naturally, on astronomical grounds. The month, the year and even the day come out of the movements of earth and planets; but not so the week. This weekly division wholly disregards the calendar as to months and years, and cuts heedlessly across the division lines of each. A careful study of the history of this weekly division of time has led eminent scholars to the conclusion "that the week was God's device, and that its purpose was to establish and preserve a day for rest and worship." This is the testimony of William B. Dana, a distinguished graduate of Yale University and brother of the great geologist, James D. Dana, in his book just published entitled, "A Day for Rest and Worship." On page 70 Mr. Dana says regarding the week and the Sabbath:

There seems to be no other reasonable hypothesis—no way of escape from the conclusion that the Sabbath for the worship of one God who created the heavens, and the earth, and man, is the objective end which gave, and that it is the only known object which could have given, perpetuity to the week; the only object perfectly fitted for establishing a continuous week suited to the habits, occupations, and the civilization of all peoples, in all ages, and in every stage of industrial development.

Then, after reviewing the successive stages in the work of Creation through six days, until Jehovah breathed his own life into man so that "God's life became man's life," Mr. Dana declares that, as yet, the

A New Charity Organization.

REV. H. D. CLARKE.

Introductory to what I may say later on, I might announce to SABBATH RECORDER readers who are accustomed to think of New York, Chicago and San Francisco, that if they will look on the map they will find in the southwest corner of Ohio a little burg called Cincinnati. And when you pronounce it, do not call the last syllable *tah!*

This town has 63.50 square miles; 23 miles of river front. The "Industrial District of Cincinnati" has 590,000 people. Now you can take your hats off. There are three distinct and independent city and village governments within the corporation lines—a condition not to be found elsewhere in this or any other country. A few years ago it was the leading typhoid district in the country. Typhoid fever was the plague of the city, unless we except the saloons which still are the most potent cause of trouble. Now the water is pumped twice and filtered by double process and fever is scarcely known. Over five hundred street-cars daily pass Fountain Square. And here is your humble servant.

Over twelve years connected with the New York Children's Aid Society, the work of placing and visiting orphans from that society had become most dear to me. I felt as though I could never give it up until I retired from all active work. The large family of boys and girls constantly looking to me for help, advice and encouragement, became dear to me as children are dear to a parent. A welcome visitor in their homes and pleasing entertainment, I found all this fascinating. Yes, there were many serious things connected with it that the public can not be told, yet it was a blessed work. I have seen many grow up and occupy positions of trust and do well. Many have written words of appreciation or asked further advice for their good, though past age. But there came a new "call." Children and families wrote, "Do not leave us now." One girl in a hospital wrote, "Mr. Clarke, please do not leave me now." So I did help *her* and then broke off suddenly, working up to the minute of starting for Cincinnati.

Quite a number of Cincinnati's wealthy men and philanthropists desired to start a

revelation of God's creative work is incomplete. One other thing is necessary, namely, "the setting apart of the seventh day of rest and worship, a most beneficent and humane gift which was made for him (man) also, and blessed and hallowed by this almighty and all-loving Creator."

Aside from this week of seven days given by the Almighty, we find in the Hebrew rites, given also by Moses, several *special cycles* of seven days, ending with festivals and sabbaths, but these were always different from the one weekly cycle given at Creation and ending with God's holy Sabbath. So it comes about that the word "remember," opening the fourth commandment, referred to an old established custom existing from the very time described in the command, the Creation week, and it referred to one particular day of the week—the last or seventh.

The manna test, made before the law was given, showed clearly that the Hebrews understood what day of the week was meant.

Instead of basing our claim for the seventh day of the week upon the wording of the fourth commandment, as Mr. Scofield says, we go back to that older document to which the command referred, and which not only proves that God created the heavens and the earth, but that he also established the wholly artificial division of time called a week, closing it with the sanctified weekly Sabbath—made for man—on which God rested and which was to be his representative in time. Thus it was the seventh day of the week, and no other, which Jehovah told his people to remember. It was given the central place in the Ten Words of God as if to designate the Creator from all other gods, and to give binding force to the Creation narrative, as well as to bind man to his Maker. One would think that Mr. Scofield had never noticed that first word of the commandment with its unmistakable import, and that he had never read in the command God's reference to his own appointed week in the Creation record. If he had noticed these, he could hardly say no particular day in the week was meant; and he would hardly have ventured to fly in the face of all history, and contradict the world's scholarship by saying, "There is nothing in the law of Moses which points to a Saturday (Seventh-day) Sabbath"!

new charity similar to that of the New York Children's Aid Society. Looking about to find the man they thought might help in its organization and to carry it on, Providence selected me. It seems so strange! As a promotion in many ways, New York urged me to accept it and thus enlarge the work in general. Articles of incorporation are filed and the new institution is The Children's Country Homes Association. It is not a home to keep children, but an organization to gather up the homeless and needy and place them in country homes. After completing the preliminary work this is to be my effort the same as before.

A small farm is selected and a dormitory is to be built with facilities for caring for the youth until it seems proper to place each one in some good family home. The general manager of the Proctor & Gambel Co. has turned over to me his office on Fourth and Main until a new office shall be permanently located. I am now arranging the details and the printed matter and will begin a systematic visit of all public and private charities with the view of proper coöperation and better understanding of the work in general. We may draw wards from many sources. I am asked to be on the lookout for a suitable man and wife to take charge of the little farm and the dormitory and look after the inmates. This is a difficult thing to do. It will require several qualifications. As for myself in the work I do, I have no difficulty in the observance of the Sabbath. I keep that and can "lay off" two days in the week if I choose. But a man and wife caring for coming and going children and managing a horse or two and a few cows and things for the place and the various duties expected in such a home owned and supported by First-day people—I fear I can not arrange for one "of my people" to do it. If any one can solve that problem I'd like to hear from him or "our leaders" on the subject. The little farm and home will be out of the city about ten or fourteen miles. Cincinnati is not out of the United States, but to come here leaving my pretty home and my children and church privileges is a cross great to bear and made me feel like a missionary leaving native land. Wonder, if I now turned

back, would there be another pillar of salt? I expect the prayers of friends interested, I need them.

An Appreciative Reader.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER:

I feel drawn to write you, and in reading our excellent church paper I often want to tell the writers of the many edifying messages God sends us through them. What a comfort and blessing these messages are to me, and doubtless to many others. So when any feel impressed by the Holy Spirit to write in harmony with the divine Word—for the Spirit and the Word always agree—they may feel assured there is a listening ear and a hungering heart waiting and glad to feast upon the rich provision for its need.

But I wish just now to refer to two of the editorials. . . . The one in issue of July 3, "Direct and Reflex Influence of Foreign Missions," is rich beyond the power of words to express. O that every one would read and reread—as I have just done with delight—till they feel in harmony with Jesus' great commission, and with doubts all dispelled, realize the solemn obligation, the precious privilege, the sacred joy of doing all possible to fulfil the important trust committed to us. The other editorial which so strongly impressed me was "A Salutary Reaction," April 17. This I heartily appreciated because it is so difficult to get religious matter into ordinary papers, though our daily sometimes admits a little. I have copied your stirring appeal on this subject and sent it to the other paper and am anxiously awaiting the decision. I am also sending it to *Echoes*, published by the noted evangelist, John A. Davis, Lestershire, N. Y.

I am very anxious that Christians should, as you say, make the most of this "glorious opportunity" in this much needed "reaction." Can you suggest anything more I could do? I rejoice that in Doctor Main's excellent sermon he did just like Jesus, put the "new creation" first. May it be thus reechoed by all our religious teachers. And our bodies God's temple! What honor and responsibility! Please reread (July 17, pp. 65-67). Wish I could have heard Elder Seager too.

In joyous hope,
AGNES F. BARBER.

MISSIONS

From the Field—Northwestern Wisconsin.

REV. O. S. MILLS.

Leaving Minneapolis on July 6 we next visited the Sabbath-keepers near Clear Lake, Polk Co., Wis. These are Brother and Sister Briggs, their two married daughters and one of the sons-in-law. These friends highly appreciated our visit, doing much to make our stay there pleasant, and we trust that they received encouragement and blessings in return. Here I preached twice on Sunday to a small congregation, in a Good Templars' hall, where a Sunday school has recently been organized.

Our next visit was with the Cartwright Church. Here, by request of Pastor Hurley, we remained one week, and enjoyed visiting most of the families of his congregation and addressing them in the Sabbath morning service. This church is hopeful and prospering finely. Pastor Hurley seems to be everybody's friend and is doing good work in the church and on his farm.

En route to Plainfield we stopped overnight and enjoyed a visit with Brother and Sister Coon of Auburndale. On arriving at Plainfield we found Brother D. F. Greene (Cousin Dell) and his family waiting with surrey and wagon to take us and our trunk to their pleasant home seven miles away. Here we remained one week and held five public services with an average congregation of twenty-eight, and I made twenty-eight calls on the people in their homes or their fields. In these meetings Mrs. Mills and Gladys Greene (Dell's daughter) had their first experience in conducting a song service without the aid of an instrument. After their first "stage fright" they did finely, and their efforts were well appreciated.

These people, with two or three exceptions, are not accustomed to attend religious services, but they gave excellent attention and some of them engaged in the song services. At the close of the last service several held up their hands, expressing faith in Jesus and the desire to make heaven their eternal home.

With their oats ready to cut and the thresher in the neighborhood ready to thresh several hundred acres of rye from the shocks, the holding of more meetings seemed out of the question, so we returned home on the twenty-fifth.

Milton Junction, July 30, 1911.

Personal Power.

REV. E. E. SUTTON.

Western Association, Hebron Center, Pa.

Our text tonight is found in Luke vi, 38: "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

All men are in love with prowess. Man longs to accomplish things and tips his hat to those who bring things to pass. Power is prized everywhere and is sought by all. We suppose that when man in the dim past made the discovery that there was power outside himself and that this power could do his work while he rested his weary muscles, he was filled with a sort of infinite delight. To possess power or to be able to use it does indeed make one feel good. Men were a long time in discovering that there was power outside the muscles of their own bodies, or those of their horses and oxen, or outside the muscles of the water and wind. For centuries this seemed to remain the extent of man's grasp on power. But there was a boy of a humble home who at last really saw a kettle boil and got it into his head that there was power in steam. Others had boiled water and had seen the steam, but it took Watt to boil water and effectually harness its steam, thus giving to man a greater grasp on power and enabling him to conquer the mighty ocean and continent. A mile a minute did not satisfy man; it only whetted his ambition for greater power. Having made these things his servants, he brings from the skies the lightning, makes it to turn his wheel, row his boat, draw his wagon. Yet he is not satisfied; he puts it to his lips and to his ears, and lo! his voice is echoed around the world.

But friends, let us notice that in gaining all this power man created nothing. He only discovered and applied forces that were in the world from the beginning. They were within the reach of Adam if he could have grasped them. We stand

amazed as we see the operator receiving the wireless message; as we hear the throb of the mighty engines as they drive the great ocean steamer; as we see the mighty horse of steel thundering his way across the continent at the rate of a mile a minute; yet we know that these forces obey us only so long as we submit to the laws of their operation. There is every reason to believe that this century will have greater surprises for us in discovery and application of power than the century just past. The craving of man for power in the material world is by no means satisfied, and that craving is sure to bring many more great discoveries.

But the spiritual man is not fed by these increases of power that come to the material man. They only intensify his hunger for spiritual things—for spiritual power. The spiritual man is as ambitious as the material man to perform mighty deeds, and rightly so. It seems to us that to desire to be the medium through which blessings shall come to this world of sin is a god-like desire. It is not only the privilege but the duty of man to covet the best gifts, that he may be thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

We are aware that in life, especially social life, there is false personal power as well as evil personal power. False personal power is a counterfeit of the real thing. A woman of fashion may become a leader in society and may be credited with great personal power, but by and by it may become evident that what she possessed was a skilful use of fashionable influence rather than true personal power. A man of wealth may live so splendidly and spend money so lavishly, that he is credited with personal power, but after a time we make the discovery that his power was the power of money and not personal power. Yet, friends, how many men of this class do we see in the world today. These are some examples of false personal power, counterfeits of the true thing. On the other hand there may be evil and harmful personal power. You believe that it exists, that one may have the gift of power and may use it to mislead and destroy others. But we need not, at this time, speak of this. We shall endeavor to speak solely of true personal power of a noble kind, and you who are here tonight may ask, "What

is it, and what class of people have it?" Brilliant talent does not assure one of it. Though you sing with the sweetness of a Jenny Lind or play with the skill of a Mozart or a Beethoven; though you paint superbly; though you have a ready pen; though you may have the rare talent of conversation or oratory, still you may not have true personal power. It is not assured by personal beauty, for it is a fact that intense beauty and intense selfishness are sometimes found dwelling together. Neither is it assured by a thorough education. You may be the finest scholar, yet lack true personal power; for while personal power is undoubtedly intensified by scholarship, it is not scholarship.

What is it, then, if neither special talent nor personal beauty nor thorough education be a guarantee of its presence? It seems to us as we study the lives of those who possess it that it can be defined briefly thus: Personal power is the power to enter into the lives of others and be in them a constructive force, that is, a force which forms and builds up and strengthens that upon which it is exerted. There is nothing on earth for which we have greater reverence than for true personal power; and there is no greater debt of gratitude we owe on earth than that which we owe to those under whose personal power we have been permitted to come. We have friends whom we admire for their talents, friends whom we love for the sweetness of their characters, but there stands apart in our thoughts a smaller group of those who have had personal power over us, friends who may or who may not have been talented or beautiful or even educated, but who did have power to enter into our lives, to put themselves in sincere and blessed sympathy with our needs, and with our aspirations; in other words they are in us a constructive force, building us up to nobler things, strengthening us, creating in us a desire to be and do better, helping us to walk in the right way. Having then tried to set before you a definition of personal power as we understand it, let us state the law under which alone we think it can be realized.

That law is set forth in the words of the text: "Give, and it shall be given unto you." To have this power one must go to the Source of all power, to God. God

is love and reigns over a kingdom of love. Behold with us tonight, friends, the power of love. It brings the Son of God to earth and sends him to Calvary, there to die on the cross. His few friends forsake him, and a multitude of foes gather to jeer and howl their derision and contempt. After his resurrection a few of his friends come together and talk of his wonderful works. Baptized with the Holy Spirit, they spread abroad the strange words he has taught them. True to the commission he gave them, they preach forgiveness of sin through faith in the name of the lowly Nazarene. The sword may be lifted against them, yet they cease not—though many of them lose their lives—to bear testimony to his great love. Many of the saints give their lives, but their death only increases the number of saints. How we are thrilled as we see how God used the persecution as a means to spread the Gospel. Stephen, looking steadfastly into heaven as the stones pelt about him, is transfigured before them, and sends Saul away with a sting in his heart that will not leave it. James gives his life to prove his devotion to his brother's cause. Paul later surrenders his mighty intellect to the despised One, and outstrips all others in the intensity of his devotion and zeal for his Master's work.

The world boasts many great conquerors—Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon; but we ask upon what did their kingdoms depend? You reply, "Upon force." Today they are gone, and only their names survive them. Jesus alone founded his kingdom upon love and today there are thousands who would die for him. The martyrs are not all dead; we believe that there are those here who would give their lives, if necessary, for the Master's cause. In the kingdom of God there are many illustrious names of those who wrought for its upbuilding. There is John the divine, Peter the stone, Paul the peerless, Apollos the orator, Luther the reformer, Calvin the theologian, Wesley the organizer, Spurgeon the soul saver; also our own Stennetts, Jonathan Allen, John Huffman, Abram Herbert Lewis, and many others, dead and living; but all these, friends, with the host of unnamed leaders for whom they stand, lay all their trophies down before Christ whose service made them great. Does it not seem that what

made these men great powers in the world was the life of service they lived, a life lived for humanity, a life of sacrifice? Christ said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." Do you want true personal power? Do you want, in this short span of human life, to be always entering into the lives of others, always a constructive force that makes them better than they could have been without you? Do you want this power? If you say no, then let this be your motto: "I will keep myself to myself; I will be satisfied with looking after my own life and with working out my own schemes; I will show no love or care for those about me." If you will do this, we feel quite sure that you can get through life comfortably(?) free from that thing we call personal power; for we know of no better way to cause spiritual death. But if you want it, there is but one way to obtain it. Give yourself sincerely to others. Let their plans be real to you, their sorrows great to you, their joys sacred to you, their temptations intense to you. Friends, let us try to understand people, to enter reverently and intelligently into their life problems, to put ourselves into their places, to see with their eyes. O for the power to touch the lives of others and draw them to the Saviour of the world! We hope that no one will understand what we have been saying to mean idle curiosity concerning other people's affairs. This giving of one's self to others is the noblest of unselfishness, the reverence for human life, the sympathy for human sorrow, the belief in human goodness. We would that we might have more faith in humanity. No matter how low a man may sink in sin, there is yet in him some good. Christ tried to help the fallen; then why not, as his followers, try to do the same? Some perhaps may say, "Why should I burden myself with the affairs or cares of others; why darken my pleasures with trying to get at the root of some one's sorrow?" "Jesus wept" with those who were in trouble. Can't we take time to bring sunshine into some life now filled with sorrow? Your life is larger perhaps than you are willing to admit. It will hold more than you have yet put into it. If you keep yourself to yourself, you will shrink into selfishness even toward your own; but if you give yourself to those

whom God sends across your pathway, you will have more, not less, to give to your own. Again your own unsuccessful experiments may tend to discourage you. It is indeed one thing to feel a longing desire to do, and another to be able to vindicate doctrines and to establish a great visible outward work of service. Men can not always do themselves justice in speech, yet where there are few words there may be true power. On the other hand there may be great power of speech, yet the heart may not be under divine dominion. A man should himself always be greater than his words. However eloquent his speech, his life should be deeper, broader, diviner than any words can ever reveal. It is possible, too, that from the poorest words there may be poured an irresistible, all-convincing power, as from the bush in Horeb there flamed a glory not of earth, and from the raiment of the transfigured Nazarene there shone a brightness more splendid than the glory of the sun. No, friends, a man is not to be judged by the poverty of his words, but by his personal power.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you." Here we have the action and the reaction. Here we have the secret of power over lives. To whom do we go when we are discouraged and our hearts are sad? On whom do we lean when faintness and fear have made our nerves unsteady? To whom do we go when we meet with some great success, to share with them our joy? To whom do we tell our ideals and confide the secrets of our hearts? You all know very well. We go to those who have personal power over us. And who are they? We well know if we stop to think. They are those who have given themselves to us in that unselfish, helpful, cheerful sympathy which won our confidence, and enabled them to enter our lives as a constructive force; they are those who, since we have known them, have made us wish to be better. They gave themselves to us, and here we have the reaction. We give ourselves to them; we yield them our confidence, and acknowledge, by so doing, their power over us, not because they claim it but because of what we find them to be in our lives.

Personal power is not obtained by claiming it. It is the unthought-of, unclaimed

reaction from a sincere self-giving. It was by his self-giving that Christ has entered into our lives and has been in us a constructive force, awakening in us a desire to be better. We believe that the Christ-life starts from the cross and is shaped by the cross; and that the only motive to make us care for others is that we may therein serve him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give his life to redeem us from sin.

We plead with you, friends, to be satisfied with nothing but this larger life; to refuse to be satisfied with the pleasures of this world; to say in your hearts, "We were made for better things, we will live the complete life." Gaze at the suffering Christ on the cross, gaze until he becomes to you a real presence, a life-giving presence. Then go and be unselfish for his sake; go and care for and love people because he does. Go and think not of what may come back to you. Empty self and pray for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The world waits for Christ the Light, and the light waits for consecrated lives through which to shine. Let us cease praying for power and pray for the Holy Spirit, and the power will come. Men may lift their hands and cry, "Emotional! emotional!" Let it be emotion or for that matter commotion if it will bring the power. Brethren, let us pray for the baptism of fire.

A Thought for the Week.

It costs so little to cultivate a truthful interest in people as people. One of the best spiritual exercises we could prescribe for souls would be to sit down deliberately for five or ten minutes of a morning and think about the welfare of those who are either nearest or dearest to us.—*Anna B. Bryant.*

Let us do our duty, and pray that we may do our duty here, now, today; not in dreamy sweetness, but in active energy; not in the green oasis of the future, but in the dusty desert of the present; not in the imaginations of elsewhere, but in the realities of now.—*Frederick W. Farrar.*

Bonnie, on being told she would have to eat condensed milk on her oatmeal for breakfast, exclaimed, "I wish that old condensed cow would die!"—*Selected.*

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Is it Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the
knife?

God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down; poor, heart-broken
brother,

Pierced to the heart; words are keener than
steel,

And mightier, far, for woe and for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
For ever and aye, in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain—
Shamed by the brutes that go down on the
plain,

—*Joaquin Miller.*

Our Mission Circle.

August, 1911, No. 10.

"For the Lord thy God, he it is that doth
go with thee."

Topic: Our China Mission; latest recruits.
Singing: "Ye Christian Herald, go Pro-
claim."

Scripture Reading: Psalm 144.
Prayer.

Dr. Grace Crandall is the youngest child of the Rev. George J. and Elizabeth Maxson Crandall, now deceased.

She was baptized at an early age, and joined the church at North Loup, Neb.

Her life as a student has ever been marked by her love of study and her ability to conquer all difficulties.

Her medical work in Hahnemann College, Chicago, in addition to a two-year nurse training course in Brooklyn fits her especially well for the work in Lieu-oo, China, to which field she has gone as Doc-



GRACE I. CRANDALL, M.D.



ANNA M. WEST

tor Palmborg's assistant. She left an excellent growing practice in Milton, Wis.

An intimate friend says of her: "I have always felt since we were together in Alfred that she would some time go to China. No one could be better fitted in every way for the work than she."

Another friend adds: "Grace has always been in spirit a missionary."

The Utica (Wis.) Church was the spiritual home of the parents of Anna May West. When she was four years of age her father, Wm. Leman West, died, and her mother, Mrs. Nettie M. West, well known as the secretary of the Northwestern Association, with her two daughters removed to Milton Junction, Wis. Here Anna has lived her busy, faithful life.

In 1908 she graduated from Milton College. Three years she has spent in teaching. Early in life she joined the church, and in 1907, at the Lake Geneva Y. W. C. A. Conference, she joined the Student Volunteers.

The year 1910-11 was spent at Alfred University in special preparation for her work in China as Miss Susie Burdick's assistant.

She expects to sail for Shanghai, China, in September, in company with Doctor Palmborg on her return.

This week we have a reprint of Our Mission Circle leaflet for the benefit of any who may not have seen the leaflet.

I am glad this week to introduce to you another young woman whose heart is filled with the missionary spirit, Miss Emma Rogers of Farina, Ill. Many of you have met her, but you will be glad to hear of

her again. She will go in October to Chattanooga, Tenn., to teach in Mrs. Almira Steele's home for unfortunate children. You have heard of Mrs. Steele and of the great work she is doing for the colored children of her city. She was recently a guest of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and the Battle Creek *Idea* has this to say of her and her work:

We have been greatly pleased in the last few days to receive a visit from Mrs. Almira S. Steele, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who for twenty-five years has stood at the head of a home for outcast and neglected children in that city. Becoming acquainted with Sanitarium principles several years ago, she has adopted them and is able to make the statement that in all her experience they have never had a single case of typhoid fever, la grippe, or any of the prevailing diseases. The children are fed on plain, wholesome food and in such quantities as are entirely sufficient for their needs and yet preserve their appetites. Over 1,200 children have passed through Mrs. Steele's hands. Most of them have gone out to schools for higher education and to lives of usefulness.

Mrs. Steele is a Sabbath-keeping Congregationalist, and her children are taught to keep the Sabbath. She has in her home from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five children, who are taken through the work of the eighth grade, and are encouraged when they leave her home to continue their education. Many of them she has herself helped through schools of higher education. Her pupils are not only taught in the school but are also taught to work, and the teachers must have general supervision over the work done by the children in the home.

This, then, is the work at *ten dollars per month* that calls Miss Rogers, who holds a certificate from the State of Wisconsin entitling her to a position as instructor in any high school in the State.

Miss Rogers was graduated with honors from Milton College in 1909, the year following the graduation of Miss West. She was, by the way, a member of the class that started the fund for building the new gymnasium.

As a teacher in a school for colored children she does not expect much social intercourse with people outside the home.

Miss Rogers is now in Battle Creek, Mich., taking special work. Since she has been there, Mrs. Steele came for a short

visit, and so they met and she was able to learn more about the work.

I wish you might all hear Miss Rogers talk of this work and feel her enthusiasm.

If you have any lingering fears that the world is fast growing worse and you don't feel that you can help it, let me tell you a secret: Go, as I did, and talk with some one who is doing something for somebody. That will help you to see clearer and the world will look brighter to you.

The churches of Milton Junction and Farina will receive blessings, I am sure, through these members. All honor then to Doctor Crandall, Miss West, and Miss Rogers and to others like them who love the work of the Master rather than their own ease.

Tract Society Field Work.

REV. D. BURDETT COON.

DEAR SABBATH RECORDER READER:

I did not want to spend this month for the Tract Society in this way. There is opportunity for more missionary and Sabbath reform work right now in Battle Creek, Mich., than six stronger and better men than I could possibly do. But I was overruled; and here I am to do my best.

The DeRuyter people have made me feel good. They gave me such a good reception and hearing. Last Friday evening we had a real good prayer meeting there. Probably not more than three people in the room said anything on the subject that I had chosen and talked about. But I didn't care. A good many people offered prayer and gave warm, heartfelt testimonies. They showed that they were leaning on the Lord and meant to do his will. That was worth a great deal more than any of your cut and dried prayer meeting talks that do not have the ring of spiritual life and desire in them.

On Sabbath morning a good congregation gave the best of attention while I talked to them about the Sabbath question that is ever before the world.

They adjourned their Sabbath school that day in order to give some the opportunity of attending the afternoon service at Lincklaen Center, five miles away, where Pastor Wing is in the habit of preaching Sabbath afternoons. Here we had a great meeting. The house was nearly full. I preach-

ed the Gospel for nearly an hour, and the folks didn't get tired.

Last Tuesday night a goodly company gathered in the DeRuyter church again, and I told them of some opportunities our people have in Battle Creek for doing missionary and Sabbath reform work.

I greatly enjoyed visiting the families of Deacon York and Deacon Crandall, and R. D. Burdick, and other good folks where I found them ready to talk over the Lord's work.

Of course you know that DeRuyter is a place of sacred memories. I saw there where my mother's grandfather and grandmother and many members of their families lie buried. It may not interest you to know that here was where my mother's father and mother were born; where they played when children, and where they went to school; where they courted and married. It inspired me with a longing desire to do better work for the Master as I stood by the side of the monuments erected to the memories of Eld. L. R. Swinney and Eld. J. E. N. Backus. The latter baptized my brother and myself and the Shaw boys and the Burdick boys and many other boys and girls on the prairies of Minnesota years ago. He was glad to spend his last days, even at great personal sacrifice, in serving the Lincklaen Church. It may be needless for me to say to you that DeRuyter Institute, now gone, did its full share in giving character and stability to that people. It furnished some of the best blood that went into the building of our churches and schools in the farther West and South. I do not wonder that DeRuyter people are good folks. They ought to be. The Lord has done great things for them.

Yes, the DeRuyter Church is *alive* and *awake* today to spiritual things. Their pastor, Brother Wing, is a live man who loves God and the Bible and the people. Would that we had a thousand more preachers like him.

Brookfield, N. Y.,

Aug. 4, 1911.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in Jehovah for ever; for in Jehovah, even Jehovah, is a rock of ages."

The Endeavor Convention at Atlantic City.

REV. E. ADELBERT WITTER.

Thinking perhaps it might not be amiss to pass along some of the good things gathered at the convention, I have thought to put this short article in the SABBATH RECORDER.

The attendance upon such a convention is certainly a great privilege to enjoy. There is always inspiration in numbers, and especially so when those numbers are enthusiastically engaged in any given line of work that appeals to the hearts of men. Whether such work appeals to the higher impulses of nature or to the lower and more carnal desires of the human flesh, the inspiration of numbers is a power that moves the throng just the same. If any doubt this statement, their doubts would have been greatly weakened had they been permitted to sit in the great auditorium on the Million Dollar Pier during the sessions of the Endeavor convention. It was certainly soul-inspiring to even sit among the throng and study the make-up of the audience, and especially so when such a man as Fred B. Smith was addressing them on the great questions pertaining to the salvation of men. The inspiration of the Sunday afternoon meeting for men, when some 8,000 men sat together under the spell of Mr. Smith's strong appeal to men for the development of the best that is in them under the help of God, will never be forgotten. It was wonderful to see men of the world all about you moved to tears again and again as the speaker drew for them pictures of the home and of the life that each is living or might be living. I was not surprised on following days to hear different people, as they referred to the various sessions, say that the Sunday afternoon meeting was the best they had ever attended. At the close of the session, Mr. Smith showed his power over men to help them to a choice of the better way through the help and direction of the Holy Spirit, when in response to his appeals and invitations there were more than one hundred men who stood upon their feet in all parts of the audience to express their determination, with God's help, to enter into the Christian life. Many of these men came forward to take Mr. Smith by the hand after the audience was dismissed.

Surely there is power in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ "to save to the uttermost all them who come to him by faith."

The ten thousand and more Endeavorers who were present at this convention surely had food for thought in all the many addresses that were given by men of mind and of spirit.

The address by (Rev. Ira Landrith of Nashville, Tenn., on "The Call for Fellowship," was a most masterful one, in which he showed that the call of the world to Endeavorers is a call to fellowship—a fellowship that should be the moving power to the salvation of the world. He showed that this spirit of true fellowship is the spirit of Christianity, and is the spirit that will break down all the middle walls of partition that separate one people from another, so far as their oneness in Christ is concerned. Could all our Endeavorers have been present at that convention and caught the swing of the march of triumph, whether in the great audiences as they felt the power of the songs in which the multitude joined till all seemed to think and speak together of the wonderful things of the Gospel; or whether out on the board walk at the close of the evening sessions, when in the midst of that great moving mass of humanity, one might come, as I did one night with the delegation from Nebraska, upon a group of Endeavorers marching together in the midst of the throng and singing the songs of Zion till all within sound of their melody seemed to be moved by it till with voice and feet they were keeping time with the singers, and many I doubt not, were made to remember God and home and truth anew—could our Endeavorers have felt such an inspiration, I believe there would be a new awakening along the line of our Endeavor work.

I was much disappointed in not seeing more at the Seventh-day Baptist Rally. I am certain, however, that those who were there felt it was not lost time. As a people we need to realize that the work to which God has called us and the responsibilities he has laid upon us are great. The call to go "into all the world," is as much for us as for any. May the Lord help us to plan and work for fuller service, such as shall result in larger fields of activity, and in that growth that will give cheer and will be an honoring of God.

Railroad Rates to Conference.

No railroad committee was appointed last year, hence no special rates have been made with the railroads this year for Conference. There is nothing to be gained in a rate of one and six-tenths fare, plus twenty-five cents, from distant points in the West and South, because special low summer rates are available to New York and Boston. These tickets are on sale every day; good for thirty days, and allow stop-overs at many points.

The Erie, Nickel Plate, Wabash, Grand Trunk, Baltimore & Ohio and other roads make the following *round trip rates* to New York City:

From Akron, O.	\$23 55
From Cincinnati, O.	27 00
From Cleveland, O.	25 55
From Dayton, O.	25 50
From Chicago, Ill.	27 00

The New York Central lines and Pennsylvania R. R. charge slightly more than the above rates. These rates are less than one and six-tenths fares on the average, and have a thirty-day limit and stop-over privilege besides.

From points West of Chicago, proportional rates are made. For points nearer home, I would recommend buying mileage (at two cents a mile) or traveling in parties of ten or more on one ticket at mileage rates.

From Alfred, N. Y., the excursion fare, by mileage or party rate, is \$13.70 to New York City, which is about \$1.25 more than if the certificate plan were in force. While from Salem, W. Va., the fare by mileage rate is less than by the certificate plan.

Ministers can obtain clerical rates on the Erie, Baltimore & Ohio, Lehigh Valley, West Shore and Pennsylvania, and some of the other roads, by applying to local ticket agents, who will forward their application to headquarters for approval. Time must be allowed for this; therefore, *apply at once.*

No reduced rates, clerical rates, or passes are obtainable on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD.

Plainfield, N. J.,
Aug. 10, 1911.

"Every realized promise of God is a stepping-stone to one yet unrealized."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Another Letter From Arkansas.

DEAR EDITOR:

As the train on which I was to leave Fouke was due to leave there at six o'clock Tuesday evening, we had our last service in the church Monday evening. However, we had been invited to preach at the "fish fry" on Tuesday and we gladly accepted the invitation. There were plenty of fish this time, as well as other good things to eat, and after each one had contributed something toward the preparation of the meal, we all sat down around the table spread upon the ground. We were seated on wagon seats, chairs which had served that purpose, and blankets spread upon the ground.

All heads were bowed while we thanked our Father in heaven for the bountiful provisions which he has made for all our needs, and for the blessings of social and Christian fellowship. Then we ate and talked and laughed until Mr. Luther Davis, thinking we had eaten enough, assembled us at one end of the table for a picture.

After dinner, while some cleared away the remains of the dinner, others arranged the seats and blankets in a semi-circle for the service. We had brought our singing-books, and Mrs. Luther Davis led with her violin as we sang several gospel songs. My mind had been filled with thoughts of the Master, and Galilee, and fishermen who became his disciples, and so, for a Scripture lesson, we read Matt. iv, 18-22 and John xxi, 1-14.

After a few remarks by the leader, there followed a testimony meeting in which many, both young and old, took part. The spirit of consecration and of devotion to the Master's service ran through these testimonies like a golden thread uniting all our hearts and binding us closer to the loving heart of our Father. The benediction of that last service with the dear people at Fouke is upon me today.

The situation was ideal. Above us was the blue sky, seen through the branches of

the trees which shaded us from the sun; the lake behind us and to the right, stretching away to the wood on the other shore; birds and insects joining in a chorus of song; and above all and best of all, the communion of kindred souls with each other and with the common Father in prayer and song and in glad testimony. Waves of thought and emotion circling out from that little service on the lake shore will reecho in eternity.

Fouke is one of our strong churches, and they have a strong working young people's society and a splendid Junior. Of course the Fouke young people had to yield the banner to the Milton Junction young people at Salem last year, but that is nothing to the discredit of the former, but only a greater honor to the latter to receive it from such a society. God bless the young people in all our societies. They are a royal company, and are in preparation for a great work—greater than they now comprehend, but by the leading of the Holy Spirit they will be fitted for the noble service that awaits them.

It was a great privilege to spend these days at Fouke, to visit in the homes of the people, to kneel by the beds of their sick, to speak words of cheer and of hope to their young people, and to preach the Gospel.

I believe in the inspirational power of the pulpit; I believe also in a teaching ministry. Charles G. Finney said that when he was a young man, it seemed to him that the minister always began at the middle of his sermon; he took too much for granted on the part of the people; therefore, his message, not being understood, was a failure. I tried to reveal the fundamental truths of the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and of salvation through Jesus Christ. I had evidence that I had partially succeeded, at least, in my purpose. I tried to sow the seed and am content to pass on to other fields, feeling that He who has nurtured the seed sown by others at Fouke will take care of that which I have committed unto Him.

I have been at Little Prairie since Thursday, but I shall write about the work here later.

Sincerely,

A. J. C. BOND.

Nady, Ark.,
July 17, 1911.

A Brief History of General Conference.

SUSANNA MURPHY.

Special Endeavor meeting, Ashaway, R. I.

In 1801, at a yearly meeting, Eld. Henry Clarke of Brookfield, N. Y., forwarded a proposition to the Sabbath-keeping churches, to form an organization for the advancement of the Gospel and Sabbath-keeping in the United States. The plans of what resulted in our General Conference were not the workings of one day, or even one year. For many years the strong supporters of the faith had pondered over the great question.

It was at Hopkinton, 1802, that the first real successful Conference was held. About seventy-eight people, representing seven churches, were present.

At this meeting the four churches—Newport, Hopkinton, New London and Brookfield—proposed the missionary movement, and Newport sent the first contribution, \$20.69, towards that work. It was also voted at this meeting that a committee be appointed representing the churches of Hopkinton, Newport, Waterford, Cohansy and Petersburg, with Eld. Abram Coon of Hopkinton as chairman, to report on some method of procedure. This committee recommended that missionaries be sent out, instructed and supported by the General Conference, that the Conference "circulate" year by year to Hopkinton, Petersburg and Piscataway, and that a copy of the report be sent to each church in the union.

In 1802 Eld. Henry Clarke of Brookfield, Dea. Daniel Babcock of Hopkinton and two or three other brethren set forth the four following particulars in regard to the duties of the Conference:

1. The Conference shall be composed of as many messengers as the churches see fit to send.
2. The Conference, in itself, shall be self-governing, but its relations to the churches shall be advisory and helpful, and to the world missionary.
3. The financial relations of the churches to the Conference shall be voluntary, but the church where the Conference sits shall provide for the members while there.
4. The public proceedings shall be printed for the inspection of all, but when

any unusual change is thought necessary, previous notice must be given by the Conference to the churches or by the churches to the Conference.

In the year 1805 the previous rules of Conference were revised and a standard Constitution was adopted. This consisted of ten articles which provided: (1) a name, the Sabbatarian General Conference; (2) for a yearly meeting of the same; (3) that the Conference have only power to give counsel; (4) that in any given church the Conference and the church's yearly meeting be at the same time; (5) for the usual officers; (6) that each church have one vote, that of a majority of its messengers; (7) for the determination by Conference of controversies between churches; (8) for the report of the disorderly walk of non-resident members, by any church clerk having knowledge thereof; (9) that only immersed Sabbath-keepers are eligible to church membership; (10) for amendments to the Constitution by the joint agreement of Conference and the churches.

Thus with a fixed Constitution the Conference began to thrive. Meetings were held yearly around at the different churches. The people became enthusiastic, and began to plan months ahead to attend the next Conference.

The first Conference held at Westerly was in 1873. At this Conference 174 delegates from 39 churches were present. At the Conference held at Ashaway in 1882, 250 delegates from 45 churches were present. In 1891 it was again held at Westerly with 100 delegates present. The subject of the opening address by the president, George B. Carpenter, was "The Counting of Our Forces." In 1899 the Ashaway Church again entertained 313 delegates. Pastor Clayton A. Burdick gave the address of welcome at this meeting. In 1902 occurred the one hundredth anniversary of the Conference at our home church, with 428 delegates present. Probably most of us can remember this meeting.

We all feel that Conference is a grand thing for Seventh-day Baptists. Let us be thankful that Conference this year will not be too far away for one and all of us to attend. Most of all, let us, the people of 1911, do our best to promote the welfare of our Sabbatarian General Conference.

How Can We as Young People be of Service to Conference?

HARRIS TAYLOR.

Special Endeavor meeting, Ashaway, R. I.

Let me give you a few thoughts which I have as to how we can help Conference.

Let us attend as many of the meetings as possible. If we are asked to go somewhere instead of to a meeting, let us rather go to the meeting. By our attendance others may be encouraged to go, too.

In the meetings we should be quiet and attentive, so that no one will lose interest or miss good thoughts. We can sing as well as we are able and swell the songs of praise. Also when there is responsive reading we can be ready with our Bibles and join in the reading. This, too, will help. In the testimony meetings, if only a word or two, a testimony from each of us will encourage and put new heart into many who may be downhearted or faltering. If there be any feeling that we are not good enough to speak in the company of so many good people, let us forget that and at least ask for help and prayers for our improvement.

We should be observing and learn all we can, from the meetings, of our denomination and its work. Upon us, such as we are, will fall the work in a few years; so we must be prepared for it that we may not fail.

Outside the meetings we will also have a good chance to be of service. We can be courteous and kind to every one. In order to be well acquainted with the churches and the work of our denomination we need to become better acquainted with all the people we can; for a broader knowledge of the workers will help us, as well as will the Conference.

Conference is to meet with our sister church and it may not need our individual help; but let us think that every little bit counts, and try to be neighborly and helpful in every way possible. If we see an opportunity, let us offer our services; also it might be well to offer them anyway to the officers of the General Conference, for there is an old adage that "many hands make light work," and if several things to be done, however small, are taken from a leader's duties, he can so much the better perform the large ones.

So let us one and all attend the meetings and do the best we know how in behavior, attention, praise and testimony.

Problems of the Young People's Board.

E. MILDRED SAUNDERS.

Special Endeavor meeting, Ashaway, R. I.

The Young People's Board, like all other boards of its kind, has problems which discourage and at times almost baffle it. Perhaps one of the greatest is, How shall we create a universal interest among the societies of the denomination? This the board has tried to do during the past year by informing the different societies, through the associational secretaries, of the work which it is trying to accomplish and the funds which are required to carry out its plans.

An effort has been made by the editor of the Young People's department of the SABBATH RECORDER to bring the societies into closer touch. The results of this effort have more than compensated for the time and energy expended.

Last year the young people in committee at Conference urged that the board do more definite work, that they place missionaries on the Southwestern field, and that they keep their needs before the societies.

According to this suggestion Rev. A. J. C. Bond has made a visit to the Southwestern field and reports great interest among the young people. He says they are earnest, eager, live young folks and can accomplish anything with their faith. The Fouke School is principally responsible for this zealous band of Christian workers.

Would that we had more such Christian Endeavorers who are not easily discouraged but have great faith that they are able to accomplish much.

Another problem of the board is, How can we train a band of consecrated young people who shall be able and willing to do field work, to visit the localities where help is most needed, and thus lift up the standards of our young people who have not had the advantages of a Christian home, Christian community and above all a Christian Endeavor society in which to discuss the work of the denomination and their own shortcomings and blessings as Christians?

More interest in the regular prayer meet-

ings and committee work could be aroused if we all considered the needs of those about us and forgot for a time ourselves and everything pertaining to us.

I am confident that, when we are unselfish and try to lift those with whom we come in contact to a higher plane of living, we shall be a greater blessing, and our Christian Endeavor societies will prosper more than ever before.

The board asks: "Are we able to go to Conference with all our debts paid?" Yes, if each Endeavor society takes upon itself the anxiety and responsibility of the work; if each member does whatever he can, even though it may be a very little.

I think it would be an excellent plan for us to deny ourselves some pleasure or fancy each week and set the fund aside for some phase of the great work of our Young People's Board. Perhaps this will cost us a little self-denial, but if we are to follow our Saviour and his example, we ought to be willing to give up any of our worldly fancies; for how little do we suffer in his cause in comparison with the sorrow and agony endured by our Master!

If all of us rally around the Young People's Board and the great work which it is trying to accomplish, the most of the problems will be solved and all its needs met.

May we all as Christian Endeavorers be true to our pledge and true to the work of our denomination.

"Christian Endeavor Employment Agency."

DEAR FELLOW ENDEAVORERS:

It was my privilege to attend the International Christian Endeavor Convention at Atlantic City, July 6-12. It has been suggested that I write something concerning that convention for our department in the SABBATH RECORDER. I am very glad to comply with that request, but it is difficult to know where to begin, for it was a great convention. I will not attempt to give a report of the convention, but simply a thought, as is indicated by the heading of this letter.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell in his address at the convention declared the great need of the Christian Endeavor societies all over the world to be an efficient "Christian Endeavor Employment Agency." This would add one to our list of local committees

which is now declared by some to be too large. But if by adding this committee we could in some larger measure realize Doctor Conwell's ideal, we might well afford to dispense with some other committees. His ideal for Endeavorers is not new, and perhaps for that reason needs to be proclaimed with stronger emphasis. It is this: Every Endeavorer should have some definite work to do; there is no place in the society for lazy or idle members. In many societies a little is said and nothing is done. The duty of this committee is to survey the community and determine what can be done, and then assign some definite work to each member.

He said that we do not need large societies for effective work; two or three are enough, if they will really go to work, to set the neighborhood to talking about the work of the Christian Endeavor society.

Undoubtedly Doctor Conwell has presented a practical suggestion. For young people individually to accept responsibility and go to work will assure success in Christian Endeavor.

Within the last two years more than ten thousand new societies have been organized and more than one million new names have been added to the Christian Endeavor roll; but organized Christian Endeavor work among Seventh-day Baptists seems to be on the decline. I do not believe we have outlived the Christian Endeavor movement. It is a practical plan for the training of our young people. Let us rally and go forward in an aggressive spirit in our work. Perhaps some societies will establish a "Christian Endeavor Employment Agency."

JAMES L. SKAGGS.

Shiloh, N. J.,
July 31, 1911.

The Cloud With the Silver Lining.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

CHAPTER VI.

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

'Twas the Master, who loved little children,
Who said, "Let them come unto me;"
May he grant that we do not forbid them,
For of such shall his kingdom be.

Edward Dickenson, aged nine, sat on the top of a stone post, swinging his bare legs back and forth while three other boys

somewhat older leaned against the picket fence. Evidently there was some serious subject of conversation on hand, for Edward was continually interrupted by exclamations of "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "No sree!"

Only a few rods away the water of the quiet little river sparkled and glistened in the sunlight, as if inviting the boys for a row across to the opposite side. Any other time they would have eagerly accepted, but just now they were too busy to notice.

"Yes sree, sir!" Edward was saying, and, in his excitement, he slipped down from the stone post. "I'm sure a-goin' an' you fellows can do jus' as you like about it. But please remember that you can't say you ain't had any invite, that's all."

"Oh, go 'long with your nonsense!" Elbert Jones answered. "I told you a long time ago that I was goin' fishin', so what you talkin' 'bout? That's lots more fun than goin' to a business meetin'." And he began to sing lustily:

"Hurrah! 'tis time for fishin',
So get your line an' pole;
The water's clear an' deep an' still,
Right down by Robin's Hole.
There's lots of dandy pickerel,
An' lovely speckled trout;
So quit your talk of meetin',
An' get your fish-hooks out."

"But how do you know, when you never went to one in all your life?" Edward persisted when the song had ceased. "Miss Williams is the bes' super'intendent there ever was; an' the dandies' teacher, too. Whew! but she don't read us a whole lot o' things out of a book—guess not! She jus' talks to us like she was pretty well 'quainted with boys an' girls. An' say, she brings the greatest things to Junior to make us understand the lesson with. Las' week 'twas a lot o' stones with writin' on 'em, an' we took turns in tryin' to build a foundation for a house. The writin' tole what kind of things we wanted to put in our house. I can't remember all there was, only love an' kin'ness an' oh, lots of others! Then the week before she had a whole bunch o' candles an' she pulled down the curtains to all the windows so it made things pretty dark, I tell you. Well, she put the candles in a row on the table; there was enough for everybody in the

room. An' then she began to tell us about lettin' our lights shine—you know that verse o' course—don't you?"

"Well, when it come time for our verses, jus' as fast as anybody recited one they went up an' lighted a candle. An' whew! 'twasn't long 'fore it was pretty light in that room.

"Then once she had the school-teacher in to draw on the blackboard. Bet you that was great, too! Miss Williams can draw herself, but the doctor told her not to use her eyes much. Now don't you wish you b'longed to our s'ciety?" And Edward stood digging his bare toes in the sand.

"Huh!" one of the older boys ejaculated. "Maybe if 'twas always jus' like that, we'd go; but what's this here business meetin' for? My pa he says business meetin's are dreadful dull old affairs, any that he goes to."

"Well, I don't b'lieve he ever went to this kind of a meetin' then. We're a-goin' to have a contes'—that's what Miss Williams called it—a red an' blue contes', an' that's what the meetin's for o' course. We're goin' to divide the s'ciety in two parts an' have a captain for each side. Then we're goin' to have some red an' blue buttons what says 'Bring One' and 'Brought One' on 'em. An' we're goin' to run a race to see who can catch the most new members. 'Spect we'll begin nex' week or maybe this. We've each got an em'ty chair side o' ours already, an' we got to see who can fill 'em first. Then, when the contes' is up, we're a-goin' to have a soshul with ice-cream an' cake. Now, will you go?"

"Guess maybe I will," Elbert replied, as he heard his mother calling him home.

"An' me!" "Sure I will!" the other boys joined in. And hands in their pockets, they went whistling down the road.

"Whew!" Edward exclaimed, as he watched them out of sight. "That was a job though; took a lot o' talkin' to get 'em to promise. Let me see, how many have I got now, most two boat-loads I guess. I s'pose we could go 'round by the bridge, but it's heaps more fun to row 'cross. Well, I mus' get to work a-fillin' that wood-box." And this he promptly proceeded to do.

And, at the very same time that he was

doing this, at the old homestead on the other side of the little river that divided Hazelton right in the middle, Esther Williams was trying to arrange her plans for the afternoon's business meeting.

Yes, she had at last started a Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, and, as no one else seemed willing to take the superintendency, she had taken this responsibility upon herself. As yet, she had not met with very great success, for somehow the parents hadn't shown much interest in the plan, and, if the parents had little or no interest in such matters, what could she expect of the children?

"How many shall I arrange for?" she thought, as she placed a circle of chairs under the old elm trees on the front lawn, for here the meeting was to be held. "Let me see, there are the Davis children, and the Marvin twins, the Dunbar girls; yes, and the three Roger boys. I presume twelve seats will be more than ample. Oh, how I wish that so many boys and girls would come that I could not find chairs for them all! And I would know that they came purely out of interest, for they surely know nothing of the little treat that I have prepared for them."

Of course she knew that many of the children in the Seventh-day Baptist families lived too far away to attend the Junior meetings, but there were many more whose homes were close by.

It was almost two o'clock when the little folks began to gather under the trees on the lawn. Yes, there were the Davis children—Elsie, the oldest, had been elected president—and the Marvins, the Dunbars, and the three Roger boys—not a new one among them all. She had guessed just right in arranging the twelve chairs, she thought, as she glanced up and down the road. But no one was in sight, although the sound of several voices came from down by the river. But these voices were nothing to her; no one would come from that direction, it was too far off.

"But still the sound comes nearer," she said aloud, as she prepared to open the meeting. "I am afraid it will draw the attention away from our business." And perhaps there was danger of that, for 'twas a chorus of lusty, boyish voices singing:

"Oh! sing a song of the ocean,
Yes, sing a song of the sea;

And give me a life on the bouncing waves,
For a jolly Jack Tar I'll be.

"Then ho, boys, ho! let us merrily row,
As we journey from sea to sea;
And never a stand will we take on land,
For jolly Jack Tars are we."

"They must have good, strong lungs," Miss Williams said, as she listened, "or their voices wouldn't carry so far. Well, Elsie, I think you had better call the meeting to order before we have any interruptions. It sounds as though those voices were coming nearer all the time. Probably some of the high school boys are out for a lark this afternoon. All ready—" But here she stopped, for the lusty young voices sounded very near this time; and they were singing, not the song of Jack Tar, but—

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are coming,
List! you'll hear their jolly song;
'Tis a happy band and bright, full of joy from
morn till night,
While we are marching along."

"What can it mean?" Miss Williams said, as she looked in the direction from whence the sounds came. "We might just as well put off our meeting until they go by, for we surely couldn't do any business with so much noise around."

"Oh, Miss Williams!" Raymond Davis cried, pointing down the road, "Jus' look-a there! It's Edward Dickenson, but how many boys has he got with him? Jus' look quick!"

And no wonder that Raymond was excited, for there, in a long, straight line, each following closely behind the other, were fourteen boys of various ages. And Edward, proudly leading the way, brought them up to the waiting business meeting.

"I did it, Miss Williams," he said, as he glanced back to be sure that no one had fallen out by the wayside. "I did it, but 'twas pretty hard work at first. And I 'spect you'll have to have some more seats 'cause there's a lot o' girls comin' an' Elbert's sister is bringin' 'em. An' we're all a-comin' to Junior nex' Sabbath an' every Sabbath, ain't we boys?"

"Sure!" was the hearty response, as thirteen smiling boys threw themselves down on the grass.

By this time the nine girls from the other side of the river came up, and Miss Williams was indeed surprised and pleased.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "I hadn't dreamed of having such a nice, large attendance this afternoon. I was afraid at first that we wouldn't have enough members to carry on the meeting. My, but I am proud of my little workers!" And she hurried around to make them all feel at home. Oh! how thankful she felt for this splendid addition to her little society. So the business meeting began, each one of the children joining eagerly in the plans to make the society a success. Then, when these plans were all completed, and Mrs. Williams appeared with a little treat of lemonade and cake, their happiness was complete.

And Miss Esther, sitting under a big elm tree on the deserted lawn two hours later, was almost as happy as the children.

"If the parents would only show as much interest and enthusiasm in trying to build things up here in Hazelton," she said to her father, who had joined her, "I believe that our little church would grow to be one of the largest in the denomination. But just think what Edward Dickenson has done all of his own accord, and I imagine with no little urging, too, to bring thirteen boys, some much older than himself, clear over here this afternoon to attend a business meeting. He surely deserves to be the captain of one side in the membership contest, and I am glad that he was chosen. He is a noble little fellow."

"And a little child shall lead them," Deacon Williams quoted, partly to himself, as he went back to the house.

(To be continued.)

News Notes.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Sabbath-school picnic was held in Lincoln Park, August 2.—The Rev. Guy Crippen, of the University of Chicago, occupied the pulpit, July 22.—Our new church directory has just been printed.—The Rev. W. D. Burdick of Farina has been spending a few days here in the interests of the Tract Society. He preached July 29.—Open-air meetings are being held at the mission.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.—The Ladies' Aid society at their recent social netted \$9.65; the Christian Endeavor society at theirs \$5.50.—The Rev. W. C. Whitford and Professor Clawson of Alfred have been supplying us with preaching while we wait the coming of our new pastor, Mr. L. O. Greene. He is expected to arrive here about the middle of August.

FIRST WESTERLY (DUNN'S CORNERS).—The people of our church have had one lecture, one entertainment and one supper, the proceeds about \$25 to be used in repairing the church. Brother E. B. Saunders preaches for us frequently, since the death of our pastor. Others who have supplied us are C. A. Burdick, E. D. Van Horn, who came in the interests of the Tract Society, and H. C. Van Horn.

NILE, N. Y.—An ice-cream social was held in the church parlors, July 13; proceeds \$8.37.—The Rev. Henry, N. Jordan preached, July 8, in the interests of the Tract Society.

The Greatest of All Stories.

A private detective had this to say of his conversion:

"I never attended church, and the Bible was a strange book to me, so far as reading it was concerned. About ten days ago I saw a crowd gather around a preacher when I came out of the hall. On the third day I stopped to listen, wholly out of curiosity. The preacher told the story of the prodigal son and it gripped me with tremendous power. That story convinced me that God was willing to pardon the lowest and most miserable sinner if he repented in the right way. I went home and prayed. I did another thing which was a new one to me: I opened a Bible and began reading it, and suddenly discovered that it was the most interesting book I had ever read. Before I heard the story, my life was dark; now it is full of hope. The story of the prodigal son has changed my life."

The story of the prodigal son is the greatest story ever told. It is the grandest thing in the human language. It is the story that finds the heart. The story should be told oftener than it is. Let ministers of the Gospel and Christian workers tell the Bible stories oftener than they do. The Master was a great teacher because he put the profoundest truth in the simplest form. There is mighty saving power in these stories. The most untutored can understand them. The most devilish can be touched by them. The most indifferent can be interested by them. The story that does us good is the story that reaches the heart.—*New York Observer.*

Faith is to believe what we do not see and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.—*St. Augustine.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Billy and I.

Billy and I are the greatest of friends,
 We live on the very same street;
 In the very same yard, though not the same
 house,
 We are often accustomed to meet.
 You have probably seen us in Willowby Lane,
 For together we go out to ride;
 We canter along and we gallop and trot,
 Though sometimes we walk side by side.

When apples are plenty and pears fit to eat,
 We always have captured our share;
 And sometimes this Billy will get more than his,
 For he surely is liked everywhere.
 We never have quarreled and never we will;
 Are we kind to each other? Of course!
 You doubt it? Such friendship is rare?
 Well, Billy, my friend, is, a horse.
 —Alice Annette Larkin, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

The Hunter.

Robbie Evans wanted to do something which other boys of his age could not do. He longed to do something great, which would make his family very proud of him.

When he was seven years old, Uncle Sam gave him a new, shiny, red bowgun, and he thought the time had come for action.

He did not expect to kill a giant, Uncle Sam said there were none; that is, any wild ones.

He did think he might shoot a panther or possibly a tiger. He was sure if he looked about carefully he could find some wonderful game.

So he proudly shouldered the new red bowgun, took half a dozen of the very sharpest pointed arrows, and started over the hill to the poplar grove.

The leaves had turned from green to yellow; and how black the old pine stumps looked through them!

How strange it seemed! The rustling carpet of dried yellow leaves was not half as pretty as the soft grass and moss that covered the ground in summer, and he could not find even one bunchberry to tell of the starry white blossoms of the spring-time.

"If I could only kill a panther now—no, I mean if I could only see one—of

course I could kill it if I found it," thought brave Robbie.

Then as he stepped over a fallen log, an animal sprang up with a terrible hiss.

His heart stood still and he looked at the crouching animal. The eyes blazed and were fastened upon him with apparent anger and terror.

"It's just like the color Uncle Sam said that lion was out West," Robbie thought, and with a look at his coat, "and it's got a head just like a cat's. Oh, dear me!"

Poor Robbie! He was not so brave now. He stopped just long enough to see that the animal did not mean to run away, then dropped his new red bowgun and ran!

Three things he was quite sure of—that the animal was following him closely—he could hear his feet over the dried leaves—that the way home never was so long before, and that he wanted to see his mother.

He reached the top of the hill at last, and fairly flew down the other side. What a long time it took him to reach the orchard where John was picking apples!

"O John! O mother!" he gasped, and then—

"Me-i-ow! Me-i-ow!"

"Where did you find Aunt Mary's cat? She will be so glad!" cried mother.

"Is—is that her cat?" panted Robbie.

"Of course it is. There isn't another cat like him in Maine. See what a beautiful yellow coat he has. He is the largest pussy I ever saw," said mother, as she took a basket to put him in.

"I think he is big," answered Robbie, truthfully, "but I never knew cats were that color."

His voice was beginning to be steady again.

Then he walked slowly back to find the new red bowgun, and he sat on a fallen log awhile to think about it.—*Marguerite Anderson, in the Boston Herald*.

Our Prayer.

Lord, I thank thee for the night,
 And the pleasant morning light,
 For rest and food and loving care
 And all that makes the day so fair.
 Help me, Lord, to love thee more
 Than I ever loved before;
 In my work and in my play
 Be thou with me through the day.
 —*Christian Advocate*.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Prof. Paul Titsworth has just received his doctor's degree from the University of Wisconsin. He is expected to return from that institution in a few days.

Albion, Wis.—Rev. A. E. Webster came from Chicago, Thursday evening, to help care for his mother, who is seriously ill.—*Alfred Sun*.

Prof. A. B. Kenyon and wife are spending their vacation in Europe. They arrived safely in Liverpool on July 12, after a pleasant and restful voyage of twelve days.

Rev. H. D. Clarke of Dodge Center, Minn., occupied the pulpit of the Seventh-day Baptist church last Seventh-day and gave a very interesting account of his work in placing children for the New York Children's Aid Society. He left Monday for Cincinnati, Ohio, where he goes to take charge of a very important work of a similar character with a new organization. This new society has unlimited capital back of it and will found an industrial school and children's aid society, with home offices in Cincinnati. The work of placing children in good homes will be entirely in charge of Mr. Clarke and it is a great honor for him to be selected as the man best fitted by experience to take charge of the work.—*Milton Journal*.

Rev. Clayton A. Burdick of Main Street, who left Westerly nearly two months ago to attend the National Sunday-school Convention at San Francisco, Cal., and visit other points of interest in the West returned Thursday evening.

Upon his return trip Mr. Burdick spent considerable time with relatives and friends in Wisconsin and Indiana.—*Westerly Sun*.

The talk by Doctor Palmberg at the Seventh-day Baptist church Seventh-day morning was one of the most interesting of its kind to which we have been privileged to listen. She tells just the things her hearers want to know about and does it in a very pleasing way. She talked to the Juniors in the afternoon, and at the reception given her at the parsonage she told more of the life and customs of the people

in that far away land. She left yesterday morning for Boulder, Col. There she will spend some time with the people of her faith before going on to the coast where she will be joined by Miss West who goes with her to do mission work in the Seventh-day Baptist mission in China. At Grand Island Doctor Palmberg met her sister, and together they went to Colorado. While here the Doctor made friends of all-whom she met and all will feel special interest in her work.—*North Loup (Neb.) Loyalist*.

In Memory of Edwin Stillman Bliss.

Edwin S. Bliss was born in Little Genesee, June 15, 1836, and died July 6, 1911, in Alfred, N. Y., after a gradual decline for about three years, aged 75 years and 21 days.

He was the son of Ebenezer David and Martha (Boss) Bliss. They reared eight children, only one of whom is now living—Mrs. Abby W. Berry of Independence, N. Y. The youngest of the family died in the U. S. Army during the Civil War in 1862. Brother Bliss' mother was the daughter of William Boss, who was the son of Joseph Boss, born in 1732 and died in 1807. His father, Ebenezer David, was the son of Thomas Ward Bliss, who was the son of Rev. William Bliss of Newport, R. I. The latter held a captain's commission in the French War, which terminated with the disbanding of the troops in 1763.

He was ordained in 1779 and from about that time to his death, in 1808, he was the efficient and much loved pastor of the first Seventh-day Baptist church in America, which was located at Newport. He had two sons, Arnold and John, who were ordained as evangelists. Elder William Bliss also had a grandson, William B. Maxson, who became a prominent minister in the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination and an editor of the *Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Magazine*, the publication of which was proposed by him at the Conference in 1820. Elder William Bliss was the son of Josiah Bliss, who was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Newport, and it is believed that he was the son of John and Damaris Arnold Bliss. Damaris was also a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Newport and a daughter of Governor Arnold, who speaks of her in his will, dated 1677, and "gives to his daughter,

Damaris Bliss, wife of John Bliss, a parcel of land in the precincts of Newport."

We see the blood of the early pioneers of New England and of Seventh-day Baptists largely coursed in Brother Bliss' veins and we could reasonably expect to find in him a patriotic citizen, a Seventh-day Baptist Christian, and an industrious, hard laborer, with the strong mechanical tendencies which were early manifested by him in the use of tools.

When about fourteen years of age he was baptized by Rev. James Bailey, the pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Little Genesee.

His education was largely obtained in the district school, and at Alfred Academy during 1856-58. In the meantime he taught at Stanard's Corners, Alfred Station, and later at Bolivar.

In September, 1861, he was married to Sarah M. Humphrey, and they only lacked until next September of completing fifty years of wedded life. In the spring of '62 they settled on a farm in the town of Clarksville, just over the line from the town of Genesee. In August of the same year, very soon after the death of his brother William in the United States' service, he responded to the call of President Lincoln for more troops and enlisted in the 136th Regiment, N. Y. State Volunteers. After a year of service he was, on account of ill health, transferred to the 16th Regiment Veteran Reserved Corps. For some time he was commissary-sergeant. He was honorably discharged July 2, 1865, having served his country two years, ten months and nineteen days.

Returning home he came to Richburg and opened a grocery store. August 15, 1865. While living here four children came to cheer their home: Myrta Stella Bassett, of Alfred, Edna Alice, a teacher at Suffern, N. Y., Edwin LeRue, electrical machinist, Lynn, Mass., and Theron Coit, a dentist, Dalton, N. Y.

The sixteen years of Brother Bliss' residence at Richburg were years of active labor in the Seventh-day Baptist church of which he and his wife became members, and where he was an able counselor and generous contributor in its social, religious and financial activities. He was superintendent of the Sabbath school ten years, and in this capacity he manifested great zeal and apt-

ness. Nothing seemed too good for the school, and it was greatly strengthened and interested by his novel devices and plans in its behalf.

In society and business he was a moving spirit. He was interested in various manufacturing interests, as well as some farming, and finally in the oil business. With others he leased 1,000 acres of land in the vicinity and put down the oil well that opened up the Richburg oil field, which in a few days transformed the quiet little village of Richburg into a thriving, hustling oil center.

About this time Mr. Bliss' long-felt desire to see the children in the Sabbath schools and others of the denomination provided with a good weekly Sabbath-school paper, was made possible of realization by a generous gift of an oil lease, which Brother and Sister Bliss donated for this purpose.

This was given in the autumn of '81, and the next March *Our Sabbath Visitor* was launched, and continued under different editors for twenty years, a helpful, efficient and pure Christian periodical, sowing its good seed for a score of years in the fertile soil of young hearts. In 1902 it became *The Sabbath Visitor* of the present day.

Mr. Bliss was a trustee of Alfred University for some years, and while in Richburg a member of the Cassius Maxson G. A. R. Post of that place, but after coming to Alfred he became a member of the B. Frank Maxson G. A. R. Post, No. 428.

Our brother, a radical temperance man, became in the early days of the prohibition movement a strong Prohibitionist, and was faithful and loyal to his party to the end.

As long as it was possible, he industriously attended to business. But whether in prosperity or adversity he sought to obey Christ's command, "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness." During his long sickness, when strength of body and mind and earthly accumulations had largely forsaken him, still one object and hope remained and he pressed "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," and thus entered into his reward.

We think of him as a stalwart man, a fearless believer, a devoted husband and

loving father who, in the weakness and infirmities of age, has lain off the militant uniform and gone to report to the Chief Captain and receive his new commission in the heavenly host.

I. L. C.

Home News.

ROCKVILLE, R. I.—The SABBATH RECORDER is the best paper in all the world for me. I enjoy especially the Home-News and the News Notes. We are glad when the paper is filled with matter from our own Seventh-day Baptist people.

Among the saddest things that a faithful pastor has to meet with is the changing of pastorates. If he is a true under-shepherd and loves his flock, then they love him in return, for love always begets love.

We enjoyed a very pleasant pastorate at Independence, N. Y., for nearly seven years. We thought very much of the good people there and always shall. Every day we think of them and their kindness to us. We miss those social gatherings of the Ladies' Aid society and the many good visits we had in their homes. Our daily prayer is that God will bless that church and that their new pastor may do a work there which we were unable to do. We did not leave them because we wanted to, but because, as we believed, God had called us through the church in Rockville to be his witness in Rhode Island.

We have been here now two months and find that there are many good people here, just like those we have known and loved in other places. God is blessing us in our work together for him. Yesterday was a glad day for the church in Rockville, when six of their bright young people acknowledged their Lord in his own appointed way by being baptized in his name and thus joining the church. We are hoping and praying that others will do the same thing in the near future.

We are looking forward with pleasure to the coming Conference in Westerly, when we expect to meet many of the pastors and other interested workers from the different parts of our beloved Zion. Our prayer is that God will make that meeting one of great power and spiritual uplift to all our people.

If we all come to Conference praying

for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, then can we not expect a pentecostal blessing?

A. G. C.

Your Duty and a Little More.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in an address before a graduating class in New York, gave some excellent advice to the young men on how to attain success in life. Among other good things he said:

"There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all their duty; and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more.

"There are many great pianists, but Paderewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race-horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is the little more that wins. So it is with the young and old men who do a little more than their duty.

"No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. You young lads have begun well. Keep on. Don't bother about the future. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself."—*The Brotherhood Star*.

"If you see a fault in others, think of two of your own and do not add a third one by your hasty judgment."

"The hours of this present life are the ages in embryo of the life to come."

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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.

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

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 19, 1911.
JEREMIAH CAST INTO PRISON.

Jer. xxxvii, 1-21.

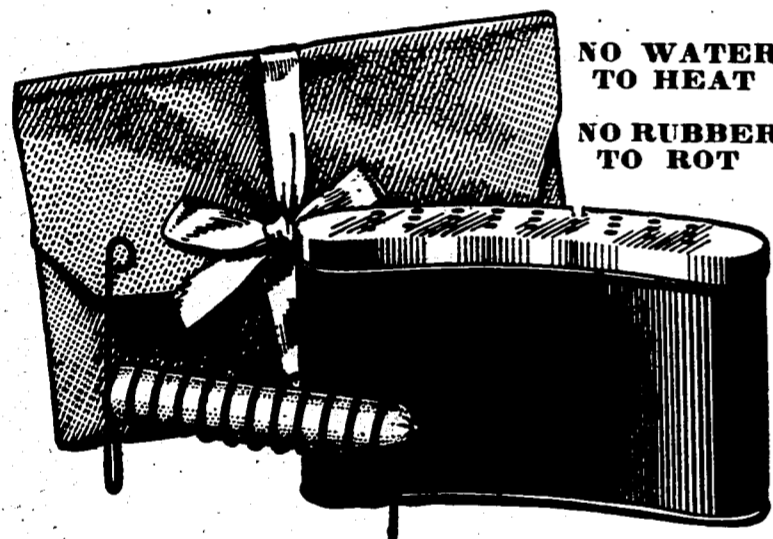
Golden Text.—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." Matt. v, 11.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Jer. xxiv, 1-10.
Second-day, Jer. xxix, 1-14.
Third-day, Jer. xxix, 15-34.
Fourth-day, Jer. xxxii, 1-25.
Fifth-day, Jer. xxxii, 26-44.
Sixth-day, Jer. xxxiv, 1-22.
Sabbath-day, Jer. xxxvii, 1-21.

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

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The First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in Snow's Hall, No. 214 South Warren Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 1043 Southern Boulevard.

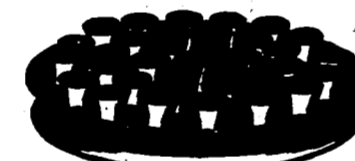
The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in room 913, Masonic Temple, N. E. cor. State and Randolph Streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. Visitors are most cordially welcome.

The Seventh-day Baptists in Madison, Wis., meet regularly Sabbath afternoons at 3 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all strangers in the city. For place of meeting, inquire of the superintendent, H. W. Rood, at 118 South Mills Street.

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock, preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. L. A. Platts, pastor. The pastor's address is State and Chestnut Streets, Long Beach, Cal.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium), 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor, 19 Howland St.

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