

Back to Nature

A hen is not supposed to have much common sense or tact, yet every time she lays an egg she cackles forth the fact.

A rooster hasn't got a lot of intellect to show, but none the less most roosters have enough good sense to crow.

The mule, the most despised of beasts, has a persistent way of letting people know he's around by his insistent bray.

The busy little bees they buzz, bulls bellow and cows moo, and watch-dogs bark, and ganders quack and doves and pigeons coo.

The peacock spreads his tail and squawks; pigs squeal and robins sing, and even serpents know enough to hiss before they sting.

But Man, the greatest masterpiece that Nature could devise, will often stop and hesitate before he'll **ADVERTISE!**

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The Sabbath Recorder

"BE NEAR ME, LORD!"

Be with me, Lord! My house is growing still
As one by one the guests go out the door;
And some, who helped me once to do thy will,
Behold and praise thee on the heavenly shore.

Uphold my strength! My task is not yet done,
Nor let me at the labor cease to sing,
But from the rising to the setting sun
Each faithful hour do service to my King.

Show me thy light! Let not my wearied eyes
Miss the fresh glory of life's passing day,
But keep the light of morn, the sweet surprise
Of each new blessing that attends my way.

And for the crowning grace, O Lord, renew
The best of gifts thy best of saints have had:
With the great joy of Christ my heart endure
To share the whole world's tears and still be glad.
—T. C. Williams, in *Light*.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor.

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EDITORIAL

A Rich Experience.

In the last part of Brother Seeley's article in the Sabbath Reform department of this paper will be found his own story of the blessed experience that came to him upon his accepting the truth and embracing the Sabbath. This new day dawned upon him after he had spent forty years in the Baptist ministry. During all those years he, as a Baptist, supposed he had the whole truth and went forward in confidence, refusing to see the light when at first it was presented. In this particular he has many, many followers among his old First-day friends. Many a man has put away the convincing truth regarding the Bible Sabbath because it seemed unwelcome or because it interfered with his preconceived notions regarding Sunday, and has succeeded in so completely drowning conscience or in so thoroughly arousing prejudice that he has never returned to restudy and accept it. It was not so with Brother Seeley. To him the acceptance of the true Bible Sabbath was like a new conversion, filling his soul with a new light and bringing to him a blessed experience such as he had never known. In this too he is not alone. Many can testify to the peace and joy, and the conscious nearness of God that came when they yielded up their lifelong prejudices, put away the re-

sults of false teaching, and whole-heartedly embraced the Sabbath truth. What a blessing would come to this old world if every professor of Christianity claiming the Bible as the ultimate rule should in all good conscience take the step that Brother Seeley took! What a pity it is that so many, after seeing the light and admitting that the Seventh-day is the only Bible Sabbath, deliberately close their eyes to it and so fail to receive the blessing that came to our brother.

An Abiding Confidence.

In the article, "Tracts as Soul Winners," by Brother Seeley, we are impressed with his strong faith in the printed page as a gospel preacher. The thought that the majority of the world's millions must be reached by the printed page, if ever reached at all, came to me with new force as I read our brother's message. When we remember that only the merest fraction of the people in our own land ever enter our churches to hear the Gospel, and with all the street and mission preaching only a small minority can hear the spoken words of evangelists, it seems clear that the silent evangel of leaflet and tract and religious paper must be relied upon to arrest the attention of the masses drifting to ruin in the tides of sin. If men blinded by error and fortified in prejudice are ever to have their eyes opened, it will be more likely to come through the silent persuasion of some spiritual tract or book, that can steal into the quiet hours and claim attention when the reader is alone with God and his own conscience. The bitter antagonism of personal debate is eliminated in such a case, and if the printed messenger comes under the eyes of a conscientious, earnest seeker after truth, the chances are good for the seed to take root, and although harvest may be delayed it will bring forth fruit in God's own time. Brother Seeley's illustrations of conversions by means of tracts can be multiplied many times. We are glad to see his abid-

ing faith in God and his assurance that faithful seed-sowing for the Master will surely bring fruit. It would be far better for our good cause if more of us had such strong confidence in the triumph of God's truth. Whenever a considerable number of those standing for any great cause become troubled with misgivings and begin to express fears regarding the outcome, then it is that the enemy gains advantage, and the ability to win victories dwindles away. A half-hearted, half-faithless, faltering advocate of truth is handicapped, and self-defeated almost before he begins. But a trusting, faith-inspired child of God, led by the Holy Spirit, with an abiding confidence that God is watching over the truth and sends him to preach it, can not be defeated. There were many who thought the Christ was defeated when he hung upon the cross. But they did not see the results to come in the far-away ages, after many generations of apparently fruitless seed-sowing and the scattering of printed Bible pages throughout the centuries. What seemed to the world in early times to be an ignominious defeat proved in the end to be a glorious victory. Had not a half-dozen men, nineteen hundred years ago, possessed the most abiding confidence in God and in the triumph of truth, and had they not kept faithfully at the work of writing tracts and booklets to scatter abroad, the world today would be lying in heathen darkness.

Good Missionary Work.

On another page will be found Brother Cottrell's report of a month's work for the Tract Board, in West Virginia. Of course any description of a horseback missionary trip among the West Virginia hills would be attractive to the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER. Every step of the way over hill and dale and along the streams, every house of worship, every congregation, and the homes along the road are all familiar; and every word-picture drawn by a missionary's pen brings back memories of other days. We were impressed with the story of our brother in the saddle searching out the homes in Ritchie and Harrison counties, talking with the friends there, and with that of the all-day Sabbath gatherings

at church. The ten sermons preached, the shorter public talks given, the Christian fellowship promoted—these are always looked for in missionary reports and we enjoy reading them. But the one thing that interested me most in Brother Cottrell's report was the securing of more than seventy subscribers for the SABBATH RECORDER. Most of these are new ones; and since we are striving to make our dear paper a veritable evangel, bearing blessings and help to all the scattered flocks, it is especially gratifying to learn that the missionary has added to the influence of his own brief visit the continued influences, in scores of homes, of weekly visits from the SABBATH RECORDER.

We pray that it may be welcomed in the homes on every mission field as a messenger of love from friends anxious to send good cheer and to help others over life's hard places. May the SABBATH RECORDER bear a double blessing to the West Virginia homes visited by Brother Cottrell; first, by the helpful messages to be found in its pages, and second, by recalling week by week the personal visit of the missionary who came near as a friend and who solicited the subscriptions.

May the SABBATH RECORDER ever be so evangelical and so helpful that securing new subscribers for it may be regarded as good missionary work.

If You Found a Blessing, Tell Us.

Why would it not be a good plan to respond to Brother Seeley's request, and tell us how God's love illumined your way when you accepted his Sabbath? There are many who have passed through experiences similar to Brother Seeley's. It might be a great help to some who are troubled about the Sabbath, and it will be a source of cheer and strength to others for you to tell your own experience in accepting the truth. If any convert to the Sabbath prefers not to publish his name we will withhold it if asked to do so. The experience is the main thing; still in many cases the name of the person would aid much to the interest taken in the story. Let us have personal testimonies as to the blessing that came to your soul when you yielded to God's truth and embraced his holy Sabbath day.

But They Vote for Rum.

In some sections of the nation SABBATH RECORDER readers are face to face with the rum issue in the form of a prohibition amendment for the constitution of their State. As a rule, wherever the issue takes this form, party politics are eliminated from the fight, and the one non-partisan issue of rum or no rum comes squarely before the people. Thus there can be no ostensible excuse on political grounds for any true temperance man, whether Christian or not, who votes in favor of the liquor traffic.

We notice that wherever the liquor interests and prohibition are squarely pitted in any section as an issue between political parties, many men who naturally belong in the temperance ranks become so absorbed with the desire for party victory that they vote exactly as the liquor men do, and so strengthen the power of rum. Many a town or county or State has become an unsafe place for mothers to bring up their boys in, simply because the husbands and fathers have been willing, through political prejudice, to vote for rum. With prohibition as a non-partisan issue, there should be no danger of such a thing. Every true Christian man, and every moral reformer desiring to help save the boys from drunkards' graves and wishing to aid the nation in conquering its most dangerous foe, should forget the names of political parties and unite as one man in the fight. If all Christian people would do this one thing wherever license or no license or a prohibition amendment becomes the issue, there is no doubt in my mind about their being victorious.

Temperance people are not always as loyal to their own cause as are the liquor men. No matter which party claims the allegiance of liquor men, it can never hope to receive their votes when the rum interests are best promoted by their voting with some other party. Liquor men stand together. They always drop party prejudices and vote with the crowd that stands for their interests. This fall, wherever the prohibition amendment is at stake, we shall see liquor men of all parties lined up as a solid army against temperance men, to vote them down. Will the Christian people do the same way on the other side? Or, when the votes are counted, will it appear that many church members were so

disloyal to the churches and to the homes and even to their own children as to have voted with the rum power? If prohibition amendments are defeated they will fail because so-called Christians helped the rum fiend. Pray to be delivered from the conditions described in this song by C. O. Branson:

There is a class of men today
Who enter church and sing and pray;
They pray, "O Lord, Thy kingdom come,"
And then go out and vote for rum.

Yes, vote for rum, for poison rum,
And still they pray, Thy kingdom come;
They ever sing and shout and pray,
"O Lord, revive thy work today."
How can they pray, Thy kingdom come,
And then go out and vote for rum?

* * * * *
The man who votes for license says
"I'm a temperance man, but then it pays
To have a revenue from rum
To help reduce our taxes some."

So he votes for rum, for poison rum,
And still he prays, Thy kingdom come.
He ever sings and shouts in glee,
But casts his vote for license fee;
How can he pray, Thy kingdom come,
And then go out and vote for rum?

Is Not This Too Bad?

The other evening I was in the business office of our publishing house after every one had gone, and discovering a new card just printed and left in a pile on the table I took up one which read as follows:

\$2873.88

July 15, 1912.

Dear Subscriber:

On July 1st there was due us on SABBATH RECORDER subscriptions the sum of \$2873.88. Each of the many accounts making this total is small, and in almost every case could be paid by the subscriber without inconvenience.

The amount due on your subscription is \$....., which pays to Jan. 1, 1913. We would appreciate it very much if you could favor us with this amount now. Kindly let us hear from you.

Yours truly,
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

The office did not ask me to publish this, and no one knows I took the card; but how can I help placing it before our readers? Everybody ought to be interested in this matter sufficiently to do what can be done to relieve the strain. Let me ask two questions: (1) Isn't this too bad? (2) Will you do what you can to make matters better?

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Express Companies Must Reduce Rates.

After three years of most searching and complete investigation of the methods and rates of the various express companies, the Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered a drastic reform. The report covers six hundred printed pages, and involves the examination of more than 600,000,000 express rates in effect in this country, millions of way-bills, financial operations and business methods of thirteen great companies, and calls for reductions averaging 15 per cent in rates.

The commission had difficulty in discovering the relation these companies actually sustain to each other. While legally they seem to be separate companies acting independently, yet in reality they are so interlaced and interlocked by the common ownership of stock and otherwise that it is all but impossible to trace any one of them as an independent company. The combination makes almost a family affair of the express business.

It is thought by some that the conclusions reached in this investigation make a long step toward solving the problem of the high cost of living. The burden of the cost of transportation will be partly removed from the consumer, who has hitherto been compelled to pay two or three prices for transportation of packages weighing less than 100 pounds. The new plan when adopted will make rates on small packages as cheap in proportion as those on large ones. The commissioners believe that the new rates will make possible a direct trade between the farmer and the city homes. This would do away with some expenses now contributing to make high prices for food.

China's Troubles Multiply.

It seems that the hitch over the Chinese loan is greatly complicating China's troubles. Evidences that some important national game is being played by certain powers—notably Russia—are not wanting; and some begin to fear that the result will be a great change in the geography of Asia.

If Russia continues her efforts to play a lone hand with China, until she disrupts the international syndicate of bankers, no man can foretell the changes that may come to the Chinese republic.

While the Chinese are determined not to accept a loan involving foreign supervision by six powers, it is quite evident that the government at Peking is still making overtures to this one nation, the most tyrannical of them all, for a loan of sufficient size to enable Yuan to discard the international group.

The bankers are greatly annoyed over the indications, and replied to China's threat to secure a loan elsewhere, by making an ultimatum of their own. The situation is extremely delicate, and it looks as if the group offering the loan and the Chinese Government were at the parting of the ways. The evidences of an international mix-up in the matter are increasing. On the other hand the evidences of internal troubles for China in case the loan is accepted are multiplying day by day. Refusal to accept will anger the powers, and acceptance threatens to disrupt the nation.

Premier Tang Shao-yi has resigned, and all sorts of rumors are afloat as to his purposes. He has quarreled more than once with Yuan Shih Kai and other officials. The condition is most critical. A foreign loan is inevitable, yet the officials dare not venture to take it. Every day of delay and every indication of hesitancy only makes conditions within the nation more and more critical. Poor China!

Great Britain Objects.

Great Britain has filed strong protests against the passage of the bill fixing rates for the Panama Canal, now pending in the United States Congress. Two points in the bill seem especially objectionable to the British Government. These they claim would, if passed, violate our treaty with that nation. They are the provision for American ships to use the canal free of payment of tolls, and the item forbidding the use of the canal by ships owned by railroads that come within the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Great Britain insists upon such definitions of the provisions of the bill as to leave no ambiguity. Since the Hay-

Pauncefote treaty is involved, it now seems probable that the matter will have to go before the Hague tribunal for arbitration and adjustment. Meantime Congress may postpone action until the disputed points are cleared up.

There is a wide difference of opinion among members of Congress, and also among other public men, as to the points raised by Great Britain. Men hitherto regarded as the highest authority on matters of international law are found squarely pitted against each other, and we may expect some most interesting and instructive debates on the floors of Congress.

Up to July 15 there have been twenty-three deaths at Dorado, Porto Rico, from the bubonic plague. Counting the cases in other towns of Porto Rico, cases of the disease officially reported number thirty-seven. Fears are expressed that the plague-carrying rats can not be kept out of this country.

James Thorp, an athlete of the Carlisle Indian School, who went to Sweden to participate in the Marathon Olympic games, has proved himself the greatest all-round athlete in the world. He scored 8,412 points out of a possible 10,000, in ten events, including running, hurdling, throwing the weights, vaulting and jumping.

Americans have won many honors in Sweden.

The Mexican rebel leader Orozco is now carrying out his threats to wage a guerrilla warfare. Pillaging prevails in Sonora; but as yet the bandits have kept their promise that no Americans should be plundered. Several attempts to carry munitions of war to rebels across our borders have been foiled.

Upon receiving the report last spring that hard freezes had damaged the California lemon crop so badly that a great shortage was likely to occur, speculators in Italy and in America began buying up the crops of Italian growers. They hoped to corner the market by buying up all the lemons in sight. But the cold weather did not ruin the California crop as was expected. One hundred car-loads a week have been shipped from there of late, and the speculators have found to

their sorrow that their little scheme has brought them a "lemon" to the amount of \$1,000,000 loss.

Turkey refuses to accept all the terms for peace thus far proposed, and declares that she intends to maintain her sovereignty in Tripoli, and that the war will continue until conditions of peace are submitted agreeable to Turkish dignity.

Captain Julius Tannebaum of Company 26, Eighth Regiment, Coast Artillery, is reported to have been refused accommodations at the Monotto Inn at Fisher's Island simply because he is a Hebrew. This, if true, is an abominable discrimination against an honorable soldier of Uncle Sam's army. The captain is with his command at Fort Wright, and the only reason for his non-acceptance as a guest was that of his nationality.

A good move in behalf of the poor in New York is the establishing of cooking schools on two of the recreation piers of that city. The plan is to give lessons as to the proper preparation of food for babies and for older people. The poor will be instructed as to the best food for different seasons of the year. Lessons upon rules for purchasing food and upon ways of planning meals so as to have a proper variety will be given. How to take care of milk, how to use the fireless cookers, and the use of iceless coolers will be taught both by lectures and demonstrations. Printed instructions in English and Italian will also be distributed. These will contain the gist of the talks and some simple recipes.

It has been decided that imbeciles and idiots, when foreign-born children of naturalized citizens of the United States, must be admitted to this country. The law for the forbidden classes can not be applied in such cases.

Bread riots on a large scale are reported from Marseilles, France, and many have been injured both among the police and among the strikers.

The military commander in Cuba has formally turned over the province of Oriente to the civil authorities, declaring the rebellion at an end.

Please Don't Overlook This!

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

I write to urge that many pastors of our eastern churches attend Conference. I have recently corresponded with a member of each of our churches east of Chicago and am surprised at the large number of pastors who do *not* expect to go to North Loup.

I believe that the pastors of most of our churches should attend our annual gatherings. It is a great source of personal help, keeps the churches fully informed on the important questions before our people, and is a cause of profit and pleasure to the church entertaining Conference.

Most pastors can not go unless sent by their congregation.

It is not too late to talk the matter over. Get together, provide the means, send your pastor. He will receive a blessing and bring back an inspiration.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD.

July 14, 1912.

Improve This Opportunity Without Fail.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

When we parted at Westerly last August I promised you that when you came to Conference at North Loup in 1912 I would let you ride my black pony. I have made the same offer to hundreds of people of all ages and both sexes. Now a report has gone out that that pony has gone to the junk-heap. Possibly the black rascal started the report himself, or it may have originated in Wall Street. However that may be, I expect he will be in commission and ready to be cranked up when you get here. If he should be otherwise engaged, I could secure for you a buckskin, a pinto, or a Ford, as you may prefer.

What we fear now is that very few will attend Conference. The reports are not encouraging. Of course we have little of interest out here except the Conference. The expense is considerable. I know we may have a spiritual meeting of great value even with a few present, but we must have numbers for enthusiasm and numbers to carry back to the churches the benefits of the gathering. The program will be good. The church here will be disappointed if we do not have a crowd of visi-

tors. We are praying for a spiritual awakening of our own people. Most of the members of this large church have never seen a Conference. Eld. Oscar Babcock, who will welcome the Conference here, has never attended one of these gatherings.

How would the Conference fare and how would this church be affected if the attendance should be very small? We will have the audience tent north of the church in Brother Chase's alfalfa field. We are building a dining-room near the church on the East side of the street which is the west side of the street. Our entertainment of the visitors may not be just like that of other years, but it will be ample. Bring Mrs. Gardiner if possible. We want to see her. Do what you can for the Conference and for us.

Fraternally,

GEO. B. SHAW.

S. D. B. Parsonage, North Loup, Neb.,
July 12, 1912.

More About Conference.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

Just a few words about Conference. It is hardly necessary for me to say we want a large attendance and that we shall be disappointed if our hopes are not realized. While our houses are small, yet we can care for all who will come. Our guests can take their choice—sleep in the houses, which will be given up to them, or in the many tents which will be put up for the occasion.

It will assist the committee very much in its work of securing homes for the delegates if they will send their names as soon as possible to O. G. Burdick, chairman of the Committee on Entertainment. Will all who have the most remote idea they will come please send their names to the committee?

We hope as many as can will take advantage of the special train being arranged for by the Committee on Transportation. While we have very good train service for a branch line, yet by coming on the regular trains delegates will have to come the day before Conference begins or else make the best of a fifty-mile ride on a slow freight train. North Loup is on a branch line of the Union Pacific. This line makes direct connections at Omaha with the C. & N. W.

and C. M. & St. Paul, but does not make connections with the Burlington, known in the east as the "Q." Delegates coming over that line will have to be met at Horace or at Sumter; connection can not be made at Grand Island, our nearest point on the main line of either road. Be sure to notify the committee if you are coming over the Burlington. This line has only one train that the delegates will care to take—an evening train.

W. G. ROOD,

Chairman of the General Committee.

North Loup, Neb.,

July 12, 1912.

A Month in West Virginia.

Report to the Tract Board.

REV. IRA LEE COTTRELL.

I left home May 9 via the Erie Railroad, going west to Youngstown, Ohio, and reaching Salem, W. Va., the tenth, at night, where I was cordially welcomed by Pastor Geo. W. Hills and family. There I made my home while in West Virginia and went to the other churches with Salem as my headquarters.

Brother Hills had given out that I would preach that evening at the Salem church, which I did to a good audience. The next morning, the roads being very bad, Brother Rose, who has helped to fill Brother Seager's appointments in his absence from the field, went with me out from Brother Hills' about a mile, where Brother M. Clarke met us on horseback, leading another horse for me to ride back to the Greenbrier church. There we attended Sabbath school and afterwards I preached, using two charts, constructed for my use, and Jones' chart of the week, which helped to make plain (1) that the Sabbath was made for man and is not simply a Jewish Sabbath; (2) that it is a type of the "Sabbath rest" that remains "to the people of God," and will not pass away until its antitype, Heaven, takes its place; (3) that the Sabbath or Seventh-day is the same today as when God blessed and sanctified (or separated) it after the Creation,—the day God pointed out in three distinct ways at the falling of the manna in the wilderness (Ex. xvi); and that the so-called "lost time," caused by the incorrect reckoning of the length of the years, had no effect

on the week and did not affect the Sabbath.

The Son of Man, the Lord of the Sabbath, knew when his Sabbath came and made no mistake in regard to the day when he went, "as his custom was, . . . into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read" (Mark i, 21 and Luke iv, 16).

I accepted an invitation to speak at the Christian Endeavor meeting also in the afternoon. The weather and roads were bad for the next few days, but I visited some of the homes and talked for the SABBATH RECORDER. Returning to Salem I visited some of the members of the Greenbrier Church, who were living in Salem, and obtained subscribers for the RECORDER.

The second week I went to the Ritchie church and spoke there Sabbath morning on the Sabbath, and gave short talks to the Sabbath school, the Junior Christian Endeavor in the afternoon, and to the Christian Endeavor society in the evening. Some of the parents with their children attended the two services in the forenoon, then ate their dinners at the church and staid to the afternoon service of the Junior Christian Endeavor society.

The following day I preached in the morning and evening at Berea, when they brought in extra seats to accommodate the people. I also addressed the Sunday school. The people seemed hungry for preaching, some of them coming six or seven miles to some of the services.

I was in the saddle several days and obtained the number of new subscribers assigned the Ritchie Church as her quota, namely thirteen.

I returned to Salem where I attended prayer meeting Sabbath eve, and preached Sabbath, May 25, in the morning. In the afternoon Brother Hills took me to Buckeye Run schoolhouse and I spoke there to a good audience.

The next day I preached at the West Virginia State Industrial School, at Industrial, for Brother Hills, who went with me. The audience consisted of eighty girls besides the matron and others of the institution, and some that came in from the community. It was an attentive and appreciative audience, which I enjoyed much.

Several days were spent in canvassing for the RECORDER. The fourth Sabbath

was spent with the Middle Island Church, preaching both morning and evening. It was the occasion of their quarterly meeting and the time for the communion.

Brother Seager had suggested I should be with them on this occasion. I had attended an association held with this church thirty-one years before, which was the first time I had been to West Virginia. At that time Elders Campbell and Griswold were delegates from the Central and Eastern associations, while I represented the Western.

Many things interested me then—the hundred (perhaps) saddle-horses hitched about the church, the West Virginia way of taking up a collection, the fording of rivers, some of the roads in the bed of the streams, etc. There was a large congregation that filled the house thirty-one years ago, on Sabbath morning, and still there were many outside. I was asked to speak to an overflow meeting, and several still remember my standing in a wagon in the grove and preaching to the crowd; and what is better, some remember about the sermon.

When I called at Brother A. J. Davis', the last evening I was there, to get his subscription for the RECORDER, he took me out by the mill and showed me a large maple log, 2½ feet in diameter, which he said "was one of the sugar maples you preached under thirty-one years ago, in the churchyard." It had recently been brought to his mill to be sawed into lumber.

Mrs. Seager with part of the family of seven children is living in the fine parsonage and caring, not only for the "stuff," but for the interests of the church. Some of the children were in school at Salem at the time and others at Farina with Brother Seager, who was looking after his home affairs there, and recruiting after coming out of the hospital, where he had an operation.

Brother Seager evidently has many good friends in two or three counties in West Virginia, if not more, judging from what one hears by going among his many parishioners.

Returning by the way of Long Run I obtained several more subscribers, so I believe there are some twenty-three families in the vicinity of Middle Island and Black

Lick churches that will have the RECORDER now who have not been having it of late, and this is six more than their total quota as given in the RECORDER.

Returning to Salem it seemed best that I should start on the homeward journey, Thursday night, on the 9.10 train, but there were half a dozen families over by the schoolhouse on "Buckeye Run," whom we were anxious should have the denominational paper, and so after two o'clock in the afternoon we went and laid the matter before them and they rallied loyally to the cause and every one subscribed. I drove the eight or ten miles more or less, and walked up and down a big hill to see Brother W. F. Ford, with whom, his wife and six children, I took supper. I returned to Salem in time to take the train that evening for Plainfield, N. J., which I reached the next afternoon and met with the Tract Board Sunday afternoon.

I wish to thank the Tract Board for this opportunity for service in our Master's cause, and express my gratitude to our heavenly Father for his preserving care and blessings.

I was permitted to preach ten sermons, give six or seven shorter talks to Sabbath schools, Christian Endeavor societies and a Sunday school, besides a great many personal talks that were of interest to me and I hope of some benefit to others.

I found the people very cordial and obliging. They welcomed me to their homes, kindly provided for my needs, met me at the trains, and brought me to them when I needed to return. Brother Hills and his committee, to supply the Seventh-day Baptist pulpits in their part of the State, especially in Brother Seager's absence, aided me by their counsel and he assisted me in the canvass of Salem as he had opportunity. I shall remember with much pleasure Brother Hills and family and many others whose homes I have visited, but whose names I will not write here, for the kindness shown me on my visit among the "West Virginia hills."

With the help of others I obtained over seventy new subscriptions to the SABBATH RECORDER, and it is a personal joy to me to think of our Christian paper going into these many homes every week—I hope for a long time—as a message from our Saviour, to cheer and comfort them.

SABBATH REFORM

Tracts as Soul Winners.

REV. GEORGE SEELEY.

A tract reached the hands of the Rev. Richard Baxter and he was led to Christ by it. He afterwards wrote, *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, and that book aroused Philip Doddridge to come to the Saviour. Wilberforce was converted through Doddridge's book, *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, and Wilberforce himself wrote *Practical Christianity*, a copy of which fell into the hands of Thomas Chalmers, who became a convert and a wonderful worker for the salvation of humanity.

These results, thus united in a chain, all came through one tract. Dr. Murray McCheyne was a great believer in tracts; so also was Doctor Marshman, the great missionary of India, a vast number of whose natives came to Christ through tracts. When a boy the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the great missionary to the Chinese, was brought to the Saviour through a tract, and as a consequence multitudes in China are happy in the Gospel today. The saintly George Mueller, the founder of the Bristol Orphanages, with all his many activities did not forget the printed page. During his lifetime he distributed over a million and a half of Bibles and Testaments, besides circulating millions upon millions of books and tracts, and vast numbers of people are upon their way to heaven as the result. The printed page is the only means of reaching the majority of the people in the world with the Gospel.

Shall we withhold our printed pages on the great Sabbath question, even though the special blessing lingers long? Shall we not rather send out more than ever these pages to enlighten and bring to the truth multitudes who have never heard of or seen a Sabbath tract?

And what have our people to say of the printed page in connection with Sabbath Reform work? Has it not truly wrought wonders in bringing the light of Sabbath truth to multitudes? Will not our brethren tell us what they know our tracts have

done on this important subject? It would be instructive and interesting, helpful and inspiring, promoting zeal and much more interest in this great and important work, and bring glory and praise to the Lord of the Sabbath.

I will now tell you my own story. Some one had sent me the *Sabbath Outlook*, whose name I never knew. At first I was not interested in the question, as I thought Baptists had all the truth of the Bible along all lines; and after looking into the pages and reading, I took and put them safely away.

Some time after, I got stirred up on this question of the Seventh-day, and I fled to where I placed them, took them and began to read. I was so glad; it was the beginning of a new Christian life within me. They were as a gold-mine of Scripture truth, at the very time I needed them most. I shall always remember with pleasure and thankfulness the gracious help they afforded me in the deep trouble of heart which I labored under for about six years. I was weary with trouble and sorrow. I was made willing to abandon Sunday-keeping and endure the sacrifice of a multitude of friends, who left me immediately as I announced my principles for the future. But God raised up others for me in their stead. I received the Sabbath truth of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation.

As a matter of church history I knew of Seventh-day Baptists, but no more. Now the day-star was risen upon me, and I was being led into the truth. I saw the name of our dear departed brother, Rev. Alexander McLearn, of precious memory. I wrote him of my condition of mind. He answered immediately and wrote Dr. A. H. Lewis, also of precious recollection, of me, who also wrote soon after and sent me tracts on the subject, which were of great service to me. I felt now I was standing on rock foundation, not any longer on the sand. The Bible Sabbath is rock; Sunday, Lord's day, is sand: one is of God; the other of man. The Seventh-day is Jehovah's special appointment. The First-day is supremely the papal, paganized human holy day of the week. Let the Bible say which is correct.

Peace and joy filled my mind as when I was converted many years before. I was like a new man in Christ Jesus my Lord.

I had been full forty years in the ministry, and did not know this great truth till now.

With the desired information on this vital question, and my heart responding, a wide and effectual door led me into the work of our denomination. I was invited to the pastorate at Berlin, N. Y., and spent four years and three months among them in the good work of the Lord. They had never seen me till I came to be their pastor. It was a pleasant and profitable time of usefulness among good people and happy surroundings. After this I returned home, and began tract work in Canada. Millions of pages have gone from my hands into all portions of this wide land, including Labrador, Newfoundland, West India islands, and at times into Maine and Vermont.

Dear brothers and sisters, I am not willing to give up this work yet, unless the Lord calls me home, and if it is the desire of my dear Seventh-day Baptist people that I should, I want to sow Canada all over deep with this precious seed of the Kingdom. The Seventh-day Sabbath is an integral part of the Kingdom. These tracts are so many true, silent messengers, and they must go out in all directions for some time yet, and by and by the harvest day will come. O Seventh-day Baptists, long ago called of God to this work of faith and labor of love, this glorious work, fight on for the truth. Victory will come in due time. "In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." "Add to your faith courage." These must go together.

It is a work of faith most truly and triumphantly. Paul speaks of those who win the victory: Prevalled in contest; wrought righteousness; attained unto promises; shut the mouths of lions; quenched the power of fire; were made powerful in weakness; became mighty in battle; and overcame and overturned the camps of God's enemies. Oh, let prayer go up to heaven on behalf of this work.

*Petitcodiac, Canada,
July, 1912.*

"It is interesting to note, when emotions are deeply stirred, how, almost inevitably, speakers and writers turn to the Bible for illustration, metaphor and fundamental principles."

Information Wanted.

Any ex-pastor or person interested in the Sketch of the Dodge Center Seventh-day Baptist Church who sees any error in dates or matter printed will confer a favor on the writer by correcting the same. This will be in the interests of true history for a future historian.

This Sketch will be printed in booklet form and on better paper for the illustrations for any one who may want a copy or copies.

Address, H. D. Clarke, Mt. Healthy, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 3.

Are We Trustworthy?

It is high praise to say of a man that whenever he accepts the responsibility for anything, that thing always gets done, and gets done right. Every man ought to covet that record for himself among his fellows, as many do. But do we covet the same record for ourselves with God? Are we deeply concerned that God should be able to say of us that whatever he gives us to do gets done? Paul once sent a message to a certain individual, "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." Do we not need to take that same message directly to ourselves, every hour? If we have received Jesus Christ as Saviour and Life, we have also accepted him as Master. His will is our commission. It will be made known to us—if we listen in sensitive and swift obedience—for every detail of our life. He has committed a rich ministry to us. God wants to know that he can depend upon us. And in Christ, the miracle of sustained trustworthiness can be worked even in us.—*Sunday School Times.*

"If, in the use of either profanity or slang, one would pause a moment and see how either of these evils shows paucity of thought and inability of expression, we feel sure that the evil would be less prevalent. One does not like to be regarded as intellectually small and too dull to be capable of expressing himself in good language. Still less will one find pleasure in drawing attention to this fact and advertising it himself."

MISSIONS

Monthly Statement.

June 1, 1912, to July 1, 1912.

S. H. DAVIS, *Treasurer,*
In account with
THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Dr.

Balance in treasury June 1, 1912	\$1,045 34
Harriet C. Van Horn	5 00
Dr. S. C. Maxson	5 00
L. O. Greene	3 00
Mrs. J. H. Hurley	5 00
Harriet Kenyon	25
Dr. L. M. Babcock	10 00
M. Crosley	12 50
Lone Sabbath-keeper	5 00
D. E. Livermore	5 00
H. D. Clarke	5 00
Mary E. Post	5 00
Mrs. Angeline Abbey (Life Membership)	25 00
Refund from Ammokoo	8 97
Adams Center Church	42 85
Marlboro Church	6 00
First Westerly Church	4 30
Farnam Church	13 00
Plainfield Church	16 53
Nortonville Church	7 94
Welton Church	31 98
Gentry Church	11 00
Second Hopkinton Church	17 00
Rockville Church	20 00
Battle Creek Church	9 75
Hammond Church	4 85
Farina Church	8 50
Rockville Y. P. S. C. E.	2 00
Tract Society	5 67
Young People's Board	25 00
Income from Permanent Funds	267 29
	<u>\$1,633 72</u>

Cr.

J. W. Crofoot, salary and allowance	\$ 287 50
Grace I. Crandall, account of salary	50 00
Susie M. Burdick, salary	150 00
Rosa W. Palmberg, salary	150 00
Anna M. West, account of salary	58 95
Girls' School, China	75 00
Mr. Toong (China), salary	28 00
Incidentals, China	25 00
Joseph Booth, salary	50 00
N. O. Moore and W. D. Wilcox, expenses	250 00
E. B. Saunders, salary and traveling expense	94 67
D. B. Coon, salary for May	50 00
J. J. Kovats, salary for May	20 00
J. A. Davidson, salary for May	25 00
N. O. Moore, salary for May	83 33
Italian Mission (Emergency Fund)	50 00
Western Union Tel. Co., for cable and telegrams	16 73

Interest on notes	17 78
Treasurer's expenses	20 00
Exchange	1 35

Balance July 1, 1912 \$1,503 31
130 41

\$1,633 72

Bills due and payable July 1, 1912 \$3,000 00
Notes outstanding July 1, 1912 \$3,000 00

E. & O. E. S. H. DAVIS,
Treasurer.

Tract Society—Treasurer's Report.

For the quarter ending June 30, 1912.

F. J. HUBBARD, *Treasurer,*
In account with
THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

Dr.

To balance on hand April 1, 1912 \$ 560 40
To funds received since as follows:

Contributions as published, General Fund:	
April	\$460 10
May	91 90
June	251 51
	<u>803 51</u>

Contributions for African Investigation:	
April	\$76 25
May	17 50
June	46 50
	<u>140 25</u>

Income from Invested Funds:	
April	\$360 32
May	90 00
June	140 00
	<u>590 82</u>

Interest on City National Bank balances 8 28
Loan, City National Bank 1,000 00

Publishing House Receipts:	
RECORDER	\$746 87
Visitor	249 57
Helping Hand	135 76
Tracts	7 50
Sabbathism	7 50
Bible Studies	21 50
RECORDER stock sold	81 51
	<u>1,250 21</u>

\$4,353 47

Cr.

By cash paid out as follows:	
G. Velthuysen, appropriation	\$151 50
L. A. Platts, salary	62 50
George Seeley, Salary	75 00
Postage	15 00
	<u>90 00</u>

S. H. Davis, Treas. Missionary Society for 2-5 salary E. B. Saunders, Miss. Sec. \$100 00	
½ expenses E. B. Saunders, Miss. Sec.	36 08
	<u>136 08</u>

Marie Jansz, salary	37 50	
Joseph J. Kovats, salary	60 00	
E. H. Socwell, salary	37 50	
Joseph Booth,		
Appropriation African work .	150 00	
For Charles Domingo	25 00	
T. W. Richardson, appropriation	75 00	
		825 08
Sabbath Reform Field Work and Exchange of Pul- pits:		
H. N. Jordan	6 94	
Clayton A. Burdick	7 00	
Herbert C. Van Horn	12 63	
Edgar D. Van Horn	3 91	
A. G. Crofoot	8 45	
James H. Hurley	10 34	
Edwin Shaw,		
Expenses Snow Hill .	\$5 90	
Exchange pulpit	7 70	
		13 60
John T. Davis	81 82	
I. L. Cottrell	68 79	
J. L. Skaggs	3 96	
L. A. Platts	2 75	
E. F. Loofboro	2 75	
Jesse E. Hutchins	60 00	
Edgar D. Van Horn	40 00	
Madison Harry	10 00	
Edwin Shaw	25 00	
J. A. Davidson, for tent from Montgomery, Ward & Co.	85 00	
		442 94
C. C. Chipman, Treas., Junior Quarterly		100 00
Edwin Shaw, Cor. Sec., postage	3 49	
Edwin Shaw, expenses reception to Messrs. Sayre and Moore	2 64	
		6 13
Publishing House Expenses:		
RECORDER	1,737 33	
RECORDER folders, envelopes, etc.	10 35	
Visitor	222 22	
Helping Hand	334 89	
Tracts, postage, etc.	244 52	
Tract Society, labels, en- velopes, Seeley ..	\$5 52	
Tract Society, stock, fold- ers, etc., Cor. Sec. .	2 92	
		8 44
		2,557 75
		\$3,931 90
Balance on hand, June 30, 1912	421 57	
		\$4,353 47
E. & O. E. Plainfield, N. J., July 2, 1912.		
Examined and compared with books and vouchers and found correct.		
D. E. TITSWORTH, ASA F. RANDOLPH, Auditors.		
Plainfield, N. J., July 12, 1912.		
Total outstanding indebtedness	\$1,000 00	

The City of Durban, Africa.

DEAR READERS OF THE ALFRED SUN:

This is perhaps the last letter I shall write before we go into the interior of Africa. At the present time we are in the midst of a splendid civilization, yet examples of different stages of barbarism are in evidence. The city of Durban is the most thriving and energetic place we have seen in Africa. It is situated upon a good-sized bay, which is almost landlocked and is further protected by a long sea wall which makes it a very good harbor. The docking facilities are excellent and shipping from all over the world may be seen here. Durban is several hundred miles nearer to Johannesburg than is Cape Town, and therefore much of the commerce of that great city enters and leaves by this port.

Perhaps the most unique thing about this place, and the one which immediately strikes the visitor, is the hundreds of rickshas, with fantastically arrayed natives pulling them. These unique and noiseless conveyances are very comfortable, as I can personally testify; for it was not long after I landed that I took a trip about town, drawn by my human horse. The experience recalled vividly to my mind one of the bright spots of my childhood, when as a boy of perhaps eight or ten, I used to play at much the same kind of ricksha riding and pulling, using for the purpose an old-fashioned, two-wheeled baby carriage which had served its turn in our family.

The Zulus who draw these rickshas make very easy work of it. They take advantage of every slight decline, and it is a very pretty sight to see them swinging along at an easy trot, with apparently very little effort. Natives also do a lot of the heavy teaming, it being no uncommon sight to see a dozen or so drawing a heavy load of coal. They can be heard as well as seen, for they never do anything like this quietly, but keep up a monotonous singsong, in time to their labors. I have several times seen a group of native laborers working with pick-axes on the car track and they keep perfect time with their strokes to the chorus of their voices. I think the black man is very much alike wherever you find him. I know I have seen and heard the same thing on the levees at New Orleans.

There are a number of very fine public buildings here, as well as many substantial business blocks, hotels, and shops. The principal street, West Street, is a very wide thoroughfare and is thronged with shoppers during business hours. There is a very fine public bathing beach with pavilions and cozy seats arranged about a very neatly planned park. Durban is the great winter resort of South Africa, and its busy season is just about to begin. Great preparations are now being made for the crowds of holiday visitors soon expected.

The city owns and operates its own tram-cars, and I have found them a very good method of getting about and seeing the city. I have taken several rides in the short time we have been here, and I fancy I have seen the most attractive as well as the most distracting parts. The residence sections extend up along the hillsides and along the beach drives. There are also sections occupied almost exclusively by the different native and oriental inhabitants, and these several quarters can be easily identified any time by sight and sound and smell. We got a number of pictures of quaint localities, but unfortunately the distinctive colors can not be reproduced, nor can the odors. Natives of several different tribes, but chiefly Zulus, Indians, Chinese, and Malays abound here. Here you may see some of the most unique and fantastic styles of dressing the hair. Both sexes seem to be fastidious in this regard, the men, as well as the women, wearing their hair done up quaintly in corkscrew curls. Ornaments are worn in ears and noses by men and women alike. One sees even the Zulu policemen with a stick piercing each ear in such a manner as to look as if one continuous thong were sticking right through their heads.

There are of course many Europeans here, and the city has much the same appearance as to its streets and buildings as would any of the cities of its size in Europe or America. But we are soon to leave our pleasant surroundings and sail for Chinde, and thence to Nyassaland. We leave tomorrow, Memorial day, on the German steamer *Prinzessin*.

Cordially,
W. D. WILCOX.

General Booth's Pathetic Message.

General William Booth, who is reported to be going blind in London, has sent a message to all comrades of the Salvation Army in America. The message reads:

"If the unexpected blow regarding the loss of my eyes has not actually fallen, as reported by the newspapers, it is hovering dangerously near. Instead of the restoration of my sight, which I had hoped for, and which I know you have earnestly prayed for, the doctors tell me I am on the very eve of entire blindness.

"In a few hours comrades may be under the painful compulsion of announcing that the general is hopelessly blind. In that event, what an indescribably painful loss will be mine, never again to see the light of day, or behold the countenance of my friends, or look into the sympathetic eyes of my comrades; never again to witness that which for sixty years has been to me the sight of sights—men and women kneeling at the mercy seat.

"Then, too, I have lost the hope of being able with any facility to write, while it will be absolutely impossible to read well.

"Pile up all my losses, they are many and serious, I admit, but look at the mercies left me. First there is my confidence in God; I am not going to allow the existence of a few things which are in conflict with my judgment to interfere with my confidence in his wisdom—confidence that is inspired by a lifelong knowledge of his loving care. Then I have not lost the assurance of my own heart relations with my heavenly Father; I have not lost the confidence and love of my own dear people; I have not lost the inestimable blessing of life.

"I want the continued loyalty of my own people, and the heartier cooperation of all men and women whose hearts are fired with the same purpose as my own. In a few weeks' time I hope to be found once more on the battlefield.

"Anyway, my dear comrades, in the light or in the dark, you may count upon your general to trust in God and go forward!"
—*Westerly Sun*.

There is no better way to show our trust in God than to busy ourselves with the things he asks us to do.—*Maltbie D. Babcock*.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor.

"There's the challenge 'gainst our heart-strings in the heathen widow's moan,
In the wail of little children that no mother-heart will own,
In the outcast sick and helpless, who no friendly face may see.
Oh, if we are Christ's, this challenge irresistible must be!
So abundant is God's blessing, shall we not his love-gift share?
Is there one you'd name to perish, for whose soul you've not a care?"

The White Slave Traffic.

A heavier blow to the horrible white slave traffic was never struck than that in progressive Iowa a little while ago, when property interests were touched with the strong hand of the law. By the Injunction and Abatement Law, in that State, it has become next to impossible for the "madames" at the head of these places to rent a house or room for evil purposes. Any citizen can get in a day an injunction against a disorderly house or one even which general reputation has marked, and this injunction can only be raised when the owner of the property proves that his house is not being used for immoral purposes. Moreover, the entire furniture of the building is immediately confiscated, and the house, without bed or chair or cooking utensil, becomes, of course, absolutely uninhabitable. Moreover still, unless the owner proves his innocence, both he and the madame are subjected to heavy damages. Moreover yet again, he is forbidden to rent his house, and all income from it ceases, for a whole year. This makes the business unprofitable and almost impossible, for vice must have a place in which to hide. Not even at the five-or-ten-times-as-much rates for rent that are sometimes paid, will property owners run the risk—the almost certainty—of discovery.

This law is attracting very wide attention. It is certainly the most drastic and effective effort that has ever been made

to check the social evil and protect our girls. To Dr. John B. Hammond of Des Moines, who everlastingly and intelligently agitated the subject, is given great credit for the passage of the law. We gather the following from a recent article by Doctor Hammond:

Let us start out on an investigation. We search out the house, enter the unprepossessing building—it is usually that—and are met by the gaudily dressed and jeweled woman who conducts the place. We inquire for her books, and find that she is dividing the profits of her spoils with the landlord, for she pays an exorbitant rent. This particular building would not bring \$15 a month in any other business—she pays \$50 a week for it. The house is full of beautiful furniture, electric piano, etc., etc. It is all rented, very probably, and the renter is again receiving an exorbitant price. How is it possible to pay all this? The average girl will earn her keeper over \$5,000 per annum. This only makes the business a possibility.

But there are other dividers of madame's income; first the wretch who is a man—save the name—who solicits for patrons. Then in the parlor we may find a low salesman with his wares about his—cheap gaudy garments and cheaper jewelry—surrounded by a group of the girls. He sells at exorbitant prices but on the weekly payment plan, and procures another division of the price of sin. This man is one of the most useful to the red-light resorts as he prevents the escape of inmates through the mortgage he holds on their clothing. When a dash is made for liberty by some poor victim he sends the officers of the law after her with a warrant for removing mortgaged property or obtaining merchandise under false pretenses.

In an adjoining room we may hear muffled voices and almost noiseless steps. We enter—it must be unannounced. The county undertaker is carrying out the emaciated form of what was once the pride of some mother's heart. But laughter from the front room may penetrate even here. It is over the arrival of a new victim who thinks she has found a "lover at first sight" and is going joyfully to the marriage altar. The ranks reduced by the undertaker are filled again, and another tragedy has begun.

We may hear—this is not a fancy picture but the reality is enacted in a hundred places in our country almost any night of the year—the pleadings and moans of a childish voice on the upper floor. On the stairs we may meet the madame with a roll of crisp bills, the receipts from the sale of a new white slave, for there are rich patrons in this business who pay out large sums of money to procure innocent little girls—lured from their country homes very likely by promises of work and "good times in the city." More than one village or little town has missed its bright Bessie or Belle—mysteriously disappearing. Here she is—not willingly or knowingly going wrong but deceived, betrayed. One's hand unconsciously seeks the hip pocket and there is an itching on the trigger finger as one hears the child's sobs or screams, but—a blue-coated policeman at one's side reminds us that the house is protected by city authorities! By Law!

With the awful demands on the girl's nervous system, she easily becomes a victim of the liquor and drug habit, and her downward way is rapid. In five short years on the average, she has paid the price with her life, either through disease or by her own hand; but long before this the respectable(?) houses have thrown her aside, and she falls into the lowest places of the underworld. A new victim is demanded and it is to meet these demands and fill up the rapidly depleted ranks, that the army of procurers has arisen and the white slave traffic has been established. Attorney Sims is authority for the statement that in New York City alone, there are "thousands" of men who make their livelihood through this traffic. No man's child is free from danger. The game of "lover at first sight," the promise of a stage position for "talent recognized at once," pleasant employment—these are the usual methods for decoying the little, inexperienced, self-conceited village girls into these death traps, but physical force is sometimes used, if necessary and possible.

These are startling statements but absolutely true. A little announcement in the morning paper of the rescue of a twelve-year-old girl in Chicago, who was being held at the police station, brought inquiries from 500 parents whose daughters had re-

cently disappeared. Where are the other 499 girls? It is admitted that many "shady hotels" are detaining girls under fourteen years for immoral purposes. War? Was there ever a more worthy cause for war?

It has been found almost impossible to stop this business by the usual detective and jury systems. What decent man, what man whose word would be believed, would be willing to enter such a house as a detective? How easy it is, considering the enormous profit, to buy up juries! But this new Iowa plan—this short cut—this strike at property through the simple complaint of any neighbor or reputable citizen—this is making the whole unspeakable business next to impossible.—*Deaconess Advocate.*

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting.

The Woman's Board met in regular session with Mrs. J. F. Whitford, July 3, 1912.

Members present: Mrs. A. B. West, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. J. W. Morton, Mrs. J. F. Whitford, Mrs. Nettie West and Mrs. A. J. C. Bond.
Visitor: Miss Laura Stillman, Eugene, Oregon.

The President read a portion of the twelfth chapter of First Samuel, and Mrs. S. J. Clarke offered prayer.

The Treasurer's report for June was read and adopted.

The Corresponding Secretary read a card from William L. Clarke, letters from the Martha Circle, Farina, Ill., and Pres. B. C. Davis, Alfred, N. Y.

Voted to acknowledge the card from William L. Clarke and ask for the photograph of Mrs. Hannah Alice Fisher.

The report of the Mission Circle leaflet was given and adopted.

On motion Mrs. J. H. Babcock and Mrs. A. B. West were made a committee to confer with President Daland regarding the disposal of the Board's scholarship for Milton College the coming year.

Voted to recommend to our Woman's Conference Committee that we pledge \$100 to the Java Mission the coming year.

Voted that the Treasurer purchase a new treasurer's book.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the President with Mrs. Metta Babcock.

MRS. A. J. C. BOND,
Recording Secretary.

"My Name in Mother's Prayer."

Years ago, in Scotland, a little boy passing by the open door where his mother was kneeling in prayer, caught, as he passed, a part of a sentence. It contained his name—"my little David." The boy, like most Scotch children, was in a home permeated by a religious atmosphere; yet until then he had given little real thought to the more serious things of life. But this incident touched him at the time, although not so deeply as afterward. Through the long years that followed he heard the echo in his heart of his name, uttered in the accents of solicitude and affection, in his mother's prayer. He knew she prayed for him every day, of course, but the casual hearing of that name—his own name, David—came back to him in memory, and grew more tender as the years went on.

He grew to manhood, came to America, and began life for himself in a great city. With the sobriety and honesty which one might expect in a boy trained as he had been, the young Scotchman began to make his way upward. In time he married, and by middle age had become a prosperous and well-known banker. Yet, in all the years, he had never forgotten the incident of his mother mentioning his name in her prayer.

One night he wrote some verses, and handed them to his wife. She sent them to a friend, who sent them to another friend, and he sent them to a noted Brooklyn preacher. The minister read them in a sermon, and they found their way into print, without any name attached to them.

Nothing more was heard of the verses for perhaps ten years. Doctor Torrey and Mr. Alexander were preaching in Aberdeen, Scotland. One night Doctor Torrey announced that Mr. Alexander would sing a new song, entitled, "My Name in Mother's Prayer." He said the author was unknown.

So Mr. Alexander sang the song which contains the lines:

"And as in quiet eventide
I passed her kneeling there,

That just one word—my name—I heard,
My name in mother's prayer."

On the platform among the ministers sat an Aberdeen pastor, who, at the close of the meeting, said, "I know that incident, and the author of those lines can be no other than my brother, who is a banker in America."

It was news to the banker when he learned from his brother that his little poem had become a popular gospel song, and he was rather glad than otherwise that his name had not been signed to stanzas so intimate and personal, and it is his own reluctance to further publicity that causes the withholding of his name from this incident. But those who have heard it will be glad to know that it came out of the heart of a busy man, who through the many years that had been passed since that boyhood event never ceased to hear and be moved by the echo of his mother's prayer.

"That kneeling form, those folded hands,
Have vanished into dust;
But still for me for aye shall be
The memory of her trust.

"And when I cross dark Jordan's tide,
And meet her over there,
We'll praise the Lord, who blessed that word—
My name in mother's prayer."

—Selected.

"When I Am Weak."

If we are conscious of any unmet need, Christ is the Saviour we are looking for, and he is the Saviour who is looking for us. Weakness, not strength, proves our eligibility to the blessings of the Gospel. A woman who was speaking enthusiastically of a certain bath establishment which was not open to the public, but which received people only when sent there by physicians, explained, "You've got to have something the matter with you to get in." That is precisely the condition of entrance into the healing and joys of life in Christ. "I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." And the same condition determines our abiding in Christ after we have entered into him; we must live in continued consciousness of our own utter helplessness. How wrong to be discouraged over the weaknesses that admit us into Christ's healing and omnipotent life!—*Sunday School Times.*

Revised Conference Rates.

We are glad to announce that the Chicago and Northwestern Railway will run a special train from Chicago to North Loup, Neb., providing they have one hundred or more passengers.

They suggest that this train leave Chicago Tuesday morning, August 20, at 9.15. It will be run through without change to North Loup, arriving there about 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, in time for the opening of Conference.

The following Homeseeker's fares will apply to tickets purchased on August 20 from points mentioned to North Loup, Neb., and return, with return limit of twenty-five days from date of sale:

Chicago, Ill	\$22.35
Milton Junction, Wis.	21.23
Harvard, Ill.	21.16
Delmar, Iowa	18.55
De Witt, Iowa	18.00
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	16.05
Tama, Iowa	14.60

This train will carry Tourist sleepers, if enough space is reserved, the rate from Chicago to North Loup for a lower berth being \$2.25. Pullman sleepers will not be furnished for less than eighteen persons. Lower berth rate from Chicago to North Loup is \$4.25.

Homeseeker's fares do not apply from points in Trunk Line territory, that is, east of Salamanca and Buffalo. Homeseeker's fare from Salamanca is \$43.30 and from Buffalo \$43.55 to North Loup and return. Tickets on sale August 20, 1912.

Homeseeker's tickets allow stopovers of 10 days or less but not to exceed final return limit of 25 days at Ames, Cedar Rapids and Council Bluffs, Ia., and at Central City, Neb., and points west thereof. The regular one way fare from Chicago to North Loup is \$13.82 and round trip is \$27.64. Stopovers are not allowed on one way or round trip tickets sold at the regular fares.

Delegates desiring to go to other points, or further West, may avail themselves of the Summer Tourist fares via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, returning same route, or by arrangement, returning other routes; for example, Summer Tourist fare from Chicago to Denver and return is \$30.00, limited to October 31.

The regular one way fare via the Erie R. R. from Westerly, R. I., to Chicago, Ill., is \$21.00; New York to Chicago \$18.00; and Alfred, N. Y., to Chicago, \$12.35.

The committee believes that enough will go from the East and from Chicago and vicinity to avail themselves of the special train over the Chicago and Northwestern, which obviates a long and tedious wait at Grand Island.

Will all those who expect to go to Conference promptly send their names, and sleeping-car reservations they desire, to Mr. Ira J. Ordway, 1447 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., in order that he may make the necessary arrangements, and that before the last moment?

If any further information is desired, consult with your local ticket agent.

IRA J. ORDWAY,
WM. C. HUBBARD,
W. A. HOOD,
Railway Committee.

Help Wanted to Complete the Statistical Report for the Year 1912.

Clerks, notice! That the following churches have not yet been heard from:

Eastern Association—Shiloh, Second Hopkinton, Berlin, Pawcatuck.

Western Association—First Alfred, Second Alfred, First Hebron, Portville, Shinglehouse, Hornellsville, Wellsville, Hickernell.

Central Association—DeRhyter, First Verona, Adams, Second Brookfield, Otselic, Lincklaen, Second Verona, Watson.

Northwestern Association—Jackson Center, Berlin, Southampton, Rock River, Milton Junction, Marquette, Riverside, Los Angeles.

Southeastern Association—Ritchie, Roanoke, Salemville, Blacklick.

Southwestern Association—Delaware, Attalla, Little Prairie.

Write at once for blanks if you did not receive one or if it has been misplaced. Let us all help to make a complete report.

Urgently,
T. J. VAN HORN,
Corresponding Secretary.

Dodge Center, Minn.,
July 17, 1912.

"One of the best ways in which to get people into the Kingdom is to go after them yourself."

"No pleasure is permitted to a Christian which may prove an injury to himself or to others."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Temperance.

REV. A. L. DAVIS.

Christian Endeavor topic for August 3, 1912.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—In all things (1 Cor. vii, 29-31).

Monday—In food (Phil. iii, 17-21).

Tuesday—In speech (Jas. iii, 1-6).

Wednesday—In opinion (Rom. xiv, 13-21).

Thursday—The liquor evil (Luke xxi, 34-36).

Friday—The Spirit's fruit (Gal. v, 22-26).

Sabbath day—Topic: The Christian virtues. VIII. Temperance (1 Cor. ix, 19-27). (Consecration meeting.)

AN EXPLANATION.

Our topic is that of temperance, which, of course, means self-control,—mental, moral, physical, spiritual. Our Scripture lesson is a splendid one in its demands that we should be "temperate in all things." However, I purposely limit my discussion to that of alcoholic drinks, and I purposely shorten my comments to give place to that splendid address by Dr. T. Alexander Mac Nicholl, on "Public Health—a Question of Alcoholic Degeneracy." Be sure and read it.

CHURCH ATTITUDE.

More than a century ago, it is said, when the clergy began to apply the Gospel to the hearts of men in a new fashion, an English lord arose at the close of the morning service and angrily exclaimed: "Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is made to invade the sphere of private life." And there are not a few today who "would make religion only a beautiful thing to hang up and look at." In the local option campaign in Boulder, a little over a year ago, late in the day, when the liquor interests began to feel that the battle was going against them, a woman with tears in her eyes (mind you, a woman!) said: "Well, if we lose it will be because of the d— ministers."

There are not a few who throw up their hands in horror whenever the minister seeks to allign the forces of the church

against the saloon or other kindred national sins. In fact, some would say the minister should keep silent on the question of the saloon as it savors of "politics." And politics, you know, are so corrupt that the Christian should take no part in them, and allow the political trixter, the demagogue, the gambler and saloon-keeper to look after such things!

But such opposition should only nerve the Christian for more strenuous warfare. The Church of Jesus Christ was intended to be useful to human society in some real sense, and if it is not, to that extent fails of its mission. The church is not only for worship and instruction in doctrine, but it should be an instrument for social service and for political betterment.

SOME REASONS FOR OPPOSITION TO SALOON.

There are several reasons why Christians should oppose the saloon,—oppose it by praying for its overthrow, and then voting as they pray.

1. The saloon is a *useless thing*. It contains nothing that will feed or clothe a man's body, build or beautify his home, or improve or develop his mind or character.

2. It is a *factory*. It not only sells drink, but it manufactures the appetite for it. Some may have inherited the appetite, but the one from whom they inherited it acquired it. There are probably half a million drunkards in the United States. They were manufactured in the saloon.

3. The saloon is a *tempter*. It appeals to the lower and baser side of human nature, tempts a man where he is weakest, and is luring more men to ruin than any one other agency of evil.

4. It is *inherently bad*. It spreads a baneful influence over the whole community, and will go just as far in its baneful influence as public sentiment will permit.

5. It is enormously *expensive*,—expensive in money it costs, in misery and suffering it entails, in demoralization and crime it causes, in death and destruction it brings, in souls lost to the kingdom of God.

6. It is the greatest of all sources of *political corruption*. Old party men know it. If they desire to get rid of it, they don't know how. The only remedy in sight seems to be to get out of the party

that is allied with it. For certainly now "the tail wags the dog."

7. It is the great source of *degeneracy*. Read the article by Doctor Mac Nicholl.

8. It is a *friend* to everything *bad*, and an *enemy* to everything *good*.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

Temperance is a bridle of gold; he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man.—*Burton*.

For except ye pay the Lord single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage he will ask a triple tale. —*Kipling*.

Win or lose, live or die, one or a million, you must do the right as you see it, politically as well as commercially and socially. Otherwise you can not see salvation.—*W. G. Calderwood*.

He who would keep himself to himself must imitate the dumb animals and drink water.—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

SUGGESTED HELPS.

1. "Public Health—a Question of Alcoholic Degeneracy," by T. Alexander Mac Nicholl, M. D., in this issue of the RECORDER.

2. "The Kingship of Self-Control," William George Jordan.

Public Health—A Question of Alcoholic Degeneracy.

An address delivered before The American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Narcotics, Atlantic City, June 3.

A wave of degeneracy is sweeping the land—a degeneracy so appalling in magnitude that it staggers the mind and threatens to destroy this republic, numbering more victims than have been slain in all the wars and in all the epidemics of acute diseases that have swept the country within two hundred years.

The application of modern scientific methods has reduced the mortality from acute diseases such as typhoid, yellow fever and the plague. The sources and the carriers of these infections have been discovered. By abolishing the sources and exterminating the fly, the mosquito and the rat, the average length of life has been

increased. With what marked contrast do we deal with alcohol, that most potent source and carrier of chronic disease!

Degeneracy is shown in the increasing rate of mortality resulting from the spread of chronic diseases. President Rittenhouse of the Provident Savings Life Assurance society, shows that within thirty years the mortality from chronic diseases has doubled, and today chronic disorders of the lungs, kidneys, heart and other organs are responsible for more than half the deaths. The Statistical Abstract of the United States for 1911, and the United States Census Bureau in its decennial reports present an alarming array of facts that demonstrate national degeneracy. Within a period of fifty-three years the population of the United States, according to these reports, increased three hundred and thirty per centum, while the number of insane and feeble-minded increased nine hundred and fifty-five per centum.

This shows a net increase in the rate per million of two hundred and ninety-one per centum.

During the last twenty years, there has been an increase in the mortality from hemorrhage in the brain of one hundred per centum; kidney diseases, one hundred and seventeen per centum; diseases of the heart and circulation, three hundred and seventy-eight per centum; cancer, four hundred and thirty-six per centum; diabetes, seven hundred and thirty-eight per centum. This slaughter of the race is accentuated, when we recall the fact that one in every seven deaths is due to tuberculosis; and that one in every twenty of the population will die of cancer.

Again, degeneracy is shown in a lessened fertility of the race. Among the early settlers of this country there was an average in excess of eight children to a family; at the present time fifty-eight and seven-tenths per centum of native white women in the United States who have been married over ten years and less than twenty years, have had one or two children and only nine and two-tenths per centum have more than five children. One out of every six of these women is childless.

In an address to the Bayview Assembly, last winter, Dr. J. H. Kellogg presented alarming statistics covering the birth-rate of the United States. According to this

authority, during the past five years, the birth-rate in the United States has fallen off thirty-three and one-third per centum. This means the loss of a million babies a year. Let this degeneracy continue at the same rate for one hundred years and there will not be a native-born child five years old in the United States.

What is the cause of this degeneracy?

A hundred different intermediate agencies may contribute to the undoing of the race, but back of them all stands alcohol as the chief degenerative factor.

Statistics compiled by the leading insurance companies and presented by Sir T. P. Whitaker in a report to the British Parliament, show that of every one thousand deaths among the population at large four hundred and forty are due to alcohol. This would mean a mortality from alcohol in the United States of six hundred and eighty thousand a year.

The great burden of drink is not borne by the drinker but by the drinker's children. The germ cell that is to be evolved into another being is the most highly organized of all the cells in the body. In its protoplasm lies the material and pattern of the perfected organism. Should such poison as alcohol lessen the nutrition of the cell or impair the quality of the protoplasmic material and deface the pattern, these shortcomings and defeats would be manifested in the subsequent stages of development. A defective germ cell can not evolve a normal body. This is the reason that we find a large percentage of functional and organic diseases among the children of drinking parents.

In our studies among school children in New York City we find that sixty-two per centum are the children of drinking parents; and that ninety-one per centum of these children of drinking parents suffer from some functional or organic disease. In one institution for the treatment of physical defectives a recent study shows that every patient is the child of drinking parents.

A study of two groups of families will clearly show the difference in heredity between the children of the drinker and the children of the abstainer. Ten families of regular drinkers show the following:

Total number of children, 55.

30 died in infancy,	3 heart disease,
1 insane,	2 imbecile,
1 epileptic,	5 neurotic,
4 anemic,	3 adenoids,
3 very poor teeth,	8 tubercular,
1 diabetic,	4 normal.

In their studies these children stood as follows: 2 were excellent, 6 fair and 17 deficient.

Ten families of total abstainers show the following:

Total number of children, 70.

2 died in infancy,	1 neurotic,
1 anemic,	1 rheumatic,
1 tubercular,	64 normal.

In their studies these children stood as follows: 56 were excellent, 10 fair and 2 deficient.

Of the abstainers ninety per centum were normal in mind and body, as against seven per centum of drinkers' children. A comparison of these two groups of families, living under the same conditions and in the same environment, shows that alcohol actually injured or destroyed eighty-three per centum of the children. Ninety-seven per centum of the children of total abstainers were proficient in their studies as against thirty-two per centum with drinking parents.

Were the transmitted marks of alcohol degeneracy limited to one generation, could improved sanitation and medication correct and remove disordered nerve centers, bad heredity would receive partial compensation, but the laws of nature are fixed. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The degenerate factor becomes more potent with each transmission and renders posterity more and more susceptible to disease. An illustration of this heredity law may be noted in the children of ten families of drinking parents traced through three generations.

Ten families of drinking parents:

First generation, 47 children, of whom 50 per centum suffered from organic and functional diseases.

Second generation, 90 children, of whom 62 per centum suffered from organic and functional diseases.

Third generation, 82 children, of whom 95 per centum suffered from organic and functional diseases.

My studies of school children show that

one in every three is mentally deficient. If this percentage holds good over the entire country, there are seven millions of children of a school age that are mentally deficient, and less than sixty-seven thousand of these are free from hereditary alcohol taint.

Three out of five school children are afflicted with some functional or organic disease. (This percentage has been verified in reports of the New York superintendent of schools.) If this percentage holds good over the entire country, there are thirteen millions of children of school age who are afflicted with functional and organic diseases, and less than two and a half millions of these are free from hereditary alcohol taint.

A nation half diseased and half well can not live, but here we have three-fifths of the rising generation mentally and physically diseased.

For every child of total abstainers that dies under two years of age, five children of drinking parents die. If this percentage holds good throughout the United States, then we are confronted with the fact that since the dawn of the twentieth century to the first of January, 1912, one million babies, under two years of age, died as a result of the drink habit of their parents. This is race suicide of a colossal scale.

It is a significant fact that during the past five years we have registered the highest per capita consumption of alcoholic liquors in the history of the country; and during this same period the mortality among children under five years of age has increased 147 per centum.

My studies during the past twenty years, continuous to date, indicate a steadily increasing degeneracy among drinkers' children. One out of every five children, born to drinking parents, will be insane. One out of every three children born to drinking parents will suffer from epilepsy and hysteria. At this rate of insanity among drinkers' children, and with an increased per capita consumption of alcoholic liquors, we must expect a very largely increased number of insane among the children of the next generation.

The "great white plague" has not lost its power to destroy. My studies show that

75 per centum of tuberculous children are the children of drinking parents.

Cancer bears a relation to alcohol that need not be mistaken. Davidson's "Geographical Pathology" shows that among the great total abstaining races of Africa and Asia and in Iceland, there is a rarity or total absence of cancer, while government reports show that in the great beer, wine, and spirit drinking countries of Europe there has been a steadily increasing mortality from cancer.

In England, a few years ago, of twelve thousand men examined at Manchester, nine thousand were rejected as physically unfit for army service. Doctor Bollinger estimates that half of the young men in Germany between eighteen and twenty-two years of age are incapable of bearing arms. Not long ago a call was issued for young physicians to enter the United States Army. Eighty per centum of those examined were rejected as physically unfit.

When four-fifths of the most representative men in America are pronounced unfit for war, what shall we say of their fitness to father the next generation?

What is the remedy? Before the germ of Eberth was discovered, we might with impunity drink infected water and milk and blame the results to an inscrutable act of Providence; but, since the bacillus of typhoid was discovered, we recognize infected water and milk as dangers to the community. The time was when alcohol was received as a benefit to the race, but the invention of instruments of precision, the application of better methods of examination, has revolutionized our attitude to alcohol. We no longer look upon it as a food but as a poison.

Boards of health, armed with the police power of the state, eradicate the carriers of typhoid, and quarantine the victims, but alcohol—a thousand times more destructive to public health than typhoid fevers—continues to destroy. Alcoholic degeneracy is the most important sanitary question before the country, and yet the health authorities do not take action, as alcohol is entrenched in politics. Leaders in politics dare not act, as their political destiny lies in the hands of the agents of the liquor traffic.

We are face to face with the greatest crisis in our country's history. The alco-

hol question must be settled within the next ten years or some more virile race will write the epitaph of this republic.—*T. Alexander Mac Nicholl, M. D.*

News Notes.

VERONA, N. Y.—Seven members were added to the church, July 6, five by letter and two by baptism. One of the latter is a young man who was recently converted to the Sabbath.—The pastor not long ago visited the Scott Church.—The Ladies' Aid society held a strawberry and ice-cream festival July 2. Receipts about \$13.50.—Children's day was fittingly observed one week in June, a very interesting program taking the place of the regular morning service.

GENTRY, ARK.—About three-fourths of the resident membership is about the average number in attendance on the Sabbath morning services.—By vote of the churches, here and at Fouke, Pastors Davis and Randolph will do missionary work on the field instead of making an exchange of pulpits.—Five thousand people spent the Fourth of July in Gentry. It was an unusually civil crowd, no accidents occurring.

NILE, N. Y.—The annual community picnic was held at the home of Fred Stillman, July 4, the ice-cream booth being in charge of the Ladies' Aid society. The society cleared about \$15.—The Rev. Dr. D. H. Davis gave his interesting lecture on China, June 12.

MILTON, WIS.—The Benevolent society is quilting another beautiful and very elaborate quilt for a lady in Tennessee.—Circles 4 and 5 disbanded, recently, and out of them has been organized Circle No. 2, as the former No. 2 now goes under the name of the What-so-ever Club. Circle No. 3 began serving ten-cent teas, July 10, that being served at the home of Miss Martha Brown on the beautiful and spacious lawn.—Dr. E. W. Chafin recently gave an admirable lecture in the church on the subject, Government by Administration. The Brotherhood was instrumental in working up a celebration of the Fourth of July which proved a great success considering the fact that it was planned and announced only the Friday before. The

principal speaker of the day was Pastor Leighton of the Congregational church. Hundreds of people were present to enjoy the good time.

Milton College Notes.

The stockholders of Milton College on July 10 elected the following trustees to serve for three years: Prof. Albert Whitford, Mr. Wm. B. Maxson, Mr. George R. Boss, Mr. J. N. Humphrey, Mr. Fred C. Dunn, the Rev. Wm. A. Leighton, Mr. J. H. Coon, Mr. T. A. Saunders and Dr. George W. Post.

The trustees of Milton College have authorized the Building Committee to complete and fully equip the new gymnasium, so that it shall be ready for use at the opening of college, September 12. Mr. L. H. Stringer will have charge of the department of physical training and public speaking.

Mr. Ernest E. Hurley has been engaged as assistant in the department of mathematics and physics.

It has been decided to light Goodrich Hall, the ladies' dormitory, by electricity and to increase the charge for room rent sufficiently to cover the expense of this improvement.

The prospects are that the freshman class in 1912-13 will be nearly double that of last year. New students are expected all the way from New Jersey on the one hand and from California, and even Japan, on the other.

The trustees of the college have appointed a committee of three to cooperate with the committee of the Alumni Association in securing funds to complete the payment for the gymnasium and to secure increased endowment funds.

We make our own skies very largely. Our fears cast their shadows without us, and the projection of these shadows tinges the world for us—our world. We find on this earth, in a measure, whatever we bring the eyes to see. A joyous heart finds joy in any circumstances and experiences. A gloomy heart finds no end of gloom. A songful spirit hears music everywhere; but a life that has no music in itself never hears a songful note, even amid the sweetest and richest harmonies.—*Presbyterian of the South.*

A Lesson in Trust.

Mrs. Dunning sat on the piazza and looked across the way at Grandma Marden, who was watching on the porch of her humble little cottage.

Grandma Marden was nearer seventy than sixty. Her hair was white and her face deeply lined, but her eyes were still bright and keen. She lived alone and "took in" washing, for she was strong and well, notwithstanding the flight of years. Now she was singing, in her shrill, quavering voice:

"There's sunshine in my soul today,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light."

Mrs. Dunning frowned.

"I wish she wasn't always singing that," she thought. "The August sun is hot enough and one doesn't need to be constantly reminded of sunshine by that song. She must be in her second childhood, or she wouldn't always be so happy. She owns that little cottage, Mrs. Hoyt tells me, and that is absolutely all she has in the world. And taking in washing at her age!"

The singer went on, all unconscious of Mrs. Dunning's thoughts:

"There's music in my soul today,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I can not sing."

"I should say you could not sing any," thought Mrs. Dunning grimly. Then, noticing Mrs. Hoyt in the garden, she motioned to her. The hostess came forward quickly.

"Mrs. Hoyt, everybody calls Mrs. Marden 'grandma.' Has she ever been a grandmother?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. She had a grandson and a granddaughter, her son's children. Her son died when the children were small. And their mother died, a few years later."

"What became of the children?"

"The boy was drowned, six years ago this summer. He was a bright, promising young man, and was planning to study for the ministry. The girl died about three years ago. She had consumption."

"And that left Mrs. Marden alone in the world?"

"Well, John Morrison's wife is her cous-

in. I don't think she has any relatives besides."

"That is all. Thank you."

Mrs. Hoyt turned away, and, moved by a sudden impulse, Mrs. Dunning rose and leaving the cool piazza, walked slowly across the lawn and the dusty road, and up to the porch where Grandma Marden was washing.

The old lady was surprised at a call from Mrs. Hoyt's city boarder. She hurriedly took her thin old hands out of the hot suds, and brought out a rocker for her visitor.

"If you don't mind taking a seat out here," she began apologetically. "It's cooler than 'tis in the house. I've a hot fire and my rooms are small."

"I prefer to stay here. And I don't want to keep you from your work"

"Oh, I'm glad to rest. I was up at five this morning," replied grandma, as she sat down on a rude bench.

"You must be very weary."

"Oh, well, I get tired, of course; but I often think what a grand thing it is to have good health and be able to work. There are so many people who are sick and crippled, and how tired they must get, poor things. I often think of the ones who are obliged to stay in bed all the time, week after week and month after month."

"Yes, as you say, it is a grand thing to have good health—and be able to work," Mrs. Dunning was about to add, but con-

science stopped her. That it was a grand thing to be able to work, might apply to her neighbor, but she herself was not much of a worker. In fact, it had been one of her chief objects in life to avoid work and care. And since she had been a widow, how lonely her great house had seemed, how unsatisfying and weary her life had been.

"I have good health," continued the old lady, "and my appetite is just as good as when I was a child. I can go to bed and sleep and get up in the morning, feeling rested, and begin my work again. Oh, I'm thankful that I'm so well. And it's a wonder, too, at my age. Why, I'm sixty-seven, and it's very seldom that I have even a headache. But excuse me for running on so. I shall tire you."

"Not at all. I have felt interested in you for weeks. You see, I can hear you sing, when you are about your work."

"I'm afraid 'tisn't very entertaining," smiled grandma. "I never had much voice, but sometimes I'm so happy that I can't keep still."

"Happy! Pardon me, Mrs. Marden, but I really can't see what there is to make you happy."

"Why, there are many things," said the old lady, surprised. "My life is full of blessings."

"You have good health, and doubtless have many friends. But you are alone in the world and—"

"Poor," finished grandma. "Yes, I am alone and poor, and I have had many sorrows; but I have my little home and the Lord has never forsaken me."

"And have you no fears for the future?"

"None, whatever. I shall try to do my duty, leaving everything in God's hands. And he will take care of me."

"What perfect trust! For years I have been a church member. I have usually been in my pew Sunday mornings. I have read my Bible and prayed, but I would give anything for the confidence in God that you seem to have."

"Why, how can you help having it? God's promises are sure. I'm only an ignorant old woman and can't explain it to you, but you remember what it says about the sparrows and how we are of more value than many sparrows."

"Yes, I know. But your faith staggers me. I, too, am alone in the world, but I have an abundance of the world's goods."

"Then you can help the needy ones. Oh, how much good you can do!"

Mrs. Dunning rose abruptly and grasped the old lady's toil hardened hand in her own soft palm.

"Grandma," she said, in a low, earnest voice, "I think I have learned a lesson in trust this morning. I am but a beginner in the school and I want to come again. I have considered myself a lonely, broken-hearted woman; but I begin to realize what I have always known in a way, that God can heal the broken heart and give peace. I fear I have been an idler in the vineyard; but if I strive to be of some use in the world it may be that my heavenly Father will grant me the desired boon."

"I feel sure that he will," replied Grandma Marden simply, and she bowed her head for a moment in prayer.—*Willard N. Jenkins, in Morning Star.*

Hebrew Revival in Turkey.

The development of a nationalistic sentiment is noted among the Jews in Turkey. It appears in the attitude of a large proportion of the Hebrew press there, which declares that the Jews can not hold their own in Turkey, even in political relations, unless they organize themselves upon a nationalistic basis, especially as to language and culture. The discussions on the subject concern mainly the restoration of the Hebrew language as the Jewish tongue, education, particularly as concerned with youth in missionary schools, and improvement of the political condition of Jews. It is found that only about half of the 12,000 Jewish children of school age in Constantinople are in Hebrew schools, while the rest, it is presumed, are to be looked for in the missionary schools. This is considered alarming. The Spagnoli press, or newspapers of the Spanish Jews, are emphatic in their demand for the restoration of the Hebrew language.—*Christian Advocate.*

Every time we know what we ought to do, and then fail to do it, we become by just so much the weaker in character. Hearing good advice and saying, "Yes, that's so," is pretty poor business unless we do something with the good advice we received. You can sit around for hours talking about the things you ought to do, and you can even feel that you have been busy, very busy. But if some one comes along and says to you, "Oh, yes, I know what you believe; but what have you really done about it today?"—how will you answer? That's a fair test for any of us.

It's easy for us to say, "I know what is right," but it's another matter to get at the doing of it.

There is the trouble with us! How many truths we already know and believe! And the Lord *does* enable us to put many of them into action. He longs to have our acts square with our beliefs. The next time you have something to do that you know God wants you to do, will you remember the golden text—and act upon it? Let us repeat that text. God grant that we may indeed obey it.—*Philip E. Howard.*

"No person has enough religion unless he has sufficient to make him pleasant."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Over and Over.

"You do over-'n-over so slow!" complained Dorrie.

"Slow-ly, you mean. It modifies over-'n-over and so it's an adverb, and adverbs always end with—" Sarah said no more, for Dorrie's patience snapped right there.

"You needn't always think that you must learn me—"

"Teach me," Sarah murmured hurriedly; it was necessary to hurry.

"Learn me things, Sarah Heathcote! Just because you won an old grammar prize—I think I'm as good as you are in—in—oh, in—" What was she as good as Sarah in? She sought desperately in the disordered little crannies of her mind and could not find a single thing. Sarah was good in everything. A slow flush began to creep up around Dorrie's little close-buttoned-on white ears; it was on its way to being an angry red wave, but just in time it stopped creeping. Suddenly Dorrie giggled. It was funny to get caught like that by your own self!

"I don't care," giggled she. "It isn't term time now. Think I'm a-going to be lear—taught grammar lessons in vacation? If you're ever going to get through that over-'n-overing you would better not talk grammar! You're three times as slow—slow-ly as I am."

"I'm doing it well," returned calm, unhurried Sarah. "Doesn't your mother make you rip your badnesses out? Mine does."

"My mother's clear across a whole ocean. Didn't you know she had started? Aunt Doris can't see much of anything. I can take as big stitches as I'm a mind to. She just looks squinty as anything at them and smiles and says how smart I am to be all through my stent already. Mother would make me rip out, but Aunt Doris doesn't—I don't expect she sees a single stitch. She has waterfalls growing over both of her eyes." Waterfalls did not sound right and Dorrie stole an anxious glance at proper Sarah, who always sounded exactly right. Sarah sewed on,

making her neat and regular little stitches with careful deliberation. She had not noticed the waterfalls growing over poor Aunt Doris' eyes.

"I had my stent finished in twenty minutes today—you can't beat that, Sarah Heathcote!"

"I'd be ashamed to beat it. Seems as if I'd feel mean, if I was named for folks, to cheat them, anyway!" There was something in gentle little Sarah's tone that inferred plainly that she would be ashamed to cheat any one in the world.

"Huh, I didn't choose to be named after her, did I? Not any more than if she'd been a minister or a grocer. I'm going to name myself over when I'm of age, anyway—a nicer name than Doris."

Sarah took her last careful little stitch and fastened it off neatly. Her stent was done for the day and now she could play housekeep with Dorrie. There was still a shadow of disapproval on her plain little face, even after the play began under the Heathcote pines.

"She trusts you to take nice, teeny, little ones," Sarah broke out suddenly.

Dorrie turned upon her with an impatient whirl. What in the world was Sarah talking about now! Last thing she had said was, "Play my middle child was just getting over the measles."

"What on earth—oh! oh! I s'pose you're talkin' about that old stent still! You are the provokin'est person to housekeep with, Sarah Heathcote!"

"I won't any more. I was just thinkin' that of course your aunt trusts them to be nice stitches—the same as if she didn't have 'catteracks' comin' over both her eyes. Now come on, play they were very serious measles indeed my middle child had, and I was afraid he'd have to have 'em operated on."

Cataracts—of course! That was what was the matter with Aunt Doris, not waterfalls! Cataracts sounded right. Dorrie was faintly chagrined at her mistake. She made an effort toward reestablishing herself in importance.

"All right, only you'll have to let me be the doctor an' operate him, because it's my aunt that's goin' to be operated. Honest, Aunt Doris is going to be, Sarah—when she gets so she can't see any."

The play went on all the beautiful sum-

mer afternoon under the Heathcote pines. The measles-stricken middle child recovered satisfactorily from his surgical ordeal only to be promptly seized with whooping cough.

"He's always been frail," his mother sighed resignedly. She forgot, in the midst of so many family cares, the disquieting thought of Dorrie's treatment of her aunt Doris. Dorrie had forgotten promptly.

Aunt Doris was entertaining the minister's wife out on the shady porch when Dorrie went home to tea. She was an old, and to Dorrie, uninteresting minister's wife, and by a little "roundabouting" through the garden it was easy to get into the house by the back way without being seen and called to shake hands and be polite. In the cool, dark parlor you could sit just the other side of the porch and wait for ministers' wives to go away. Dorrie hoped they had supper at the parsonage at six o'clock.

"Aunt Doris made chocolate muffins this morning—now I remember! Makes my mouth water to have that minister's wife go home! Chocolate muffins are perfectly elegant an' when Aunt Doris makes 'em—" Dorrie rocked back and forth in the violent throes of hunger for chocolate muffins. Why did people call on other people so long!

Suddenly into the middle of her impatient little thoughts came creeping Aunt Doris' gentle voice, saying something that startled her. She stopped rocking, though she would rather have kept on harder than ever to drown out any more words such as those she had heard. All in a minute, while she sat there thinking about chocolate muffins, she had made a disturbing discovery—Aunt Doris did trust her! Sarah was right.

She was trusting her now, out there on the porch with the minister's wife. The gentle words came in through the closed blinds to Dorrie and she had to hear.

"She's doing beautifully with her sewing. I shall write her mother. She is a quick little worker, too. I'm proud of Dorrie! Why, her mother has only been gone a little over a week and she has already 'over-and-overed,' as she calls it, one pair of pillowcases and begun on another. I call that pretty good for only

five or six 'stents.' Yes, I'm proud of my little girl."

Dorrie, on the other side of the blind, shuddered. Aunt Doris proud of her! Oh, no, no! She could not let her be proud—not with the memory of all those crooked, careless, hurry-up stitches in her mind! She would rather hear the gentle voice say, "I am ashamed of my little girl." For then she need not sit there in that rocking-chair being so ashamed of herself. Dorrie's cheeks were burning. There was only one thing to be thankful for in the whole world, at just that minute, and that was that Sarah Heathcote wasn't in the rocking-chair at the other window.

"I really wish you could see her pillowcases," Aunt Doris was saying now. "Dorrie ought to be home by this time; she has been over playing with Sarah. I'll call and see."

The shudder began with a capital S now—a dreadful Shudder that set Dorrie's teeth a-chatter. She clasped her hands over her ears, but she could hear perfectly well.

"Dorrie! Dorrie, dear! You there?" Oh, she was there—oh, yes, she was there!

"Dor-rie! She can't have reached home yet, but I surely thought I saw her coming through the garden awhile ago—it was something blue like Dorrie's dress. I guess I can't ever be sure, though, of seeing anything."

"I saw something blue," the minister's wife said. Her tone was stiff and suspicious. Suddenly Dorrie got to her feet and stumbled out into the little front hall, up to the front door.

"Here I am, Aunt Doris," she said. Her own voice sounded strange and crowded with the difficulty it had experienced getting past the lump in her throat.

"Oh, you are home, after all, dear! This is Mrs. Green, the minister's wife—you know Mrs. Green? I've been telling her how nicely you sew. Run and get your pillowcases and let her see, dear. They are in the upper linen drawer, folded up together."

Very slowly Dorrie turned away. The lump began with a big L now; it filled her throat. She had a wild impulse to run right straight through the house out

into the orchard and keep on running—forever; anyhow, clear across the ocean to mother. Mothers understood badnesses better than aunts; they looked sorry and made you wish you hadn't, but mothers always forgave.

Dorrie pulled open the upper linen drawer and took out the cases she had over-and-overed so wretchedly. She walked determinedly back to the front porch.

"Here they are," she said, in the unfamiliar and crowded voice.

"Oh, yes—there!" Aunt Doris laid them on the minister's wife's knees. "You are not blind, anyway. You can see the stitches. I tell Dorrie they are so little I can't feel them." She laughed gently, but it was more like a soft sigh.

"The—the thread's pretty fine," mumbled Dorrie. She felt as though she must defend poor Aunt Doris' finger tips. Fine-thread stitches, even dreadful, sprawling ones that stepped on each other's toes, were not easy to feel—but, oh, how you could see 'em if you didn't have waterfalls—cataracts—over your eyes! How ministers' wives could see 'em!

She did not dare to look at the minister's wife. It seemed very awfully still on the little shady porch. Then the minister's wife's voice:

"How many stitches it takes to 'over-and-over' a pillowcase!" it said. Just that—and the tone was quite kind and pleasant. Dorrie stole an agitated glance up at the owner of the tone. The minister's wife was refolding the cases with careful attention to their creases. She was a merciful—oh, a very merciful minister's wife! "I used to dread my 'stents' when I was your age, Dorrie, and what I dreaded most of all was hearing my grandmother say, 'Too uneven—have to come out and be sewed over.' Sometimes I used those big pillowcases for handkerchiefs to cry on!" The minister's wife laughed softly. She was buttoning her coat, getting ready to go. Suddenly she looked up and nodded friendly at Dorrie. "Next time I come you must show me some more of your sewing," she said.

When she was half-way down the front path Dorrie ran after her to give her a glove she had dropped. She was glad of the chance to whisper something to her.

"Thank you," was what Dorrie whispered.

The chocolate muffins tasted queer because of the lump that stayed in Dorrie's throat. Perhaps it was better that Aunt Doris could not see that she ate only part of one of them. Aunt Doris would have thought she must be ill and have sent for the doctor.

"I am ill," thought the child. "I'm sick o' myself! Anybody that's mean enough to take great gobbly stitches because her aunt can't see 'em! Oh, poor, blind, gentle Aunt Doris! Aunt Doris that trusted—"

Dorrie hid herself in her room and began her self-imposed task of ripping out all the over-and-overing. She worked until bedtime. The next morning she got up very early and went on ripping. When the last stitch was pulled out she threaded a fine needle and began to sew. The new stitches she set were very tiny and even and painstaking. Every one sewed a little resolution into the white cloth—the same resolution over-and-overed. "I'll never do it again," sewed the even little stitches.

When they were all taken over again Dorrie folded and put away her cases and went to find Aunt Doris. Her heart felt warm and tender and she longed to do something to help those poor, blind eyes. She had worked steadily and long and was very tired indeed. Her thimble finger felt numb and her forefinger smarted with pricks, but she sang on the way downstairs. There was no longer any lump in her throat.

When Sarah came over to play she confessed to her. "I've over-'n-overed them over," she said; "every single stitch, an' now Aunt Doris can trust me. It was pretty hard work, but not nearly so hard as—as some things—as sitting in the parlor in a rocking-chair and hearing yourself being trusted in a dear, gentle voice out on the porch, when you were so ashamed of yourself you ached—"

"Perhaps you never felt mean, Sarah Heathcote, but it's a awful mean feeling!"

"Yes, I know—I know," nodded gentle little Sarah and never thought to correct Dorrie for saying "a awful." Instead, she kissed her soberly over the middle child's little towhead.—Annie Hamilton Donald, in *The Comrade*.

HOME NEWS

LOST CREEK, W. VA.—It has been the high privilege of the Lost Creek Church in the last few weeks to witness the baptism of four members of its Sabbath school. To gather them into the church for growth and training in gospel service brings new courage and faith.

We must certainly take some passing interest in the booming of guns and bursting of shells in Chicago and Baltimore but our local, annual conventions to consider our spiritual warfare have been of special interest.

The district Christian Endeavor convention in Clarksburg gave a fine program a few days before the state convention at Huntington. The Methodists held a district conference here at Lost Creek, and a Sabbath-school district convention was held three miles from Lost Creek.

In all these conventions the special topic this year is not the national President, but the Prohibition Amendment, a vastly bigger issue. I saw an old man yesterday standing before a poster which announces the coming of a socialist speaker. Having some acquaintance with the man, I questioned him on his view of this ism. He replied, saying that he would put the socialists and prohibitionists together and let them go to the Dickens. Now if that is to the bad place, I fear the socialists will yet find this dull observer in their train.

We hope to prohibit the rum power from West Virginia next November, and when the churches live a more practical religion, to prohibit from this nation.

M. G. S.

HICKERNELL CHURCH, PA.—The little church at Blystone has recently been blessed and strengthened by visits from two of our ministers. On June 7 Doctor A. E. Main of Alfred spent the Sabbath with us, and Rev. Walter L. Greene was with us over the Sabbath of June 25. These visits from our ministers from time to time are greatly appreciated, and we remember them with much pleasure. We hope others will visit us as they have opportunity. Pray that we remain faithful. w.

Youngest Soldier and Youngest Veteran.

It is a notable fact that in time of war the great majority of soldiers in the army are mere boys. The average age of the troops in the Union and Confederate armies during the Civil War was probably not over twenty-one or twenty-two years. The youngest soldier in the Union army was Gustav A. Schurmann. He enlisted as a drummer boy at the age of eleven, was honorably discharged at fifteen, and died in New York City a few days ago at the age of sixty-two.

Little Gus owed his enlistment in the army to his love for the drum. He was working as a bootblack in New York City for three cents a shine when the war broke out in 1861. When troops were called for, and men were enlisting by the hundreds, Gus turned out with his drum, which was bigger than himself, to help stir the enthusiasm. He made himself famous at Chatham Square, and was taken into the Forty-second New York, the Tammany regiment. He was not treated well, and applied to Colonel Riley, of the Mozarts, in which the father of Richard Watson Gilder, a Methodist minister, was chaplain, for a place as drummer boy. "Couldn't think of it," said Colonel Riley. "You're too young." The boy began to cry and the colonel relented. All the men laughed at him because his drum was fully as big as himself, but he went with the regiment when it left Yonkers on July 4, 1861, for Washington.

While the regiment was at Harrison's Landing General McClellan set a day to review the army. General Phil Kearny, commanding the first division, called for a drummer boy to act as his orderly, and Gus was picked out. General Kearny, who was then the idol of the army, gave the drummer boy a silver bugle, and had him put on a powerful white horse called Babe, over whose back Gus could hardly stretch his short legs. In the course of the day's maneuvers the staff galloped over a rough field broken by an ugly ravine. General Kearny took the ravine with a mighty bound and looked around to see if his aides were following. The bugler was the only one. General Kearny looked at the boy and smiled grimly. In the evening he told young Gus to report at headquarters and to consider himself as the gen-

eral's orderly. "That jump on Babe made me popular with him," said Schurmann. "In battle the general used my back as a writing desk to scratch off dispatches. At the second battle of Bull Run minie balls and shells whistled all around us and I shook like a leaf. When I told the general I was a little scared he said: 'Never get frightened. Never get frightened at anything.'" That is good advice for all boys and men.

After General Kearny's death Gus served as bugler for Generals Birney, Stoneman and Sickles. He was at Gettysburg when a solid shot took off General Sickles' leg. While with General Sickles he met the Lincolns at Bell Plains. The President, Mrs. Lincoln and Thomas (Tad), then ten years old, came from Washington to pay the commanding general a visit. "Who is that child?" asked the President, noticing the small orderly. "Oh, that's Gus, Kearny's bugle boy," said an officer. "Don't you think it's a shame to have such children in the army?" said Mrs. Lincoln to the President. "That boy," said General Sickles, "is a great fighter. He was nearly killed while at Stoneman's side. Besides, he rode with Kearny, and you know what that means."

Gus saved Tad from being run away with, and Mrs. Lincoln asked General Sickles for him. "My first night at the White House I shall never forget," said Schurmann. "We kept up our racket until Mrs. Lincoln called us and told us the President was tired and needed rest. As she opened the door of the chamber where the President, Mrs. Lincoln and Tad slept I saw the great head of Abe Lincoln peeping out from under a long white night-cap. Tad slept in a crib by his mother's bed, and Mrs. Lincoln showed me into a guest chamber. The contrast of this splendor with my humble lodgings of the previous years, when I had slept for the most part on the soft side of a hard board, was so overwhelming that even now the thought of a guest chamber overawes me. At the public receptions we were usually frolicking around Mr. Lincoln's chair, and one day I stumbled and fell against the Grand Duke Alexis, who was paying the President a visit. I fear I wasn't much awed by the misadventure." Gus' life at the White House ended abruptly. A

courier arrived telling of Lee's advance north. General Sickles wanted his bugler, and Gus joined him at Gettysburg. He fought throughout the war, coming out a veteran of fifteen.

The instinctive patriotism of such boys as Gus Schurmann is the security of the nation. It puts to shame the selfish greed of men who, to add to their already enormous wealth, are guilty of acts which are not only wrongs to their fellows, but, if permitted to continue, will result in national decay and the downfall of the republic. There is hope in the fact that there are more Gus Schurmanns than James Hydes.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Books for Chinese Baptists.

The Chinese Baptist Publication Society, at Canton, jointly managed by Northern and Southern Baptists, has about 150 titles of books on its catalogue, most of them small handbooks and tracts, but some important volumes. It employed twenty-six colporteurs during part or all of last year and two colporteurs are employed in Siam, where the first Chinese Baptist church was organized. It is about to employ women colporteurs and to publish Sunday-school books in Chinese. During its eleven years of work the society has published about 58,000,000 pages of Christian literature.—*Christian Advocate.*

Resolutions.

Whereas, our church circle has been broken by the death of one of our constituent members, Mrs. Mabel E. Parslow, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply feel the loss we have sustained in the death of a gifted member.

Resolved, That her continuous service as clerk of this church and that her repeated help to the church through the exercise of her elocutionary talent will be greatly missed.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this church, that a copy be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER, and that copies be sent to her nearest relatives.

EDWIN S. MAXSON,
HERMANN J. CROSS,
CLARA L. CROSS,
Committee.

Syracuse, N. Y.,
July 14, 1912.

He who would be wise must daily earn his wisdom.—*David Starr Jordan.*

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Message to Dr. and Mrs. Platts.

By vote of the members of the Milton Seventh-day Baptist Church the following night letter was telegraphed to Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Platts, Los Angeles, Cal., after news was received of the death of their son, the Rev. J. A. Platts. The message is published by request.

"You have the earnest prayers of your many Milton friends for sustaining strength in this time of great trial. With your faith you can see the light beyond the clouds. Written for the church by one who has passed that way with the Master. "J. L. SHAW."

The readers of the RECORDER will unite in sincere expressions of sympathy, in keeping with this message from Milton.

Making Friends With the Birds.

Most boys and girls have an animal friend of some sort—a dog or a cat or a horse; but how many of you have a bird friend? Not a canary, or any other bird in a cage, but a wild bird?

It is not a hard matter to make friends with the birds, especially if one has an old orchard, says *Suburban Life*. It is a fortunate girl or boy who has a big yard with trees and bushes, or a tangle down in the corner near an old fence where the weeds run riot. In such a case you ought to go into the bird business. Arrange a shallow dish or basin where fresh water can be kept for the birds to bathe in and to drink. This is always a drawing card for the summer. A few bird houses in the trees or on some posts are sure to have tenants. During the fall and winter start a bird lunch counter by nailing up a box or board just outside the window where you can watch it, and where you can set the table with the least trouble. It should be kept supplied with cracked nuts, seeds and crumbs. In cold weather suet chopped in fine bits, or a large piece nailed down so it can be pecked, is very attractive. In this way one may make intimate friends with the birds. And wild bird friendship is worth working for.—*The Continent*.

The Best Summer Diet.

Fresh fruit is one of the best desserts to be served in summer. A farmer's wife once said that for her part she thought only a lazy and indifferent housekeeper would offer berries and apples uncooked to her family and guests when she could just as well slip fruit into pastry and give them pies. A perfect pie with flaky crust and delicious flavor is not to be despised, but for children and older people who have not perfect digestion, fruit, ripe and sweet, is more wholesome than rich pastry.

During the hot season cold desserts are appreciated, and the prudent mother will do well to remember that vegetables, cereals, fish if it can be had perfectly fresh, and above all, fruit, form the staples of safe and wholesome diet in the summer. —*Margaret E. Sangster, in The Christian Herald.*

What is Duty?

What is duty? The dictionary gives us several definitions. We will mention the best.

1. That which ought to be done.
2. That which one is bound by natural, moral or legal obligation to do.
3. The obligation to do something.
4. The binding force of that which is morally right.

This is what some of our great men say of duty:

The path of duty is the way to glory.—*Tennyson.*

A sense of duty pursues us ever and everywhere.—*Webster.*

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
I woke and found that life was duty.—*Hooper.*

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; and it alone is true.—*Samuel Smiles.*

It is more to the honor of a Christian soldier by faith to overcome the world, than by a monastical vow to retreat from it; and more for the honor of Christ to serve him in a city than to serve him in a cell.—*Matthew Henry.*

MARRIAGES

COTRELL-ALMY.—At the parsonage in Alfred Station, N. Y., July 8, 1912, by Pastor I. L. Cottrell, Mr. Arthur M. Cottrell and Miss Helen M. Almy, both of Alfred, N. Y.

AUSTIN-PETTIBONE.—In the town of Hartsville, N. Y., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Johnson, with whom the bride has made her home, June 26, 1912, by Pastor I. L. Cottrell, Mr. Harry D. Austin of Alfred Station, and Miss Elizabeth B. Pettibone.

BASSETT-LANGWORTHY.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Langworthy, in Alfred, N. Y., June 26, 1912, by Pastor William L. Burdick, Mr. Milford Austin Bassett of Independence, N. Y., and Miss Ella Irene Langworthy.

ROOD-FACKLER.—At the residence of the bride's father in Ord, Valley Co., Nebraska, on Thursday, June 27, 1912, at 6.30 a. m., by the Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Grace Maude Fackler and Walter Gillette Rood.

DEATHS

BABCOCK.—At her home in North Loup, Neb., on July 4, 1912, Mrs. Oscar Babcock, in the seventy-second year of her age.

Adaline Asenath Johnson was born at Coventry, Kent Co., R. I., September 1, 1840. She was the daughter of Thomas Olney Johnson, and Anna Tanner who was the daughter of William Tanner. She was of a family of nine children, three of whom survive: Ardelia N. Morton of Blooming Prairie, Minn., G. H. Johnson of Milton, Wis., and B. H. Johnson of North Loup.

In 1848 the family of Thomas Johnson removed from Rhode Island to Wisconsin. Adaline was educated in the schools of Berlin and Milton, Wis. The family removed to Minnesota in 1866. For several years she taught in the public schools of Wisconsin and Minnesota. In 1866 she was married to John H. Preston. In 1881 she removed from LaCrosse, Wis., to North Loup, Neb., which place has since been her home.

On April 7, 1883, she was baptized by the Rev. George J. Crandall and became a member of the North Loup Seventh-day Baptist Church, of which she continued a faithful member till death. On September 9, 1889, she was married to the Rev. Oscar Babcock. Besides the sister and brothers and husband here mentioned she leaves a daughter, Mrs. Kittie Preston Davis of Lincoln, Neb. To many readers of the RECORDER

Mrs. Babcock would be best known as a sister of Mrs. A. H. Lewis.

She was a devoted mother, a faithful wife and a loyal friend. She will be missed in the church, in the Woman's society, but most of all in the broken home of Elder Babcock, whose many friends unite in extending to him sincerest sympathy and admiring love. G. B. S.

Philosophy.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.
My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied.
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers, that counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gets more kicks than all the rest.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The difficulty is the old, old unreadiness to do the ordinary. We would prefer the larger sacrifice, but the opportunity for the larger sacrifice may not come. . . . The duty and the opportunity which come with a call to make a small sacrifice are passed by. . . . The world is not to be saved by the generosity which mounts up on wings as eagles, but rather by that which walks and does not faint.—*Francis J. McConnell, D. D., in Christian Focus.*

If the best results are to be realized in our denominational work, there must prevail a stronger spirit of unity among Seventh-day Baptist pastors and leaders than is required among leaders of large denominations. We are subjected to a greater pressure from without, as a small people opposed by all others, and to a greater strain from within, as being so widely scattered, with so many local interests to guard and with an unusual independency of opinions.

"Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. We gain the strength of the temptation we resist."

"Neither the greatest happiness nor the greatest usefulness in life is always found in the high places."

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON V.—August 3, 1912.

THE WORTH OF THE KINGDOM.

Lesson Text.—Matt. xiii, 44-53.

Golden Text.—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. vi, 33.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Phil. iii, 1-16.

Second-day, Matt. xviii, 1-14.

Third-day, Matt. xix, 16-30.

Fourth-day, Luke xiv, 12-24.

Fifth-day, Luke xiv, 25-35.

Sixth-day, Matt. viii, 5-22.

Sabbath day, Matt. xiii, 14-53.

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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, 450 Audubon Ave. (between 187th & 188th Sts.), Manhattan.

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 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 264 West 42d St., Los Angeles, 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, 136 Manchester St.

"Grandma," asked little Tommy one evening at the supper table, "do your glasses make things look bigger?"

"Yes, dear," said grandma. "Why?"

"Oh," said Tommy, "I only thought if they did maybe you'd take 'em off when you're cutting my piece of cake."—*Della Dimmitt.*

Choose You This Day.

Either sin or the sinner must be done away with. For sin opposes the plans and work of God, and God's plans and work can not be defeated; therefore whatever opposes them, whether sin or sinner, must sometime be swept out of the way. That is what makes our holding on to any known sin so perilous. When God planned that Israel should capture the city of Ai, Achan, by his deliberate sin of holding on to certain unlawful treasure, opposed God and his plans and temporarily blocked them. But God could not be defeated. So Achan was swept out of the way, and God's work moved forward triumphantly. Has God planned to accomplish something in the work with which you are connected, yet which you, by holding on to some known sin, are hindering? It is a perilous and awful thing to do. For God is not permanently to be hindered. He gives you your choice; either let him destroy your sin out of your life, and save you to the work, or force him to sweep you aside with your sin as he omnipotently accomplishes the work that he has begun and in which he longs to retain and use you. Always he will in Christ, if we will but let him, destroy the sin and save and gloriously use the sinner. May we never hear him saying to us, "But ye would not."—*Sunday School Times.*

Room for All.

No father's house is full
E'en though there seems no resting-place for more;

Forgiving arms and doors do open wide,
If one repentant child implore
Outside.

No mother's heart is full,
Unless it be with longing, burning wild—
Heart throbbings that no cheerful face can hide—

The wish to clasp her sinning child
Outside.

God's flock is never full:
Fear not to enter boldly at his door;
None ever were refused who there applied:
He hath abiding-place for more
Inside. —*Selected.*

"In self-denial for Christ's sake we too often look at what we give up but not what we receive."

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The Sabbath Recorder

HE WATCHES OVER ISRAEL.

He watches over Israel—and sweeps
The fulness of his mercy into one
Great ocean of eternal deeps;
No helm need I, no guide,
When at my side
Is the Maker of a hundred suns.

He watches over Israel, nor sleeps;
Lest I should stumble in the closing dark,
Like some poor leper as he creeps,
By rugged rut or notch.
Without his watch,
My faltering feet would never reach the mark.

He watches over Israel—and keeps
The greatness of his mercy to the close;
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.
In all my little flight,
By noon or night,
I know that he will lead me to repose.
—*Pall Mall Magazine*.

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