

The Sabbath Recorder

ALL WILL BE WELL.

All will be well. I heard this blest assurance,
 Flung o'er the borders of the unseen spheres;
 It gave me faith and courage and endurance
 To walk serenely on and meet the years.
 Like the sweet voice of some consoling spirit,
 Down through the silence of the night it fell:
 My soul's fine ear was rightly tuned to hear it:
 All will be well.

All will be well. Why should we ever doubt it?
 There were no blunders in creation's plan.
 When God's vast mind conceived and went about it
 He was not aided or controlled by man.
 The stars that move in such immortal beauty
 Through their appointed pathways, seem to tell
 Our questioning souls, if we but do our duty
 All will be well.

All will be well. Let not our heart be troubled
 By passing clouds, or shadows that may fall.
 We must press bravely on with faith redoubled;
 The glorious end will justify it all.
 I will believe that voice from heaven's portal,
 Clear as the utterance of a silver bell;
 It spoke to me a truth that is immortal:
 All will be well.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly, Published by The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 75, NO. 1.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JULY 7, 1913.

WHOLE NO. 3,566.

A Strong Challenge.

It is so unusual for a young millionaire to devote time and money to temperance reform, that when one does so in a strong, striking manner, people are compelled to give the fact some attention. The more prominent a man is when he takes positive stand against the liquor traffic, the more note is taken of his action. There are thousands upon thousands in America who might have done as William J. Bryan did at his grape juice banquet, and yet not have attracted any attention whatever. But when the highest official in the President's Cabinet takes such a stand, people all over the land stop and open their eyes; and men in the liquor business are startled almost to the panic point.

It is somewhat so when a young millionaire steps out from the rank and file of the Protestant Episcopal Church, becomes a member of the Anti-Saloon League, and spends money liberally in fighting the saloon, even gaining a noted victory by securing the action of his denominational convention squarely against the liquor traffic. This has been done by William F. Cochran, thirty-seven years old, who is devoting his life and inherited fortune to religious and reform work. The information is given by the Anti-Saloon League of Maryland.

The challenge referred to in our heading is in the form of a half-page advertisement in the *Baltimore News* of April 19, and is designed and paid for by Mr. Cochran. It is one of the most telling things against the saloon, and one of the most effective presentations to business men and to the church, of the sin and folly of licensing a universally recognized evil, that we have ever seen. It challenges every business man and every church member to take up arms against the saloon.

In the center is a picture of the typical bear-faced rumseller, with his bartender's apron on, swinging a banner in one hand bearing the device, "Personal Freedom." In his other hand are clustered the ends of a number of iron chains, each one of

which is riveted around the wrist or neck of some victim in the procession behind him, whom he, with a great braggadocio air, is mercilessly dragging after him. Most of the long procession of captives have fallen and are being dragged along in dirt and mire in a most heartless manner, while agony and despair are expressed on every face and enacted in every motion. The entire picture is entitled, "A personally conducted tour to _____."

This picture truthfully represents what the licensed saloon is doing in our cities, and for that matter, what it is doing in the country wherever it is allowed to exist. Indeed, the natural result of a liquor saloon in any community is the binding, as with fetters of iron, of scores of victims who are unable to break away, and who are being dragged as by an irresistible force to certain ruin.

From the ten or twelve paragraphs that surround this picture, printed in large clear type, we select the following:

The saloon has been winked at in the past, even by scores of our most reputable Christian business men, on the score that this is a legitimate means of keeping down their taxes. "Truly our opulent civilization, rotting in its luxury, is convicted of the sin of Cain, who refused to be his 'brother's keeper.'"

Who is most to blame? The victim, the saloon-keeper and the brewer he represents, or the smug, self-satisfied church member who refuses to consider the crime, to which, by his voice and vote, he becomes a party?

But a new conscience is dawning regarding an ancient evil. Many more church leaders have at last begun to recognize the real factor in the problem, i. e., the commercialized aspect of the question—the man, who, for gain, is willing to exploit the appetites and weaknesses of his fellow men, and a society that is willing to permit it! They now acknowledge that legislation, not moral suasion, is the only means of handling this factor of the equation.

The Church is now facing her last chance to take credit for banishing this vicious custom of licensing an evil. Says another great preacher: "The Sociologist who expects to discuss academically civic problems by leaving out these liquor figures is a charlatan. And the social worker who is ambitious to do settlement work, but is either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the most obviously aggressive and relentless source of poverty, crime and degradation, is self-deluded, and will prove an incompetent, if not unsafe,

leader. It is by the decree of the economist, of the good statesman, the boasted practical man of business, the manager of railroads and the directors of banks, that the saloon has got to go."

Who can think of a decent excuse for licensing the most destructive and blighting institution in all our social life, an institution without one redeeming quality, one that is the greatest supporter of the social evil, and the breeding nest of every demoralizing crime? By general assent every civilized Christian community regards the liquor traffic as the greatest source of crime and misery in all the world, and yet we find it licensed in many a community that claims to be Christian!

An All-assuring Faith.

Spurgeon used to tell the story of an old lady whose faith in God was sufficient to carry her through the most extraordinary and alarming trials without her showing any signs of fear. During an earthquake that put the people of her town in a terrible panic, they were much surprised at her perfect calmness. One of them asked her if she were not afraid, when she promptly replied: "No, I rejoice to know that I have a God who can shake the world."

This was an unusual triumph of faith. One must live very much in the spiritual realm, and realize that this physical life is only a mere incident to the real life, in order to rest fully in the everlasting arms as did this mother in Israel. Yet there are those who so live. It is a great thing to live so near to God, and to rest in such full assurance of his protection even though the world perish, as to rise above all fear, and abide under God's protecting care. Martyrs in all ages have been enabled to do this, and thousands of God's children today rest in perfect peace with Jehovah, even though physical death in its most frightful form stares them in the face.

"Perfect love casteth out fear," and God is no respecter of persons. If many of his children are enabled by divine grace to live above misgivings and fears as to their future, and enjoy the sweet assurance of safety in his presence, no matter how dark the day or how alarming the conditions, then others may do the same. We are robbed of the perfect peace that always comes through perfect trust, simply because we

do not live near to God. We allow the worries and cares of life, or the ambitions of this world, or the desire for pleasure, to crowd God out of our hearts. Hence we miss the blessings of an all-assuring faith.

Installation Services at New Market.

On Sabbath, June 28, in the Old Piscataway church at New Market, were held the installation services for the new pastor, Rev. H. L. Polan. For a month and a half, since the departure of Brother Jordan, the church had been pastorless, excepting as the pulpit was filled by temporary supplies. The young people had taken charge of the services one Sabbath, and children's day exercises had occupied another. As the time drew near, all eyes were turned toward the coming of the new pastor and his wife. Mr. Polan had been called from the theological department of Alfred, with the understanding that he complete his studies in the seminary in New York City.

A program had been prepared for the occasion, with special music, an address regarding the relations of pastor and people by the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, an address of welcome by Iseus F. Randolph, president of the Board of Trustees, and a response by Pastor Polan. The communion service had been postponed one week in order that the new pastor and his wife might enjoy it with the friends, and their letters were accepted and welcome extended to them by the right hand of fellowship given in the name of the church. The communion service was a precious season, greatly enjoyed by all present.

After the main address, Brother Iseus Randolph extended a cordial welcome to the new pastor. He referred to the days when, as a young man, he left his West Virginia home for Jackson Center, Ohio, and was befriended among strangers. He was welcomed to the home of Mr. Polan's father, who met him at the station and helped him to get started in the world. This kindness of years ago, shown by the new pastor's father, has strengthened the cord of friendship that now binds Brother Randolph to the son of his old benefactor. In keeping with the maxim that teaches us to do a kindness to some one else when we can not do one for him who has been kind to us, Brother Randolph said he was glad

now to be able to return to the son a similar favor to that received years ago from his father. He therefore extended a warm welcome to the new pastor coming as he does among strangers to take up the Master's work. To all the auxiliary organizations of the church, to the Sabbath school, to the young people's societies, to the social and missionary phases of the work, he bid the new pastor a most cordial welcome, and expressed the hope that he would find willing hearts and ready workers to help him as he might need, and to hold up his hands.

RESPONSE BY THE PASTOR.

At the close of Mr. Randolph's remarks of welcome, Brother Polan responded in substance as follows:

It gives me great pleasure to be with this historic church in New Market, where so many able and worthy men have served the Master in both the pulpit and the pew. I have listened with much interest to the address setting forth the responsibility of a pastor, and can assure you that the speaker has truthfully expressed the feelings of my own heart, as I come among you to take up this work. I do feel the burden of responsibility, and take up the work with the prayer that God may lead me to be a true shepherd of this flock. We are inexperienced, but our hearts are in the work. It was with reluctance that we left the friends at Hartsville and Hornell, who earnestly desired that we should remain with them. But when we were advised to go on account of the superior opportunity offered here for a thorough preparation for life's work, the friends there yielded in a spirit of loyalty to our good cause. One friend there gave expression to a thought that did us good. It was this: "I am glad you are going to leave with everybody feeling right about it."

Entering this field where Pastor Jordan has served so long and so well, I am aware that comparisons will be made. To this we shall not object, for it will be perfectly natural. We can not do as Pastor Jordan did; we shall simply be ourselves and do the very best we can. If we please you, tell others; if we do not please you, please tell us. Dean Main sometimes advises the boys, "Be yourself," but he is almost sure to add, "Be your *constantly improving* self." This is what we shall try to do in

this pastorate, whether our stay among you be long or short.

I am glad to renew the acquaintance began here last fall at the Eastern Association, and I have no fears about your doing your part. In closing, I can do no better than to read from the third chapter of Ephesians these words, as expressing my thought: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

RECEPTION IN THE EVENING.

At eight o'clock in the evening after the Sabbath, a reception for the new pastor and his wife was held in the church parlors. A large company of friends, including several from Plainfield, spent a pleasant social evening, made enjoyable by music and song and acquaintance-making. Refreshments were served by the ladies' society, and every one seemed to feel well pleased with the experiences of the first Sabbath with the pastor and his wife.

Mutual Dependence of Pulpit and Pew.

Installation Sermon, New Market, N. J.

And he commanded us to preach unto the people. Acts x, 42.

Take heed therefore how ye hear. Luke viii, 18.

This church has requested me to conduct this installation service by which a new pastor is to be formally introduced to his congregation, and from which service he is to go forth as the shepherd of this flock. Nothing can be more appropriate than a few words just now upon the importance of the pastor's office and upon the mutual relations of pastor and people that must be regarded if the church is to prosper.

First, then, let us look at the responsibilities and duties of a pastor. Among the very last words of Christ, the great Shepherd, was the command: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The disciples had followed their divine pattern in his work of preaching and teaching, witnessing his faithful loving ministries, and learning something of the responsibilities of light-bearers in a world of darkness, until the day of his ascension. They had heard his instruction to tarry for the power from on high, before beginning to preach, and judging from the spirit and manner of their work after he had gone, they must have realized something of the responsibility resting upon the preacher. We hear them saying, in the words of our text, "And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead . . . that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins."

The grand old missionary to the Gentiles, Paul, the "servant of God, and apostle of Jesus Christ," wrote to a young minister: "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." "Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

Many are the passages showing the great responsibility of one who stands as a watchman on the towers of Zion. He is spoken of as an ambassador for Christ, and we all know that the work of an ambassador is serious business. If we turn to the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel we shall there see what it means to be a watchman unto the house of Israel. After showing that the blood of the watchman who was unfaithful and who failed to lift up the voice of warning would be required if his people perished, and that the only way to keep his own skirts clean was to faithfully warn his people of their danger, the prophet goes on to say:

"So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say to the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thy hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul. Therefore, O thou son of man, speak unto the house of Israel: Thus ye speak, saying, If our transgressions and our sins be upon us, and we pine away in them, how should we then live?"

Thus, in the most graphic manner, does this chapter of Holy Writ set forth the duties and responsibilities of a servant of God who stands as a spokesman and teacher unto the people. And wherever we find a consecrated under-shepherd whose life has been dedicated to the work of the gospel ministry, there you see one who feels keenly his burden of responsibility. This is especially true of a young man when called to his first pastorate. He comes with fear and trembling, borne down with the all-absorbing desire to become a means of blessing to the flock and a bringer of salvation to those who are without.

Undoubtedly, Brother Polan has come in the spirit of him who said, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved," and he too has probably "determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

You expect your pastor to be zealous in every good work. You wish him to be brave and wise and consistent, as he mingles with the flock to which he is called, and as he goes about among the people of your town. The pastor should be a spiritual man, so consecrated that he is ready to spend and be spent for the good of others. He must therefore be unselfish and sympathetic, ready to lend a helping hand and to speak words of comfort and good cheer as occasions for so-doing are offered. The pastor of today must heed the words of Paul to Timothy: "Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

Brother Polan, you have Christ for your

pattern in preaching. Walk in his ways as much as lieth in you, and do not forget to take him with you into every home, every prayer meeting, every social circle, and never go into the pulpit without Christ. He has promised to be with you, even unto the end.

The pulpit is the high tower of the church. Spare no pains, forego no study, neglect no duty that will help you to make your preaching effective. Preaching the Gospel is God's own way of reaching men, and wherever true preaching is done, whether in public or in private, there the God of heaven is your coworker. Shepherding this flock means feeding the hungry souls, caring for the weaklings, leading in safe ways, guarding the fold, and furnishing the "rod" and "staff" to those in the "valley and the shadow of death."

Now, friends, let us look at the second text quoted at the beginning of this address: "Take heed therefore how ye hear." From the pulpit let us now turn to the pew.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PEWS.

I trust you have endorsed the sentiments thus far expressed regarding the responsibility of the pastor. You expect him to magnify his calling, and you feel that the success of this church depends largely upon his ability to fulfil the conditions that make successful leadership. But you in the pews must not forget that both the present success and the future worth of this dear old church depend quite as much upon the pews as upon the pulpit. There is a wonderful suggestion in Christ's words, "Take heed how ye hear." I do not remember that he ever gave such a warning to those he sent out to preach, but after preaching about the seed-sowing and the different soils upon which the good seed falls, he lifted up a voice of warning, "Take heed how ye hear!" just as though the effect of the Gospel, the good results of preaching, depend upon the way we hear.

Brave preaching will be an utter failure so far as soul-saving is concerned without brave hearers. Sometimes I think bravery in the pews is quite as necessary as bravery in the pulpit. We hear a good deal about lack of moral courage in the pulpit, and the claim is sometimes made that preachers are not brave enough to preach against popular sins. If all hearers were as brave in accepting the truth as David

was when Nathan the prophet spoke, there would be more prophets willing to speak against besetting sins. Let us not forget that moral heroes in the pews are quite as essential to the success of the Gospel as are courageous men in the pulpit.

After three years of faithful preaching and teaching by the great Teacher, in the exercise of his unexampled eloquence and earnestness, when he spake as never man spake, one little upper chamber held all his church. The fault was not with the preaching; it was undoubtedly with the hearers. Much good seed faithfully sown is wasted because it falls on such poor heart-soil. Even Paul's masterly preaching that made Felix to tremble, was lost because he had a hesitating, excuse-making hearer, who said, "Go thy way for this time."

The good work may be greatly hindered by listless, heedless persons in the pews. I remember one or two hearers who never looked at the pastor while he was preaching. One was an educated woman who always sat by the window and kept her face turned away from the pulpit, looking out of doors. Another was a man. He too was quite a scholar, but somehow the sermon time at church seemed to be the only time he had to study his Sabbath-school lesson. He would not attend teachers' class held every week by the pastor, but when Sabbath morning came, he was usually in his place on the right hand front seat from the pulpit, and invariably studied his quarterly or read in some paper or book during the sermon. A congregation made up of such hearers would take the life and spirit out of the best pastor in America. I shall never forget the inspiration and uplift that came to me by another listener. He was an aged minister whose name fifty years ago was as familiar as household words all through this denomination. His last years were spent where he sat under my ministry, right before me near the front. Here was a veteran who had preached the Gospel himself for half a century, and yet was one of the most attentive, helpful listeners when he took his place in the pews. I shall never forget the snap of his keen eyes and the nod of his head whenever truths were uttered from the pulpit that touched his heart. Given a congregation of such attentive hearers, and the pulpit has a fair chance to

do a good work. But the sleepy pew, the indifferent pew, the critical pew, the selfish pew, and the empty pew, all these act as a handicap upon the pulpit. On the other hand, every true pastor in this land will say that much of his success is due to the listening pew. "Take heed how ye hear."

Again, the people must cooperate with the pastor in his plans, and in his oversight of the flock. The hearers too must manifest an interest in the work of leading sinners to the Saviour, if they wish to see the soul-saving work of the pastor crowned with success. A critical spirit on the part of parents may place their own children beyond the pastor's reach so he may not be able to lead them to Christ. It requires only a word sometimes in regard to the pastor and his sermons to destroy his influence over our children and to weaken the hold his teachings may have upon their consciences. Thus it becomes the pews, not only to take heed how they hear, but also to take heed what they say after they have heard. Let the pews be well filled on the Sabbath and in prayer meetings with faithful hearers anxious to make the most of their pastor's efforts to reach the lost and to feed the hungry, and his success is well assured.

Finally, the people should aid their pastor by their prayers. No church member can do his pastor harm while in the spirit and service of prayer for his success. Before the pew can hinder the pulpit it must cease to pray for the pastor. When it does this, no overt act is necessary in order to weaken his hands and to take the life out of his preaching. A certain minister had seemed to lose his unction in the pulpit, and his people began to feel dissatisfied with his services. Finally a committee was appointed to visit the pastor and, if possible, to ascertain the cause for such a change in the spirit of his work. When the committee had frankly told him how the people felt about his loss of energy and the unfruitfulness of his efforts, the pastor just as frankly admitted his own sensibility of his failure and assured them that it was due to the loss of his prayer-book. With some surprise the committee said, "We never knew you used a prayer-book." "Yes," said the pastor, "I have enjoyed the benefit of one for many years until lately, and I attribute my want

of success to the loss of it. The prayers of my people were my prayer-book, and it has occasioned intense grief to me that they have laid it aside." So long as a pastor feels that his people are praying for his success, he can keep good heart for his work, no matter how heavy the burdens may be. The prayers of the pews always help to make the pulpit strong. They put new zeal into the pastor's efforts, enable him to prepare his sermons better, and in answer to them the Holy Spirit fills his soul with power from on high when he stands before his people. On the other hand, let the pastor feel that any considerable number of his flock have ceased praying for him, and have grown cold and indifferent toward his work, or have become critical in spirit toward him, and the damage is done. No matter how much he may long to succeed, he is simply handicapped in such a church. And his failure can not be charged to the pulpit alone.

May we never overlook this great fact, of the interdependence, the mutual responsibility, of the pulpit and the pew, in all successful church work. To the pulpit let me repeat, "Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season," and to the pew let me say again, "Take heed therefore how ye hear."

The Secretary of the Navy Also With Bryan.

We are glad to note that, notwithstanding the many newspaper jibes at Secretary of State Bryan for his temperance principles, there are others in the Cabinet ready to approve his doings and to commend his example to others. This time it is the Secretary of the Navy, and these are his words as reported by some of the leading papers:

I advise all young men to follow the course set by our great Secretary of State. Secretary Bryan has "refused meat from the king's table and the wine that was offered." When he gave that notable banquet to the diplomats of the several countries represented in the United States, he had the courage of his convictions and did not serve wine to those men who had been accustomed to having wine with their dinners. When, in explanation of his action, he told the statesmen there assembled why he had refrained, they stood up and applauded him. They were proud to be tendered a wineless dinner by a man who had followed the dictates of his conscience and lived up to his principles from boyhood.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

Liberty Bell Mystery Solved at Last.

For half a century historians have been baffled in their efforts to solve the mystery regarding the famous Liberty Bell of Philadelphia. Some have asserted that its old crack was started while ringing for liberty in 1776, at the time the Declaration of Independence was signed. Others have held that the crack was made later. Sentiment has strongly favored the Independence day theory. The reason for the famous inscription, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land Unto All the Inhabitants Thereof," has also been a matter of controversy never fully settled.

A few days ago some old letters, written by Isaac Morris, who was superintendent of the old State House in 1751, were unearthed, which seem to supply the long sought information on these points. The bell was ordered in 1751, and the old papers disclose the fact that the inscription was placed on the bell first in England, as a memorial of the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the charter of Philadelphia to William Penn. The words were suggested by Morris, who was quite a Bible student, and they were taken from the tenth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, where the year of jubilee was proclaimed in Israel.

This intelligence was found in letters addressed by Morris to the Assembly of Pennsylvania when the plans for the bell were under consideration. It was thought that the old bell in the State House was too small for their use in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the city of Philadelphia, and the proposition to replace it with a mammoth memorial bell, larger than any then in all British America, prevailed. The bell was a copy of the famous "Big Ben," the largest of the bells in Westminster Abbey, London.

Within a year after the Liberty Bell was hung, it was cracked and had to be recast. Two colonists in America undertook the task of recasting, and thinking an addition of copper, one-half ounce to the pound, would toughen it and tend to mellow the sound, they put it in. This, however, so deadened the sound, that the bell was un-

fit for use; and the workmen were subjected to so much ridicule that they begged to be allowed to do the job over again. The next trial proved a complete success. The proportion of copper was reduced, and when the old bell came a third time from the foundry, the tone was better than ever.

According to the *New York Tribune* of June 30, the famous old crack now seen in the bell was made while tolling at the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall, on July 4, 1835, and not on July 4, 1776, as tradition has long asserted.

One of the letters written by Isaac Morris, dated March 10, 1753, after the bell was broken the first time, reads in part as follows:

It was cracked by the stroke of the clapper, without any other violence, as it was hung up to try the sound; though this was not very agreeable to us, we concluded to send it back to London by Captain Budden, but he could not take it aboard, upon which two ingenious workmen undertook to cast it here. I am just now informed that they have this day opened the mould and have got a good bell, which, I confess, pleases me very much that we should first venture upon and succeed in the greatest bell cast, for aught I know, in England and America. The mould was finished in a very masterly manner, and the letters, I am told, are better than on the old one.

The old Liberty Bell is just now being brought before the public through the discussions regarding its being taken to the Panama Exposition in 1915. Many protests have been sent in against its being exposed to the dangers of travel across the continent. Some metallurgists declare that the crack is constantly extending, and that the jarring of railroad travel may cause the parts to fall apart. According to present reports from Philadelphia, the city authorities have decided to send the old relic as requested.

Allies at War With Each Other.

The Bulgarians began an invasion of Servian territory one day last week, and when the Servians saw them crossing the river and taking possession of their country they put up a fierce fight. After a desperate battle the Bulgars broke and fled in confusion, leaving their dead and wounded behind.

Day by day the case has grown more critical. Rumors that Rumania will support Servia against Bulgaria, have intensified the excitement. Papers with headlines,

"War has begun," continually add fuel to the flames. Reports come from London, July 1, of fighting along a front of 120 miles in Macedonia, between Bulgars on one side and Greeks and Serbs on the other. Each side accuses the other of beginning the conflict, but the outside world lays the blame for the first attacks, both upon the Servians and the Greeks.

Rumania took no part in the war with Turkey. She is one of the most powerful of the Balkan states, and the fact that she has now decided to support Serbia and Greece and invade Bulgaria, makes the European situation exceedingly gloomy. Now, if ever, the powers of Europe will need to remain united and level-headed if a general catastrophe is averted. A few months ago the four allies were united, and side by side were conquering their common foe. It is too bad that now they have turned their guns upon one another in deadly conflict. No man can predict what the end will be.

All Eyes Are Turned Toward Gettysburg.

As we write this, fifty thousand veterans of the two armies are celebrating the first day's fight of the battle of Gettysburg, where 150,000 fought fifty years ago. How the aged veterans will be able to stand the fearful heat of this hot wave is causing considerable concern. The excitement of the reunion, too, is an element that, with old and feeble men, will have to be reckoned with.

We are glad to note that the military authorities have anticipated every want, and at great labor and cost have provided the best possible shelter for the men, and made every possible preparation to care for the sick. Surgeons and physicians are on the field in great numbers, and plenty of ambulances and field hospitals are at hand.

This first day is Reynolds' day, as Gen. John F. Reynolds, the hero of the first day's fight fifty years ago, fell on that day. He was the officer of the highest rank who gave up his life in the battle. Reynolds was the only corps commander who knew Meade's plans, and he did much toward settling the question as to where the battle of Gettysburg should be fought. He was a man of keen insight and had not been on the field long before he decided to set the battle there. His loss at the beginning of

the three days' fight was a great misfortune to the Union cause.

We are glad to see the announcement that at the last moment President Wilson has decided to visit Gettysburg and address the soldiers on the Fourth of July. Fifty years ago the great leader of the Confederate army in Gettysburg, Robert E. Lee, was a Virginian. Today the President of the United States, the "first man in the land," arouses great enthusiasm among the veterans on the old field; and he too is a son of old Virginia.

A Notable Convention.

In January, 1912, a convention at The Hague to devise plans for suppressing the international opium and cocaine traffic adjourned until some future call. This week the convention reassembles for the purpose of completing the work, if possible. Representatives of forty-four nations are expected to be present. The object is to ascertain whether a sufficient number of powers will join in ratifying the action of the international convention, to make the measure effective. The government of the Netherlands and the United States Government have been earnestly striving to secure the adherence of the outside powers, until now all but two—Peru and Turkey—are in favor of the measure.

Italy is asking the United States to pay \$6,000 to the widow of an Italian subject named Angelo Albano, who was lynched in Tampa, Fla., on September 20, 1910. At the time of the lynching Albano was in the custody of an officer of this country. President Wilson and Secretary Bryan recommend to Congress the payment of the amount asked. This is done in view of the United States' action regarding other foreign victims of mobs in this country.

In 1895 J. B. Pringle, an Englishman, arrived at Ellis Island with others seeking a home in America, and finding a poor immigrant helped him to pass the customs by loaning him \$20. The poor man went to the Klondike and did well. He finally became a wealthy real estate man in California. Two years ago he died, and now Mr. Pringle is again on his way from England to America to receive a legacy of \$8,000 left him by the one to whom he loaned the \$20. In eighteen years his

loan of friendship multiplied four hundred times.

On June 28 the treaty with Mexico expired and no steps are being taken to renew it. The Huerta government in Mexico has failed to make good, and the United States has hesitated to recognize it. Whatever business is necessary to be enacted will be done through the Mexican diplomats, until Huerta proves himself able to establish a stable government beyond the Rio Grande.

The family of President Wilson left Washington on June 27, for their summer home in Cornish, N. H. The President and Mr. Tumulty, his private secretary, will remain at the White House a part of the summer.

J. Sloat Fassett, former Congressman from New York, who visited the Philippines recently while on his round-the-world trip, returned to this country on the sixteenth, and makes an interesting report regarding that people. He says:

The Philippines are making great advancement under American rule. If those persons who are clamoring for Philippine independence would only leave the islands alone, the situation would be much better. The United States is handling the Philippines in splendid fashion. In fourteen years she has done more for the Filipinos than England ever did for any of her colonies in all the ages she has controlled foreign peoples. I have been visiting in India, and have learned something of the British rule there.

The well-informed Filipino knows that he is better off just now under the control of the United States, and natives of this class do not want independence.

Alfred Theological Seminary.

The following is a summary of the annual report recently made to the president of Alfred University:

The teachers have been Rev. Arthur E. Main, dean, biblical theology and ethics, homiletics, pastoral theology; Rev. William C. Whitford, secretary, the Hebrew, Greek, and English Scriptures; and Rev. Walter L. Greene, church history, religious education.

Subjects taught: the Hebrew of the Old, and the Greek of the New Testament; the priestly element, and the wisdom literature, of the Old Testament; the origin and teaching of the Old Testament; Hebrew

and Jewish history; religious education; Old Testament theology; New Testament theology; pastoral theology; theological introduction; homiletics; and the ethics of Jesus.

Students: eleven regularly enrolled; ten from the college and one from the agricultural school elected work in the Seminary; and for a part of the second semester several young men from the agricultural school met the dean, informally, Sunday afternoons.

Lectures: under the Abram Herbert Lewis Lectureship eight inspiring lectures were given,—four by Samuel Z. Batten, D. D., of Philadelphia, secretary for social service of the National Baptist Convention; and four by William C. Minifie, D. D., of London, England, minister, missionary, and lecturer.

The Seminary has been represented at the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, North Loup, Neb.; at the second quadrennial meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, Chicago, Ill.; at the annual convention of the Religious Education Association, Cleveland, Ohio; at Seventh Day Baptist associations in different States; in the men and religion forward movement; in the faith and order movement; and at other near-by religious conventions.

The circulation of books from the circulating library has again been about two-hundred. We wish that this number might be doubled next year.

More good ministers; and educated religious leaders, men and women, are greatly needed. And the Seminary needs an increased endowment to enable it to better meet growing demands in the way of a higher order of religious education and training for service.

ARTHUR E. MAIN.

Alfred, N. Y.

Once in a while the choirs get back at the minister. In a Connecticut church, the other Sunday morning, the minister announced, just after the choir had sung its anthem, as his text, "Now when the uproar had ceased." The singers bided their time patiently, and, when the sermon was over, rose and rendered in most melodious fashion another anthem beginning, "Now it is high time to awake after sleep."—*The Congregationalist*.

SABBATH REFORM

One Sabbath.

The Old Testament Sabbath and the New Testament Sabbath are one and the same. There has been no change either in letter or in spirit. The law of God stands today the same that it was when spoken from Sinai. Men may invent plausible theories, but God's word, not man's, is always the test of truth. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—*L. A. Smith.*

Facts vs. Theories.

Referring to the great so-called "discovery" that the Jewish week was movable, and that the Sabbath was not, therefore, the seventh day of our week, it is a sufficient reply to say that when the Jewish week came into contact with the fixed week of Rome and other Western nations, the Jewish week was found to be identical with the Roman week, with this simple difference: The Jewish or Bible week began at sunset Saturday night, while the Roman week began at midnight of the same day. The inevitable conclusion is, therefore, that the Bible week is a fixed week.

Effort has also been made frequently in time past to mystify the searcher after the true Sabbath by saying that in the change from Old Style to New Style, time was lost, and no one knew the proper order of the week. To this foolish statement it was only necessary to reply that Russia until very recently reckoned time by Old Style, while other European nations reckon by New Style, yet the week and the order of the days of the week are the same. The change from Old Style to New Style did not affect the order of the *days of the week* in the least.

The two theories are parallel. The Bible week is a fixed week, with the exception noted above, and is identical with the week common in all nations. An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory.—*Signs of the Times.*

Assaults on the Sabbath Repelled.

It is very difficult for most people to grasp the "Round the World" argument. It is also decidedly difficult, for one who does not understand it, to explain it to the average "man in the street."

Let us try to make it clear. Sunset ends the day. Imagine a man able to get around the world as fast as the sun. He starts from London going west when the sun is setting on Monday; he keeps up with the sun, so that to him the sun is still setting but is never set and it therefore still remains Monday to him, and when he gets back to London it is still Monday to him; Londoners, however, will tell him that it is Tuesday, for to them the sun did set, twenty-four hours have passed, and it is setting again. Clearly a day has passed, and he must correct his calendar by skipping or losing a day.

Let him get round as fast as the sun, but going east he will meet the setting sun half-way round, and again in London; so to him two days have passed, but Londoners have only had one sunset—just twenty-four hours, so again he must correct his calendar, this time by gaining or doubling a day. In practice, the traveler corrects the day as described, but long before he reaches London. He corrects it on crossing the "day line," an imaginary line from north to south through Behring Straits between Asia and America.

Long after the Monday sun has set to Jerusalem and Tuesday has begun, it is still Monday in London. God said the sun is to rule the day. When the day is ended in London it is still on in New York. Sunday begins in Jerusalem hours earlier than in London; in New York hours later. As we call midday (the time when the sun is highest) 12 o'clock, it must be 12 o'clock in Jerusalem hours before it is 12 o'clock Sunday in London. Does all this make it impossible to keep Sunday in Jerusalem, London and New York? Of course not. Is Sunday the same period of time in each of those cities? Certainly not. Is it the same day? Decidedly, yes. The day is governed by the sun, so as the sun travels the day travels. As the "Round the World" question does not affect Sunday observance, why is it hurled at God's Sabbath? Because the father of lies is the author of it, and he can not bear to see people serve God.

If Sunday can be kept (and we have never heard that disputed) it is an evident fact that the Sabbath can, for the Sabbath is just the day before Sunday. Besides all this, it must be evident that the merciful and Almighty God who made the world, the sun and the day, would not command man to do an impossibility. Therefore, when he commanded man to keep the Sabbath, telling him it is the last day of the week, it could not really be difficult for him to know and keep that day.—*Sabbath Observer, London, Eng.*

Deliverance of a Sabbath Keeper in Olden Time.

There were three generations of Sabbath observers in the Stennett family, of England, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Edward Stennett was a non-conformist Sabbatarian preacher, who studied medicine in order to gain a livelihood in those troublous times. His son, Joseph Stennett, born in 1663, was well known in London as a writer and preacher. And Joseph's son, Samuel Stennett, followed in the steps of his father, as pastor of the Sabbath-keeping congregation in London, and as a writer and poet. His pen it was that gave us the Sabbath hymn,—

"Another six days' work is done, another Sabbath is begun."

and also that other familiar hymn,—

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned upon the Saviour's brow."

Edward Stennett kept the Sabbath in the olden days when non-conformity with the state church brought persecution. Of Joseph, his son, it was said that he had learned to love liberty as he "attended his father a considerable time in prison for the cause of conscience and religion," in the reign of Charles II.

To the published "Works of Joseph Stennett" (London, 1732), some writer prefaces an account of Edward Stennett's life. "While I speak of his sufferings," says the writer, "it may not be amiss to preserve an account of one very extraordinary deliverance he met with, which I have heard his son relate in the following manner":

He dwelt in the castle of Wallingford, a place where no warrant could make forc-

ible entrance, but that of a lord chief justice; and the house was so situated that assemblies could meet, and every part of religious worship be exercised in it, without any danger of a legal conviction, unless informers were admitted, which care was taken to prevent; so that for a long time he kept a constant and undisturbed meeting in his hall.

A gentleman who was in the commission of the peace, and his very near neighbor, being highly incensed at the continuance of an assembly of this kind so near him, after having made several fruitless attempts to get his emissaries admitted into the house in order to secure a conviction, in the rage of disappointment, resolved, together with a neighboring clergyman, upon doing it by subordination of witnesses.

They accordingly hired some persons fit for their purpose, to swear they had been at those assemblies, and heard prayer and preaching there, though they had never been in the house on those occasions. The clergyman's conduct in this affair was the more censured because he had professed a great friendship for Mr. Stennett, and was under considerable obligations to him, having often had his assistance in the way of his profession, as a physician for his family, without any reward.

Mr. Stennett, finding an indictment was laid against him on the Conventicle Act, founded upon the oaths of several witnesses, and being well assured that nothing but perjury could support it, was resolved to traverse it, and accordingly did so.

The assizes were held at Newbury; and when the time drew near, there was great triumph in the success the gentlemen proposed to themselves: when on a sudden the scene was changed.

News came to the justice that his son, whom he had lately placed at Oxford, was gone off with a player; the concern whereof, and the riding in search of him, prevented his attendance in the court.

The clergyman, a few days before the assizes, boasted much of the service which would be done to the church and the neighborhood by his prosecution, and of his own determination to be at Newbury to help carry it on: but to the surprise of many his design was frustrated by sudden death.

One of the witnesses, who lived at Cromish, was also prevented, by being seized

with a violent and sad disease, of which he died. Another of them fell down and broke his leg, and so was hindered.

In short, of seven or eight persons engaged in this wicked design, there was but one left who was capable of appearing. He was a gardener, who had been frequently employed by Mr. Stennett at day labor, but never lodged in his house, nor was admitted to the religious assemblies held there. They thought to make him, as he was a servant to the family, a very natural evidence, and kept him in liquor for several days for that purpose.

But coming to his reason just as the assizes drew on, he went about the town exclaiming against himself for his ingratitude and perjury, as well as against those who had employed him; and absolutely refused to go. So that when Mr. Stennett came to Newbury, neither prosecutor nor witness appearing against him, he was discharged.

Many a time in those days of oppression, witnesses for truth and liberty of soul were constrained to sing with the Psalmist: "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us: then they had swallowed us up quick." Ps. cxxiv, 2, 3. But God was on the side of truth, and through dark days the torch of truth was kept burning in faithful hands. Now it falls to the last generation of believers to bear the light onward to the end of the way. And with forces of oppression gathering to repress and obscure the light, we gather courage and inspiration from the story of delivering mercies through the ages long past. The living God is still our God, and will be our guide unto the end.—*W. A. S., in Review and Herald.*

A diamond in the dark mine will shine no more than a paving-stone; but let one gleam of light come, and it will catch the ray. It is then only a reflection, nothing else. So with us. When we get away from Christ, we give forth no light; but let a beam of his light enter the soul, and it will instantly shine forth; we will reflect it.—*Henry Morehouse.*

"Only a great goal calls forth great endeavor. The loftiness of the Christ-ideal is the explanation of the nobility of the Christian life."

The Illumination of an Old Farm.

Not long ago, out there somewhere in the vast upper spaces of mystery, our Lord welcomed into His peaceful presence a man whom he was ready to glorify. Here on the earth this man was called James B. Doolittle; but the name was a misnomer, for in any kingdom of equity he surely would have been named *Do-much*.

"A CONSPIRACY OF FRIENDSHIP."

When, as a boy, I first met this man, he was a farmer, living a few miles from one of the most beautiful of our mid-Western villages, Delavan, Wis. Rudyard Kipling is, as far as I now recall the writers, the only one who has grasped and perfectly expressed a boy's elusive nature, and it is folly for me to try. This much, though, I need to say: although only about twelve years old, at once I understood this farmer, at once I pierced the clumsy disguise and discovered the real Bayard. Yet more strange, perhaps, he instantly seemed peculiarly to care for me. And thus, there and then, began a "swift conspiracy of friendship" between a man and a boy.

As an outcome of this friendship, the "old Doolittle farm" became for me a kind of *home extraordinary*. To this home, at every twist and turn of things, I managed to hasten, staying for days, or weeks, or even months at a time. In the farmhouse, Mrs. Doolittle (who soon joined our conspiracy) gave me, "for my very own," a room and allowed me to carry out all my whims in arrangement. As I write, this room comes out clear-cut in memory; the low angle-broken ceiling; the cramped, rattling windows; the oak-stained and heavily varnished furniture, "bought in Milwaukee"; the rag rugs, oval in shape, and somewhat humpy in places where the turns had been too quickly made; and on the wall, overwhelming the "family portraits," and commanding the whole room, a monster worsted watch pocket, having an intense grass-green background, and fronted with roses, puffed out like inflated cheeks, and as richly flaming as the body of a scarlet tanager.

In this room I kept some of my books; in this room I studied; in this room I dreamed a lad's dreams; in this room I "threatened to do something in the world;" yes, and later, in this little room I pre-

pared (surely the word needs italics) my first sermon.

A CHAPTER IN DEMOCRACY.

This old farm I want, if I can muster the gifts, so to illuminate as to make apparent some of its fine characteristics. The task merits the genius of John Millington Synge:

"He loves the open air, the reinless run
Of wind and star; he loves the flying clouds;
He goes companioned of the kindly sun,
Erect, with head unbowed."

This stanza from *The Westerner*, a noble poem by Edward Wilbur Mason, I quote because it exactly reminds me of the spirit of "Doolittle farm." You felt there the independent simplicity of a strong life in close and sensitive relations with the primary cosmic forces. In my bias of imagination, it often seemed to me that the horses on the farm and all the cattle even, showed an independent individuality quite unusual with such creatures. In any case, they all were so treated as to bring out the best innate qualities. Then, as is the fact with many a Western farm, the general bearing of the place was *aggressive*. A bit of contrast here may help to make plain my meaning. A typical New England farm is protective and defensive. The whole combination has the air of a fortification. The house is joined to the woodshed and the woodshed is joined to the barn. And so the farmer can do his "chores" and much other work snugly protected from cold and storm. By changing one line he could adopt the classic song:

"Then come the wild weather
Come sleet or come snow,
We're safe under cover,
However it blow."

But the Westerner is not so protected. He must take more chances with nature, and so he may gain more pliability and daring, and, possibly, develop the capacity to deal with things on a larger scale and with originality.

In those priceless Journals, now slowly coming from the Riverside Press, Emerson refers to a Western hotel where, on the wall of the dining-room, there was this notice: "No Gentleman Permitted to Sit at the Table Without His Coat." Of course, one quickly feels the deliciously unconscious humor of this notice, and the humor is even richer over against the

Brahmanic dignity of "the Concord seer." Just imagine Ralph Waldo Emerson walking into that dining-room and reading that notice! But what I fail to understand is that there is any essential difference between this country-shirt-sleeve comfort and all those tolerated sorts of negligee which, on any hot summer day, one can find at the polo grounds, or in a Wall Street office, or even in many a metropolitan restaurant. But, to use the Irish privilege and "drop the dispute before it begins," I will content myself by declaring that nothing finer have I ever seen than a coatless dinner, in harvest time, with James Doolittle at the loaded table and all his "farm hands" about him. No skill of mine is sufficient fully to reveal the open hospitality, the half concealed courtesy, the quick generosity, the spontaneous heartiness, the *human fundamentalness* of it all. It was a complete chapter in intrinsic democracy. The manners were democratic, the conversation was democratic, the very "soul of the feast" was democratic. Never was it in any way apparent that one man owned the farm and the other men worked for wages. James Doolittle was simply the perfect host and these sunburned fellows were ravenously hungry. "*Billy, your plate begins to look empty again.*" After all the years the words are still charged with comradeship.

Thinking of harvest time there comes to my mind another scene. "Hands" were "short," and I was trying to help out by driving a team. Unfortunately we went too near a nest of bumblebees. They stung the horses and came at me. I lost control, the machine struck a stump and canted over, the driver was flung sprawling. James Doolittle was on hand, as he was ever on hand, and his laughter sounded out louder than the whistle of the meadowlarks. He had no lofty notion of college education, and, in his own quiet, kindly manner, he rather enjoyed any harmless evidence of my practical inefficiency, but in this one instance his enjoyment was almost rollicking, for the situation appealed to all his latent sense of humor. Indeed, the scene, especially the *ensemble*, was extremely comical (afterward he described it with gusto), the bees so very small and so furiously triumphant, the big mower so instantly and so queerly upcanted, the horses so wildly plunging, and the terrified driver

thrusting a dirt-flecked face up out of the tangle of crumpled grass.

PURE RELIGION

The religious life of "Doolittle farm" was rooted in moral integrity. With the utmost emphasis it should be said that the place was morally sound *even in little things*. Visiting the farm again and again, for more than twenty years, I never heard a false word spoken. And I never discovered any sly schemes to render small deceptions inevitable to some one. Life on that old farm was as frankly open to all concerned as a great prairie is open to all the winds. Nor was there any "trick within the law," such as is sometimes used in country trading. James Doolittle was not a David Harum. He was not "all-fired keen at a bargain." Not easily could he be fooled himself, but he had no ambition, in a tussle of wits, to win by cheating the other man.

In Wisconsin I once saw a patch of delicate columbines growing on the sheer face of a rugged cliff. James Doolittle and that Wisconsin cliff are in my mind together, for his rugged character was adorned by the most delicately beautiful thing belonging to the religious life, that is, *reverence*. On his farm no cheap trifling with sacred things was countenanced. He did not make Christ an easy commodity for pious phrases either. Our Lord he followed in confidence without undue familiarity.

The patch of columbines on the cliff was most beautiful at family prayers. James Doolittle's reading of the Bible was peculiarly redolent of reverence. No artificial emphasis, no dramatic declamation, no "religious tone"—just a real man with his natural voice paying to God an eager tribute of quiet reverence. And when the prayer came—so direct, so homely, so believing, so evidently sincere—we felt as if the old farm itself had suddenly taken on the bright shining of translation.

"Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of methods, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart."

This reverent religious life, which began in moral integrity, culminated at last in Christian courage. I am now come to a place where my heart will not allow me to furnish the exact details. Enough to say that when the dreadful test came, James

Doolittle did not flinch. His Saviour he trusted absolutely. Hearing that the old farm had been sold, and that he was living alone in a small cottage in the village, I went to see him, dreading, I must confess, to meet the man after all the sad changes. But, save on the surface, he had not changed. Always a man of few words, he very soon said, "I want to show you my garden." At the sight of that garden I was simply overcome. Nowhere, excepting in Holland, had I ever beheld such a wonder of patient, loving economy. Every foot of space behind the house had been put to use. Not only was there every feasible kind of vegetable, but also there were flowers and flowers. In fact, all the dear old farm flowers were there, repeated as by magic—marigolds, border pinks, bachelors' buttons, sweet william, hollyhocks, and even sunflowers blazing against the shed. As I did not speak, he looked at me curiously and said: "What is the matter with you?" I could only answer: "I did not expect to find anything like this." Then his eyes filled, not with tears, but with light, and very quietly he said: "I will not let my little yard grow up to weeds just because I no longer have the old farm."

His words later yielded a sermon in me, and I preached from this text: "Strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die."—*Olin A. Curtis, in Christian Advocate.*

Mountain-tops are not to be inhabited; they are not for the homes of men. We ascend the height to catch a broader vision of our earthly surroundings, but we do not tarry there. The streams take their rise in these uplands, but quickly descend to gladden the fields and valleys below.—*Drummond.*

"It is estimated that the United States' drink bill for the last five years equals all the gold and silver money in the fifty leading nations of the world, and that the United States drink bill for the last twenty-five years would buy all the farms and farm property in the United States today."

"Religion is a growth. Nobody becomes a saint over night. We attain the character of Jesus only by degrees. This means full employment for time; and all eternity will be needed in becoming like him."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Duty.

I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore see no higher; but if done,
My view is brighten'd and another spot
Seen on my mortal sun.

For, be the duty high as angels' flight,
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—
Receding as the skies.

And thus it is, the purest most deplore
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
Of duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appall?
No; duty is our ladder to the skies,
And climbing not, we fall.—*Robert Leighton.*

The World in Chicago.

An exposition of world-wide Christian missions was held under the auspices of five hundred Christian churches of Chicago, representing twenty-five denominations, and the Missionary Education movement.

The exposition—"A World's Fair Indoors"—was held at the Coliseum, and the Pageant of Darkness and Light, at the Auditorium. The demonstrations were representations, by stewards in costume, of various native ceremonies and customs touching the religious, social and home life of the people. They were designed to add life and interest to the various buildings and exhibits around which they were grouped. They may be said to fall into two classes—first, to show something of the darkness, superstition and dire need of the heathen world, and in contrast with this, the difference the Gospel makes in the life of the nation, the community and the home, and the many-sided nature of missionary life and effort.

The following shows one of the many demonstrations of various forms of missionary work:

Sunlight or Candlelight.—A charming little Japanese play. Hoshi tell his wife that he knows the story of Jesus Christ is not true because he lived for a year in a rich man's house in

America and no one ever spoke of it there. He appeals to his friend Mito San who has just returned from America, to confirm his assertion, but is amazed to find that Mito believes the story and intends to spend his life telling it to his people. Two American ladies call and Hoshi discovers that it was in the home of the younger one that he lived. Bitterly he asks her why she never told him about this Jesus, and she, confused, confesses she did not think of it. Repentant, she resolves to devote herself to a missionary life in Japan, but Mito persuades her she is more needed in America to awaken her own people to their responsibility. He says he came home to help make Japan like America, but now he will seek to make her different, for America is Christian only in name.

Those who saw these demonstrations were impressed with the widespread interest and the wholesome influences that were awakened by bringing in so many persons to impersonate the parts.

There was an effort to show every nation in its primitive condition, and how the Gospel of Jesus Christ has brought a better day.

The spirit of brotherhood seemed like the Spirit of God drawing the world together in Christian love and fellowship. Most overwhelming were the impressions of the Fatherhood of God, the unity of mankind, and the lighting up of the dark places of the earth.

The atmosphere of deep religious feeling that pervaded the vast congregations seemed in striking contrast with that of the ordinary sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking crowds, and all who yielded to this influence must have been made better.

Moslem Lands.

FOES MEET AND MINGLE IN MISSION SCHOOLS.

The mission schools bring together in surprisingly friendly relations representatives of nationalities that are at enmity. While the Bulgarians were fighting against the Turks a few weeks ago, in a school not many miles away in Turkey, Turkish, Armenian, Greek, and other girls were sewing for soldiers that were fighting the Greeks. While they sewed, they joined in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and other songs learned in the school.

MOSLEM COLLEGE GIRLS.

In a recent letter to the friends of Constantinople College, the principal tells of two especially interesting Moslem girls,

who are among the students. One, who is in the Freshman class, is twenty years of age, and was three years in the preparatory department before entering the college. Her ambition is a medical course in the United States, and she is preparing herself by taking all the biology, chemistry and physiology that the college offers. She is an excellent student. The other Moham-medan girl is in the Junior class. She remarked not long ago, "If the Turks had begun sending young men and women to Robert College and Constantinople College when the Bulgarians did, we would not have been beaten in this war." Her father now lives in Brousa, where his gratitude has been greatly excited by all that American relief work under our Red Cross Society is doing for the refugees there, and he recently remarked that he would like to fill Asia Minor with American schools. Asia Minor may be filled with schools on the American plan, and carried on by American methods, if the plan for a school of education connected with the college can be carried out.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

Vacation Thoughts.

MRS. W. C. DALAND.

The schools have closed, and with the children's release from desk and book has come the scorching midsummer heat. The effort of the school year has been succeeded by the languor which always marks the beginning of vacation.

As I write these words, the torrid temperature seems more fitted to the equator than to a northern city, and my vitality is at its lowest known point. To me, as to most housekeepers and mothers, vacation can not bring rest in the sense of cessation from work, but should it not bring something which is worth while? And should not the work be modified to fit the season and be lighter than at other periods of the year? Do most women act on this principle?

Thirty years ago, though the mercury might be mounting towards 90° in the shade, we mothers clothed our babies in layers of flannel because tradition insisted that babies could not be kept too warm and that to allow them to "catch cold" was the unpardonable sin of the careless mother. I well remember with what a guilty yet de-

termined feeling I followed the advice of a doctor who told me that more babies perished from heat than from cold, and taking off the steaming flannels, dressed my first baby in garments of a texture which I myself found comfortable on a hot July day. And nothing happened except that he cried less! Now, all mothers dress their little ones sensibly, even if they do not always apply the same wisdom in designing their own wardrobes.

Not so many years ago people were rather proud of their advanced sanitary ideas if they kept one window *wide* open at night in winter, and other people wondered how they could stand it; and though in summer more windows would be open, it was distinctly understood that it was most dangerous to have the air blowing upon you while you slept. In those days, when we traveled in a railway train and were nearly stifled by the heat, if we ventured to open a window to the extent that a breeze could be felt beyond our own seat, some shoulders near us would be elevated and shawls would be produced with such a resigned expression on the face of the owners that for very shame we had to shut out the air and submit to the torture of the furnace. Sometimes the conductor would tell us that the window must be closed as it was too much for the other passengers. I thought of all this the other day as I was riding to Chicago in a car with every window open, a strong wind blowing over old ladies and little babies, every one quite happy and unconcerned about "the draft," and the conductor aiding and abetting the passengers in their efforts to let in all the ozone possible.

In our eating too what a change during this generation! On how many breakfast tables now appear the heavy meals which a good housekeeper could not have omitted twenty years ago without an inward sense of having neglected her family? In all these matters regarding the use of light food, light clothing, and fresh air, women have learned to depend upon their natural common sense and to throw away tradition, to the vast betterment of themselves and their families. But in one other direction have they made any progress? The schools recognize the fact that strenuous mental work should be suspended during the hottest months; mercantile establishments and factories have earlier closing

hours, and all employes rightly expect a summer vacation. Do our housewives join this procession? They spend the lovely spring days in cleaning house; they spend the early hot days in dressmaking; they spend the hottest days in preserving fruit for the winter; almost all of the hardest *special* work that women have to do in their homes seems to come at the time when heat is most oppressive or when nature most persistently woos us out of doors.

I am not blaming any one, of course, least of all my sisters. How can we help it? Houses have to be cleaned in order to be healthful; children have to be clothed; the family must be fed; and as to preserving and canning, doesn't the fruit grow in the summer? I have no theory to propound, no hints to give. I am only writing down some vacation thoughts suggested by the intense heat and the vision of thousands of tired women just entering upon what must be to them the hardest part of the year. *Could* women find a way to make the summer a delight, an interval of rest before settling down to good purposeful work when cooler days shall arrive?

I wonder if another generation after this will see a change in this respect as undreamed of now as the innocuousness of abundant fresh air summer and winter was undreamed of thirty years ago.

Perhaps some other reader of the Woman's Page may add some further vacation thoughts.

Arctic Travel—A Parable.

Peary, the Arctic explorer, on one occasion when he supposed that he was traveling poleward at the rate of ten miles a day, found that the ice floe on which he was moving, was itself drifting toward the equator at the rate of twelve miles a day. He was, in fact, daily being borne backward at the rate of two miles a day. He would not have discovered it if he had not looked skyward to take his bearings.

Everything may depend on our method of reckoning progress and on our heavenly gaze. He who looks downward, or only on the earthly level, may even suppose that he is going forward, when he is in reality going backward; but he who keeps his eyes on God, and takes his reckoning by celestial standards is sure of his position

and has a safe guide. On the worldly level there are no perfect and absolutely reliable landmarks; our observations and experiences need to be corrected by celestial interpretations.—*Selected.*

Letter From North Loup, Neb.

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

This letter is a *personal* one but may be published in the SABBATH RECORDER if you think best to do so. I shall not try to be consistent in reporting these personal matters but will write as things come to my mind. I have long ago learned that consistency that is indeed a jewel is often a shackle as well.

The following members of our congregation spent the winter in Texas: Henry S. Davis and wife, Herbert I. Greene and family, Maxson Greene, and wife, Orsen Davis and family, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Williams. The last two families are still at San Antonio, Tex. Orsen is reported to be in better health. Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Robbins spent the winter in Florida and have not yet returned to Nebraska.

Henry Greene Tucker is in New York City, Rua Van Horn is in Chicago, Fay and Burr Larkin are at Cashmere, Wash. Vance and Whitney Kerr of Arkansas are working here at North Loup. Paul Crandall is just returning from California, and his sister Hazel from a year spent at Ft. Collins, Colo. Harry Rood and wife are at New Smyrna, Fla., where Harry is running *The News*. Dea. Henry Thorngate is spending the summer at the home of his son in Boulder, Colo. Mrs. Geo. W. Hills and daughter, who have been here for some months, are now on their way to California via Nortonville, Kan. Archie Greene and family have moved to Knowlton, Mont., to be neighbors of his brother Richard. Mamie Van Zandt and Chlo Greene are at home for the summer but will return to Fremont to teach in the fall. Alice Johnson will teach in the high school here. Arlie Thorngate, Isabelle Brown, and Dora Johnson are home from Milton College. George White, who won the Junior Scholarship at Milton, will work on a farm there this summer. George Thorngate, who has been teaching school at North Loup, is now plowing corn for Will Van Horn but will return to Milton for the school year. H's sister Myra will be with

him this year—or should I say that he will be with Myra? E. D. Comstock Jr., that is, "Ned," is now a teacher in the State School of Agriculture at Lincoln. John Clarke and family of Boulder have removed to North Loup. Oscar True Babcock is in Colorado for his health. Kate Babcock returned last night from North Hampton, Mass., where she has been in school. Fred Greene and Frank Wright and their families are now living out on the Van Horn ranch (my sorrel colt—Ginger—is out there also), and Charles Nelson has moved to the village and is working with C. W. Barber for the Chicago Portrait Company. Harry Van Horn is working the Wheatcraft farm on Davis Creek. Glen Barber has sold his lease to Matthew Brown and has moved to the Edmund Davis place. Ed Stillman is on the Chipp farm. Moses Sayre is living with his son Burt who has bought the Clarke farm at Pleasant Hill. Leal Larkin has the Potter place. David Davis has the farm where Jo Hanson lived when you were pastor here. Irvin Webb takes the place vacated by Orsen Davis. Henry Webb has traded his farm for the Upright place in town. Henry Williams is on a farm in Upper Mira Valley. Ezra Bennett has traded farms with C. L. Hill but Claude will continue to live on Mr. Chase's farm. Charles Thorngate has traded his farm for unimproved land and is again living in the village. Leander Williams and wife occupy the "Aunt Lois Greene" place. Mrs. Callie Prentice is visiting in Wisconsin. Mrs. Angeline Abbey has returned to her work in that State. John Cruzan is working at his trade in Iowa and just at present Mrs. Cruzan and Nema are visiting him.

Mrs. Effie Freeman is now living in Ord. Edwin Maxson and family recently removed from us to the parish of J. A. Hurley in Wisconsin. We understand that O. H. Greene and family are to spend the summer here.

I might tell you of many other changes that have been going on but wish only to call attention to the fact that the strength of this church is in large part due to the fact that the most of us never move but "do business at the old stand" till the others come back.

The Children's day service was held on June 14. A committee of which E. J. Babcock was chairman had arranged a

program centering in the matter of good health. The idea was new and was well carried out to the satisfaction of an audience of about three hundred and fifty.

Old Folks' day was observed on June 21; and since this is a personal letter, I will give you the names of the old people present who are members of our congregation, which will be made to include those of the Seventh Day Adventist church. There were very many other old people present who sat with us and were marked with the same honors. A red rose indicated an age above sixty years. A white rose marked a Christian experience of more than fifty years. A pink rose indicated a great-grandparent. A wild rose was worn by the charter members of the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church. The following were present: Mrs. Marrienne Thorngate Rood 90 r. w. p. (a great-great-grandmother). Alonzo B. Hutchins, 88 r. w. p. Elizabeth East, 86 r. Maxson Crandall, 85 r. w. p. Henry Thorngate, 84 r. w. Reuben Davis, 83 r. w. Mrs. Anna Burgess, 80 r. w. p. Mrs. Mary B. S. Badger, 79 r. w. Frank Watts, 79 r. w. p. Oscar Babcock, 78 r. w. wild (licensed to preach at same meeting with A. H. Lewis and A. B. Prentice). Ezra Brace, 78 r. Mrs. Lois Greene, 77 r. w. p. Mrs. M. L. Gowen, 76 r. Henry Chase, 76 r. w. p. Mrs. Delia Chase, 75 r. w. p. Mrs. Elizabeth Greene, 74 r. w. Mrs. L. M. Chaffee, 74 r. w. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 74 r. p. Mrs. Lucy Crandall, 73 r. w. George Larkin, 73 r. w. Mrs. Phebe Wilson, 72 r. w. Leander Williams, 72 r. w. Mrs. Betsy Hoshaw, 71 r. w. Milton Van Zandt, 71 r. w. p. Oscar Cox, 70 r. Mrs. Arlie Thorngate, r. w. Henry S. Davis, r. Mrs. H. S. Davis, r. Mrs. Jane Davis, r. w. p. Mrs. Lurena Preston, r. w. Hosea Cox, r. Mrs. Cox, r. w. Mrs. Leander Williams, r. w. H. C. Van Horn, r. w. Dea. and Mrs. N. Wilson Babcock both carried all possible honors, r. w. p. wild. Mrs. Flora Davis, r. w. p. Mansel Davis, r. wild. Mrs. Mansel Davis, Mrs. Charles Rood and E. J. Babcock wore wild roses only. Mrs. Henrietta Ayers, r. w. Mrs. B. H. Johnson, r. Mr. and Mrs. William Greene, r. Charles Rood, r. wild. Mrs. Van Zandt, r. Ezra Bennett, r.

In addition to these were a large number of visitors, some of them of extreme

age. Dea. Maxson Crandall, who was baptized at Alfred seventy-two years ago, read the psalm. Dea. Henry Thorngate read the lesson. Eld. Oscar Babcock, who has been a preacher of the Gospel for more than fifty years, offered the prayer. The pastor preached from Ephesians vi, 2: "Honor thy father and mother . . ." In this connection he read an outline history of each of the honored ones. I will give you one as a sample of all. Henry Thorngate, age 84, born Persia, N. Y. When fourteen years old was baptized by Eld. Thomas E. Babcock. Has been a member at Persia, N. Y., Dakota, Wis., Brookfield, Mo., and North Loup, Neb.

In this connection it may not be out of place to say that this large church has lost by death in the last five and one half years but sixteen resident members. Surely God has been very good to us.

Eld. A. F. Ballenger of Riverside, Cal., recently spent a Sabbath with us and preached twice for our people. We all enjoyed his visit very much. I urged him to meet me at Brookfield in August. This you see is presuming that I will attend Conference this year.

The last Sabbath in 1912 I spent with the church at Farnam, in Dawson County. This church is like the mustard seed—small but strong. The Sabbath light may be removed from Farnam but it will not go out there. Since my visit John Babcock and family and Jesse Babcock have moved to New Auburn, Wis., Blanche Babcock has gone to North Loup, and C. C. Babcock and wife have rented their farm and set their faces toward California. Every change is now away from Farnam.

The work of the church at North Loup goes on about as usual. It is very far from satisfactory and sometimes even discouraging. Still this is a great church and Nebraska a great field. Twice in recent months the pastor has refused calls to other fields of labor, both of them personally very inviting. Sometimes I am very proud of the church here and then again I am heartily ashamed of her. I suspect that is about the way the people here feel toward me.

You remember, Doctor Gardiner, that at Conference time you and I had our picture taken together with other men who have been pastors of this church, Oscar Babcock, E. A. Witter, J. A. Hurley and M. B.

Kelly. Now this picture has been enlarged and hangs near the memorial tablet of Geo. J. Crandall in the Sabbath-school room of the church. It puts me in good company.

Sometime I would like to see something here to make us remember Joseph P. Morton and A. B. Prentice.

You will see very few of our people at Conference. You may possibly meet more of them if you attend the association at Nortonville.

I will stop right here before I think of more to write and before I am tempted to try to be consistent in the matter of the things that I have said and left unsaid.

Affectionately yours,

GEO. B. SHAW.

The S. D. B. Parsonage,

North Loup, Neb.,

June 27, 1913.

P. S.—I must tell you of the memorial pulpit presented to the church on the fortieth anniversary of its organization.

The body of the pulpit is made from the red cedar log that supported the sod roof of the "dugout" that was the first home of the family of Charles P. Rood, for whom the memorial is made. The front columns are from white oak trees from the Rood home at Dakota, Wis. The bases and capitals of these columns are from the oak timbers that so long supported the bell on the "Gent's Hall" at Milton College. The top of the pulpit is from ceiling boards of the schoolhouse that served as church at Dakota, Wis. The ceiling that saw and heard the consecration to service of so many of our leaders and workers. The idea of having this memorial is from the man known to the RECORDER readers as "Uncle Oliver." The workmanship is that of Louis Rood. The expense was met by all the families descended from Charles P. Rood, whose life in the pioneer days at North Loup was such that a pulpit is not an inappropriate memorial.

The stature of the Lord Jesus was not of itself reached by work, and he who thinks to approach its mystical height by anxious effort is really receding from it.—*Henry Drummond.*

"Doubt is not a revelation of superior knowledge, but of inferior ignorance."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Favorite Verses in the Prophetical Books.

REV. C. S. SAYRE.

Christian Endeavor topic for July 19, 1913.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—About Christ (Isa. liii, 1-7).

Monday—The new age (Jer. xxxi, 31-34).

Tuesday—Life from the dead (Ezek. xxxvii, 1-14).

Wednesday—Torn and healed (Hos. vi, 1-11).

Thursday—Divine pardon (Mic. vii, 14-20).

Friday—When God builds (Hag. ii, 1-9).

Sabbath day—Topic: Favorite verses, III. In the prophetical books (Hos. xiv, 1-9).

These surely are beautiful verses recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Hosea. How aptly they represent the sinner returning to God.

First we note the call to repentance, "Return to Jehovah thy God," and then the resolute decision of the penitent, who "takes with him words and returns unto Jehovah," pleads that he will take away his iniquity, and accept what he brings as an offering. See how he denounced the ways of sin which he had followed so long,—trusting in Asshur, and in the power of the "horse," and in the work of their hands, to which they said, "Ye are our gods." Then notice the gracious, merciful and forgiving spirit of God when he says, "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely." Then what wonderful blessings are offered to them, "He (Israel) shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree," and many other delightful expressions showing how prosperous they shall be under the blessing of God. And then after this experience, so far superior to what he received in his sinful estate, he says: "What have I to do any more with idols?" Then the prophet says: "Who is wise, that he may understand these things? prudent, that he may know them?" This brief review of the three periods of experience realized by the repentant sinner are well known to those who have made the trip. And to the true Endeavorer the question arises, How can we impress sinners with these truths? How

can we help them to be wise, that they may understand these things? prudent, that they may know them?

What is your favorite verse of Scripture? What is your favorite chapter? Why do you like that particular verse? Why do you especially like that one particular chapter? Is it because they have a high sound to you? Is it because they read easy? Or is there a deeper meaning, a deeper reason?

Take your favorite verse or chapter to the meeting, and tell why it is your favorite. I'll guarantee that it will fit the subject; for the lesson covers the whole Christian experience. The call, the repentance, the forgiveness, the blessing, the experience, and the anxiety for others.

Do not be content to simply repeat the verse, but tell why you like it. It will be a help to you and a help to others.

My favorite verse in the prophetical books is found in the last chapter of Revelation, the seventeenth verse, because it is an invitation to all classes, even those who have spoiled the thirst for righteousness and do not feel like coming at all; even they, if they will, may come and take of the water of life freely. Now why is that other verse a favorite one with you?

Subscriptions.

The Milton society reports two more subscriptions to the *Christian Endeavor World*.

Meeting of the Young People's Board.

The Young People's Board met at the home of Miss Buten, June 15, at 1 p. m.

Members present: F. I. Babcock, Linda Buten and Carrie Nelson.

Prayer was offered by Miss Nelson.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

Correspondence was read from Rev. Edwin Shaw, Rev. A. J. C. Bond and the Religious Education Association.

It was voted that \$25 be sent to the Missionary Society for Doctor Palmberg's salary; \$3 to the Religious Education Association for Salem College; \$10 to the Fouke School, and that \$10 be given to Mr. Babcock to help defray the expenses as he goes to his work on the Grand Marsh field.

Adjournment.

CARRIE NELSON.
Recording Secretary.

News Notes.

FOUKE, ARK.—It has been a long time since you have heard from Fouke, but that is not because we have been idle. I know of no excuse for this neglect, only that your correspondent here is a poor one.

About six months ago we received the leaflets on Christian Endeavor Efficiency, and since then have been trying to follow the efficiency campaign systematically. About the same time we had election of officers, followed in a short time by the examination of officers and committees on their respective leaflets. Most every one took the tests and passed with honors, but a few failed to take them. This and the following examinations were conducted by an examining committee consisting of three honorary members, including the pastor.

Soon a second test was held and all the members were asked to be present to be examined on the first three leaflets, as required for the efficiency campaign. I am sorry to say that less than half the members tried the examination, but more are expecting to try it soon.

An expert class of eight members has been formed. They meet the committee once a week and are examined on three leaflets each time. At present they have covered about half of the leaflets. Part of the tests have been written and part of them oral. Another class of experts will probably be formed soon.

The Missionary Committee has been conducting a Sunday school at Coopers school-house, about three miles out of town. The Temperance Committee has material on hand preparatory to starting an oratorical contest. A silver medal is to be awarded the winner. The Social Committee planned an ice-cream social for June 18, at the home of C. G. Beard, but it was postponed indefinitely on account of sickness. S. J. Davis' family is quarantined on account of infantile paralysis, and all social gatherings are forbidden by the health officer. We will hold no church services for a while. The Flower Committee is a new committee with us, but it is doing excellent work in decorating the church each week and distributing flowers among the sick. The church was particularly well decorated on May 10, for our Children's day exercises. The townspeople, as well as our

own, expect something extra each year in the way of decorations and entertainment when we have Children's day, and there was no room for disappointment this year.

The Mission study class has recently completed the study of the *Year Book* as outlined by the Young People's Board.

These are some of the most noticeable plans and results of our work for the past six months, but each committee has been trying to increase its efficiency in its regular work.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Sabbath morning, June 7, installation services were held for Pastor Jordan.—Three new members have recently joined the church by letter.—Sunday evening, June 8, the Brotherhood served shortcake and coffee to their members and visitors.—The pastor and his family are getting nicely settled in the parsonage.

GENTRY, ARK.—During the absence of Pastor Davis in the West and South the pastors of the Methodist and Baptist churches have preached for us.—The resignation of Pastor Davis, to take effect June 30, has been accepted by the church. The church has been canvassed concerning the matter of securing a new pastor.—Northwestern Arkansas has been favored with another "bumper" fruit crop, strawberries and peaches being specialties.

WEST EDMESTON, N. Y.—An entertainment, consisting of music, readings, and an illustrated lecture by Pastor Davis and daughter, was given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society in the church on June 5.—Children's day was observed on June 14. The program was well carried out by the children and young people under the supervision of Miss Davis.—Some time ago the members of the Sabbath school met at the homes of their teachers to arrange post-cards in some dainty and attractive fashion preparatory to sending them to some hospital or mission field. Later a picnic was held and it was voted that they be sent in a Christmas box to China, if one is to be sent by our people this year.—Pastor J. T. Davis spent Sabbath, June 21, with the people at Scott, N. Y.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—A Children's day service was held in the church, Sabbath morning, June 7, about thirty-five children

taking part. The theme was "The Birds, the Flowers, and the Children."—June 11 the Woman's Society for Christian Work met for an all-day outdoor session. Each one brought one article for luncheon which was served at one o'clock, for ten cents. Men friends were invited.—A business meeting of the Christian Endeavor society was held June 11 and officers were elected. Franklin Langworthy was elected president.

The Haskell Home.

REV. H. D. CLARKE, *Superintendent.*

Battle Creek, Mich., is always interesting and perhaps there will be some interest in its home for orphans. There are at least seventy-five unanswered letters in our pigeonholes, asking questions about it and the work. These are from New York to California. All these letters will have separate answer, for letter-writing is our delight. But we are sure many others will be interested in this our new field of labor. It has been a hard one under the circumstances. Since we came here we have had no matron to assist and we have done the work of superintendent and matron.

The Haskell Home was opened January 25, 1894, and incorporated November 4, 1898. We have no account just before us of its history since then, but are sure it has had capable management. The large building with a capacity of over a hundred wards burned down about four years ago and with it three precious lives. It was a pretty structure with modern conveniences. After that the number of children had to be greatly reduced. Another and smaller building was fitted up for use and here we are.

When we came we found Brother and Sister R. S. Owen in charge. For six years or more they had labored conscientiously to maintain a high moral and spiritual standard and they will be long remembered by the children whom they love and who greatly love them. When they come to make us a call it is a joyous sight to see the children run to meet them and greet them with kisses. We rejoice with them in this expression of love and respect. Whether we succeed in winning the same regard is for others to say.

The home had over seventy acres of land. This land has become very valuable

for city lots, being worth or selling, I am told, for \$1,000 an acre. About fifteen or twenty acres have already been sold and we are now grading the streets. Whoever sells lots is obliged to build the streets. This work is at present costing about \$50 a day and we have to issue checks for the same. We have large peach, plum, cherry, pear, and apple orchards, several acres of grapes and several of berries; gardens also. This season the corn land has been let out on shares. We are about to begin picking the cherries. The severe and early frosts cut down the strawberry crop and we have only enough for our own table use.

We said above that the work had been very hard. We have had four men at work about the place, which we oversee; three women in the house, also, to plan for and inspect the work—these to pay weekly. There being no matron to date, we have been father and mother and everything that has to do with a children's home. There are cut and bleeding feet to see to; hands to bandage; sickness to attend to; clothes to look after; foods to supply; boys' and girls' work to outline and assign, rooms to inspect three times a day, repairs to arrange for; see that the children attend school and behave there; write excuses; see that fires are made and fuel supplied; get all ready for Sabbath school by 9 a. m.; march with them down streets and back to service; have services in our assembly room every morning before breakfast; settle quarrels and troubles; baby the little ones; keep the grounds clean, and assist in about everything that a superintendent ought *not* to be obliged to do. But brighter days are coming. We wanted a Seventh Day Baptist matron and may secure one, but if not, there are plenty of Adventist women to be obtained.

The plan is to sell this valuable property and locate on another farm, building a new home with more modern conveniences.

We are glad to have the assistance of Miss Mamie Gunderson of Milton, Wis., who came to stay through vacation and be our assistant matron and have general oversight of the kitchen department and other parts of the home. Already she has won the hearts of our wards with her gentle ways. She will return to school in the fall.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg of the Sanitarium is president of the Board of Trustees and is

giving personal attention to our welfare. His wife and other ladies form a visiting committee that is doing very much for the home.

Our youngest child is not quite three years old, a girl, and the oldest is fifteen. It has been a grief to be obliged to turn away needy applicants. Twelve children have been refused admittance the past two weeks on account of our limited capacity. A sorrowful young mother with a baby girl of two years and boy of six came the other day and asked us to adopt her children. Her husband was dying in a hospital and she had no home or place to go with her children. But we were obliged to say no. Our orders were to receive no more wards. All this is pathetic. But we hope that the time will soon come when we can say to any needy one, Welcome.

Any one passing through Battle Creek is invited to come and see us.

Tract Society—Treasurer's Receipts for June, 1913.

Contributions to General Fund:	
Mrs. D. C. Waldo, Cambridge Springs, Pa.	\$ 1 00
Lucia M. Waldo, Cambridge Springs, Pa.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hardy, Portsmouth, Va.	5 00
Churches:	
Nile, N. Y. (Friendship Church)	24 77
Plainfield, N. J., Church	\$23 90
Sabbath School:	
General Fund	\$11 12
Boodschapper	8 85
	<u>19 97</u>
Roanoke, W. Va.	43 87
Fouke, Ark.	5 29
Independence, N. Y.	2 65
First Genesee, N. Y.	12 00
Woman's Executive Board	17 00
Shiloh, N. J.	38 00
Los Angeles, Cal.	35 00
	7 22
	<u>\$192 81</u>
Contributions on Debt for African Investigation:	
Miss E. L. Peckham, Petersburg, N. Y.	\$ 1 00
Mrs. Tamer Loofboro, Welton, Iowa	25 00
Ralph G. Jenkins, Walker, Wash.	5 00
Mrs. M. D. Ayars, Panama City, Fla.	6 00
Hornell, N. Y., Church	5 00
A Friend, Dunn's Corners, R. I.	15 00
Woman's Executive Board	5 00
	<u>62 00</u>
Income from Invested Funds:	
I. D. Titsworth Bequest	\$ 12 50
Sarah E. V. Stillman Bequest	12 50
I. H. York Bequest	3 00
George Bonham Bequest	3 00
Greenmanville, Conn., Church Fund	4 50
Mary P. Bentley Bequest	4 50
Relief A. Clark Bequest	24 00
E. Sophia Saunders Bequest	3 00
Susan E. Burdick Bequest	3 00
Sarah C. L. Burdick Bequest	3 00
Lois Babcock Bequest	1 50
Eliza M. Crandall Bequest	30 00
Martha G. Stillman Bequest	3 00
Elizabeth N. Maxson Bequest	1 50
A. Judson Wells Bequest	1 50
Deborah Randall Bequest	48 00
John G. Spicer Bequest	6 00
Parsonage Fund, Berlin, Wis.	6 75
George S. Greenman Bequest	3 75
Mary Rogers Berry Bequest	15 00
	<u>190 00</u>

Publishing House Receipts:	
RECORDER	\$122 68
Visitor	85 70
Helping Hand	65 59
Recorder Stock sold	117 38
Visitor Stock sold	5 42
Tracts	1 37
	<u>398 14</u>
	<u>\$842 95</u>

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer.

The Heaviest Cannonade Ever Heard in America.

In the July *American Magazine* the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, which comes on July 1, is celebrated with an unusual description of the battle by Edgar Allen Forbes. Mr. Forbes writes in part:

"The great hour of Gettysburg is at hand—the hour of the evening sacrifice. The cannoners on Seminary Ridge are grouped behind a hundred massed guns, facing another hundred on Cemetery Ridge, a mile distant. Pickett, his long black hair falling about his shoulders, rides up to Lee and reports that his division is ready. Longstreet also is there, moody and silent, but inwardly rebellious.

"An order from Alexander, chief of artillery, sends the cannoners to their posts behind the cruel engines of death. Two puffs of smoke and flame shoot out from the Washington Artillery, and the work of hell begins with solid shot and shell on both sides. For two long hours the overture continues in a deafening roar—the heaviest cannonading ever heard on the American continent."

"The fire of neither side does any serious harm to the sheltered infantry, but the shells scatter death and destruction among the batteries, where the sound of exploding caissons alone drowns the pitiful neighing of wounded horses. At 'the Bloody Angle' where Pickett's blow is to fall heaviest, here is what is happening:

"Lieutenant Cushing, of Battery A, Fourth U. S. Artillery, challenged the admiration of all who saw him. Three of his limbers were changed with the caisson limbers under fire. Several wheels were shot off his guns and replaced, till at last—severely wounded himself, his officers all killed or wounded, and with but cannoners enough to man a section—he pushed his gun to the fence, and was killed while serving his last canister into the ranks of the approaching enemy."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Two Little Boys.

The good little boy and the bad little boy
Both live in the house with me;
But it is quite strange—I can look and look,
Yet only one boy I see—
Just one little boy with sparkling eyes,
And the funniest pudgy nose,
All brimful of life from the top of his head
To the tips of ten stubby toes.

And yet there are two of him, I am sure,
For one is a bad little boy,
And I am so sorry that he lives here
To bother the good little boy;
Yes, pester and bother the good little boy
Till he sometimes drives him away;
And the bad little boy is alone with me
For the rest of the long, long day.

And I ask him to go for the good little boy
And bring him again to me;
And I take him up and I hold him close
While I talk to him lovingly;
And while I am talking he sometimes laughs,
But oftener far he cries—
And I see that the good little boy is back
As I look in the bad boy's eyes.
—Grace G. Crowell, in *Lutheran Observer*.

Some Wonderful Timepieces.

Frank had his first watch; a "dollar" watch to be sure, but he was pleased with it, and took it out every two minutes to find the time.

His father was very much amused to watch him and see his importance over the treasure he had so longed for.

"The dollar watch is quite a wonderful thing, my boy," he said one day when Frank as usual was seeing what time it was.

"When I was abroad last summer I heard a great deal of this Yankee invention. Fact is, we Americans have outdone even the Swiss, who have ever excelled in watch-making. It is our wonderful machinery, of course, that has made the dollar watch possible.

"But if America is in the lead in watch-making, it has no such wonderful clocks as I found in Germany and other foreign lands."

"Do tell me about the big clock that has people moving about in it. I've heard just a little about it," said Frank, all eagerness, forgetting about his own time-piece for a time.

"Well, this wonderful clock is at Strassburg and in a most beautiful church or cathedral that is very, very old. This building is built of stone, but is so airy and lacey one can scarcely believe it. Hundreds of people are there each day at twelve to see the wonderful clock that is in this cathedral, and the money gotten from them makes the church a fine income.

"This clock was made in 1574 and on the thirty-first day of each December it is wound.

"In the lower part of the clock is shown the movement of the stars, behind it is a calendar, above it are figures representing the gods for which the days of the week were formerly named. A small dial in the center tells the local time. On top of it are two figures, one of which strikes the quarters while the other turns every hour an hour-glass.

"And now for the wonderful part.

"There are figures which represent the ages of life and strike the parts of the hours, childhood, youth, manhood and old age. Death, in the form of a skeleton, strikes the full hour. Above it stands a full-sized figure of Christ, and on the stroke of twelve the twelve apostles appear and pass in front of their Master. When Peter appears the Saviour turns aside and the cock crows and flaps its wings; Satan then is seen and looks at Peter. A Roman sentinel watches the procession as it passes out, Judas being last, and Satan again is seen.

"It is all so marvelous one can scarcely believe it unless one has seen it with his very own eyes. Think of the patience and skill and the thousands of little wheels it took to make such a timepiece!

"In Nuremberg there is almost as fine a clock in the cathedral there. Every traveler makes an effort to be near when twelve o'clock comes to see this curious old clock with moving figures of Emperor Charles IV. and seven German men or electors, as they are called.

"When the hour comes the Emperor comes out and takes his seat. Seven men come out, one by one, saluting him as they pass, going around him three times. When they are gone two other figures come out and strike upon their swords and the Emperor also strikes upon his."

"Germany has more queer clocks than

any country in the world, I guess," Frank said, his eyes still full of wonder.

"Perhaps so," his father said. "But clocks and watches have always been things upon which men liked to work. Every museum has many odd, curious watches and clocks you would hardly recognize as timepieces. It took a long time to make clocks run smoothly and to keep good time. Our own Franklin, of whom you have studied, spent a good deal of time 'tinkering' with clocks. Eli Terry, a shrewd fellow from Connecticut, made wooden clocks with a saw and a common pocket knife and built up an enormous business. But America is now at the front in the making of time-pieces, even if we do not have any such clocks as I saw in the cities of Strassburg and Nuremberg."—*Baptist Boys and Girls*.

The Man Who Couldn't Let Go.

Walking on the street one day he saw a wire lying on the ground. Without thinking much about it, he stooped to pick it up. That was natural enough; why shouldn't he? It seemed harmless, to be sure, but when he grasped it he couldn't let go. He tried to, but he couldn't. It was a "live wire." A strong current of electricity was running through it. It was burning him cruelly and he cried out with the pain. His whole body was writhing in distress. But his hands still gripped the wire, and when men came running to help him, they had to drag him away from it by force.

That is one of the dangers of a live wire. If you once lay hold of it you can not let go, no matter how much it is hurting you. I know a boy who grasped a live wire a while ago and it is hurting him cruelly. But he doesn't let go. He says he can't, even though his mother and father are begging him to and the doctor says it will kill him if he doesn't. The live wire is the cigarette.

The boy is only sixteen years old, but he is a slave. When he began smoking, he was holding the wire; but now it is holding him. He has a weak heart already, poisoned by tobacco. He has to give up some of the sports he loves because of it and he knows it is killing him. Yet he is clinging to it still, smoking every day, and nobody can stop him. If he were holding

a live wire he might be dragged away from it, but no one can compel him to drop the cigarette.

You can see what habit is. We say a boy "has a habit." But after a while the habit has the boy. The only way to be safe with a live wire is never to touch it. And the cigarette is a live wire.—*Rev. Frank T. Bailey, in the Congregationalist*.

The Saddest Roll Call in the Iron Brigade's History.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg is celebrated in the July *American Magazine* with a remarkable description of the Battle of Gettysburg by Edgar Allen Forbes entitled "Gettysburg—A Heritage." The battle, as all remember, lasted three days and at the end of the first day the situation was favorable to the Confederate army. Mr. Forbes summarizes the result of the first day as follows:

"It is all over now, and Gettysburg is in the hands of the Southern army. Here on Cemetery Ridge, with the shadows of the tombstones lengthening as the sun goes down, the Iron Brigade lines up for the saddest roll-call in its history. Of three of its regiments that bore the brunt of the attack, the Twenty-fourth Michigan has 97 men left; under the flag of the Nineteenth Indiana stand only 78, and but 69 men of the Second Wisconsin answer to their names. These are all that is left—not one company to a regiment.

"Here is the beautiful flag that Detroit gave to the Twenty-fourth Michigan as it left for the front; now it is so riddled and torn that it is 'unfit for further service,' and is going back to the city that gave it. Of the eight successive color-bearers who carried this flag during the day, seven lie out yonder in the woods—four of them dead. Twice during the fight, Colonel Morrow took it in his own hands; there it was when a ball struck him down, and he is now a wounded prisoner. A private grasped the flag as the colonel fell, and went on; then the colors disappeared. When the captain commanding the regiment at length found them, the bearer was lying upon his face, still grasping the flag."

"Every experience in life may be a school for the teaching of Christlikeness."

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE,
Contributing Editor.

LESSON II.—JULY 12.

MOSES PREPARED FOR HIS WORK.

Lesson Text.—Exod. ii, 11-25; Acts vii, 17-29;
Heb. xi, 23-27.

Golden Text.—“Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.” Matt. v, 5.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Gen xxiv, 10-27.

Second-day, Gal. I, 11-24.

Third-day, I Sam. xvii, 25-40.

Fourth-day, I Kings xix, 1-14.

Fifth-day, Acts vii, 17-29.

Sixth-day, Heb. xi, 17-31.

Sabbath-day, Exod. ii, 11-25.

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

Churches and Public Schools Co-operate.

REV. ALVA L. DAVIS.

The thirty-third annual convention of the Colorado State Sunday School Association closed at Greeley, Colo., June 8, 1913. We were glad to have three Seventh Day Baptists in attendance,—Mrs. W. F. Church, Mrs. D. M. Andrews, and the pastor of the Boulder Church.

Several things conspired to make this a very strong convention. In the first place, the convention was taken to the people, three great conventions being held instead of one. It opened at Grand Junction, Colo., June 2-4; at La Junta, June 4-6; closing at Greeley, June 6-8. This gave a far larger attendance than would otherwise have been possible, greatly reduced the expense of delegates, and made possible the concentration of speakers of national fame in a state-wide campaign of religious education.

Another important feature was the practical, up-to-date work of the convention. A convention school was conducted the first two days, at 8.30 a. m., and 4.15 p. m. The school was thoroughly organized, with Mrs. Jean F. Webb as principal, assisted by a corps of efficient instructors for the various sections. These sections were the elementary, training, mission, association officers' and pastors' sections. Delegates registered in the section of their choice and received credit for attendance and work done.

Still another helpful feature of the con-

vention was a model graded training-school session, under the direction of Dr. Harris Franklin Rall of Denver. This occupied an entire evening. It opened with a lecture by Prof. Walter S. Athearn of Drake University. After the lecture the convention broke up into classes as follows: elementary workers and mothers of little children; workers with teen-age girls; workers with teen-age boys; workers with senior classes; workers with adult classes; teachers of training classes; superintendents and officers, and pastors. Three fourths of an hour was spent in the classes, after which the convention reassembled, closing with questions and answers.

I wish space permitted me to give you a synopsis of some of the good things said. The following subjects and speakers will give you some idea of the program: “The Mental Life of the Teen-Age Boys and Girls,” “The Physical Life of the Teen-Age Boys and Girls,” “The Spiritual Life of the Teen-Age Boys and Girls,” “The Bible as an Elective in the High Schools of Colorado,” “The Bible and Childhood,” “The Books and the Book,” “The Men of America for the Man of Galilee,” “The Call to Service.” Among the speakers were John L. Alexander, Wm. C. Pearce, International Superintendent, Dr. Franklin Rall, Mrs. E. P. Costigan, Prof. Walter S. Athearn and Miss Maude A. Price of Kansas.

Professor Athearn says the American people have settled two things, namely, that our children shall be educated in the public schools and that the Bible shall not be taught there. Without a doubt that seems to be the verdict. This makes the religious instruction of our children a grave and difficult problem. But like many other great reformatory and progressive movements, the solution of this problem was born *in the West*, in this instance in Colorado, in the brain of a woman. It has the enthusiastic endorsement of men like Wm. C. Pearce, Prof. Walter S. Athearn, and John L. Alexander. In brief the plan has been formulated something like this: The State Sunday School Association (and many of the counties) has a Committee on College and High School Work. Through the efforts of this committee and the State Education Department arrangements have been perfected whereby young men and young women in the colleges and high

schools may pursue courses in Bible study in their own church and receive credit for the same in the college or high school. The requirements are that the course of study shall be approved by the state department, and that the teacher of the class shall have a training at least equal to the A. B. degree.

This plan is now being worked successfully in some parts of Colorado; it is beyond the experimental stage. In Greeley splendid work is being done, and a Seventh Day Baptist, Mrs. W. F. Church, is a teacher of one of such classes in the Baptist church. So popular has this work become there that a large class of Catholic girls in Teachers' College asked the priest to organize such a class for them, and—it was granted.

A Sabbath School Picnic Plan.

The Bible-school picnics had become a bore. The children did not beg for them, and the older people groaned at thought of them. Mid-summer in the Bible-school was a trying time at best, and with the appetite gone for the regular picnic the teachers were in a quandary as to the best way to keep the school in a flourishing condition.

A special meeting was called, and many plans talked of; but the only one that met with any support was to divide the school into groups and let the classes combine for outings of various kinds. This made the teachers personally responsible for giving their classes a good time. The cause of past failures in the picnic line was the lack of coöperation. The “faithful few” had tried to do the work of many, and had grown discouraged.

Breaking the school up into small sections gave each teacher a definite work, and eager little groups following the dismissal of the teachers' meetings showed that a division of labor was likely to have a wholesome effect.

Three teachers combined forces and decided to go to the home of one of them for a hay-ride picnic. The ages of the pupils in these three classes ranged from three years up to eighteen. About half the number were young ladies and the other half were members of the infant and primary departments. On the face of it, it looked like a queer combination, but it

proved a good one, for each young lady took charge of a little one on the hay-ride, and mothers felt perfectly safe about their little ones going. Such a jolly ride as they had,—after the driver had placed his load so the precious babies were surrounded by the older ones! A drive of two miles brought them to the picnic grounds. Workers had been busy hiding little nests of the wild carrot in various hedges and bushes. In the nests candy eggs of many colors had been placed, and one of the first things was a hunt for birds'-nests. Enough candy was kept in reserve so that the babies who were too little to find a full share did not miss their treat. The older girls conducted the hunt, and during the whole afternoon forgot themselves in their efforts to entertain the children.

To hear the little folks play “Want to buy a rooster?” was worth all the trouble the afternoon made. “Can he crow?” must be asked after this all-important question. “He can crow,” lisped back the baby voices, and when all had determined to buy a rooster each baby must flap his or her arms and imitate the barnyard favorite. It was immensely funny.

Supper was served on the lawn, and the children were arranged in groups of from four to six around large boards that served as both table and plate. The older pupils waited on them and saw that each had a full share of the good things that came out of baskets and boxes. The hostess furnished nice “pink” lemonade made bright with grape juice.

As the picnic was from three until seven o'clock it was not wearisome, and each minute was filled with special entertainment. No one was overtired, not a whimper from the little folks, and the youngest are still pointing to “the picnic woman” when they see her on the street. Other classes had just as good a time, and an “experience meeting” later on brought all the teachers together with reports of the many plans that proved successful in carrying out this new idea.—*S. S. Times*.

“It does not greatly matter what else is happening to us in life, if only we are growing like Christ.”

“All the power of the divine Christ is promised to those who would live his life over again.”

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Ashaway Boy Scouts' Vacation.

The Ashaway troop of the Boy Scouts, which was organized a year ago last April and which since that time has been doing quiet but effective work in the interest of the organization and its members, is to go into camp this year at Schoolhouse pond, near the old meeting-house in Charlestown, from the seventh to the twentieth of July. The fifteen youngsters who are planning to enjoy the outing will be in charge of Rev. H. C. Van Horn, scout-master, who will in all probability be assisted by Leverett Briggs. Each of the boys will pay \$2 toward helping to defray the expenses of the two weeks' outing, while the rest of the expenses incurred will be met from the general fund of the organization and money raised by the ladies of the Ashaway Seventh Day Baptist Church, who are to give a social for the benefit of the lads this week.

The troop is to make the trip on foot, hiking from Ashaway to Burdickville, where they will prepare their lunch and after having passed the noonday meal will resume their journey on to the camp grounds, where the members of the two patrols will set up their own tents and get everything in readiness for their fortnight's sojourn. To one unfamiliar with the long tramps of the members of the Ashaway troop during the past year, the distance would seem a bit too far, but the young fellows are accustomed to such jaunts and will no doubt make a good showing by the time they have reached their destination late in the day.

The members of the troop, who have been well schooled in the Boy Scout movement, are anticipating the time of their lives, but are aware of the fact that during their stay at the pond they are to be under strict discipline, all of which may seem a little severe at a time like this, but which is fine training for the youngsters, nevertheless. The boys will cook their own meals, assisted by the scout-master and assistants, and will take turns at the work, one patrol having charge one day and the other the following day.

The luggage of the troop, which will be carried in a wagon, will consist of the tents, blankets, such things as are actually needed for camping purposes, and for the members of the party themselves.—*Westerly Sun.*

Sing not to rest or slumber beneath the passing shadows of doubt. To sink, to sleep, is not thy destination; but to wake, to rise. Rise then to the glorious pursuit of truth; connect with it the work of self-purification; open thy mind to heavenly hope; aspire to the life everlasting! Count it not a strange thing that thou hast difficulties and doubts. Well has it been said that he who never doubted, never believed. Shrink not and be not afraid, when that cloud passeth over thee. Through the cloud, still press onward. Only be assured of this, and with this assurance be of courage; God made thee to believe.—*Orville Dewey.*

Do not look on your work as a dull duty. If you choose you can make it interesting. Throw your heart into it, master its meaning, trace out the causes and previous history, consider it in all its bearings, think how many even the humblest labor may benefit, and there is scarcely one of our duties which we may not look to with enthusiasm. You will get to love your work, and if you do it with delight you will do it with ease. Even if at first you find this impossible, if for a time it seems mere drudgery, this may be just what you require; it may be good like mountain air to brace up your character.—*Lord Avebury.*

In this matter of the life to come, when I have thought and thought and sometimes become dazed with thinking, I turn to Christ; I see how his teachings are alive with this feeling of immortality; how he could never think of death except as a falling asleep or as going to the Father. There I finally rest. Humanity at its highest, where it seems consciously to touch the divine, utters the same thought, which speaks in the dumb instincts of human nature at its lowest, that man is to live again.—*Herford.*

"We ought to go with any man in the effort to bring about justice and the equality of opportunity."

MARRIAGES

STILLMAN-LOBDELL—On June 18, 1913, in Friendship, N. Y., at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Lobdell, by Eld. G. P. Kenyon of Richburg, N. Y., Mr. Thomas B. Stillman of Wirt, N. Y., and Miss Reba Esta Lobdell, of Friendship, N. Y.

EYERLY-MAXSON—At the residence of B. P. Patterson, brother-in-law of the bride, in North Loup, Valley Co., Neb., on June 24, 1913, by the Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Ethel Grace Maxson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Maxson of Gentry, Ark., and Elwin Ford Eyerly of North Loup.

DEATHS

CLARK—Charles C. Clarke died at his home in Walworth, Wis., May 14, 1913, in the eightieth year of his age.

He was born in Unadilla Forks, N. Y., December 1, 1833, being the eldest son of Dr. Harry Clarke, and his third wife, Lorinda Coon Clarke. When he was about four years of age, his parents removed to Chicago and after two years again moved, coming to Walworth.

On January 1, 1856, Mr. Clarke was united in marriage to Mary B. Sherburne of Walworth. Thus Mr. and Mrs. Clarke had lived together fifty-seven years, and to them both they were wondrously happy years. Their life has been spent in Walworth, Chicago, Rockton, Milton Junction and, finally, in the old home community.

While the Rev. L. E. Livermore, pastor of the Walworth Seventh Day Baptist Church, was holding revival services, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke came from Rockton to attend these meetings, and it was then that Mr. Clarke gave his heart to God, was baptized, March 4, 1876, and soon thereafter joined the Church. While living at Milton Junction his membership was transferred to the Seventh Day Baptist church there, but later on, returning to make his home in Walworth, his membership was returned to the Walworth church.

Mrs. Clarke and four brothers—B. F. Clarke, of New York, O. P. and F. J. of Walworth, and Milton J. of Janesville, and a host of relatives and friends are left lonely and sad because Uncle Charlie is gone, but we all rejoice in the memory of a noble life.

Mr. Charles C. Clarke lived among his fellows an honored citizen, a successful business man, a Christian gentleman and in his home, a cheery, helpful, hopeful, loving companion.

Funeral services were held Sabbath morning, May 17, in the church and were largely attended, many relatives and friends coming from a distance. The body was laid to rest in the Walworth Cemetery. The words of Paul express the characteristics of Mr. Clark's life:

"In love of the brethren tenderly affectioned; . . . in diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit;

serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing steadfastly in prayer; communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality." H. E. B.

SHERMAN—Laverna Octavia Sherman was born in Chicago, Ill., February 4, 1902, and died of spinal meningitis in the same city, June 2, 1913.

As suggested by her name, Octavia, she was the youngest of eight children born to George W. and Louisa Wagner Sherman. This is the first break that has come in this large family circle. A week before her death she was in the public school. Medical skill was helpless before the progress of her disease.

She was a happy, unselfish child, the pet of the family and the sunshine of the home. She loved the Bible and understood the way of salvation. With two of her brothers, she expected soon to be baptized. No one who knew her can doubt that the offering of her heart was accepted of our Father in heaven. A blessing in her life, she has been a blessing in her passing on, pointing the way to a closer communion with God and nobler living.

Services were conducted at the home, 5488 East End Avenue, June 4, by Pastor L. C. Randolph of Milton. Text, Job 1, 21: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." L. C. B.

STEARNS—At the early dawn, on June 9, 1913, at the home of her son-in-law, W. W. Crittenden, in Oswayo, Pa., occurred the death of Mary Sardinia Wells Stearns. She was born in Alfred, N. Y., February 24, 1823, and was the daughter of John and Polly (Potter) Wells.

When Sardinia was nine years old she came with her parents to Oswayo, Potter Co., Pa., where she spent almost her entire life. In early life, while a student in Alfred Academy, she formed a lasting friendship with Melissa Ward, who afterward became the wife of Pres. William C. Kenyon, and with Abigail Maxson, who married Pres. Jonathan Allen. For seven years she taught school, beginning before she was fifteen years of age. On April 3, 1844, she was united in marriage with Mr. Isaac Pearce of Oswayo. To them were born six children, three of whom are still living: Mrs. Mary A. Lovell, Stockton, Kan., Mrs. Rose Andrews, Allegany, N. Y., and Mrs. Flora B. Crittenden of Oswayo, with whom she made her home for many years. She leaves, besides her children, ten grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren to mourn their loss.

In 1883 she was married to John Hurlburt and moved to Center Village, N. Y., where they lived four years, until his death. She then returned to Oswayo and lived with her daughter until 1889, when she married Consider Stearns of Coudersport, Pa. He died in 1895, since which time she lived in Oswayo, where she died.

At an early age she found the Saviour and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church, in which she was a faithful member to the end. "Aunt Sardinia," as she was familiarly called, was a great worker all her life. She retained her mind to the end. She was for many years active in church work. The First Hebron

Church, for years without a pastor, looked forward with pleasure to the times when this helpful sister would visit its religious gatherings and bring her message of love and Christian fellowship.

The funeral was attended by a large company of friends, and the services were conducted by Rev. G. P. Kenyon, on June 11. His text was, "I have finished my course."

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

GREENE.—At the home of his son-in-law, John I. Goodrich, in North Loup, Neb., on June 9, 1913. Philo Greene, in the seventy-first year of his age.

He was the son of Lorenzo Greene, who was the son of Ethan Greene. His mother was Orrilla Jones. He was born April 7, 1843, near Adams Center, Jefferson Co., N. Y. On May 2, 1863, he was married to Sarah A. Crandall, of Oswego Co., N. Y. In 1872 the family removed to Hall Co., Neb., and in 1890 to North Loup, Valley Co., Neb.

More than fifty years ago he professed faith in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and was baptized by Rev. James Summerbell, becoming a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church at Adams Center, N. Y. When he came to North Loup to live, he removed his church membership to the church here, where he was a member at the time of his death.

Mrs. Sarah Green died in 1901. His only daughter, Mrs. Cora Goodrich, died in 1911. He leaves a son, Jason D. Greene, and quite a large group of grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. He is also survived by a sister, Mrs. Lucy Crandall of North Loup, who is now alone of the nine children born to Lorenzo and Orrilla Greene.

Early in the Civil War he enlisted in the 94th New York Infantry. After being discharged from this regiment he reenlisted in the 24th Cavalry of the same State. He was in forty-two battles, but the last battle is now passed. The burial was at North Loup. G. B. S.

BOND.—Ira Bond, son of William and Mary Ann Kelley Bond, was born in Indiana on April 2, 1853.

He was the fifth of six children, five sons and one daughter, four of whom are still living. In 1855 his family moved to Minnesota. When he was thirteen years of age, the family again removed to West Virginia, and some time later to Ohio. From Ohio he went to Garwin, Iowa, where he spent about five years. Then two years were spent at Humboldt, Neb., nine years at Dighton, Kan., three years at Nortonville, Kan., three years in Wisconsin, about nine years in Arkansas, and two years at Pardee, Kan., where he died, May 31, 1913, at 9.30 p. m. He only lacked one and one half hours of dying ex-

actly four years later, to the day and hour, than his brother, Preston R. Bond.

While at Garwin, Iowa, he was married to Alma E. Babcock, January 1, 1882. To this union were born seven children, four sons and three daughters, all of whom are living. The loved wife and mother departed this life July 22, 1906, at Gentry, Ark.

When fifteen years old he made a public profession of his faith in Christ and was baptized at Lost Creek, W. Va., by Rev. S. D. Davis, uniting with the Seventh Day Baptist church at that place. In all his movings from place to place he remained true to that faith, and although he carried a letter for years from the Lost Creek Church, he never united with any other.

The funeral services were held from the home, Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. M. B. Kelly. The body was taken to Gentry, Ark., to be buried by the side of his wife. M. B. K.

RANDOLPH.—Samantha Bond Randolph was born in June, 1834, near Lost Creek, W. Va., and died June 13, 1913, at Rockford, two miles above Lost Creek, aged nearly 79 years.

She was a convert to the Christian faith at the age of 18 years and joined the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1852. In 1860, at the age of 26, she was married to Madison Randolph. To them were born six children, three of whom remain, namely, Eli Randolph, Lee Randolph and Mrs. Amelia Davis. She had well learned the principles of the heavenly kingdom. Her loving care and domestic service were with noble womanly grace and faithfulness. She was ever interested in the great work and labor of divine love as carried on by the church and was gladly giving it her personal encouragement by her presence when circumstances permitted her to attend. These sixty years she has been one of the consecrated Christian characters, held in high respect of her neighbors. M. G. S.

BOND.—Cecil Bond, son of Lee Bond, died at his father's residence in Salem, W. Va., June 20, 1913, of tuberculosis of the lungs, being a few days over the age of 25 years and 4 months.

This family is of the Quiet Dell (W. Va.) group of Bonds who came to that vicinity early in the history of our people in West Virginia. Prominent among them was Abel Bond of firm faith and liberal hospitality in those days of a hundred years ago. Cecil Bond and his father are some of the descendants who were born in Quiet Dell. While these people have held firmly to our faith in the cause of the Sabbath, the days of Cecil Bond were mostly spent so far from church privileges that he had not the most desirable advantages for spiritual growth, and this would partly account for his lack of freedom in church services in these recent years. He had good Christian teaching and example of his parents, and gave expression to them of faith and reconciliation in leaving the friends and kindred for the future life beyond. He leaves a wife, his parents and sister to mourn their loss. Their only child died in March, 1912.

The parents being members of the Lost Creek Church, and from the fact that Salem and Lost Creek pastors were on exchange that Sabbath,

the funeral service was held at the residence by Pastor M. G. Stillman. The burial was in the I. O. O. F. Cemetery. M. G. S.

LEWIS.—Mrs. Sarah M. Saunders Lewis, daughter of William M. and Sally Place Saunders, and Widow of Amos C. Lewis, M. D., was born in Alfred, N. Y., July 1, 1843, and died at her home there, June 27, 1913.

In young womanhood she was received into the membership of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred. Excepting some twenty years at Fordham Heights, N. Y., where Doctor Lewis died in 1901, her life was spent in the town of her birth. A. E. M.

Boys Who Made Great Men.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that he would make a man for an emergency. He did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" And he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great philosopher.—*Teacher's Magazine.*

A little girl wrote the following essay on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas and girls are women that will be ladies by and by. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and he made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Women was then made, and she has never rested since.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

John Barleycorn! The Illinois lower house gave John another jolt last week when it passed the residence district bill, and also the University of Illinois bill to make Champaign and Urbana permanently dry. With the Hearst papers cutting out the whisky advertisements, the *Saturday Evening Post* publishing Jack London's serial, "John Barleycorn," and Collier's frequent shots in paragraph and cartoon, the liquor traffic has more enemies than it ever had before. The day is coming when old John Barleycorn will be extradited from the United States.—*The Standard.*

Do you know a book that you are willing to put under your head for a pillow when you lie dying? Very well; that is the book you want to study while you are living. There is but one such book in the world.—*Joseph Cook.*

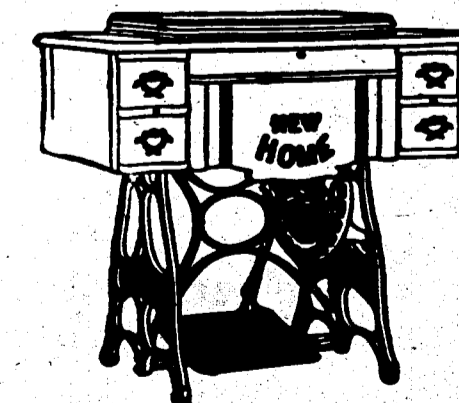
"Whatever station I hold in the church, my example must influence others. If I stay away why may not they?"

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

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. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d St.

Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services at the home of Mrs. Lucy Sweet, 17th and Cedar Streets, at 10.30 a. m. Prayer meetings Sabbath eve at 7.30.

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, 198 N. Washington Ave.

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

Seventh Day Baptists planning to spend the winter in Florida, and who will be in Daytona, are cordially invited to attend the Sabbath-school services which are held during the winter season at the several homes of members.

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Theo. L. Gardner, D. D., Editor.

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

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Per copy05

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I have seen ten thousand visions of Christ, but never yet have I seen *him*. But there is a day coming when I shall see him as he is; not as I have fancied him to be, not as my heart paints him, nor as my wants interpret him, but *as he is*. In that illustrious day he shall be the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely.—*Beecher.*

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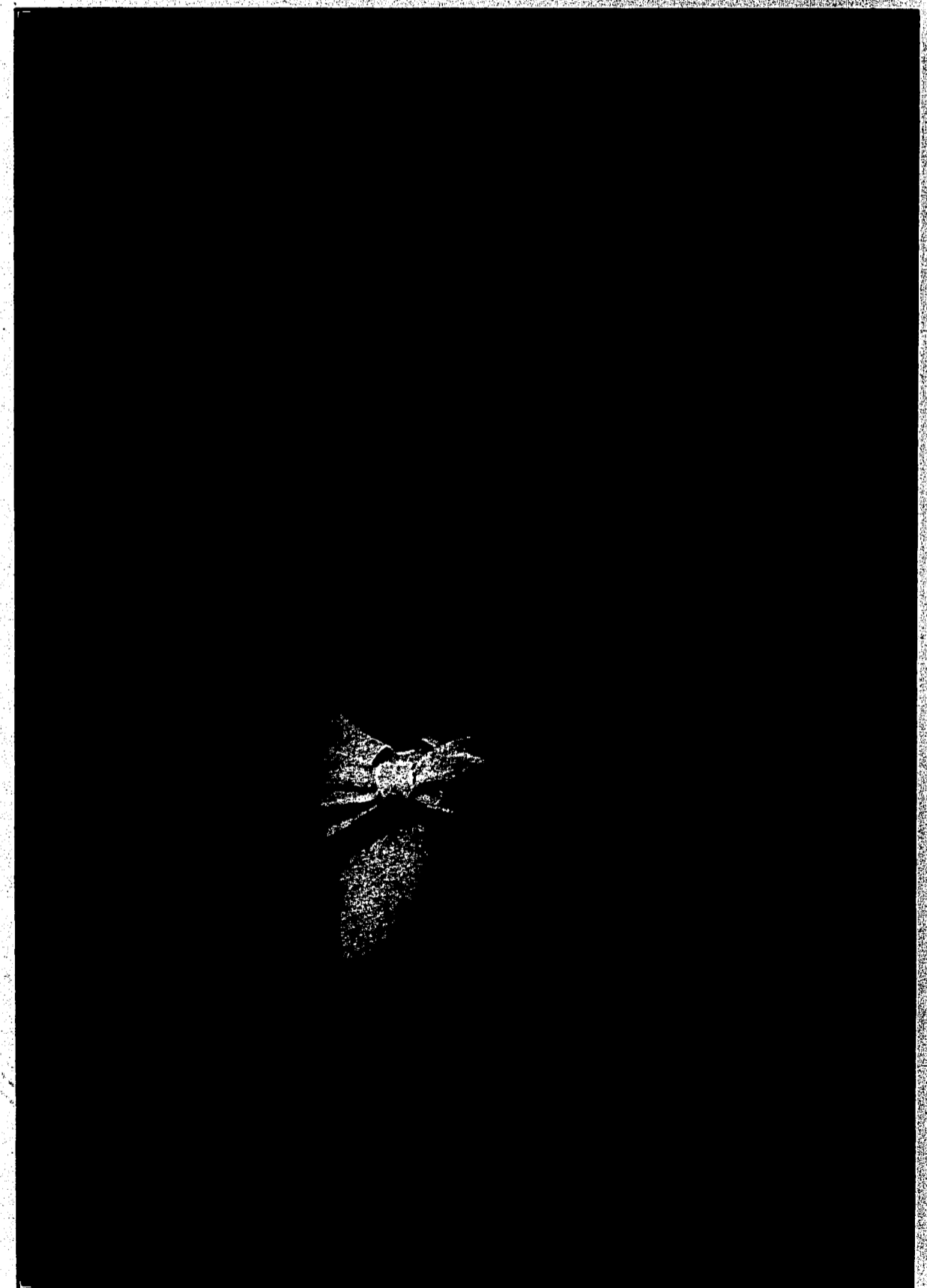


The **SABBATH VISITOR**, PLAINFIELD
NEW JERSEY

Vol. 75, No. 2.

July 14, 1913

The Sabbath Recorder



PRES. CHARLES B. CLARK, M. S., M. A., Ph. D.