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The SABBATH VISITOR, PLAINFIELD
NEW JERSEY

The Sabbath Recorder

THE Sabbath is connected, integrally and productively, with the religious life of the world. It is certain to come out into clearness as this life is quickened, and to be dishonored, in one or another way, as this life loses its vigor. The great movements which elevate the race spiritually surge around this day, and the word for which it furnishes a point of contact with the race. Historically, whenever it is either idolized or neglected, God is dishonored and faith is languid. The connection between the faithful prevalence of pure and undefiled religion and the faithful appreciation of this day can not be destroyed. It was bounded from the busy week by him who made man and knows his wants. If there were no positive commandments sustaining it this would be enough. The commandment is to be prized as giving us augmented aid in gathering into our hearts and lives the blessings with which it is stored.—*Rev. S. C. Leonard.*

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The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., AUGUST 4, 1913.

WHOLE NO. 3,570.

The Effect of Our Words.

A story is told of a rich nobleman, a skeptic, who was being shown the famous Wedgwood potteries in England. A little boy was the proprietor's helper, who listened attentively to the offhand, objectionable remarks of the visitor against religion. At first the boy seemed puzzled, then he began to smile, and finally laughed outright at some of the skeptic's witty sayings.

When the boy had gone, Mr. Wedgwood showed an exquisite vase to the visitor, and then gave it a knock that topped it over and dashed it to pieces on the ground. The man exclaimed, "That was unpardonable carelessness; I wished to purchase that for my collection, but nothing can restore it now." Then Mr. Wedgwood proceeded to show the meaning of his costly object-lesson. He reminded the nobleman of the fact that the boy who had been listening to his words came into the world pure and innocent. His mother and loved ones had taken pains for years to lead him in right ways and to make him a vessel fit for the Master's use. And now, by the touch of the nobleman's infidelity the work of years had been undone. This was a new thought to the skeptic. He stood for a moment as one surprised, and reaching out to take Mr. Wedgwood's hand, exclaimed, "Sir, I beg your pardon. I never stopped to think of the effect of my words."

If this man had been giving direct instruction to the boy, if he had been acting the part of a teacher presenting precepts which he desired the boy to remember, he would undoubtedly have taken into account the effect of his words, and it is probable that he would have been more careful. We forget that the effect of our words does not depend upon their being given in formal and positive instruction. Often the casual use of words affect the heart most deeply, even when spoken to another. In the home, for instance, the conversation between grown persons, to which children listen, sometimes has a more powerful influence over them than do the words directly addressed to them.

No matter how proper and impressive the direct instruction in the home may be on special occasion, it is after all the ordinary talk that tells. It is this that really makes the home atmosphere, and by its constant, unconscious force molds the susceptible minds. It is a great thing to live surrounded by little ears that are ever on the alert to catch the expressions of their superiors and cherish the spirit of the words they hear. We read, "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned," but we must not forget that, through the molding and directing influences of our words, others also shall be justified or condemned.

Needs of the Fouke School.

In this RECORDER will be found an account of the action of the Fouke Seventh Day Baptist Church regarding the school there. Mr. Randolph's health compels him to give up the work, and he is willing to turn everything over to the church for school purposes so long as the school is supported. An appeal is being made for volunteers who will give their time to this good work. Thus far this is the plan upon which the teachers at Fouke have been secured. Consecrated young people who wish to do good have given a year or more to this service. It is just missionary work with no remuneration excepting the consciousness of having done what they could for the Master. The railroad fares are paid and board is given free. Those who have helped in this work have greatly enjoyed it, and at the end of each year they have felt that their time was well spent. The young people there would have to give up school work if no school were to be held this year. This is especially true of the high school pupils, since there is no suitable school within reach.

Mrs. Nancy Davis Smith, a graduate of Salem College, who gave her time in this work, writes: "But I know we will have the school. I know there are young men and young women in our denomination who will be willing to give one year to the

work. But we do not want them unless they feel that God wants them to do this, and that they are working for him." "In the years I have been here," writes Mrs. Smith, "it does seem wonderful how God has helped us. Sometimes it would seem as though we would have to give up for want of teachers, but we have always found some ready to respond to the call; and I feel sure that if we ask aright, our prayers will be answered this year."

Here, then, is an open door for some of our consecrated young people to enter and do a blessed work. The call comes like the Macedonian cry that Paul heard, and we do hope some loving children of God may see the vision as Paul did and respond to the call. Three teachers are wanted at Fouke. The burden will be laid upon the hearts of our young people at Conference, and we shall be disappointed if there are not those who are ready to say, "Lord, here am I; send me."

Pivotal Hours.

There come times in the history of each one when destiny seems to hang as on a pivot, ready to turn one way or the other, and whichever way the turn is made settles once for all the future. Most of us can recall such a point in our own lives. It was one where decisions were made which turned us into paths so different from those in which we had hitherto walked, that now as we look back upon the pivotal hour we seem to have made a complete right-about face.

Not long ago I read of one of these turning-points in life that greatly interested me. It was on a bitter winter night many years ago. Two persons stood on the city street earnestly talking together. One was a faithful Christian worker, and the other was a young man from the country, who had gone to the city to earn his living, but who was in great danger of falling a victim to the saloon and the dance hall. For an hour they stood in the cold and frost, with the snow blowing in their faces, while the Christian pleaded with the young man to give his heart to God. "Now is the time," said he, "and God is calling you, through my words, to decide." At length the young man said, "I will decide for God tonight. I will give myself to the Master's service." That promise was faithfully kept. He

not only became a Christian, but he prepared for the gospel ministry, and won nearly two thousand to Christ. All his long and honored life-work was started in that pivotal hour on the street corner, when he made the important decision. Oh, how much depends upon the choices of a single hour! Had this man gone on in the pathway of evil until hardened in sin and with habits fixed, probably he would never have been saved. Then the influences of his life would have been bad, and others would have been led astray by him. No knowing what evil influences he would have started, to lead men to ruin.

Again, who can estimate the good that may come from one hour's work by a true disciple whose heart is set on winning souls to Christ? This hour's work on the street corner set on foot the influences that saved many from lives of sin, even before the death of the one who was brought to Jesus. And the work does not cease when this one dies. Many whom he brought in have, in turn, become soul-winners, and eternity alone can reveal the full harvest. A teacher spends a little time winning a boy in a shoe store to Jesus. It proves to be the pivotal hour in the boy's life, and from it D. L. Moody goes forth to turn thousands to the Saviour. A pastor calls a young man to his study for a confidential talk of half an hour, and out from that study goes forth one who has a new vision of life and duty. That was the turning-point that started him on the road to the ministry. Many souls were won, and thousands were helped and strengthened by the services he was able, under God, to render to his fellowmen. A young Christian, in revival time, seeks out a friend who is well started on the wrong road, and by careful and prayerful effort brings him to the foot of the cross. Then and there is a turning-point in life which takes a man from the downward road to death, and places him on the upward road to life and peace. The diameter of the moral universe lies between the endings of these two roads. There is the difference between heaven and hell for the soul thus turned from wrong to right.

What a blessed work this winning men to Christ is! It is strange that so few are willing to consecrate their lives to a work that enables them to save souls from death and to hide a multitude of sins.

Forcythe Wilson.

But few SABBATH RECORDER readers will know who is referred to by Mrs. M. E. H. Everett in her little poem on another page, entitled "Forcythe Wilson." Old Alfred students of fifty years ago will remember him as a promising young poet who died while a student in Alfred University. For many terms after his death Mr. Wilson was referred to most tenderly by old students. We have heard President Allen, in his chapel talks, speak of him in tender terms of appreciation. Some of our older readers will enjoy Mrs. Everett's reference to this gifted one who "dropped the lyre, just as he caught the magic to sweep its strings with fire."

It Will Make for Unity.

Last week we urged the churches to send their pastors to Conference on the ground that, as churches, they could not afford to lose the blessing their pastors could bring back to them after being filled with the spirit of such a gathering of God's people. Now, just a word about the denominational-wide blessing that should come if every pastor could meet with the boards and the workers in Conference, hear all reports, listen to the reasons advanced for every measure proposed, and participate in the work of formulating plans. First, each pastor can be a help in all these matters. The Conference needs his counsels, his prayers, and his coöperation if the best results are to be obtained. The boards greatly need all the data they can secure from every part of the land, as to real conditions, as to the sentiment of the people in various sections, and as to their ability to stand by the work with means. There is nothing like a face to face consultation between people of all communities to bring them together and enable them to see eye to eye, and then to take hold of the work with singleness of purpose. There is nothing like personal acquaintance to bind Christian workers together and make them real yokefellows in the Lord's work.

Where pastors are isolated, and, as church leaders, seldom or never meet their brethren in the annual convocations in which plans are made, and where work is laid out for all lines of endeavor, how can they be expected to stand in full accord

with the workers? How can they be expected to enter fully into the spirit of the denomination, and to help their people stand by the boards as they should? For the sake of unity, if for nothing more, every pastor should be sent to Conference.

"And Become as Little Children."

Jesus said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." We place great stress upon the matter of being converted in order to become members of God's kingdom. This is well; but why should we forget so often the rest of Christ's words, "And become as little children"? The one who humbles himself and becomes like a little child is spoken of as not merely in the kingdom, but *greatest* in the kingdom.

This is true in many respects, but in none more so than in the matter of trusting God in time of trouble. Too often we do not trust him at all when matters get in a tangle, but go on worrying and fretting as if there were no heavenly Father to help us and to give grace and strength.

No wonder we are such weaklings in matters of faith! We do not cultivate the Christian qualities that make for greatness in faith-life. When a little child at play gets its strings in a tangle and finds the snarl growing worse at every move, instead of pulling at the strings with wry face and ruffled temper, it runs to mamma with the trouble, and soon all is well. Why can't we be more like the child and take our troubles to our Father when things go wrong?

Reprinted.

On page 84 in the SABBATH RECORDER of two weeks ago is a letter, "To All Churches of the State of New York." One word was omitted in the copy sent to us, and although the article printed follows this copy, it nevertheless says exactly what the writers did not wish to say. The word "unwise" in the sixth item of the letter is added in the article as reprinted today. Read it again and you will see what was intended to be said in the article as first given. The correction did not reach us in time for last week's issue, so we give the whole matter again to our readers.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

St. Paul's Cathedral Doomed.

More thorough investigations of the foundations, in order to discover the cause for the settling and cracking of walls and dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, have convinced experienced architects that the famous building erected by Christopher Wren is doomed to destruction. They say that only the most careful and thorough precautions can preserve it even for a short time.

The engineers have discovered that the foundations stand on a comparatively thin layer of potters' clay, under which is twenty-five feet of sand and gravel in strata varying in thickness, and some of this composite formation seems to be quicksand. Every fresh hole through the subsoil, in the vicinity of the great building, causes the slipping away of some of this quicksand, the quickness with which this undermining takes place depending on the nearness of such hole to the cathedral walls. For many years the gradual subsidence has been going on slowly until now the danger point is reached with little hope of any permanent remedy. The piers supporting the dome of 32,000 tons, instead of being solid Portland stone are rubble inside, which has disintegrated and left them weak.

St. Paul's stands near the center of London on the most elevated spot in the city. It is the fourth cathedral to occupy this site. On this elevation the Roman legions had a place in camp for worship, and on this spot was erected the first cathedral. During the reign of Diocletian it shared the fate of many other churches destroyed by opposers of Christianity. Under the reign of Constantine the Great, a second cathedral was built, which lasted until destroyed by the Pagan Saxons. The third structure was built by King Ethelbert and dedicated to St. Paul in 607 A. D. It was destroyed by the first great fire in London, in 1086. One year later Maurice, Bishop of London, refounded the cathedral, and it was built on a magnificent scale. This structure stood until 1666, when the second great fire wiped it from the face of the earth. Then Christopher Wren removed the ruins and built the present ca-

thedral which is now said to be doomed, owing to faulty foundations and improper construction.

Ella Flagg Young Resigns.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of public schools in Chicago since 1909, announced her resignation on July 24. Changes in the political complexion of the Board of Education, resulting in changed administration, made it difficult for Mrs. Young to carry out her plans. She said, "I can fight for a principle, I can fight for another person, but I am too old to fight for myself." Mrs. Young was one of the few women whom William Rainey Harper wanted for Chicago University. She was the first woman to head the public school system in any large city. She received a salary of \$10,000 a year. In 1910 she was made president of the National Educational Association at its session in Boston.

The President's Mexican Policy.

It is evident that President Wilson does not propose to recognize the Huerta government in Mexico until he can be assured that in doing so he is not recognizing a government founded on murder. The succession to the presidency of any country by means of assassination should never receive the encouragement of a civilized nation. So, whatever Mr. Wilson does to help matters in Mexico, it will not be likely to be the recognition of the usurper. It is also evident that the home-coming of Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson to bring information regarding the state of affairs in Mexico has not done much to clear up matters. His whole policy seems based on the recognition of Huerta or on immediate intervention. Neither of these plans suits the President. He seems wise and careful. His prompt action regarding the wounding of an American seemed to open the eyes of Huerta and bring prompt relief by way of bringing the guilty to justice and setting the American free. This shows the American people that the President can act with dispatch when occasion requires. It gives confidence that when the time does come for doing something Mr. Wilson can be trusted to do the right thing. But he is not likely to yield to the counsels of those who would either connive at the dastardly crime which placed Hu-

Uncle John's Bible.

(Reprinted, by request, from SABBATH RECORDER, 1878.)

John Malcolm had a hard time of it. The neighbors called him "shiftless." Some shrewd, money-getting and money-keeping farmers said he had "no faculty," whatever that may mean. He had the air of a man for whom life had been too much of a burden. Things had indeed gone contrary with him; circumstances had switched him off the track of prosperity, and he wasn't able to get back again. The grooves of thrift in New England are very narrow, and he didn't fit them.

John Malcolm's wife was, in the best sense of the word, a helpmeet. She counted no toil for her family as too much. Nothing discouraged her. She would go singing about her work from the earliest dawn till a rather late bedtime, and though she had to do so year in and year out, never complained of her lot as a hard one.

At the period when my story begins, the Malcolms had two children, Harry, aged twelve, and Mollie, aged ten. Harry, brown as a nut, supple-jointed, strong in his arm, was brave in his heart, full of life and spirits, with no thought of being afraid of work, and determined to make the most of his opportunities. Mollie was pale and delicate, a sweet and gentle child, who was generally tired without knowing why, and whose blue eyes had a certain sadness, as if the light and bustle of life were too much for them.

The elder Malcolms began life happily enough, with a little farm bought and paid for, a little money in the bank, and both of them in good health and spirits. Everything went smoothly during the first year. The crops were excellent and large. Harry was born, and was a healthy and happy baby. Their home seemed to promise all that was bright and beautiful. The second year, misfortunes began to come upon them. There was a long midsummer drought, and all the crops failed. But John Malcolm found some work to do, at low wages, to be sure, but it prevented the need of drawing on their little hoard. But when the winter came, Mrs. Malcolm was taken sick with a fever, and Harry had the whooping-cough; and what with doctor's bills, and bills for help, and the other incidental expenses of sickness, when planting

erta at the head, or plunge the country into war. The people approve the President's course thus far.

Commotion Over Sale of the Burns Manuscript.

Recently the manuscript poems of Robert Burns were sold to an American for \$25,000. As soon as the sale was reported, there was a great commotion in Scotland. The sale had not been announced and people were indignant, saying that money would have been raised at home to buy them and keep them in the land of Burns. There is some talk of a legal contest through Miss Annie Burns-Burns, the only heir of Robert Burns, to keep them in Scotland.

The State of New York has really gone into the liquor business, officially. Under the new law all liquors confiscated by the State where illegal saloons are found is sold at auction by the State instead of being destroyed as formerly. This is abominable! Only last week the officers of the Empire State placed a great quantity of seized liquors on sale at auction, said to be prized at \$200,000, and sold it at something like half price, pocketing the money! This is reform with a vengeance—one that takes stuff which it is illegal to sell to people of the city, and then turns around and sells it to them for half price! What next will Albany do for temperance?

The Arctic exploration party that sailed some time ago on board the steamship *Diana*, under Captain Donald McMillan, bound for Crockerland, was wrecked at Barge Point, forty miles west of Battle Harbor, in the Straits of Belle Isle. The vessel will probably be a total loss. An expedition has gone to the relief of the shipwrecked people.

The revolt in China has assumed large proportions. It is spreading along the Yang-tse-Kiang, and a punitive expedition is reported to have been sent out to capture and punish Yuan Shih Kai for the murder of Sung Chiao-Jen. Seven provinces are said to be in revolt.

The Norwegian Parliament has refused by vote to give \$40,500 to cover Norway's official participation in the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915.

time came, John found that his little bank account was reduced to very nearly nothing. Then there was another disastrous summer. This time it was the army-worm, which justified its name, and left John Malcolm's field all but desolate.

About this time, John did come pretty near being discouraged; but he got out his old family Bible, and read all the comforting promises, and prayed for strength to work and faith to trust, and then he went on with his plodding. It was up-hill though, and few resting-places. A wife in poor health, a baby to care for, and a farm that had no crops to speak of for two years, and only one pair of hands to do it all.

Still John Malcolm worked on, trusting in God. But he did not thrive. When a man begins to go down-hill, it is hard to overcome the impetus and turn in the other direction. It was only a year or two before John had to borrow money on his farm, and then there was the yearly burden of interest to pay. The barn and fences began to get out of repair, and John had to work all the time to get bread enough to eat, so he couldn't repair them.

It was at this point that the neighbors began to say that he was shiftless. When John thought the burden of his life was already beyond his strength, there came another burden to him. This was about two years before the date of my story. An uncle of Mrs. Malcolm's, who had for years been in the West, came home to die. He came to John Malcolm's, a poor, broken-down man, who had consumption fixed upon him, and John hadn't the heart to turn him away from the door. He lived with the Malcolms till he died, and they waited upon him tenderly. Mrs. Malcolm was well now, and said she didn't mind a little work for "poor Uncle John," though everybody knew that poor Uncle John made her a very great deal of trouble indeed. At last the old man died, and before he died, he took his old Bible and read a chapter, bade them a grateful good-by, and then, wrapping the book up carefully in thick paper, gave it, as his only bequest, to Harry. "Here, my boy," he said, "this is all I have to leave. It is the best legacy I can give you. Read it carefully; let its contents cheer you and help you; and if the battle of life seems to you sometimes

hard, remember this book teaches you all the way through to work and trust."

Harry received the book gratefully, and laid it away among his treasures; but as he had a Bible of his own, he didn't so much as remove the coverings of the one his great-uncle had given him. Harry kept all his treasures in an old, disused oven, and he laid his Bible there with the rest. These old fashioned brick ovens are as good as patent safes to keep things in; that is, if nobody happens to make fire inside.

To everybody's trouble I suppose there comes, some time or other, a climax, a turning-point, when night is left behind, and day begins. John Malcolm and his wife thought that they had a hard life, and Harry, too, thought it rather hard that he had to be taken out of school, and go to work with his father; but nobody murmured, everybody was hopeful, because now they were beginning to get a little ahead. John Malcolm had not only paid the interest on his mortgage, but had reduced the principal a little, and the crops were beginning to be better, and Mrs. Malcolm was in good health again, and they were all cheerful and happy. But the crisis of their troubles was yet to come, and, like the crisis of a fever, it was the most painful part.

Harry and his father had been off all day long to market, and it was a little after sunset when they neared home. They had a mile or so to go when they were met by a neighbor who came running to them with his face full of anxiety and pain. They knew something had gone wrong, and could hardly wait for their neighbor to speak. At last he did speak, saying:

"John Malcolm, I've got bad news for you."

"Nothing has happened to my wife or child?" asked John, turning pale.

"No, they are safe."

"Thank God! What is it, then?"

Then the neighbor told them how that two or three hours before, while Mrs. Malcolm was making up the fire to get their supper, the chimney had caught fire, and it being a dry time the fire had spread to the roof and the whole house had burned. John Malcolm groaned aloud at this dismal intelligence.

"We tried to save the barn," continued

the neighbor, "but it was no use; everything was so dry."

Poor John! the tears actually came into his eyes, and he said:

"This is hard, very hard; and at my time of life, too."

Harry tried to comfort his father, telling him he could work, and that he was just beginning life, and would work his very fingers off to build up a home. At last they came in sight of the house. It was a most pitiable sight. There, under a tree, were a few household goods that had been taken from the house, and sitting among them was Mrs. Malcolm, weeping sadly, and holding Mollie to her heart, and trying, between her sobs, to quiet the child's fear and trembling.

"Oh, John," she said, as she saw her husband, "what shall we do? How can we bear it? After all these years of toil, to see all swept away. It is too hard."

"We'll have to begin over again," said Harry. "We'll do as Uncle John said, work and trust."

All that remained of the old house was its chimney, and the great round top, brick oven. They stood there, stark and black with smoke, a dismal monument of a ruined home.

Harry thought of his treasures, a few toys, his skates, a score of well-thumbed books, and Uncle John's Bible. He supposed, of course, they'd be destroyed, but he thought at any rate he'd go and look. So he did. He picked his way among the hot brands, and with the toe of his boot opened the oven door. The heat came out in his face, singeing his eyelashes. He stepped back a minute and considered; then he went and brought a pail of water, and dashed it into the oven. Now it was steam instead of heat that nearly blinded him, but the oven was cooling off. He made out, by reaching with a stick, to pull out his skates. The straps were so burned that they broke in his hands; the temper was taken out of the steel pretty effectually, and the wood was browned and somewhat charred. He tossed them behind as useless. Then he pulled out one by one his precious books. He found his eyes growing moist when he found in what a condition "Swiss Family Robinson" and "Robinson Crusoe" were, only a few pages in the middle left readable. Then he tried again, and this time brought out Uncle

John's Bible. The thick paper that had wrapped it was burned off, the twine that tied it was only ashes, and the brown covers were warped out of shape, and the edges of the leaves were burnt black. But the reading was all right. It was rather hot still. But Harry seized it and carried it to his mother.

"Here it is," he exclaimed, "not quite spoiled. We can read it yet. See, the reading part is all right," and he laid it in his mother's lap, and began turning over the leaves.

What makes them all grow brighter? He turns over the leaves, and at each leaf there is an exclamation of surprise. The neighbors gather round and stand amazed. They turn over leaf after leaf, and at frequent intervals a crisp, new bit of paper drops out. They turn and turn, and at last have found and counted two hundred of these bits of paper. What are they that all look to them so curiously?

Only five-dollar notes, and ten-dollar notes, and twenty-dollar notes, and fifty-dollar notes, and now and then a hundred-dollar note, and not one of them burned beyond redemption.

They count them up and make out \$3,100, all Uncle John's savings, and there is a letter besides, expressive of the dead man's gratitude, and asking a blessing on the family.

Right there and then, with the smoking ruins of their old home before their eyes, with their neighbors and friends all about them, with the deep twilight growing into darkness, they kneel down and thank God for his goodness, and pray for God's blessing on the bounty they have so unexpectedly received.

Now John Malcolm is no longer "shiftless." There is a new house built over the ruins of the old one, with the same old chimney and oven. The farm prospered wondrously last year; Harry is at school again; in the sitting-room, on a table of its own, is Uncle John's Bible, and over it hangs a tastefully wrought motto, in which the words "Work and Trust," shine out in letters of gold, and it is the motto of the family.—*Wm. M. F. Round.*

On the last day of the Zurich S. S. Convention, \$110,000 was pledged for the work during the next three years.

SABBATH REFORM

The Sabbath-keeping of Our Lord.

Into eight of the Sabbaths of our Lord's public life we can look with considerable clearness; we can see how Sabbath time was used by him, and with what activities it was hallowed. Three of the eight belong to the closing half year of his ministry; two belong to the year which followed the marriage in Cana; and the remaining three to the year succeeding. They were spent in different places and amid diverse surroundings.

The *first* was spent in Nazareth where he had been brought up. In the house of worship which it had been the habit of his life to attend, after standing to read, and then by taking a seat indicating his desire to speak to his townspeople, he addressed them with words which were both gracious and discriminatingly faithful. But they had heard of miracles which he had performed elsewhere; and since he would not gratify their vanity and their curiosity by doing something as wonderful for them as he had done in Capernaum, in a paroxysm of rage they determined to take his life, and led him to the brow of a hill to cast him down headlong; when passing through the excited crowd as "they stood—stopped—inquired—were ashamed—fled—separated," he went on his way (Luke iv, 16-31). The synagogue (so far as we have evidence) was never directly appointed. It grew out of the changed life of the people and their needs. Not without defects, it was on the great whole promotive of welfare. The custom of our Lord seems to have been to attend the synagogue services wherever he was overtaken by the Sabbath, giving his sanction to the "assembling themselves together" of the people of God. His example teaches us also that setting the heart unto the words of God's law, finding their import, bringing them into our daily lives, and testing by them what we do, and what we are, is excellent Sabbath work. If the Nazareth people failed to find themselves out on that day, it was because they neglected the opportunity which our Lord lovingly and faithfully provided.

On the *second* of the eight Sabbaths in

the city of Capernaum he taught in the synagogue and restored a man who was suffering possession by a demon. After the service he went home with Peter. As he rebuked the fever which the mother of Peter's wife was suffering, she was so completely restored to health not only, but to strength, that she arose and ministered unto them. At sunset the city was astir with excitement. Everybody who had sick friends brought them to him, and he healed every one. The example of our Lord, as we see it on this day, teaches that Sabbath time is legitimately used in merciful work as well as worship. His Sabbath-keeping involved more than mere bodily rest.

There are varieties of rest. There is a rest which the body shares with the soul. There is a rest for the body even, which is sometimes to be found only among diligent activities. It is the rest which is gained by turning to a work in which the heart so delights, and which it so longs to see accomplished that the uneasiness involved in inaction is more exhausting than effort, especially when it is sustained by hope of success. The lowest rest is the rest of stones. Above this is the merely animal rest of the lower orders of life. Higher than this is the Sabbath rest, which is capable of being even intensified by acts of kindness. Such acts belong to a Christ-like Sabbath-keeping. To go out into a street in which vice keeps company with misery, to do something to restrain the one and relieve the other, is good use of Sabbath time. Such work is the ripe fruitage of worship.

On the *third* of the eight Sabbaths our Lord was in Jerusalem. We gain the first clear view of him under one of the porches, at a pool near a city gate, conversing with an afflicted man who had been waiting with hope long deferred to obtain healing through a stirring of the waters. The disabled man did not know with whom he was conversing, as in answer to the question, "Wouldst thou be made whole?" he replied despondently, "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool, but while I am coming another man steppeth down before me." As in the joy and gratitude of a new life he was following the direction given him by an unknown healer, "Take up thy bed and walk," he met critics who took him sharply to task for what he

was doing, saying, "It is the sabbath, and it is not lawful for thee to take up thy bed," and when they found who it was by whom he had been directed to do it, they made it the occasion of venting against him the bitter enmity which they were beginning to cherish (John v, 1-17).

The Sabbath-keeping of our Lord was in sharp conflict with the puerile restrictions with which the formalism of the time had dishonored the day. Without leaning to the one or the other extreme he gave, by the course which he pursued and the words which he uttered, the true interpretation of the law to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. He rescued the Sabbath from bondage to mere technicalities, and restored it to the higher plane on which it belongs. The day is not a burden for the spirit to bear. It is designed to make life brighter and more joyful. It is a day on which to sing praise. It is full of the spirit of helpfulness. It was no infraction of the Sabbath law for this healed man to take up his bed and go through the streets of the city, if need be, to reach his home. For him, and under the circumstances, it belonged to the keeping the day holy.

On the *fourth* of the Sabbaths we see our Lord passing through Galilean grain fields, his disciples trying to satisfy their hunger with ears of grain which they were picking, roughly separating the kernel from the husk by rubbing them in their hands. The charge of Sabbath-breaking which had been made against Jesus on occasion of the work of healing which he performed at Bethesda, his enemies had apparently decided to push, as affording the most available opportunity of formulating their increasingly bitter opposition to him and his claims.

Without hesitation he sanctioned what his disciples had been doing; and with great dignity and force opposed the narrow views of the faultfinders with illustrations from the life of David and the custom of the temple service. Mercy before sacrifice is the spirit of the Sabbath law. It is flexible to conform to man's needs. The day is not an *end* but a *means*. Genuine Sabbath-keeping recognizes the fact that the Sabbath was made for man, to meet his wants, to promote his welfare, to give him help as a being belonging to two worlds. To satisfy hunger by simple means is not to dishonor the day. The day is dishonor-

ed when it is treated as if a man's necessities were to be subordinated to it,—as if man had been made for the day. It was on this occasion that our Lord declared his high relation to the day in the memorable words, "The Son of man is lord even of the sabbath" (Matt. xii, 8; Luke vi, 5).

The *fifth* of the Sabbaths was spent by him in the neighboring Galilean village or city. A man with a withered right hand came to the synagogue. There were those present also who were watching keenly to see what would occur, eager to accumulate evidence which could be used against Jesus. In the hope of accomplishing their purpose the more squarely they put to him the question, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" The answer, felicitously and convincingly illustrated, silencing their lips, they received at once as he returned to them their question so modified as to contain the answer to itself, and as the withered hand was stretched out it was restored whole as the other. On the *sixth* of the Sabbaths, in the city of Jerusalem, he healed a man blind from his birth, anointing his eyes with clay, and directing him to "Go wash in the pool of Siloam," calmly endorsing by this new act the interpretation of the Sabbath law which he had on other occasions clearly given both in Galilee and Judea (John ix, 7).

On the *seventh* of the Sabbaths, in one of the synagogues of the valley of the Jordan, he healed a woman who was so bowed together by a disease of eighteen years' standing that she was unable to lift up herself. The excited ruler of the synagogue, apparently not quite daring to rebuke our Lord directly, indignantly said to the people present, "There are six days in which men ought to work; in them therefore come and be healed, and not on the sabbath day." With decision Jesus replied, justifying the act, and again emphasizing the truth that the work of relieving suffering belongs to the best and the truest Sabbath-keeping (Luke xiii, 10-21).

On the *eighth* and last of the Sabbaths we see our Lord in the house of one of the chief Pharisees by whom he had been invited to dine, apparently with the hope of finding something more to support the charge which was to be made against him. Among the lookers-on was a man afflicted with palsy; his presence possibly having

been secured by the master of the feast for the purpose of embarrassing his guest. Knowing the thoughts of those around him he put to them the question which had been put to him in one of the synagogues of Galilee, and which he there answered unhesitatingly and clearly, "Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath day?" Receiving no reply he restored the afflicted one to health, and so convincingly justified the act that his foes did not even attempt an answer (Luke xiv, 1-6). The Sabbath-keeping which was an acknowledgment that the day was made for man and not man for the day was vindicated.

The principles which underlie the Sabbath-keeping of our Lord can not be fairly apprehended unless the treatment of the day which was current at the time is taken into account. By his deeds and his words he corrected the errors which were then prevailing. He set himself against perversions which were active in the land where his work lay, robbing the day of much of its helpfulness. The currents of thought and feeling which have excavated channels for themselves through this day, hallowed of the Lord, often and in many ways profaned by man, are worthy of study as phenomena. The day has been guarded from other days with painful scrupulosity, while at the same time that which the day was designed to protect has been displaced by the most trifling absurdities. By rabbins who felt themselves and their opinions entitled to dignified respect, and in unquestionable accord with views current in the New Testament time, thirty-nine primary prohibitions, with secondaries dependent on them, have been enumerated as forbidden by the Sabbath law, many of them being as barren of sense as the neglect of judgment, mercy and faith was common among those who insisted on their observance.

To wear a false tooth was not allowable, because it involved carrying something, and to carry a burden on the Sabbath was forbidden. A river must not be crossed on stilts, as it would involve carrying the stilts. Two letters of the alphabet might not be written, except with certain fanciful conditions. As threshing was not permissible, and as by walking on grass it was figuratively threshed, it could not be sanctioned. For the same reason to rub grain between the hand was interdicted, it was a kind of

threshing. With such fantastic extravagances our Lord could have no sympathy. They "made the law of none effect." They interfered with the great work which he came to perform.

The principles which appear in his treatment of the grotesque affectations which had barnacled themselves upon the noble day at that period of time are equally opposed to the disregard of the day current in other time. In the vicissitudes through which the day has passed extremes meet. It has been dishonored by being idolized, and dishonored by being neglected. It has been transformed into a Nehushtan, and it has been treated as if there were no boundary lines between it and other days. Each extreme, in so far as it has had influence, has degraded the day and impaired its value.—*Rev. S. C. Leonard.*

The Great Convention at Los Angeles.

WILLIAM SHAW, *Secretary.*

The Twenty-sixth International Christian Endeavor Convention is now a matter of history, but it will rank in results accomplished, and new movements inaugurated, with the best of the great series of conventions held by this world-wide organization.

THE SETTING.

Los Angeles furnished an ideal setting for the convention.

The weather, although considered unusually hot for Los Angeles, was, with the cool nights, a refreshing contrast to the intense heat in the Middle and Eastern States.

No hall in the city could accommodate the crowds expected, so the large-visioned committee put a canvass roof over Fiesta Park, making two auditoriums accommodating nearly twenty thousand people. In addition simultaneous meetings were held in the Temple Auditorium and a score of churches.

In spite of the ample provision made overflow meetings were necessary to accommodate the tens of thousands who sought opportunity to gain the inspiration of the great meetings, and the second day of the convention the supply of programs and badges was exhausted.

FEATURES.

The music of the convention, led by a great chorus of one thousand voices train-

ed by Professor Peckham, and an orchestra of fifty pieces, with talented soloists, was superb in quality. "Service Songs," the new hymn-book, was used for the first time and became instantly popular. Prof. Percy S. Foster led the great audience in his inimitable way.

The street parade was a new feature and as the marching thousands of happy young people with music and song passed by, they made a profound impression on the tens of thousands of spectators who crowded the sidewalks.

The committee under the leadership of Mr. Leonard Merrill provided for every need, and the immense crowds were handled easily and the meetings were as orderly as in an ordinary sized convention. The spirit of devotion and enthusiasm were contagious. The denominational rallies were more largely attended and successful than in any recent convention.

A VARIED PROGRAM.

Every phase of religious activity was considered in practical conference or inspirational addresses.

President Henry Churchill King, LL. D., of Oberlin College, one of our clearest and best balanced thinkers, led the great throng that met him each morning at 6.30 into the real meaning of "Life's Values."

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D., conducted a most helpful series of conferences on "The Use of the Bible for Personal Growth and Service."

Rev. A. L. Phillips, D. D., opened up the vast field of missions at home and abroad, and challenged the church of the future to plan adequately for the task committed to it.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D. D., had three sessions with the pastors and older leaders to discuss the application of the "Old Gospel to New World Conditions."

Social purity work for men was most effectively presented by Rev. E. A. King, author of "Clean and Strong," and for women by Mrs. J. S. Norvell.

Practical conferences on every phase of Christian Endeavor work were conducted by General Secretary William Shaw, Field Secretary Karl Lehmann and a score of Christian expert workers.

Enormous crowds attended the four noonday meetings in the Temple Auditorium, when vital questions relating to our civic, social and religious conditions were

discussed by Dr. Ira Landrith, Hon. J. A. MacDonald, Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D., and "Billy" Sunday.

Fellowship among the denominations, world peace, and the attitude of Christian people toward those of a different race were ably presented by Rev. C. W. Recard, D. D., Rev. Franklin M. Goodrich, D. D., Bishop Alex. Walters and Hon. J. A. MacDonald.

The appeal of social service, the place of the Sabbath in present-day civilization, and the spiritual dynamic necessary to all permanent moral reform were handled in an inspiring way by Rev. Claude E. Hill, Rev. William Patterson, D. D., of Ireland, Rev. Arthur B. Patten, D. D., Rev. G. E. Burlingame, D. D., Rev. W. T. Johnson, D. D., Rev. Julian C. Caldwell, D. D., Rev. J. Percival Huget, Rev. E. A. Watkins, D. D., and Rev. R. B. Peery, D. D.

The Home, the School and the Church, their place and power in character building, were emphasized by Rev. Robert F. Coyle, D. D., President John Willis Baer and Dr. J. T. McCrory.

EVANGELISTIC ENDEAVORS.

Rev. "Billy" Sunday conducted seven great evangelistic services. This much-criticized, but most popular and successful evangelist, won the hearts of those who were able to get into the great auditorium. Hundreds were converted and thousands of Christians were quickened and inspired to more consistent living and larger service.

Street meetings in many languages to reach the cosmopolitan population were held every day with most encouraging results.

INCREASE AND EFFICIENCY.

The past four years have been years of steady increase and efficiency.

President Clark linked these words together as the watchwords for the coming years and suggested the establishment of Christian Endeavor Week as a stock-taking time, a time to review the past, emphasize the present and lay plans for a larger future. The suggestion was enthusiastically adopted, and definite plans and suggestions will be prepared by the United Society.

General Secretary Shaw, in presenting his encouraging report showing the practical efficiency of the societies, adopted the novel plan of illustrating the various lines

of work by stereopticon pictures, showing the Endeavorers at work, and something of the actual results accomplished.

Carefully gathered statistics show that from eighty to ninety-nine per cent of the Bible-school teachers and officers and church workers come from the active membership of the Christian Endeavor societies. A long and illuminating list of lines of service actually carried on by the societies was given.

The reports of Mr. A. J. Shartle, manager, and Mr. H. N. Lathrop, treasurer, showed that the business and finances were in fine condition.

A RECRUITING GROUND.

A new feature of the convention was the "Decision Service," conducted by Dr. L. A. McAfee at the close of the principal sessions. Hundreds of choice young men and women made a definite covenant to endeavor to so shape their life plans as to give themselves to the ministry, missions or some other form of religious service.

Temperance and Christian Citizenship were strongly emphasized and under the leadership of the recently elected National Superintendent of Temperance and Christian Citizenship, Mr. Daniel A. Poling, a program of education and agitation, aiming at the annihilation of the liquor business, and "A Saloonless Nation by 1920," was adopted and will be vigorously pushed.

This campaign will unite and utilize all existing temperance organizations on a nation-wide program, each working it out along its own particular line.

The foreign flavor was most attractive. Rev. T. Sawaya, field secretary for Japan, converted and trained in a Junior society of Christian Endeavor, captured the convention with his plea for patience and Christian love toward his people, who have for so long looked to the United States for new ideals and a Christian civilization.

Mr. Stanley A. Hunter brought a strong and helpful message from India.

Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Strother, field secretaries for China, showed how Christian Endeavor had trained many of those who have become leaders in the new China.

The Chinese take naturally to the Christian Endeavor form of organization, and carry on the work of the society most efficiently.

It was in the home of Edward S. Little, treasurer of the United Society of Chris-

tian Endeavor for China, that the peace that practically ended the greatest bloodless revolution in the history of the world, was signed.

The convention was a success in every particular and the movement closes its thirty-second year with larger financial resources, a more comprehensive plan of work, and a more enthusiastic constituency than ever before in its history.

To All Churches of the State of New York.

At the session of the Central Association held at Verona October 10-13, 1912, it was voted as follows:

We recommend:

1. The incorporation of this association.
2. That the corporation be "The New York Seventh Day Baptist State Association."
3. That the number of trustees be nine.
4. That the trustees be elected for a term of one year.
5. That all the Seventh Day Baptist churches of the State of New York be invited to unite with this corporation.
6. That at present it seems unwise to unite in holding the religious services, now held at the Western and Central associations; that in the event that the churches of the Western Association unite with the proposed corporation, and if agreeable to the Western Association, it be known as the Western Division of the Seventh Day Baptist State Association, the Central Association as the Central Division.
7. That there be a committee appointed to draft by-laws for the corporation.
8. That a committee of three be appointed to perfect the incorporation.
9. That when this association adjourns it adjourn to meet with the church at Brookfield, N. Y., on Wednesday, the second day of General Conference, in 1913, at 4 p. m., for a business session.
10. That all churches in favor of joining this corporation be invited to send delegates to this session to be held with the Second Brookfield Church.
11. That the trustees for the first year be the following: Joel Witter, R. J. Severance, Grant Burdick, C. J. York, Welfred Perry, John M. Satterlee, Ernest Barber, R. G. Davis, G. W. Davis.

Pursuant to the above the certificate of incorporation has been prepared. It was thought advisable that there be a session of the association held at Brookfield at the time of Conference to do what may be necessary to perfect the incorporation.

It is expected that all the churches of the Central Association will send delegates to this session. The delegates can be the same as those who are delegates to Conference or they may be other persons. That the sentiment of the churches of the Western and Eastern associations in the State of New York as to becoming a part of this corporation may be known, it is recommended that these churches also send representatives to this session to be held at Brookfield, and that these representatives be given such instructions and powers as their respective churches deem advisable.

E. A. WITTER,
C. J. YORK,
G. W. DAVIS,
Committee.

Changes in the Fouke School.

Resolutions of the Fouke Seventh Day Baptist Church relative to assuming the responsibility, care, and management of the Fouke Seventh Day Baptist Mission School:

Whereas, Eld. G. H. F. Randolph, who has for a number of years carried on a successful and very much needed school within the bounds of this church and society, feels that he can no longer assume the exclusive charge of this interest of our church and of the Seventh Day Baptist cause in the Southwest; and

Whereas, He desires to place the school work and school interests under the exclusive control of this church, committing the same to its fostering care; and proposes to place everything now pertaining to its work, such as buildings, land, furniture, school-books, library, etc., etc., at the disposal of this church while the same are needed by it to carry forward this work; therefore

Resolved, That we accept this work and interest, and strive to maintain it to the best of our ability, under God, for his cause and people; and further be it

Resolved, That we undertake the direction and management of this school under a Board of Directors, or Trustees, to be constituted, provided for, and maintained as follows:

1. This board shall consist of five members, including a president, a treasurer, a recorder, and two other members.
2. Members of this board shall be elected annually to their respective positions by the Fouke Church.
3. The election of this board shall, after the first election, which, according to previous notice,

occurs immediately after the passage of these resolutions, take place upon the second First-day of July.

4. The election of each member of this board to his, or her, respective positions on the board shall be by informal ballot.

5. Upon election, as above provided, this board shall be regarded as an organized body and in full power of office.

6. This board shall be subject at all times to the direction, or dictation, of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Fouke.

7. This board shall render to the church at the annual election and previous to the election of a new board, a full and faithful report of the year's work carried on by it, and of the finance.

8. These regulations of election, etc., may be changed at any time by a majority vote of this church.

G. H. FITZ RANDOLPH,
C. G. BEARD,
S. J. DAVIS,
Committee.

Immediately after the adoption of these resolutions the following Board of Directors was elected by the church: president, G. H. F. Randolph; treasurer, John F. Randolph; recorder, Mrs. W. J. S. Smith; other members, C. G. Beard and S. J. Davis.

The following resolution was adopted by the Board of Directors at its first meeting:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this board that our school should continue to be carried on with the same purpose and under the same general plan as in former years.

In connection with the official action of the church and of the Board of Directors of the school, it seems necessary to place before our people a plea for teachers to carry on the school for the year 1913-14. Three teachers will be needed, one each for the high school, intermediate, and primary departments. With the teachers we have been able to secure at home there has always been a sufficient number of volunteers to supply the demand. But so far no one has offered his or her service for the coming year and the entire school interest seems to hang at present on outside help.

We can do no less than beg you to consider this call for self-sacrifice in a blessed cause. Who will respond now? Do not lay the RECORDER by to consider the matter later, but drop a card to Mrs. Smith today. Say, "Here am I."

In behalf of the Board of Trustees of the Fouke School.

G. H. FITZ RANDOLPH,
President.
MRS. W. J. S. SMITH,
Recorder.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Possession.

There's some of us has this world's goods
An' some of us has none—
But all of us has got the woods
An' all has got the sun.
So, settin' here upon the stoop,
This patch o' pine beside,
I never care a single whoop—
Fer I am satisfied.

Now, take the pine on yonder hill;
It don't belong to me;
The boss he owns the timber—still
It's there fer me to see.
An', 'twixt the ownin' of the same
An' smellin' of its smell,
I've got the best of that there game,
An' so I'm feelin' well.

The boss in town unrolls a map
An' proudly says, "It's mine;"
But he don't drink no maple sap,
An' he don't smell no pine.
The boss in town he figgers lands
In quarter-sections red;
But I just set with folded hands
An' breathe 'em in instead.

The boss his forest wealth kin read
In cent an' dollar sign;
His name is written in the deed—
But all his land is mine.
There's some of us has this world's goods
An' some of us has none—
But all of us has got the woods,
An' all has got the sun!

—Douglas Malloch.

The Pale Blue Cashmere Gown.

A Story of the Frontier.

The Reverend John Lawrence sat at his study table leaning on his elbow, his usually busy pen held idly between his fingers. He gazed far over the plains, a trancelike expression in his thoughtful eyes; he believed that the time was coming when those plains would be peopled, and with the hopefulness which made his missionary life beautiful, he seemed to see the Church leading, inspiring and ministering to those people. Already he had visions of a school wherein his own wife should be the ruling spirit; visions of a hospital, a guild house and clubrooms, where these savages might grow less savage. Even the fact that thus far only one poor little wooden church

building was to be found in many miles did not in the least interfere with his dreams.

How long he might have dreamed no one knows, but he was recalled by a delicious voice calling to him:

"I am 22 inches around the waist, John, and my skirt length is 43. You know you asked me yesterday."

"Sure enough," he answered with a little start, taking up the tapeline which lay conspicuously on his desk. "I must get that letter off today; but I'd better measure you myself. You probably measured with a string. That's the feminine way I believe."

His wife came in, feather duster in hand, and as he drew the line about her waist, he dropped a kiss upon her forehead.

"I hope they will send you something pretty." Mrs. Lawrence burst into laughter.

"The idea of anything pretty in a missionary box, John! Who ever heard of it? It's against the nature of things. Perhaps it is wicked, but I have sometimes thought that they made them as ugly as possible. Do you remember the snuff-colored dressing jacket with the black fringe?"

"Wasn't that pretty?" he queried. "I always thought it was very elegant, except when the fringe dipped in the coffee."

"You dear dreamer! You don't know what is pretty. You don't see anything but your beloved Bible school and night classes and sick people. A rheumatic old Indian woman is beautiful to you if—"

"If she is a Christian! Yes, I admit it," he said, gently; all of God's creatures are beautiful to me, and one of them most beautiful," and again he gave her a loving caress and resumed his work.

"Sheets, pillow cases, street suit for my wife, clerical suit for self, overcoat—I hate to ask for that, but it is such a necessity in this bleak land."

He read once again the friendly letter, in which he had been urged to make known all his needs, assuring him that they would be supplied, so far as possible, by a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary.

These boxes, which had so irked the pride of many a missionary, never offended John Lawrence. He gave little thought to self. His Divine Master had lived on alms, and his own horizon was too rich, too broad, for any petty egotism to create

even a speck upon it; but he sometimes reflected with regret, his wife keenly disliked this phase of missionary life. He could not forget, at times, that he had taken her from a luxurious home; but had he not given her a greater opportunity to do God's work and was she not doing it sweetly and uncomplainingly? He would try to believe that she did not care.

In the meantime, Mrs. Lawrence was dusting the sitting-room, and she had come to a standstill before a little ivory miniature of herself, the price of which would almost have paid for everything in their modest home. It was made ten years before, when she had just finished school and was archly charming in that dainty gown. How becoming it was, and how much he had admired her in it!

"Alice, is there anything else you want? We are to mention everything we need, and they will supply as far as possible."

"Yes," she called a little sarcastically, "please tell them I need very much a pale blue cashmere gown; and then she smiled at the absurdity of such a request from a missionary's wife. "Imagine the consternation that would create," she thought, "if he really would ask for such a thing!"

She replaced the miniature with a sigh. Was it a crime to love pretty things? And would she ever have any again? Her trousseau was long ago exhausted, and now she lived and moved and had her being in black things and brown things, and all things that wouldn't show dirt. Oh, dear! but—blessed afterthought!—wouldn't she rather be the wife of John Lawrence, in black brilliantines and brown serges, than anybody else in the world?

The president of St. Mary's Auxiliary was rapping loudly for order. She was reading a letter saying that Rev. John Lawrence would be deeply grateful for a suit, an overcoat, etc. It was when she came to the overcoat that the confusion arose; for one lady had a practically new overcoat which her present coachman, being stout, could not wear. It was exactly the Rev. Mr. Lawrence's size, but being a surtout, she questioned whether it would be the correct thing for clerical wear. The entire auxiliary set itself to argue this point, when the president stopped them.

"Ladies, we can discuss this matter later. Let me finish reading this letter. Where was I? 'Sheets, pillow cases, table linen,

and'—what is this?—'a pale blue cashmere gown'!"

A pale blue cashmere gown! Had she asked for an automobile coat the request could not have produced more surprise. There was a deep silence. Even the president found nothing to say for some time.

"A little unusual," she finally said.

"Well, I never had a pale blue cashmere gown in my life," gasped some one.

"Pale blue! so perishable!" said another, feebly.

"And cashmere! So out of style!" a third added.

"She must be some poor little country soul," the secretary said.

"Well, whoever she is, she ought to be reprimanded. The idea of such worldliness in a missionary's wife."

"He should have known better than to have asked for it!"

"The idea of our money going for a pale blue cashmere gown."

So the comments went around, till everybody had had her say; some of them had two or three "says," and they were seemingly gasping for breath to say something even more severe, when a bombshell fell in their midst:

"Why shouldn't she have a pale blue cashmere gown? She is probably a young woman, and maybe has not a single pretty thing! Oh, gracious!" and she the speaker grew so energetic that she arose and stood facing them, her face rosy with excitement. "I have helped with box after box in this society, and never have I seen a really pretty thing go into one of them! They are so deadly practical. How it will wear, how it will wash, whether it will show dirt—I sympathize with this woman away out there among those Indians, dependent on us hard-hearted things for the little she wants. God knows," she added, even more earnestly, "where they get the grace to sustain them in their work? As for this gown"—her voice trembled a little—"let us give it to her. Cashmere is cheap, and just imagine her pleasure; and do you know I think a pretty gown would have a cheerful effect on both herself and her husband. Perhaps it might even convert a few more Indians!" She sat down, a little embarrassed by the feeling she had shown.

"We might make her a mother hubbard, if you were so bent on it," some one said,

doubtfully. "Made up plainly, it would not cost much."

"But it mustn't be a mother hubbard. I wouldn't doom even a woman living among the Indians to that! If we send it at all, let it be pretty. Let us put our hearts into it and make it a beautiful surprise for her. She will probably expect something ugly, if she expects it at all."

"I don't know why we should discriminate this way in favor of Mrs. John Lawrence. We have never done it before." A severe voice threw a damper on the proceedings. "Mrs. John Lawrence," echoed another; "pray let me see that letter. Mrs. John Lawrence was an honor student in my class at college in 1890, and I believe I am safe in saying that there is no one here who could surpass her in either intellect or beauty. I remember now that she married a missionary enthusiast and went out to those wilds cheerfully." The speaker crossed the room rapidly and approached the advocate of the blue gown.

"I will gladly help you with the gown, and we will make it as beautiful as a dream."

How quickly the idea became infectious! Everybody offered to do something or to give something. It was almost as delightful as dressing a doll!

St. Mary's Auxiliary had turned out many a box, but never had anything aroused such interest as this new bit of work. It became a fad; with its silken linings, its dainty frills of lace, its "fagotting" and exquisite accessories, the beautiful Empire gown lay complete. The Auxiliary women who were packing the box stopped frequently to admire and almost caress it.

"I hate to see it go," said the secretary.

"It has done us more good than anything we ever did. What a lovely idea it was!" the treasurer said. "I don't begrudge the money at all."

"Let me fasten this in." Some one bent over the gown and tacked in a little sachet of violet.

"And I must slip this handkerchief into its bosom," another deftly tucked an embroidered kerchief into its folds.

"I have written this note to my dear old friend, and have told her what a pleasure it has been; and the note, too, was pinned to the blue gown. And so, with little final adjustments, and pats of admiration, the blue gown, soft and rustling and enveloped

in white tissue paper, was put into its individual box, and shipped away, with more practical things, to the land of the Indians and the plains.

Mrs. Lawrence came home somewhat discouraged from her sewing school one afternoon, to find her house in great disorder. Everything was covered with clothes, it seemed. The box had come, and her husband had lost no time in opening it. The street suit for which she had asked confronted her from the bookcase; dark, neat and serviceable. She examined it with enthusiasm. "They were so good, weren't they, John?"

"Good! My dear, the Auxiliary is always good. Now don't say anything about your brown sack with the black fringe! The Auxiliary—well, you know what I think of it! See! They have sent us everything, even to the last thing on the list—your blue cashmere gown!" He handed her the box.

"My pale blue cashmere gown! John Lawrence! You didn't really write that, did you? Oh, what must they have thought?" She sank into a chair pale and distressed.

"I think the dress tells what they thought." He lifted the delicate garment as if it were a baby.

"Silk! Lace! Perfume! A train! John, I can't believe it is mine! And I can't help crying! I didn't mean it. I said it in a half joking, half cynical way, never thinking you would ask for it. I wouldn't have dared ask for it, and see how they have repaid me for my unfaith! Everything is so beautiful, so dainty! There's so much love in it, John! That's what touches me. It means the love of women who saw in me only a servant of God. When you write, tell them this means more to me than anything that ever happened."

Later that night she sat with her old friend's note. She had written a long, heart-ful letter. She turned to her husband with moist eyes:

"I don't believe I ever told you before, John; but it is very sweet to be a missionary's wife!"—*Sarah S. Pratt, in The Living Church.*

Observe what direction your thoughts and feelings most readily take when you are alone, and you will then form a tolerably correct opinion of yourself.—*Bengel.*

Unsatisfied Judaism.

At St. Andrew's-tide, throughout the whole week, November 25 to 29, midday addresses were given and intercessions offered in St. Paul's Cathedral, under the auspices of the London Diocesan Board of Missions.

On the Eve of St. Andrew the address was given by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Stepney (Dr. Luke Paget), on "Unsatisfied Judaism," who took as his text Romans xi, 15. His Lordship said:

I am standing here to claim the most earnest, faithful and fervent intercession for the conversion—or as we sometimes put it, the completion—of the Jew. Very few who do not live there, can realize the appearance of East London as a foreign city. Many parishes are wholly inhabited by Jews, others have 90 per cent aliens, mostly Jews, and, without going into hundreds, you can almost count the Gentiles who live there. Brought into closest contact with this large and increasing population of Jews, I desire from the bottom of my heart that the knowledge of our Saviour's love should reach the Jewish heart. The Jews are a nation of most extraordinary intellectual power ruling in the councils of Europe; the material side of their influence it would be foolish to minimize or deny. Something more wonderful still, they have not lost their place as the torch-bearers, the stewards of the knowledge of Almighty God; carrying their faith wherever they go; holding to faith (at any rate amongst their poorer members) with a tenacity which puts Christians to shame.

On the Eve of the Passover, one may see the rooms of the Jews made beautifully clean; peep behind the blinds and you will see there the dignified, comely and great feast. It goes straight to one's heart as a piece of religion—national, ecclesiastical, domestic—finding itself in the heart of the home, as in the heart of the individual.

Other characteristics of the Jew are his extraordinary sobriety, very great industry, and tender care for children; these make us feel at once that we are in the presence of the most religious race in the whole world.

To this race we owe not simply the whole of the Old Testament, but the deep root which the New has in the Old.

Of them came the mother of our Lord,

and according to the flesh our Saviour himself.

Appeals to your pity have already been made during this great week, but who does not long not merely in pity, but in love, touched with a great longing and high admiration, to offer what has made all the difference in life to you and me, that which God has given us to give to others?

To the Jews we owe the debt of a great shame. I will not enlarge here and now on the shameful treatment Jews have suffered at the hands of professing Christians, and not least at the hands of the authorities of the Catholic Church.

There is a great act of reparation to be made. Speaking in an outside pulpit at a church in Whitechapel, I ventured—so far as I had authority, and at least I might claim the authority of the Church of England—in the solemn name of Jesus Christ to offer an apology to my Jewish hearers for the way in which Christians have treated them.

Some one said to me afterwards, "What an extraordinary thing to say in the open streets; how late in the day; humanly speaking, if spoken on another occasion they might have changed the whole course of events." There is a great debt to be discharged.

I charge you, beloved, in the first place—not as the greatest thing, but in the first place—never to allow the scornful word, the stupid joke, to be made at the expense of God's ancient people. Thank God for the undying spirit of forgiveness in their hearts. Still more, give them that light, life, healing, sanctification, redemption in the Name which is above every name.

There are two sort of misgivings to set aside in order to secure that on which my heart is set; let them have, and not today only, a part of your regular devotions every day, that the vail which somehow still rests on their hearts may be taken away; and that in the taking away those hearts may turn to the Lord.

Then there is some misgiving as to the value of the Christian Jew. Beaconsfield is quoted as saying that the true Jew was the Christian Jew; and one adds that the Christian Jew may well be the most wonderful Christian in all the world. Of course, in giving Christ we give all; increasing enthusiasm and confidence, the knowledge of Jesus, King most wonderful.

as the knowledge of him comes to different nations and the response to him rises from every temperament.

What an unspeakable jewel in the crown of our Saviour, when his own people come back!

Now a word on a theme which Canon Simpson of St. Paul's and Canon Scott Holland, late of St. Paul's, have made peculiarly their own. It is almost impossible now and again to set Western thought in the way in which the Eastern will see it; to convey to others in living power that which God has given to us. "East is East and West is West" cried Canon Scott Holland in a memorable sermon.

In the Jew we have one who is certainly not Western, as contrast will shew, and yet is certainly not Eastern.

Can you not see that he is just the very bridge which will stretch itself over the living bridge?—*Selected by Ch. Th. Lucky.*

Other People's Feelings.

C. H. WETHERBE.

One of the best habits that a person can have is that of often thinking of the feelings of those whom he deals with, or to whom he has occasion to refer. I presume that all of us have reason to reprove ourselves for having disregarded the tender feelings of others in one way or another. We have practically forgotten that they are just as apt to be grieved by some harsh, unkind, or cutting word as we are. We get wounded by some unkind and unjust treatment from others, and we do not soon forget it; but do we ever think that others are likewise grieved by us? Do we strive to avoid wounding the feelings of those whom we deal with in any way? Of course, it is almost impossible for one to avoid offending some people. They are exceedingly sensitive, and take serious offence on small occasions. In spite of our utmost carefulness, in word or act, they will be offended or grieved, and greatly to our surprise. We can justly plead that the fault is not in ourselves. We intended to respect their sensitive feelings, and hence we do not censure ourselves. But it is quite another matter when one deliberately mistreats a person who has given no just occasion for it.

If I may refer to my own experience, I will say that I have frequently received very

unbrotherly treatment from professedly Christian men, for no reason in myself that I was able to discover, and the result was that I was deeply grieved. It is one of the unpleasant experiences of one who writes much for religious papers. I have wondered as to whether certain editors of religious papers ever thought of the feelings of those who are trying to serve God by the use of their pens. They themselves would be intensely indignant if they were treated in the same manner. But I am glad to say that such ones are exceptions to the general rule. What I am pleading for is the habit of regarding the feelings of others as one would have others respect his own feelings. The Bible asks that we be kind to each other.

Forcythe Wilson.

(See editorial.)

Dead in life's glowing morn'tide,
Poet and hero dear,
The song thy great heart cradled
The world shall never hear;
Song of earth's blessed ransom
From vain, ignoble things,
Till, free as high winds wander,
The soul uplifts its wings.

Our land's supremest singer,
His cold hand dropped the lyre
Just as he caught the magic
To sweep its strings with fire!
Fire from the hills celestial,
The fire Prometheus knew
Who laughed from rocks of torture
While vultures o'er him flew.

"Where are your men and women?"
His dying lips entreat;
"They stand not at my bedside,
They pass not in your street;
These are but shapes of mortals
With eyes that never see,
Deaf ears and hearts unquickened:
Where can my brothers be?"

O pure and dauntless spirit!
He had not long to wait;
It was his Elder Brother
Who met him at the gate.
For him no wreath of laurel
In earthly bowers was found;
With amaranth unfading
His victor brow is crowned.

Spread the dear flag above him
And cross it with the sword
And round it in white blossoms
Spell out the sacred word:
"The dust that earth hath given
Must lie beneath its sod;
The pure in heart forever
Shall look upon our God."

A Loyal Lone Sabbath-keeper.

The following letter breathes the spirit of loyalty, trust, gratitude and conscious content; and how evident the Father's blessing upon those who thus honor him. God's promises are sure, and it always has paid, and always will pay, to be found serving him. On reading this, every true parent heart will feel like praying, "God bless our home."

G. M. COTTRELL.

DEAR BROTHER COTTRELL:

Ever since the report of the "best Conference ever held by our people" came out in the RECORDER, I have had it in my heart to write you, but having a big correspondence have neglected to do so. Now that your circular letter to my daughter Ivy has been returned to Mora, and she is not here, I will write for both her and myself.

You will remember me (if you remember me at all) as Carrie Richmond, Mrs. J. S. Langworthy's sister. I met you while spending a few weeks in her home, when you were pastor of the Dodge Center Church.

While my name is on the Dodge Center Church roll I have always been a lone Sabbath-keeper except for the company of my children, who are very loyal to the church and the Sabbath. Mr. Green, while he has never kept the Sabbath himself, has made it easy for us to do so, insisting that if we thought it necessary to make the sacrifice it must be done to the letter. He never goes to any amusement or celebration, or on any joy-rides where we can not go too, and has never seemed to mind it. Our children have been brought up in the Sunday schools where we have lived, worked in the Christian Endeavor and helped in any way they could; yet every one has understood we are Seventh Day Baptists and that we never receive or make visits on the Sabbath. We have had to draw the line quite severe lest they forget, but we have always had warm friends and have been made welcome in their church gatherings and given plenty of work to do.

God has been good to me and mine. I have three children. Minnie L. (Mrs. Alton Churchward) was for five years state secretary of the Y. branch of the W. C. T. U., was their lecturer and organizer. Then she was pastor of the Marlboro Church for two years. She is now a very

happy wife and mother and very domestic. Mr. Churchward is the superintendent of the Osceola (Wis.) High School. Of my two other daughters one is the Latin and German teacher at Ely, but is just now taking postgraduate work at the Wisconsin University at Madison. She was graduated with the class of 1911 at Milton. Our youngest finished high school last year. She taught in the country last winter, but expects to go to Battle Creek the first of September to begin a three years' course in a nurses' training school. She will take her letter from the Dodge Center Church to the Battle Creek Church. There are many places nearer home where she could receive the training, but we think it best for her to be where she will be under the influence of our own church.

My children have been good about giving up any pleasure that was coming on Friday night or Sabbath day—*never* any teasing to go to anything at all questionable. We have always tried to teach them that a principle is more important than a pleasure.

Wherever I have been I have found plenty of work for the Master, right at hand, and have done what I could. I have been a white-ribboner for over twenty-seven years and for the last eight I have been both local and district president. I think I have enjoyed this work more because I have not been where I could work in my own church, and I find a wide field for work in the W. C. T. U. There is joy in the Master's service and I have the peace and rest promised to him "who dwells in the secret place of the Most High." I am glad I can say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust."

I did not think of writing so much when I began my letter, but just one more thing, then I am done. I believe it would be much more interesting to us lone Sabbath-keepers if those who write for the RECORDER would sign their *names* to their articles, as that is about our only way of getting acquainted with our people; and to read an article when we know who wrote it—why, it means more to us.

Yours in His service,

CARRIE E. GREEN.

Leave drink alone absolutely.—*Taft.*

Railroad Rates to Conference.

The Conference will be held with the Brookfield (N. Y.) Church from August 19 to 24 inclusive. Because of the inconvenience, the slight amount of money to be saved and the restrictions as to date of travel, it has been thought best not to sell tickets on the certificate plan.

Brookfield lies between North Brookfield on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, Utica Branch, and Leonardsville on the Unadilla Valley Railway. In general, it will be more convenient for the Brookfield friends to meet delegates and visitors at the North Brookfield station.

We suggest that the delegates coming from Rhode Island, New York City and New Jersey travel from New York City via the D. L. and W. R. R. Through trains leave New York at 10 a. m. arriving at North Brookfield 5.20 p. m., and the night train leaving at 9 p. m. and arriving at North Brookfield next morning at 6.53.

The fare from New York City to North Brookfield is \$5.00; round trip \$10.00. From Chicago, southern Wisconsin and points west, delegates will find that train #4 on the Erie R. R. is a good train leaving Chicago at 11 a. m. and reaching Binghamton at 10.35 next morning. It will be necessary to remain over in Binghamton until the 2.40 p. m. local or 3.30 p. m. express, leaving on the D. L. and W. and reaching North Brookfield at 5.32 p. m. This will enable the delegates to arrive in Brookfield before dark. Details of transfer will be announced by the local committee.

The Erie R. R. will sell individual tickets for any number of people from Chicago to North Brookfield and return for \$25.85. These tickets are limited to thirty days from date of sale and are on sale only August 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, at this price. The Erie also makes a summer tourists' rate from Chicago to Buffalo, Niagara Falls or Jamestown, N. Y., \$17.00 for the round trip, and the excursion rate, round trip, from Chicago to New York is \$27.00—good to stop off at Binghamton. Passengers must travel from Binghamton to New York to have the ticket validated.

Delegates from Nile, Friendship, Alfred and other points on the Erie can assemble at Binghamton and travel to North Brookfield on the D. L. and W. with the delegates from New York and Chicago.

It is anticipated that the majority of delegates will endeavor to be in Binghamton Monday, August 18, in time to take the train leaving 2.40 p. m. on the D. L. and W. traveling north. The rate, round trip, from Alfred to North Brookfield is \$9.20.

Delegates from Adams Center, Berlin and other points north of Brookfield can travel via the New York Central to Utica, and from Utica on the D. L. and W. to North Brookfield.

Below you will note the time of the departure of trains on the D. L. and W. Railroad from Binghamton, N. Y., and Utica, N. Y., with the time of their arrival in North Brookfield.

LEAVE	ARRIVE
BINGHAMTON	NORTH BROOKFIELD
8.45 a. m.	11.02 a. m.
2.40 p. m.	5.32 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	5.20 p. m.
5.55 p. m.	7.57 p. m.
LEAVE	ARRIVE
NORTH BROOKFIELD	BINGHAMTON
8.28 a. m.	10.40 a. m.
11.44 a. m.	1.50 p. m.
6.30 p. m.	8.15 p. m.
11.00 p. m.	1.05 a. m.
LEAVE	ARRIVE
UTICA	NORTH BROOKFIELD
7.15 a. m.	8.28 a. m.
10.35 a. m.	11.44 a. m.
4.45 p. m.	6.03 p. m.
LEAVE	ARRIVE
NORTH BROOKFIELD	UTICA
6.53 a. m.	8.00 a. m.
11.02 a. m.	12.10 p. m.
5.32 p. m.	6.55 p. m.
7.57 p. m.	9.05 p. m.

Consult your local ticket agent for further information.

IRA J. ORDWAY, *Chairman*,
1447 West Monroe Street,
Chicago,

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,
Plainfield, N. J.,

W. A. HOOD, Hornell, N. Y.,

H. C. BROWN, M. D.,
Brookfield, N. Y.,
Railroad Committee.

All that I think, all that I hope, all that I write, all that I live for, is based upon the divinity of Jesus Christ, the central joy of every poor, wayward life.—*Gladstone.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Forest and Field.

REV. C. S. SAYRE.

Christian Endeavor topic for August 16, 1913.

- Sunday—The lilies (Matt. vi, 28-34).
- Monday—The little people (Prov. xxx, 24-28).
- Tuesday—Trees by a river (Ps. i, 1-6).
- Wednesday—The sly fox (Song of Sol. ii, 10-17).
- Thursday—Harvest-fields (John iv, 31-38).
- Friday—Shepherd and sheep (Isa. xl, 9-11).
- Sabbath day—Topic: Lessons from the forests and fields (Ps. civ, 1-35). (An outdoor meeting, if convenient.)

Let the Social Committee arrange this meeting. Think over the whole society for a place to hold the meeting. Have you any sick or aged ones who would be cheered and helped by your meeting? If so, arrange a meeting with them. If your meeting is to be in the country, find some one who will take a load from town, so there will be a good attendance, and good interest. Let the Prayer Meeting Committee buttonhole a lot of the timid ones and have them ready to take a part promptly, so there will be none of those paralyzing, deadening pauses. Have every gap filled.

Let some older member tell of his experiences in some great forest, and draw lessons from the great tall, strong, straight trees; from the poor, crooked, leaning trees; from the great trunks that are prostrate upon the ground, decaying and covered with moss; from that great, splendid oak that leaned so heavily; from the little sapling so shaded that it could hardly grow.

Let another experienced member tell of his roam in the fields, and draw lessons from the fertile soil and from the poor soil; from the fields where the weeds are allowed to grow, and the fields where by hard toil they are kept out; from the dry regions and the well-watered regions; from the warm and the cold regions.

Let some one take a sheaf of grain (have it in hand if possible) and let him draw lessons from it. Let the society follow this with the hymn, "Bringing in the Sheaves."

If there is time, let some one draw lessons from the streams, the springs, the lakes and the ocean.

The Los Angeles Convention.

A card from Brother Burdick, our delegate to the Los Angeles Christian Endeavor Convention, says that he will write us an account of the great meeting as soon as he can possibly find the time. His every moment has so far been crowded so full at the convention, and since, at Riverside and other Western points, that he has found no time to write.

Six days' numbers of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, sent by Mr. Burdick, are at hand, and judging from those thus far read, it was the greatest Christian Endeavor convention ever yet held. More than ten thousand delegates were present from all parts of the country and from many countries, which with the hosts of the convention and interested friends completely overwhelmed the seating capacity of the auditorium erected for the purpose, and large overflow meetings had constantly to be provided for. Of course President Clark and Secretary Shaw were present, and were reelected for the ensuing year. Among other renowned guests were Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, made famous by his book, *In His Steps*, who gave one of the principal addresses of the convention, and "Billy" Sunday, who had charge of the evangelistic side of the convention work.

The slogan for the coming two years is *Increase and Efficiency*. The convention in 1915 will be held at Chicago, and the one in 1917 at Winnipeg.

What the President Says.

President Wilson, speaking on the Bible at the tercentenary celebration some time ago, in Dallas, Texas, ended his address in these words:

"The simple thing that I came to say today is this: that the Bible is not something to turn aside to; that the Bible is not something to which to resort for religious instruction and comfort; that the Bible is not something to associate merely with churches and sermons. It stands right in the center, in the market-place of our lives, and there bubbles with the waters of

life. It is, itself, the fountain, the inexhaustible fountain, and only those who have learned from it, and only those who have drunk of those waters, can be refreshed for the long journey."

"Not something to turn aside to"—that will sound strange even to some professing Christians. Bible reading seems to them a thing apart, to which they have to wrench their minds, with an effort, from their ordinary grooves. Getting the Bible into their daily market-place seems to them a confusion of the "sacred" and the "secular." But, really, that is but an old monkish idea. Nothing was "secular" to the mind of Christ. Christ worked as a carpenter, walked the common highways, died as a criminal between two thieves, yet every moment of his earthly life was a fulfillment of the Bible. The Bible belongs in the center of each Christian life, no matter how busy and hurried that life may be. It is meant to refresh, to strengthen, to sustain, the life of man, every hour of every day. To forget this is to make the mistake that renders many Christians almost valueless to God and man.—*Forward.*

Meeting of the Young People's Board.

The Young People's Board held its regular monthly business meeting, July 20, at 1.30 p. m.

Members present: Prof. L. H. Stringer, Miss Linda Buten, and Miss Carrie Nelson.

Miss Buten led in prayer.

Minutes of the last meeting were read. The Treasurer's report was given.

Correspondence was read from Mr. F. I. Babcock, in which he stated that the work on the Grand Marsh field was progressing nicely.

It was voted that \$25 be sent to the Missionary Society for Doctor Palmberg's salary; \$20 to the Fouke School; \$25 to Salem College; and \$15 to Mr. F. I. Babcock.

Adjournment.

CARRIE E. NELSON,
Recording Secretary.

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a skeleton?"
Johnny—"Please, ma'am, it's a man with his insides out, and his outsides off."—*Everybody's.*

On the Trail.

No. 4.

REV. GEO. W. HILLS.

In the Cascade Mountains in Washington we passed through cuts in the snow where the tops of the banks were higher than the top of the train. The temperature here stood in striking contrast to that found in Mexico only a few weeks before and in the San Joaquin valley on our way north.

In going from Lewiston, Idaho, to Portland, Ore., our train sped along the banks of the world-renowned Columbia River, which the melting mountain snows had swelled to brimming banks. Here we, for the first time, saw the peculiar fishing-machine, consisting of a skeleton fish-wheel built on a flatboat, which was anchored in the stream in the runways of the great schools of salmon as they were on their way upstream to their spawning grounds. As the current turns the wheels, they scoop up the fish and deposit them in great tanks of water on board the boats. This mode of fishing beats, by several lengths, the Wisconsin boy's fishing-tackle, consisting of a cotton-string line, hazel-bush pole, and pin hook, back in the early days of his memory.

At Kelso, Ore., about twenty-five miles from Portland, we called on our old Minnesota friend of a quarter of a century ago, the Rev. C. J. Sindall. His days of active ministry are past, and he with Mrs. Sindall live on a farm in comfortable retirement. Here we enjoyed a very pleasant visit. In our conversation he earnestly remarked: "My people (the Scandinavians) made a serious mistake back in those early days, in not forming themselves into church organizations. They were good, faithful and earnest Christians, but by neglecting this duty they have fallen by the way and have become absorbed by the world, and we Seventh Day Baptists have now no Scandinavian churches or settlements." This statement means much, as it comes from a man of ripe years and long experience. Possibly we ought to consider it as a warning note applicable in some quarters of our denomination at present.

At Eugene, Ore., Benjamin Stillman and his daughter Laura are comfortably located. We first formed their acquaintance at Milton, Wis., years ago. He was in the

midst of preparations for a trip, with other G. A. R. men, to the scenes of his soldier-days at Gettysburg, to attend the great reunion. His State was to pay all old soldiers who took part in that battle that meant so much to the country. Miss Laura was just closing a successful term of service in one of the schools of their beautiful city.

We were on our way back southward and made a call at Cottage Grove, Ore. Here Mrs. Ezra Bailey, her son, and her daughter, Mrs. Eva Hickey, are located. These good people were formerly from Minnesota, where we knew them while a farmer in that State. This renewal of old acquaintances was very enjoyable.

We next called at Talent, Ore., where we once had a promising little church. Deaths and removals leave us but four members there: Brother William H. Hurley, a brother of our highly esteemed Pastor James Hurley of New Auburn, Wis., his daughter, Miss Ethelyn, a very successful teacher in the schools of the near-by city of Ashland, and also the home-keeper for her father; and about a mile away, Delwin Hurley, the son of William, who with his wife makes up our quartet of Seventh Day Baptists of that locality. With them we spent the last Sabbath of our trip. These families spent Sabbath afternoon together, as is their custom. They studied the Sabbath-school lesson, and read the SABBATH RECORDER, discussing its editorials and articles. Although they are so isolated from our people, they are loyal and true, and our Sabbath spent with them seemed just like a real day of sacred time kept holy.

Resolutions by Adams Center Sabbath School.

Believing that the future of our denomination will be more fully assured, and its spiritual life greatly increased, when our children and young people are more fully grounded in the truths of the Bible concerning the teachers of the Sabbath, and believing that a comprehensive knowledge of the Sabbath and of the Sabbath of the world during all its history will help to strengthen the faith of all in the teachings of the Bible and create in them a love for the denomination, therefore

Resolved, That we, as a school, request the Tract Society, through the General Conference, to prepare, for distribution, a catechism giving, in questions and answers, a comprehensive knowledge of the Sabbath and its observance from earliest history to the present.

Pastors and Conference Delegates, Do Not Overlook This.

Pastors and church clerks will please send the names of any intending to come to Conference to me at the earliest possible date. We desire the names so that we can have homes prepared for all delegates. Please do not fail to comply with this request.

The Brookfield church will have an agent at both Binghamton and Utica on Monday, August 18, to meet and assign all delegates homes before reaching North Brookfield, "in order to avoid the rush." Look out for your agent. He will be labelled, "Brookfield."

Fraternally,
PASTOR W. L. DAVIS,
Chairman Local Committee.
Brookfield, N. Y.

Notice to Conference Delegates.

To the delegates and friends who will attend the General Conference at Brookfield, Greeting. The Transportation Committee have arranged to meet all who come on the D. L. & W. trains at North Brookfield, August 18, and convey them to Brookfield for one-half fare, 25 cents. Distance 7 miles. Suit cases and grips free. Any having trunks will be charged a nominal fee. If any delegates come later than the 18th we have very good stage service. The morning stage meets the 8.28 going south and the 11.03 going north. The afternoon stage meets the 5.35 going north and the 6.02 going south. Should any wish to come on the noon train from the north, on the 19th, let them telephone J. D. Camenga, of Brookfield, and we will send a conveyance for them.

Fraternally yours,
J. D. CAMENGA,
L. P. BURDICK,
N. S. WHITFORD,
Transportation Committee.

Thankful for the Recorder.

To the Shiloh W. C. T. U. we wish to extend our thanks for sending us the SABBATH RECORDER. We were more than pleased to receive it. We both read it and enjoy it very much. Again let us thank this society.

MR. AND MRS. TASWELL BUCKSON,
Shiloh, N. J.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Baby's Logic.

Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle,
Yes, I did.
"Oh, no, my girlie," she said, "you're too little,"
So she did.

But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out
so,"

That's what she did.
Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?
—*St. Louis Republic.*

The Picture That Made a Child Sing.

One day a little girl climbed the steps of the Art Institute in Chicago and made her way through the door and up to the big uniformed guard who stood near it.

"Please," she said, "I'd like to see the very prettiest picture there is here."

The guard looked down at the little girl with a friendly smile. "The 'very prettiest picture'?" he said. "I am not quite sure which is the prettiest one, there are so many pretty ones."

The little girl still looked up at him wistfully. "Please," she begged, "the very prettiest picture!"

"All right, missy," answered the guard, "we'll try."

The little girl slipped a confiding hand into the guard's big warm palm, and off they went toward the rooms where hung the pictures which a little girl might like.

Room after room they went through slowly, carefully scanning the walls for the "very prettiest picture." Suddenly the little girl drew her hand from the guard's and sped away toward a picture in which another little girl stood with lifted head, listening.

The child stood silent a moment before the picture and then she broke into a little rippling song. Straight to the little girl in the picture she sang verse after verse of a melody so sweet and so full of cheer that all the people in the room stopped to listen.

The words were in German, so the guard could not understand what the song was about, and the little girl did not tell him. But when the last verse was ended she once more slipped her hand in his.

"That's the very prettiest picture," she said.

"Is it? Why?" asked the guard.
"Oh, I can't tell you," said the little girl.
"I only know that it made me very happy—so happy that I just had to sing!"

If the great French painter, Jules Breton, who made the picture could have peeped into the Art Institute that day he probably would have been made very happy by the little girl's happiness, for it would have shown him that the picture said to her the same thing that it said to him when he painted it. This painter loved the out of doors, and the fields, and the early morning; and he must many times have listened in the harvest field, just as this peasant girl is listening, to the lark, soaring skyward and pouring out its early good morning song of joy.

When he was a little boy this Jules Breton lived in the country, in a place called Courrieres, where he played, with his brothers and sister, in his father's garden, running down the broad paths, climbing the pear trees, making friends with the birds and frogs and lady bugs and grasshoppers and sometimes stretching out on his back in the sun among the flowers.

It was in this garden that little Jules discovered that he wanted to be a painter. In each of the garden's four corners stood a large stone figure, and these figures represented spring, autumn, summer and winter. Every year a man came to paint the house, and he always painted new clothes on these figures, too.

That looked to be considerable fun to little Jules. "I will be a painter," he declared the first time he saw the man do this.

Next best to the garden Jules liked the dusty, cobwebby loft in the house, where a big, worm-eaten box was filled with books containing wonderful pictures. Jules loved to slip away up there and look at the books, and they taught him to love pictures so much that he was never satisfied till he, too, could paint them.

His first drawing teacher was a man who had drawn a crayon portrait on the side of a barn in the village. This portrait was of a man smoking a pipe—but the pipe was upside down. Jules copied the picture and made the pipe right side up, which everybody thought very smart for so little a

Intoxicants and Athletics.

ARTHUR MILLS.

[This essay was written by a fourteen-year-old boy of the school at Dunn's Corners, R. I. It was one of the prize essays, prepared without aid on the given subject, and a friend sends it for publication. One should see the beautiful handwriting in order to appreciate it fully.—Ed.]

Just before the World's Championship games took place in 1911, each of the Philadelphia ball players promised the manager, Connie Mack, that he would let alcoholic liquors alone during the series of games to be played. They kept their promises and the Philadelphia Athletics won the World's Championship that year. Athletes of all kinds are prejudiced against alcoholic drinks, for they have learned from experience that a man who drinks is almost sure to be beaten by non-drinkers.

Alcohol makes the muscles flabby, and no athlete wants weak, flabby muscles. It weakens the heart, dulls the brain, stunts the growth, and does many other things which injure an athlete.

The famous Russian wrestler, Hackenschmidt, once said, "Alcohol from the standpoint of strength is the germ of death," which is certainly very true.

The leading colleges of the country bar drinkers from their athletic teams, and if a member is found to be a drinker he is dropped from the team.

Alcohol makes superfluous flesh on a man, and no athlete wants to have this. The brain and muscles of an athlete have to act quickly. If a man is a drinker they will not act as quickly as they should.

When Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, was once asked if he drank, his reply was, "No, I have a better use for my brain." This is why athletes are usually non-drinkers. They have better uses for their brains and muscles. A professional athlete makes his living by these two things; therefore the stronger he is and the brighter his brain, the more money he can make. Alcohol is of absolutely no use to a man, but it does a great deal of harm.

In some branches of athletics it would be very dangerous for a drinker to enter. For instance, a drinker would be very apt to lose his life in an automobile or motorcycle race. Even people with clear minds

boy. And he drew charcoal pictures all over the walls of a large unfinished parlor in the house.

At school Jules copied pictures by the hour. And once he got into a scrape by drawing a picture of a big wolf hound and writing the name of one of the masters beneath it. And he was soundly thrashed for it, too.

But that was not his first scrape. Jules' uncle lived with the Bretons, and in his room was a bookcase with several drawers in which the little boy used to rummage when his uncle was away. Among other things which those drawers contained were some color boxes for painting in water colors, bladders with oil colors and flasks of varnish. Jules tried all the paints on the back of his hand, and pricked the bladders with his penknife, one bursting open and covering his fingers, and the carpet as well, with Prussian blue. The young culprit scoured his hands with sand, and scrubbed the carpet with soap and water, and after lots of hard work succeeded in getting both clean. When he was a little older Jules had a room off the garden which he called his studio, and where he amused himself during his vacations carving figures of peasants in soft stone, and painting on wood with the juices of flowers and berries. His first picture was a sign he painted for a village woman.

Later on, when he went to college, Jules drew from plaster casts, then portraits in pencil and landscapes.

He studied art in Ghent and Antwerp and Paris, working very, very hard, and finally he painted a picture so beautiful and so fine that he was given the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which is the highest honor France has to bestow upon her sons.

Perhaps you have in your home his picture "The Gleaners." "The Song of the Lark" he painted many years later.—S. C. R., in *The Continent*.

"What shall I do at the seaside, mamma?" asked a little boy who had never seen the ocean, but had a small sand garden.

"Why, dig in the sand."

"And what will you do?"

"Just sit on the sand and read."

"But, mamma, how can I dig the sand when you're sitting on it?"—*Christian Advocate*.

and steady nerves are often killed in these speed contests, so it would be a great many times more dangerous for a drinker to enter.

President Murphy of the Chicago Cubs has decided to adopt a set of rules which will forbid his players to drink alcoholic liquors or smoke cigarettes. Offenders will be fined or suspended. This will certainly be a good thing for the Cubs. Many other teams are doing the same thing.

If you should travel all over the world and ask athletes of every kind and color, you would find that the majority of baseball and football players, runners, jumpers, weight throwers, boxers, wrestlers, cricket players, tennis players, autoists, motorcyclists, swimmers, skaters, rowers, yachtsmen, polo players, basketball players, and aviators, sturdily denounce the use of alcoholic drinks.

A drinker is more apt to lose his life than other men. For instance, if a valuable baseball player should get drunk while out in a boat and fall overboard, his team would perhaps lose the pennant, all because he was not a total abstainer from alcoholic drinks.

World Conference on Faith and Order.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, in October, 1910, appointed a commission to bring about a conference for the consideration of questions as to the faith and order of the Christian Church, in the hope that such a conference will promote the cause of Christian unity. That commission is inviting all Christian communions throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour to unite with the Episcopal Church in arranging for and conducting such a conference. More than twenty such cooperating commissions have been appointed, including all the leading communions in the United States, and the Church of England in England and Canada. Invitations are now being sent to the other leading communions outside the United States as fast as the names and addresses of their officers can be obtained. The Episcopal Commission is publishing leaflets, explaining the scope and methods of the conference, and giving a list of books on Christian unity, and those leaflets have been circulated all over the world. The commission is glad

to send them free to any one who will apply for them to the secretary, Robert H. Gardiner, Gardiner, Maine. He has received probably ten thousand, or more, letters on the subject, coming from every part of the world and from members of every communion, Protestant and Catholic. Persons applying are entered on a permanent mailing list, so that they will receive all future publications.

The Episcopal Commission is trying to carry on the undertaking in the spirit of Bishop Brent, who urged, at the meeting when the commission was organized, that the side of organization shall not be made too prominent, but that we shall seek spiritual power. The first step shall be, in a new and full and deep way, to rededicate ourselves to God, free from past prejudices, in order that, so losing ourselves, we may have a spiritual power simply compelling. The World Conference may not be held for a number of years, for it will be a long undertaking to get the approval of all the leading communions all over the world, though the project is being received with great cordiality. G.

Plain Letter to the Brewers.

The Topeka *Daily Capital* publishes the following letter, showing how persistent the brewers are in pushing liquor into prohibition territory against the law, and how the people of Kansas feel about it.

The Pabst Brewing Company, George Schrader, Mgr., Kansas City, Mo.:

GENTLEMEN: Replying to yours of recent date, asking why we are not your patrons, will say that although a very busy woman, I must take time to answer the numerous letters containing your advertisements, puffing up your poisonous products, which are continually being sent, addressed to Dr. C. Hestis, my late husband, who was a strictly temperance man and was buried with the "white ribbon bow" pinned on the lapel of his coat, because it stands for a saloonless nation.

I deem it necessary to reply to your constant flow of letters persisting in violating the laws of our State by trying to force your products upon us against the law. Doctor Hestis has been dead nearly one year. I am a temperance lecturer, working not only for a saloonless nation, but a stainless flag. . . .

Please let me give you some facts:

You claim that liquor and beer aid in building up the individual physically. History and medical science dispute this. Instead, they have the power to make invalids, criminals and fools. Your products hold the brain in an iron grip and prevent the mind from developing, leading the way to the asylums for the imbecile and the insane. They pour the very life blood out of the veins and arteries. They rob the boyish cheek of its bloom, the eye of its original brightness and the form of its erectness; rob the body of its power to withstand disease. Eternal death and your products walk side by side, dig graves and mark tombstones.

THE SALOON MAN'S ENEMY.

The supreme enemy of the working man is the saloon. The liquor traffic in any form robs him of his hard-earned wages, and gives him nothing good in return. The liquor traffic is essentially lawless, if you regulate it. It violates the regulations, if you segregate it, it sneaks across the forbidden line and sells to minors and drunkards, in violation of the law.

Our nation is founded upon manhood and womanhood; the saloon is built upon the ruins of both.

Listen! Missouri has more natural advantages than Kansas, such as mineral deposits, forests and richer soil; more rain and a nearer market; it is a much older State than Kansas; its population is nearly double that of Kansas, Missouri having 3,300,000 population and Kansas having 1,690,000. Missouri has three cities much larger than any in Kansas. In Kansas there is hardly a town of 1,500 population but has its electric lights, water and sewer system, while in Missouri numbers of towns with four and five thousand population have no paved streets, electric lights or water system. In Missouri the assessed valuation is \$300 per capita, while in Kansas the assessed valuation is \$1,750 per capita. In the panic of 1907, when eastern banks appealed to those in the West for money to ease up the situation, Missouri, with all its large banks in its large cities, refused to send one penny to the East, while the Kansas bankers got together \$50,000,000 and sent it to help the eastern banks in their emergency. In Missouri there are \$20 per capita deposited in the banks; in Kansas there is over \$100

per capita deposited in the banks. In Missouri one farmer in one hundred owns an automobile; in Kansas one farmer in five owns an automobile.

WHY THESE DIFFERENCES?

The excerpts from the year book of the Anti-Saloon League can not fail to show the reason, after their thorough investigation of the facts gleaned.

In Missouri there are over 4,000 saloons into which the people of the State pay \$80,000,000 a year.

In Kansas there are no saloons. Missourians spend on the average \$24 per year per capita for liquors; Kansas spends \$1.48 per year per capita for liquor. Missouri has been wasting her resources in the saloon, while Kansas has been depositing her money in the banks.

Does prohibition prohibit?

Shall liquor or law rule?

The signs of the times are that Americans will not tolerate the saloon and it must "go."

My judgment is that you would be happier in some other business. Live for eternity and not for time only. And so this is the order I send you as a patron, echoing back from the voice of the dead, after your many solicitous communications, asking why we are not your patrons.

Yours truly,

MRS. IDA HESTIS.

To Whom It May Concern.

In the RECORDER of July 21, on page 84, is to be found a letter to the churches of New York State. I wish to call the attention of all interested parties to this letter and to say that the step of incorporation proposed is for the purpose of making it possible for the church property of all unincorporated churches of the State to be legally cared for. Such an incorporation will greatly simplify the matter of disposing of church property of defunct churches and make it possible for such property to be disposed of for the interests of the denomination when the church has failed to make provision for such disposition.

In behalf of the committee,

E. ADELBERT WITTER.

"Because you can not prohibit murder, why not license it?"

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE,
Contributing Editor.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 9, 1913.
THE PASSOVER.

Lesson Text.—Exod. xii, 1-42.

Golden Text.—"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Matt. xx, 28.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Exod. xii, 1-20.

Second-day, Exod. xii, 21-36.

Third-day, Exod. xii, 37-51.

Fourth-day, Numb. ix, 1-14.

Fifth-day, 2 Chron. xxx, 1-27.

Sixth-day, 2 Chron. xxxv, 1-19.

Sabbath-day, Psa. lxxviii, 42-55.

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

Greater Efficiency in Bible Study.

The progressive element in all of our churches is demanding higher efficiency in the study of the Word of God. The intelligence of child and youth life today is so much above what it was a half century ago, and is rising so rapidly, that we are forced, if we would keep pace, to unite in mind and method in order to serve the millions best as they turn from the public school, with its extended curriculum, to the Bible school, with its present courses of study. Is it not true that these abridged courses, such as we have been using during all these years, are not such as to challenge the youth of our day as worthy their best effort?

Now, it must not be understood that I stand for an extreme position on this question, for we are unfortunate if, in the forming of an organization, we have among our number those who are extremists for new and untried methods, as well as those who are so conservative that they are unwilling to give up obsolete things. It seems to me that our position is one of middle ground, where we may open the way in our organization for a rightful development, giving as great liberty as possible to the denominational forces to do special things, which in their judgment would best serve their constituency, at the same time conserving a uniformity of service that would beget confidence on the part of the

great body of Christian thinkers and workers.—*William R. Funk, President of the S. S. Council of Evangelical Denominations.*

Principles of Lesson Making.

The committee of the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations which has been studying the questions of courses for the Bible school has this to say regarding the principles of lesson making:

"1. A course of lessons should meet the immediate and future religious requirements of those taught at each stage of development.

"2. A complete course of lessons should therefore be graded and progressive.

"3. A course of lessons should provide for complete religious development—physical, intellectual, emotional, volitional, and social.

"4. A course of lessons should be based upon the Bible.

"5. A course of lessons should be coordinated in every part as closely as may be, and vitally correlated with the rest of education and of life.

"6. Courses of lessons should be prepared with reference to actual conditions, and to particular types of conditions, in city and country."

Come to the Great Physician.

ANGELINE ABBEY.

O weary souls, and blind, who slowly walk from day to day,

And grope about, 'mid darkest night, uncertain of the way,

There is a skilled Physician, waiting, eager to relieve!

The price is not so great but all his treatment may receive.

Just to believe, and give yourself, your body, mind and soul,—

He'll give the magic touch which recreates and makes you whole.

At his first touch the light will shine where all was dark before,

And you will leap and run for joy, and praise him evermore.

And as you run with grateful heart, on your illumined way,

You'll see the maimed and halt and blind, and lead them day by day,

And help them find the great Healer who never lost a case,

Who has infinite compassion for all the human race.

Grand Marsh, Wis.,

July 9, 1913.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. Lewis F. Randolph.

Rev. Lewis Fitz Randolph, aged seventy-two years, died at his home in Ashaway at 8.15 this morning after an illness of three weeks. Mr. Randolph was pastor of the Second Hopkinton Church, which position he has held since 1883. He was an active member of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination, having been pastor of churches in West Virginia and Rhode Island since 1870.

Lewis Fitz Randolph was born in Greenbrier, W. Va., December 21, 1841. He was the son of William Fitz Randolph and Mary B. Davis and was the eleventh member of a family of twelve children, who were born in the following order: Harriet, Waldo, Esther, Ezra, Lydia, Silas, Judson, Preston, Jethro, Sarah Jane, Lewis, and Zipporah Elizabeth.

Mr. Randolph's early life was spent in Greenbrier, W. Va. He was educated in the private schools and West Union Academy of West Virginia and attended Alfred University from 1866 to 1867.

He worked on his father's farm and in the brick-yards, and made enough bricks in the latter place to erect a dwelling-house, which he did in 1850. He taught school during the winters at Flint Run, Lick Run and Greenbrier, all of which are in West Virginia.

Mr. Randolph was baptized by Rev. David Clawson in Greenbrier Run, W. Va., in 1858, and joined the Salem Church the same year. He was married to Elizabeth Jane Davis, March 22, 1868, and two years later was ordained to the ministry by the Salem Church, September 24, 1870, at Greenbrier, at the time of the organization of the Greenbrier Church. He was later pastor of the Greenbrier and Ritchie churches, and was missionary pastor in the West Virginia field. He was pastor of the Marlboro (N. J.) Church from 1873 to 1876, and came to the Hopkinton Church in 1883.

Three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Randolph: Alva, April 2, 1870, who died several years ago; Curtis Randolph, January 10, 1873, of Alfred, N. Y.; and Lewis Jr., May 6, 1888, of Ashaway.

Mr. Randolph had been in poor health for over a month, and was obliged to take to his bed three weeks ago last Tuesday. He suffered considerable pain during his sickness but made a brave fight for life to the very last. He was conscious to within half an hour of his death.—*Westerly Sun.*

Wayland D. Wilcox, recently professor of English in Alfred University, formerly supply pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church in Westerly, has concluded to leave the teaching profession and enter business. Mr. Wilcox has obtained an interest in the Railway Motor Car Company, with a large shop at Marion, Ind., and has been elected president of the company.

This company manufactures a gasoline car that is destined to revolutionize the trolley system of the country and make it possible for a much more extensive country railroad service. Their car has two independent six-cylinder engines of 150 horsepower each. This car makes it possible to install railroad systems at half the cost of the electric lines.

The Motor Car Company is affiliated with the American Construction Company of Chicago, which company acts as selling agent for the car. This company is buying up all the short-line railroads of the country it can get hold of, and is fitting them up with these new cars. They are also building new lines wherever there is a possible opening, and where they will receive the support of those the line will benefit.

Mr. Wilcox states that the plant at Marion is a Seventh Day Baptist plant.—*Westerly Sun.*

Brother F. J. Bakker of Asaa, Denmark, leaves his native land, on August 5, for the United States, to be with his son and family in Plainfield, N. J.

On July 14 President Wilson materially aided in preventing the threatened railroad strike which was likely to involve 100,000 men. The meeting was held at the White House with representatives of railroads and brotherhoods, and an agreement was reached upon a bill which the President urged Congress to pass at once. Under this amended law the contending parties agreed to submit their troubles to arbitration.

Facts About the Fly.

With the return of warm weather there is also the return of the fly, now recognized by man as his worst enemy in the insect kingdom.

THE FLY THE PRODUCT OF FILTH.

The female lays her eggs preferably upon horse manure, as this seems to be its favorite larval food. It also breeds in human excrement. In the absence of these, it will oviposit in drains, garbage cans, ash-pits, rubbish heaps, and other offensive matter. Herein is its great danger to human beings, for it carries the germs of disease from human and animal excreta to the food supply.

The number of eggs laid by an individual fly at one time is very large,—from one hundred twenty to one hundred fifty,—and a single fly may lay four such batches during the hot season. The eggs hatch in about eight hours, then follow the larval stage of five days and the pupal period of five days, thus making the total developing period about ten days. This makes it possible for the production of eight to ten generations every summer.

The disease-bearing possibilities of the house-fly are most apparent—from the manure pile, the latrine, privy vault, consumptive's sputum, or decaying matter, it sails gaily through the open window, alighting on the dining-table, and leaves filth on whatever it touches.

The microscope shows that the leg of the fly is covered with stiff bristles, like the head of ripened wheat. The germ-laden filth sticks to these bristles, and is shaken off into the food as the fly trails over it. By actual count it has been found that one fly may leave thirty thousand germs in its tracks.

In another experiment four hundred fourteen flies were examined after being allowed to walk through a culture of typhoid fever germs. Each fly was then placed in a bottle of sterile water and washed by shaking the bottle. The germs in the water were counted, showing how many each fly could carry on its body. The count ranged from five hundred fifty to over six million.

This is exactly what happens when the fly falls into the milk or other fluid foods, and struggles about in the endeavor to free itself. The germs are washed from

its body into the milk, which thus becomes a liquid culture of disease germs.

The secretary of the Colorado Board of Health tells of a typhoid epidemic traced to the above cause. "A farmer's wife had typhoid; the bowel waste was deposited in an open vault within thirty-five feet of the milk-house. The bacilli were carried from this vault by flies, and deposited upon the utensils in the milk-house. This dairyman supplied one hundred forty-two families. Among them occurred fifty-five cases of typhoid fever, from which six deaths resulted."

In New York City diarrhea carries away about seven thousand infants annually. The infection is conveyed to these babies by the fly. Through the cities of our land there is each year during the fly season a veritable slaughter of the innocents. Enough has been discovered to indict the fly as the most dangerous creature to man. Keep it out of your house as you would a deadly snake.

For several years a "swat-the-fly" educational campaign was conducted with good results. This year we are to have a new slogan, "Starve the fly," which promises even better results. The only way of combating this insect is to destroy the breeding places. All refuse should be kept in closed receptacles and taken away from the premises at frequent intervals. No offensive matter must be allowed to remain longer than five days in order to prevent breeding. Manure piles should be screened and have added to them daily a shovelful of chloride of lime. Make use of disinfectants freely to prevent breeding. Kerosene and chloride of lime are the best.

To kill a fly a weak solution of formaldehyde gives excellent results. The proportions are two teaspoonfuls of a forty-percent solution to a pint of water. Place this where the flies have easy access, and they will drink and fall dead. Kill the fly, prevent his breeding, and screen your houses, your food, and your baby's bed.

Only an energetic cooperation on the part of all can rid our land of this pest. What has been done with the malaria-breeding mosquito in Cuba and Panama, can be done with the fly in America. Do your part, and do it well.—*H. C. Menkel, Advent Review and Herald.*

"Honesty is the backbone of business."

DEATHS

ORMSBY.—William C. Ormsby, son of Daniel O. and Sarah Satterlee Ormsby, was born in the town of Hornellsville, N. Y., December 13, 1850, and died near Alfred Station, N. Y., July 2, 1913, aged sixty-two years.

He was married to Mary Madison, February 26, 1876, by Rev. L. R. Swinney. He and his wife joined the Second Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church during the pastorate of the late Dr. A. H. Lewis.

I. L. C.

The Meeting of the Heroes.

By far the finest thing at the Gettysburg reunion—where the tents of North and South were pitched side by side on the old battlefield—was not the official celebration, nor the spectacular multitudes, nor the eloquent addresses. The finest thing of it all was the splendid spirit of comradeship, the spontaneous flowing together of the hearts of brave men in that deep and true friendship which is possible only among the brave. Fifty years have passed since the guns of Gettysburg became silent; but the picture of that decisive field, and of the grand struggle that reached a climax there, has never been forgotten. Those white-haired heroes, meeting together once again on the old familiar camping-ground, gave to the nation a noble object lesson in the magnanimous friendship of great souls—a friendship sanctified by suffering and with the charm of that feeling of mutual appreciation which gallant foemen feel toward each other. They had become fully reconciled during the mellowing years. They had learned to take the wider and nobler view, that the man who is ready to die for what he believes to be right, is worthy of all honor. This was the spirit that prevailed among the seventy thousand veterans at Gettysburg and which stamped its character upon the whole event.—*The Christian Herald.*

NEWSPAPER FOR SALE.—Old established and paying paper in Seventh Day Baptist town; 1500 circulation and good advertizing patronage. Republican in politics, with its share of public printing. Building and plant for sale at a reasonable figure. For particulars, address Stillman & Spooner, Brookfield, N. Y.

A little child in Florence watched for Michael Angelo as he went to his studio. The child had a large piece of paper on which it meant to ask the great artist to paint a picture, and she expected him to do it. This was a bold faith. Angelo was at the zenith of his fame. Popes and kings had offered him large wealth for his pictures. In the case of the child there was no money or fame offered, but that which was infinitely greater: a daring faith; and it won the day. He sat down on the street, he drew a sketch then and there, such as no other hand in all the world could have produced.—*Gregg.*

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RIVERSIDE CALIFORNIA?

SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, 450 Audubon Ave., (between 187th & 188th Sts.) Manhattan.

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

The church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock, preaching at 3. Every-body 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.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue.

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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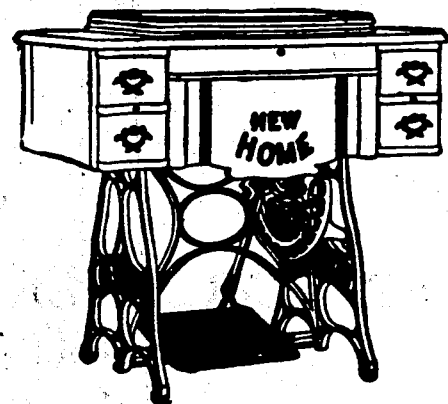
The Bible ought to have the best time in the day and for most men the best time in the day is in the morning hour, before a man's mind is soggy; before he is weighed down; before he has lost his fresh grip; before other things have come in to disconcert his mind off into cross-roads and cross-purposes.—Robert E. Speer.

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THE MASTER SCULPTOR.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet, and day by day
He is chipping whatever environs the form, away;
Which under his skilful cutting, he means shall be
Wrought silently out to beauty of such degree
Of faultless and full perfection that angel eyes
Shall look on the finished labor with new surprise,
That even his boundless patience could grave his own
Features upon such fractured and stubborn stone.

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel. He knows just where
Its edge should be driven sharpest to fashion there
The semblance that he is carving; nor will he let
One delicate stroke too many, or few, be set
On forehead or cheek, where only he sees how all
Is tending, and where the hardest the blow should fall,
Which crumbles away whatever superfluous line
Would hinder his hand from making the work divine.

With tools of thy choosing, Master, we pray thee, then,
Strike just as thou wilt, as often and where and when
Thy vehement stroke is needed; we shall not mind
If only thy chilling chisel shall leave behind
Such marks of thy wondrous working and loving skill,
Clear carven on aspect, statue, and face, as will,
When discipline's ends are over, have all-sufficed
To mold us into the likeness and form of Christ.

—Margaret J. Preston.

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