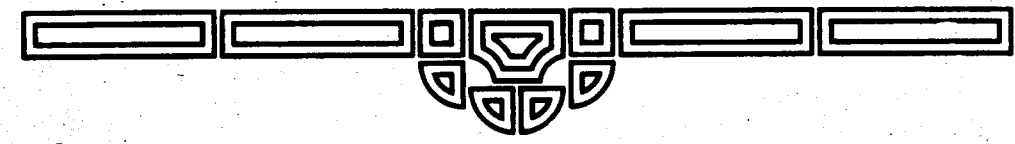


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We publish as editorials in this issue the sermon preached at the General Conference in Brookfield, N. Y., at the annual session of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep It Holy.

Text: Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.—Isa. lvi, 2.

The teachings of Holy Writ are clear and explicit in the truth that the spiritual life and real prosperity of the people of God depend upon their attitude toward his Sabbath. Blessings are pronounced upon all who really remember it to keep it holy, and time and again Jehovah makes the Sabbath a test of loyalty. Whenever his people forgot their God and went into idolatry, his first words of rebuke were, "Ye have forgotten my sabbath." For this, Jehovah let them fall a prey to their enemies. For this, he gave them over to captivity. And upon their deliverance from bondage, the restoration of the Sabbath was among the first evidences of their reform, and renewed loyalty to God.

When Christ came to establish God's law and to give it a broader interpretation, he who was God, who was with him in the beginning, who made all things, even the Sabbath, declared that he was its Lord and that it was made for man. It had held for ages a most prominent place among God's Ten Words, as his measure of man's loyalty. And of the law to which it belonged, Christ said not one jot or tittle should pass away till all was fulfilled.

As Seventh Day Baptists, made a separate people by this one truth, it becomes us to ponder well its meaning, and its value in the economy of God. We can not be too well informed as to the nature of true Sabbathism, as to why Jehovah made the Sabbath, and as to its importance among the other precepts of the Decalogue. We

make a great mistake if we look upon the Sabbath as merely a ceremonial institution to be observed simply because commanded. To be sure the command of Jehovah is enough, if there were no other reason for Sabbath-keeping. But we must look deeper than the mere dictum of a verbal statute to find the real law of the Sabbath.

All spiritual life is subject to natural laws that were in force and held true long before the Ten Words were spoken at Sinai. In law we have that great distinction of our nature which makes us moral beings by an inherent property, namely, the eternal, absolute, self-asserting idea of right. This principle held before government existed, before statutes were known, and was a law unto Jehovah himself in composing his government. Statutes were established only to conform to this principle. They state in words the requirements of the nature of things; but they do not make the law. That existed of necessity the moment there was a moral being, and it was based upon the everlasting, inherent moral imperatives of God and his universe.

THE COMMANDMENT DOES NOT MAKE THE TRUTH.

The Sabbath law grows out of the nature of things as certainly as does any law of the physical or moral world. It does not depend upon an arbitrary edict, but upon a natural spiritual principle growing out of the relations of man to his Maker. The command regarding the Sabbath does not make the truth; but the command is given because the truth exists and always has existed.

It was always wrong to kill, *command or no command*. It was always wrong to steal, and always will be; hence the commands, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal." Long before the statutes were formulated on Sinai, it was established in the nature of things, in the moral relations between man and man, that no one could be true who violated these laws.

But man as a spiritual being is related to God as well as to men. In view of this

relationship, if spiritual beings are to fulfil the purposes for which they were created, the Sabbath too is a necessity under the natural law of spiritual life and growth. So long as time shall last and men live on earth, it will be wrong to disregard the Sabbath day. Under the divine plan it is as essential to our spiritual life as are food and air to the body. Spirit is correlated to God as the plant is to soil, heat, air and light.

Jehovah, in infinite wisdom, surrounded physical man with all things necessary for nourishment and growth. There are food and water and air to supply every physical need. He omitted nothing essential for the life and development of the body. By carefully conforming to his laws for bodily sustenance—all, expressions of the divine will—we exist and prosper in our life here.

SABBATH LAW BASED ON MAN'S INNERMOST NEEDS.

But the physical man is not the real man. The spiritual man, made in the image of God who is a spirit, is the real man. We were created for the spiritual world, and only as spiritual beings are we the sons of God. The earth simply furnishes the home for God's children, in which they are, through discipline, to develop the real man and fit him for life eternal. Therefore the development of the spiritual man was the main thing for which Jehovah was providing when he placed his children on the earth. The physical life is merely incidental. It may be called the chrysalis stage of our existence. The real life is designed for eternity.

In view of these great truths, it is unthinkable that an all-wise and infinite Father would make all this complete provision for our physical existence, without making equally perfect and adequate provision for our spiritual life and growth. Never would he place his children where everything tends to draw them away from him, where all surroundings pamper the appetites and passions, causing men to forget their Maker, and then leave them there without complete and permanent provision for the soul! So long as the world endures, the children of God will need the best possible provision for spiritual culture, if ever they are to fulfil the designs of God. There must be God-appointed provision for soul-life equal in every way to

that made for the life of the body, and adequate to meet the needs of the spirit.

This leads us to believe that the basis for the Sabbath is man's innermost personal need. This is why it is commanded. The nature of the case demands it; it grows out of a law of our being, and man can never fulfil his mission without it. Man needs the Sabbath as much as he needs food; and what man needs, Jehovah has provided. To neglect it means starvation to the soul and spiritual death. A sabbathless people must be a godless people.

PURPOSE OF THE WEEKLY CYCLE.

Foreseeing the danger to his children if left amid earthly attractions and environments without some special, oft-recurring reminder of himself, Jehovah dedicated one specific day, the last of the seven, each week, as his perpetual representative in time, sacred unto himself, to be kept holy. It is significant in this connection, that in order to do this Jehovah created the independent and special cycle of the week, a division that no mere human mind would be likely to invent; a cycle that is in no way so much as suggested by any movement of earth or planet; a cycle given by God alone, undoubtedly, to fix and emphasize the day of the Sabbath, and to stand in a most peculiar sense as the one cycle of time containing this reminder of man's relations to his Maker. The Sabbath was the only known object that would be likely to perpetuate the week. The year, the month, the day were divisions of time suggested by nature, and were all left for man to invent or study out; but not so with the week. This arbitrary God-given cycle of seven days, always closing with God's Sabbath of sacred time, must have been given to meet some great need of the children of God; it must have been given to mark the Sabbath, which Jehovah so carefully commanded us to remember and to keep holy.

JEHOVAH ANTICIPATED MAN'S GREATEST NEEDS.

Thus it was planned that this hallowed day should constantly bring God near to men. It was to be devoted to special communion with him, and to furnish food for the soul. On this day Jehovah promised to come near with special blessings and the Sabbath was to furnish environments

essential to spiritual life which earth could not give. Had man always been true to this day of God, had he carefully obeyed the command to remember it and to keep it holy, the race would have lived near to the heavenly Father and retained his favor. There would have been no idolatry; the troubles and controversies that distract the world today would never have been known. Had the spirit and letter of the fourth commandment always been observed, most of the economic troubles would have been averted, and the problems of labor and capital would have been solved in advance. Had the state of heart aimed at in true Sabbath-keeping been attained throughout the ages, it would not be necessary to frame civil laws to protect the poor and the oppressed, and the earth today would be like an Eden. The Sabbath, designed as it was to provide for essential soul-culture, would have met man's soul-hunger and kept him strong in the Lord. It would have kept the children of men in love with a holy Person, mighty to save. Everybody knows the transforming power of such a love as that. There is nothing like it to make holy the soul.

With everything pulling the wrong way, there would be absolutely no chance for the development of spiritual love for God and holy things without the Sabbath. Therefore, because the human race needs communion with the Infinite Spirit, because man was created for such communion, because he must be forever lost without it, and because there is no regenerating power like personal love for a personal God, Jehovah anticipated man's deepest needs and gave him the Sabbath. The greatest mistake the children of men can make is to neglect or forget this one age-long provision for their spiritual welfare. How can the soul hope to escape from the snares and perplexities of earth to the peace of heaven, if it neglects through all its earth-life this God-provided means for its growth? To forget the Sabbath means to forget Jehovah, and that means ultimate ruin for the race.

ALWAYS A POWERFUL FORCE IN CIVILIZATION.

The prophets recognized these great truths and, faithful watchmen that they were, they warned the people. "If thou . . . call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor it,

not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. lviii, 13, 14).

This sabbatic principle, born of God, this idea of consecrated time and consecrated rest, has ever been a powerful force in civilization. Even those who keep another day claim that the Sabbath idea comes through the weekly cycle and the seventh day of the Bible. This Sabbath idea, even when attached to another day, has done something for the world. But no man can estimate the infinite loss the generations of earth have sustained by forsaking God's holy day for a pagan substitute. The authority of Jehovah does not attach to any other day of the seven. No other day can stand for him in his own plan for soul-culture, and human authority is all too feeble to beget profound respect for any other.

THOUGHTFUL CHRISTIANS ANXIOUS OVER SABBATHLESS TENDENCIES.

As the years go by in a world fast becoming sabbathless, and as pressure of work and business strains increase, men will more and more come to need the Sabbath. And less and less will the advocates of another than God's day be able to help the masses. Spiritual Sabbath-keeping is fast becoming a thing of the past, and Christian people, almost distracted, are wondering what the end will be. Many are anxiously seeking a remedy.

A few weeks ago, in one of the churches of a great city, a pastor was much distressed to find that fully twenty of his best young men had absented themselves from the Sunday services to attend a ball game. In his trouble he asked a friend why they did this. The answer in such a case is not hard to find. Those young men had become accustomed to seeing the day spent more as a holiday than as a holy day. The spiritual idea of the Sabbath had not been taught them. They had never grasped the thought that the real Sabbath is a day in which God comes near with special blessings for the hearts of men. Could they have had one glimpse of the glory that

fills the souls of true spiritual Sabbath-keepers; could they have been enabled to realize, but for a moment, the peace of God that comes to those whose eyes are opened to see his true Sabbath, and who loyally accept it, their ideas of Sabbath-keeping would have been very different.

The instance given here is only one of many thousands like it all over the land. On these summer days probably not less than three or four hundred thousand people will swarm out of New York City alone every Sunday to sabbatize in seashore frolics, or in a boat-ride, automobile tour, or Sunday ball game! Thus, more and more as the years go by, the people of America, having forsaken God's holy day, are drifting away from the Sabbath idea so essential to bind men to God.

WHAT SHOULD SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS DO?

We have spoken of the great purpose of the Sabbath in God's plan for the spiritual life of his children, of its inherence in the very nature of man and his relations to Jehovah, and of what must come to a sabbathless world. As Seventh Day Baptists, having the light upon so great and important a question, and being in duty bound to let our light shine in order to keep the truth alive until God's time shall come for its reenthronement in the hearts of men, it becomes us to ask in all seriousness, "What shall we do?" Are we fulfilling our mission as we should?

If the Sabbath truth is of sufficient importance to justify us in an organization separate from other Baptists, if it is vital enough to give us our denominational name, then it must be important enough to demand our very best efforts and most active and consecrated services for its propagation. We can argue well in its defence; we have printed and ready to hand out, the very best data on the Sabbath question that the consecrated and learned pens of bygone years could give us. But where are the active workers in Sabbath reform today? What pens are now at work? Are we pushing ahead or are we drifting back? We can theorize well enough upon this great Bible truth; but what about the practical, the example side of Sabbath-keeping? Are we satisfied with this? We can never make men understand spiritual Sabbathism by merely theorizing. Philosophy and

science can never establish spiritual institutions. Long ago Doctor Lewis taught us that "there is no way to understand true Sabbathism but to try it ourselves on a high spiritual plane." The clearest teachings in the world fail to move men, if the example of the teachers is out of harmony with their teachings. It may be that Seventh Day Baptists are weak and seem to make few converts because they themselves do not keep the Sabbath as they should. It may be that too many fail utterly to apprehend the real spirit and worth of spiritual sabbatizing such as made our fathers strong and true. It may be that the examples set the children in their own homes tend to stultify the teachings of our leaders and to leave the children under the impression that the Sabbath is not much better than Sunday after all. It may be that some of us make the Sabbath a kind of holiday and so lower our standard of Sabbath-keeping to that of the world about us.

DISHEARTENING THINGS.

Recently, in a talk with one of our leading men, the indifferent Sabbath-keeping in our churches was mentioned as being among the disheartening things with which we have to contend, and I remarked, "Some of us can never forget the blessed Sabbaths of our childhood." He quickly replied, "And some have forgotten that they ever had such a thing." He explained that in some of our churches only a very few of our younger and middle-aged people seem to regard the Sabbath as sacred after the morning services are over, but that they spend the afternoons riding and visiting and having a holiday.

Have we as Seventh Day Baptists that sincere and careful regard for the holy Sabbath that characterized our fathers, or are we infringing more and more upon the sacred time? Why are many of us so dead on the Sabbath question? Why do our members seem so worried if their pastor chances to touch upon this truth when First-day people are in the pews? Has the spiritual atmosphere in the homes been what it should be when the young people so easily drift away from the Sabbath as soon as they leave the paternal roof?

For many years we have been preaching to the world the messages of Sabbath reform; but the Sabbath reform most needed, in order to make our messages effect-

ive, is better Sabbath-keeping in our own homes. We need more faithful home teaching; an atmosphere of loyalty that will enable us to glory in any cross which Sabbath-keeping may bring; a spirit of consecration that calls the Sabbath a delight and that gives our children a deep and controlling conviction that their parents really prize the Sabbath day as a priceless treasure from God. We need more homes where parents are anxious to consecrate their boys to the gospel ministry, and where the spiritual life begets in the young people the true spirit of missions. Give us plenty of such homes and we shall have nothing to fear. Indeed, in such a case, the day would not be far off when we as a people would arise and do great things for God and his Sabbath.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF THE SABBATH.

Many of us who are older can remember the loyal and spiritual homes of our childhood; and history gives us glimpses of other homes that sent out our best workers, who were old men and in the field when we were children. How precious was the Sabbath in these dear old homes! How completely did it meet the deepest needs of the soul! It meant far more than mere physical rest and recreation; it was a day of spiritual upbuilding, a real retreat from life's hubbub and wearying confusion. Shops and mills were still, farmers' teams rested, and the peaceful quiet of Sabbath morning that pervaded the home was like a benediction from heaven. The very air was filled with the spirit of rest. Every bird-note was a song of praise. The deep-toned Sabbath bells, the quiet retreat of the sanctuary, the inspiring songs of praise, the subdued tones of worship and of prayer, the very movements of the country folk, as with subdued spirits they went to and from the house of God, the very attitude of grandfathers and grandmothers as they poured over the pages of Sacred Writ, or read aloud the promises of God—all these were like angel voices to our souls, speaking in heavenly tones which we can never forget. Week by week this blessed day used to come, reminding us, while we were yet children, of an ever-present God and Father, whom our dear ones adored, and who was inviting us to halt a few hours on life's journey and let the Sabbath lift us nearer to him.

I wonder if those blessed days are being forgotten in these hustling, pleasure-seeking times. Have the old-time angel voices of the sacred Sabbath day ceased to be heard in the homes of Seventh Day Baptists? Are we losing the spirit of true Sabbathism?

Jehovah still speaks as of old, if we only listen. "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy;" "Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep;" and "Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil." The Lord Jesus Christ, still teaching that the Sabbath was made for man, speaks, not as a Jew to Jews, but as the divine Man to men, saying, "Not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass till all be fulfilled." He would have us revere the Sabbath, not merely because it is in the Decalogue, but because it formed a necessary part in the divine plan before the Ten Words were spoken.

WE MUST HAVE HIGHER IDEALS OURSELVES.

Seventh Day Baptists need the peace that comes by proper use of God's sacred day, and the power that such spiritual peace brings—a power that is irresistible and all-convincing—more than they need anything else today. God has entrusted to us a great work. The true Sabbath would long ago have been forgotten if our fathers had not been true and kept the light shining. The Almighty has preserved us in a marvelous way, and it must be that we still have a wonderful mission. But before we can fulfil that mission, we must get higher ideals of the Sabbath ourselves. A mere formal or civic Sabbath-keeping will never make us the light of the world for Sabbath truth, in any effective sense.

Seventh Day Baptists can still "ride upon the high places of the earth" according to God's promises if they will only get a new vision of the work to which he calls them. But that vision will never come unless we are prepared to receive it. Elisha had a vision of God's armies able to defend him from a great host; Moses had a vision at the burning bush which sent him forth to deliver his people from bondage; Peter had a vision which sent him to the Gentiles with the message of salvation; and Paul had a vision of an open door when the Macedonian cry came for him to start the Gospel around the great world: but every one

of these servants of Jehovah had prepared himself to receive the vision. These men drew near to God, communed with him in the spirit of loyalty to his law, and the vision came. Thus must it ever be with those who would be used of God to do a great work. As a people we shall never receive the open-door vision, giving strength and courage to enter the fields, unless we too are fitted to receive it by a genuine spiritual uplift.

When in our history did we make greatest gains in the work of winning men to the truth? When has our seed-sowing of Sabbath truth brought the largest harvests? Was it not when the people were most alive to the work, and when they appreciated the real worth of the Sabbath far more than they seem to do now? Yes, it was in the days when our leaders were moved as by a heavenly vision, to exalt the truth by tongue and pen; in days when the people stood loyally behind them with prayers and money, anxious to see the work carried into all regions. The spirit of Sabbath reform was in the air. Those who carried the truth knew they had a praying people behind them, and the work prospered.

No wonder then that men like James Bailey, Nathan Wardner, L. C. Rogers, C. D. Potter, A. H. Lewis, and others like them won converts to the Sabbath, and established a score of churches where we had none before. The people had a burden of soul for God's downtrodden Sabbath. They realized its importance as Jehovah's own age-long test of loyalty; and far better than they do today, they remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy. It is greatly to our reproach that we have let those new Sabbath-keeping churches die by inches for want of a little help year by year! The Macedonian cry has come from these fields time and again, but we were not prepared to see the vision!

O for a deep and widespread revival of spiritual Sabbathism in all our churches! O for a closer walk with God that would again endue us with power from on high, and fill our homes with the atmosphere of loyalty to God's law! O for a new vision of our mission as Seventh Day Baptists! Then would we be able, not only to save our own sons and daughters, but to win others to the truth and send the light into the darkest places of the earth.

"The Mouth of the Lord Hath Spoken It."

If those who think Sabbath-keepers can not reach the high places of the earth and still be true to the Sabbath will turn to the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah and read the last two verses of that chapter, they will see what "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken" regarding the matter. Then, if they study the history of Seventh Day Baptists, they can find enough loyal men of God who have attained high positions and who have kept their integrity to God's law, to show that God's promises to Sabbath-keepers are not in vain.

But we do not need to search for those who have been permitted to "ride upon the high places of the earth," to find where God's blessing has rested abundantly upon those who have remained true to his law.

It is no uncommon thing to hear it said that a young man can not get on in the world and be true to the Sabbath, but the history of our people proves that he can. Even the rank and file of Seventh Day Baptists enjoy fully as great prosperity as do their Sunday-keeping neighbors. I do not believe the percentage of poverty-stricken men and women is one bit greater among us than it is among people of other denominations. After all, prosperity depends upon the man. I have known Seventh Day Baptists to leave farms and places of business and go to work where Sabbath could not be kept, because they thought it out of the question to get a living and keep it. And I have also seen Sunday folks embrace the Sabbath and come in and get rich in them. I can point to several such cases that have come under my personal observation. It is folly to think one can not do well if he obeys the commandments of God. The words of Jehovah are not vain words when he promises that those who call the Sabbath a delight, and who keep it holy, shall delight themselves in the Lord, be enabled to ride upon the high places of the earth, and be fed with the heritage of Jacob.

Many noble men in our history have verified this promise of God. Samuel Ward, colonial governor of Rhode Island, member of the Continental Congress, often presiding over the committee of the whole in that body—the man who made the formal presentation of George Washington's name for Commander-in-chief of the

army—is a conspicuous example of those in whom this promise is fulfilled. Then we note his son, Samuel Word Jr., lieutenant-colonel of the Continental army; Thomas Bampfield, speaker of the House of Commons under Cromwell; Rev. Samuel Stennett, adviser and close personal friend of King George III; Rev. Peter Chamberlen, physician in ordinary to three English sovereigns; Rev. Peter Miller, translator of the Declaration of Independence, and secretary of correspondence between Congress and the European governments; Jephthah F. Randolph, member of the Constitutional Convention of West Virginia; William A. Rogers, excelling as astronomer in the German survey of the heavens, in competition with scholars of five European universities; George H. Utter, Governor of Rhode Island and member of Congress. All these loyal heroes of the faith remained true to the Sabbath and honored the law of God. And what shall I say, more, of the Babcocks, and Potters, and Cottrells, and Hubbards, and Stillmans, who began as apprentices in shops and mills, and by faith wrought righteousness, overcame all obstacles, obtained the promises, out of weakness were made strong, and all their lives remained true to the holy Sabbath day? Then comes the noble company of Seventh Day Baptist "prophets," ministers of God, who moved the world in their generation and left a record of which any denomination might be proud: the Baileys, the Maxsons, the Hulls, the Whitfords, with Rogers, Prentice, Clarke, Kenyon, Allen, Wardner, Gillette, Williams, Lewis, all of whom "endured as seeing the invisible," "waxed valiant in fight," and "obtained a good report through faith."

After these illustrious examples in the great world of business and politics and in the ranks of the ministry, and in view of scores still among us who are prospering as Sabbath-keepers in the professions and in business, no young man of merit can truthfully say he has no chance to get on in the world and keep the Sabbath. And in view of our well-known record in these matters, it would be a burning shame for any father or mother to teach the children that they can not prosper and be true to the Sabbath! They can keep it if they will. And they will if their hearts are right, and if they have been taught true

loyalty in the home. They shall "ride upon the high places of the earth: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Our Denominational Auto.

No. 1.

REV. C. S. SAYRE.

A neighboring farmer runs his forty-horsepower auto into my yard and says: "Elder, I wish you would tell me what is the matter with this machine. I have had it three years, and this year it has grown weaker, and weaker, until now it will hardly carry two passengers on good roads. The other day I took in a big black man, and that machine would not carry three of us up a light grade. I killed the engine several times (the black man cranked her up every time), but she simply would not carry all three of us up that little grade. I could not ask my wife to get out, and I had to ride in order to run the machine, so I simply had to ask the black man to get off."

I look her all over, testing the compression, the ignition, the gasoline; I examine the transmission and the differential; and tell him the engine is in bad condition. There are heavy carbon deposits in the cylinders, the crank shaft and connecting rod bearings are all badly worn, the valves need grinding and the pistons apparently need new rings; the timer is practically all worn out, and the carburetor is very faulty.

He laughs me to scorn, and says: "Nonsense, man! That's a forty-horsepower engine. I know it is, for it used to carry five passengers wherever I wanted to go, up the hills and through the sand with apparently no inclination to choke down. No, Sir, it is not the engine." Without saying anything more he cranks and cranks until it finally starts, and by putting on the "cut out," and giving her all the gasoline it will take, he gets off down the road at a six or eight miles gait.

In the evening he walks over to my place and says, "Say, Elder, I had to get out and crank that old machine four times before I got home this afternoon, and finally had to get my hired man to pull me into the yard with the team. I wish you would come over and see if you can't get her started up. I know there is all the power there that is needed, if we can only find and use it. Of

course, there may be a little knock in the bearings, and there may be some carbon in the cylinders, and there may be some other things slightly worn and ailing, but there is a plenty of power there if we can only get it."

I try to explain to him that leaky valves and piston rings, and loose bearings in the main shaft and connecting rods are sufficient cause for lack of power, to say nothing of the worn-out timer, faulty carburetor, and heavy carbon deposits in the cylinders. And he says to me, "Elder, I want you to stop calling attention to the faults of my machine. Such talk kills the ambition of my young people to invite others to ride with us. I admit that she is a little faulty, but it does no good to keep calling attention to the faults. It is very discouraging, and disheartening. Look at neighbor B——'s little Brush with only seven-horsepower, and it climbs any hill in the country. (Stripling David.) I tell you, it is wrong to keep pointing out the faults of my engine. I feel sure if you will ignore all these disagreeable things you have been noticing, and come over and manipulate the spark and throttle, *somehow or other*, maybe she'll go."

I said under my breath, "And maybe she won't." Now what am I to do? I don't want to hurt his feelings. He's my friend and neighbor. Shall I go over to his place and waste my time fooling with the levers, and finally disappoint him by saying, "I give it up"? He wants it to carry its full number of passengers without correcting the very faults that make that thing impossible. Just like the "Stripling David," the Brush is in fine condition, and he wants to compare his worn-out machine to that.

I saw an article in the RECORDER of July 21 about our denomination carrying the African "Giant" that made me think of this.

Our Denominational Auto tried to carry the African Giant, but the old machine stopped and "sent a lot of Seventh Day Baptists flying over the hills" for more gasoline, and lubricating oil, and a screw-driver, and a monkey-wrench. But they could not produce the necessary articles, and the "Giant" had to get off and take it afoot.

I believe our denomination is fully forty-horsepower, and she has seating capacity for both foreign and home missions, and

ought to carry them easily over all kinds of ordinary roads. She *ought* to, but I doubt seriously if she ever has done it. And now since the big black man has had to get off, there are a few who think we ought to take him on again because there is "sufficient means among us." The engine is forty-horsepower, *only* it won't develop ten. There is money enough among us, only we can't get it. And right in the face of this vital truth, they go on talking just as if it did not exist. They say, "Oh, stop talking about our small numbers and small purses." And they would load the denomination down to its full seating capacity, while here she stands stock-still in the middle of the highway, and nearly every wheel and lever in the whole machine has said *No!* Now the big black man can get on, but he can't ride; he can *sit* with us, but there'll be nothing doing until some vital parts are repaired. You auto drivers know what happens when you try to crank an engine with a worn-out timer. Ten chances to one you get an awful kick, that will yank you out from under your hat so quick that you feel it all over. Don't try to crank this old Denominational Auto. Timer is worn-out, you'll get kicked. We might set the timer by hand, and fasten it in place with a piece of baling wire, so as to get the old worn-out engine started, but since it has refused by direct vote to carry the Black Giant, what's the use taking him on again. Now I like the big Black Giant, and I would like to have him on board this Denominational Auto if she would only carry him, but she will not. Shall we all sit meekly by and wait for such a magic manipulation of the levers that she will suddenly, and without any explanation or reason for it, dig right in and carry the full load up the hills and through the deep mud and sand without a hitch or falter? I have never yet found any such magic manipulation of levers in mechanics, and if I understand A. J. C. Bond, he claims there is none in religion.

More next week about our Denominational Auto.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are henceforth to rule.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

MISSIONS

Letter From Java.

DEAR BROTHER SAUNDERS:

Some time ago Sister Alt received your letter, and as she cannot read English she showed it to me. We both thank you for your kind words of appreciation. Oh! I do long for a real baptism of God's Holy Spirit, for, as I see very clearly, only that will make my work a blessing to these poor dark souls. When you pray for us, dear brother, will you remember then to pray that we may be entirely filled with God's spirit? I believe that will cause a revival here, where now it is dead.

Through our Father's grace and mercy we are both well, and feel happy in his love; and he gives us many a blessing. He has helped us to get a few cows, and although these, unlike European or American cows, which give bucketfuls of milk, give only three to five bottlefuls each, yet we are able to get a little profit out of them, as the milk is sold at Tajoe. So we can earn about twenty or thirty guilders every month, and this helps a little with the expenses for so many poor people who have to be cared for. Just now we are getting a crop from our rice-fields, fields that I have rented, as the people are too weak to work them themselves. It is not such a good crop, for we have had too much rain; still it will be more than sufficient for half a year, and then we will have another crop.

We still get donations from the Europeans in Java, although we never ask for them; only I write a report every month in the papers, to show how we use the money sent to us. The money is a great help to us for the gospel work. These Europeans who send us their donations are mostly infidels. They like philanthropical work, but do not care for Gospel preaching; so for preaching and for buying land outside Pangoengsen to enlarge the church's property, they would not give their money. We are buying land as much as we can get, because the government is planning to give Pangoengsen to the Mennonite Mission Society, when I am dead; but then the Javanese Seventh Day Baptist Church will have their own land, bought with the money that you sent me, and that land can not

be taken away by the government or by any missionary society.

May our Father richly bless you and all who so kindly support us in this work. We thank you all very heartily.

I hope you and your loved ones are well. We both and also our native Christians send you our hearty greetings.

Yours in our Saviour's love,
MARIE JANSZ.

Pangoengsen, Tajoe, Java.

The Master Wants You.

"I will not take the dollar. The Master wants you."

Margaret Price looked at the minister's wife in astonishment. The little woman, who was usually so meek and quiet, had glowing cheeks and eyes flashing with indignation.

"I tell you, Margaret, the girls of today are interested in everything but the Master's work. They can run all kinds of societies; they can study everything under the sun; they can play and sing and make beautiful clothes, and they can support themselves; but all these things crowd their hands so they have to drop something, and the first thing is the missionary cause. Girls used to read the lives of Mrs. Judson and Mrs. Boardman and other women who faced death to take Christ to the heathen, and they longed to go at any cost. Now that the way is open, and the work there not much harder than at home, it is difficult to get young women to give more than five years to the work, and few even that, and what is worse, the Christian young women at home do not feel the obligation they have to support all who will go.

"There are one hundred thousand young women in our church alone who could give a dollar a year, yes, five, and never miss it, and at least one fourth of these girls could be spared at home and have happy useful lives where their very presence would be a blessing. I know that you play the organ, and help in the League, and are a good daughter at home, but if you gave your body to be burned, I don't believe God would excuse you for your lack of love to the unsaved, and your disregard to his last command, which left the good news to every creature. If you can not go yourself, you can get the girls in your set to support an orphan, and perhaps in this way

"God might reach the heart of some girl who could give herself to the work. The missionary work we are trying to do is almost all for women or little girls; the poor little child widows and children saved from a life of slavery worse than death. And besides there is the education of girls who marry native preachers and help them in saving the people by making a Christian home as well as by teaching the women and children about Jesus. One would think that the Christian girls of America would every one give all the money they could possibly spare to this work of uplifting girls in heathen lands. As it is, if every dollar were to tell its story it would be found that most of them came from wives and mothers who have one dollar to spend as they please, where girls have ten. You talk of being rushed, Margaret. You will never know the meaning of the word until you have children to take every moment of the day and keep you up half the night, as mine often do. But I would not dare refuse the Master in the greatest work he has committed to our care, so I was awake half the night trying to find a way we could respond to this letter asking help in building that orphanage in India, and that we take care of a little girl they may have to give up. I left my dishes standing on the table, because this was the first moment I could leave baby to come and tell you that I believed you could save this orphan child and you simply offer me a dollar. The Master wants you, Margaret Price."

After this long speech the minister's wife could not keep the tears of disappointment back any longer, so she turned and almost ran to the white parsonage near, and caught up her dimpled baby girl, and cried a little over her thinking of the mothers who could not enjoy their little daughters, and who had no hope for themselves.

"How strange," mused Margaret, when she was alone. "You would think Mrs. Watson was pleading for her own sisters. I wonder how many Christian women lie awake because some one is suffering, perhaps dying by inches, like that poor little child-wife she mentioned, on the other side of the world. It is perfectly true what she said about there being hospitals and charity organizations for the suffering poor here. As soon as any case of real need is found, there are many willing to help, and as she says, the poorest person in our land

can have the help of the love of God if he desires, while these heathen have the worst of poverty without a ray of hope for the future life. I had never thought that what they suffer in mind and in soul might be worse than to suffer for the necessities of life. And I suppose it is true that it is as pitiable to have a child left an orphan in India as in Illinois, only very few of us think farther than our neighborhood. But then Mrs. Watson is a minister's wife, and they are expected to be interested in every one clear to heathendom. I wish, though, she would not try to make me uncomfortable. Every one says I do more than most girls, and I am so tired today I will have to rest before I go to that tennis party. How plain Mrs. Watson dresses, and how hard she works! She might have taken that dollar, for it was a real sacrifice to give it, for I meant to put a couple of wings on my fall hat with it."

Here Margaret laughed as she thought, "Perhaps the sacrifices she makes will count on a different kind of wings."

Then the young girl threw herself on the velvet couch for a needed rest. She was a type of many of our American girls. She had completed her school course, and had made music a specialty, and was earning as much as she cared for to meet her own personal wants. She was a good daughter, a great pet in a home that spoke of refinement and comfort, though not of wealth. She was very popular in a large circle of young people, most of whom were church members who, like herself, looked upon religion as something to make life happier, and the future safe and beautiful, but did not realize much of the personal responsibility each follower of Jesus has, to tell others of the way to heaven.

Margaret lay resting and thinking of something very different from the subject she had dismissed; of a friendship that had rose-colored hopes for the future, yet was in that delightful indefinite place that meant happiness without responsibility. But her hardly defined dreams of coming joys were interrupted by the sound of bitter weeping, and she saw crouched beside her a miserable-looking being from whom she involuntarily shrank back. At the same time the fair picture of future happiness vanished, and a closed door rose before her.

"You need not shrink from me," said

the woman at her feet; "the door is shut for you, too."

Margaret started in alarm. This must be the gate of heaven, for within, that sweet, sad face, must be the face of the Master. "O Saviour, let me in!" the young girl cried. "I have always loved you, and I tried to serve you. Oh, let me in!"

But the angel with the flaming sword did not open the door, and no smile of welcome came upon the Master's face.

Just then another woman came to the gate. She had the dusky brow of India's daughters, but was radiant with happiness. She was bending with the weight of golden sheaves, and came singing a harvest song. The gate of pearl swung inward, and there was a sound of great rejoicing, while the Master's face was bright with smiles of welcome.

"See!" said the wretched being crouching at Margaret's side, "but for your indifference to your Lord's commands I would have entered with that woman, who is my sister. Some one across the sea obeyed the Master, and put her in a Christian home when a mere baby. She had no terrible suffering, because of marriage as a child, and no brutal mother-in-law. Her young life was all happiness and peace and she was educated and trained to love the God you once professed to serve. When she was old enough she went back to our people, and won hundreds to give up their idols and worship Christ. Later, she married a native preacher, and they worked together, and she had a happy home, and left good children to carry on her labors of love, and now she has entered heaven to enjoy its rest and rewards."

"And you, poor creature?" began Margaret.

"I was the baby you were asked to care for; not to nurse and tend, but simply to furnish a small sum of money each year, so that others could give me the home that my sister had. You refused the small burden, so the good women of the orphanage had to send me away, though they did it with reluctance and with tears. I fell into the hands of a bad woman. I was sold for a wife when a mere baby, and was early a child-widow, undergoing all kinds of trials. I was beaten and starved for having caused her son's death, as my ignorant mother-in-law thought, and because I was almost an invalid, and could

not do all the heavy work of the house, she sold me into a life of shame. By this time my heart had grown so hard and wicked, I determined to make others as bad as myself, and I have ruined as many lives as my Christian sister has blessed."

"Oh! I wish I had left all and gone to you!" cried Margaret.

"The Master wanted you," replied the wretched woman at her side.

Many were passing toward the gate, and one face Margaret knew. It was that of her old friend, Mrs. Watson. Her once plain dress was beautiful enough now. The tears she had shed for others had crystallized in jewels on her garments. The gold she had sacrificed toward saving immortal souls gleamed in a shining circle on her brow. Her hands were not as full of sheaves as some, but while she had been busy with her little children her prayers ceased not to go up for the workers, and many of the sheaves carried by others bore her name. She did not have to knock at the gate, and Margaret wondered if there were people whom the angels knew as ministering spirits akin to themselves, who belonged to heaven rather than to earth. But sweetest of all, Margaret heard the Master say, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord, for inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my little ones you have done it unto me."

"Oh! I did not know it was literally true. Forgive me and let me in!" pleaded poor Margaret, weeping without the gate.

Then there came a voice, "Inasmuch as you did it not."

"O, dear Saviour, do not tell me to depart!" cried Margaret with such a burst of tears that she awoke from her troubled dream.

She was intensely relieved to find that she was still in her girlhood home and that it was not too late to obey the Master's call. Forgetting her morning wrapper, she caught up her garden hat and ran over to the parsonage. Mrs. Watson had put the children to sleep, and was replying to the letter from missionary headquarters, saying she could not find any one to take the little orphan girl.

"Mrs. Watson," cried Margaret, running in, "I have had a strange dream, if not a vision. No matter what it was, but I feel I would never dare sing, 'More love to thee, O Christ,' or 'Take my life and let it

be consecrated, Lord, to thee,' unless I too began to do something for my heathen sisters. Perhaps God needs me in some foreign land, but at least I am sure of one thing, I must do all I can here at home. Please write that we will take that orphan till she is grown. I am going to Susie Larkin's lawn party, and I will try to get the girls to join me in the work, but if they will not I will support that orphan if I have to teach school to do it."

"It will be much better to get the girls interested. You can have a little society of your own. It need meet only once a month, and take little of your time, and you can give that time to studying about foreign countries and customs, and make it a means of culture as well as of Christian work. It will be a spiritual blessing to every one who becomes interested, and I have faith to believe that through your efforts some one of our bright girls may be led to give her life to this work. You need not hesitate about getting the young gentlemen to give; and while they help in the support of this little girl they will be interested in the letters about and later from her, and will take an interest in missionary work themselves, and be more willing to respond to the pastor's appeals for missionary money. This is a beginning, Margaret, of the hundred thousand girls who ought to help the missionary cause, and I wish you could say to every one of them, "The Master wants you.'"

Margaret went to work with the enthusiasm and skill she used in other work, and that Young Ladies' Missionary Society was a power for good in the church, and more than one dark life will become a bright and shining light in a dreary land because one girl did what she could.

Dear girls, all over this Christian land, the harvest is white and the laborers few. The Master wants you all.—*Myra Goodwin Plantz, in Christian Missionary.*

There is much talk of temperance waves, and temperance movements, but it is not to be forgotten that behind all moods and manifestations of this sort there are flesh-and-blood men and women. If our day is one of victory for temperance, the cause may be found in men and women who gave themselves through weary years to espousing an unpopular propaganda.—*W. T. E.*

A Great Contrast.

C. H. WETHERBE.

There is a great contrast between those who are living in dense spiritual darkness and those who are enjoying the brightness of spiritual light. In many instances this contrast does not clearly appear to the people of the world; yet it does exist in the inner experiences of the heart and in the quiet exercises of the soul. Missionaries to foreign lands see this contrast more conspicuously than it is generally seen in our own country. Miss Alice Hunt, a missionary to China, in an address while on a vacation in her native land, spoke as follows:

"Time after time do women out there in China come around begging for medicine for their eyes. When asked what is the matter, they very often say, 'Oh, I have cried myself blind.' They have no son, perhaps, or the son has died, who might look after them in their old age, and worship their spirit, after they are gone. Such women, in their hopelessness and despair, frequently weep so much that their sight is ruined. Not so, however, is it with the Christian women. I went one day to see a family where the little boy lay dying of black smallpox. They had lost their two elder sons, and now this, their darling and only child, lay sick to death. The aged grandparents and the mother were bending over the boy, their tears quietly falling, and the father, as he met me, said: 'We have been reading the book of Job.' Next morning the aged grandmother came around to say that the child had passed away, and, as we knelt in prayer, though the tears were running down her cheeks, only praise went up to God—praise that the child was safely gathered home!—praise for the hope of a glad reunion!"

Truly, there was a great contrast between the condition and experience of those unconverted heathen in their physical and moral blindness, and those converted ones; and the contrast was most conspicuous in the days of dire affliction. Those who were Christian were happily sustained amid great bereavement, while the others were without such support. Will you die without Christ?

"God's love in the heart insures loyalty to his cause."

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Belief.

A mere acceptance of the fact of love,
Of God above,
Of all the vast omnipotence
Of him, our Maker and Defence,
Is not believing; but to fight
Aggressively to spread the light,
To strive for him incessantly, without relief,
Unyielding in the right,
That is belief.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

A Buddhist Christ.

In San Francisco there is a Hindu temple which cost sixty thousand dollars and which was built primarily for Americans, and not for Buddhists come from beyond the seas.

The building itself, like the faith which it represents, is an anachronism here in our Western world. Its walls are of very American concrete, but they are crowned with a roof built pagoda-fashion and seeming oddly out of place in that prosaic street.

Inside, the auditorium is quite modern, with its sloping floor, its opera chairs, its piano, and its lecture platform, but the adornment of its walls is unique. In the place of honor, behind the platform, is a life-size painting of the swami, or teacher, who introduced this particular sect of Buddhism to the world. He stands at full height, his head swathed in a turban of many folds, his body wrapped in the long white robes of his office. A little below this painting, to one side, is a life-size painting of the swami's swami, a black-bearded man of a rather wild and unprepossessing appearance. Half-way down the room, on a side wall, is a much smaller painting of Christ—"who also," as the Buddhist who showed us the temple explained—"who also was an incarnation of divinity, just as Buddha himself was."

But such a Christ! He sat cross-legged on the ground in the true Buddhistic attitude of holiness—idle, dreamy, his nerveless hands fallen into his lap, his unseeing eyes fastened on the ground—the Man who went about doing good! The cries

of the world would beat in vain on the ears of a Christ like that. He would be too absorbed in exalting his own spirit through pious meditation to waste any time on the sorrows or the sins of mankind. He sat solitary, remote, impassive, busy with the affairs of his own soul.

The picture was a shock that was almost revolting. And yet, as we walked down the street, the question suddenly came, How many Christians have a Christ like that? To how many of us is our religion a thing for our personal use only, for our spiritual aggrandizement, our personal consolation, or our safeguard against personal danger in this or in other worlds?

The real Christ came to do the will of the Father: to bind up the broken-hearted, to let the oppressed go free, to heal, to comfort, to strengthen, to right the wrongs of his brethren. The Father sent him for that; and as the Father sent him, even so he sends us. But how many of us are loyal to this living gospel which proclaims all faith without works as dead? There may be an image of Christ in the heart which we would shrink from if we saw it before us painted in its true colors. Let us follow the Christ of the Gospels, that our lives may be filled with service, even as his.—*Missionary Voice.*

What Missionaries Are Doing for Turkey.

The Earl of Shaftesbury is reported as having described the American missionaries in Turkey as "a marvelous combination of common sense and piety. Those I have met, and I have met and known very many of them, have been distinguished also for their refinement and education. The American missionaries, as I have known them in Turkey, have had to be all things to all men—physicians, mechanics, savings banks, legal advisers. I once saw a typical American missionary, who recently died in Sidon—Rev. Dr. Samuel Jessup—within an hour perform the following functions: converse with a native mule-driver and hand him a copy of the New Testament, produce from his vest pocket a plaster for a wounded hand, repair a badly damaged music organ, advise some tillers of the soil regarding machinery for crushing olives.

"American missionaries created the cotton lace industry of Turkey, which has be-

come a national asset. This year the export of Turkish cotton lace to America will amount to about \$1,000,000, as against half that amount in 1911. Manual training schools have been started in Turkey by American missionaries, so also model experimental farms. At Robert College, in Constantinople, they have an up-to-date engineering school—the only one in Turkey; the Syrian Protestant College, in Bierut, they have a school of commerce, by far the best of its kind in the Ottoman Empire. American medical missionaries have introduced new remedies for sickness, thus preserving the health of the people and incidentally strengthening their initiative and enterprise at the expense of their fatalism. By encouraging self-support and self-government in the management of the native congregations, the American missionaries in Turkey have taught wholesome principles which make for the progress of the country along individualistic and democratic lines.”

—*Missionary Review of the World.*

Sensational Preaching.

Sermon by Robert J. Burdette, Pastor Emeritus, in Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, California.

Text: So shall he startle many nations.—Isaiah lii, 15.

You have to “startle” men to make them hear; to make them stop; to make them think.

The kind of people who need it the most are the most easily shocked by what they call “sensational preaching.” As though there was any other kind. Sensational politics; sensational plays; sensational sports; perils of aviation madness and automobile racing, these things they approve. But they want their religion a mixture of laudanum, chloroform, lollipop and fudge. There is no such religion. Such people don’t want a preacher at all. What they desire is an intellectual and spiritual anesthetist.

The law of God was proclaimed from the summit of a mountain smoking with fear, swathed with clouds and lurid with lightnings, rocking to its base with the awe of the presence of Jehovah, with death keeping guard around it, against the impious touch of hand of man or hoof of beast. Thunders crashed against the clouds and the voice of the trumpet ex-

ceeding loud shrilled amid the thunderings. And above it all the law of righteousness—“Thou shalt not”—“Thou shalt.” Clear, strong, firm as granite; clean cut; unmistakable. Positive as the universe. Considered by many schools of the “You-don’t-have-to-if-you-don’t-want-to,” and “You-may-if-it-seems-agreeable-to-you” criticism as extremely sensational.

The kingdom of heaven was proclaimed by John the Baptist in trumpet fashion, his voice thrilling all the aisles of the wilderness until the cities poured their peoples in multitudes along all the highways to listen to that insistent voice startling the world with its “Repent! Repent! Repent! The kingdom of heaven is at hand!” A snow-white dove, symbol of the Holy Spirit, hovered like a day-star above the baptismal waters of the Jordan. The voice of God called from the opening heavens, “This is my beloved Son!” The Son of God met the supreme power of evil face to face in the mountain of temptation. Then he went forth preaching the sermon of John—“Repent! Repent!”

Nowadays, if a preacher preaches repentance and warns men to flee from the wrath to come, he is called sensational. What men like to hear preached is a nice comfortable, flabby “brotherhood of man.” Then they wait impatiently for Sunday to be gone that they may buy a needy brother a pair of shoes and then skin him out of the shoes. “Brotherhood of man” without the fatherhood of God? A Socialist philosopher said to me the other day, “When all men are brothers, love and the millennium will come together hand in hand.” “Yes,” I said, “same as Cain and Abel.” “Brotherhood?” There’s something sweeter, and truer, and stronger than that. Jesus preferred “friends,” himself. But then he was intensely sensational!

Under the sensationalism of Jesus’ preaching the world awoke with the voices of the kingdom. The songs of the dumb made the silences musical. Cleansed lepers clasped hands with the purest and holiest. The blind, their eyes dimmed again with the tears of joy, sang hymns to the glory of light. Restored madmen knelt in prayer before the Son of God. The sick-room was fragrant with buoyant health. The death-chamber rippled with joyous laughter, the dead sat up and talked with their friends. Everywhere before Jesus waves of sorrow,

trouble, care, sickness, pain and death. And behind him, as he passed by, roses bloomed in the wilderness trails; fountains murmured in the ways of the desert. Only one discordant sound was heard in all the chorus of joy. Shrieking devils fled from before his face, crying, “What have we to do with thee?” Nothing. His sensationalism was too strong for them. But he had much to do with them.

He made his sensational entry into Jerusalem. As the angelic hosts over his cradle had sung, “Glory to God,” now, in antiphonal chorus, the children thronging the temple reply: “Hosanna to the Son of David.” Too sensational. The “establishment” could not stand that. Scribe and pharisee and priest run to stop it. “Bid these hold their peace.” “I tell you,” is the answer of Jesus, “if these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out.” How glorious! Pavements of the street, walls of the Temple, tower of the castle and battlements of the city walls opening their stony lips to shout till the jewelless foundations of the Holy City should answer them, “Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is the King that cometh!”

That would have been the climax of sensationalism, eh? Not quite.

That came a little later when the apostles preaching the Name, “turned the world upside down.”

Sensational preaching! There is no such thing! We have forgotten the divine are of it, and lost the fiery splendor of it. John Baptist had it. Jesus Christ taught it; the apostles practiced it. But if you, my brother preacher, should use race-track and prize-ring and army slang in your sermons, as Paul freely and without apology used it in his, you would be “unfrosted” for sensationalism, coarseness and vulgarity.—*The Watchman.*

A Prayer.

We desire, O Christ, to please thee in everything we do. We would not grieve thee but would give thee joy. Teach us how to live so that every word and every act of ours will receive thy commendation. Thou thyself didst do all things to please the Father, may we likewise do everything to please thee. Give us grace and strength to do this, we ask in thine own name. Amen.

Putting Off the Old Man.

What is this “old man,” this “old nature” to which St. Paul refers? Paul describes it in its three great characteristics as though he were describing the three stages of some malignant disease, which begins in languor, passes on to drowsiness and ends in delirium.

Paul says that the old nature, the old man, in its mildest form, reveals itself as “vanity of mind.” Let us not regard that phrase as being merely an equivalent to pride. We too often limit the meaning of the phrase to denote pride about one’s personal appearance or personal possessions. But it has a much deeper and wider application. Vanity of mind means nothingness of thinking—thinking which just skims the surface and arrives at no truth. A vain mind is one that mistakes shadows for substances, semblances for realities, phantoms for facts. A vain mind is one that dwells so much in appearances as to believe that appearances are everything, and so is self-deceived.

NOT ALL VANITY CONSISTS IN THE PRIDES OF LIFE.

If some proud, haughty, lavishly dressed woman were to come strutting down the aisle of the church, wearing conspicuous jewelry, giving but a supercilious, condescending regard to all others, we should all agree in describing her as a vain woman. But there are some of us, who are not haughty, and who are not lavishly dressed, who bowed our heads tonight to pray, but we never prayed! It was only an appearance! And the recording angel has said of us what he said of the strutting woman—vain believer in mere appearance! We can masquerade before God as well as before men, and I for one would prefer the woman who masquerades in dress to the woman who does it in prayer.

Men can appear unto men to pray, and come to believe that that is a genuine prayer. That was the very essence of Pharisaism. A Pharisee had come to believe that to appear to pray was to pray. He mistook the shadow for the substance, and that is vanity of mind. And that is the continual peril of our life. Our religious thinking is apt to skim the surface of things, and not make piercing, probing, eager inquisition.

How many thousands and tens of thou-

sands of people confess themselves to be "miserable sinners," and how many of them say it as lightly and merrily as though they were singing a ballad! It is nothingness of thinking, vanity of mind, a mere pretense! We take up big, general words, pointless and indefinite, and we dwell in the thinness of their breadth, and they never disturb our peace! We can not understand the grief and the despondency and wretchedness of the old saints, simply because we do not follow the searching honesty of their thought. Our thinking dwells on the surface; their thinking went down into their hearts like the shaft of a pit.

REAL KNOWLEDGE OF SELF MAKES MEN HUMBLE.

And listen how they speak of themselves. Here is John Bunyon: "I was more loathsome in mine own eyes than a toad, and I thought I was so in God's eyes, too. I could have changed heart with anybody. I thought none but the devil himself could equal me for inwardness and pollution of mind." Here is Oliver Cromwell: "I am the poorest wretch that lives; no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth before God." Here is Isaac Watts: "A guilty, poor and helpless worm, on thy kind arms I fall." Here is Charles Wesley: "Impotent, dumb and deaf and blind and sick and poor am I." And here is the apostle Paul: "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

We call such speech exaggerated and unreal. Unreal! Nay, we are in the unreal; we are among the shadows. These men had looked in upon their own hearts, and in the presence of their God had done some honest thinking, and called things by the right names. They had brought the unclean things out into the light and named them! The prayers and diaries of these men are long catalogues of unclean things which they had seized upon and named. We want some of that honest thinking today. We shall never feel the deep need of God which ached in the hearts of these men so long as we live upon the surface and hide ourselves behind general confessions.

We never know how much evil there is in our hearts till, like these men, we kneel down to sort and name it. Call this thing lying, call that cheating, call that adultery, call that scandal, call that jealousy, call

that malice, call that meanness, lay that out before you, each one honestly and fearlessly named; and see then if you will not take the words of Isaac Watts to express your terrible need of God: "Guilty, poor and helpless worm, on thy kind arms I fall." To cover up bad, unclean things by general names is dishonest thinking, vanity of mind. It means that a man is believing in mere appearances, that he is taking refuge in shadows, and according to Paul this is the first stage of utter uncleanness.

FRIVOLOUS MINDS CAUSE HARD, FOUL HEARTS.

See now the second stage. A man is accustomed to superficial thinking, to living in mere semblances, to vanity of mind. He appears to pray, and calls it prayer. He calls black grey, and he calls grey white. Now what happens? This happens—the distinctions which he has come to obscure he ceases at last to perceive. Dishonest thinking leads to untrue feeling. Vanity of mind begets hardness of heart.

That is true of the more public form of vanity which infests our social life. Where would you expect to find the hardest hearts in our land? Where would you look for them? Surely among the vain women who have come to believe that dressy appearance is the be-all and the end-all of life! Not among these will you find the soft and tender heart; not among these will you find the friend of the crippled and cruelly treated children. But the principle has a wider application. Men who only appear to pray, and have come to think that when they appear to pray they really pray, grow ever more and more insensitive to the touch of God. Every time we bow our heads to pray, and don't pray, it becomes more difficult for God to make us feel him.

Now they who have passed from vanity of mind to hardness of heart will enter upon the third stage of their degradation, which Paul says consists of all uncleanness and greed. That is quite to be expected. Men who are superficial in thought, and numb in feeling, must inevitably abound in uncleanness and greed. All the gates will be opened to the lower passions of life, and they will rage away in free, unfettered liberty—life will be overrun with swine.

These, then, are the primary characteristics of the old man, the old nature, the old personality—vain thinking, benumbed

feeling, uncleanness and greed. In some measure these are the characteristics of all unredeemed lives. They are inherent in the old man, and any scheme for their removal will have to be most searching and drastic. How is it to be done? How is man to be saved from vain thinking, from insensitive feeling, from unclean greed?

It is not the superficial problem many suppose. I have read schemes of reform from which it would appear that the only thing mankind needs is a little polish and gloss. But you will never polish men into purity; you will never gloss them into goodness. We all know men who have plenty of gloss, but they are like badly got up linen; they have been glossed before they were washed, and the dirt shows through! Not gloss first, but washing! Not culture first, but washing! Not polished manners, but the washing of the man.

GOSPEL CREATES A NEW AND GROWING PERSONALITY.

How does the gospel of Jesus meet the need? Listen to one of his redeemed who joyfully cries: "He saved us by the washing of regeneration." The washing of regeneration! That is the remedy proposed by the Christ, a washing that will remake a man, that will regenerate him, that will make him to be born again. The gospel of Jesus says that if we are going to rid the life of uncleanness and greed and hard feelings, and false thinking, we must not begin with the circumference but with the center; not with the outside but with the inside; not with the manners but with the man. Christianity says that if you begin to polish the outside you may drive the dirt further into the heart, but if you begin with the inside and drive out the uncleanness before you, you will eventually come to have a pure and healthy skin. So by the "washing of regeneration" Christianity makes a clean center, a new man, and from the regenerated personality we are to work out our own salvation.

Now, all the belongings and connections of the old man are not driven out in a day. The new man at the center does not immediately cleanse the life to its circumference. The chains of habits do not usually fall from our hearts as the chains fell from Peter's feet, at one touch of the angel's hand. The drunkard who becomes a new man tonight may feel his chains tomorrow. The fruit of the Spirit is not ripened in

an hour or a day! No, we don't immediately lose everything belonging to the old life!

I noticed this last spring that some of the old dead leaves belonging to last summer were still clinging to the trees, but the trees were getting new life to their roots, and they were sending new sap along their branches like an advancing army, and before the new growth the old dead growths were being driven away. I notice the same in the lives of Christian men. There are remnants of the old life clinging to them still; vestiges of old habits; bits of the old Adam; but the sap from the tree of life is circulating in their branches, and before the power of the new man the old growth is being driven away.

It is with Christian men and women as with the lad out of whom the devil was cast. The old nature is not driven out without long and heroic strife. That is a terribly true word which Paul uses when he says that our old man has to be crucified. Have you ever realized the force of the figure? The old man has to be crucified. What is that? "Crucifixion is a long, lingering, thirstful agony!" Our old man, says Paul, has to be crucified; you can't kill it with a stroke; it will die little by little! Remember that, my brother, you who have taken the Lord's side; that passion of yours will not be killed at a stroke; you will have to play the man, the hero, and nail your passion to a cross, and hold it there, until God himself shall say, "It is finished." The old man dies, as the new man gains strength. And the new life in you will grow, the Christ-life in you will more and more extend its sway, ever more and more enlarging its dominion, until at length it will reign from center to circumference, and in the glory-world you will awake to find the old nature dead, the old man put off, and Christ Jesus all in all. —Rev. J. H. Jowett, in *The Continent*.

"Despair not of the better part
That lies in human kind.
A gleam of light still flickereth
In e'en the darkest mind.
The savage with his club of war,
The sage so mild and good,
Are linked in firm, eternal bonds
Of common brotherhood."

"He who sells himself for gain loses something which nothing earthly can make up for."

At the Table of the Lord.

It is possible for religious exercises to make us less religious. A means of grace can be a drug instead of a meal. We may become spiritually faint at the very waters of refreshment. We may be starved at the table of the Lord. We may be the guests of the Saviour and yet all the time be receding from his fellowship. The apostle Paul is continually repeating his warning and urging his fellow believers to remember that men may "come together for the worse rather than the better."

And the warning is especially grave concerning the perils that surround the Lord's table. He describes the condition of many regular attendants of the sacred ordinance, and they appear before us as invalids who have lost their exuberant breath. "Many are weak and sickly among you, and not a few sleep." It may be well to examine these people, and to consider the causes of their spiritual invalidity, if perchance we may see that similar perils lie in our path today.

WEAK SOULS LACKING PATIENCE, STRENGTH, FERVOR, ZEST.

Some of these guests of the Lord have become weak. Let us turn to the physical analogy and note how we refer to people who are described by the general term of weakness. We say they are "easily exhausted," "no good at hills," "can not stand the cold," "can not lift anything," "can not go farther than one street," "are tired out by the slightest effort," all of which may be reduced to three primary statements: Weak people can not stand the long road; they can not stand the hard task; they can not stand the unfriendly weather.

And so it is in the realm of the soul. The friends of the apostle Paul had been to the Lord's table. Their souls were afflicted with similar weaknesses to those I have just named. They were not able to stand the burden of the long road. They knew nothing about "the patience of unanswered prayer." They could not endure the tedious waiting, the delayed blessing, the harvest that seemed as though it would never come. Secondly, they were unable to stand the hard task. They fainted in the presence of difficulty. They had no firm grip upon the immediate duty. They had no splendid "lift" in the presence of the despondent and the depressed. And,

thirdly, they were unable to stand the unfriendly weather. Disappointments chilled their spirits, adversity quenched their fires, they could not bear up against the wind of hostility. A cold snap of opposition affected them as a chill blast affects the midges on a summer's night. They were spiritually "weak," and yet they had been to the table of the Lord.

Others among them were "sickly." If we turn to physical analogies we know that one leading characteristic of the sickly is the loss of appetite—a recoil from healthy and common food. And so it was in this early church. They had lost their eager taste for the things of God. They had no relish for his word. They had no delight in meditation upon their Lord. They had lost their hunger and thirst for righteousness and they found no pleasure in the pleasures of their God. And yet these, too, had been regularly to the table as the guests of their Lord.

DULL SOULS LACKING THE SENSE OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

And others again are described by the apostle as being "asleep." Now, in sleep the senses are inactive. The outside world ceases to exist. I was once going up Loch Lomond on the little lake steamer on a superlatively glorious day. Ben Lomond was outlined against a perfectly blue sky. The whole panorama was exquisite. A fellow passenger at my side slept through the whole journey! The heavens were declaring the glory of God and the firmament was showing his handiwork, but my neighbor was asleep! The other day I was present at a performance of the "Elijah," and all through the more powerful and lovelier portions of the oratorio a neighbor of mine was fast asleep! The senses were not active, and the great worlds were just as though they were dead.

And so it is in the moral and spiritual world when the senses are dormant and we receive no impressions from the Divine. Our sight is inactive and we do not see the opportunity presented by the open door. Our hearing is inactive and we do not hear the divine call urging us to appointed tasks. Our sense of touch is inactive and we do not sympathetically feel the presence of human need that crouches at our gate. And souls like these had been regularly to the table of the Lord, and had sat as guests

in the presence of their Redeemer! They had been to the place where health is given, where the soul is restored, and they had come away worse than they went.

Now what were the causes that had created these strange conditions? It is needful for us to know because it is possible that in our own time we may go to the table of grace and bounty and we may find our souls afflicted with weakness and our spiritual discernments dulled into sleep. What does the apostle mention as the primary cause of their condition?

SELFISH SOULS LACKING FELLOWSHIP OF SYMPATHY.

First of all, he mentions selfishness. "Every one taketh before others his own supper." I know that this refers to the love-feast which probably preceded the actual communion with the Lord, but it suggests the spirit in which they approached the table, the attire which they were wearing when they came as guests in the presence of the King. Each man was selfishly intent upon his own blessing and he forgot the presence of his brother.

And surely this is the peril of many of us in the church of today. We go to the table where are spread the very symbols of vicarious sacrifice, and we can be so intent upon the personal blessings that we overlook the presence of all our fellow guests. Even at the table of sacrifice it may be all "I," "I," "I" or "me," "me," "me" and there is no fellowship in our quest. We behave just as we should if no other soul were at the table, and as if we were the only invited child of the feast.

Now selfishness is always the parent of weakness, and most assuredly dulls our spiritual perceptions into a deep sleep. We must avoid the selfish quest when we meet the Lord. We must send our thought around the table, gather up the interests of our fellow guests and draw these fellow pilgrims into the circle of our intercessions. We must remember the old folk and the young folk, the broken-hearted, those who are the children of sorrow and acquainted with grief, the worldling sick at heart, those who are making new confessions, those who are repairing broken vows and the stranger within our gates. Perhaps we, too, are weak and sickly and asleep because we have ignored our fellow pilgrims, and "every one taketh before other his own supper." "He that seeketh

his life shall lose it." It is the soul that is engaged in seeking bread for other people whom the Lord himself will feed.

SUPERFICIAL SOULS LACKING KNOWLEDGE OF SELF.

But the apostle gives a second reason for the moral and spiritual invalidism of many of these early pilgrims. We may surely infer it from the counsel that is given. "Let a man examine himself and so let him eat." There was not only the danger of selfishness but the peril of superficiality. Many people went to the table of the Lord with little or no thought concerning the gravity of their visit. They gave no time to preparation, and so, being unprepared, they were unreceptive, and at the close of the feast they went away weak and faint.

Now we are called upon by the apostle to give serious thought to ourselves before we take our place at the King's table. That is surely the counsel of reasonableness. If we are going to the table of an earthly king, or to be the guest of any distinguished person, we surely pay our hosts the courtesy of a fitting preparation. There will be a certain amount of self-examination. We shall pay some attention to our attire. We shall give studious regard to the social courtesies and to everything that is expected of the king's guests.

And yet when we go to the table of the King of kings we refuse the preparation which we consider fitting and necessary when we appear before the king which is our kinsman in the weakness of flesh and blood. We give no preparation to our attire. I do not know what the fitting attire may be for the individual soul; it may be sackcloth and ashes, it may be the garment of praise, it may be the robe of righteousness which we have received in earlier seasons as the gift of the Lord's grace. All I am wondering about is what the great King thinks about us when he sees us come to his table. "Let a man examine himself."

If we approach the table in the spirit of an unselfish quest and in a lowliness which has been begotten by examining ourselves in the light of the holy Lord, we need not be afraid to accept the invitation of the Lord to be guests at his table. There will be most blessed results in such communion. Every guest will leave the table with his own share in the imparted life and grace of God. The life that filled the mind of

Christ will fill our minds and control our judgments. The life that filled his conscience will fill our consciences and impart to us his sense of truth. And the life that filled his will will fill our wills, and give us his resolution and endurance.—*Rev. J. H. Jowett, in The Continent.*

The Notorious Canteen.

"The opinion of men who love whisky better than milk should not dominate the canteen question," writes C. E. Cline of Portland, Ore., who is deeply moved by the current proposal to restore the army canteen with its privilege of dispensing alcoholic liquors. He is a member of the Loyal Legion of the United States, having been a commissioned officer in the Civil War, and affirms with humiliation that at certain banquets, whose guests are chiefly retired officers of the regular army, "champagne and Scotch whisky flow like water." He fears that this is characteristic of festivities among men of a similar standing in various parts of the country, and rightly believes that the testimony of such men to the value of the old canteen ought to be taken very guardedly. He incloses a communication, relative to the army canteen, written by W. N. Ruggles, a gentleman of high standing, and printed in the *Oregonian* of Portland, and requests that this letter be given wide publicity. The newspaper correspondent declares that his opposition to the reestablishment of the canteen is based on conditions as he found them years ago when he was a government operator at frontier military posts, and says:

The canteen, as I knew it, was nothing more or less than an army saloon, with an army officer as manager and enlisted soldiers as barkeepers. The officer did all the purchasing, handled all the money and passed the goods over to the bartenders.

The officers had their club-rooms near the canteen and there was always a goodly supply of choice liquors and cigars, lemons, fruits and nuts free to those who were recognized members of their club. It is safe to presume that these luxuries were purchased through "canteen funds" and never cost the officers a red cent. There were always officers there playing cards, drinking, smoking, reading and chatting from about 10 o'clock in the morning until late at night.

The enlisted men always had a credit at the canteen, but on pay-day the canteen manager had his desk near the pay-master, and the soldier on

getting his money from the pay-master would pass to the canteen officer and pay his canteen bill, which usually was more than half of his two months' pay. Again, I have known officers who have gotten into serious trouble over "canteen funds," one being dismissed from the service in consequence of delinquency.

More drinking and more drunks can be found at a military post provided with a canteen, but the intoxicated are better shielded and cared for. Usually a soldier who drinks too much at a canteen has some friend or chum in his company who will take him to his barracks and sober him up. They can not regulate a canteen as well as a city does its saloons.

Here at Vancouver we have a large military force and it is seldom, indeed, that a drunken soldier is seen on the streets.

The canteen has proved as great a detriment to the officers as to the enlisted men. With a canteen so handy it is easy for an officer or enlisted man to fall into intemperate habits. I have seen the young officer from West Point, also the young enlisted man from a good home in the East, go down under the blighting, withering, deadening influences of the canteen.

Millions of dollars for the army, but not a drop of booze. Make the army an efficient training-school, sound and honest through and through, fit and alluring for our best young men, the center of manhood and patriotism.

The testimony of such a man seems to be worth more than the word of those who, by reason of their own use of alcoholics, are predisposed to look with tolerance upon intemperance in others. If this question were simply debated academically, with no data on which to base an argument, one would be led to the conclusion that it would probably be a bad thing to establish an open saloon in an army post; but with the facts clearly displayed it is difficult to see how any reasonable person who loves sobriety can doubt the folly of reestablishing the old canteen.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the members of the American Sabbath Tract Society for the election of officers and directors, and the transaction of such business as may properly come before them, will be held at the office of Herbert G. Whipple, 220 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., on Wednesday, September 10, 1913, at 2.30 p. m.

STEPHEN BABCOCK, *President.*

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,

Recording Secretary.

Next Board meeting Sept. 14, 1913.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

A Christian's Faith.

REV. H. C. VAN HORN.

Christian Endeavor topic for September 6, 1913.

Daily Readings.

Sunday—Its beginnings (Luke v, 1-11).
Monday—Its growth (John ii, 1-11).
Tuesday—Its testing (1 Peter i, 1-9).
Wednesday—Its fruits (Gal. v, 22-26).
Thursday—Its confidence (Heb. xi, 8-19).
Friday—Its nature (Heb. xi, 1-6).
Sabbath day—Topic: The ideal Christian. IX.
His faith (1 John v, 1-15). (Consecration meeting.)

For seven months we have been studying as our consecration topic some virtue of the ideal Christian. As in the Holy City which John in his vision saw there were twelve gates, so during the year we will have twelve portals of the Christian's soul-life. Already we have considered such virtues as consecration, zeal, service, humility, prayer, Bible study, courage, and today we have faith. Of course we will all agree that the ideal Christian's life must be based upon faith. In fact without faith the other virtues would be of little real value in building up his life. The apostle says it is "the victory that hath overcome the world." And who is he that overcometh the world but he that *believeth* that Jesus is the Son of God?

THE CIRCUMSTANCE.

Don't forget that John was writing to people scattered throughout the powerful but wicked Roman Empire. Poverty, persecution and death were the apparent heritage of the people of these churches. He knew the dangers, the difficulties and the temptations—the many things that were opposed to the spiritual and eternal. But in the face of all that opposed the people of God he dared to affirm, "Faith is the victory." Worse than the earthly, the sensual and evil that tempts from without, is the evil in one's own heart; but this too is overcome by faith.

"The world, the flesh and the devil" may bring their forces to bear upon the Christian by a direct assault, or they may assail

him by offers of compromise through an appeal to his interests or desires or passions. They usually attack when one is worn out with toil and care and discouragements. Of all this the apostle was well aware but his word in spite of all is a shout of triumph, "Faith is the victory."

PERSONAL.

"Faith that conquers is a personal force . . . in the soul"—a force that works itself out into the realities of life. Read Hebrews xi, 1 in the Revised Version. The margin makes faith "the giving substance to the things hoped for." Such faith is exemplified in the lives of Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and many of the great hosts of Bible times. This sort of faith moved a Luther, a Columbus, a Lincoln. It was the victory of a Stephen and Tacy Hubbard. It must be the victory in our lives, yours and mine, if we would be the children of God.

A PERFECT TENSE.

Notice the apostle does not say *is* overcoming the world or *will* overcome the world, but "Faith is the victory that *hath* overcome the world." In his last hours with the disciples, in the very shadow of the cross, Jesus said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I *have* overcome the world." His conflict was already won and his words were the cry of triumph. His triumph was the pledge and token of the final victory of those who believe in him. Here John takes up the shout and flings it out for the world to read, and especially for the encouragement of all who find the path hard to tread.

FAITH IS NOT A MEANS OF VICTORY, but the victory itself. It offers to man the best there is. "It places before the soul the eternal realities, heaven and hell, life and death, the power of the sacraments, the influence of prayer, the ministration of the angels, the watchful love of an overruling Providence, and above them all, the Incarnate Saviour uniting man and human nature to the Eternal God." Yes, *faith is the victory.* It is the victory over sin and selfishness through Jesus Christ our Lord. Let us believe it and make actual test of it in our lives.

THOUGHTS GLEANED FROM JOSEPH PARKER.

"Faith is that exercise of the mind and heart by which we lay hold of religious things, *livingly*, and with advantage, so

that we derive from them strength, comfort and hope."

"The joyous Christian lives in faith, not in circumstances."

"Faith has ten thousand hands which we put out to claim the promises of God and everything is filled with uncalculated and everlasting riches."

SUGGESTIONS FOR LEADERS.

Let the leader and the Prayer Meeting Committee meet fifteen minutes before the hour, for a prayer and preparation service.

A Bible reading on faith will be helpful. The daily readings will furnish a good basis for such a meeting. This, supplemented by the references in your Bible, will provide the leader with abundance and wealth of material.

Remember, "*Faith is the victory,*" but *faith* it must be. Don't forget the marginal reading referred to—"Faith is the giving substance," making substantial, bringing to pass "the things hoped for."

The Prayer Meeting Committee.

ITS PART IN THE PRAYER MEETING.

In this, the fourth article dealing with the tasks committed to the Prayer Meeting Committee, let us talk of what the members of this committee should do at the prayer meetings. To exhaust all the possibilities would carry us far beyond our limited space; however, we can discuss some of the important features.

The first thing to keep in mind is that this committee assumes the leadership and direction of the devotional life of the society.

The first note of each meeting should manifest the deep spirituality that will mean most for the devotional life of the society; that note is prayer. The pre-prayer service, then, is important. It is a brief prayer service in advance of the regular meeting, held under the leadership of the Prayer Meeting Committee. The leader, especially, one or two members of the Prayer Meeting Committee and from three to six members of the society should be present. This service should not continue longer than ten minutes. Pray definitely for the leader, for the members and for the service just ahead. It is well to endeavor to have different ones from the

society in this service from Sabbath to Sabbath, and different members of the Prayer Meeting Committee should lead it.

In the prayer meeting the personal example of the members of the Prayer Meeting Committee counts for much. Keep in mind the fact that in large measure this committee will set the standard. To be prompt, to sit where you can be of most value to the leader and to the service, to enter heartily into the singing, but especially to speak on the topic and to pray; these are pivotal points. Surely the least that we can do under the clause of the pledge, "I will strive to do whatever he would like to have me do," is to set the best example we can.

Those who have realized the great possibilities of this devotional service, are convinced that we have not done enough even when we set a good example. Particularly is this true of Prayer Meeting Committee members. We must seek to strengthen the devotional life of others in touch with the society by helping them to take part in the meeting. Our ability here will depend somewhat upon our personal example. We can not expect to lead other people beyond the point where we are willing to go ourselves. Our personal work in seeking to get others to take a part will bear fruit only as we manifest a willingness to do all if not a little more than we ask of another. Until every person in the society takes a part voluntarily, we should not cease to do personal work.

Each leader may have certain things he desires accomplished, and the committee members should ever be ready to assist, to the fullest extent. A leader never desires long pauses, and if these occur frequently, the committee may make definite plans to avoid them. We have great possibilities in our prayer meetings, and great tasks, if we will only accept them.—*William Ralph Hall, in Forward.*

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Corporation of the Sabbath School Board of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference will be held in the office of Mr. H. G. Whipple, 220 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., Wednesday, Sept. 10, 1913, at 4 o'clock p. m.

A. L. BURDICK, Sec'y.

Janesville, Wis., Aug. 15, 1913.

Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, Aug. 10, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., President Stephen Babcock in the chair.

Members present, Stephen Babcock, J. D. Spicer, T. L. Gardiner, L. A. Worden, Edwin Shaw, F. A. Langworthy, C. W. Spicer, Asa F. Randolph, Iseus F. Randolph, M. L. Clawson, F. J. Hubbard, A. L. Titsworth.

Visitors, Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, Rev. H. L. Polan, Elisha S. Chipman. Prayer was offered by Rev. T. L. M. Spencer of Georgetown, British Guiana, South America.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Advisory Committee reported progress in relation to the exchange of pulpits among our pastors during the summer.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported 1940 pages of tracts mailed and one copy of "Paganism Surviving in Christianity" sold.

The completed annual statement of the Board to the General Conference was presented and approved. Correspondence from Rev. George Seeley embodied his report for the month of June and for the year ending June 30th, and correspondence from Col. T. W. Richardson contained his report for the quarter ending June 30th.

Voted that the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, Rev. T. L. Gardiner, D. D., be the representative of the Board at the forthcoming Associations.

Voted that the pastor of the North Loup church, Rev. George B. Shaw, also be requested to represent us at the Northwestern Association.

Correspondence was also received from Ira Davis, M. C. Loomis, Sec'y E. B. Saunders, E. A. Witter, R. R. Thorngate, L. A. Wing, G. W. Hills, N. O. Moore, L. C. Randolph, F. I. Babcock.

It was reported that a bequest of \$1,000 from the estate of George H. Rogers of Oxford, N. Y., had been received and placed in the permanent fund.

The treasurer reported all bills paid.

Rev. T. L. M. Spencer being present was invited to speak to us, and he told us of the work in British Guiana, and the

desire for tracts and literature for distribution among the English speaking people in his vicinity. The request was referred to the Committee on Distribution of Literature with power.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,
Recording Secretary.

Home News.

NORTONVILLE, KAN.—Pastor Kelly and wife celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on the thirtieth of June. Members of their congregation and other friends met that evening in the church, which had been decorated with ferns and blooming plants by the Endeavorers, to help them celebrate the event. Rev. Mr. Johnson, pastor of the Presbyterian church, made some pleasing and appropriate remarks, which, with music, many messages from absent relatives and friends, including three telegrams, and with speeches from "the stalwart groom and blushing bride," made out the program of the evening. This was followed by a general social time, when every one offered their congratulations and good wishes to the bridal pair.

Rev. W. L. Burdick spent Sabbath day, August 2, at Nortonville, on his way returning from the Christian Endeavor convention at Los Angeles. He gave us a helpful and interesting sermon at the regular Sabbath morning service, and gave a report of the convention to a goodly number at the young people's hour in the afternoon. A.

Courage of the Commonplace.

The age is sordid? Nay, but glorified
By sacrifice so common that the grace
Of all nobility is commonplace!
At lifelong tasks, by lowly uses tried;
In castes eclipsed, all hope save toil denied,
The unthanked millions of the populace
Authenticate God's image in the race,
Living as bravely as the martyrs died!
Schooled men, not simian-browed, not passion-blind,
They know the worth of all that is resigned,
Yet coin their lives to pay the cost of love!
So live the people; so they strive and toil;
What tide of time e'er touched a mark above
Habitual heroism of daily toil?
—*Stokely S. Fisher, in Homiletic Review.*

The world we're passing through is God's world as much as any we're going to.—*Edmund Garrett.*

The Administration's Peace Plan.

The features of the Administration's peace plan, as matured to date, provide that all questions of dispute between this and another nation not capable of being settled by diplomacy shall be referred for investigation and report to an International Commission. For the purpose of drawing an expression of opinion from the powers, Secretary Bryan has suggested that this commission might consist of five persons, two of whom shall be chosen by their representative governments from within themselves respectively, two by the representative governments respectively from other governments, and a fifth to be chosen by the two governments collectively. It is proposed that the treaties between the contracting parties shall provide that no war shall be declared or hostilities be begun until after such investigation is made and the commission's report submitted. It is proposed that the commission shall be permanent, that it shall conduct its investigation as a matter of course upon its own initiative, and that the report shall be submitted within one year from the submission of the dispute. It is not proposed to interfere with any nation's right to act independently on the subject-matter in dispute after the report is submitted.

It is now planned that there shall be a separate commission under each treaty, and that these treaties shall not take the place of arbitration treaties, but supplement them. A note elaborating more in detail the nature of these treaties is expected soon. While some months may be necessary before a treaty satisfactory to all the nations may be agreed upon, the Administration's habit of conferring frequently with the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs will reduce the delay to a minimum.

The United States, under the terms of the Administration's latest proposal, would be glad to consider the question of maintaining the status quo as to military and naval preparations during the period of investigation. If, during this period, however, danger to one of the contracting parties from a third party compels a change in the military equipment, such a change may be allowed through confidential communications specially provided for in the treaty. It is suggested that by some such measure the contracting parties could be

protected from each other in ordinary cases, yet freedom of action be provided for in emergencies. But, as in the case of the previous proposals covering details, it is not the purpose of the Administration to impose at this time any fixed conditions. The principle of investigation is the great thing. This once accepted, the details are matters for conference and consideration.

The nations, in the order of their acceptance of the principles involved, are: Italy, Great Britain, France, Brazil, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Peru, Austria, Netherlands, Bolivia, Germany, Argentina, China, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Spain, Portugal, Belgium and Denmark.

The plan does not meet the whole situation. It does not go as far as many would like, but it has some distinct advantages over any now before us. It is concrete and, we believe, attainable. A permanent organization like unto this would grow in effectiveness with increasing experience because, once begun, the working of the details would become increasingly easier. The deliberations of the commissioners would promote education for the governments and the governed in terms of right international behavior. The various overlapping commissions might easily be expected to assume something of the standing of a permanent court, with the difference, of course, that it would not decide cases, but report facts. Out of its practice and investigations international law would develop with a renewed vigor. But perhaps still more important, the very act of investigation itself would promote that important attitude of mind known as suspended judgment, without which there can be no justice between men or nations.—*The Advocate of Peace.*

Northwestern Association.

The next session of the Northwestern Association will be held with the church at Nortonville, Kan., September 25-28.

J. R. JEFFREY, JR.,
Moderator.

IRA DAVIS,
Cor. Sec.

"Who will be the drunkards twenty years from now?"

The Rescue of Ah Fong.

A TRUE TALE OF NEW YORK.

The streets of Chinatown were deserted at four o'clock on the morning of December 27, 1912. It was not the early hour—for that part of New York works by night and sleeps by day—but a pelting rain and a searching wind had stilled that usually noisy district to the silence of a deserted village.

Not that the streets were wholly deserted—that never happens in New York with its hundred thousand night workers and its army of night prowlers. Through Chatham Square a bedless "down and out" here and there went slinking along close to the houses to avoid the worst of the storm, and questioning police eyes looked out at you from under protecting awnings and from unexpected doorways.

My reason for being abroad at this unseasonable time was that a few hours before an unknown Chinese had telephoned the superintendent of the Chinese department of the Church of All Nations the story of the pitiful condition of an enslaved Chinese woman. He implored our help, declaring that it was a case of either rescue or suicide.

We knew something of the difficulty of freeing these yellow slaves and also something of the danger to them if we failed. The tragedy of the beautiful Bow Kum is still fresh in the memory of New York's Chinatown. Bow Kum, like this woman, had been held a slave and attempted to escape. She was detected, caught and murdered with all the attendant refinements of Oriental cruelty. The murder was not so much for vengeance as it was a warning. As is usual in Chinatown murders, no one was ever brought to book for the crime.

We also knew that officers had more than once smashed their way into Chinatown resorts to rescue enslaved Chinese women. For their pains they had been roundly abused by the women themselves; the Chinese slave has a well-founded fear of her slave-master. During these raids the smug-faced owners would stand by, holding up their yellow hands in sanctimonious protest that they should be suspected of wrong-doing.

In handling this case we had considerable experience of our own to guide us. Nine months before, our missionary had gone the whole way to the coast with Toi Dai,

a Chinese woman in whose escape we had aided.

THE CASE OF COI SIM.

Just previous to that Coi Sim, a beautiful Chinese, hardly more than a girl, came one afternoon about dusk, imploring our help. An American woman who knew our superintendent's sympathy for the oppressed acted as her guide. After we heard the pitiful broken English tale of promised marriage, deception and enslavement, we promised our help and arranged as soon as Coi Sim could gather her valuables to meet her and place her somewhere in safety. Coi Sim's master was a professional gambler of particularly unsavory reputation. He left the house late every afternoon and gambled all night, so that Coi Sim's best time to escape was, of course, during his absence.

For fear her visit to us might leak out we arranged to meet her at the earliest moment and set the time for the next night at nine o'clock at the corner of Canal Street and the Bowery. Coi Sim did not appear. After waiting a few minutes, fearful that some one had betrayed her, we hurried down to Chinatown to find firemen putting out a blaze that had taken place in her tenement and kept her master at home. We appointed a later hour on the same night and Coi Sim was there to meet us.

News travels fast in Chinatown. They have an underground system of their own. Knowing that we would be under suspicion at once, we hurried her to a private house uptown, and when bland-faced Celestials called on us on no business in particular, all rooms were open to their prying eyes. A letter was then written by her, telling her master he would never see her again. This letter we had mailed from Montreal. When the gambler received it he left the city at once vowing that he would find his slave and kill her, and up to the present writing he has not again been seen in New York.

Our missionary took Coi Sim to San Francisco. From there Christian missionaries accompanied her to her mother's home in China, and she is now a happily married Christian woman. Her gratitude to the people who secured her deliverance from a living death is touching and beautiful.

A YELLOW SLAVE IN NEW YORK.

Profiting by these experiences, we set about the liberating of Ah Fong.

Finding that four o'clock in the morning was the safest time for the attempt, we arranged that she should come out of the house precisely on the minute of four, and we would be there to receive her. I set my watch by that of the go-between, who in turn was to set Ah Fong's watch.

Miss Banta and myself reached Chatham Square at 3.45 a. m., and took refuge from the storm in a doorway until four minutes before the appointed time. We then hurried through Doyers Street into Pell and took up a position opposite Number 11 a moment before the clocks of the neighborhood began to strike.

As we waited we found ourselves trying to measure the fear that must be back of a woman to drive her to do what we hoped this Chinese would do. Ah Fong was a heathen; she knew no word of English nor the names of two city streets. We ourselves were entire strangers to her. She had no means of knowing that we would be out in the street to keep our appointment when she appeared. If she failed, the penalty would be a merciless beating or maybe a fate like that of little Bow Kum. We wondered if she would venture forth into the night, depending upon the promise of Christian people to help her.

While we talked an opium runner turned into Pell Street. Catching sight of us in the shadowed doorway, and suspecting that something was being planned against his patrons, he put his fingers to his lips and began whistling a shrill warning to awaken the tenement sleepers. Then the hour struck from a nearby clock, and on the last stroke of the bell out came Ah Fong bareheaded and shod for her journey through the storm and mud with Chinese silk slippers. We threw an extra raincoat over her head and soon had her aboard a train and safe at the parish.

The federal authorities had heard of the case of Ah Fong, and called us up on the morning following the rescue to inquire if we knew her. We told them we both knew of the case and had the woman. They hurried uptown, got her story, and before noon had her master, Lee Lum, the treasurer of the Hip Sing Tongs, under arrest. He was released on \$5,000 bail and later was obliged to stand trial.

The prompt action of these New York federal officials, Mr. Sisson and Mr. Wiley, is characteristic of the competent service

they are constantly rendering. There is no case in Chinatown that calls for courage and skill that finds these men lacking. That the case against Lee Lum failed in the matter of conviction was not their fault. Any one who knows Chinatown also knows just why matters that are of common knowledge are still impossible of proof in a court of justice. This situation is not peculiar to Chinatown, as New Yorkers are aware. The Chinese resemble most of the people in preferring a whole skin to being champions of the law, for members of the Chinese Tongs bear an excellent reputation as expert gunmen.

The *Evening Sun* of January 28, 1913, has the following to say of what happened to the supposed complaint against Lee Lum. For the accuracy of the account I do not vouch!

"... Last night Lee Suey... repaired to the eating place at 10 Pell Street where he was accustomed to dine. He had hardly placed his foot on the first step leading down to the restaurant when five shots were fired in rapid succession. Lee Suey fell headlong into the dining place, and lay dead on the floor, every one of the five bullets having penetrated his back."

Which goes to show that, at least in Chinatown, it may be safer to break the law than tell of the lawbreaker.

As for Ah Fong, though we could not find that she had ever read the Old Testament, she acted surprisingly like the Israelites when they came out of Egypt. When she found that she was to be rescued she secreted with a Chinese neighbor gold and jewelry and other valuable loot—in fact, she "spoiled the Egyptians" that had enslaved her, so that when she sailed away on the Ward Line steamer *Creole* for New Orleans en route for San Francisco and China, she carried some thousands of dollars' worth of valuables with her. This heavy loss left the Chinatown slavers considerable poorer—and sadder—and let us hope with such an abundance of material for reflection as will make them considerably wiser as well.—*John R. Henry, Pastor of the Church of All Nations, in The Christian Advocate.*

"The most effective servant of the temperance cause is the woman or man who teaches a boy or girl to abstain from strong drink, and to oppose the liquor traffic."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Morning-Glory.

"Hark!" says Morning-Glory,
"Hear what all my bells are chiming—
Blue and pink—so softly rhyming:—
'Keep on climbing! Keep on climbing!'
This is all their story."
—*From A Year of Beautiful Thoughts.*

The Bear.

Once, in a woodland country with many bears, there lived a forester in his own cottage amid the trees. He had a wife and some children, and when he was away in the forest all day these had to look after themselves. The rest of the family were, therefore, greatly alarmed when one day, in the father's absence, the eldest boy rushed into the living-room and said that a bear was coming down the forest path near the home. At once the mother and all the children forsook the house and ran hard and hid themselves among the trees. The bear came shambling along, and seeing the door of the deserted cottage open he walked in. In the living-room were a great many things he had never inspected before, and so he shuffled around, sniffing and sniffing and testing things, sometimes with his nose and sometimes with one of his paws. At last he came to the big fire. On the fire was a kettle full of boiling water, and the bear had never before seen a fire in the grate, and he knew nothing about kettles. He did, however, know enough not to put a paw into the red-hot coals, and since the kettle was new to him he tested it by putting the end of his nose on the tin.

Of course, when he thus touched the kettle full of boiling water he had a surprise and jumped backwards quite a little way. Had he been wise he would have left things at this, but the silly bear went and had another close sniff, and then he got out-and-out angry because his nose was burnt again. He was quite sure that what had happened was all the fault of the kettle, and in his anger he made up his mind to kill that kettle or do something desperate to it as soon as he possibly could. So with himself boiling right away inside and growling tremendously, he stood up and

reached out for the kettle and took it into his forepaws.

Bears always like to tackle an enemy by hugging him close and squeezing the life out of him. The angry bear, therefore, drew the kettle full of boiling water as far into his chest as he could, and so pressed it that the metal yielded. At once a big spurt of scalding water came through the spout, and because the bear thought this was the kettle biting back he got into a perfect fury and squeezed and squeezed until the lid fell on to the floor. Then, of course, the hot water went all over the bear's body, and he received such injuries that he died, howling and raging and as angry as he could be to the very last.

All this time the forester's family had been waiting in the wood, and when an hour had passed the eldest boy, who had seen Bruin enter the house, came out of the wood and crept very quietly to the cottage window. He looked in, and there was the bear lying on the floor. The boy was not at all sure whether their enemy was asleep or dead, and it took a little courage for him to make up his mind to enter the living-room and see. Very carefully he crept in, and there he saw the dead body and the twisted bit of metal that represented the tin of the kettle, and he understood all and raised such a shout of triumph as brought his mother and the other children rushing in from the wood.

When everybody had said lots of things, and the mother had promised them roast bear meat for supper, and all the children had wondered whether the bear's fur should be made into a hearthrug or a bedspread, the mother commanded silence. At last most of the children were fairly quiet, and then the mother said: "You see, children, the bear got out and out angry, and was anxious to have revenge, and so in the end it was himself that he hurt most. That is the kind of thing that always happens when angry passions rise and children think of nothing except getting even with an enemy." And the boys and girls who heard were quiet, and did a little thinking before beginning again to talk about the bear.—*Rev. J. G. Stevenson.*

If you your ears would save from jeers
Five things keep meekly hid:
"Myself" and "I" and "mine" and "my,"
And what "I do and did."

—*New York Tribune.*

Boy Scouts at Gettysburg.

Five hundred and forty-eight Boy Scouts who served with distinction at the most wonderful of all reunions, that which has just ended on the Gettysburg battlefield, folded their tents this morning, returned them with the rest of their camp equipment to the officers in charge, and started back home.

With the simplicity of boys they showed no concern about the tremendous sensation they had created among the hundreds of thousands of campers and spectators. Indeed, they seemed not to know that they had done anything unusual. They had been "just themselves," except that an extraordinary number of opportunities had been before them to be courteous and to do good turns. Without affectation, without the appearance even of condescension, they had done all that they were told to do without whimper or hesitation. Moreover, they had done innumerable services without command or request—services which they themselves had discovered were possible. Reunion commissioners, army officers, Red Cross officers, physicians and nurses, veterans of the Union and Confederate armies, and the whole corps of newspaper correspondents—all have praised the Scouts for what they did.

This is what they did.

They merely practiced what the Boy Scout is taught from the beginning of his work for his tenderfoot degree to "the very end of the chapter." They proved trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, brave, clean and reverent.

They were among the first to arrive on the Gettysburg battlefield, reaching there on the evening of June 30. They found it necessary to erect the eleven tents assigned to them. The tents were a modified type of the Sibley tent, sixteen feet square and pyramidal. The patrols worked in rotation and in a little more than an hour and a half the work was completed. When it is considered that fifty-six stakes had to be driven for each tent—1,616 in all—an eight-foot wooden pole on iron tripod erected for each, and the canvas raised and tied, it can be believed that this was "some job." A regular army man looked over the tents later and asked who had set them up. When told that the Boy Scouts did it, he told his informant that he

lied—that no boys could ever put up tents in that way.

But it was in the services which these Red Cross Scouts gave to the aged veterans that their most excellent work was done. On Sunday night a stranger meeting a boy on guard in front of the Scouts' tents, told him that an old soldier was lying uncovered on the grass a short distance away. The guard found the man, went to the Scout Headquarters tent and reported it, and the veteran was removed to a tent. He had arrived on a late train and had lost his way in the maze of tents on that then unfamiliar field.

The Scouts who rescued this man found four others similarly exhausted and exposed, and they routed out all of the Red Cross Scouts, and a thorough search was made, resulting in the finding of more than a hundred veterans, some of whom were carried into tents while others, who could not be removed, were covered and left out under the stars.

Meanwhile, in another part of the camp, Philadelphia Scouts were working in heroic fashion. Between midnight and three o'clock in the morning more than 2,000 old soldiers arrived at the Gettysburg camp, and the men of the regular army and the Pennsylvania constabulary were unable to handle them. Many of these veterans evidently felt that they "knew their Gettysburg" and could find their way about, even in the dark. At any rate, they wandered off from the station and many of them sank exhausted in remote places. Among these men the Scouts hurried, applying simple first aid, carrying the men to shelter, or simply covering them.

The majority of the old soldiers who arrived on that exciting night were Pennsylvanians and were expected to take up quarters in the Pennsylvania tents. There, however, aid was inadequate and hundreds of them sat or stood in line waiting assignment to tents. The railroad journey had been very hard on these old men and the night was cold. Many of them were suffering from exhaustion and exposure and it became the privilege and pleasure of the Boy Scouts to bring these men relief.

They had worked since early morning, running errands, carrying meals to old soldiers in their tents, conveying others who desired to visit friends in distant parts of

the field, etc.—and at taps, 10 p. m., they were ordered to bed. They went, but not without protest, and in less than half an hour they were up again, having been unable to sleep while just outside their tents were a crowd of suffering veterans. They gave up their own cots and blankets to the aged soldiers, and worked until nearly daylight assisting these men to sheltered places, providing covers for them, and carrying water and food to refresh them.

It was a long, hard night for the boys, but not one of them protested or complained or suffered any from it. Moreover, they exemplified the Scout spirit in their persistent refusal to accept tips, which were generously offered.

The Red Cross Scouts were assigned to twelve or fourteen rest stations which were scattered about the battlefield on a route twenty-three miles long. Every morning they were sent out with the nurses and physicians to their appointed stations and remained there throughout the day, scouting about the neighborhood, directing veterans, picking up many exhausted and injured men, and taking them to Red Cross tents and there assisting in their care and treatment.

The physicians and nurses at these Red Cross stations were enthusiastic in their praise of the services performed by the boys, and the nurses joined in a letter to Commissioner Martin expressing to him and to the corps of Boy Scouts their appreciation of the efficient services rendered the nurses on many occasions both in camp and field.

Throughout the encampment the Boy Scouts were alert for opportunity to do good turns, and there was opportunity any way they looked. They did guard duty at the tents of the nurses and doctors, they directed people about the grounds, they carried water for old soldiers and meals to those who were too weak to go to the mess tents, they erected tents, dug trenches, held horses, did ambulance duty, carried hand baggage, acted as mail orderlies, helped extinguish a fire, wrote letters for many sick veterans, protected girls from toughs, gave first aid to injured veterans before the ambulance arrived, saved a veteran from being run over, assisted in the treatment of cases of heat prostration, heat exhaustion, sunstroke, paralysis, epilepsy, apoplexy, fractures, bruises, contusions;

manned the information tents, in one case held a stricken veteran who died in their arms, and assisted in carrying two dead soldiers from the field.

Their manly deportment, their quick response to every call for help, their resourcefulness, their cheerfulness, won for them the respect and admiration of all, and the camp officials had not one complaint against them.

It is notable also that there was no case of injury or serious illness among the Scouts throughout the encampment.—*Scouting.*

Convention of Anti-Saloon League.

The next biennial convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America is to be held at Columbus, Ohio, November 10-13. It will also be the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the league. We are expecting twenty thousand delegates. It is expected that this convention will formally launch the campaign of the Anti-Saloon League for nation-wide prohibition.

Representation to this convention was changed at the last biennial meeting. Hitherto it has been representatives from state and national bodies. Now each local church, Sabbath school, and Young People's society is entitled to representation in this convention, and we wish to appeal through your paper to the pastors, Sabbath-school superintendents and presidents of Young People's societies to have appointed delegates and send the names to The Convention Committee, Westerville, Ohio, immediately on their appointment, that we may reach them with provisional programs and literature concerning the convention.

Already a number of governors, United States Senators and Congressmen have promised to be present and take a place on the program, as well as prominent men and women in temperance reform from all over the country.

Very truly yours,
P. A. BAKER,
General Superintendent.

He is most spiritual who is master of most forces, who can rise superior to most obstacles, can vanquish the most enemies of the inner life, who has greatest dominion over matter.—*J. L. Jones.*

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE,
Contributing Editor.

LESSON IX.— AUGUST 30, 1913. ISRAEL AT MOUNT SINAI.

Lesson Text.—Exod. xix, 1-25; Heb. xii, 18-24.

Golden Text.—"Let us have grace, whereby we may offer service well-pleasing to God with reverence and awe." Heb. xii, 28.

DAILY READINGS.

First-day, Exod. xviii, 1-22.

Second-day, Exod. xviii, 13-27.

Third-day, Exod. xix, 1-15.

Fourth-day, Exod. xix, 16-25.

Fifth-day, 1 Peter ii, 1-10.

Sixth-day, Hosea xi, 1-11.

Sabbath-day, Heb. xii, 14-29.

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

Notes on Joint Conferences Between Denominational and Interdenomina- tional Leaders.

ADULT BIBLE CLASS CONFERENCE.

The Adult Bible Class Conference, in session at Dayton, Ohio, presided over by C. D. Bulla, and attended by representatives from the Sunday School Council and the International Sunday School and State Associations, records the conviction that special emphasis should be given at present to the following:

You can't organize without life; but life without organization is like a soul without a body. Bible teaching without activities produces acute indigestion, tending to become chronic.

Press the organization of Bible classes among women as a remedy for many of the most dangerous social symptoms.

The organized Adult Bible Classes should be awakened to community consciousness and enlisted in community service through their own organization and federation.

Give a woman the Bible as a scepter if you would make her social influence permanent.

The organized Adult Bible Class is one of the church's richest fields for securing leaders.

As a child of the church, the organized Adult Bible Class should show its loyalty to active participation in its worship and work.

To save an organized Adult Bible Class from social emotionalism, it should have a clear and definite program of service.

ELEMENTARY DIVISION CONFERENCE.

The Elementary Division Conference was presided over by Miss Marion Thomas. After a general discussion of the papers

presented, the workers present registered their common sentiment by passing the following resolution:

Inasmuch as the Graded Lessons are now complete for Beginners, Primary, and Junior Departments, it is the opinion of this conference that teachers in these departments should be urged first to acquire a knowledge of the scope of the lessons; second, that the course should be used as intended, that is, year by year.

The conference is agreed that there should be a special course of study for the teachers in each department of the Elementary Division that shall be both general and specific, and that there should be additional material for the departmental superintendent.

Built to Stand.

There is something inspiring about the self-confidence of the men who do big things. A number of years ago the country was horrified by the news that Galveston had been swept by a flood. But the mud was hardly dry in the city's streets before plans were made for building a great sea-wall to keep out the waters. George W. Boschke, was the engineer to whom this gigantic undertaking was entrusted.

He finished his work while the world looked on with interest. Later, he went up into inland Oregon to look after the engineering work of one of the great railroad companies that were opening up that vast undeveloped country.

Boschke was in camp, forty miles from the railroad, says the *Technical World*. One day an exhausted messenger rode in and handed a telegram to Boschke's assistant. The message said that the Galveston wall had been washed away by a second furious hurricane. The assistant was must disturbed, but there was nothing to do but to lay the telegram before his chief.

Boschke glanced up from it, smiling. "This telegram is a lie," he said calmly. "I built that wall to stand." Then he turned to the work in hand.

His confidence was justified. The message was based on a false report. There had been a storm, as severe as that which had flooded the city, but the wall stood firm.—*Youth's Companion*.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city" (Prov. xvi, 32).

DEATHS

POTTER—Mrs. H. L. Potter was born in Alleghany county, N. Y., May 17, 1832, and died July 26, 1913.

She lived in the place of her birth until her ninth year, when she came west with her parents. They made the journey by way of the Erie canal and the Great Lakes, and then by team from Milwaukee to the vicinity of Albion, where the family settled. Her maiden life was spent helping to care for her brothers who were younger than she. Her father's abode was always a home for the cousins and friends, and here she early learned the art of real hospitality. Her education so far as books were concerned was meager, but in other things which make home a success and reality, her education and refinement were complete.

On the twenty-fourth of October, 1850, she was united in marriage to Stephen R. Potter, and all but two years of her life since that time has been spent in her own home. She did her part in making the home, changing the once wooded tract to a beautiful cleared farm. Into this home she carried those graces of kindness and hospitality that were so marked in her father's home. For a period of nearly sixty-three years hers was a home of joy and gladness. Many are the people who knew how pleasant it was to go to see Uncle Stephen and Aunt Harriet. Four daughters were born to them—Mary A., Dora J., Hattie M., and Edith B. These with nine grandchildren remain to mourn her departure. The father died four years ago, since which time the mother has been the object of the love and tender care of the daughters. She suffered but little pain in her last days and quietly and peacefully passed away with all four daughters at her bedside.

She took an active interest in the founding of the Albion Academy, and was one of its staunch supporters. She deprived herself of many of the comforts of life that her own children might receive proper education. She took great delight in having her children attend church and the Sabbath school. She was baptized by the Rev. O. P. Hull and united with the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, November 5, 1852, of which she has always been a faithful and consistent member.

The funeral services were held at the home Monday afternoon, Pastor C. S. Sayre officiating, assisted by Rev. S. H. Babcock. Interment was made in Evergreen Cemetery.

c. s. s.

Resolutions.

Whereas, It has pleased our heavenly Father to call to her reward our beloved coworker, Miss Clemmie Davis,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Ladies' Aid of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church, desire to express our appreciation of her faithful work and her noble Christian character;

Resolved, That while we shall greatly miss

her, we feel that she has heard the Masters' voice saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;"

Resolved, That, while feeling a deep sense of loss, we bow in humble submission to the divine will, we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family;

Resolved, That this memorial of her be spread upon the society's records and that copies be sent to the niece and nephew who so tenderly cared for her in her last years; and also that a copy be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

MRS. ERNEST DAVIS,
MRS. WARDNER DAVIS,
ELSIE B. BOND,
Committee.

Be Patient With the Children.

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!
Be kind,—things are so new, and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon; and so
The hands are tempted oft, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn! They are so often held
To sun and showers,—showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts!
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky,—
They may not be here by and by.
Give them not love alone, but more, above
And harder,—patience with the love.

—From *A Mother's Scrapbook*.

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SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

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

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

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

RIVERSIDE CALIFORNIA?

Do you wish to know more about it? If so write to one of the committee:

A. E. Babcock, Lock Box 1163
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P. B. Hurley, 1985 Park Ave.

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

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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Certain of sword and pen,
You are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men.

—Rudyard Kipling.

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THE Bible is clear and explicit in the truth that the spiritual life and real prosperity of the people of God depend upon their attitude toward his Sabbath. Therefore we can not be too well informed as to the nature of true Sabbathism, as to why Jehovah made the Sabbath, and as to its importance among the other precepts of the Decalog. Seventh Day Baptists may do a great work for a world fast becoming Sabbathless, if they will only get a new vision of the wonderful work to which God calls them. Elisha had a vision of God's armies able to defend him against a host; Moses had a vision at the burning bush which sent him forth to liberate his people; Peter had a vision that sent him to the Gentiles with the message of salvation; and Paul had a vision of an open door when the Macedonian cry came for him to start the Gospel around the world; but every one of these servants of Jehovah had prepared himself to receive the vision. These men drew near to God, communed with him in the spirit of loyalty to his law and the vision came. Thus must it ever be with those who would be used of God to do a great work. As a people we shall never receive the open-door vision, giving strength and courage to enter the fields, unless we too are fitted to receive it by a genuine spiritual uplift. O for a new vision of our great mission as a people—a vision that will bring us to the altar of consecration, and endue us with power from on high!

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