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WHOLE NO. 3,615.

Let America Live Her Own Life

In 1802 the Robert Emmet Club of Georgetown, a suburb of Washington, took steps to induce the government to erect a monument to the honor of Captain John Barry, the first commissioned officer of the American navy. The necessary legislation was secured, and a few days ago President Wilson delivered an address at the unveiling ceremonies of this monument. The fact that Barry was an Irishman probably had something to do with the Robert Emmet Club's taking the initiative in this movement; and the fact that Captain Barry was a Roman Catholic was not lost sight of by the Roman Catholic Church, which seized upon the opportunity to arrange for a military mass at the close of the unveiling, to which the President and other officials were invited. This invitation, however, was not accepted by President Wilson.

Some of the leading papers have spoken in the highest terms of the fitness and significance of the President's address on that occasion, one paper going so far as to say it should be printed in all the school readers, so its sayings on the subject of genuine patriotism, and on America's living her own life, might be learned early by those who are to be our future citizens.

After speaking of patriotism as being something more than mere sentiment, and defining it as a principle that gives a man the fullest and deepest ardor for that for which his country stands, the President asked the question: "What does the United States stand for, that our hearts should be stirred by memories of the men who set up her Constitution?" In answering this question Mr. Wilson brought out the thought that John Barry, like every other patriot in the Revolution, fought "that America might be free to make her own life without interruption or disturbance from any other quarter."

In view of the inflowing tides of life

and influence from foreign lands, in view of the efforts of many influential men who are now striving to combine church and state in this country—a work as foreign to the principles of the nation's founders as can be well imagined—these words of the President are most timely. Every true patriot in this land should jealously guard the principles of freedom for which the fathers of the Revolution fought, and should devote his powers to the blessed work of "enabling America to live her own life."

Her own life is not the life enthroned in the Vatican, dissatisfied until the church rules the state. It is not the life of the anarchist who defies all law; neither is it the life that forgets God, and spurns all religion. It is not the life of privileged classes nor of social caste; it is not a life of oppression either by capital or by labor; but the self-determined life for America is one of absolute civic and political and religious freedom. America is the only nation founded upon these principles, and it means a good deal for her to be allowed to live her own life. Every citizen should be sure that his influence is exerted to help his country do this.

Our times are as deeply fraught with vital issues as were the times of John Barry and his copatriots. It is as incumbent upon us now to "keep free from entanglements" as in the days when Washington pleaded for this very thing. Men who stand for freedom must guard against coming under the yoke of servitude to tyrants of either church or state, to corporations or kings of finance. They must stand true to the principles laid down in the Constitution, no matter from what land they came when they sought a home in America. Of John Barry the President said:

John Barry was an Irishman, but his heart crossed the Atlantic with him. He did not leave it in Ireland. And the test of all of us—for

all of us had our origins on the other side of the sea—is whether we will assist in enabling America to live her separate and independent life, retaining our ancient affections, but determining everything that we do by the interests that exist on this side of the sea. Some Americans need hyphens in their names, because only part of them have come over. But when the whole man has come over, heart and thought and all, the hyphen drops of its own weight out of his name. This man was not an Irish-American; he was an Irishman who became an American. I venture to say if he voted he voted with regard to the questions as they looked on this side of the water, and not on the other side; and that is my infallible test of a genuine American, that when he votes, or when he acts, or when he fights, his heart and his thought are nowhere but in the center of the emotions and the purposes and the policies of the United States.

This man illustrates for me all the splendid strength which we brought into this country by the magnet of freedom. Men have been drawn to this country, by the same things that have made them love this country—by the opportunity to live their own lives and to think their own thoughts and to let their whole natures expand with the expansion of this free and mighty nation. We have brought out of the stocks of all the world all the best impulses, and have appropriated them and Americanized them and translated them into the glory and majesty of this great country.

Any man who ignores the fundamental principles of America's "self-determined life" is our enemy. Whoever tarnishes our national honor is an enemy, and the man who thinks first of himself, ignoring the welfare of his fellows and insisting upon practices that ruin men can not call himself a true American. Any one who takes refuge in this land of freedom and cherishes no interest in its institutions, living practically an alien's life and doing duty at the ballot-box only as a hireling of some political demagogue, is not worthy of a place among us. If America is to live her own true life, she must not use the government to propagate and enforce religious doctrines and observances. Every citizen is called upon to make this land the most enlightened, the most progressive, the most just and honorable land on the face of the earth. This done, he is in honor bound to appeal to individual consciences in matters of religious faith, and to do what he can through Christian persuasion to enlist his fellows under the banner of the cross of Christ; but never by the force of civil law.

Twenty-five Hundred Dollars Offered in Prizes

One of the greatest obstacles to be overcome in securing aggressive temperance work in certain sections is the argument that the State can not get along without the money secured as revenue from the liquor traffic. In the State of New York the workers for prohibition hear on every hand about the twenty millions of dollars received in that State alone from the sales of intoxicating liquors. In order to meet the money arguments which are so strong in the estimation of many who would otherwise be prohibitionists, Mr. William H. Anderson, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, has offered twenty-five hundred dollars in prizes for the best essays on "What the Approximately Twenty Million Dollars of Revenue Received from the Liquor Traffic under the Raines Excise Law Costs the People of New York State, Morally, Mentally, Physically, Financially and Industrially."

The essays are limited to five thousand words. They must be typewritten, and the writers must be residents of New York, or students taking some kind of regular work in an institution of learning in that State. The contest closes October 1, 1915, and no fee is required for entrance. Two thousand dollars of this prize money is guaranteed by one man who lives outside the State. The prizes offered are as follows: for the best essay, \$1,000; second best, \$500; and other prizes of \$300, and 200, and \$100. Those who offer money and those who take the pen for such a work are rendering service in an excellent cause.

Several years ago, in Baltimore, in a similar contest, it was shown that the liquor traffic cost fifty times the amount received in revenue. At that time the State and national liquor organizations were openly challenged to present a man for a public discussion with the writer of the essay, to refute if possible his conclusions, but no one dared to try it.

It is because the people of the United States are getting their eyes open to the fact that the liquor traffic is ruinous to all our national resources, financial, moral, intellectual, physical and industrial, that the flood-tide of prohibition sentiment is sweeping the States. When the liquor business is entirely wiped out, the way will be clear

for national and social upbuilding, for sounder morals, for better housing and homing, for industrial prosperity, and never until then. When that time comes, the jails and penitentiaries will be practically empty and the millions now needed to convict and support criminals, most of whom are made so by drink, will be put to better uses. Most of the pauperism will be done away with, and asylums will be little needed. Prosperity will dwell in the land, making itself known on every hand by more comfortable and happy homes, better dressed children, easier times for working men, more perfect health for old and young, and greater safety on land and sea. There will be fewer imbeciles and weak-minded persons; fewer moral derelicts and more clean-handed and pure-hearted men and women. And last but not least, there will be a higher grade of genuine spirituality, so that man will come nearer the divine ideal of perfect manhood in the image of his Maker. May God and men unite in hastening the glad day!

Another Missionary Deficit

Early in June the one hundred and twenty-sixth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was held in Chicago, Ill. The key-note of the great meeting was found in the word "efficiency," of which we hear so much in church gatherings of these days. There was special cause for rejoicing over the settlement of unfortunate differences that had existed between some of the leaders for years, in which settlement the grace of God seemed specially manifested. All the records and papers regarding the trouble were destroyed, and the Assembly, relieved of a great burden, was prepared to face the problems regarding greater efficiency that were needing attention.

One of the most important of these was a missionary deficit of \$430,000. This is indeed a burden requiring all the grace and consecration of the denomination to meet. We pity any people thus burdened with debt and with missionary operations on hand that can not be curtailed. Recently we referred to the missionary debt of the Baptist Denomination, which, though not so large as that of the Presbyterians, is still sufficiently great to be a severe handicap in its work.

That other denominations, in trying to secure the funds necessary for their missionary work, are finding the same troubles that have been vexing our own people shows that the causes of deficit can not lie with any one board, but that there must be some general cause common to all. The Christian Church as a whole seems to be facing conditions that make it difficult to secure adequate support for its missionary operations. Denomination after denomination reports deficits that cripple its boards.

What is the cause? It can not be poverty, or insufficient incomes. There never was a time when the people belonging to, and connected with, the churches were able to live so well as they are living today. Everywhere we see signs of prosperity that bring to men of ordinary fortunes more luxuries than they ever knew before. The people of these times are able to spend more money in pleasure-seeking and in entertainments than did the people of other years. Indeed, we must see on every hand evidences that those from whom mission boards have a right to expect financial help are not financially crippled so far as their own living and pleasure-seeking are concerned. Many a family in church circles, that would naturally be expected to take an interest in missions, spends more on one day's pleasure trip than it spends in a whole year for missions. Many a man in the churches spends much more for cigars and tobacco each year than he gives for both church and mission work.

The secret of the whole matter, so far as the inadequate support of missions is concerned, lies entirely in the fact that people are not sufficiently interested in the work of uplifting their fellow men. Selfishness, worldliness, lack of spirituality,—these are the causes of so many deficits in the treasury of the Lord.

When we look at the non-Christian world with its millions suffering untold miseries from want of the light we enjoy, when we think of the true and consecrated ones who have left friends and native land and gone forth to stand for us in saving the heathen and who are distressed on account of inadequate support and compelled to see the cause suffer, we ought to feel the responsibility more than we do; indeed, we ought to hang our heads in shame that we do so little. What we need is the power for which Christ told his disciples to tarry,

when he gave the great command to preach the gospel and to teach all nations. We have the material means for carrying on the work; we have the "plant" and all necessary machinery; but we lack the *dynamo*. What is machinery and capital worth without the power to make things go? If Christian people only had a genuine interest in their Master's work; if they cared less for self and more for their suffering fellow men; if they would turn toward spiritual things, commune more with their Lord and less with the spirit of worldliness; if there were a greater longing for the infilling of the Holy Spirit, then would we see the cause of God go forward and we would hear no more of the crippling of his dear cause for want of funds.

Congresses for Scientific and Humanitarian Work

We notice that two hundred and twenty-six conventions and congresses of an international character with memberships running into the hundred thousands, are planning to make San Francisco headquarters for 1915, and to hold sessions during the Exposition for terms ranging from four to fifteen days. Many other similar organizations are still corresponding for opportunities to meet in connection with the great fair.

This will make the Exposition one of the greatest schools for the study of scientific questions and matters pertaining to human betterment and human progress the world has ever known. Those who began with our Centennial at Philadelphia, attending the expositions within their reach since that time, such as were held in Chicago, Omaha, Atlanta, Buffalo, and St. Louis, know something of their value as educators, and as object-lessons in matters pertaining to the world's progress. There will be not less than four conventions daily during the period of the Exposition, and the plan is to have these sessions so scheduled that students of special topics and in certain lines of work can time their visits to meet them. For instance, in these congresses, one month will be given to public health, another to social science, another to religion and ethics, one month to educational matters, and one to engineering, and so on to

the end. Many of these societies will bring exhibits of their work. There will be musical organizations and choral societies, and an international congress of education. There will be exhibits in social economy, in vocational training, and instructions in matters pertaining to the International Red Cross work. The International Council of Nurses alone expects to send 6,000 delegates.

A great building is to be devoted to education in the conservation of health,—physical, mental, and moral. Thirty-four foreign nations are expected to take part in this work, besides the work of our own country. Moving pictures, photographs, transparencies and relief maps with models in wax, will be used to illustrate the teachings. Every modern device for the illustration of the effects of impure air upon the system and of bad light for the eye will be in use there; and no pains will be spared to enlighten men upon the question of proper sanitation for preventing diseases.

In short, the Panama-Pacific Exposition promises, more than any other has ever done, to be an immense up-to-date university for education in all lines of knowledge for the safety and betterment of the human race, and for practical instruction in every vocation known to man.

The True Source of America's Greatness

Mr. Masavumi Kavada, principal of the Middle School at Tokio, Japan, has come to this country, sent by the Japanese Government, to study educational plans. Among the first questions asked by him was, "What is America doing in moral education?" By way of illustration, as a practical answer, he was taken to one of the leading Bible schools in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., and given the freedom of the school. After a careful study of the work in all departments, from the cradle-roll to the adult classes, Mr. Kavada made this significant statement: "I can now see the secret of America's greatness. You are studying one Book, and you are educating from the earliest years. We shall want to start something similar when I return to Japan." The closer America can walk in the precepts of this Book the greater will she be.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

The German Florence Nightingale

Every heart is stirred by the mere mention of Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimean War, the ninety-fourth anniversary of whose birth will be celebrated on the fifteenth of this month. This talented, devoted, self-sacrificing English lady was a pioneer in the service of army nursing, and in hospital work and nurse training for the world.

The approaching visit of Queen Eleanore of Bulgaria to study hospital and Red Cross work in America will bring before the people one who, though born to royalty, has chosen to walk in the footsteps of the heroine of Crimea. Queen Eleanore is known as the German Florence Nightingale; and although she will be received as a royal personage, with the honor due to her position as Queen of Bulgaria, the sincerest tribute of the people of America will be given in honor of her self-sacrificing services in the Russo-Japanese War, and again during the Balkan War, where she spent months in personal ministrations to the sick and wounded soldiers. She has been brave on battle-fields under fire, efficient in hospital and camp as a nurse, and now desires to continue the study of nurse training of which she already has a splendid knowledge. As a woman, a queen among philanthropists, to say nothing of her official position, Eleanore of Bulgaria will receive a most cordial welcome to America.

Northfield's Summer Program

RECORDER readers who go to Northfield Summer School will be interested in the following program as thus far announced: June 19-28, the eastern students' conference of the Young Men's Christian Association; July 1-8, young women's conference; July 10-17, school for foreign missionary societies; July 18-24, school for home mission societies; July 18-25, same date as the preceding, school for Bible-school workers. The famous "Moody Conference" will occupy the first sixteen days of August.

In the list of foreign visitors we notice the name of Rev. F. B. Meyer, who is to

take part in all programs during July, August and September. The other noted men from abroad whose names are given are Rev. Charles Brown, Rev. J. Stuart Holden, and Rev. James Inglis of London; Rev. John A. Hutton of Glasgow; Rev. J. Hope Moulton of Manchester; and Rev. John Thomas of Liverpool. The Americans who are to join in the work are Pres. W. Douglas Mackenzie of Hartford, Prof. A. T. Robertson of Louisville, Melvin Trotter of Grand Rapids, Dr. John R. Davies of Philadelphia, and others.

Churches to Celebrate the Peace Anniversary

In the annual conference at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., considerable interest was taken in the approaching one hundredth anniversary of peace between the United States and Great Britain, which will come on February 14, 1915.

On that date, one hundred years ago, the treaty of Ghent was ratified by Congress. This ended the hostilities with Great Britain. It is now proposed to erect monuments along the boundary line between the United States and Canada, and to ask all churches to observe the fourteenth of February next as Peace Day. The schools too are urged to educate the children in the principles of peace, and to hold special celebrations at points along the boundary line.

In the recent conference, Hon. Mackenzie King of Canada said that the existence of a boundary line three thousand five hundred miles long between the two nations without a fort or a fleet or military guard for one hundred years is unparalleled in the world's history.

Some of the RECORDER readers may not know just where Lake Mohonk Conference is held. The lake, and the "Mountain House" owned by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smiley, are on the top of the Shawangunk range of mountains, about twenty miles west of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Dedication of a Confederate Monument in Arlington

On June 4, in the presence of an immense crowd, the President of the United States, the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, the commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans, and Robert S. Lee, grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee, united in the services at the unveiling of a monument in

Arlington National Cemetery, in honor of the Confederate dead buried there. The services were held in the Confederate section, and Mrs. Daisy McLauren Stevens, president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, made the presentation address on behalf of the women of the South.

In accepting the monument in behalf of the nation, President Wilson, among other good things, said:

It has fallen to my lot to accept, in the name of the great government which I am privileged for the time to represent, this emblem of a reunited people. I am not so much happy as proud to participate in this capacity on such an occasion; proud that I should represent such a people. Am I mistaken, ladies and gentlemen, in supposing that nothing of this sort could have occurred in anything but a democracy?

The people of a democracy are not related to their rulers as subjects are related to a government. They are themselves the sovereign authority, and, as they are neighbors of each other, quickened by the same passions and moved by the same motives, they can understand each other. They are shot through with some of the deepest and profoundest instincts of human sympathy. They choose their governments. They consult their rulers. They live their own life, and they will not have that life disturbed and discolored by fraternal misunderstandings.

This chapter in the history of the United States is now closed, and I can bid you turn with me your faces to the future, quickened by the memories of the past, but with nothing to do with the contests of the past, knowing, as we have shed our blood upon opposite sides, we now face and admire one another.

The generosity of our judgment was made up soon after this great struggle was over, when men came and sat together again in the Congress and united in all the efforts of peace and of government; and our solemn duty is to see that each one of us is, in his own consciousness and in his own conduct, a replica of this great reunited people.

It is our duty and our privilege to be like the country we represent, speaking no word of malice, no word of criticism even, standing shoulder to shoulder to lift the burdens of mankind in the future and show the paths of freedom to all the world.

The New York *Tribune*, in a brief editorial entitled "Obliterating the Past," comments upon the matter as follows:

There is no reason why all Americans should not rejoice in the dedication of the monument raised at Arlington by the women of the South to the Confederate dead. It typifies the reverence of the Southern women for those who died, as they felt and believed, in the defense of the homes in which the Southern women of the Civil War period made so many sacrifices and underwent so many privations.

The raising of the monument has been welcomed by the veterans who fought for the Union. The Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of

the Republic delivered an address at the dedication which was full of good will. "There is room," he said, "in the hearts of the people of all the land for cherished recollections of the valorous dead."

Surely there is; and the joyful thing about the dedication of the monument at Arlington is its testimony to the obliteration of the animosities of the war.

Mr. Roosevelt in Madrid

On June 8 Theodore Roosevelt arrived in Madrid, the capital of Spain, the object of his trip being to attend the marriage of his son Kermit to Miss Belle Willard, daughter of the American Ambassador to Spain.

For some days several newspapers had published articles antagonistic to Mr. Roosevelt, some of them going so far as to prophesy that he would be snubbed by the Spanish people as one who fought against their country in the Cuban trouble. But it seems that efforts to arouse unfriendly feelings toward him failed completely, as there was no sign of opposition upon his arrival in Madrid. The Spanish Under-Secretary of State accompanied our ambassador and Mr. Roosevelt's friends to the station, to welcome him, and he was driven to the American Embassy. On June 9 the ex-President and friends were entertained by King Alfonso and Queen Victoria at their country palace forty miles from Madrid.

Nearly Two Thousand Diplomas

Four thousand persons assembled last week at the commencement exercises to see Columbia University give diplomas to nearly two thousand students. The exact number of graduates was nineteen hundred and forty-three. Of these fourteen hundred and ninety-one received degrees, and four hundred and fifty-two received diplomas and certificates only.

Among the men prominent in the procession were an East Indian priest dressed in white, and Dr. Aristides Argamonte dressed in yellow, and Ali Abe Bey, the Turkish Consul-General.

In his address President Butler admonished the graduates to be steadfast in their beliefs and to be of service to each other and their fellow men. He warned them to beware of the radicalism of the present day and its most violent antagonist, unreasonable conservatism.

The training ship *Newport* of the State Nautical School, with one hundred and twelve boys on board whose ages range from sixteen to twenty years, put out to sea last week from New York for a four months' cruise across the ocean. These boys are all learning to be officers in the merchant marine. They form the crew of the *Newport* and so learn the practical side of a sailor's life. The *Newport* is under state control while the ship and the officers are provided by the federal government.

One day last week eight thousand little girls of the public schools of New York City, dressed in white, gave their annual dance around May-poles in Central Park. This work is carried on under the auspices of the Athletic League. Those who saw it speak of it as a pretty sight, the children on the green grass, with one hundred flower-crowned May-poles, wearing bright streamers that matched the big bow of school color each little girl wore on her head. Among the guests of honor were George Brandes, the visiting Danish critic, and G. Beck, Danish consul. As the May-pole exercises concluded under the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Brandes expressed great satisfaction with the work of the Athletic League. Among the exercises were folk dances of Sweden, Denmark and England. When the eight thousand girls had finished their sports, the Boy Scouts gave an exhibition of their work by cleaning up the grass. They formed long skirmish lines and swept the field clean of all the scraps and ribbons and combs and handkerchiefs dropped by the girls.

Some friction is being caused by the carefulness of steamship companies and our immigration officials in China in booking Chinese who are coming to assist in constructing the building for their government and in preparing the exhibits for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Chinese newspapers in Peking are quite severe on the United States for soliciting an exhibit from China and then hindering the Chinese people from coming here to prepare for it. Only thirty of the fifty Chinamen delegated to come to America on one steamer, to construct the exposition building, were allowed to go on board. A fee of \$5 each

was demanded by the ship's physician in several cases, to cure various ailments while on the ocean, and that, too, after the Shanghai physician had passed them on. Another cause of complaint is that the United States refuses to allow the Chinese to bring with them, without paying duty, the food for their use while in the exhibition work. The Chinese claim that if these restrictions continue to reduce the number they are trying to send to do this work, it will be difficult to complete their building in time and exhibitors will decline to take the chances of being excluded.

Now comes another turn in the matter of a British exhibit at San Francisco. It is announced that if the United States will furnish space and pavilion, there will be an unofficial exhibit from England. There is a strong movement on foot among the business interests of Great Britain to erect an Anglo-American pavilion, and make a fine showing independent of the action of the British Government.

The mother of Charles Allen Smith, one of the boys killed at Vera Cruz, has already received the first monthly instalment of her pension on account of the loss of her son. Just five days after her son was killed, Representative J. Hampton Moore made application for the pension, and the first payment was forwarded from Washington on June 5.

Two brothers who had been lost to each other for fifty years were reunited recently by means of the United States Pension Bureau. After serving in the navy during the Civil War, one of the brothers went to Colorado and was lost sight of. Not long ago a daughter of the other brother, thinking that if her uncle was alive he must be drawing a pension, wrote the agency to see if his name was on the pension list. The reply brought her uncle's address and she wrote him. In a few days he walked in on them and the brothers were united after a separation of half a century.

On Monday, June 8, physical examinations of poor children in New York City began for the summer, under the auspices of the New York *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, which for years has sent many thousands of children to the country for summer out-

ings. Examinations are carried on in from one to fifteen places in the city each day, and on June 18 the *Tribune* begins sending out the companies into the country. Money is coming for the expenses, and charitable and religious organizations are expected to recommend children for the outings. The most needy are to have first chances.

Many homes in the country are already planning to welcome the children. Last year more than three hundred villages entertained groups for the *Tribune* Fund alone, and many more are expected to do so this year.

The outings are two weeks in length for each child, except where families desire to keep their guests longer. Aside from the private homes to which children are sent, there are twelve Fresh Air homes and camps in the country where at least six thousand children will be cared for in addition to those placed in families. The number sent out depends upon the gifts of the people. If the sum of \$50,000 is received it will be possible to send six thousand children to private homes, besides the maintaining of the public homes and camps.

Aside from the *Tribune*, various children's aid societies are joining in this good work. Some of these send not only the suffering children but also their weary mothers, who sorely need such help.

Motherhood

[The following story, from the *Topeka Capital*, is forwarded to the RECORDER by G. M. Cottrell of Topeka, Kan. It was read at the high school of that city by Dr. J. Aspinall McCuaig, in one of his lectures on "Eugenics."—Ed.]

In a unique burial place known as "The Cemetery of Dogs" in Hornell, N. Y., a tablet will shortly be erected to the memory of the victim of the tragedy which is here recounted by Dr. J. Aspinall McCuaig, who adds to it a personal note of explanation.

Doctor McCuaig, in his lectures on eugenics, has strongly emphasized the importance of a friendly intimacy on the part of the growing child with all animal life, and the following touching story was read by him last Thursday at the high school in illustration of the educational value of

the lower forms of life in the development of the highest and best in man.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY

Mothers' Day, 1912.—This day has marked a tragedy. A hundred million people in America know nothing of it. No headline set it forth. No obscure notice told it. No sad-faced woman carried it from house to house. The life it touched was lowly and far beneath the plane of romance; yet within such compass, never greater tragedy befell than this day's tragedy.

The tenderest, purest, strongest thing that lives in flesh is motherhood—always and ever—whether it looks from the soft eyes of the gentlewoman, or purrs under the shaggy coat of the jungle. It relates the heavily creeping reptile to the mothers of men. It is in essence always the same—the same fire, the same sacrifice, the same song of sweetness and sorrow and strength—in the earth beneath the stones, in the trunk of the old tree, in the rough rock lair, in the branch that hangs over the precipice, in the place of the manger bed, in the curtained recess of the palace—always the same—the tenderest, purest, strongest thing that lives in flesh.

The victim of this day's tragedy was a cat—small, blue-gray, kind-eyed, sweet-faced. She was hardly a year old this afternoon when they buried her; yet, one sunny morning, less than a month ago, she had brooded over five kittens, and walking around them had sung the song that was recompense for all the suffering that led to it, and for all the unmeasured suffering that flowed from it.

WOOLLY'S JOY

She was well bred, of a gentle mother, who before her had been the pet of her house. As a kitten, she had been chosen from her mother's litter for her softness of fur and named "Woolly." She had grown to be very sensitive and loving and so she brought her treasures, one by one, to her people that they might share her joy. In graceful stride, with arched back and low cry, she spoke her pride. Lovingly, she licked each tiny body and haughtily carried them off.

Seldom has cup of happiness overflowed as did Woolly's till one morning a kitten was missing and across her gay heart came

a shadow. Last Friday night there were left to her but two of her five. She refused to eat. With great, wide-open eyes, behind which lurked untellable agony, she watched the two at play. A strange providence had taken three of her little ones; now another strange providence demanded her own removal to another home. Passively she submitted to be placed in a basket. Patiently she sat as she was borne through the city streets. Then piteously she cried in a strange house as but one of her kittens answered her call. From attic to cellar she searched in vain. Dazed by grief, she brooded over her last and watched hungrily for her lost through the long night.

It rained all day yesterday. Woolly left early in the morning to make one last search for her own. No persuasion could keep her. Before she went, she whispered something to the little one she was leaving.

She was a house-cat and had never learned to walk fences, but she put off in the rain, along the high-road of fences and sheds. In a stable she heard the mewing of kittens, and her heart leaped till she almost fell. Could it be that she had found them? The angry snarl of another mother warned her off. A dog chased. She did not turn to fight, but ran faster. From garbage pails in alleys, other cats slunk from their search for food. Weak from hunger, she pressed on. Fence led to fence in endless maze. House after house failed to be home. And never did hopelessness more black come down upon one lonely little broken mother-heart than fell last night upon that mother in the rain and cold, as she stopped in the angle of a fence one paw uplifted to proceed—gave up her search—and turned forever from her lost to retrace her steps.

THE DAWN OF MOTHERS' DAY

It was nearly midnight when she dropped heavily into her cellar. She had tried many, but this time she was right. Once more she crooned over and licked her kitten. She knew he had been waiting and was hungry. He fell asleep nestling against her side. The dawn of Mother's Day crept slowly on.

When morning came, her kitten walked upon her long, thin body, crying, but she did not hear. The fire had burned out. The sacrifice was full. The song was

finished. Flesh had failed, but Motherhood had triumphed.

She was buried in a quiet spot where her troubled feet had not trod—in soft, dry earth, with a few flowers that had grown while she was happy. Tonight the cellar window is closed, for Woolly will not be back.

NOTE.—I have transcribed this page from my diary. More than once since it was written have I reached out to destroy it—so poorly does it tell its tale. Woolly was beautiful beyond words in her devotion. I held her for an hour that last night and talked kindly to her. She seemed sorry for me that I could not help her. When uncontrollable trembling shook her poor, thin body, she looked into my eyes as though to let me know she was not ungrateful, but could not help the weakness. I would have found her kittens for her had I known where they were. She was doomed, but made no surrender. She died with her face toward the window—watching.

DEATH OF "BOY BLUE"

Sunday, September 28, 1913.—"Boy Blue," Woolly's last kitten, died today. His life was short, but glad and free. Through all last fall and summer his hunting place was along a little stream nearby his home; but at the faintest call from the hill he would leap through undergrowth and brush to find the home path. He loved his people, and knew that his people loved him.

He met death as bravely as he had met life. To the end he was responsive to tender words and caresses. He did his best to live, but the last weariness was too great. His soft white feet lie together. His long, lithe body is curled restfully. The shapely head, so quick to alertness at a loved voice, is still, in a sleep that can not be broken.

Semi-annual Meeting, Western Association

The semi-annual meeting of the Western Association will be held with the Andover Church, beginning Friday evening, June 26, and ending Sunday evening, June 28. All who can do so are urged to attend the meeting.

ERLO E. SUTTON,
President.

SABBATH REFORM

The Retrospect of the Sabbath

[From an old manuscript, discolored with age, sent to the SABBATH RECORDER by Wm. L. Clarke, president of the Missionary Board and grandson of the author, Dea. Daniel Lewis.]

'Tis on this sacred day of rest
With mental sorrow oft opprest,
On God I cast my care;
'Tis then his mercy I implore
And ask from his renewing store
In penitential prayer.

Well pleased, the Sabbath I review,
And thus I taste my joys anew,
Which flowed from those sweet hours.
Oh, how I love to linger still
Within the place Thy glories fill,
And stay in Eden's bowers!

No other scene can yield repose,
Or soothe my heart amidst its woes,
Or lift my thoughts above;
But in the temple of Thy grace
My soul beholds Thy smiling face,
And celebrates thy love.

Let each delightful Sabbath day
Assist me in my toilsome way,
My drooping spirits cheer.
How soon their number will be told!
And then with bliss shall I behold
An endless Sabbath near!

In that approaching happy state,
The holy throng ne'er separate,
The Sabbath ne'er shall close.
The "means of grace," I now receive;
The "hope of glory," shall relieve
My heart in all its woes.

Perplexed

LIEUT.-COL. T. W. RICHARDSON

"Yes, perplexed is just the word. Many a child has been greatly perplexed at the apparent inconsistency of his elders."

"But what about Willie?" asked the stranger.

"Quite right, call me back to my story.

"About fifty years ago Willie was a schoolboy, age thirteen, away from home at a boarding school."

"I suppose that was before 'Board Schools' or 'Council Schools' were heard of," said the stranger.

"Yes, the boys lived at the school, and on Sundays were paraded off to church whether they liked it or no.

"Willie liked to join in the service—in

the litany, and the Kyrie or prayer repeated after each of the Ten Commandments.

"One Sunday Willie hesitated to repeat that prayer, for, of all things, he liked to be honest."

"Had he stolen something?" asked the stranger.

"No, no; it was not that. It was the words, 'The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord,' that caught his attention for the first time.

"But he must have heard those words many times before!"

"That's true; still they did not strike him as peculiar. On this occasion, however, light seemed to dawn on his mind, and he said to himself, 'God said the Seventh-day, but Sunday is the First-day—if the First-day is the day to keep, we should not ask the Lord to incline our hearts to keep the Seventh-day.' The service went on, but Willie's mind was uneasy.

"The more Willie thought about it the more perplexed he became. Could it be that Sunday was not the First-day but the Seventh-day? If so why had the Jews changed the day to the Sixth-day?"

"The dictionary!" thought Willie, "Sunday, the Lord's day of Christian Sabbath." Then it must be the Seventh-day for it is the Seventh day that is the Sabbath of the Lord or Lord's day. Why did not the dictionary plainly say, Sunday, the seventh day of the week? There would be no trouble then. Thoughtlessly turning to Monday, he read, 'the day after Sunday.' How stupid! Was Tuesday only the day after Monday? To his surprise Tuesday was 'the third day of the week.' Therefore Sunday was the First-day after all.

"Then Willie searched his Bible for a First-day Sabbath, or a 'Christian Sabbath,' but could only find 'the sabbath of the Lord.' Later on he went to France and learned to speak French. He also learned some German and a little Italian."

"But," said the stranger, "people are now saying that we can not tell which is the Seventh-day, and many who desire to serve God faithfully are thereby greatly perplexed. Have you any proof beyond the evidence of the English dictionary?"

"Do you understand French?"

"Yes! why?"

"What are the names in French of the

days of the week, and what are their exact meanings?"

"Well; Sunday is Dimanche, and that would appear to mean Day of the Master, or the Di may have come from Do, then it would be Lord without the word day."

"Well; go on."

"Lundi is Moon day; Mardi is Mars day; Mercredi is Mercury day; Jeudi is Jupiter day; Vendredi is Venus day; Samedi—why; that is not Saturn day! I never noticed that before."

"Do you not know that 'm' and 'b' get exchanged?"

"Of course; Samedi means Sabbath day."

"Do the French keep Saturday holy since they call it 'Sabbath day?'"

"Certainly not! Any pretence of keeping a day is for Sunday."

"Then, how did Saturday get called 'Sabbath day,' and why do they still call it such?"

"Really, you surprise me. It is indeed perplexing."

"Do you know the German name for Saturday?"

"Yes, Samstag. Well I never! That also means 'Sabbath day.'"

"Just so. Now I will give you the name for Saturday in a few more languages. Russian—Subbota, Spanish—Sabado, Italian—Sabato, Armenian—Shapat, Afghan—Shamba (here we have one of the 'b's changed to 'm'), Abyssinian—Sanbat, all of these mean plain 'Sabbath.' Arabic—as-sabt 'The Sabbath,' Turkish—Yom-es-sabt 'Day the Sabbath,' with these and others Friday is 'Assembly day,' but Saturday remains the Sabbath."

"But surely, England is not the only country that calls—well, 'The Sabbath,' Saturn day?"

"No. There are several that call it by the pagan name, for pagan name it is."

"Is not Sunday also called 'Sabbath?'"

"Emphatically, No! But Saturday has still another name in many languages, and that is 'Seventh-day.' You may search the world over and wherever the name Sabbath is known or used it always means the day many nations call 'Seventh-day,' and we call Saturday. The Almighty having called it 'the Seventh-day' and named it 'Sabbath,' it still remains so called, even by those nations that pay no respect to it. In Scotland and Ireland alone has God's

name for Saturday been presumptuously applied to Sunday."

"I had no idea," said the stranger, "that such powerful evidence existed. No one need be perplexed any longer as to the fact that Saturday is the Seventh-day and God's Sabbath."

"We have still further proof, in that the manna fell on Sunday but not on Saturday; and Jesus kept the Sabbath, and the Apostles kept the Sabbath and worked on Sunday."

"Then you would have Christians keep Saturday instead of Sunday?"

"The most sincere already do so, according to the Scriptures. If a Christian is a follower of Jesus, he must keep Saturday. God requires that Christians and all others keep Saturday holy. Keeping Saturday (i. e. Friday sunset to Saturday sunset) as the 'day of holy convocation' is serving God and following Jesus; keeping Sunday in defiance of God's law is serving Satan and obeying antichrist."

"Ye can not serve God and mammon."

Experiences of an Early Seventh Day Baptist

[The following interesting narrative of events in the life of Dea. Daniel Lewis, of Hopkinton, R. I., written by himself at the age of fourscore years, and furnished by his grandson, Mr. William L. Clarke, for the SABBATH RECORDER, will be interesting to many of our older readers.—ED.]

I have been requested by a friend to write some kind of a narrative of the incidents of my life. In doing so I shall give the names of my parents, which were Daniel and Amy Lewis. My mother's maiden name was Amy Clarke (daughter of Christopher Clarke). They had six children, namely, Elizabeth, Martha, Hannah, Amy, Daniel and Christopher Clarke. My parents resided in the town of Hopkinton, R. I., on a farm of their own, lying west of a river known as Tomaquag River, near the place formerly called "Lewis Mills." There they lived all their natural life after they had a family.

At that home I was born on May 23, 1778. Both of my parents were professedly pious and both members of a Seventh Day Baptist church. By them I was taught the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom. From them I learn-

ed industry, economy, and frugality, and also the evil influence of bad companions; and had I attended strictly to this instruction, it would have been better for me.

I had arrived at the age of about eight or nine years, as near as I can recollect, when an extensive reformation took place in the town of Westerly and the lower part of Hopkinton. My sister Hannah was then living where she had the privilege of attending those meetings and at that time she came out in religion. After this, when my sister was at home, I recollect the young converts would come to my father's house, where I had the privilege of listening to their conversation on the subject of religion.

About this time I was impressed with an idea that I was a wicked boy and that there was an all-wise good Being who knew all about my condition, and I was afraid of death. I well recollect that at that time I tried to pray to God that he would take care of me. I remained in this frame of mind until a certain evening when I was with the family in my father's keeping-room around the fireside. I lay down on the foot of my mother's bed. My meditations while I lay there I can not recollect excepting that at that time there came such a sense of love, joy and peace, that it filled my little soul to overflowing, and I spoke with an audible voice so that the family heard and understood that I said something about Jesus (for all these sensations seemed to come in that name).

My mother came to me and said, "Daniel, do you know anything about Jesus?" I said to mother, "Blessed be the name of Jesus."

That time was a very memorable one to me and one which I have never forgotten. However, from this I grew from childhood to youth and manhood and became rude, full of nonsense and hilarity. But though I passed the most of my youth in vanity, I had seasons of very solemn reflection on the subject of religion. Yet I never dared to think I was a Christian. I passed through a number of reformations but could never tell the experiences which many told of,—of a long-felt and ponderous weight of guilt and then break out in unknown strains and sing redeeming Grace.

One of the above named reformations occurred when I was about twenty-one years of age. I had engaged to labor in a family where there were quite a number of

young people in high life. I thought this a first-rate privilege. Soon after this my employer sent me to Potter Hill on business. I went there from house to house, and fell in with my young acquaintances, who appeared to be deeply engaged in seeking religion and invited me to engage with them. I accepted this invitation kindly, but did not feel that I was ready to do so.

As I was returning home I came to a little stream of living water which ran directly across the road. What my thoughts had been previous to this I do not remember, but the instant my eyes fell upon that water it seemed as if something said to me that salvation was just as free as that running water. I did not hear a voice with my natural ear and I could not account for such a sudden impression upon my mind, unless it came from the Holy Spirit. Impressed with such serious thoughts I went home to my old company who were light and vain.

I had not much opportunity with the young converts spoken of above or with this reformation, hence these impressions were soon effaced and I became light and gay. Yet at times I was burdened in heart and formed the resolution that if I was permitted to live and be settled in the world with a family, I would try to get religion and live it.

I was favored in living to see that time, and it was then my intention to leave off my foolish and vain practices and live an honest and sober life. For quite a number of years, while passing under very severe trials, I tried to break off from my sins and asked God in prayer to show me what I should do to become a Christian.

About this time I was impressed that it was my duty to pray with my family; but this seemed an unbearable cross and one which I should never have strength to take up, and with this feeling I went on for some time.

At length my wife was taken sick. I called a physician to her assistance and was after a time informed by him that he thought she could not live. These tidings came like a thunder-stroke. I had lived with her quite a number of years, and in all the trials through which I had been passing, my proud and stubborn heart had prevented me from opening my mind to her. Now I felt I was a guilty and condemned sinner, and that through my neglect

it would be too late for her to be in a state of preparation for death. I then tried to give all up unto the Lord and called upon him to have mercy upon us.

From that time I was enabled to bow my stubborn will and take up the cross and follow on to know the Lord. Very soon after those resolutions were formed, many duties came up in my mind that seemed to me to be of much importance and attended with weighty results, among them the duty of family prayer, the reading of the Scriptures, and the ordinances of the gospel that I believed devolved on the true disciple of Christ.

FAMILY PRAYER

On this duty of family prayer I would here make a few remarks, as I consider it of great importance to the life of a Christian, and one far too much neglected among professors of religion. Not that I think that duty is *all*, but both mental and vocal prayer are of importance in their proper places. I have made mention above of the impressions which I had concerning that duty. I thought I had no gift in prayer and to me it was a very great trial; but the difficulty was I had too proud a heart and it needed to be humbled. How this was to be brought about I did not understand. But one Sabbath I went to meeting and heard a stirring discourse. I came home with a deep desire in my mind to know what my duty was, and while I was about chores in the evening my thoughts were seriously engaged. One of Watts' hymns came to my mind and while I was meditating on it, so plainly did it seem to tell my situation that I wanted to go in where my wife was sitting and sing it. I went in with that determination. As I stepped into the room, I saw my Bible lying on the stand and my mind turned to it in this way: "Suppose you read that before you attempt to sing; you may read something that will give you strength or encouragement." I took the Bible and, sitting down by the stand and my wife, I opened it not knowing what I should open to, and the first chapter I saw I commenced to read and found it to be Psalm 102, the very one from which Watts had composed the hymn that had been so running through my mind. I read on, and before I had read the psalm through I was so completely convinced it was my duty to humble myself before God at the throne of grace and call upon his

name that I dared not neglect doing so upon the peril of grieving the Holy Spirit. I told my dear wife the situation I was in, and asked her to pray with me. I then bent down upon my knees before God for the first time before any human being and tried to make an introduction to a prayer. Before I had said many words I was completely confounded. One may imagine for himself what a proud heart felt under such circumstances and especially a man over thirty years old. But this was not a lost season to me. I felt a degree of peace in so doing, and I did not feel like giving up what I had undertaken.

Soon other duties came before me, one of which was following Christ in the ordinances of the gospel. I was led to mention this at a Sabbath meeting. I did so and told the church that, the next Sabbath, if I met nothing in my mind which should forbid my going into such a solemn undertaking, I should make an offering to the church, and if it was thought proper, I should go forward in the ordinances and become a member of the church.

The week following was one of deep exercise of mind on many points, among others the duty of prayer in my family, and I made up my mind that at the close of my weekly labors it would be my duty to attend to prayer with the family.

This time came and very unexpectedly to me we had the company of three friends to stay the night with us, none of them professors of religion. Most of this evening I spent with very severe trials on my mind, remembering my failure in my first attempt. One of our company was a young man of an interesting character. He was a brother of my beloved wife and was then preparing for a liberal education. Notwithstanding that this burden was very heavy on my mind, I resolved I would at least do my duty. I then broke my mind to the company and told them my trial and that under my present convictions I could not neglect the duty of prayer. There was not one who could strengthen my hands. I therefore bowed down in their midst and audibly tried to call on the name of the Lord. To my humiliation, after a few expressions, I was lost and confused. I still remained on my knees for some time with a sense of my appearance and the remarks which might be made. Yet it seemed to me I felt a degree of willingness to bear reproach for the cross of Christ.

I rose from my knees and opened my eyes to behold some of the company in one place and some in another; some were in tears and a very solemn season we had.

The next day was the Sabbath, on which I had pledged myself to make an offering to the church. I went to meeting and my brother-in-law went with me. I made an offering, was accepted, was baptized and received into the church by the laying on of hands. Eld. Matthew Stillman baptized me. His preaching was from the words, "Let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Jesus Christ."

I returned home with my brother and felt that I was under great obligation to bless God, and give thanks to his name. I bowed down on my knees and humbled myself before him, and blessed his holy name. I thought I enjoyed a degree of liberty.

The next morning my brother-in-law left for home. In my feeble manner I exhorted him to try to get religion. He lived near Wickford. In about four weeks from that time he came back to see us. While absent from us he had come out in religion, had become a member of a Baptist church, and appeared to be happy in the Lord. Very soon after this he was deeply impressed with the belief that he had a public work to do and named it to me, asking my advice as to whether he had better commence his public labors immediately or prepare his studies and, when opportunities were favorable, lecture on the subject of religion and give exhortations on the same.

It was said of him later that he made great progress in his studies, and he finally went through college. Not long after this he took a high school in the State of Maryland in order to procure funds to relieve him from some pecuniary embarrassment, after which he designed to commence his ministerial labors. About the close of the year his health took a rapid decline and he very soon started for home and his friends at Wickford. With much trouble he arrived at home. His disease, which was quick consumption, preyed upon him like a consuming fire. My wife and I went to see him and were with him a number of days before he died. He seemed calm in mind, and though he manifested a desire, if it was the Lord's will, to live and preach the gospel, he submitted his case to God.

A TRIUMPHANT DEATH

The morning before he died, his eyes were very bright and expressive. He appeared calm and quiet, and wanted prayer to be made, telling me he thought he had but a little while to stay. We soon discovered the agonies of death preying upon him, though at intervals he was quiet and still. I sat at his bedside at one of those intervals. I heard his voice. He opened his eyes with a heavenly smile on his countenance, with his eyes fixed on something above, and uttered with an audible voice these words: "Thrice glory to God and let all the people say, Glory to God, for I discover the mercy of God to be very great." He appeared to be in great ecstasy of joy but his voice failed and he could not utter other sentences distinctly. He very soon clasped my hand in his and held it until the silver cord was broken and his happy spirit took its flight.

This was the closing scene of life with Conn Northup. I thought at that time I should be glad could all the infidels in the world have seen that young man die; for I then thought, and do still, that that death-bed scene was a conclusive demonstration of the power of Christ's religion in the most trying hour.

Since that time, through the long forbearance of a merciful God, I have lived hard on to fourscore years and have parted with many dear relatives and friends, who, passing on to the spirit world, have left me that blessed hope that my loss was their gain; that they had fought the good fight of faith and received the unfading crown of glory in the home above. These things, with many others which I could name, are a stimulus to press onward toward the mark of that prize which lies at the end of the Christian race. This blessed religion I, though unworthy, would recommend to all mankind, for it is offered to all without money and without price. Unlike all other things here in this world, which fade away in their using, this is as a lamp that burneth, a light that shineth more and more to those that follow on to know the Lord.

The thing to seek is not the good time, but the spirit which can make good times out of common times,—the spirit of good cheer. The spirit of good cheer,—that is the spring in the hills whence laughter runs.—*Rev. W. C. Gannett.*

MISSIONS

The British Guiana Mission

REV. T. L. M. SPENCER

In the language of the Psalmist I will say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." I am glad to be able to report success of the work of God in this part of the vineyard. When I returned home from the United States, I told my people that I intended to ask the Missionary Society to send their corresponding secretary to visit this field. They thought this was a good plan and accordingly I wrote this request to the board and it was granted.

In February I received word from Rev. E. B. Saunders of his intention to sail from New York for this field. With great anticipation we looked for his arrival. On Monday afternoon, March 9, the steamship *Parima* brought him and his family. A welcome meeting was held the next night at our meeting-room, which was well attended and an appropriate program was carried out.

Rev. Mr. Saunders preached several times to us, and in company with me visited several of the members and interested friends. We also visited the west coast of Demerara and the town of New Amsterdam in the ancient county of Berbice. On the way to Berbice Brother Saunders caught a glimpse of many villages and the cultivation on the east coast of Demerara and west coast of Berbice.

We were glad to have him with us and felt sorry when the steamship *Guiana* arrived to take them away. This visit has given the public greater confidence in the work. Before the organization of our mission, people did not know anything about the work of this denomination. We have our sign board with the words, "Seventh Day Baptist Church," so that the crowds passing the street can read it. The attendance at our services continues good, and several are searching the Scriptures as did the noble Bereans of old, to see whether these things are so.

Last Monday morning I had the privilege of baptizing four adults. The Nazareth Baptist Church loaned us their bap-

tistry for the occasion. The service was impressive and we hope that these souls will remain faithful unto death.

Our people are poor but earnest. Some can not get work regularly but this does not shake them. Many have endured great hardships to be loyal to God. This is a large field for missionary work, and the opportunities will become greater when the Hinterland Railway is started. This railway will open the vast interior to Brazil. I am doing all I can to promulgate the truth. Many people are stirred over the Sabbath truth. As Seventh Day Baptists, with a pure doctrine, our opportunities are great. People are tired of feeding on the husks of tradition.

Although late I must mention here that the New York City church was one of those I spoke in while in the United States. I met with a hearty reception from both pastor and people. I found the pastor, Rev. E. D. Van Horn, a most genial companion and during my stay in the city he and Mr. Stephen Babcock made it very pleasant for me.

In conclusion I must thank the little friends in the United States for sending us *Sabbath Visitors*; also Dr. L. Babcock of Jackson Center for sending us two parcels and the *Sunday School Times*. Pray for us.

86 Upper Robb St., Georgetown,
British Guiana, S. A.,
May 6, 1914.

Observations

REV. J. W. CROFOOT

Mr. Dzau told me not long ago of an interesting occurrence in the country not far from his home. It seems that in that neighborhood it is the custom to warm a grave before depositing the dead in it. How wide the observance of this custom is I do not know, but I find older missionaries than myself who never heard of it. But at any rate it is not uncommon there. Like other practices in honor of the dead or for their comfort, the real purpose is to obtain good luck for the surviving family. Sometimes the grave is warmed by building a fire of rice straw in it when it is to be used on the day it is opened, but often it is warmed by the heat of the body of some one of the younger generation who

sleeps in the newly opened grave or "golden well" for the purpose. In the case of which I am writing the new grave was opened very close to a high grave mound of some older members of the family. Three nephews of the man who was to occupy the grave went to sleep in it, but while they were asleep the old mound caved off upon them and killed them all. A striking illustration of the folly of some heathen customs.

Though there is a decided reaction just now politically, still there are not wanting evidences that the Chinese are changing in many ways. For instance, it is only recently that I have observed Chinese men on meeting shaking hands with each other in the foreign fashion.

Not long ago when I was out on the street early in the forenoon I could not help noticing the number of girls on the road going in various directions with school-books in their hands. The going to school is not only a new thing for girls, but the being on the street is a new thing for girls, except those who are of the strictly laboring class.

On the same morning I noticed several men with their eyes close to the holes in a high bamboo fence. I did *not* go and glue my eye to the fence, but in returning home I noticed a sign which explained it. The sign called attention to the fact that there was within a school for the instruction of girls in physical exercises, another new thing in the country.

The China Continuation Committee, the outgrowth of the conferences led by Dr. John R. Mott last year, which were in turn the outgrowth of the Edinburgh Conference, has just held its first regular meeting in Shanghai. While none of us were members of the committee, I enjoyed meeting with one of the sub-committees on which I am serving, and all of us who regularly attend the Monday prayer meeting of the Shanghai missionaries had the privilege of learning something about mission work in other parts of the country. Among the forty-six (out of sixty) members who were present, there were representatives of the borders of the country and some of them spoke at the prayer meetings on two occasions.

Among the things prominent in my mind some will, I trust, be of interest to my friends at home. It was reported of the

Christians of Fukien province, 30,000 in number and all converted in the last sixty years, that their yearly contributions to the work of the church amount to about seven dollars each, and are increasing at the rate of nearly a dollar a year. A member from Szechuen told of the successful union work carried on in West China. One from Shantung told of a remarkable spiritual awakening in several parts of that province. A somewhat similar report was made from Hunan, the province which had no resident missionaries till after the Boxer troubles in 1900.

A missionary from Kwangtung mentioned the powerful influence of the numbers of people there who have spent some years abroad. Of course nearly all the Chinese residents abroad are from the southern provinces. Some of those who return from the United States have a favorable attitude toward foreigners, but some have just the opposite, and their opposition is more intelligent than that of the interior of the country.

While stories of big meetings and new interest were common to nearly all the reports none was more impressive than that from Manchuria. In Mukden a large hall for preaching had been erected by a prominent official at his own expense for preaching purposes. The site of the building was the ground on which the martyrs of 1900 were executed, again proving that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." In a meeting in Manchuria a special item of interest was the testimony given by a student whose mother was killed in 1900 and on whose own forehead appeared the actual mark of the cross, branded there by Boxers.

*West Gate, Shanghai,
May 15, 1914.*

Monthly Statement

May 1, 1914, to June 1, 1914.

S. H. DAVIS, *Treasurer,*

In account with

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Dr.

Balance on hand May 1, 1914	\$514 17
D. O. Hurley	2 36
William Ernst	5 00
Little Genesee Church	25 00
Mrs. C. C. Williams	10 00
Miss Maria Miller	10 00
S. C. Maxson	5 00
E. B. Saunders, rebate on traveling expenses	49 55
Churches:	
Second Brookfield	9 20
Plainfield	28 52
Genry	1 32
First Brookfield	14 60

Mill Yard, one half for Tract Society	18 87
First Alfred	43 32
Richburg	2 01
Carlton	12 13
Syracuse	1 00
Young People's Board, Dr. Palmberg's salary	25 00

\$777 05

Cr.

E. B. Saunders, account of salary and expenses	\$108 33
Angeline Abbey, account of traveling expenses	5 00
I. J. Kovats, April salary	20 00
D. B. Coon, April salary	37 50
T. L. M. Spencer, May salary	50 00
T. G. Burdick, May Italian Mission appropriation	29 16
Tract Society, one half Mill Yard Church contribution	9 43
Treasurer's expenses	20 00

\$279 42

Balance in bank June 1, 1914	497 63
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\$777 05

Bills payable in June	\$ 275 00
Notes outstanding June 1, 1914	1,000 00

E. & O. E.

S. H. DAVIS,
Treasurer.

"Why I Changed Front on the Liquor Question"

I am aware that to have suddenly changed the views of mature manhood, which I once asserted and proclaimed from one end of Tennessee to the other, has excited surprise and provoked comment. But this is a world of change. Stagnation is decay, and progress is the command of the age and the hope of immortality. I am neither ashamed nor abashed to stand before this great audience and acknowledge the wrong, when I once advocated politics which would have made legal a trade which I have come to look upon as having no rightful place in the scheme and economy of Christian civilization.

GREW UP WHERE SALOONS WERE MANY

Let me relate some facts and experiences in my life, and leave the causes which have brought this change about to your own opinions. I grew up in the city of Memphis, where saloons were numerous, and regarded as fixed and permanent institutions. I can not remember to have ever heard of any movement to close them, or recall any speech or newspaper article attacking them. I became a lawyer, was elected prosecuting attorney of the district, and during my incumbency saloons were opened and licensed under the law, and were without restriction as to number. I was afterwards sent to Congress, where I served six years. At this time liquor was openly sold in the restaurants of both wings of the Capitol. The convenience and

comfort with which intoxicating drinks could be obtained often interfered with my own attendance, and that of other members, and distracted attention from the duties of our representation.

While serving in Congress, I became a candidate for governor of Tennessee, and took a position on the liquor question in the first speech I made from which I never deviated throughout my official career. At that time it was pleasing to many of the temperance people of our State, for I favored the right of communities to vote liquor out if they so desired, and pledged myself, if elected governor, to carry into effect the will of such communities; and this pledge was performed to the letter. I stated that I did not believe in compulsory State-wide prohibition, and if the legislature should pass such a bill, I would veto it; and this promise also was performed. I prepared a careful message, and sent it to the legislature, setting forth my views and expressing the opinion that prohibition as a governmental policy was fundamentally wrong. I thought that such a law would result in multiplying the evils of the liquor traffic instead of correcting them and holding them in check.

My life has had deep sorrows. My soul has been tossed on the waves of angry seas. My nature has been profoundly touched and stirred.

Going through life, I have seen it drag down many of the associates of my boyhood, blasting their hopes and consigning them to untimely graves. I have seen its forked lightning strike my first-born, the child of my young manhood, and I have borne with him the suffering, and tried to help him in his brave but sometimes melancholy struggle for redemption. At last, I have felt its foul and stealthy blow as it turned upon me in its deadly and shaming wrath—upon me, who had pleaded before the people for its very existence. Men have called me strong; and while I could see its harm in others, I thought myself immune,—as thousands before my time have thought,—and suffered for the thought.

All this I knew and felt without a revelation of the deep pathos and meaning of it all. I needed help, for I was groping, and my feet were stumbling in the dark. Deep in humiliation, tortured and condemned in my own esteem, which

is the severest penalty a man may inflict upon himself, I thought of the oft-repeated phrases about personal liberty, of the power of the human will to resist temptation, with which I had beguiled myself, and I found them as unsubstantial as the fabric of a dream.

WENT TO THE THRONE OF GOD

When logic failed and reason gave no answer, I cast aside all pride of opinion, all thought of what the world might say or think, and went to the throne of Almighty God. There, on bended knees, I asked for light and strength, and they came. The curtains of the night parted, and the way was clear. I rose a changed man. An invisible hand has led me on to where the vision is unobscured and the purposes of life stand revealed. From a critic of others, I looked within. From an accuser, I became a servant in my own house to set it in order. From a vague believer in the guidance of divine power, I have become a convert to its infinite truth. From an unhappy and dissatisfied man,—out of tune with the harmony of life and religion,—I have become happy and content, firmly anchored in faith, and ready to testify from my own experience to the miraculous power of God to cleanse the souls of men.

Out of this has come the profound conviction that, on the question with which I had to deal in my public career, *all my arguments and all my conclusions, so far as they excused or justified the moral right or policy of the State to legalize the sale of liquor, and thereby gave sanction to its ravages on society, were only the empty and hopeless statements of propositions which had no verity or application to a thing wholly and essentially evil, and concerning which no principle of right or order or liberty should ever be evoked for its existence.*—*Ex-Governor Patterson of Tennessee, in the Defender.*

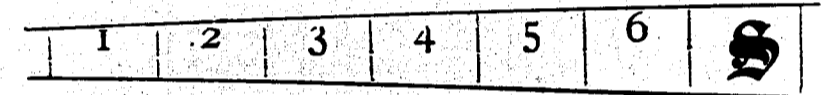
What volumes your faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, others of pride and rebellion, and others still of selfishness. We can't help our faces talking; but we can make them say pleasant things.—*The Young Pilgrim.*

Christian Sabbath Keepers' Conference in London

The fifteenth annual conference was held at Mornington Hall, on May 18, when Colonel Richardson, in an address on "The Sabbath and the Golden Image," quoted, "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it," and then said, It is an emphatic *the* seventh day, not *a* seventh day.

The week may be compared to a great arch of seven stones. No 1 is laid on the left, No. 2 on the right, on them Nos. 3 and 4 respectively, then 5 and 6, and finally No. 7, the great key-stone, "which compresses and connects the whole structure together."

Again, God's plan of the week, clearly shown in the Hebrew conception of it, may be graphically represented by the lines of perspective. These parallel lines appear to approach till they meet at vanishing point. Reverse the view, and divide a section into seven, thus,



Now we have "a great leading up to a climax." That is God's plan of the week. At school we are leading up to a climax—leaving school. At college we are leading up to a climax—taking a degree. In trade or profession we are leading up to a climax—retirement with fortune made. The great object and realization is the climax. Thus our week should be a continual looking forward to God's Sabbath which concludes the week. "The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." "Call the sabbath a delight."

The object of the Sabbath is to refer us back to Creation, and to remind us that God created all things—"that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

Mr. S. M. Brown, answering Colossians 2: 16-17 raised as an objection, said there were "shadowy sabbaths" such as that of the Passover—"coming events cast their shadow before." These shadowy sabbaths looked forward to things to come, but the weekly Sabbath of the Lord looked backward to Creation, as shown in the commandment, and was thus clearly distinguished from the ceremonial or shadowy sabbaths.

T. W. R.

May 24, 1914.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Fly Song

Ten little flies
All in a line;
One got a swat!
Then there were * * * * *
Nine little flies
Grimly sedate,
Licking their chops—
Swat! There were * * * * *
Eight little flies
Raising some more—
Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat!
Then there were * * * * *
Four little flies
Colored green-blue;
Swat! (Ain't it easy!)
Then there were * * * * *
Two little flies
Dodged the civilian—
Early next day
There were a million!—*Buffalo News.*

How Christophe Columba Discovered America

In 1908 Christophe Columba, an Italian by birth, sailed from Genoa. "The wrong date" you say? Oh, no, this is a story of today. You are thinking of the stories of yesterday. Only two or three years ago, my Christopher Columbus, a dark-haired little Italian boy, was working in a restaurant in Naples. Among other interesting things, he overheard vivid descriptions of the land across the sea.

"The winters are warm in my home," he heard a lady saying in poor Italian. "Oranges and jasmine flowers grow there, and mocking birds sing."

"Where is she from?" he had asked.

"America," was the reply. "All the rich are Americans."

"Gold!" said a Spaniard, who was returning homeward after several years of life in our western mining camps. "You can pick the gold out of the ground in America."

"It is the land of happiness," thought Christophe. "If I could only go."

He had no father nor mother, no one left in the wide world to care whether he went or stayed.

At last there came to the restaurant a large, burly Italian, who had just returned to his native land for a short visit. He looked at Christophe one day when he was asking eager questions about America, and then taking him by the shoulder, he felt his muscles all over, as though he were a beast of burden that he was about to buy. Apparently pleased, he said gruffly:

"You may go back to America with me if you will work."

"Work!" cried Christophe, "I will work faithfully."

It seemed like a dream that was coming true to Christophe, who was so glad to go to this wonderful America, that in the journey from Naples to Genoa, the home of the Italian, he hardly felt the weight of the heavy bags given him to carry, nor did he notice that he was poorly fed and housed while waiting for the sailing day of the great steamer that was to carry them to New York.

"I must be brave," he said to himself. And he waited upon the Italian with a smiling face, as they stowed away their luggage and found their crowded sleeping quarters in the steerage of the ship.

At last they are off! Christophe had no one to whom to wave good-by, though he shook his handkerchief gaily with the rest.

"I wish there was some one who cared," he thought, as a sob caught in his throat. "But there will be sure to be in America, for that is the land of happiness."

"Courage," he repeated day after day, as he felt the cruel sickness of the sea and dodged the blows of his still more cruel master.

Can you not picture his dauntless little form standing on the steerage deck, peering across the great waves? Looking and looking to catch the first faint gleam of distant land! Can you also picture him, a few days later, tossed about in the great stream of immigrants that pours onto Ellis Island, straining and tugging at the heavy baggage, and following at the heels of his taskmaster like a faithful slave? Strange ceremonies and long delays were attendant upon the landing. Then they battled through the tumults of the streets. At last Christophe felt himself pushed through a narrow doorway beneath a dingy sign that

signified in Italian, "Liquors and Tobacco Sold Here."

"This is my shop," said his master. "Here you will work."

Then he led him into a small room over the shop, and, pointing to a bundle of ragged quilts on the floor, said, "Here you will sleep."

Christophe's heart pounded in his ears. It was indignation that he felt, not fear.

"Courage," he said to himself, as he set his teeth in an outward smile. "If this is America we shall see."

But days and weeks passed by, yet not a word of English did he hear nor a glimpse did he have of any but Italian faces or Greek.

"How hungry I am," he said to himself one night. "And my arms, how weak they are."

The large, soft eyes had deep shadows beneath, and the small body was thin and bruised.

"Ha! That was a bottle that hit me there," he said, as he looked at a scar. "I can't jump as I did at first." Then, as the hot tears rushed to his eyes, he forced himself to laugh.

"Oh, what a baby I am," he said. "A little one with tears, and not a great, strong lad of thirteen—almost fourteen years."

He wrapped his thin quilts around him. He was so cold that he could not sleep, not until daylight; then he fell into a heavy doze.

"What are you doing here at this late hour?" shouted an angry voice. "Get up and go into the shop!"

He felt himself dragged to his feet. He was fully dressed, as he had left on his clothing for its warmth, even his shoes.

"I didn't know," he said sleepily.

"What are you mumbling, you lazy pig? Take that—and that."

A push, then a kick, and Christophe, barely awake, stumbled and fell the full length of the stairs. A curse followed him. He picked himself up, and, looking back, saw the red face of his master at the top of the stairs. He looked at the dingy tobacco shop and the dirty, ill-smelling street.

"This is not America," he cried out. "I'm going to find it myself."

With a bound he leaped into the street, and was off out of sight in an instant, running at the top of his speed. Hatless,

coatless, his thin summer blouse blown by the wind, he ran past factories and warehouses, street after street. The houses grew cleaner and the buildings fine and handsome. But, oh, the noise and confusion of the street, with trains above and teams and cars beneath. Leaning against a building, Christophe panted for breath. Hungry, cold, defiant, he did not care. He had escaped, and now he will find America!

"Mawin' papas! Extra dition!"

What is that carol he hears, sung by boys' voices; young boys like himself? Here is one now.

"Mawin' papas, Times—Tribune—Hey there, you guy! Where's your 'at? Did your mother call you early or was yer out late last night an' just goin' home?" A merry, freckled face peered into his.

"How do?" says Christophe, smiling with all his pearly teeth.

"How you is?" responded the new acquaintance heartily. Down on your luck, I guess. Wahnahuachoo," he trilled in his throat, and a troop of youngsters, each with a pack of papers, answered his call and came crowding around their chief.

"Here, you Tony! You try a little Eye-talian on this here gentleman. He don't parlay Anglay very smart," he said.

A black-eyed little figure with ragged coat and tangled hair, stepped up to Christophe and began to ask him all sorts of questions in his native tongue. Christophe gladly told him everything; all about the long voyage, the bad man, the blows, the hunger, and how he had run away. As fast as he could talk, Christophe poured his troubles into the ears of his young compatriot, and as fast as he told it Tony translated it to the little crowd.

"Gee whiz, but that's hard luck," exclaimed many of them when the story was at an end.

"Come, fellers, let's stock him up," said the one who had found him first, and who seemed to be the leader. Tuffy, they called him—Tuffy Keach.

"Let's see. He'll have to buy breakfast and dinner; then save enough to buy papers tonight. Come on, now, do yourselves proud. Here's five from me." And he handed Christophe five of the crisp morning papers just from the press.

"And five from me."

"And five from me," was the response from each of the ragged little crowd, until Christophe had a goodsized pack beneath his arm.

"Now, teach him to yell," was the word of command.

"Mawin' papas—extradition!"

Quickly they scattered down the street. Tony kept beside his new found countryman, teaching him over and over the burden of the song.

"Mawin' papas; say can yer change money?"

Yes, Christophe had learned that in the shop of the Italian. Soon he added his small pipe to the chorus: "Times, Tribune, extradition." How his heart thrilled when his first customer beckoned from across the street!

At last the papers were all sold.

"Hungry! Well, I know what that is myself," exclaimed Tony. "But we can't spend much. Here's the place."

It was a soup kitchen, and the boys stood in line. Hot soup, coffee, and bread, all for ten cents! How good it tasted! Christophe's dark eyes shone with pleasure.

After breakfast the boys went to a warehouse where Tony had sometimes found a chance to run errands. But this time nobody wanted him, and they were driven off. Their appearance was too ragged and unkempt.

"You might buy a cap," suggested Tony. "I know a place where you can get one cheap."

After buying the cap it was meal time again. Fifteen cents this time. Their store diminished. They counted it over carefully. So many evening papers—so much; supper—so much; the newsboys' lodging house—so much; or if nothing remains there may be an empty coal bin, and Tony divulged to Christophe the mysteries of the empty packing box or doorway. But beware of the cop!

The evening song changed but slightly from the morning refrain. Christophe had become quite expert. He even jumped upon a slowly moving car once or twice. He was obliged to move rapidly in order to keep warm. But at last there was only one paper left.

"Tony, see"—but where is Tony? Christophe looked up and down the street. He had ridden a little way on a car, and then,

jumping off, had gone at right angles instead of straight ahead.

"He'll soon come back," thought Christophe bravely to himself, trying to whistle a merry Italian song, but it hurt his throat to whistle. He was cold and tired. There were newsboys on the street, but none of them were followers of Tuffy Keach. Christophe started to sell his last paper to a man, when one of them came up, and shouldered him away.

"Get on to your own beat," he cried. Another one picked up a stone and threw it at him. Christophe understood that he must move on. So, thrusting his hands in his pockets, with his head held down against the wind, he walked slowly on and on. He did not want any supper. His throat hurt so that he could not swallow it if he tried. He only wanted to lie down. At length he found himself on a dark, deserted street. There was something familiar about the place. It was the warehouse he had visited with Tony that day, and there was an empty barrel turned down by the side of the building. He remembered what Tony had told him about sleeping in boxes, and, after looking carefully up and down the street, he knelt down and slowly crawled into it. It was not so uncomfortable as it might seem, for by curling his knees a little, he had a snug little nest away from the wind. It seemed so good to him to lie down; and very soon he was asleep.

The clock on a tower far away struck seven. It was early to be in bed. Last night it had struck eleven, twelve, one, before he had passed the last glass of beer and the last cigar across the counter of the Italian who had brought him to this land.

Eight! strikes the clock. The long lashes sweep the curve of the thin little cheek. He chokes a little in his sleep. It was his throat that hurt him for he was very cold.

Half past eight! He moans as he turns in his cramped position.

Oh, mother hearts in this big, kind land—those mother hearts that have love for their own and others too; and those who, having no little feet to guide, long to do good to the wandering ones of the earth—why do you not send some one out into the

dark, dreary spots to find the lost and bring them in?

But, hark! What was that noise? A band of knights came clattering down the street. Now, ancient history is coming in again, and this is a story of today, you say.

No, wrong again. These knights were not in armor, neither did they ride upon horses. They were just three rollicking boys, racing home after a meeting of the Knights of King Arthur. That was only a club just held at their church.

"Hello! What's this?" Tom, seeing a barrel, gave it a kick, but it would not roll.

"Ah, there's a foot sticking out. What's here?"

Christophe, awakening, saw three smallish heads in the opening of his barrel.

"How do?" he said in a weak, thick voice.

"How do you do?" chorused the knights.

"You must not sleep here. You will catch cold. Come out."

They pulled him gently by the leg. He understood that, and slowly and painfully crept forth.

"Poor chap! He can't hardly stand up."

"Where do you live?"

"Where's your coat?"

"What were you in that barrel for?" questioned the knights all at once. But Christophe could not understand, and answered only with a weak, tired smile.

"He's Dutch or Spanish or something queer, said one. "What can we do with him?"

"Take him home," said Harry.

"Run him in," said Joe.

"Nothing of the sort." Tom announces. Don't you remember that missionary chap that spoke at our meeting last week? He told us of a kind of church where they have missionaries that can speak all sorts of languages. I know where it is. It's down the next street and then over a little ways. It's kept on purpose for any one like him. Come on. Let's take him there."

"Will you come with us?" they asked him, taking him kindly by the arm. Gradually Christophe's stiffened limbs straightened out, and he followed, shivering.

It was not far. They soon stopped before a building all bright with lights. There

was singing within it, but it stopped as the boys entered, and the people began to go out.

"It is a church," thought Christophe, "but small and very plain."

A lady came down the aisle and spoke to the boys. They explained eagerly.

"We found him in a barrel, Miss——" (Miss Mary, we will call her, for the name is good).

Miss Mary took both of Christophe's cold hands in hers. "What language do you speak?" she asked him in Italian.

Christophe's heart rose into his big brown eyes at the friendly touch and with the joy of hearing his own language. It was a pitiful story that he had to tell, and he told it stammeringly, but Miss Mary understood so well. The boys listened eagerly when she translated it to them.

"Poor little fellow! He looks sick," said Tom.

"I am afraid it's his throat," said Miss Mary. "Run home now, Sir Knights, and thank you for a brave rescue. We'll see him safely in the hospital and you can visit him there if he gets well." And she hurried the boys out of the door.

Christophe hardly knew how it all came about, but after a bewildering hour of kind hands passing him on to still other kind hands, he found himself in a bed—a soft, warm bed. Something had been done to his throat. It felt better and he wanted to sleep. Ah, such a sleep as he had. All night long and late into the morning. At last he opened his eyes and looked curiously around. It was so clean and quiet there. He saw a picture at the foot of the bed, of children in a church singing "Shepherd, teach us how to go." He did not understand the picture, but he thought of the merry boys that had taught him to sell papers the day before, and the other three boys who had taken him from the barrel and led him to Miss Mary. Miss Mary—! Ah, he would never forget the kind touch of her hand, nor the sense of safety he had felt when she said: "You are with friends now, Christophe. We will take care of you."

"It is America," Christophe whispered to himself, with a happy smile. "I have found America at last."—*Bertha M. Shepard.*

Worker's Exchange

Westerly, R. I.

The Woman's Aid Society of the Pawcatuck Church of Westerly, R. I., has completed its work for the year most successfully.

Regular business sessions have been held every two weeks, in some cases once a month, with a supper served in the evening, occasionally followed by an entertainment.

A series of chain teas has been held during the year at the homes of members, which has been of great benefit in bringing together people of the society and denomination.

A Christmas sale was held for two nights. The first night a supper was served and all kinds of articles sold at booths. The second night an entertainment was given with music and a reader, for which ten cents admission was charged. The total receipts from this affair were \$193.40.

We have gained two new members and fortunately have lost none by death.

We have made our usual appropriations: Missionary Society \$35.00; Tract Society \$35.00; Ministerial Association \$10.00; Woman's Board \$5.00. We have voted to pay \$45.00 toward our Alfred Scholarship making the total amount thus paid \$850.00. Also we have subscribed \$50.00 to Salem College, an equal amount to Milton, and \$100.00 to the Pawcatuck Church.

Mrs. Elisha C. Burdick has consented to act as President for another term and we are looking forward to another and even busier year.

JESSIE H. WOODMANSEE, *Secretary.*

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting

The Woman's Executive Board met in Milton Junction with Mrs. A. S. Maxson on Sunday afternoon, May 31, the meeting having been called one day earlier than the regular time as a matter of accommodation. Members present: Mrs. West, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Whitford, Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. Maxson. There were four visitors present: Mrs. L. A. Platts, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. H. N. Jordan, Mrs. H. E. Schrader.

Mrs. West read Psalm 27 and offered prayer.

The minutes of May 4 were read.

The Treasurer read the report for May. The receipts of the month were \$404.20, disbursements \$57.60.

The report was adopted. Mrs. Whitford read a letter which she had received from Friendship, N. Y., with an enclosure of \$100.00 for the Lieu-oo Hospital Fund, it being a bequest from the late Mrs. Jennie Renwick.

On motion it was voted that the Treasurer be authorized to take from the Board Expense Fund a sum sufficient to meet the appropriations due at the end of this present year.

The Corresponding Secretary reported having sent to Mrs. Knox, of the Federation of Woman's Boards, the statistics requested regarding our Board. She also read a letter from the Secretary of the Panama Exposition in regard to the resolutions sent to him concerning the suppression of commercialized iniquity at the Exposition.

Mrs. West read a letter from A. E. Main, also a letter from the President of Conference with reference to the part taken by the Woman's Board on the Conference Program.

It was voted that our President be chairman of a committee to arrange a program for the Woman's Hour at Conference, with power to appoint two other members of said committee.

Mrs. West reported that she had received the manuscript of Mrs. Carpenter's Biography.

The President appointed Mrs. Maxson and Mrs. Crosley as the other members of the committee to arrange the Woman's Conference Program.

The minutes were read and approved.

The Board adjourned to meet with Mrs. West on July 6.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON, *Rec. Sec.*

WANTED—Sabbath-keeper with a small amount of capital to take exclusive manufacturing and selling rights in eastern territory of patented household article of unusual merit. Sells readily, good profit. Manufacturing experience not necessary. This is a good opportunity for a hustler to make money. Particulars on application. N. O. Moore, 2056 Howard Avenue, Riverside, Cal.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE, VERONA, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

Civic Reforms

REV. JESSIE E. HUTCHINS

Christian Endeavor Topic for June 27,
1914.

Daily Readings.

- Sunday—Temperance Reform (Isa. 5: 11-17).
Monday—Political corruption (Micah 3: 1-12).
Tuesday—Honest administration (Micah 4: 1-8).
Wednesday—Beautifying the city (Isa. 65: 17-25).
Thursday—Safeguarding the young (John 21: 15-17).
Friday—Prison reform (Jer. 37: 11-21).
Sabbath Day—Topic: Civic reforms that Endeavorers should promote (Isa. 1: 10-20).

If there is any condition of the civic life that is not right, the Christian and the Christian Endeavor should be found at work against it. There is only one attitude to assume in regard to anything that is not right, and that is to put it away, for it can not be regulated. We talk about regulating the saloon business and the co-partners of it, but there is no regulating such things. It is wrong from start to finish and all there is to be done is to oust the whole business. But there are some things which are called "questionable," and what shall we do with these? Is it not enough for the Christian to make a complete decision from the very fact that there is a question mark put after such things?

It is not enough to assume a position in regard to a practice. We must have the courage to carry out our convictions in the best manner possible. "He who reforms himself has done more to reform the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots." It is not necessary for us to go to the housetop and shout our convictions, in order to show that we are opposed to certain evils; but if shouting from the housetop is the best way to bring about a reform, then that is just the place where we should be.

As we look over the daily readings for this week we shall notice that in the times of the prophets there were conditions of society that needed reforming. It is quite

interesting to note that we find these same evils today. As we study the later history of the Jews we find that their downfall came because they did not heed the warning of the prophets and turn away from their wickedness. Intemperance, political corruption and dishonest administration will always bring about the destruction of a nation. Because of the organization of the Jews at the time of the prophets it was necessary to strike at these conditions from a national standpoint. Under the new dispensation each of these things becomes more a personal problem. We find very little in the whole New Testament about a national attitude, but the personal relation to all righteousness is highly emphasized. But we are learning that no reform can come about unless there is a personal conviction against the evil, and this conviction must have its organizing influence which enables a conviction to have weight. We occasionally see one who is able to carry out such a reform almost entirely alone, or at least get a reform started. Judge Ben Lindsey is such a character. He began his fight almost alone, but he was so earnest, so honest and so sincere that he soon had the whole city of Denver aroused, and now the whole country is influenced by his convictions. But all these national evils are so closely related that when one is struck all of them suffer with it. Lindsey began to seek justice for the boy, which resulted in a fight against corrupt politicians, against intemperance and vice.

Christian Endeavorers can not do much against these things unless they learn about them. That was what the prophets asked of the people. "Learn to do well." We must seek to know the facts of the case in regard to these evils. Civic leagues for the study of these problems are being formed in many places. Often we do not attempt to overthrow these evils because we do not know about them. I remember, one Sabbath Day at Milton, Doctor Platts preached a temperance sermon. After stating some general facts of the case he informed the people in regard to local conditions. As he spoke of them he said that one woman had said that she would be one of twelve women to go and clean out that place. And then Aunt Deal desecrated the morning worship by jumping to her feet and saying, "Doctor Platts, I'll

be another." The rest of the dozen were found right there. But did those women accomplish their task? Yes! Or rather the men caught the fire and kept themselves from disgrace by not allowing the women to do the hard work. Nothing would have been done, at least so soon, had not the knowledge come to the people and the fire been kindled. We need to spend time to come to a knowledge of these things together in some kind of study class or league.

One of the greatest ways of overcoming these evils, according to the statement of Josiah Strong, a specialist, is in the home life. The social evil, intemperance, prison reform and such, all can have their reform in a reformed home life. If the home were the pleasant, happy and comfortable place that it was meant to be, there would not be these allurements to draw the young away. However, I shall not write more in regard to this, but will refer to articles in the *Homiletic Review* which may be found in many of the pastors' studies. These are written for the purpose of adaptation to class work.

There are many up-to-date subjects to be found here running back for several years. I will give only a few of them.

- Vol. 66:
No. 5. The Unemployed.
No. 6. Foundation of Peace.
Vol. 65:
No. 1. Legislation.
No. 2. Equal Rights.
No. 3. Protection of the Family. (One of particular interest.)
Nos. 4 and 5. The Child and Child Labor.
No. 6. Prevention of Poverty.

"Keep Your Record Clean"

At the close of the last speech that the noted John B. Gough ever made he said, "Young man, keep your record clean." Good advice, even from a dying man—as it was in his case.

It must not be supposed for one moment that a young man can defy the laws of nature or the laws of God and go unpunished. A young man may reform and afterwards repent in "sackcloth and ashes"; but, nevertheless, he will have to pay, in some shape, the penalty for his misdoings.

One of the grandest men I know was once a drunkard, but now is a flaming torch for sobriety and prohibition; but you can

see in his looks that he has had to pay for the sins of other days.

About an hour since one of the most honest and conscientious men I ever knew sat at my desk. He was once a drunkard, but has been rescued by divine grace. With tears in his eyes he told me of the struggles he had gone through during the past few years in striving to maintain his integrity. The love of liquor has not been taken from him, but daily grace has been given to him to resist temptation. "Not safe an hour!" was his startling language to me. And his only hope lies in realizing daily his dependence upon the strong arm of Almighty God to hold him up and keep him from falling into the horrible pit from whence years ago he was snatched like a brand from the burning.

Unfortunately his past record is not what it should have been. In his younger days he cultivated a habit that bound him in chains which he could not break. Fortunately he one day asked help from the Lion of the tribe of Judah, who can break every chain and set the captive free.

I wish every young man who reads my articles could have seen and heard my friend depict the struggle he has to live a sober, orderly life. It seems to me if they had, none of them would ever venture to take the risk of being even moderate drinkers. He handed me the following little poem of his composition that contains some sound advice:

"Be strong in the Lord,
Be strong in his power;
Be strong in his love
Every day, every hour.
Be strong in his might,
Be strong in his truth,
Be strong in his grace
In old age and in youth.

"Be strong in the Lord,
Be strong everywhere;
Every thought for mankind,
Every act seal with prayer.
Be strong in the Lord
When danger is near:
Temptations assail;
Pray on, never fail.

"There is One who will shield;
There is One who will bear
Every burden that comes,
Every sorrow and care.
Keep close to the cross,
Keep near to the crown.
When life's journey is o'er
You will hear the 'Well done.'"

Reformed men should get credit for making up their minds to reform. But the ones that deserve most credit are those who have made a good record from infancy.

Horses, cattle, and even dogs are valued by the records they have made. Why not human beings? A young man of almost spotless record should be, and is, held by respectable business men as of more value—provided he has the necessary requirements—than one who has wasted himself in riotous living.

It was a good day for the Prodigal Son when he repented of his evil ways and returned to his father's house; but it would have been better for both him and his father if he had never needed to feed on the husks that the swine did eat, and had not given his father so many hours of wretchedness.

To live a life of devilishness, with an idea that at some future time there will be a turning-point, is altogether too dangerous a road to travel. The general ending of such a course is one that I shrink to contemplate.

Young men, the straight and narrow path is the one to walk in, by day and by night. In that pathway the lions are chained, and the rainbow of promises, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," is yours to gaze at and receive inspiration from.

Remember Mr. Gough's parting words. He was a man who keenly felt the fact that a portion of his life had been worse than wasted; and though he had done much to make amends, he knew that he carried the stripes of the wages of sin.—George R. Scott, in *Sabbath Reading*.

Learn to Swim

"I was very glad that I took swimming lessons at Havergal," said little Helen O'Hara. Well she might be, for otherwise she would not have survived the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland*. When little girls of eight and ten years survive where strong men drown, the moral is not to be escaped. It is art, not strength, which conquers the treacherous element. Giant muscles beat themselves out idly in the water unless there is a knowledge of how to make the water a servant.

No swimmer rears himself above the

waves in the impossible manner attempted by the ignorant person in the water, whose impulse is to lift himself above the level of the waves as though he were pulling himself over a fence. The swimmer knows when it is safe to open his mouth, and that he must not breathe if his nostrils are full of water. Panic, strangling, and heart failure cause many deaths in the water. The swimmer has a chance for his life because his accomplishment enables him to keep his wits as well as his wind and strength. He knows better than anybody that he can not swim ashore, but he knows also that he can get to a deck chair, or a plank, or a lifeboat, if it is within reasonable distance. The swimmer knows that he can help others to help him, and it is no little thing to be of help to a rescuer at a time when economy of time means saving other's lives as well as your own.

Now is just the time to make this lesson profitable to innumerable thousands. It is the outing season. Learning should not be delayed because the prospect of an ocean voyage is small. Lives may be lost or saved in a duckpond as well as the ocean. Those who go down to the sea in ships or rowboats alike should learn both what to do and what not to do on and in the water. The element should be respected rather than feared. No liberties should be taken with it, but it should not be allowed to end your life before your time. Learn to swim, learn this season, and you will be glad as long as you live, even though your life never should be in danger on the water.—*New York Times*.

A Correction

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

In the RECORDER of June 1, I notice an item of news from the Milton Junction *Journal-Telephone*, in which it is stated that I gave a lecture on music in the Battle Creek Sanitarium on "Friday evening." The matter is not important, but the lecture in question was delivered on the evening following the Sabbath. The evening before I attended the Christian Endeavor meeting and spoke there on the "True Christian Life."

Fraternally yours,
WILLIAM C. DALAND.

To the Clergy of the United States

A Letter from the Secretary of The Church Peace Union.

GENTLEMEN:

Through the kindness of the press, I am taking this opportunity of addressing you concerning some matters in which you will be greatly interested, and of asking your kindly cooperation in the great cause of furthering international good will.

In the first place, The Church Peace Union has authorized me to offer to the churches five thousand dollars (\$5,000) in prizes for the best essays on international peace. The sum is apportioned as follows:

1. A prize of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) for the best monograph of between 15,000 and 25,000 words on any phase of international peace by any pastor of any church in the United States.

2. Three prizes, one of five hundred dollars (\$500), one of three hundred dollars (\$300), and one of two hundred dollars (\$200), for the three best essays on international peace by students of the theological seminaries in the United States.

3. One thousand dollars (\$1,000) in ten prizes of one hundred dollars (\$100) each to any church member between twenty (20) and thirty (30) years of age.

4. Twenty (20) prizes of fifty dollars (\$50) each to Bible-school pupils between fifteen (15) and twenty (20) years of age.

5. Fifty (50) prizes of twenty dollars (\$20) each to Bible-school pupils between ten (10) and fifteen (15) years of age.

In the accomplishing of the desired results among the church members and the Bible-school pupils, and in the awarding of the prizes, The Church Peace Union will have to depend largely upon the assistance which the pastors can render. It is earnestly hoped that the pastors will make the announcement of these prizes in all of the churches and Bible schools of the United States. In competing for the prizes only one essay should be sent from each church and from each Bible school, the essays of the local church and Bible school being read by a local committee and the one winning essay forwarded.

It is hoped that from the thousand dollar (\$1,000) prize offered to clergymen one or more essays may be found which will be worthy, not only of the prize, but also

of publication and distribution by the Foundation.

All essays must be in by January 1, 1915. Further particulars about these prizes, as well as literature to be used in the preparation of the essays, and lists of books can be secured by addressing the secretary of The Church Peace Union, Rev. Frederick Lynch, D. D., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The churches of the country will be interested in knowing that a world conference of ministers interested in the peace movement has been called by The Church Peace Union for the first week in August (3d to 8th) in Switzerland. The German Church Peace Council and the British Church Peace Council are arranging to

carry a large number of delegates to this conference, and they hope to meet there many clergymen from America. It will be a rare opportunity for the American clergymen to meet their European brethren.

This conference will be of an intimate nature rather than of the nature of a great public demonstration, but it is hoped that it may lead up to a great world congress of the churches in the near future. While the union is asking the churches to appoint

official delegates, and while several of the leading peace workers among the clergy have been especially asked by the union to attend this conference, *every clergyman*

traveling in Europe in August is not only invited most cordially to be present, but if he is interested in the great world movement toward closer brotherhood and good will and the union of the churches in all social reform, he is strongly urged to take part in the discussions. The only credentials demanded will be the desire to help the cause. A great many American clergymen will be traveling in Europe this summer, and the union earnestly hopes that they will adjust their tour so as to be in Switzerland for this first week in August.

I would like to hear as soon as possible from any clergyman who is to be in Europe this summer and who would be interested in taking part in this gathering. It will be a very unique meeting, the first of its nature ever held, perhaps the beginning of a great movement. Whoever attends will have the opportunity of meeting some of the leading pastors of both Great Britain and the Continent.

(Signed) FREDERICK LYNCH,
Secretary.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Bobolink

Oh! I know a merry fellow,
Dressed in black and white and yellow,
And his song is rich and mellow—Bobolink!

Down among the blooming clover,
You will find the handsome rover,
Full of mirth, and brimming over.

All the river's rippling gladness,
All the torrent's dashing madness,
Blend in tune, with naught of sadness.

From the raindrop's merry tinkle
As they fast and faster sprinkle
Comes his "Bobolink, olinkle."

Then the meadow's sunny sweetness
And the zephyr's airy fleetness
Round his song to full completeness.

Late he is in north migrations—
Waits until he's sure of rations
Ere he starts on his vacations.

After whippoorwill and swallow
Ling'ring, does he slowly follow
Over hill and over hollow.

But he is the first to leave us—
Little rascal—thus to grieve us,
Of his song thus to bereave us.

But he'll come another summer,
With the ruby-throated hummer,
And he'll be a welcome comer.

When once more, amid the clover,
He with song is bubbling over,
We'll forgive the truant rover—
Bobolink!

—Margaret E. La Monte, in *The Tribune Farmer*.

A Baby in India

"Dear me! What do you call that?"
The new missionary shaded her eyes from
the setting Indian sun and peered down
the road.

At first, a tent woven of straw seemed to
be walking straight toward her, but soon
three pairs of brown legs were visible be-
neath. She watched with growing interest.
Straight on they came and halted under a
spreading banyan tree on the mission prem-
ises. Then the tent began slowly to come
down, and presently settled as if for the
night.

"Dear me!" said the new missionary
again, "I wonder if they are going to stay

here. I must see what they want—in the
morning." And so, when morning came
and the missionary felt very brave, she
walked out to call on her new neighbors.

A big man with no shoes or stockings or
hat or shirt, was cooking breakfast in a
tiny brass pot placed upon a few stones.
A little girl was scouring her shining teeth
with a piece of charcoal.

"Salaam," said the man, putting his
hands together at his forehead and bowing
almost to the ground.

"Salaam," said the little girl, shyly, and
then, running toward the tent, she pulled
away the straw door and looked in as if
to say, "Won't you go in?"

The missionary stooped and put her head
inside, and what do you think she saw?
The dearest, littlest mite of a brown baby
lay on the ground blinking its eyes in the
light; and over in the corner on a pile of
weeds lay the poor sick mamma.

The little girl carried the baby outside
in her arms. "It's a nice fat baby," she
said, kissing it.

The man frowned. "The gods are angry
with us. They send us only girls." Then
he straightened himself up and looked at
the missionary. "Will you buy it, your
honor? We are too poor to fill so many
mouths, and this is but a girl."

The sick mamma, hearing his words,
crept to the door. "Oh, Miss Sahib," she
pleaded, "do take her! Your face is kind;
you will be good to her. She won't be
much trouble. Soon she will be big and
can serve you. Please take her, Miss
Sahib. Don't leave her here."

"I won't buy your baby, but I will take
care of it, if you will give it to me," said
the missionary, soberly, for she knew that
every year in India many little girl babies
who are not wanted die very mysteriously
or are sold to wicked men.

"Take her," said the father, crossly.

The mother lifted her head for one long
kiss and a burning caress. The big tears
ran down the little sister's face. The next
morning when the missionary looked out,
the straw house was gone and only a few
ashes showed where the visitors had been.
But the new baby who, one day—God will-
ing—should go back to teach her people
about the kind heavenly Father, who loves
little girls as well as boys, slept sweetly on
her clean blanket.—*Children's Missionary Friend*.

Little Scotch Granite

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted
when their Scotch cousin came to live with
them. He was little but very bright and
full of fun. He could tell curious things
about his home in Scotland and his voyage
across the ocean. He was as far advanced
in his studies as they were, and the first
day he went to school they thought him
remarkably good. He wasted no time in
play when he should have been studying,
and he advanced finely.

At night, before the close of the school,
the teacher called the roll, and the boys
began to answer "Ten." When Willie
understood that he was to say ten if he
had not whispered during the day, he re-
plied; "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the
teacher, sternly, "and that is a great dis-
grace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once,"
said Johnnie that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw
others doing it, and so I asked to borrow
a book; then I lent a slate pencil and ask-
ed a boy for a knife and did several such
things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt reddening.
"There isn't any sense in the old rule; and
nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will or else say I haven't," said Willie.
"Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in
one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered
Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit
among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that if you told the truth?"
laughed Willie bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it
was with him. He studied hard, played
with all his might in playtime; but, ac-
cording to his account, he lost more credits
than any of the rest. After some weeks
the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight"
oftener than they used to. Yet the school-
room seemed to have grown quieter. Some-
times when Willie Grant's mark was even
lower than usual, the teacher would smile
peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace.
Willie never preached at them or told tales;

but somehow it made the boys ashamed of
themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy,
blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was
putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one,
you see; and they felt like cheats and story-
tellers. They talked him all over and
loved him, if they did nickname him
"Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a
promise.

Well, at the end of the term Willie's
name was very low down on the credit
list. When it was read he had hard work
not to cry, for he was very sensitive and
he had tried hard to be perfect. But the
very last thing that day was a speech by
the teacher, who told of once seeing a man
muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him
without a look when he was told the man
was General Garibaldi, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but
the hero was there just the same," said the
teacher. "And now, boys, you will see
what I mean when I give a little gold medal
to the most faithful boy—the one really
the most conscientiously 'perfect in deport-
ment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite," shouted forty
boys at once; for the child whose name
was so "low" on the credit list had made
truth noble in their eyes.—*British Evan-
gelist*.

Denominational News

Sabbath Day, June 6, Rev. Clayton
Burdick of Westerly, R. I., will occupy
the pulpit of the Seventh Day Baptist
church. Hour of service 11 a. m. At
3 p. m. he will hold service at the Lincklaen
Center church. Again Sunday evening at
7.30 p. m. there will be services at the
DeRuyter church. It is hoped that there
will be a good interest manifested in at-
tendance at these services.

Rev. L. A. Wing, pastor of the Seventh
Day Baptist church, will occupy the pulpit
in the M. E. church next Sunday morn-
ing.—*DeRuyter (N. Y.) Gleaner*.

"I can not take care of my soul, God can
keep that; but my body is for me to take
care of.—*George Muller*.

"A man becomes what he most desires
to be."

Faithful Lone Sabbath Keepers

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

On November 19, 1912, we left our home at North Loup, Neb., on account of health, and started for San Antonio, Tex.

Having felt for a long time that all Christians should be missionaries, we thought if the opportunity offered for such work here we would try to improve it and to our surprise the doors have opened faster than we can keep up with.

The plan is to have plenty of tracts, and as we enter the home and talk of other lines of work we also tell how we are trying to work for God and his broken law. It is a pleasure to see the interest taken and how eager the people are to take the tracts.

There are several ministers studying the Sabbath question and we have much hope that at least one will come to accept the right. Many laymen are considering it also and some tell me they have commenced to keep our day. Most of this work has been with the negroes and I am hoping to find one of that race who will accept, who is a minister and has a colored church.

One colored woman, after telling me she was going to keep the Sabbath, said she had been a Catholic but had told the priest she would not go to confession any more, that she had become convinced they were wrong. Another said the question had troubled her sleep nights as she thought of her duty; that the question was nearly settled; that the Lord wanted her to keep the Sabbath. She is the wife of a minister. One said she wanted to keep the Seventh day but her mother thought she could not see her daughter work on Sunday.

Now I find that to have this work lasting, the people need to be visited often and so kept interested. I have come to believe that personal work is what counts most. If you who read this do not think so, ask God to bless your effort, then go out and try to help some one. The board has sent a missionary to the Southwestern field to find out its needs. Now, to make it count, the work ought to be followed up for years until the little bands become strong enough to go alone.

Hoping God may bless the work here, your brother,

J. B. WILLIAMS.

423. Glenn Ave., San Antonio, Tex.

F R E E

Special Two-Weeks' Offer

For every payment of subscription to the Sabbath Recorder which pays *one year in advance*, we will send you, free, one copy of "Autumn Leaves," a handsome, cloth-bound volume of poems, written by Ida Fairfield (Mary Bassett Clarke).

There is one condition, viz., subscriptions must reach us before July 1st.

This splendid book of poems contains 104 titles, grouped as follows: *Legendary Poems*, 18; *By the Sea*, 11; *Religious Poems*, 31; *Memorial Poems*, 13; *Temperance Poems*, 5; *Miscellaneous Poems*, 26. It is printed on a high grade of antique paper, and contains 238 pages.

This offer of a volume, free, that would retail for at least a dollar, is made to induce prompt payment of subscriptions now due, before the close of the conference year, and the offer will be withdrawn July 1st.

Send in Your Subscription
NOW

Sabbath Recorder
Plainfield, N. J.

MARRIAGES

COON-RHODE.—At the Seventh Day Baptist parsonage in Battle Creek, Mich., June 6, 1914, by Pastor D. Burdett Coon, Mr. Kenyon B. Coon and Miss Helen H. Rhode, both of Chicago, Ill.

MILLS-CRANDALL.—Walter Francis Mills and Susan Langworthy Crandall, all of Hopkinton, were united in marriage at the home of Charles H. Langworthy, by Rev. E. Adelbert Witter, the evening of June 3, 1914. The young couple will make their home here at Hopkinton.

DEATHS

LANGWORTHY.—Carrie R. Champlin, youngest daughter of Joseph and Polly Sheldon Champlin, was born at South Kingston, July 30, 1839, and died at Hopkinton City, March 26, 1914.

When a young girl she was baptized and joined the Perryville Baptist Church. On September 19, 1863, she was married to Charles H. Langworthy at Tomaquag Valley, where they made their home until two years ago, when they moved to Hopkinton City.

On January 6, 1866, she united with the Second Seventh Day Baptist church of Hopkinton, of which she was a worthy member until her death. On September 19, 1913, she celebrated her fiftieth wedding anniversary. Soon after this she was taken sick and failed rapidly until death released her from her pain and suffering and ushered her into an upper and better kingdom.

During her life she gave evidence that she was leaning for help and strength upon the loving arms of her heavenly Father. She was never noisy about her religion but showed it in little acts of kindness and words of love, especially to the lowly and unfortunate.

Farewell services, conducted by Rev. E. P. Mathewson, were held at the house on Monday afternoon, March 30, and interment took place in First Hopkinton Cemetery.

JAMES.—Eliza, widow of the late H. H. C. Q. James, passed to the heavenly rest at her home in Shepherdsville, Ky., in the seventy-sixth year of her age.

She was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church. Her husband preceded her to the spirit land six years ago. One brother, Henry Stallings, is the only one who remains of her immediate family. Only two of the little church at Shepherdsville, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Wise, are now left.

PLACE.—In Willard, N. Y., May 27, 1914, Mrs. Martha A. Place, in the sixty-seventh year of her age.

Martha A. Place was the daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Prosser Place. Her life has been

mostly lived in Alfred, the early part in the home of her parents and later in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Langworthy. Owing to a cloud hovering over her mind, the last fourteen years have been spent at Willard.

When about twenty years of age she was baptized and joined the first Seventh Day Baptist church of Alfred, and of this church she remained a member till her death.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Isaac Langworthy, and two brothers, Thomas J. Place of Syracuse, and Clarke S. Place of St. Louis, Mo.

A farewell service, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Langworthy on Friday, May 29, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

WM. L. B.

Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON I.—JULY 4, 1914

THE LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD

Lesson Text.—Matt. 20: 1-16

Golden Text.—"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." Matt. 5: 45.

DAILY READINGS

First-day, Luke 2: 46-55.

Second-day, Matt. 21: 33-46.

Third-day, Matt. 25: 1-13.

Fourth-day, Gen. 25: 27-34; 27: 30-40.

Fifth-day, 1 Sam. 15: 17-35.

Sixth-day, Matt. 20: 17-34.

Sabbath day, Matt. 20: 1-16.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Oh, I know the Hand that is guiding me
Through the shadow to the light;
And I know that all betiding me
Is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread
Is ruled with a golden line;
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread,
The brighter the rich design.

When faints and falls each wilderness hope,
And the lamp of faith burns dim,
Oh, I know where to find the honey-drop
On the bitter chalice brim.
For I see, though veiled from my mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete,
Though the darkness, at present, be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet.

I can wait till the day-spring shall o'erflow
The night of pain and care;
For I know there's a blessing for every woe,
A promise for every prayer,
Yes, I feel that the Hand which is holding me
Will ever hold me fast;
And the strength of the Arm that is folding me
Will keep me to the last.

—Author unknown.

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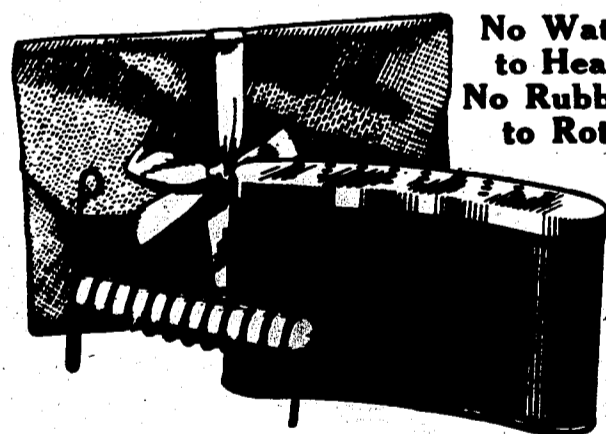
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The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in Snow's Hall, No. 214 South Warren Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, 606 West 191st St., New York City.

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. Frank Muncy, 1635 Pine Street, at 10 a. m. Christian Endeavor services at the home of Lester Osborn, 351 E. 17th Street, at 3 p. 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. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry St.

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.

Seventh Day Baptists living in Denver, Colorado, hold services at the home of Mrs. M. O. Potter, 2340 Franklin Street, at 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon. All interested are cordially invited to attend. Sabbath School Superintendent, Wardner Williams.

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, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

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

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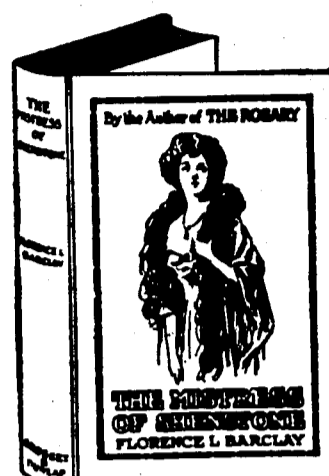


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