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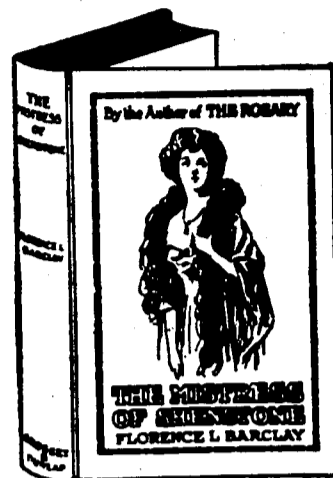


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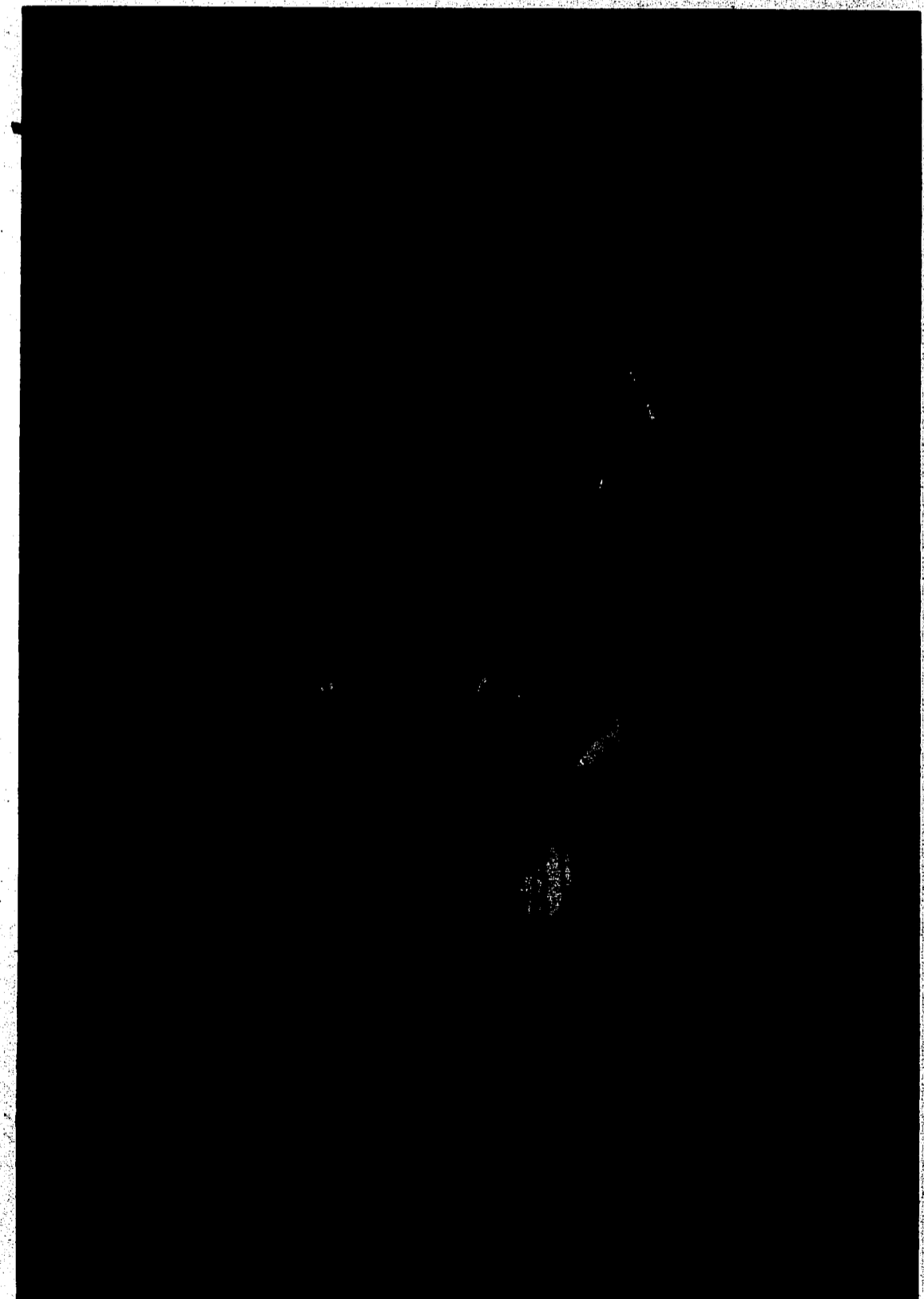
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PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 22, 1914.

WHOLE NO. 3,616.

## A Beautiful Children's Day Service

The exercises in the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist church on Sabbath, June 13, will be remembered with much pleasure throughout the year by those who witnessed them. It was Children's Day. The ideal summer morning held out many attractions to lure one to the open fields and groves and mountainside; but these were small compared with the attractions within the house of worship on this day, as was attested by the large audience that filled the church.

As one entered the house, he was greeted by the voices of happy children in the Sabbath-school room behind the rolling doors, sweet perfume of flowers from field, forest and garden, the sight of beautiful decorations of pulpit and platform, and all these combined to cheer his heart and to fill his spirit with praise. Children and flowers go well together, and they suggest the songs of birds. In this case the bird-songs were not wanting. Hanging in front of the pipe organ, over the center of the platform and high above the children's heads, was a canary in his cage. Whenever the music started or the children recited or sang, this little bird seemed to vie with them in making melody.

The place for the choir was filled with young people, and William C. Hubbard, superintendent, had charge of the exercises. As the choir began singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the rolling doors parted a little and the children, joining in the song, marched in and, passing around the room and up and down the aisles, found seats in front reserved for them.

The entire congregation joined in singing "All hail the power of Jesus' name." This was followed by responsive reading of Scripture passages on the subject of the Sabbath, ending with the reciting by the children in concert of the fourth commandment. This prepared the way for our "Sabbath Hymn," written by Mary A. Stillman and set to music by Pres. William C. Daland.

"God of the Sabbath, unto thee we raise  
Our grateful hearts in songs of love and praise;  
Maker, Preserver, all to thee we owe:  
Smile on thy children, waiting here below.

"Christ, thou art Lord e'en of the Sabbath Day;  
Darkness and error thou canst sweep away.  
From sordid bondage bring us sweet release,  
Light of the World and glorious Prince of Peace.

"Spirit divine, O shed abroad thy love!  
Quicken our souls with power from above.  
Father and Son and Spirit, mighty Three,  
Grant us a blessing, holy Trinity!"

This hymn and J. Stennett's, "Another six days' work is done," the Plainfield Church had bound into the new hymn-books purchased last year, and there are no hymns the congregation loves to sing oftener than these.

Among the impressive responsive services by superintendent and children were the following passages, especially fitting for Children's Day:

Leader—  
Come, ye children, hearken unto me;  
I will teach you the fear of Jehovah.

All—  
Train up a child in the way he should go,  
And even when he is old he will not depart from it.

Leader—  
And Jehovah came, and stood, and called as at other times,  
Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel said, Speak; for thy servant heareth.

All—  
Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto me; for to such belongeth the kingdom of heaven.

Leader—  
Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

All—  
And the child grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

Leader—  
And he took a little child and set him in the midst of them; and taking him in his arms he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such little children in my name receiveth me; and whosoever receiveth me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.

All—  
And a little child shall lead them.

Leader—

I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they live upon the earth, and that they may teach their children.

All—

Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Leader—

Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children.

All—

Both young men and virgins;  
Old men and children;  
Let them praise the name of Jehovah.

Leader—

These words, which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.

All—

And all the children shall be taught of Jehovah; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

Some of the time during this responsive reading the canary bird above the pulpit fairly reveled in song. Somehow this added much to the impressiveness of the beautiful words. When the reading closed, all the children took up the song, the keynote of which is, "What shall the children bring?"

"The wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health;  
We too would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King;  
We have no wealth or learning;  
What shall we children bring?"

"We'll bring him hearts that love him;  
We'll bring him thankful praise,  
And young souls meekly striving  
To walk in holy ways:  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to the King,  
And these are gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.

"We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please him  
At home, at school, at play:  
And better are these treasures  
To offer to our King,  
Than richest gifts without them;  
Yet these a child may bring."

After these introductory exercises, came the real parts by the children, consisting of appropriate recitations, responses and songs, these closing with the pastor's prayer in which he thanked God for the spring-time, for birds and flowers, and for the children.

#### THE ADDRESS

Then came an address by Rev. R. F. Y. Pierce, a pastor and mission worker in New York's famous "East Side," where in one block may be found, crowded in tenements, 2,500 children who can go to Bible school without crossing a street. The block in which his school is situated contains 840 under fourteen years of age, and the adjoining block has 1,028 children under fourteen.

The address was enforced and illustrated by use of the crayon, as Mr. Pierce is quite an expert in "chalk-talks." He began by referring to the happy-faced children before him, who had come from the homes about us, and asked parents what they would take for one child. Could they set a price on one? He then told how Mr. Beecher once secured possession of a bright slave girl, by giving bonds for her price, and taking her into his pulpit told the story of her bondage and of her prospective sale at auction if they did not buy her freedom. He then auctioned her off by securing bids from his people until enough was secured to pay the price asked and to set her free.

Who can estimate the value of one little child? We are trying to save the thousands who throng the streets of our cities, subjected to the vilest influences. The best work under the stars is that which trains, helps and uplifts the boys. Take notice of them. A little interest taken in a boy is a greater power for good than we sometimes think. I can never forget how I was lifted up by a hand-shake with a man who condescended to greet me on the street.

Here the speaker began making pictures on the board to impress his thoughts. The first stroke showed a circle representing the church. Then line after line was quickly drawn until a wheel with its spokes was represented but without any hub. These spokes stood for preacher, superintendent, teachers and members, and when the hub was put in, the wheel was good for something, but not before. In the hub was the cross representing Christ. Only the spokes that enter the hub snug and tight are good. Some of them rattle and clatter because they are not securely fixed. His application was apt indeed, and showed the difference between members who are solid in Christ and are in the school to stay, and those who are loose and rattle around only

on special occasions and at rally and picnic times. His illustrations of the text, "Thou, God, seest me," and of the power of habit, will not soon be forgotten. He pictured habit as a hydra-headed serpent in the heart, one head representing *h*, another *a*, another *b*, and so on, a head for each letter of the word *habit*. Then he showed the futility of a boy's trying to destroy this monster habit in his own strength by cutting off its head. This he did by cutting off *h* and found *abit* left; then *a* was clipped off and still a *bit* was there; and when *b* was stricken out *it* was still left. Christ in the heart is the only one who can destroy the serpent. Several other pictures were made to show how much we need Christ in our efforts to be good and true.

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#### Good Work for Our Young People

In the Young People's department of this RECORDER appear papers, read at an open-air meeting of Salem Christian Endeavorers, in review of a book that the class had been studying, entitled "The Church of the Open Country." This society, and probably others among our people, have for some time been giving systematic study to the problems of the country church, which are pressing upon us in these days of the "changing order." One of the marked features of our time is the new and growing interest in country life,—and we are glad when we see our own young people sharing this interest.

Many religious papers are emphasizing the question, not merely of business prosperity as related to country life, not merely of scientific methods of agriculture, and of home and society improvements, but of country life as related to the future of the church as well. Hence the systematic study of books like "The Church of the Open Country," the purpose of which is to enlist young hearts in the cause of preserving church life in rural districts, is especially timely. Any work that tends to open the eyes of the young to the beauty and charm of God's open country, and that shows the superior advantages of rural life, any work that deepens the affections for the country home and the country church, and that tends to check the ambition for life in the city, should be hailed with joy. This is especially true with Sev-

enth Day Baptists, for it seems that with us more than with almost any other people the hope for the future lies in the country church.

Mr. Roosevelt did a great thing for America when, as President of the United States, he turned the nation toward a careful study of country life. And when the report of his commission was published, not the least among the good things in it was what was said about the value of the country church in the work of country betterment. In that report the country pastor was regarded as holding the key to the situation, and a plea was made for a strong country ministry. That report was made from a political and civic point of view. And we feel that if a careful and systematic study of country life is of so great moment to political leaders, it must be even more so to religious leaders. Yet the country church itself is not more than half awake to the value of such educative study.

A very large proportion of the world's great religious leaders secured their start and laid the foundations of their success in the churches of the open country. These churches have been the feeders for all the city churches, and the source of supply for most of the world's great religious workers, and yet we are letting hundreds, yes, even thousands of these country churches die! We repeat, the church of today is not stirred over this question as it should be. It is too indifferent to this most vital matter. And the pastor who leads his young people in a systematic study of country life in the hope of bettering conditions in the churches of the country is doing a blessed work for our future.

Nowhere in the world is there greater need of clear-headed, up-to-date leadership than in rural districts. And nowhere does a consecrated minister of the gospel have better opportunities to make his power felt. To continue in the ruts of old traditional methods of church work is to make failure doubly sure. Something new must be done or there is little hope. So whenever we see new lines of attractive work introduced, and careful educative work being done that will beget enthusiasm for the churches in the country, we are glad.

Today the heart-hunger of thousands is indicated by the oft-repeated words, "Back to nature," or "Back to the Country." God

placed man in the country, and the first book studied by the race was the open book of field and forest, of mountain and sky, of ocean and plain. Amid these, throughout the ages, God's greatest leaders have been prepared for his work. The great Teacher led his disciples afield and taught them from his Father's open book as well as from the sacred scroll. Surrounded by the hills unto which they lifted up their eyes, the prophets found their souls aglow with messages that moved the world. Everywhere on the pages of history we see where prophets, preachers and teachers were schooled in God's great open country until they were able to subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, and successfully plant the banners of truth on well-won fields. Therefore we insist that pastors and people, old and young, are on the right track when they unite to study the value of country life in building up the kingdom of God. Bind the hearts of our young people to the country, and inspire them with love for the dear churches there, and the cause of God must take on new life and vigor.

Dr. L. H. Bailey, of the Country Life Commission, has faith yet in the mission of the country church if we may accept his words in evidence:

In some great day  
The Country Church  
Will find its voice  
And it will say:  
I stand in the fields  
Where the wide earth yields  
Her bounties of fruit and of grain;  
Where the furrows turn  
Till the ploughshares burn  
As they circle again and again;  
Where the workers pray  
With their tools all day  
In the sunshine and shadow and rain.

"And I bid them tell  
Of the crops they sell  
And speak of the work they have done;  
I speed every man  
In his hope and plan  
And follow his day with the sun;  
And grasses and trees,  
The birds and the bees  
I know and I feel every one.

"And out of it all  
As the seasons fall  
I build my great temple always;  
I point to the skies  
But my footstone lies  
In commonplace work of the day;  
For I preach the worth  
Of the native earth—  
To love and to work is to pray."

### The Associations and Their Delegates

As some of the program committees of the associations are beginning to prepare programs, we hereby publish the data as far as we have it regarding time and delegates.

The Northwestern Association will convene with the church at Farina, Ill., on September 24, 1914. The delegates appointed by this association are Rev. J. H. Hurley, New Auburn, Wis., to go to the Western, Central, Eastern and Southeastern associations, with Rev. Geo. W. Burdick of Welton, Iowa, as alternate, and Rev. L. C. Randolph of Milton, Wis., to attend the Southwestern Association, with Rev. H. Eugene Davis as alternate.

The Western Association meets with the church at Independence, N. Y., October 1, 1914. Its delegates are appointed in connection with the Central Association, as "joint delegates;" and for this year it sends "the appointees of the Central Association" to the Northwestern, Eastern and Southeastern associations. (See Central Association below.) The delegate from the Western to the Central is Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.

The Central Association will be held with the First Brookfield Church, at Leonardsville, N. Y., beginning October 8, 1914. Its delegates will also represent the Western Association in the Northwestern, Eastern and Southeastern associations. Rev. Royal R. Thorngate of Verona, N. Y., was appointed joint delegate to the Northwestern and Western, with Rev. John T. Davis, alternate. Rev. E. A. Witter was appointed delegate to the Eastern and Southeastern associations, with Rev. W. L. Davis of Brookfield as alternate. But since Brother Witter has moved out of the Central into the Eastern, we are led to believe from correspondence received from him and others that Brother Davis, the alternate, will go to these two associations. This would leave Rev. L. A. Wing of DeRuyter to go as joint delegate to the Southwestern, according to the best data we have by late correspondence with members of the Executive Committee. This delegate to the Southwestern will also represent the Eastern in that association.

The Eastern Association will be held at Marlboro, N. J., beginning October 15, 1914. Its delegate to the Northwestern, Western and Central associations is Rev.

Clayton A. Burdick, Westerly, R. I., with Rev. J. L. Skaggs as alternate. To the Southeastern it sends Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J., with Rev. A. G. Crofoot, alternate, and for the Southwestern it endorses the delegate appointed by the Central Association.

The Southeastern Association convenes with the Middle Island Church, Blandville, W. Va., October 22, 1914. Its delegate to all associations excepting the Southwestern is Rev. Wilbur Davis, Blandville, W. Va., with Rev. A. J. C. Bond as alternate.

The Southwestern Association meets with the Gentry Church, Gentry, Ark., October 29, 1914. It appointed no delegate, being the youngest and feeblest of all, and needs all the help the representatives of other denominational bodies can give it.

We have placed the dates just one week apart according to the established plan. This harmonizes with the dates as found in the minutes of the first four associations, but not with the date given in the minutes of the fifth one. Supposing the date to be a clerical error in the minutes of the Southeastern Association, we publish that date as October 22 instead of 29, to make it come the next week after the Eastern. Otherwise all delegates from the other four associations would have a week to kill somewhere or be obliged to go home without attending the Southeastern.

No minutes were sent us from four of the associations, and we have had difficulty in securing some of the data. If any errors are discovered, please notify us promptly and proper corrections will be made.

A child, riding with his mother on a railroad train, noticed the porter lighting the lamps in the car in the middle of the day. "Why does he do that?" he asked his mother. "Wait a minute and you will see," she answered. Presently, with no warning, the train dashed into a long, black tunnel, threading the mountain-top. No time then for lighting the lamps, but great need for their light. In the dash and roar of our hurrying lives, some of us are too busy to turn to the Bible for its light. In the dark of the day that is coming to us all, what shall we do?—*William G. Oglevee.*

### Semi-annual Meeting at Dodge Center

The semi-annual meeting of the Minnesota and northern Wisconsin churches convened with the church at Dodge Center. Friday, June the fifth, at two o'clock p. m.

In the absence of the moderator and clerk, the meeting was called to order by Pastor T. J. Van Horn. Rev. H. D. Clarke was appointed moderator pro tem, and Eva Churchward was appointed secretary pro tem.

Pastor Van Horn, Mrs. Durwood Coon, and Mr. B. T. Severance were appointed Program Committee.

Rev. H. N. Jordan, of the Milton Junction church, representative of the American Sabbath Tract Society, was asked to become a member of the meeting and share in the deliberations.

After singing, "Jesus will never, never forsake thee," Rev. Mr. Clarke read the Scripture lesson from the twentieth chapter of Matthew and offered prayer.

Rev. J. H. Hurley gave the introductory sermon from the theme, "Service to God and man the object of the Christian life." The text was found in Matthew 20: 26-28.

After a short talk by Pastor Van Horn, and a season of short prayers, the Program Committee gave its report, and the first session was dismissed by the moderator.

The Friday evening session opened with a song service led by the chorister, Mr. Charles Socwell.

Rev. Mr. Clarke preached a practical sermon on the theme, "The thinking Christian." A helpful conference meeting was led by Rev. Mr. Hurley.

The Sabbath morning service opened by singing "Come, Thou Almighty King." The responsive reading was the Sixteenth Psalm. After the anthem, "Hark! Hark! My Soul" by the choir, Pastor Van Horn read the Scripture lesson from Isaiah six and sixty-one, and Rev. Mr. Hurley offered prayer.

Rev. Mr. Jordan preached on the theme, "My personal relation to Christian work," from the texts found in Isaiah 6: 8, Matthew 9: 9, Mark 16: 15, and Acts 1: 8.

The church was most beautifully decorated for this service by Brother Herman Socwell, with ferns and wild flowers. On a large bank of ferns was outlined "Sweet Sabbath Morn" in white flowers. Roses and lilies enhanced the beauty which added

so much to the service. Sabbath school followed this service.

The Sabbath afternoon session was to be divided into a meeting for women at the parsonage, led by Mrs. M. G. Churchward, and a meeting for men at the church, led by other pastors, but on account of a heavy rain only the men met. About twenty enjoyed a good meeting and an animated discussion on the subject of "Purity."

"Take the world, but give me Jesus" opened the Sabbath evening service. Rev. Mr. Hurley read the Eighth Psalm, and Rev. Mr. Jordan led in prayer.

A male quartet, composed of Brothers Charles Socwell, T. J. Van Horn, H. N. Jordan, and Herman Socwell, sang "Sweet Sabbath Eve."

Rev. Mr. Hurley spoke a few words about the life of our departed brother, George B. Carpenter, and then preached from the text, "What is man, that thou shouldst magnify him, and that thou shouldst set thine heart upon him, and that thou shouldst visit him every morning and try him every moment?"

After singing, "Take my life, and let it be," Rev. Mr. Jordan gave us a talk on the work of the Sabbath Tract Society, and the meeting was dismissed.

The funeral of our beloved brother, Giles Ellis, was held at eleven o'clock Sunday morning from the church. The building was filled to its utmost capacity. A male quartet, composed of Brothers Clarence Daggett, Walter Bond, Ray North, and Reginald Langworthy, rendered three beautiful selections. Words of comfort and praise were spoken by Pastor Van Horn and the former pastor, Rev. Mr. Hurley. On the bank of ferns were the words "At Rest" in white.

Sunday afternoon the business meeting was called to order by the moderator, Mr. K. R. Wells.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

A letter to the semi-annual meeting from the Grand Marsh (Wis.) Church was read by the secretary.

It was voted that the clerk be instructed to notify the Grand Marsh Church that we gladly receive their letter signifying their willingness to join the semi-annual meeting, and that, if they so desire, we will meet with them in our next meeting.

It was voted that Mrs. M. G. Churchward be our delegate to the Iowa yearly meeting, and that Rev. T. J. Van Horn be the alternate.

It was voted that if the meeting goes to Grand Marsh, the pastor, W. D. Tickner, be the moderator, and Mrs. Myron Green be clerk of that meeting.

It was voted that we extend a vote of thanks to those who have so beautifully decorated the church for the semi-annual meeting.

It was voted that Rev. J. H. Hurley preach the introductory sermon at the Grand Marsh meeting, and that Miss Susie Loofboro, of New Auburn, Wis., Miss Ruby Lawton, of New Auburn, Minn., Mr. Charles Socwell, of Dodge Center, Minn., and Mrs. Cora Atkins, of Grand Marsh, Wis., be the essayists for that meeting.

It was voted to adjourn.

Rev. Mr. Hurley preached a very helpful sermon from the text, "Give ye them to eat."

An essay on "Gratitude" was read by Miss Alice Loofboro, and an essay on "Glorifying God," written by Miss Luella Coon, both of New Auburn, Wis., was read by the secretary.

It was voted that both essays be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

Mrs. M. G. Churchward spoke from the fifth chapter of Luke. It was a very practical sermon.

Sunday evening, after a praise service, prayer by Pastor Van Horn, and music by the quartet, Rev. Mr. Jordan spoke of the life of our departed brother, David E. Titworth, and then preached from the text found in John 12: 21, "We would see Jesus." The theme, "Come and See," was outlined in white on the bank of ferns.

The last session was dismissed by Pastor Van Horn.

EVA L. CHURCHWARD,  
Clerk.

Dodge Center, Minn.,  
June 5-7, 1914.

"You can not fail to find what you are looking for—if you wish to find fault."

"A church that is regarded by outsiders as a religious club has failed of its mission."

## SABBATH REFORM

In solitude and in the country, what dignity distinguishes the holy time. The old Sabbath, or Seventh Day, white with the religions of unknown thousands of years, when this hallowed hour dawns out of the deep, . . . the cathedral music of history breathes through a psalm to our solitude.—Emerson.

God comes and feeds the docile and expectant life and it goes back to the counting-house and the counter, stronger, purer, greater.—Phillips Brooks.

### Sabbath Testimony From Sunday Press

In discussing the Continental Sunday in the *Defender*, Rev. Willard T. Perrin says of the "Ideal Sabbath:"

The Continental Sunday is not the ideal Sabbath. It fails by secularizing the day. It does not keep the day as a holy day. And so it is lenient toward various forms of labor and trade, and encourages all kinds of entertainments and sports. Nor is the Puritan Sunday the ideal Sabbath. This is an attempt to make the observance of Sunday a legal keeping of the fourth commandment. Of such logic the observance of Saturday is the inevitable result. . . . The ideal Sabbath is a day supremely devoted to the worship of God—to soul-culture. It may include rest from ordinary toil, a change to the open from the confinement of factory or store, ministries of love and mercy, fellowship with family and friends, intellectual stimulus, the enjoyment of music and art, but if it ceases to be a holy day it fails to be ideal. . . . The ideal Sabbath of course can not be enforced by law. Its blessings can be secured only by those in whose hearts it exists. The law can secure the minimum of enforced labor, the protection of worship, the protection from public and boisterous recreations, which are hostile to the spirit of the day. We have doubtless gone far enough in legislation toward a Continental Sunday.

In the same issue of the *Defender*, reprinted from *Home Messenger*, is an article by J. Campbell Morgan on "Save the Sabbath," in which the writer says:

The Sabbath is religious. It is the sign of religion in the midst of the days of the week. It is the day blessed and hallowed by God, and its observance is man's recognition of God.

But in that observance all the other values are included. The man who realizes that the Sabbath is a day specially set apart for worship, for fellowship with God in the assemblies of his

people, is the man who finds spiritual renewal. Those of us who love best the day of worship know most how much we need it for the clearing of the vision, the reinforcement of life, the new sense of God. In that renewal of spiritual vision and spiritual life man comes to new mental power and new physical strength. . . . Put God out of the Sabbath, and the Sabbath is foolhardiness and a waste of time.

What have we who name the name of Jesus Christ to do with this? First of all, the church's business is to observe the Sabbath—to observe the Sabbath in the spirit of our Lord and Master and according to his direction, never allowing ourselves to seek merely our own self-indulgence on a low level, never being satisfied with self-indulgence even on a high spiritual level.

There is a widespread feeling among certain Christian people that, after all, we do not need the Sabbath. We are told that every day is a Sabbath; that is very often quite flippantly said. My reply to all such is: We are not wiser than God. The man who says he does not need the Sabbath as a special day of rest will presently tell you that he lives so near to God that he does not need to pray.

The business of the Christian man is to observe the Sabbath in the spirit in which the Master has taught us that it must be observed. It is our business to proclaim it. If proclamation must mean protestation, then whatever the individual man may do, it is for the Church of God to say to men with all authority: By no legal enactment must the Sabbath be desecrated, by no legal act must we abolish God's day and the recognition of religion involved in the observance of the Sabbath.

Our principal business, however, is not that of observing the Sabbath nor of proclaiming the Sabbath, but that of alluring men to the love of the Sabbath by revealing its joys. Our business ought to be so to worship God that the light in our eyes and the joy upon our faces, the love and rapture in all our demeanor, should be a revelation to men of remade lives resulting therefrom; so that the weary, heart-sick, and bruised shall say to us: "Let us come up with you to the assembly, for we see that God is with you."

These are good words. What a pity that they could not have been used for a Sabbath well supported by the Bible, rather than for a day concerning which both Jehovah and his Christ were silent,—a day which man has substituted for the Sabbath of the Lord.

Free speech must not only have thought behind it but it must be unprejudiced thought. There can be no free speech not based on unprejudiced thinking and unpurchased thinking. The worst slavery under the Stars and Stripes today is prostituted manhood that sells its intellectual powers for money.—O. P. Clifford.

## A Semi-annual Conference Meeting Talk

REV. H. D. CLARKE

*At the Semi-annual Meeting of the Minnesota and Wisconsin Churches, held at Dodge Center, Minn., June 5, 1914.*

I was asked to preach this evening, introductory to the conference, to be led by Pastor Hurley of the New Auburn, (Wis.) Church. I did prepare a sermon for it, taking the greater part of three days. But it is too long. The evenings are short, the singing long, prayers are needed, a sermon is *not* needed. Perhaps I can give some introductory thoughts; not a theme for this service, but a "starter." I am thinking that a Christian, such a useful Christian as we each ought to be, a Christian less liable to temptation of all kinds than we are, and having more joy in service, more assurance of acceptance with God, more sympathy with others, anxious to be of service and to give encouragement—I am thinking that such a Christian ought to be a more *thoughtful* one, a real honest-thinking person.

I have been hearing this—yes, and asking such questions myself: Why do this one and that one do as they do? Why does X do so much unnecessary traveling on the Sabbath? Why does Y stay away from the prayer meetings when they are so important to Christian growth and good influences in the home and over other struggling Christians? Why does Z seem so indifferent to church matters when Jesus instituted the church to advance his kingdom? And so we ask about others who ought to ask about themselves, and do some tall thinking about what is the real object of the Christian life, *but*—we fail more or less to know ourselves, and are not moved to inquire why there is so little real power in our own lives and why so little real joy in the living.

I myself have not done much real thinking on many subjects that ought to be considered these last years of my life, be they long or short. I have been almost wholly absorbed night and day in the one great theme of child rescue and the problems of home life. But with all my neglects and lack of real assurance of God's presence and power in my own life, I do somehow feel great anxiety over the ap-

parent looseness of thought and lawlessness of acts everywhere seen among us.

I must not dwell on the low state of morals prevalent. I must not criticise the church for its lack of the revival spirit as we call it. I must not say that the ministry is also too much like the world. I must not say many things that show the hold that riches and pleasures have upon us. It might become *destructive* criticism. We need more *constructive* criticism, more power to build up and save and cheer. And yet we can not shut our eyes and cry Peace while the great mass of humanity is going to perdition.

We were recently told in our Sabbath-school lessons, that only thirteen out of a hundred of the people of wealth attend church services; that only ten out of each hundred of the working class, farmers, mechanics, miners, attend such services; but that 70 per cent of the so-called middle class do attend. In two States are found sixteen counties without a church that can be called Protestant or Catholic. What are we thinking of such an indication and its fearful results?

We may not say that men today are exceptionally wicked, only that men are so absorbed in their occupations, not sinful in themselves, that God is thrust out of their thoughts and is not taken into their deal, and the most solemn warnings of God's word are not heard or heeded. And it is to be feared that the most of us are in that boat.

In the days of many revivals, when converts to Christ were frequent and the preaching seemed to take effect, the prayer meetings were well attended. Christian people said that they felt it was a great pleasure to attend them. When I was a boy and later a young man, we thought it no great effort to walk three miles over the snow-drifts to a Sabbath evening prayer meeting or to a cottage meeting. The meeting was considered very important and a "pulse of the church." Honestly, my brethren, is it all out of date now? Are pastors altogether at fault in urging attendance, and do they exhibit too much concern about the matter? This is an honest question and not a mere criticism. If this meeting is really outgrown and has lost power for good, let's know it and squarely meet it. Let's do some thinking

about it and analyze our motives for absence from it.

I am also thinking that we too little value the influence and power of the little Christian deeds of all kinds in our daily living. We under-value the fact that God works through means of his own choosing and that his choice is ever individual instrumentality. We speak of our human weakness as great and it is, but we can not fail to know that even God chooses the weak things and that means us. Is, then, God working out his will in each of our lives? Young people, God loves to set the great seal of his strength upon your efforts great or small. He touches the spring of all your hearts as tenderly and absolutely as if they were just one heart, and when everything is ready, he starts again, probably in the weakest place, a sort of battery in act or thought or prayer or something one of you gives, and in his mysterious providence there is started in the whole community of hearts sudden life and responsive action.

Somehow I am not impressed that Dodge Center needs William Sunday to wake it up, nor any specially trained evangelist. I am not impressed that this meeting needs any sensational preaching or manifest intellectual display. For one, I want to hear nothing in the sermons from our visiting delegates but simple gospel truth and earnest setting forth of the love, mercy, justice, pleading, promises of God, and the fact that repentance and forgiveness are as necessary now as when Peter talked them twenty centuries ago. But I do want some thinking done by every man and woman and young person. As far away from personal holiness as I feel myself to be as demanded by a pure God and Savior, I would be glad to see a renouncing of so much worldly ambition and self-seeking, and see young and old consecrate themselves and their entire being and their homes and families and business to the service of God. I am sure a testimony like this would have influence and power if someone stood up and said: "I have been a professor of religion many years and have never lost sight of my Savior, but know that I have followed him afar off. But I now seem to have him by my side every day, in my business or on the farm, and I can own him as my very own Redeemer. "I am sure such testimonies would

inspire others, but back of all, that means a life of secret prayer and thoughtful regard for what God commands or wishes of his people.

Many of you are longing for peace and rest in some way. Where is it? A reading given by one of our high school graduates the other evening told of a young man who, in search of pleasure and rest, was guaranteed them by a philosopher who took from him the memory of the name that must be in every life, in every act and thought and aim and hope. Many of us can not recall it because of the philosophies and isms that have been taken into our lives.

Some have not forgotten it who never speak it. Can you tell me why many feel so timid when they speak the word Jesus? Is it hard work to speak it in the family? Something is the matter when a father is ashamed to say "Jesus" reverently before his boy. A child said to me the other day, "Why can't we see Jesus? Does Jesus see us?" That child was not timid about speaking the name. The child was honest and expected an answer just as satisfactory as though he had said, Where is my top?

Now I want a good title to the next best world. I knew a young man from here who gave up a farm because he was fearful of the title. Somehow many of us are hesitating about our titles to "mansions above." There is a reason. Deep down in our hearts lies the reason. Occasionally comes an emotion that almost sweeps us off our feet and we feel like singing and talking in meeting, but it stays only a little while. Changing circumstances like waves of the sea change our feelings. Something superficial somewhere. We want better evidence than a day's happiness. Perhaps some of your testimonies now will tell of your title, one unmoved by sorrows, one that floods and flames can not destroy.

"A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness knows no doubt.

"That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown;  
Nor heeds its scornful smile;  
That seas of trouble can not drown,  
Nor Satan's arts beguile."

The standards of piety are very, very low these days. Men are, as Woolley said, "preacherized more than Christianized." Men are measuring themselves by them-

selves, and comparing themselves among themselves, until God is almost left out of our living. That accounts for the contented state of the mass of Christians and the world. If that is our condition tonight, and we are not at once aroused by more thinking along these lines, and asking God to come into our thoughts, then we will make but little and very feeble effort. Stagnation will continue and the semi-annual meeting will be of little value to us. We're here and we are going back to our business in a day or two. We will rely somewhat upon the forms of religion without any vitality and power. Admissions to the churches will be few and the standard low. Few tears will be shed over sins, outward changes will be invisible, and hearts unrenewed.

I'm just troubled about all this. It may be that personally I am "all off." I may have on the wrong glasses. This is my testimony tonight and I will join with you in seeking a good title. With others I ask for prayers for a more useful Christian life. Shall we not have unwearied diligence in our Christian service, renouncing the hidden things of dishonesty (dishonesty with God), handling the word of God properly, and by manifestation of the truth commend ourselves to others in the sight of God? If any believe not, it is that the god of this world has blinded their minds, lest this gospel should shine in and out of them to give light and truth, as in Jesus Christ, to the glory of God.

"Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

### Model of Panama Locks.

Operation of the locks of the Panama Canal will be controlled from an electric switchboard, which is cleverly designed as a reproduction in miniature of the locks themselves. There are indicating devices to show the positions of the valves, lock gates, chains and water levels in the various lock chambers. By a system of mechanical interlocking, human errors of manipulation are minimized, if not entirely prevented. Red and green lights on the models show whether the gates are open or closed and the water level is indicated by a pointer which travels up and down over a graduated scale board.—*Engineering Record.*

### Doing Duty Gladly

C. H. WETHERBE

It is generally comparatively easy for us to do those duties which are agreeable to us. There are burdens which we are glad to bear, because we like the purpose for which they are to be borne. Good parents gladly, and even joyfully, do the duties that are essential to the welfare of their children. But there are some duties which one finds to be so heavy and unpleasant that he does not get any gladness in doing them. And yet it is possible for one to so discipline himself as to be positively glad in doing a duty which he had hated to try to perform. I have found this to be true in my own experience. I have faced duties which, at first, I dreaded and shrank from, yet, in performing them, I had surprising delight and happy liberty.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* says: "Sometimes we do become accustomed to suffering our hardships, as we call them, philosophically. But how difficult it is to bear our burdens 'gladly'! We are bound to learn, as we become older, that life does have, and will have, its full share of difficulties, disappointments and contradictions; we shall find that we must do many things which we do not wish to do. What a victory it is, what an evidence it is of a genuine Christian character, if only we are able to meet all these conditions cheerfully, and even gladly! But surely the Christian should expect himself to possess this spirit."

It was such a spirit that animated and moved Paul in all his urgent ministry. His passionate delight was to fulfil every duty, however hard and exacting it was, with unflinching gladness. We may safely venture to say that he got more pleasure and benefit out of his very difficult duties than he did in those that were smooth and easy. Do we realize the fact that the harder our duties may be, the more help we get from God to perform them? Have we not been often greatly surprised at the gladness which came into our hearts while we were doing our best to serve God, under unfavorable conditions?" I am sure that some of us have had such a sweet experience.

"Keep your intellectual and spiritual life bright."

## MISSIONS

### The Religions of South America

ANGELINE ABBEY

[With the exception of the closing lines, this paper was prepared for the foreign mission class by Mrs. Abbey while a student at the Chicago Training School.—Ed.]

According to recent statistics the total population of South America is about forty million, of whom five or six millions are Indians. In Brazil one half the population are negroes mixed with Indians and French.

According to Doctor Clark, twenty years ago eighty per cent of Brazil was illiterate; now seventy per cent is considered illiterate. Normal schools are being established. Each state has universities which teach literature but not the sciences.

South America is frequently spoken of as a Christian country, or as a Roman Catholic country. Although the Roman Church has dominated a large part of the continent, and is today the strongest ecclesiastical body in the land, it is not true that it represents the universal religion of the continent. Paganism predominates. Rev. Alan Ewbanks, a missionary in South America, says: "If you start away at the north and go right down to the south of the continent, you can travel in heathen lands among people who do not know who God is. *The whole of that Southern continent, except the fringes around the edges, should be colored heathen.*"

The first religion of South America was paganism, and one of its great continuing religions is aboriginal paganism still preserved by millions of descendants. These Indians are idolators of a very low type.

Romanism was introduced into South America toward the close of the fifteenth and in the early part of the sixteenth centuries. The type of Romanism which came to South America was medieval, the type developed in the isolated peninsula of Spain and Portugal,—the most bigoted and unrelenting type, intensely opposed to Protestantism, and intellectual and individual freedom.

It was also a militant Romanism. At the beginning of the conquest of South

America, priest and soldier marched together, shedding the blood of those who resisted. And it was the church of the cruel Inquisition, which burned people at the stake for a slight variation in the expression of an opinion, and did destroy vast numbers,—a bad form of religion, and a bad start for the new religion which called itself Christian.

Then it was isolated. Such a church, from a darkened land, with such a beginning, in a new and vast continent, absolutely left to itself for three centuries, with no competing church, and practically no check, must naturally tend toward deterioration. It is said that the Catholic Church needs Protestantism to keep it from great corruption and tyranny. "Free thinking is dangerous, if not restrained by teachers." "All teachers need the keen intellects of others to sharpen their wits and help them to see clearly." Much harm grew out of the unrestrained priesthood in South America. On the part of priests there was indolence, greed and corruption; on the part of the members, great laxity. The priests and monks became corrupted by the acquisition of wealth and power. They ceased to be missionaries and, shut up in their monasteries, led idle, luxurious, and often immoral lives. The Roman Church settled down into what seemed to be a hopeless spiritual decay, and left the masses in a helpless ignorance as to spiritual things.

The Roman Church in South America has been a sad failure. For centuries it had the entire field without a competitor. It has failed to develop a spiritual Christianity, to give the people freedom, either political or religious, to enlighten and make the people intelligent, or greatly to better their social condition.

The early Spanish and Portuguese adventurers brought with them the cross, the priest and the religion of Rome, and made great efforts to induce or compel the natives to accept the imported religion. Popes issued bulls in favor of the conversion of the aborigines. Pope Paul III issued a bull in 1537 which declared that "the Indians and all other peoples who hereafter shall be brought to the notice of the Catholics, although they may be without the faith of Jesus Christ, in nowise are they to be deprived of their liberty and

of the control of their goods, in no wise are they to be made slaves. . . . We also determine and declare that the said Indians and other similar peoples are to be called to the faith of Jesus Christ by preaching and by the example of a good and holy life." These edicts were disregarded. The goods were taken, and the people were reduced to a condition of slavery, or cruelly slaughtered. One bishop said that, in the province of Peru alone, the population had fallen in two centuries from about 8,000,000 to less than one and one-half millions.

Prescott said that "the Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion than were ever practiced by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem."

Various methods were used, prominent among them force and fear. Many united with the church to save their lives or to escape cruel treatment. The laws were severe. One law required the Indian to travel thirty-six miles to attend services at the monasteries. Attendance was compelled or absentees punished,—a great cruelty to women and children.

A method of substitution was used. The Roman church-building was put in place of pagan temples. The House of the Virgins of the Sun was replaced by a Roman Catholic nunnery. Then they substituted the images of the Virgin Mary and the Roman saints for the idols of the natives. The Indians gave up their idols, but went on with the image worship. After mass they engaged in fantastic dances and all got drunk in honor of the Virgin. These and other compromises made it easier to win the Indian because the new religion was so much like the old. Few of the so-called conversions were genuine. They were not voluntary but enforced. Many of the converts secretly worshiped their old idols which they hid in caves or other secure places. They practice this today, even where they make a profession of Christianity and observe the forms of the Catholic Church.

With few exceptions the Franciscan monks took no especial interest in evangelizing the natives. The Dominicans did better, and made some effort to protect them. The Jesuits did some good. They gathered many of the Indians into settlements where they taught them a little, and made them

work, but they did not build up strong individual character nor train the community so that it could care for itself.

In many places there are images of the Virgin with asserted miraculous power. One of the most noted is at Luján in Argentina. The narrative tells that years ago a man wanted to secure an image of the Virgin. He did so, and, as it was being carried in a wagon to the city of Buenos Ayres, one night a halt was made on the pampas. Next morning as they sought to continue their journey, the horses were attached to the wagon but could not move it. Additional horses were attached but were unable to drag it. One of the party suggested that it was a miracle, and that the Virgin wished to stay there. The image was taken out, and then the horses drew the wagon with perfect ease. The image was left to be cared for at a house near by. One morning it was missing. A search being made, it was found in a field some distance away. This, it was maintained, was another miracle, and that the image had gone to this point to indicate that the Virgin wished a church to be built there in her honor. This was done, and now a cathedral is being completed which will perhaps cost millions of dollars—all because of a superstitious belief in a doll baby! Thousands upon thousands make journeys to see and worship and make their offerings to the Virgin of Luján.

The churches are full of women and empty of men. Men have rejected religion with superstition. "The unbelief of the men, or their utter indifference to spiritual things, is the greatest peril of South America. Protestant churches are reaching many of them. More men than women attend Protestant services. The breach between the educated class and the Catholic Church is already wide, and still widening."

Though the Catholic Church is strong, compared to other religions, it is not the only religion in South America. African paganism is there, brought by runaway slaves, called Bush negroes, who restored barbarism and idolatry as practiced in their own country. The Chinese are there with their religion, also a few Japanese, and more are coming.

In British Guiana there are over 100,000 East Indians, and there are thousands in Dutch Guiana. Most of these are Hindus,

but many are Mohammedans. The Greek Church is found here in small numbers as yet, but it will be stronger, for Russian immigration is increasing.

This continent needs the pure gospel of Jesus Christ. It is a legitimate mission field, and as needy as any in the world.

I recently happened to mention the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination to a young woman student in a religious school, telling her that I kept the Seventh-day Sabbath. Her black eyes sparkled and her face lighted up with interest. "Oh, the Sabbath! We have the Sabbath people in my country. More people come to the Sabbath meetings than to the Methodist. She is a native of Peru.

NOTE.—Much of the material for this paper is taken from Neely's "South America."—A. A.

### Glorifying God

LUELLA R. COON

*Semi-annual Meeting, Dodge Center, Minn.*

It is a wise plan to have a reason for things we say and do; and so it would be well to have a definite reason for glorifying God. The first one I shall give is that God has done so much for us. He has given his life for each one of us. He has suffered much which we do not know, that we might find the way of salvation, yet how many of us through our own weakness and lack of faith, do not find this way. God has surrounded us with all the beautiful things of nature, provided for our comfort and happiness in every way. What is there that we enjoy which did not come to us through the great love and kindness of our Savior? Can you imagine what the result would be if God, just for one moment, should forget us? And yet how often we forget God.

He provides for us here on earth, and more than that, he has prepared a home in heaven for us, if we are deserving of it. When God is so mindful of us, and so anxious for our well-being, have we not sufficient reason for giving him the glory due him? Any true Christian wishes to glorify him in every way possible.

Now, perhaps you ask, "How am I to glorify God?" I am not talented, he has not given me riches." God expects every

child of his to glorify him. But he does not expect us to do it without his help.

Christ was once speaking of the kindness shown him. Those listening asked, "When did we do these kind deeds?" And he answered, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Is there any one who can not glorify God by saying a kind word or by doing a kind deed?

"Not mighty deeds make up the sum  
Of happiness below,  
But little acts of kindness,  
Which any child may show.

One of the best ways in which to glorify God is by forgetting self, and being thoughtful and considerate of others. Nothing is clearer than the fact that the Christian gets power from God in exact proportion to the extent of his self-surrender.

Is there a friend who has been looking for a letter from you, disappointed day after day simply because you have not taken the time to send a word of cheer? If there is one such, you have not improved every opportunity that has come to you for glorifying God.

Or perhaps there is a sick lady over the way, who would appreciate so much some of your flowers or a five-minute call. Is not that the truest gratitude which strives to extend human happiness and to make our fellows sharers in that which has gladdened us?

It may be that there is a friend in sorrow. Why do we withhold the word of sympathy from such?

"What silences we keep, year after year,  
With those who are most near to us and dear!  
We live beside each other day by day,  
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say  
The full sweet word that lies just in our reach—  
Beneath the commonplace of common speech."

Perchance some one has completed a hard task, done a duty difficult to perform, or gained a victory not easily won. Are we ready then with some word of praise?

When the children of Israel were on the border line of the promised land, and the spies had returned with their reports, they could not claim the promise then because they did not trust fully enough in God to see that he would help them in overcom-



ing the obstacles which they would have to meet in gaining this new land, if they were faithful to him. There are now so many non-Christians in the world today, who are just ready to cross the border line and join the ranks of Christians. But they, like the children of Israel, lack faith, and in counting the cost of discipleship become discouraged and return to their old way of living. Why are we not ready then with our prayers and a word of encouragement for them?

There are very many ways, that I can not mention, by which we can glorify God. These are a few of the things which any one can do to glorify him. We should not neglect these little duties, for when we least expect it we may win a soul for Jesus.

"Just a little kindness shown along the weary road;  
Just a little lifting of another's heavy load;  
Just a little pity that is tenderly bestowed,  
May win a soul for Jesus."

We must either be glorifying God or Satan. We can not be for God and against him. If we glorify God we will be good, get good and do good. Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, in all the ways you can, as often as you can, and as long as you can.

Now the question arises, What rewards do we get for glorifying God? The first reward is the consciousness that we are on the side of right, the consciousness of duty well done.

What a blessing we receive when we have done our duty! What joy there is all along the path of duty! Is not this alone ample reward for our glorifying God? But he does not stop with what we merit.

If we glorify God, he will also glorify us. When we live a true Christian life before men, it is going to have an influence for good among them, and they can truly say, "He or she has led me on to a higher, nobler life." This is one way in which God glorifies us. We should not, therefore, cease to glorify God. We should be very careful what kind of an example we set before others, that they also may be led to honor God.

The last reward which we receive is well expressed in the following poem:

"We turn our sad reluctant gaze  
Upon the path of duty;  
Its barren, uninviting ways

Are void of bloom and beauty.  
Yet in that road, though dark and cold  
It seems, as we begin it,  
As we press on—lo! we behold  
There's Heaven in it."

### The Situation in California

DEAR EDITOR:

I wish to say through the RECORDER that most of the Eastern people fail to understand the conditions out here regarding the prohibition question that is before the voters of this State this year, as is evident from the articles that frequently appear in print.

It is a well-known fact that, when a State has before it the adoption of a prohibition amendment, all the liquor forces of the land combine and center their fire upon that single State. This method has defeated many good attempts in this direction. But California has a wonderful advantage on this point, as six States are this year in the struggle for constitutional prohibition. So the much dreaded foe of all clean and right legislation will be obliged to scatter its fire over six States instead of one.

We have another advantage: The temperance question has come to be so much more innocent in its sound, and popular in its influence, that the dailies dare publish temperance articles that are furnished them. Not a few of them publish editorials of favorable comment on the issue. The agitation in Washington on national prohibition is also of great value here.

Really this appears to be a very auspicious year for our "temperance try-out."

Yours for a clean State and Nation,  
GEO. W. HILLS.

### Graces of the Spirit

The roots of plants are hidden under ground, so that they are not seen, but they appear in their branches, and flowers, and fruits, which argue there is a root and life in them; thus the graces of the Spirit planted in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life in the tract of a Christian's life, his words and actions and the frame of his carriage. So, then, where this root is, these fruits will spring from it and discover it, pity and courtesy.—*Leighton.*

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

"We live but in the present,  
The future is unknown;  
Tomorrow is a mystery,  
Today is all your own.  
The chance that fortune lends to us  
May vanish while we wait.  
So spend your life's rich treasure  
Before it is too late.  
  
"The tender words unspoken,  
The letters never sent,  
The long forgotten messages,  
The wealth of love unspent—  
For these some hearts are breaking,  
For these some loved ones wait;  
So show them that you care for them  
Before it is too late."

### On the Street of Little Children

The Bram Street Mothers were in session on little Mrs. Clifford's side "stoop." Two mothers constituted a quorum; there were four present today. The Bram Street Babies always came, too. Today there were six babies, an average of one and a half to a mother.

"Yes, I've called," Olivia Harris said. She was the oldest Bram Street Mother, and usually led in matters social. Now she bit off her thread with a spiteful little twitch.

"I don't believe you enjoyed your call," laughed little Mrs. Clifford. She was the youngest mother. Her baby, pink and tiny, lay in his cradle beside her.

"No, I didn't; *she* didn't, either."

"Why not, Livy?" inquired her sister, Mrs. Horatio Rudd.

"Oh—because. There, doesn't that sound like my Molly? Molly always gives 'Oh, because' reasons. But honestly, I can hardly explain why we didn't enjoy ourselves, unless it was because she had on a silk dress. *I had on my ten-cent sateen.*"

"That explains why *you* didn't!" her sister laughed. "But I can't see that it explains why the other woman didn't."

"Well, honestly, it's barely possible that I wasn't as cordial as I might have been. Sounds bad, doesn't it? But I was too tired to make calls on strangers, anyway,

and her house did look so exasperatingly cleared up! It made me cross. I'd left Molly and Bab playing 'housekeep' in *my* parlor, and Tod and the baby 'circusing' in the front hall. She hasn't any Mollies and Babs and Tods. I don't think it's fair for any one who isn't a mother to move onto Bram Street!" Mrs. Harris laughed, but the little vexed crease between her eye-brows did not quite smooth out. It would take another laugh at least.

"That's so!" laughed the youngest mother. "Let's drive her out! She hasn't any right on our street, where we're *all* mothers." Her voice was full of pride, and she snatched a little adoring side look at the pink and white atom in the cradle. She had worn her badge of motherhood only a few short months. There was no clutter of toys and child-treasures yet in her neat little home, but it was coming. She waited for it, undismayed.

Bram Street was only a little street between longer and more pretentious ones. But it was pleasant and tidy and flower-full, and from end to end of it little children played all day long. Children laughed and cried, quarreled and loved each other, in every house but one. The newcomer sat in the front window of that house, and watched them. Her face was a little sadder than the face of a childless woman, and a little more wistful.

"They are playing tag," she mused. "The little blue-eyed girl is *it*. They are having such a good time! I ought to be glad to see them have a good time—oh, I am glad."

She had been on Bram Street nearly two months now. Most of the Bram Street Mothers had called on her, and a good many of the Bram Street Babies. She had returned all the calls. Still, she did not feel at home.

"They haven't taken me in," she sighed. "They never will. I shall have to go away again, I guess; and I don't want to. It's a dear little street, and I'm getting a little used to the—to *them*," looking out again at the racing, happy children. "I'm just beginning to get my lesson. By and by, when it was all learned, I thought perhaps I might be a very little happy again." She sprang up suddenly, and began to pace the beautiful, uncluttered room. She talked aloud in a wild, excited way.

"I know what the matter is! I know why they can not take me in. They are all—mothers, and they want to talk always about their—babies. It turns them against me because I can't talk like that, too. They think—pitying angels, they think I don't love babies! Is it any wonder they don't love me? I don't blame them. Blame them! They are beautiful, tired, hurried mothers, all of them, and they have no room on their little street for any one who can not look at their little dimpled children, and kiss them, and ask how old they are and when they cut their teeth or learned to walk. And I can't do it! I can't! I can't—yet. I'm doing my best. I'm studying my lesson, but it is so hard."

The slender figure paced faster and faster. The low voice broke into piteous sobs.

"It takes so long to learn it! But they can not understand—how can they? How can they know how hard it was to come to this little street of children and try to learn my lesson? It was a cruel way, but I said it will be the quickest, bravest way. 'Go there, and watch the little children,' I said. 'Watch them at their little plays—the same little plays they played. Laugh sometimes when they laugh—if you can; poor soul. Try to be glad there are other little children in the world—try, try! It is the only way. Would you shut yourself out of the world for fear of seeing a little child?' I said that—all that—to myself, and then I came here to this street of children, and I've tried—I've tried. It is too soon to learn so hard a lesson—yet. If they knew, they would not expect it. They would give me time."

But the Bram Street Mothers did not know. They steeled their hearts against the newcomer who scarcely noticed their babies, and talked about other things, or did not talk at all. This was no sort of person to live among mothers! Not to be interested in croup and colic, and a baby's first step and tooth! It was uncanny, it was portentous.

"She's moved onto the wrong street," Olivia Harris said with the decisiveness of one who knew. "She'd better go to another one, where there aren't any babies, and people want to talk about uninteresting, outside things."

The mothers were in session again, this time at Mrs. Horatio Rudd's.

"I don't know," the youngest mother said thoughtfully. "I'm not certain, Mrs. Harris. She called on me yesterday; and, when I went into the parlor, I could swear she had been bending over the Tiny One's little cradle-bed—I've put it in there where it is cool and dark. There was"—the youngest mother's voice softened to almost a whisper—"there was something wet on the Tiny One's cheek. I know there was."

"Only circumstantial evidence, my dear. You couldn't prove anything by it," smiled Olivia Harris.

"The baby probably cried it himself, bless him!"

"No, I know the Tiny One's tears by heart," the little mother laughed. Then, sobering again quickly, "I believe she isn't indifferent to all our little children. I believe, I do, that they—hurt her."

But the other Bram Street Mothers were sceptical. It was only the youngest mother who put so gentle and charitable a construction on the newcomer's apparent dislike to the little folks.

Then the Evil Day came. The scarlet fever broke out in near-by streets, and crept stealthily around the corner into this street of little children, and there was consternation and heartaching dread in every home. Olivia Harris's little Molly was the first victim.

Before there was time to realize the presence of the awful guest in their very midst and to take precautions the mischief was done. Innocent little Molly had brought the contagion from some unsuspected source and spread it impartially among her beloved little playmates.

In the earliest part of the trouble the newcomer appeared one day at the back door of Olivia Harris's house. She was not dressed in silk then. Over her crisp print dress she wore a great white apron.

"You do not mind because I walked in?" she said smiling a little. "I tapped once or twice, but you did not hear. I've brought some grapejuice and—myself. I want you to let me help you, Mrs. Harris. I can—you must try to trust me. I—have had experience with scarlet fever."

The worn, anxious face of Olivia Harris lightened a little of its cloud. She pushed forward one chair, and sank wearily into another.

"I am so tired! I was up all night with

Molly, and all the night before, too. But that is nothing—I could bear that. What matters is that I think Tod is coming down now. And then there will be Bab and the baby—"

The newcomer got up, and crossed to the anxious mother. "Yes, dear, I know," she said simply. "I know. But you must not lose courage. Sit here and rest—no, go somewhere in the quiet and rest. That will be better. But first show me the way to Molly's room. Will you trust me? I won't frighten Molly. I—have had little children love me."

And it was "borne in" upon the tired mother's mind that the little children who had loved this quiet, sad-faced woman standing here had been her own little children.

"I never thought of that," Olivia Harris thought, regretful for her former misapprehension. From that moment the newcomer's welcome into the street of little children and of mothers was assured.

Molly was not afraid. A little later her mother, refreshed and comforted already, found her nestled in the newcomer's arms, smiling wanly at a low-told story of a beautiful fairy that came to help little girls have the scarlet fever.

"Did she help your little girl have it,—the Peggy one?" Molly murmured. The arms about her tightened as if in pain.

"Yes,—yes, dear, she helped her too. She made it easier to be patient."

"And the Sylvy one? Did the fairy come and help her?"

"Yes—oh! yes, I think so, dear. There was not much time, but I think the fairy came."

"And the—baby one?" softly.

Molly's mother could not hear the answer. It was very low.

"Tell me the fairy's name over again, please," Molly said.

"Patience."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Well," smiling understandingly, "I'm going to invite that fairy to my scarlet fever!"

Tod was not afraid, either, nor little Bab, nor the baby. The new-comer came every day for a few hours.

Olivia Harris found out afterward that she went to the other stricken homes at other times. She went at night as well as day. Not a Bram Street Baby who had the fever but heard the story of the beau-

tiful fairy and many another story beside; not one but loved the quiet, sad-faced new-comer. So the days went by in the Street of Little Children.

The youngest mother's baby was the only one that died. The Tiny One slipped gently back into the great Mystery before the wonder of living had faded out of its eyes. There had been no time to be sorry, or suffer, or learn to love. So there was no loss for the Tiny One. But the youngest mother—

"He was all I had. It is terrible to lose all you have!" she sobbed. "You can not live!"

"I lost all I had," the newcomer whispered. "There were three, and I lost them all. First one, and then another—just a little, little time between. Before I knew, I was all alone. I had to live; so I did. I know how it is, dear." And because she knew she comforted.

In the autumn, when the little children raced and shouted again the length of the little street, the Bram Street Mothers were often in session, and the newcomer was nearly always with them. The sadness was lifting a little from her quiet face.

"We could not get along without her," Olivia Harris said. "My Molly calls her the Comfort Woman, and carries her bumps and bruises to her as often as to me. I think the little name fits."

"Yes," the youngest mother breathed softly, "it is a good name,—Comfort Woman."

The beautiful thing that happened after a while on the Street of Mothers and Little Children! It came to pass that the Comfort Woman herself was comforted.—*Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Christian Endeavor World.*

#### A Spring Lilt

Through the silver mist  
Of the blossom-spray  
Trill the orioles: list

To their joyous lay!

"What in all the world, in all the world," they say,

"Is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so sweet as May?"

"June! June! June!"

Low croon

The brown bees in the clover.

"Sweet! sweet! sweet!"

Repeat

The robins, nested over.

—Author unknown.

### George Bradford Carpenter

The subject of this sketch, whose picture appears on the cover of this RECORDER, was born in Westerly, R. I., November 8, 1842. Early in life he was given a hospitable home by Thomas W. and Mary Potter of Potter Hill, near Ashaway. In this home he received training that made for manhood and early laid the foundations of a character that marked him through life. Here as a boy and young man he met the religious leaders of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination and heard discussed the problems confronting them. Here he acquired the habit of regular attendance upon Sabbath school and church services. At the age of twelve he was baptized and joined the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which he was a useful member and an honored and respected officer and leader when he died. He attended the local public school, and the select school conducted by Wm. L. Clarke, then a young man and now for many years the honored president of the Missionary Society.

When nineteen years of age his academic work was broken up by an enlistment in Co. D of the 4th Regiment, R. I. Infantry, September 23, 1861. A few days later, September 26, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary Covey of Ashaway, and then, as hundreds of other soldier-boy husbands did, he marched away to defend and maintain the honor and integrity of his country. Most honorably and efficiently did he discharge the duties of a brave soldier. Wounded in the battle of Petersburg, July 30, 1864, by the explosion of the mines, he was sent to the field hospital, where his right arm was amputated just below the shoulder.

Soon after his return home he became engaged in general merchandizing, and from 1866-1872 was postmaster at Ashaway. For a few years he represented some Rhode Island and Connecticut woolen interests in Philadelphia. "For twenty-two years he was treasurer of the Ashaway Line and Twine Company, resigning in 1902 but still retaining a financial interest in the concern."

He always took a keen and vital interest in civil and political matters of community, state and nation. He has served as a member of the Town Council and Board of Assessors, and represented the town of

Hopkinton in the State Legislature five terms. For thirty years he was town overseer of the poor, an office which he filled with rare good wisdom and tact. He judiciously and economically looked out for the interests of the town while at the same time safeguarding the interests and feelings of the poor. For several years he served as president of the Ashaway Free Library and Reading Room Association.

For many years he served the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church as president. By nature and training he was a most excellent moderator, whether of town or church; no detail ever escaped his alert mind.

Outside his own church, probably no organized work will miss him more sadly than the Missionary Society, of which he has been a member since 1873, and a director upon its Board of Managers. He was intensely missionary in thought and spirit, and in this line of work brought to bear the best of his talents. During the interim of several months between the secretaryships of the late Dr. O. U. Whitford and the Rev. E. B. Saunders, he filled this office with vigor and efficiency. During the past three or four years, as chairman of the Joint Committee, he gave much time, strength and prayerful thought to the work carried on conjointly by the Missionary and Tract boards. This work was especially arduous and demanded much of him during the African investigation.

Throughout the denomination he was well known and loved, honored and respected. With one exception he attended thirty-five consecutive Conferences, or every one since 1878, excepting the one of 1912 held at North Loup, Neb. This one was missed because he was too ill to stand the long journey. At these gatherings he was recognized as a faithful and untiring worker, a wise and conservative leader, and an able and vigorous speaker on the floor. He was president of the Conference held in the Pawcatuck church of Westerly, R. I., in 1891.

The writer, who has known Mr. Carpenter intimately only for the past three years, can but inadequately characterize him and bear testimony to his worth.

George Carpenter had an indomitable will. His misfortune of losing his right arm in battle would have downed any but the most resolute. Instead of unmanning

### From Rev. George Seeley

DEAR SECRETARY SHAW:

The output for the month of May is larger than common, being 39,248 pages of our Seventh Day Baptist literature. I wish to say that I received the last box of tracts, a fine lot. A big job lies before me of getting names and addresses, stamping and getting these tracts off to their destination. I am sending to Newfoundland and to a larger number of people of that 'Ancient Colony' far more than I have sent hitherto. I suppose many there will be surprised to hear of such a people as Seventh Day Baptists, but we exist for a special purpose of divine providence and grace to stand up for and to spread abroad, Sabbath truth.

It is no mean business, although a woman wrote me some time ago that I ought to be employed in better work. She wrote as if she had authority, and used it, telling me what to do. I paid no attention to her advice. I knew what I was doing; I was in the Master's service, not hers.

Pray for me and my work. May God bless you all for his name's sake.

I remain yours in Christ,

GEORGE SEELEY.

### Labor Day in the Churches

The Federal Council Commission on the Church and Social Service has, according to the usual custom, designated September 6 as Labor Sunday, with the additional recommendation that congregations which have not returned from their vacations on that day give recognition to the day on the nearest possible date thereafter.

A pamphlet of suggestions for the observance has been prepared and may be obtained upon application to the Social Service secretaries of the various denominations.

Abundant informational material may be obtained from the Yearbook of the Church and Social Service which is supplied by the Federal Council Commission at the cost of printing, which is 30 cents, and which may be obtained from the Book Department of the Federal Council, 105 East 22d Street, New York.

"To put our heaven off till after we are dead is to miss it all along the way."

him for his duties, however, it seemed only to drive him to his utmost endeavor, until every difficulty was overcome and almost anything a two-handed man could do he could do. This resoluteness was even more marked by the way in which he ever attacked a hard problem or difficult proposition.

George Carpenter was without fear of man. He feared and loved God, but man or devil had no terror for him. No situation was ever too dangerous for him to enter if another was in peril. In matters of opinion and principle, it mattered not where others stood, who they were or how many of them, he would stand on what he thought was right, if he stood alone. For this position, too, he could give intelligent and good reasons.

George Carpenter was a friend to his pastor, loving and loyal. He might not agree with him in all points of doctrine; he might differ from him in his opinion of methods; but in spirit and purpose, in love and service he was ever loyal to his pastor. Did he see a fault or mannerism worth mentioning? He came in *mid-week* and gently suggested his criticism with the sting extracted. Did he have a suggestion to offer? So tactfully did he make it that often the pastor could almost feel it was his own original thought. His suggestions of praise and appreciation, while discriminating, were always frank and helpfully encouraging. While considering the call to the Ashaway pastorate the writer asked of a mutual friend, "Will George Carpenter put his arm around and father a young pastor and furnish such support and encouragement as he needs?" Such a friend he proved to be and that "support and encouragement" never failed.

But not to his pastor alone, but to all he was a friend, and as said by one of the speakers at his funeral, "He lived in the house by the side of the road, and was a friend to man." He had a smile and a cheerful word for all, both old and young. He will be missed but not forgotten by a wide circle of loved ones and friends.

H. C. VAN HORN.

The transformed university man, whose thought and will have been in fact renewed out of the sources of knowledge and of love, is one of the great dynamic forces of the world.—Woodrow Wilson.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### "The Church of the Open Country"

SALEM (W. VA.) CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR  
SOCIETY

On Sabbath, May 2, the Salem Christian Endeavor society held as an outdoor meeting the fourth number of a review of the six books that were studied during the past half-year.

The subject was "The Church of the Open Country," and Miss Orpha Kelly was the leader.

The meeting was held in the Ehret grove, near town, where the birds, the woods, the wind singing through the trees, made one feel more sympathetic with country life.

After the devotional service, there was music by a mixed quartet from and about the old farm, and the following program was given:

Advantages of Country Life—Orla Davis  
Some of the Problems of the Country Church  
by an Insider—Farmer's Daughter  
Poem, The Country Church—William Brissey  
Song—Quartet  
Relation between Rural Pursuits and Religious  
Life—Pastor A. J. C. Bond  
Poem, The House by the Side of the Road—  
Mae Brissey  
What We Can Do Here—Courtland V. Davis  
Song—Congregation  
Benediction

With the exception of Pastor Bond's talk, the substance of which will appear in another article to the RECORDER, most of what the talks expressed is included in the following papers.

#### The Advantages of Country Life

ORLA DAVIS

Before entering into a discussion of the advantages of country life it will be worth while to take up briefly, as discussed in the "Church of the Open Country," by Warren H. Wilson, the four periods of farm and home life.

The Individualistic or Pioneer Period came first. Each individual worked for himself; he fought the red men, renegades—and even those sometimes who should have been called neighbors—wild animals

and a hard soil. It was work or die. As his thought was "Fight to escape death," through the working days, so on the rest day at the little church, in prayer and talk, it was "Save me from eternal punishment." The individual stood out above all others. This spirit is not dead yet.

Later came the Household Period, when the family hearth was the clustering place of the immediate family, the nearest relatives and the hired "hand." This is represented well in Whittier's "Snow-bound." This period began in 1800 and lasted until 1890. Family pews were introduced at this time—a beautiful custom if used as a means. All who belonged to the same church were generally nearer that home whose members belonged. When two neighbors belonged to different churches they were less helpful to each other. Home was always a sacred place.

Afterward came the Speculative Period. The old home was sold at a good price and another bought. Money began to be the standard. Children left home more frequently now, to engage in other forms of work. Oil, coal and gas helped raise the finances of many hard-working farmers' families, who left the old home and moved to town. Renters took up the places thus left. Many of the farms are now deteriorating. Weakened and abandoned churches in the country are scattered everywhere.

Then came the Scientific Farming Period, which is helping to send many capable people back to the farms. Co-operation with nature and neighbors helps bring out much of permanent value, much of helpfulness that used to be unthought of. Scientific farming is helping unite people in better physical, educative and religious living. West Virginia is feeling the beneficial effects of scientific farming. If our working people are growing, then our churches are growing.

With this preface we return to our subject, The Advantages of Country Life.

Nearly every country home is the center of a world of beauty. From the earliest rays of the morning sun, lighting the hilltops, making the dew-drops tell nature lovers another of their stories, summoning the choirs of the woods to lift happy songs of praise, on through the time of its blinding onslaught from overhead to its beautiful good night, there is beauty for eye and ear.

There is beauty in every season, even when slushy snow greets us and when frost-bitten members painfully say otherwise.

Then country life is independent, if one manages right. The Lord of Creation offers the best every day—nature's laws and an opportunity to study them. Creation goes on and man's condition improves as his knowledge of it all increases. One becomes familiar with the lives of the plants and animals, and their help is made more pleasant and useful.

The outdoor exercise fits one to live longer and do and be more. There is something new all the time in the country to one who is interested in it and loves it, and the pleasures it gives are not followed by the quick reaction which the artificial stimuli of the city produce. Interested contact with nature produces a permanent healthy fascination which leads to better things, and gives a quiet strength, which makes for better living.

Why are so many people leaving the country? Because country schools usually teach cityward. The city schools generally have the advantage in equipment and teachers' preparation, sometimes also in location. Many a country school location has seemingly been decided upon because that particular piece of land was unfit for any other purpose. The health of city school children is better than that of country school children, because there is better medical supervision. Given the same advantages as the city school the country school will turn out more young people proportionally better equipped for life's work.

What must be done to keep people in the country? Begin from babyhood to teach the children the beauty and dignity of life and work in the open country. Keep in touch with the best methods used in agriculture. Make the members of the family partners in the work.

Country life in itself is religion. You are on holy ground, and from the hot dusty surface of the open cultivated fields on a scorching summer day to the delightful coolness of the moist edge of the stream in the shady wood, you feel like removing your shoes, and why shouldn't you!

Introduce new methods when these are worth while. Try something new in addition to what seems sure. Work for better

schools. The country needs men and women. The best prepared are none too good. Keep growing, old and young. Modern methods that have truth as their foundation will make life more worth living to an eighty-year-old man or woman as well as to one younger.

Work together. Don't you see that, if several are interested in those industries to which your locality is adapted, they can by working together, produce more and of a better quality, and also a better market, and at the same time more cheaply and surely than would be possible if each was a stumbling-block to his neighbor?

Stand for good roads. Work for good roads. Good roads pay not only in dollars and cents but in results more beneficial and far reaching.

Work to have the elements of forestry introduced into the schools. Woods are being butchered and hacked for the sake of financially benefiting a few. People must have wood, of course, but there is no call to destroy the baby trees. Recently I saw, amidst some good timber land in the Cheat Mountains, a whole side slope, from river to mountain top, from which the timber had been entirely stripped. The natural reservoirs of water are being destroyed in this way, floods are more common and more damaging, while erosion, the writhing terror to good farmers, gets in its deadly work. Hundreds of thousands of acres of naturally productive land are becoming barren and scarred because of ruthless lack of forethought. Any one who tills the soil has a privilege and responsibility,—that of improving the quality of soil. In less than one hundred years the soil will be in charge of different workers. Will it be in better shape to bring greater abundance of food for the lives of the inhabitants?

We should be interested in the fish. Help restock the streams. Work with the government, work with the forces of nature to make the water pure and abundant throughout the year.

Help protect the game; help protect the life that is not game. Most of all, help make better conditions for country living. Help make it possible for all to obtain a better and broader knowledge.

West Virginia country people should be full of gratitude because we have such a

beautiful live State, and should show that we appreciate the value of it all by working to conserve and permanently build up its natural resources.

#### Some of the Problems of the Country Church by an Insider

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER

The first problem that we might speak of is: How shall we keep the young men and women, the boys and girls true to the Sabbath? It is very noticeable that our young people do not remain loyal to their day. Many of them, when questioned as to why, will say, "I can not keep my day and work for a living." It is a deplorable fact that many Sabbath-keeping people are slow to employ Seventh Day Baptist young men and women; instead they engage those who keep Sunday, if any day. These same people often say, "I do not see why that young man accepted a position where he knew he could not keep the Sabbath." Here we see the need of loyalty to one another and a willingness to stand by and cooperate with each other in our work.

There is another class of young people who care very little which day they keep. One day is just as good as another. This may be due to a lack of right impressions in early childhood. It may also be due to the slack way in which father and mother kept the day. None of us can be too conscientious about the observance of Sabbath, for young people are looking to us to see if our Sabbath is worth anything to us and whether we prize it enough to stand against temptations.

Another problem that stares many of our country churches in the face is that of existence. The boys and girls, young men and women, leave the farm. The city churches are being built up at the expense of the rural churches. As fast as young people begin to be useful in the church and to make their influence felt, they leave the country because of greater opportunities for them to work somewhere else. They can not see the open doors at home.

If the country churches cease to exist, what will become of the young in the rural homes? In some places our churches are the only ones in the community, and it is impossible to measure the force which we are to exert if we continue our struggle for advancement.

Those who have studied the history of

rural church work find that where farming is progressive, just in the same proportion does the church progress. Eighty-five per cent of our great men and women—men and women whose names stand out in the progress of the world for right and truth—are from the rural communities where the church is the center of life. Since this is so, should the strong town and city churches speak slightingly of such churches, or in any way do that which would make the battle harder? As these stronger organizations view our work from their standpoint, this work seems insignificant and almost useless.

When I think of the conditions in our home community, my heart sinks. The old people who have borne the burdens in the past are dropping out one by one. In a few years at most they will be gone. When I visited a neighboring country church this winter, the same fact was stamped upon my mind. That is not the worst of it; very few young people are preparing to step in and fill the vacancies which are left in the ranks. If they do prepare, the stronger churches convince them that greater fields await them elsewhere. And at the same time we struggle on needing the help of such young people more than the churches which claim their time and talent. Many boys and girls, young men and women of my own community and other places in West Virginia, are living lives of sin and shame and we seem powerless to reach them as we should.

The reason why these conditions exist may be the lack of true Christian homes where the Bible is taught to the children and family worship kept up. The terrible weight of responsibility is thrown upon the schools and churches. The fathers and mothers are not awake many times to the responsibility that is brought upon them in making a home. Bishop Weekly said, "Parents do not study the children and what they need, to bring about the highest and strongest development, as they study their cattle and hogs to find out how to care for them and what to feed to get the greatest returns." Parents, in many cases, expect their children to grow up good Christians without any food to nourish them.

We need strong pastors who can be with us most of the time and work with us. It is a fact that the general idea among our

people is that any minister is good enough for our country churches. But to one who has studied this question, it seems that if there is a need of strong, undaunted pastors anywhere, it is in the rural communities. There is great work that stands ready for the worker, but at times it seems the failures more than offset the good done. For these reasons it requires a pastor with a strong heart and firm purpose and with strong faith and true grace of God to uphold him.

Where are we to find such pastors—pastors with power to hold the young people—who are willing to undertake the work? The meager salary that can be offered, when compared with that of many of our strong churches, is not sufficient to secure such ministers. And the more prosperous city churches are not willing in many instances to help, because they feel they have burdens enough to bear. If the rural churches, the source of the leaders of the past, fail, where shall we get the men and women who will be powerful in the world's progress and stand for truth and God?

How are we to hold the boys and girls true to the Sabbath and implant within them high ideals? To whom can we look for help in solving these difficulties? How can the young people be brought to realize the great privileges and opportunities God has bestowed upon them by making it possible for each one to receive his early training in the country where high Christian ideals are implanted in the life? It is in the country that we come face to face with God and the highest things of life because of our being in constant touch with nature, God's handiwork. These are some of the questions that should be answered in the country churches of West Virginia. God only knows the future. We can but do our best and press on, trusting the results to him who is over all.

#### What We Can Do Here

COURTLAND V. DAVIS

Mr. Wilson says of the church of the open country, "It is the common center around which all may rally." This is true, in a somewhat less degree perhaps, of the village, town, or city church. It seems to me that we could, and should, make our church here more a center of activities, social and recreative, as well as religious, than it is at present. Certainly we have

taken some forward steps in that direction, but the end should not be yet.

Along a somewhat different line we should make a more direct and forceful appeal to those people who may be called the marginal class, to the great class of day laborers and glassworkers of our town. The Christian religion has in it those things which will make for a new life among these people, if it can but be properly presented to them. And who will do it?

Again, perhaps we may show a more truly Christian spirit toward these people, and toward the other churches of the community. We have negatively treated this people in a Christian manner, but have we performed our obligations in a positive way? Have we done all that can be done to promote a stronger feeling of the unitedness of our community and its interests?

True it is that we are in some sense a "peculiar people," with a peculiar object to accomplish, but this should in no wise deter us from a complete and hearty cooperation with others in the community life.

We have here, I think, some unusually good chances to help some of the rural churches of our own faith to a more complete realization of the problems confronting them, and perhaps we may help toward a solution of some of these problems. We should neglect no opportunity in these coming summer days which will lead toward these ends, for while we are trying to help others we will be climbing the upward trail, with new and refreshing visions of things accomplished and, above all, of work yet to be done, constantly unfolding before us.

#### Wanted

A Seventh Day Baptist family to take charge of a good grazing and truck farm at Lost Creek, W. Va. Good markets. Church and school opportunities. Free gas throughout the house. An excellent opening for the right party.

Address P. O. Box 3, Salem, W. Va.

Patience and strength are what we need—an earnest use of what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.—*Phillips Brooks.*

## The Pulpit and the Press

HENRY W. ADAMS

Lying before us is one of Chicago's cleanest daily papers. Aside from the usual space given to news, editorials, business items, etc., articles and items relating to the following interests occupy the column space named:

Stories of crime .....	53	inches
Homicides and brutal conflicts .....	40	"
Police items .....	35	"
Moving-picture and theatrical ads. and write-ups .....	204	"
Society news, dress and beauty notes .....	186	"
Sporting news .....	213	"
Roman Catholics in politics .....	43	"
Tobacco and liquor ads. ....	20	"

794 inches

Two Chicago papers alone have a combined circulation of nearly 500,000 copies daily. The others would probably bring the total daily issue well up to the million mark. Figure up and see what that would be in a year, and catch, if you can, a vision of the mighty power and scope of the daily press of this city and then of America.

AS CLEAN AS ANY

We believe that Chicago's daily press is as clean and able as that of any other great city. Nevertheless when we consider that such sheets as these enter, every day practically, into all the homes of the people; are read far more than books; have a far louder voice (because heard by such a multitude) than all the pulpits or Bible schools of the land, it should make us think. Remember also that most of the daily press through the Sunday issues (which often are the most worldly and sensational of all) trample on the law of God; have a multitude in their employ who have no Sabbath or day of rest; and enter millions of homes, carrying into them worldliness, temptation and sin.

Read over again this space list at the head of our article. Much is evil; all is worldly and tends to dissipate in the minds of young and old the influence of church, Bible schools, holy home life, the religious press and prayer.

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

I. Wherever in a city there are two or more daily papers, pastor and godly laymen can combine, choose the best one of their dailies and make it such a proposition as this: That it shall clean itself of all items

or advertisements of a questionable character; make room for sane and popular articles from pastors and others on the side of truth and righteousness; champion church and Bible school attendance, and have no Sunday issue. Then let the pastors and churches back it up in its new departure, for all they are worth, and use their best efforts to increase its advertising and circulation departments. An aroused church is a mighty power, and these bright publishers will not be slow to avail themselves of its influence.

2. We can put far more life, energy and Holy Ghost enthusiasm into our church and Bible-school work.

In place of a barren desert of empty pews, the evening services should be our great opportunity for evangelism.

Make the pulpit ring with Holy Ghost fire as it did under Whitfield, Wesley, Edwards, Finney, Spurgeon and Moody, and the crowds will come.

This was Moody's way. He went himself after the boys and girls, men and women; scoured the streets and alleys, bringing them in. When he got them there, they heard lively singing of heart songs, every thing cheery and friendly, and so they came again to the gospel feast. Then again, his acts, life and words inspired thousands of others to "follow in his train." Underneath all was mighty prayer, abiding in Jesus Christ, and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Without these it is utterly impossible to make headway in God's work.

3. *Advertise.* If you don't know how, write the Moody Church, Chicago, and ask them how they do it.

4. *Song a Great Factor.*

Moody and Sankey showed the world how song could win multitudes to Jesus Christ. They had little use for quartets and choirs that render scientific music in a way that people could hardly understand, but utilized all the singers, so that they did splendid service, as part of great chorus choirs, singing gospel-songs which won hundreds of souls. Today and always you can draw a few people by taking God's holy time in singing gems from the opera, or scientific anthems, practically in an unknown tongue; but if you are after the people, rich or poor, if you wish to use your time of worship for greatest results, and desire to please God, copy King David, the

man "after God's own heart," who made the temple resound with a multitude of singers and instruments and glorious songs. God's day and house are not the time and place for anything short of the *highest* results.

5. *Put Fire into the Christian Press.*

With the tremendous circulation of the secular press, there is little need that Christian editors should seek to make their sheets in any measure a supplement to these. Christian men are plunged all the week in their business, body and soul; when they are surfeited every day with an overabundance of secular reading, in the daily press; when on the Sabbath day and at other times they so much need to shut out the world, for a time of prayer and communion with God, what is the use, my editors, that we should lug into our columns items of trade and business, and stocks and bonds? More than this, we ought to be on our knees, far more than we have been, asking God to put holy fire in what we write, so that we may wake up the sleeping church, and win a multitude of our readers to Jesus Christ. It can be done. I know what I am talking about.

6. *Readers Can Help Their Papers.*

When the writer, years ago, was connected with a great publishing enterprise in New York, our subscribers helped us mightily. We offered our paper at special prices, in packages, for three months, for gratuitous circulation. One man in the far West scattered hundreds of copies in his town. Out of it grew a great revival. In an eastern city, a cold, "society" church member happened to see a copy. Her heart was touched, and she consecrated all to Christ. Then she started in mission work in Philadelphia, and won hundreds. Scores of subscribers made it their business to push our circulation, and so our field widened and widened, till we had the biggest subscription list in America.

You who are reading this article can go and do likewise for your religious paper, and thus join the army of our King, who "Some Sweet Day" will bring this old world to his feet.

Chicago, May, 1914.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

# F R E E

## Special One-Week 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.

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Plainfield, N. J.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### A Japanese Mother's Way

"Come, little pigeon, all weary with play,  
Come and thy pinions furl."  
That's what a Japanese mother would say  
To her dear little Japanese girl.  
"Cease to flutter thy white, white wings  
Now that the day is dead;  
Listen and dream while the mother-bird sings"—  
That means it is time for bed.

"Stay, little sunbeam, and cherish me here;  
My heart is so cold when you roam."  
That is the Japanese, "No, my dear,  
I'd rather you stayed at home."  
"Roses and lilies shall strew thy way,  
The sun goddess now has smiled"—  
That's what a Japanese mother would say  
To a good little Japanese child.  
—The Mission Dayspring.

### Marjory's Wise Plan

Betty and Bobby, the twins, had to stand on tiptoe in order to read the notice that was pinned to the dining-room door.

"Whatever does it mean, Bobby?" asked Betty, when she had spelled it all out.

"Why it means that Marjory wants us to come to her room at two o'clock, of course. And, Betty Barlow, that's right now." And Bobby very anxious to know why this unusual meeting had been called, started for Marjory's room without delay.

"Maybe she's got a surprise for us," suggested Betty, as they halted before Marjory's closed door. "She's the greatest girl to surprise."

"M—maybe she might be going to scold us," whispered Bobby, timidly, as he thought of the pretty blue plate he had broken that morning. "I wonder—" But he didn't have time to wonder any more, for Marjory's door suddenly opened, and Marjory herself said, "Come right in; you're just as prompt as you can be. Now, let's shut the door so no one can hear."

"Is it a secret?" asked Betty, who dearly loved secrets and surprises.

"Isn't mother going to be in it?" questioned Bobby as he stood first on one foot and then on the other.

"Yes, Betty, and no, Bobby," Marjory replied. "It's a secret, and mother's the one we're going to surprise. So she couldn't very well come to our meeting, you see.

Now, how would you like to belong to a club?"

"What kind of a club?" asked Bobby, suspiciously. "Not a girls' club where they sew and drink lemonade without any sugar in it?"

"No, indeed, Bobby; just a club for our own family. And all the members will have to do will be to try to make somebody happy, especially at breakfast-time and dinner-time and supper-time."

"What for?" Bobby asked abruptly. "I don't believe I like clubs."

Marjory ignored this remark. "I wonder if you can remember what we had for dinner," she said pleasantly.

"Why, we had mashed potato and graham bread and lemon pie," began Betty, very much surprised at such a question.

"That's right. And what did somebody say about the mashed potato and the graham bread and the lemon pie?"

Betty and Bobby could remember very well, but they didn't care to reply. So Marjory had to answer her own question. "Well, if I haven't forgotten," she said smilingly, "somebody whined, 'I don't like mashed potato one bit.' And somebody else wailed, 'I wanted ice-cream for dessert, and there's only just plain old lemon pie without any frosting.' And still another somebody fussed, 'I thought we were going to have muffins instead of this dry graham bread.' That last somebody was Marjory Barlow, and she's just as ashamed of herself as she can be. Maybe the others are too. Mother was so tired this noon, and her head ached. And old Mister Cowan bothered her all the morning telling about his complaints, while she tried to iron and sweep and dust. My, I wouldn't want to grow up into that kind of a man."

"Pooh! You couldn't grow into a man," said Bobby, as he looked at Marjory for the first time in several minutes. "Billy Drake calls him a growler. He growls about something all the time. But what about your club, Marjory?" Bobby looked quite interested now.

"Why, I thought maybe if we all belonged to a club and called it The Joymakers' Club, we could do a lot of nice things. Of course we don't want to be Growlers, and I'm afraid that's what we are sometimes. We won't tell anybody about it for a whole week—not until we've seen what we can do."

Marjory said a great deal more than this that afternoon when her door was closed even to mother, and Betty and Bobby grew more and more interested. When the door finally opened, a long time after four o'clock, everybody was smiling happily.

Mother had been very busy, so had not noticed how still everything was. She had planned to make ice-cream for supper, but Mr. Cowan's visit in the morning had taken so much of her time that she couldn't do it. "I'm afraid they'll make a dreadful fuss about it," she thought as she went into the dining-room. "And I believe I am almost sorry when meal-time comes lately." But what could have happened? Everybody was smiling, and even father appeared to be greatly interested in something that Bobby was telling about Billy Drake. And it took such a long time to tell it, and father asked so many questions about school that supper was soon over and the ice-cream hadn't been mentioned.

"That was dandy cake," said Bobby as he went back to the sitting-room. "I wish Billy Drake had some of it."

"I like peanut butter," said Betty enthusiastically. "It tastes like picnics."

"Can I take Mrs. Blackler your rule for making graham bread, tomorrow, mother?" asked Marjorie, as she began to clear the table. "She says she can't make it a bit good. And yours is fine!"

"Whew, but wasn't it hard at first!" whispered Bobby in the seclusion of the front hall, a few minutes later. "But I like it, though."

"So do I," agreed Marjory.

So this was the beginning of the Joymakers' Club that flourished in the Barlow family that lived in Bakersville. But it wasn't the end, even though somebody was sometimes discouraged. It was hard never to complain, of course, but it grew easier as the days flew by. Marjory had promised no reward when she suggested her little plan. But the reward came very unexpectedly one day when Uncle John and Ruth appeared in their new automobile to take the three children out to a big farm for a whole day's outing.

"Mrs. Blake said to bring all the little folks," said Uncle John when Mrs. Barlow hesitated a moment. She quite fell in love with them the week she visited here, because they were so polite at the table. So

you needn't worry. Just bundle them up, and we'll be off."

Marjory and Bobby had unintentionally overheard. "Whew!" said Bobby half under his breath. "Guess she wouldn't have wanted us the way we used to be. I like being a Joymaker instead of a Growler, don't you?"

"Of course," replied Marjory, while Betty, who had come in just then added, "It's more fun than anything."—*Alice Annette Larkin, in the Advance.*

Two little boys who had been naughty all day were told by their teacher that they must stay after school and write their names 500 times.

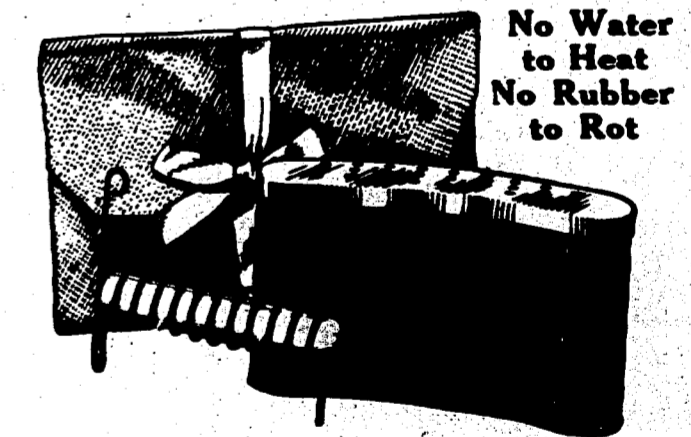
After the other pupils had gone they fell to work, and for several minutes wrote away without a sound. Then one of them began to watch the other unhappily.

"Why don't you write, Tommy?" asked his teacher.

Tommy burst into tears. "'Tisn't fair!" he said between his sobs. "His name's Lee and mine's Schluttermeyer!"—*Exchange.*

### THE WELKOM WARMER

Endorsed by the medical profession and hospital authorities as the only modern and sensible substitute for the Hot-water Bottle.



No Water  
to Heat  
No Rubber  
to Rot

### THE WELKOM WARMER OUTFIT

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As a *pain-killer* the WELCOME WARMER has no equal as it can be put into instant action, thus avoiding heating water and waiting for the kettle to boil.

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## SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. WALTER L. GREENE  
Contributing Editor

### Recognizing and Strengthening Weak Points

At the time of the Spanish war it was very plainly demonstrated that the weak point of the American army was its health department. The losses by sickness and the lack of proper sanitation were deplorable, and at the time called out a good deal of adverse criticism, and most people thought that would be the end of the matter. But the War Department has evidently learned its lesson. During all these years the department has been at work on the sanitary problems of the army, and with splendid results. In an address some months before his retirement from the presidency, President Taft announced that the health of the soldiers in their camps amid the mud of the Mexican border was better than it was before the regiments left their home stations. The weak point, by patient study and endeavor, had been made strong. Concentrate in the weak point is a good Bible-school motto. Do not neglect the weak point because everything else is going well; that means loss and failure in the long run. Determine clearly what the weak point is; it may be lack of organization, or neglect of methods for building up the membership, too little teacher-training—whatever it is, study out its causes, go to work to change it, stick to it till it is accomplished, and by and by the weakness will be transformed to a banner feature of the school.—*Sunday School Journal*.

### Significant Trend of the Times

There is marked unrest at present in the Bible-school world, both in this country and England. It may justly be called denominational unrest, and is true, more or less, with all the denominations, some feeling it more keenly than others. It is an awakening of the denominational consciousness, of the doctrinal conscience, and the sense of denominational responsibility.

This unrest concerns four questions,

which, without exaggeration, may be called storm-centers of Bible-school thought and activity: (1) Lesson text and courses of study, both their substance and method of selection; (2) doctrinal questions, concerning especially such vital matters as the Scriptures, child nature, sin, and the redemptive work of Christ; (3) teacher-training, and who shall have charge of it; (4) the denomination's management and direction of its own Bible-school affairs.

The situation is more pronounced at the North than in the South, and the unrest more acute among some other denominations than among our own people. In the January issue of *The Pilgrim Teacher*, Congregational Bible-school journal of Boston, there was an editorial with the significant title, "The Value and Limitation of Associated Effort," with special emphasis on the hurtful limits necessitated by union effort. That article was a striking statement of the situation, and illustrated somewhat the scope and cause of the unrest. The several denominations throughout the world, we may say, have gone to great lengths for cooperation in Bible-school work, but with nearly all of them there is now a reaction and restlessness at the point where the denominational finds limitation and restriction by the inter-denominational.—*Baptist Record*.

### How He Kept Out of Ruts

One of the most successful of New England superintendents says that he owes most of his success to the fact that he has for years been seeking information as to what others have done, and has adapted many of his discoveries to his own needs. "I would have been hopelessly in the ruts had I not done this," he said.

Now it is undeniably true that many superintendents are "in the ruts" because they are paying no heed to what others are doing. It is no doubt true that there are hundreds of superintendents who have never in their lives read a book of Bible-school methods. It is equally true that there are hundreds who have never subscribed for a Bible-school periodical. They know nothing about modern methods.

The writer last summer visited a New England rural school in which there was not a single young man. There was how-

## DENOMINATIONAL NEWS

Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church, is to leave town tonight for a trip through central New York State in the interests of the Seventh Day Baptist Tract Society. He will preach at the various churches of the Central Association, and will be gone for a month.—*Westerly (R. I.) Sun, June 3*.

Rev. M. B. Kelly is in Florida on a land expedition. He will probably be gone two weeks.—Miss Harriet Oursler arrived home Tuesday evening from Milton, Wis., where she closed a successful term of school last week.—Rev. M. B. Kelly delivered a splendid memorial address at the Seventh Day Baptist church last Sabbath morning which is being highly praised by every one present. Music was furnished by a sextet drilled by Ansel Crouch. In the afternoon the old soldiers decorated the graves of the fallen heroes.—*Nortonville (Kan.) News*.

Rev. George B. Shaw was a passenger to Ord on the motor Monday, going up to attend the regular monthly meeting of the Ministerial Association.—*North Loup (Neb.) Loyalist*.

### A Federation Directory

The Commission on State and Local Federations of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, of which Prof. Alfred Wms. Anthony is chairman, has issued a complete Directory of State and Local Federations of churches in the United States. It contains a brief historical statement and defines the kinds and characteristics of federations, indicating also the extent to which the different protestant denominations are participating in the federative movement.

There is also included a statement of the principles of federation and definitions of the various terms employed.

Under each federation are indicated its functions and activities, showing the possibilities and opportunities for community action.

Copies of the Directory may be procured at the cost of printing, ten cents each, upon application to the office of the Federal Council, 105 East 22d Street, New York.

ever, a Bible class composed of about a dozen middle-aged and elderly men, and when one had heard the method of instruction given in that class it was easy to understand why there were no young men in the school, although there were plenty of them in the little town.

The superintendent admitted that he had little use for "new-fangled methods." He said that he wanted the "straight gospel" in his school. One had only to contrast him with the superintendent who felt that his success was due to finding out what others were doing, to make deductions vastly in favor of the man who had always kept "out of the ruts." There can be no real betterment of any Bible school when the superintendent steadfastly refuses to deviate from the methods of a past generation.—*The Superintendent*.

### Three B Boys

Bright, brave, busy boys are of two classes. A few are born possessors of these qualities; in others, the qualities are developed by wise guidance.

Rev. C. Harley Smith of New London, Conn., uses these three words in a fellowship for boys twelve to fourteen years of age. Besides character, the development of ideals, guidance is given for industry, thrift, generosity, specializing vocational practice.

Any boy may individually enroll in the fellowship, or the idea may be employed as a department of a junior society, Bible-school class, or boys' club. The cards are free, on request to Mr. Smith, when accompanied by reply postage.—*The Superintendent*.

### Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON II.—JULY 11, 1914  
GREATNESS THROUGH SERVICE

Lesson Text.—Mark 10: 32-45

Golden Text.—"The Son of man also came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Mark 10: 45.

### DAILY READINGS

First-day, John 11: 1-16.

Second-day, Luke 22: 14-30.

Third-day, Acts 1: 1-14.

Fourth-day, Matt. 20: 17-28.

Fifth-day, Luke 18: 15-30.

Sixth-day, Luke 18: 31-43.

Sabbath day, Mark 10: 32-45.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)



## HOME NEWS

DODGE CENTER, MINN.—In this part of our denominational world, there is the usual activity along all lines of business, and the usual continuation of church work, so-called. We have had hard rains and the onion, beet and cabbage fields are almost as difficult to cultivate as our hearts, but progress is being made.

By way of town entertainment, the Seventh Day Baptist Concert Band, organized years ago by Pastor Sayre, gives a weekly concert in the village park, said park being right in the heart of the town and on the business street,—a pretty place giving proof of the love our "city fathers" had for the beautiful. It is the only band now in town. Its rival succumbed to various difficulties, removals, etc., leaving a clear field for "our boys." They know how to give good music. Decoration and the Fourth coming Sabbath days this year, they have been compelled to decline offers to play at such times. They gave the Y. P. S. C. E. social on said lawn or park the other evening a nice concert. It is expected that they will also play for our annual Sabbath-school picnic on Sunday, July fifth.

The Sabbath school is well attended and has faithful teachers. We have no teachers' meetings nor training class now. The superintendent, Elvan H. Clarke, was obliged to resign as he had accepted a position as chemist at the Battle Creek (Mich.) Sanitarium in the laboratory, where he now is. His wife, our organist, will soon join him, D. V.

We are to have a high class Chautauqua this summer with such men as Hobson, and some concerts of a high order.

The high school had the largest graduating class in the history of the school. The orations showed excellent thought and it was inspiring to note that the themes chosen were up to date and a grappling of the present-day problems.

We are glad to report that our pastor is again at his post of duty and it is hoped that there will be no return of the malady that afflicted him. During his sickness the pulpit was supplied by ex-Pastor Clarke, and Rev. Mr. Bain of the Congregational church.

The semi-annual meeting was very helpful and no doubt the secretary will give a good report of the same and it will need no account here. The Grand Marsh (Wis.) Church united with the meeting and now we have two of the Wisconsin churches as members of the semi-annual. The church was beautifully decorated and the result was really a work of art. It was arranged by Herman Socwell and was greatly appreciated.

Sympathy is extended to our pastor's wife who was called to Ashaway, R. I., to attend the funeral of her father, George Carpenter. This church with other churches mourns the loss of such a prominent man in the denomination. D. E. Titsworth also had loving admirers here as elsewhere, and we ask, Who will take the places of these men?

Minnesota is getting lively in politics and Prohibition is in the air. Our county (Dodge) has only one saloon town left, but local option is a very uncertain solution of the question and the saloons may come back on us next year. It has been a see-saw thing for many years.

We expect our Milton College boys home soon and hope to have their religious fervor and interest as an inspiration to others. Why not? What are they in school for? If simply to prepare for a worldly profession, then let's stop sending the cream of our homes away, only to lose them later on.

We join with the Battle Creek home news writer in hopes of additions to the church of believing, baptized, Sabbath-keeping people; none others, if we stand for the faith once delivered unto the saints. Better a small church of Commandment-keepers that will shine out the neglected light, than a thousand of the mixed multitude that have no convictions on the subject and that will surely padlock the mouths of pastors on questions that have kept us alive as a people since John the Baptist.

CHURCH ATTENDANT.

June 12, 1914.

An ingenious student who should discover in some remote attic the shoe last of Martin Luther would be entitled to a Ph. D., though perhaps he might not have enough of general culture to polish his own shoes.—Pres. E. A. Hanley.

## DEATHS

LEWIS.—Welcome Wayland, son of Nathan K. and Louisa Langworthy, was born October 3, 1845, and died at his home in Ashaway, R. I., May 19, 1914, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. On April 18 he sustained a stroke of paralysis from which he never recovered.

He was baptized and joined the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church November 27, 1873. In 1874, September 14, he was united in marriage with Miss Emma Taylor, who with two sons, Nathan E. of Plainfield, N. J., and Dr. Howard T. of New York City, and one daughter, Mrs. Abbie Daniels of Willimantic, Conn., survive to mourn their loss of a devoted and loving husband and father.

Early in life Mr. Lewis learned the trade of carpentering, but many years ago he returned to the old ancestral farm, near Ashaway, where he remained an honorable and respected citizen till his death. He was a man of quiet ways but with a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. People from the church, Business Men's Club, and Grange, of which organizations he was a member, together with many other neighbors, friends and relatives, attended the funeral. The services were conducted by his pastor, who spoke briefly from Job 14: 14, "If a man die, will he live again?" Rev. C. A. Burdick of Westerly, a former pastor, offered prayer. H. C. V. H.

LORD.—Margaret Jane Gray was born June 19, 1844, and died May 23, at the age of almost seventy years, at Potter Hill, R. I., of cancer of the stomach, after suffering almost constantly for more than two years.

In 1886 she was married to John Lord, who survives her. In 1898 she united with the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she was a member until she died. For many years she lived in Ashaway and vicinity, working in the mills and keeping boarding-house. She was ever a kind and helpful friend, especially thoughtful for those about her in need. Besides her husband she leaves a daughter, Mrs. Rosy Peppard of Olympia, Wash., and a step-daughter, Mrs. Eliza Lumb of Pawtucket, R. I. Funeral was held at the home of Mrs. Herbert Niles, where she had been cared for the past month and a half. Brief scriptural services were conducted by her pastor. H. C. V. H.

CARPENTER.—George Bradford Carpenter was born in Westerly, R. I., November 8, 1842, and died May 23, 1914, from fracture of the skull sustained by being hurled from a buggy on May 21.

While no encouragement was offered from the very beginning by the physicians, his death came as a terrible shock to all. He leaves, to mourn their loss, the wife, who had been his closest companion for almost fifty-three years, a son, Edwin Grant of Georgetown, S. C., and three daughters, Mrs. Harriet C. Van Horn, Dodge Center, Minn., Mrs. Frances Adelle Randolph,

Alfred, N. Y., and Miss Ruth Marion, Ashaway, R. I., besides many relatives and intimate friends and acquaintances.

The funeral, held from the home on Tuesday afternoon, May 27, was conducted by his pastor, Rev. H. C. Van Horn, assisted by the Rev. Clayton A. Burdick of Westerly, a former pastor, the Rev. Edwin Shaw, general secretary of the Tract Society, and the Rev. E. B. Saunders, general secretary of the Missionary Society. The burial services in the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Cemetery were conducted by the John A. Logan Post, of which he was an official member, assisted by his pastor.

On another page will be found a more extended account of his life. A good man has fallen, one who will be sadly missed by all who knew him. H. C. V. H.

BONHAM.—Isaac E., son of Edmund M. and Nancy Bowen Bonham, was born near Dividing Creek, N. J., September 3, 1849. He died at the Bridgeton (N. J.) Hospital on May 17, 1914.

He was married in 1876 to Hannah F. Ayars. To them three children were born, one of whom died in infancy. The daughter, Mary M., lives with her mother in Shiloh, and the son, Raymond, resides in Bridgeton. His married life was spent in the vicinity of Shiloh, N. J.

In 1896 he was received into the fellowship of the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church. Previous to his death he was a patient sufferer for several weeks and seemed to realize that his days on earth were few. He seemed to look toward the future, and frequently spoke of his faith in Christ, assuring his loved ones that he was prepared for the change from this life to that beyond.

The funeral service was conducted by his pastor at the Shiloh church, May 20, and was attended by many relatives and neighbors. Interment was made in the Shiloh Cemetery.

J. L. S.

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## The Sabbath Recorder

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

L. A. Worden, Business Manager.

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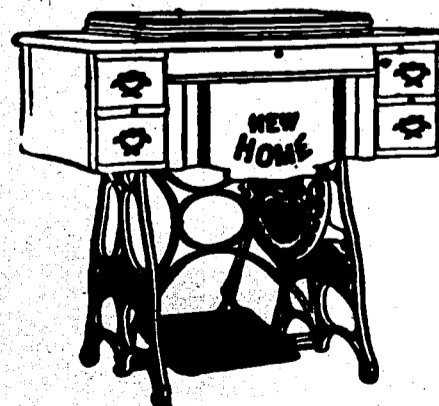
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The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E.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

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage,—a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with primer, against the soldier in full military array.—Lord Brougham.

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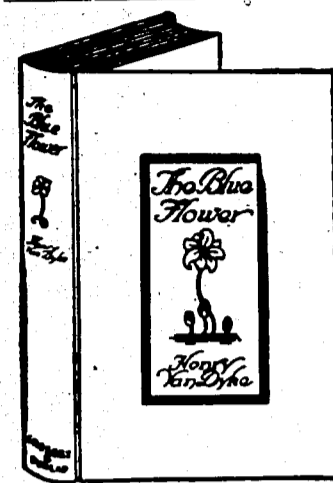
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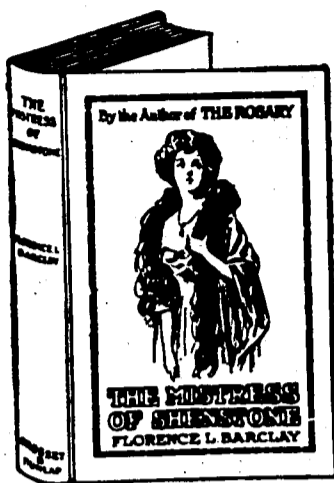
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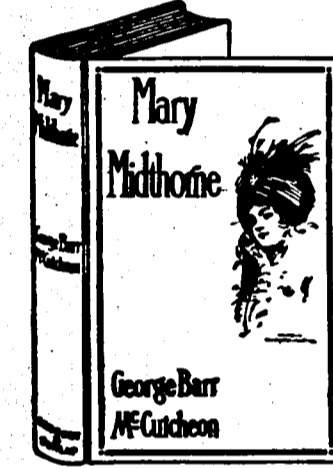
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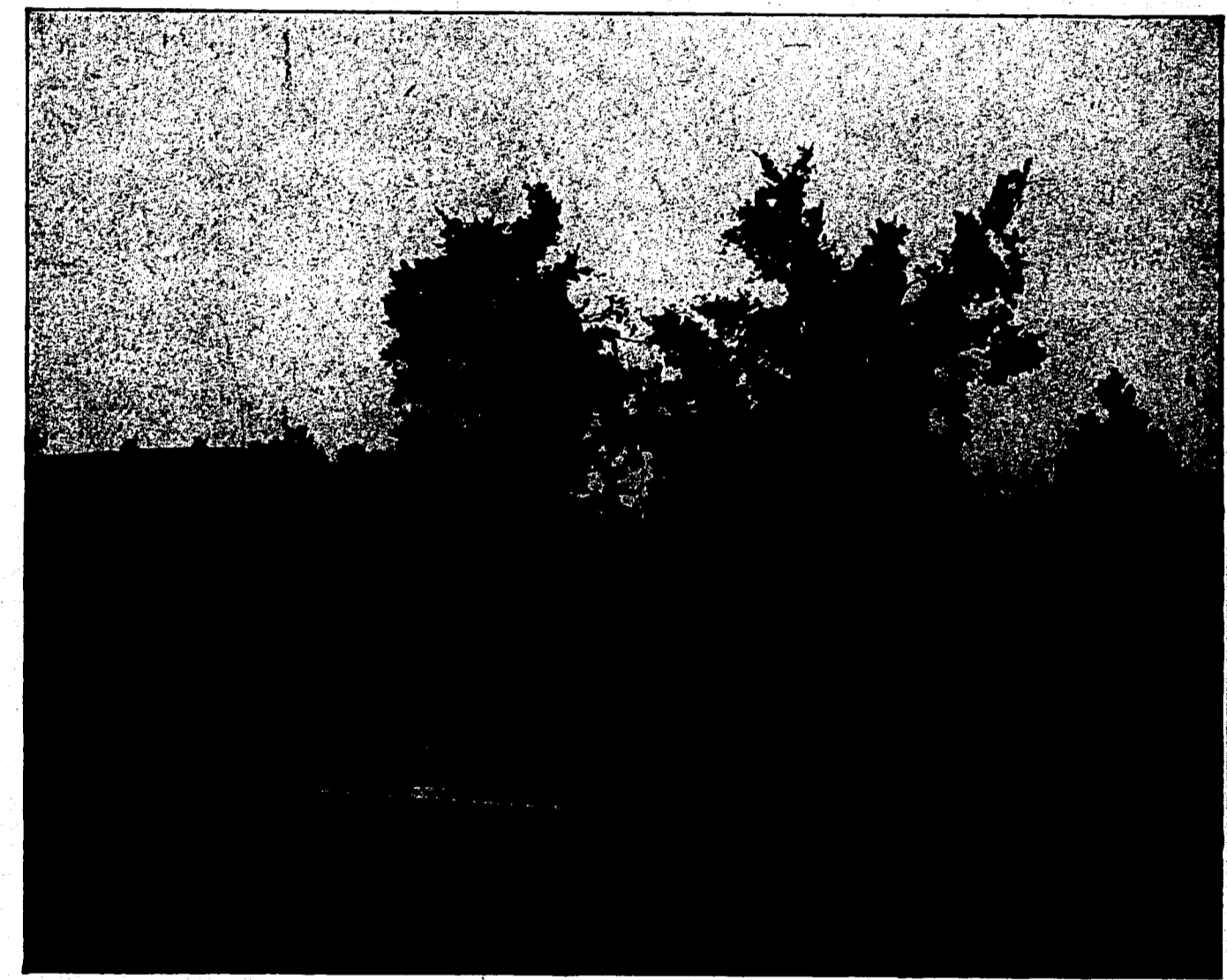
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