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AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW

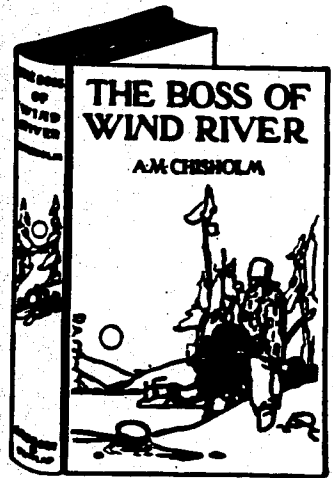
by Gene Stratton-Porter (Author of "Freckles")

The scene of this charming, idyllic love story is laid in Central India. The setting is entirely rural, and most of the action is out of doors. The story is one of devoted friendship, and tender self-sacrificing love; the friendship that gives freely without return, and the love that seeks first the happiness of the object. The novel is brimful of the most beautiful word painting of nature, and its pathos and tender sentiment will endear it to all.



THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

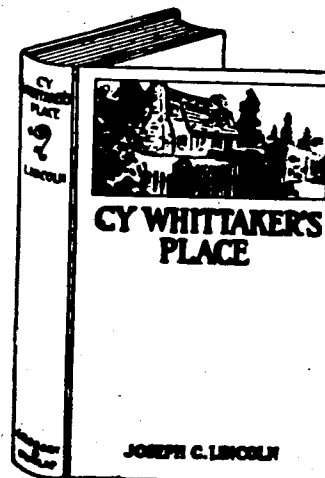
by George Barr McCutcheon



THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER

by A. M. Chisholm

This is a strong, virile novel with the lumber industry for its central theme and a love story full of interest as a sort of subplot. Among the minor characters are some elemental men, lumber men with the grizzly strength of their kind, and the rough, simple ways. How Joe Kent became the boss of these men, by sheer pluck and a pair of strong arms, the author tells us most effectively. Some of his brachial power was derived from the light of a woman's eyes, but to enter into the details here means to spoil the story.



CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

by Joseph C. Lincoln

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

by George Barr McCutcheon

A story of modern New York—built upon a strikingly unusual situation. Mrs. Challis Wrandall has been to a road house outside the city to identify her husband's dead body; she is driving her car home late on a stormy night when she picks up in the road the woman who did the murder—the girl who had accompanied her husband to the lonely inn and whom the whole country is seeking. She takes the girl home, protects her, befriends her and keeps her secret. Between Sara Wrandall and her husband's family there is an ancient enmity, born of the scorn for her inferior birth. How events work themselves out until she is forced to reveal to them the truth about their son's death and his previous way of life is the substance of the story.

CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

by Joseph C. Lincoln

Cape Cod life as pictured by Mr. Lincoln is delightful in its homeliness, its wholesomeness, its quaint simplicity. The plot of this novel revolves around a little girl whom an old bachelor, Cy Whittaker, adopts. Her education is too stupendous a task for the old man to attempt alone, so he calls in two old cronies and they form a "Board of Strategy." A dramatic story of unusual merit then develops; and through it all runs that rich vein of humor which has won for the author a fixed place in the hearts of thousands of readers. Cy Whittaker is the David Harum of Cape Cod.

The **SABBATH RECORDER** Plainfield, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

ARROW AND BOW

It is easy to stand in the pulpit, or in the closet to kneel,
And say: "God do this; God do that!
Make the world better; relieve the sorrows of man,
for the sake of thy Son.
Oh, forgive all sin!" Then, having planned out God's
work, to feel
Our duty is done.

It is easy to be religious this way—
Easy to pray.

It is harder to stand on the highway, or walk in the
crowded mart,

And say: "I am he. I am he.

Mine the world-burden; mine the sorrows of men;
mine is the Christ-work

To forgive my brother's sin," and then to live the Christ-
part

And never to shirk.

It is hard for you and me
To be religious this way.
Day after day.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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VOL. 77, NO. 17

PLAINFIELD, N. J., OCTOBER 26, 1914

WHOLE NO. 3,634

A Good Man Gone

On reaching home at the close of the fourth association, we found in the SABBATH RECORDER the obituary of our dear aged friend, Rev. Oscar Babcock, of North Loup, Neb. A deep sense of sadness came when we saw the heading of the article written by his pastor, and realized that the faithful pioneer servant of God, the honored patriarch of the North Loup valley, who rallied his people around the altar of Jehovah in the early days of North Loup, had gone to his reward. He was the founder of the church, the leader in reforms, the pastors' faithful friend, and the revered counsellor among the sturdy yeomen of all that country.

It was meet that a great company of people, from Ord and from all the surrounding towns and outlying country, should gather at his funeral and stand around his late home in respectful and subdued silence during the last sad rites. It was appropriate, too, that at the close of the pastor's words of appreciation all should join in singing, "Shall we gather at the river?" since this song was used by the pioneers in their first meeting on the prairie by the riverside, where Oscar Babcock, surrounded by the weary company in camp, led their first Sabbath service. From that day to the time of his death this good man, at every opportunity, pointed his fellow pilgrims to a "better country which is an heavenly," where flows the pure "river of the water of life."

Ohio's Wet and Dry Amendments

The State of Ohio is confronted with two constitutional amendments on the liquor question this fall, and every voter must stand up and be counted on the one side or the other. Usually the people of those States where prohibition has been the issue have but one amendment proposed and that is the "dry" one. In such cases voters can say "yes" or "no" and the issue to be decided is, Shall the status of the saloon remain as it is, or shall the

saloon be banished? But this year, in Ohio, men must vote for the usual "dry" proposition, or for a "wet" one that advances the saloon to constitutional power and places a constitutional embargo on prohibition. It is unusual for the liquor men to push an amendment in any State prohibiting prohibition. But that is the way it stands in Ohio, and on November 3 the voter must settle it. The people must either vote for one of these—the "wet" or the "dry"—or against both of them.

The wet amendment as published reads:

No law shall be passed or be in effect prohibiting the sale, furnishing or giving away of intoxicating liquors operating in a subdivision of the State upon a vote of the electors thereof or upon any other contingency which has force, within territory larger than a municipal corporation or a township outside of municipal corporations therein.

All laws in contravention of the foregoing are hereby repealed. Nor shall any law be passed prohibiting the sale, furnishing or giving away of intoxicating liquors throughout the State at large.

It is hard to see how anything could be more vague. It is probably left obscure on purpose to entangle the courts and fool the people.

The dry amendment has the advantage of clearness. One who votes for it may know exactly what he is voting for. It reads as follows:

The sale, manufacture for sale and importation for sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage is hereby prohibited. The General Assembly shall provide for the enforcement of this provision and enact laws with adequate penalties for the violation thereof.

The Western Association

The seventy-ninth annual session of the Western Association was held with the church at Independence, N. Y., October 1-4, 1914. The introductory sermon, by Pres. B. C. Davis, on "The Opened Door," was a strong, helpful one, which our readers can hardly afford to miss. We give it on another page of this RECORDER.

The afternoon session began at 2 o'clock,

after a pleasant dinner hour at the new parish house a few rods from the church. The devotional services were very good. Ira Goff read and explained the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, and prayers were offered by Hurley, Thorngate and Saunders.

The corresponding secretary's report showed that 177 had been added to the churches during the year. There had been a loss of 59 members, thus making the net gain of the year 118. This was a most encouraging report. The gain was due to the activity in evangelistic work. This had also resulted, during the year, in the conversion of several who united with other denominations.

Next in order came the messages from sister associations, through their delegates. These were Revs. A. G. Crofoot of the Eastern, R. R. Thorngate of the Central, W. L. Davis of the Southeastern, and J. H. Hurley of the Northwestern associations. Rev. E. B. Saunders also told of the good work done at the Southwestern Association at Hammond last year. These messages were quite similar to those delivered last week at Farina, so we need not dwell upon them here. One of the good things in each association is the presence of the "foreign delegates" and the representatives of the boards.

THURSDAY EVENING SERVICE

The evening services were much better attended than the day services. The farmers were very busy with threshing, and in the filling of their silos before frosts should ruin their fodder; so attendance at church during the daytime was quite impossible. The first evening, however, witnessed a great increase in the size of the audience.

Rev. Walter L. Greene, pastor-elect of the Independence Church, led the praise services with the song entitled, "Sunshine in the Soul," which was a good song to start with. Brother Hurley, after reading Christ's words about his disciples being the light of the world, asked all to stand and in their prayers to ask God to keep us true to this Scripture in the matter of light-shining.

PRAYERS

"We pray to have the spirit of peace. May we be made more worthy. Forgive us wherein we come short and when we stray. Help us to know that thou dost love like a mother. May we seek first the

kingdom of God, and wilt thou help us to use our gifts for its upbuilding. Thus may we reveal Christ to the world that knows him not."

"We thank thee for the light that came to the world many years ago. May we faithfully reflect that light, and so help the world in the darkness of sin. Oh, give us all a longing for souls, and help us to save men!"

"O our Father, we pray to be led of thee. Prepare our hearts for the message tonight. Help us to so let our light shine here that we may leave a blessing when we go."

"Help us to become better equipped for our work among men."

"Hear our prayers and help each one to have the light in his own heart. May every pastor be endued with power from on high."

After these prayers the congregation united in singing, "Savior, like a shepherd lead us," and Rev. Wilburt Davis followed with a sermon about Christ at the door. The speaker told of his desire to be of some helpful service. He wished that all might lose sight of him and see only Christ at the door of the sinner's heart, knocking for admittance. No man has either the physical or the mental power to stay disease and keep himself alive. The only hope of everlasting life lies in Christ the Savior. He is pleading for admittance to your hearts. In every time of need he is near. When the storm threatened to engulf the disciples, he was in the boat; and when the night storm came, he was close by in the darkness, to save. When trouble enters the home, he stands at the door with comfort; when despair fills the soul, Christ knocks for admittance and will lift you up. We would feel sad if, when we knocked at a friend's door, he should refuse to open unto us. But this is the way many are treating Christ, our very best friend. He can bring a joy that no man can give. There are riches worth more than gold.

Christ will never force his way in. We must open the door, if he ever becomes our guest. We would better bolt the door to father and mother than to bolt it against Christ. It is too bad for men to be dying in sin while Christ is so near and ready to save. I reprimanded my little boy for hacking the edge of a fine board with a

hatchet. Finally he looked up and said, "I am ashamed of myself." After a little while I returned and found him with a block and hammer and nail, trying to cover up the damage he had done. It was in vain. He could not remedy it and the nail is there to this day, a witness to his failure. We too will some day want to cover up the marks of sin. How can we do it if we reject the knocking Savior until too late?

After a brief conference meeting, led by Brother Hurley, the people went out for a ride over the hills, under the light of the full moon, to their respective homes.

A Perfect Morning

The second day at Independence was ushered in by a perfect morning. The sun rose in a clear sky, lighting the hills with a golden glow seen only in October when the glad passion of summer seems reluctant to yield to the first breath of approaching winter. A heavy frost had spread its white mantle over the earth, dealing death to tender plants and beautiful foliage. But under the glow of sunshine the forests brightened up their autumn robes, and as if determined to make the best of a biting frost, put on their sweetest smile. The slanting rays of the sun tinged the tree tops with burnished gold, glinted along the woodland borders with a brilliancy that made the shadows stretching down the hillsides all the deeper, and gave a contrast which added a wonderful charm to the scene.

Absolute silence reigned. But as the day advanced, distant voices, known only to country life, began to fall upon the ear. The cawing of a solitary crow, answered by one in a far-away wood; the "hallo" of a farm-hand in a distant field; the lowing of cattle; the cackling of barnyard fowls; the stroke of a sledge where distant workmen were beginning their daily toil; the sharp call of the woodcock—all these revealed the awakening of the world to a new day. The sun fairly scalded on the sunny side, while a peculiar chill hung around the side of the shadows. Not a cloud the size of a man's hand could be seen in the sky. Who could resist a walk over the hills on such a morning as this? To me it was a fitting preparation for the day's work.

The people about the church seemed reluctant to leave the sunshine; and when the time for services arrived, the organist and chorister had to start some attractive music to draw them into the house. The song, "God will take care of you," soon proved sufficient for this, and before it was half through a good audience was within, aiding in the song service.

The chill of the house soon began to give way, and it became apparent that a perfect day had begun in the house of God as well as out upon the hills.

The Second Day at Independence

"Church Activities" was the leading topic for the forenoon session of the association. A paper prepared by Mrs. Mary Irish Carpenter, on "The Social Life of the Rural Church," was read by Mrs. Percy Clark. This has already appeared in the RECORDER.

Mr. William M. Simpson spoke upon "Social Life in the Village Church." He referred to some Sabbath-morning experiences in his early life, and distinguished between the rural church and the village church. The village church has a *union* element in its work which the purely country church has not. The object of church socials is often to raise money, but this is not all. It is a legitimate object; but it is a poor education for the community when the people are led to feel that it is benevolent to give ten cents for a twenty-five-cent supper. Better let them understand that the church people are giving them fifteen cents for every such supper, which is the real truth. The benefit of brotherhoods in such churches is great, as they enable men to know their next-door neighbors. Gymnasiums, or any organizations that offer good opportunities for community socials, are helpful. Christians ought to be the most social and cordial people. The ladies' aid societies are doing a good work. It is not just to speak of these as gossiping societies, for this is not true of them. The Endeavor societies are also well calculated to promote the social as well as the religious life of the community.

A discussion followed, led by Percy Clark. In this it was brought out that churches composed of rural people must be made so attractive that those living near

by will be drawn to them. Steps should be taken to teach better home-making, better farming, and more attractive innocent amusements. Frequent church picnics are pleasant and help hold some away from questionable places. Organized classes of young married people, the celebration of wedding anniversaries, lecture courses on better methods of farming, community agricultural contests for those more interested in farm work than in church work, were among the things suggested for the rural church.

The older people forget too often that, unless they provide suitable amusements, their young people will go away from home to find them. The question was asked, "How many strictly rural churches do we have?" No one could tell exactly, but there are a good many. Much that has been written about rural churches is not true. Each church has peculiar conditions of its own to meet, and no single rule can be laid down for all. Where, in any community, we are not greatly in the majority, it is impossible to really *direct* social matters. In some Seventh Day Baptist communities the church is the whole thing, and there it is not hard to direct the social life.

As a rule, scattered church families in the country work too much. They should take more time for recreation, and make life pleasanter for the young people. Each church must work out the problem for itself.

THE FINANCES OF THE CHURCH

This topic was given Rev. Walter L. Greene. He showed that a church debt is a handicap to the church. So are un-businesslike methods, and the church that follows them can not command the respect of outside business men. The assessment plan does not meet the case. The amusement plan for raising church money is not so satisfactory as the budget plan laid upon the hearts of all the members, and the free-will responses by the people. Especially where personal solicitation has been thoroughly used to secure free-will offerings to meet the budget's demands for both local and denominational work, this plan has been successful. Some interesting experiences along these lines were mentioned, and the hour's work in the association should bring good results.

WOMAN'S WORK

At 2.45 the meeting was placed in the hands of representatives of the Woman's Board, with Mrs. Mary Burdick in charge. Mrs. William L. Burdick read Paul's instruction as to making up the bounty and having it ready when he should come, according as each one purposed in his heart, and his words about God's loving a cheerful giver. After this, prayer was offered by Mrs. Walter L. Greene. Misses Mildred Place and Ruth Phillips then sang:

"Once in the ev'ning twilight,
I dreamt a happy dream;
Methought I was in heaven above,
And saw its crystal gleam.
And calm, amid the glory,
There stood a singer fair,
Who through the stillness of the night,
Sent forth this song of prayer:—

"Father in heav'n above,
Glorious and mighty,
Send forth thy light of love,
O King most mighty:
Father, glorious and mighty,
Send forth thy light of love."

"Then in my dream celestial,
I heard the din of strife,
With all earth's cares and sorrows,
And bitterness of life;
The cry of the little children,
The moan of the poor and sad;
This song from God's bright angel
Was sent to make them glad:—

"Father in heav'n above,
Glorious and mighty,
Send forth thy light of love,
O King most mighty:
Send forth thy light of love."

"And far in that world of glory,
With God's eternal throng,
Beyond the gates of Paradise
Where all is one dream of song,
The voice of the heav'nly singer
Shall send forth the old refrain,
When sun and stars have faded,
No more to rise again:—

"Father in heav'n above,
Glorious and mighty,
Send forth thy light of love,
O King most mighty:
Father, glorious and mighty,
Send forth thy light of love."

The other items on this excellent program were, "How Make our Home Societies More Efficient?" and a letter from the association secretary, Mary Whitford, read by Mrs. Fanny Burdick, introducing Lucy Wells, of Nile, as the new secretary. This lady then read the annual letter. All these papers are in the hands of the ed-

itor of Woman's Work and our readers will have the pleasure of reading them before long.

During this session Mrs. Frank Vogan, of Canton, Ohio, sang, "There is sunshine in my soul today."

A CHAPTER FOR THE FEDERAL COUNCIL

In view of the fact that the Federal Council of Churches is preparing to publish a book in which each denomination belonging to that body is expected to have a chapter setting forth its principles and giving a gist of its history, Dean Main had drafted an outline for such a chapter upon the history and principles of Seventh Day Baptists. Desiring to secure the opinion of the friends interested regarding what he had written, and any suggestions they might offer, he called a special meeting for this purpose at four o'clock, just after the adjournment of the association for the afternoon. A large company tarried nearly an hour, and there was much interest taken in the matter. This is certainly an opportunity we can ill afford to let go by unimproved.

Friday Evening in the Western Association

The praise service on the eve of the Sabbath was especially fine. Such songs as "He will hold me fast," "God will take care of you," "The hand that was wounded for me," and "Somebody came and lifted me out of my sin" were particularly suited to the encouragement of God's people. The last of these was sung as a duet by Misses Phillips and Place.

Rev. Royal R. Thorngate's sermon, on "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered," was an exposition of the Thirty-second Psalm. The main text was the last verse, "Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous; and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart." He spoke of humanity's desire for happiness, and defined what true happiness is. The world has gone wild seeking for pleasure, much of which is unsatisfactory. The soul longs for true happiness, but it can never be found in the world's way. The exposition included a definition of the words "transgression," "sin," "iniquity," and the speaker enlarged upon the joy that comes when these are "forgiven," "covered," and the soul is made free.

The Psalmist knew all about the source of true happiness; he understood the meaning of "Blessed (happy) is he whose transgression is hidden, whose sin is covered." Mr. Thorngate spoke of the things that make men miserable and bring spiritual deformity, such as impurity of life, the drink habit and avarice. He said he was glad that wrong-doing does make men unhappy and thoroughly sick of themselves. The Psalmist could not find peace; he could not "rejoice in the Lord" while abiding in sin. The only way for a sinner to get away from God is to flee to him. Men become outcasts and flee to the uttermost parts of the earth to escape the torments of a guilty conscience; they even commit suicide. But there is no escape for a guilty soul in such ways as these. The Psalmist realized this when he exclaimed:

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee.

So we can not get away from God. We only make matters worse when we shirk duty. The faithful performance of every known duty is the only way to peace. The hand of God was heavy upon the Psalmist until he acknowledged his sin unto God and ceased trying to hide his iniquity.

Here the speaker dwelt upon the love of God as illustrated by examples of true mother-love, and made an appeal to men to come to God and learn to "rejoice in the Lord."

The conference meeting, led by Brother J. H. Hurley, followed for half an hour, and then, the time having come for closing, we all went out for a pleasant moonlight ride over the hills.

Sabbath Morning

The association at Independence was favored with another beautiful morning. An hour before meeting time teams from Alfred began to arrive; and before the services opened, the church was well filled. It was an ideal morning for a ride over the hills, and all seemed bright and happy as they alighted in front of the church, ready

to enjoy the social hour sure to come on such occasions.

The usual opening services were led by Pastor Walter L. Greene, and the sermon was preached by Rev. A. G. Crofoot, of Rockville, R. I., delegate from the Eastern Association. Text: "By love serve one another" (Gal. 5: 13).

Mr. Crofoot had been pastor of the Independence Church some years before, so it was like a home-coming for him to stand in his old pulpit and face former parishioners. There sat with him three other ex-pastors of that church, and their presence added something to the interest of this service.

The story of the anointing of Christ at Bethany was read. The value of costly and appropriate gifts was mentioned, and the fact that the motives prompting them are sometimes misunderstood was brought out. The power of public opinion kept the enemies of Christ from carrying out their evil designs.

The conscious dignity of Christ as he accepted this gift—equal in value to a year's wages—as though it was most appropriate and as if he was worthy to receive such homage, was a new thought to many. But it was impressive nevertheless. Jesus, as a man, appreciated the expressions of devotion to him and always accepted such services with a gracious and becoming dignity.

This expression of love, this offering beyond anything that was expected or required, was well brought out in the sermon. Mary was not commanded to do it. She was under no obligation to give the ointment. It was an offering of pure love, entirely free, the spontaneous overflow of a loyal heart. No wonder it stands "as a memorial of her."

SABBATH AFTERNOON

The Sabbath school was conducted as one class, and the lesson was taught by Dean Main. Pastor Greene spoke of the work for children by the church of today, as compared with that of other days, and the need of interpreting truth in terms that a child can understand. We are not always careful enough in talking to children, and many ridiculous misunderstandings come as the result. A child was asked to give the minister's text, when she promptly said, "A friend that stuck his clothes on his brother." Evidently some one had been careless about his enunciation. He

had used terms the child did not understand. A child in the neighborhood exclaimed: "There goes the lawn-mower!" but no lawn-mower was in sight. It turned out that the child knew more about lawn-mowers than he did about *Livermores*.

The children had services in another building. The papers of this session will come in the proper department of the RECORDER.

Evening After the Sabbath

There was a good attendance on the evening after the Sabbath, and the education hour, led by Dean Main, had a large hearing. Two papers were presented there worthy of note. One of these was "Education for Life," by Prof. W. C. Whitford, and the other was "Why Go to School," by J. Nelson Norwood. The sermon was by the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, who took the story of Elijah under the juniper tree and at Horeb, for a text, and drew some practical lessons for our own time.

THE LAST DAY

On entering the church Sunday morning we found a large American flag stretched across the wall at the back of the platform, and eight smaller flags decorating the chandelier. This reminded us that it was the day set apart by the President of the United States for prayer, throughout the entire land, for peace on earth. A certain hour in the afternoon was set apart for this purpose and several fervent prayers were offered.

The Tract Society's work was considered for one half-hour this morning, but the audience was very small. It could hardly be otherwise in a farming community where the farmers were unusually hard pressed with their work, and where everybody had to help prepare for the noonday entertainment at the parish house. In the early morning hours of a meeting in such a community, some of our denominational interests must be presented to small audiences, and this time such was the lot of the Tract Society's interests.

Just before the sermon, by Secretary Saunders, the resolution regarding aid for the North Loup Church was passed by the association. This resolution was published in the RECORDER of October 12, page 456.

The sermon was from Genesis 4: 7, about sin "crouching" at the door. It was

THE NEXT MEETING

The next annual session of the Western Association will be held in Little Genesee, N. Y., on Fifth Day before the first Sabbath in October, 1915.

The delegates to sister associations for 1915 are Prof. J. Nelson Norwood to the Northwestern, with Dean A. E. Main, alternate; and Ira S. Goff, with Wm. M. Simpson as alternate, to the Central, Eastern, and Southeastern associations.

The officers of the Western Association are Wm. M. Simpson, president, and Mabel Jordan, secretary, both of Nile, N. Y.

"The Opened Door"

PRESIDENT BOOTHE C. DAVIS

Introductory Sermon, Western Association, Independence, N. Y., October 1, 1914.

Text: Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name.—*Revelation 3: 8.*

We have in this text a statement of the conditions which admit the soul into the realm of God's possibilities—the conditions which enable God, if one may so speak, to throw open the door out of man's poor unaided attainments, into the possibilities of a life with God.

These conditions are largely subjective and individual. But their significance is all the more important since "the fault is in ourselves, and not in our stars, that we are underlings." The spiritual power and efficiency of churches and denominations never rise higher than the measure enjoyed by their individual members.

In presenting the theme of this morning, "The Opened Door," I wish first to consider the conditions upon which the door is opened.

"For thou hast a little strength," reads the text. "I have set before thee an open door"—and why? "Because thou hast the strength to enter it." Did you ever think how useless it would be for God to open a door for a man who has no strength to enter it? Do we always think of that when we pray God to enlarge our opportunities, our experience and our work? And remember that God must see in us a

a strong presentation of the tendencies of our frivolous, pleasure-seeking age, with several illustrations from the Bible. Our young people are not so much in danger of being led astray by low-down debauchees as by the respectable sinners. The terms "sin," "wickedness," "iniquity," "guilt" and "crime" were explained, and a strong plea was made for a straightforward, open Christian life.

In the Missionary Society's hour Secretary Saunders presented the cause of missions as represented by the board during the past year, dwelling on the story of his visit to South America last winter. The people were deeply interested in his remarks.

The association closed at four o'clock on Sunday, after a stirring sermon by Rev. J. H. Hurley, upon the "Hiding of God's Power." At the close of this sermon a few moments were spent in prayer and exhortation. There seemed to be a burden of soul over the fact that there are as many outside the church and unsaved as there are within the fold. The last questions of the hour were "What are we to do?" "Can these be reached and saved?" "Can we make the people of the world know that we love them?" Time will tell. The last words, by the editor, were designed to cheer discouraged workers. The best men of earth have at some time in their lives been disheartened and tempted to give up. Moses, after his mighty efforts to lead his people from bondage, was so discouraged he wanted to die, and that, too, after he had communed with God for forty days on the mount and received the law at Jehovah's hands. Elijah, after all his victories over the hosts of Baal, and after years of faithful service as a prophet of God, became so exhausted and disheartened that he wanted to die, thinking he was left alone and all the others had deserted him. But God helped both these men, and after all their discouragements they were enabled to do the very best work of their lives. God is just as well able to sustain and strengthen his discouraged ones today as ever he was, and he is just as willing as he was in the cases of Moses and Elijah. Then, don't be discouraged, however dark the outlook. God still reigns in his universe, and he will in his own blessed way strengthen and sustain his loyal children and give them victory.

little strength, before it is possible for him to open the door to greater attainments for us?

We often find comfort in the thought that God does not require of us more than we can do. But we ought equally to find help and courage from the thought that if God has opened a door for us, he sees in us the possibility of its entrance; and that if we fail to do it, we fail to do what God has seen possible for us to accomplish.

These thoughts, I say, should give us courage to go forth to duty wherever the opportunity may present itself.

But there is a lesson of warning involved in the same truth, and it is this: If you would have opened doors presented to you, if you would have opportunities, you must see to it that you have an accumulated strength with which to meet the desired task. Many a man has waited through a lifetime for some *great* opportunity, for some *great* door to swing open before him. He has been sincere in his desire to do something for his fellow men. But he must do it in some *extraordinary* way; and the way never appears.

To him the door seems closed and barred, while he sees it open to some one beside him. He has watched it entered, and then turned away in disgust at his fate and felt that the odds are always against him. And what is the trouble? It is that he has not the accumulated strength which God requires before he can open the door to great achievements.

How I wish that all, and especially young people, could see how true this is, and realize in some way its meaning. Would that I might emphasize the truth that is so forcibly suggested to you in the text—that we are fitted and qualified for doing the greater duties of life only by doing carefully and earnestly the small and every-day details of life that come to us.

It is said that no great criminal has ever become such by a single act; but that his sin had its inception in yielding to the little vices that attracted no particular attention, and that gradually, little by little, has come the hardness of heart which has led to the great crime.

It is equally true that great acts of goodness and great usefulness to humanity are the outgrowth of a smaller usefulness and the more insignificant details of goodness.

You would call it folly for a manufac-

turer to place his business in charge of one who has never known anything about the smaller duties of the business—one who has never learned the business. You would count it wisdom to place in the responsible position the man who has proved his ability by a perfect performance of the details.

And yet so many people overlook this fact and seek by some short cut to gain public notice and honor, and to accomplish the great things in life. Young friends, let us remember that, as we stand knocking at the door of life's opportunities, there is one who calmly stands by and looks within to see whether we have a little strength for that work. If you have gathered to yourself the strength, you may expect to see the great door swing wide open. If you are conscious within yourself of a lack of strength, you can only get strength by entering the smaller doors already open and doing faithfully the work they offer. This done faithfully, the great doors will open and you will find yourself ushered into the larger field of action, and called upon to do the service that other men can not do because they have not the *strength to do it*.

"Because thou *hast* strength, I will open the door."

But how shall the strength be obtained? you ask. And clear and strong comes the answer: "Because thou hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name."

God has so constituted all organized nature that it requires certain conditions to render it healthy and strong—yes, even to perpetuate life.

These conditions scientists call the *environment*. Our bodies are dependent upon this environment for their health—yes, even for their existence. They must have the proper food, the proper atmosphere, the proper exercise and all the various details that conduce to the healthy organism. Observing this to be true in all nature, wherever you go, is it reasonable to suppose that God would create a human soul, the most highly developed object of his creation, and make that soul free from environment—that he would make it capable of growth and strength under any conditions whatever? Most certainly it is not; it would be inconsistent with the laws by which he works. God has therefore given the proper environments for the soul; we

can choose these and live, or we can disregard them and die. God has made the environment of the soul to consist in a proper harmony with him. In that harmony we find health and growth; out of it we find weakness and death. The purpose of God in creation, the whole idea of redemption, is that man shall be made into his likeness—the unfolding of his character.

In the accomplishment of that purpose every human soul has its place and its work. To this end God has given us a special spiritual environment. It is that we keep his word and deny not his name. This it is that constitutes the food and the atmosphere and the exercise of the soul; and no man can live aloof from them and maintain a spiritual strength. Men are continually trying this, and as continually verifying the truth that it can not be done. The Bible teaches love to God and fellow men.

He who through selfishness or pride or malice *loves self*, disregards God, and hates his fellow men, is thus made narrow and bigoted, with a soul that can not reach out into the broad plain of humanitarian efforts. It is weak and has no strength to do anything that is not purely selfish; and so wherever you apply it, the man who disregards this spiritual environment, by failing to keep God's word and to confess his name is, spiritually, a weak and powerless man. Show me the man who is ashamed to confess the name of Christ, and there you will find untold weakness. Few of us have not felt the temptation to live *silent* Christian lives—to hold to our religious faith, of course, but to keep it repressed and unknown.

I would not say that there have not been honest and sincere Christians who have lived thus; but their Christian influence has been slight, and where they should have had spiritual strength, they have had spiritual weakness. It is sadly true, that he who does not in some way confess Christ, loses the little spiritual power he *has* had, and is thus disqualified to enter any doors whatever. You may deny Christ by mere silence where it is your duty to speak for his name; you may deny him by absenting yourself from his worship—from the services of the church. You may deny him in your business, in your pleasure, in your amusements—in a

thousand ways—but in whatever way and by whatever means, you rob *yourself* of the strength which God requires before he can open the doors to your further progress and development. My friends, if we are weak today and conscious of that weakness, may God help us to see wherein we have failed to keep his word or in what we have denied his name.

These are the environments of the soul, and if we would grow and strengthen we must keep in harmony with them. An open door, however, does not make positive the assurance that it will be successfully entered.

Many men have begun well not only in the Christian life, but in all the various enterprises of life, and have failed in the result, not from lack of opportunity, but from unwise management. When a business man begins well and then grows indifferent and careless and finally fails, people say it isn't any wonder that he fails: he ought not to expect anything else than failure when he is so indifferent to the interests of his business. And yet the same man who would criticize the business man would apply the same rule to his religion which the unsuccessful man applies to his business, and would not suspect that it would bring disaster to his religion just as much as indifference to business will bring financial ruin. It is not enough that we make a public profession of Christ and join the church. This is a good start, but it is not enough, I repeat; we must keep God's word and *never* deny his name if we are to enjoy a continually open door—a door which no man can shut.

Whatever the open door may be, whether it is to do meekly and quietly the small duties of every-day life, whether it be to bear the burden and the dust and the toil of labor, whether it be to be the leaders of men in the great on-moving current of thought and action, or to live in seclusion—unknown and unhonored by men—the door is always opened or closed by the same universal law.

Whether it is to rejoice in the perpetual sunshine of happiness and peace, or to bear the sorrows and bereavements of life, it is the door which God opens for you according to your strength and your need. Our doors are different because our needs and our strength are different. I may not be able to enter the door which is open for

you; you may not be fitted for mine; but God, who is infinite in wisdom, and whose mercy endureth forever, understands us thoroughly, and gives to us each the opportunity for the thing which it is most wise for us to have in consideration of our strength to do it.

This is a precious thought; and I would that we could all rest in that assurance, and then in the love and fear of God enter the doors that he has opened for us, saying, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

These things I bring to you, my friends, this morning, as we enter upon this association and its work, in the name of our Master; and I pray that in these truths there may be strength and help for every life, and for every church, and for our whole people. What I have often said to my young people, I repeat to you today, because I believe it with all my heart; I believe that it is the germ, the stock, the flower and the fruit of the Christian life, and that having found this and made it your own, the Christian life is easy and natural and joyous. It is that "*Christianity is simply the art of coming into harmony with God and his will for us*"; to have everything taken out of us that is contrary to God—that is in antagonism to the principles of righteousness and love; to have no will left in us but his will, and no desire but that he may be honored in us and through us and by us,—that we may be the unfolding of his character. If we could come into that spirit Jesus always manifested, it seems to me that it would be ideal Christianity. Are we reaching out for such a standard of living? I appeal to you personally. Is this the goal for which you strive? If it is, God's hand, which swings upon its hinges the door of the universe, holds open before you, his trusting child, every possibility, every blessing, every higher attainment in holy living. "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Such is the promise of God to every individual man and woman who keeps his work and denies not his name.

But as we live as individuals, such will be our standard as churches and as a denomination. The progress of the church must find its impetus in the individual growth of its membership.

The church of Philadelphia, to which especially the spirit directed these words,

was only a small and feeble church and had undergone the most bitter persecution by the Jews. But its individual members had stood firm for Christ, and had not denied his name, even when to confess it meant to be hated and despised by men. Have you ever heard men excuse themselves from duty because it is unpopular; because it is inconvenient; because it will bring hardship and trial? The men and women of Philadelphia were too loyal to his word, to the person of Christ, too willing to confess his name, to offer such excuses in the face of duty. They would permit nothing to separate them from the love of Christ. Do you wonder that to such a people God could say, "I have set before you an open door, and no man can shut it"?

But God is as willing to set before us in our day open doors as he was to the men of Philadelphia. Indeed, it seems to me that to no people have the possibilities of open doors for service ever been so great as they are to us as Seventh Day Baptists. We can share the world's work in evangelism, in missions, in temperance reform, and to this we can add a new vision of the sacredness of God's law.

But the conditions are always the same. They must ever remain unchanged. Open doors are for people who have at least a little strength to enter them, and strength comes from living in the environment of God,—from keeping his word and confessing his name.

May we ever live in this blessed environment, and living so, see the doors of usefulness and blessing swing wide open before us—doors for personal enjoyment and service; for church and community activity and life; doors for making Independence a better and happier place; for making Nile better, and Genesee better, and Alfred better.

There are doors for making the Western Association more efficient in evangelistic effort, in Sabbath-school work, and in education. If all our people can enter these open doors, our missions will grow, the blessed gospel message will be preached to a perishing world, the Sabbath light and truth will have heralds, and world peace advocates.

May God give us today such a vision of true evangelism!

MISSIONS

Seventy-second Annual Report of the Board of Managers

(Continued)

Joint Report of Doctors Palmborg and Crandall of Work at Lieu-oo

We feel grateful to our Master that we have been kept in comparatively good health and able to do work for him, which we pray may be of some value. The medical work has again made a little advance.

Beginning in May of last year, Doctor Crandall spent, usually, one day a month holding clinic at Lok-doo-jau, a place about six miles distant, and two days every two weeks at Kading, about ten miles from here. The clinics at first drew a good many, as new things are apt to do; but later the war scare and the coming of cold weather reduced the number greatly. Financially, the clinics were some help. As a method of evangelization they were of doubtful value. Mr. Toong usually went to Lok-doo-jau to preach to waiting patients, but the treatments had to be given in an open place, and the interest of the people was more attracted by what the foreign doctor was doing than by the words of the evangelist. However, one can never tell when the seed falls in fertile ground. In each place the clinic was held in the home of a woman, who had had a cataract removed by us. In Kading Doctor Crandall and her helper spent two nights each time in the Chinese home. Perhaps these clinics also helped a little as an advertising agency. It is hoped that they can be resumed for two or three months in the fall. This spring they had to be discontinued on account of our new school for girls, as the teacher, who had promised to come, changed her mind after the notices were out, and our helper, who had always gone with Doctor Crandall to the out-station work, stepped into the breach, and in connection with Doctor Crandall, has had charge of the school this half-year.

We found an almost ideal house in town for the school, but it started with a most discouraging outlook. On the opening day the rain poured, and we had only three or four pupils present. The first few

weeks there were only seven in all, but now there are four new pupils. These girls are apparently from good homes, and we hope will give an entering wedge into the home life of Lieu-oo. They are encouraged to come here for services on the Sabbath, and in the daily Bible reading an effort is made to teach some of the principles of Christian truth. We also teach Christian books, of course.

Doctor Crandall, in her out-clinics, gave 1,475 treatments to 1,228 different patients. In Lieu-oo we gave 5,913 treatments to 3,868 different patients, making in all 7,388 treatments to 5,096 different patients. Altogether 120 odd calls have been made, 40 of which were free.

The diseases treated have had a wide range, skin diseases in the lead, numbering 1,276; eye diseases, 1,128; stomach and abdomen, 478; rheumatism, 371; chest troubles, 213; gynecological, 148; ear diseases, 146; malaria, 110; burns and injuries, 124; infections, 80, including 6 of anthrax, lepers, 8, and others of all kinds too numerous to mention in such a report. We have extracted 428 teeth, vaccinated 217 children, and performed slight operations, like removing small tumors, opening abscesses, etc., to the number of 86. We have had eleven cases of insanity, and a surprisingly large number of suicides, 57 in all, 50 of them eating the phosphorus off matches, 5 taking opium, and two swallowing earrings. It seems that every day some one commits suicide. In many cases it is just from temper, but often we can not wonder at some of them wanting to escape from the miserable lives they lead.

During the year we have had only two patients with us in the house at different times.

Our financial balance shows \$551.32 more in the fund than a year ago, in spite of the fact that over \$70 was used in raising the new land and fencing it in. The tuition fees from Doctor Palmborg's English pupils, which usually have been put in the medical fund, have lately been used in the expenses in connection with the new school for girls. Eighty dollars were given for the prospective hospital by our old Bible woman, Lucy Daung, who was formerly with Doctor Swinney. Her son gave her \$70 to make a big feast to celebrate her seventieth birthday, but she

preferred to donate it to this purpose, putting \$10 of her own with it. She is a woman of very moderate means, but she is always planning how much she can give to the mission and denying herself for that object. If all Christians were as liberal as she there would be money enough for all purposes.

Counting the money already in hand, and that subscribed at home and in the hands of the treasurer of the Missionary Society, and voluntary pledges, we can count on about \$1,000 gold toward the \$2,500 gold which we feel we need for a small hospital building alone. The husband of Doctor Palmborg's former helper, Mr. Chow, promised \$100 Mexican toward it, and a letter from her to the RECORDER, mentioning that, inspired a friend at home, a lone Sabbath-keeper, to pledge \$50 gold. We are very glad of these voluntary gifts. The above-mentioned friend sent Doctor Palmborg a personal gift of \$10, part of which she used in making a stone path in the middle of the road, in front of our mission property, as it was always a veritable mud-hole in rainy weather. Although very unpretentious, it is much appreciated by most of the country people, though occasionally one is heard to inquire why she did not pave the whole road.

The young lady who has been with Doctor Palmborg a good many years, as a helper, was married in October. Her husband is not a Christian, but she says he is very fond of her and favorably inclined to Christianity. In her place we have the adopted daughter of Mrs. Chow, a young girl of sixteen years of age. As her education is deficient, we allow her to attend our Girls' School for half of the day, which she appreciates. We hope she will make as good a helper as her foster-mother did before her.

We can not, of course, tell the results of our work. We have calendars on which are printed the Ten Commandments and other Christian teaching, which are distributed to all the patients, and Mr. Toong preaches to them while they wait. We relieve suffering, win gratitude and kindly feelings, and we hope that many may get an understanding of the gospel message. Some do, we know.

Interest in church services is growing. Mr. Toong is bringing in quite a number of young men, as inquirers, and six per-

sons have been baptized during the year. One was a woman, the mother of two pupils of a former day school. Her little daughter is also a probationer, and a pupil in our girls' day school. A Ningpo woman, a Christian, comes regularly to our services and expects to unite with us. One of Doctor Palmborg's English pupils has become an inquirer. We have two Sabbath-school services in the morning, one conducted by Doctor Crandall with her school-girls, and the usual one conducted by Doctor Palmborg.

Three times this year Doctor Davis has visited us over the Sabbath, and held the communion service. The last time he gave three stereopticon lectures, which were greatly appreciated.

We feel encouraged, and pray for God's continued blessing. Help us with your prayers, and, as God has prospered you, with your means.

(To be continued)

A Hero of the Church

The picture of Francis Asbury, gentle, cultured, almost delicate, riding the wilderness of America, his horse swimming its swollen streams or sinking in its mires, in peril from the hostile Indians, suffering the torments of rheumatism and malarial fever, homeless, except as he had many homes east, west, north and south, companionless much of the time, except for the never-failing companionship of Christ, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, winning souls by the thousands, building churches, directing other preachers and evangelists, laying the strong foundation of a great denomination which was destined to have much to do in molding American life and making the American nation, and was to send out its own missionaries to the end of the earth—that picture is one of the most beautiful, noble and inspiring in all history. —*The Christian Herald.*

Correction

In the RECORDER of October 12, page 470, first column, eleventh line, the word French should read Trench; also in the same column, next to the last line, the word even should be event.

Letter From Brother Velthuysen

DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

More than a month has passed since we traveled together from the Conference to Plainfield and since I had the privilege, on my short visit there, of shaking hands with faithful friends. It was such a great pleasure for me to see them, face to face. It awakened many impressive remembrances of loving sympathy.

I had hoped to find an earlier opportunity to write to the RECORDER. I have written already to some friends about my safe arrival, but I trust it will not be unwelcome to many to hear a little more about my experiences during the voyage and how I found everything here. The first week of the voyage was splendid, the weather was fine, the company on board very interesting. Most of them were Germans, well educated people, enthusiastic to join their comrades in this critical time for their country. They were sure of the righteousness of their cause and its final triumph. There was very little proof, however, of religious life and trust in God among them. A very great difference between the mood of the German nation in 1870, when they were still and prayerful. Now they are self-reliant and proud of the power of their huge armies, their cannon and mighty organization, and trust in the ability of their generals.

I was entirely free from the care I had on the out-journey of preparing my speeches, and could fully enjoy the rest and the conversation on board. At the same time I thankfully recollected all the impressions of the very few, but in every respect so pleasant, and I trust profitable, days of my stay in America. I shall never forget the beautiful and blessed Conference at Alfred. Brother T. J. Van Horn wrote, when inviting me to the Conference, that he hoped I might bring a new vision to the brethren. I can assure you the new vision was mine. I can now better bring before my mind the vital questions of our churches across the ocean and pray for them, and I trust so it may be with you. Yea, I believe I may state that already your prayers have been heard, when I tell you that one of our profoundest desires (as those who heard me at the Conference know)—the restoration of the Rotterdam Church—was realized during my stay in America. Sabbath and Sunday, the nine-

teenth and twentieth of September, I had the privilege of witnessing the spirit of harmony now reigning there and to cooperate in the reorganization of the church. Our dear Brother Lucky (well known to you) was the instrument in the hand of the Lord to bring about this restoration, and so we saw again that the things which are impossible with men always are possible with God.

You know, Brother Lucky asked me the year before, if I was going to the Conference in Brookfield. If so, he would try to visit me on the occasion of his intended trip to Hamburg, where he was going to meet Professor Ströter. I replied, at that time, that there was no possibility of my going to the Conference then. I remembered this fact before I left this year, and wrote to Galicia, asking if Brother Lucky had anything to communicate to the Conference. He replied he was very sorry I had not written earlier, as he was about to attend a conference in Wernigerode (Germany) and might have visited me before; but even now he would try to catch me on Friday the thirtieth, in Rotterdam, after the end of that conference, which closed on Thursday, July 29. The *Potsdam*, on which I booked, was to leave on the morning of August first. You know, we met each other. We were much pleased to see each other on Friday, and discussed the interests of our mutual cause. It was very remarkable that, in the religious conference Brother Lucky attended, the general opinion was that the German Emperor so strongly desired peace that, under the circumstances, Austria surely would not go to war with Servia. Brother Lucky was sure he might immediately return after he had met me. But on the first of August the Queen of Holland ordered the mobilization of our army and nobody could leave the country at that date. Meanwhile Brother Lucky was barred out, as the war was declared on the second. So he was obliged to stay in Holland and began to visit the people. When they heard his touching words on the eve of my departure, he won all hearts, and he appeared to be the right man to bring the different minds together. May the Lord confirm this blessed work! Still, it was a very pitiful thing for Brother Lucky to hear of the devastation of his country by the Russians and not be able to do anything for his peo-

ple. He did not get any letter from them during all this time.

But let me return to my voyage. I enjoyed it very much as long as we were on the ocean, but when we approached the Scilly Islands, the weather changed. During a thick fog on the night of the first of September, we heard, far away, the dreary tones of the fog-horn of another ship, probably an English man-of-war. The *New Amsterdam* went on, but in the early morning, when the fog lifted, we saw we were followed by a temporary cruiser, an armed French mail-steamer. We were ordered to stop, and French officers and marine soldiers came on board. We heard we were conducted to a French military port. This port appeared to be the magnificent harbor of Brest, where we were obliged to stay for five days. Our captain had to render all the documents of the ship, about the passengers as well as about the cargo, to the French officers. The first thing they did was to separate the Germans and Austrians from the other passengers. Some Germans tried to deny their nationality. They pretended they were Swiss or Hollanders, but very few succeeded, as they had no passports. Some of them had burned their documents. In the harbor some boats plied round about to pick up all documents which might be thrown away from our ship. About 750 passengers and men of the crew, of German or Austrian nationality, went into exile. We did not even have the opportunity to take leave of them. A tug came along by our vessel with some ballast-lighters. On the tug all were searched to see if they had knives or revolvers with them. They were allowed to take as much of their baggage as they could bear, the things they needed most, and so they descended from our ship into the lighters. They were obliged to stand surrounded by their luggage all the way to the island where the fortress was in which they would be interned. Only the women and children and the aged men were allowed to continue their journey with us. We were not allowed to witness the touching departure of the women and children. Happily there were few of the latter. We were kept at quite another part of the ship during the investigation. There was an old and ailing German clergyman on board with his son, a boy of sixteen, a tall and strong-

looking boy. As the father did not want to leave his son, they both went into exile, but on the way from the landing-place to the fortress the father sank down. So, on the advice of the French physician in the fortress, father and son were released and returned to the *New Amsterdam*, as well as six German physicians, after they had pledged to serve only the Red Cross and not take part in military operations. The German officers who had not destroyed their papers (there were thirty of them) were allowed to stay in Brest in private rooms in a certain part of the town, at their own expense, after they had sworn not to take up arms against the French during this war.

From the clergyman and the physicians we heard how they had been treated during their imprisonment. They had been lodged all together—first, second and third-class passengers—in large halls, about sixty together. There they must sleep on straw without mattresses. In the morning they were given a big loaf and some cold meat or bacon, and coffee without milk and sugar; at noon some warm food, peas or soup, twelve persons to one dish. They all had spoons, but no plates, and all had to eat out of the one dish. The quantity and quality of the food was sufficient, but the contrast was very great with the luxurious life of many of them before. War made them all alike. The German physicians praised the kind attitude of the French officers and their courtesy. It was much better than they had expected. As I had no passport or documents to prove my identity, I feared a little I should have some trouble with the French officers, but they appeared to be very mild. I had put my decoration on my coat, as knight of the Orange-Nassau Order. The captain of our ship came and shook hands with me; this made a good impression. I told the French officers I had been invited to attend a conference in America and had not imagined I should want a passport. I showed the program of the Conference and my name printed several times on it. "Ah, you are a minister? All right," was all the officer replied, and let me pass. Still, we were not easy, because soldiers had meanwhile begun to unload our cargo: flour and maizena, maize, preserved meal, everything eatable, and even the silver destined for the Netherlands National Bank. Every day

our departure was postponed. So we feared that there was danger of war for Holland too, and that in the end the whole ship would be confiscated and we ourselves be captured, too. But after five days the greater part of the cargo had been unloaded and we were allowed to start. Afterwards the silver was delivered again, by means of another Dutch vessel, which they had kept in custody before, and the flour was paid for. In the Channel, off Dover, our ship was again stopped by the English, but when they saw how we had been plundered already, they let us continue our journey. The lifeboats then were laid out, because of the danger of mines.

On the morning of the eighth of September we safely arrived in Rotterdam and were met at the pier by Brothers Lucky, Ouwerkerk, and Andreae. I stayed there for a couple of hours, and then hurried home.

I was very glad to find my family and friends quite well and everything in my country much better than I had expected. Surely, there is a great deal of distress. Nearly all manufactories stand still for want of coal and on account of the impossibility of export; but owing to the wise precaution of the government and the combined and harmonious action of all political groups, a great improvement is coming and business and trade begin to revive. We have had here a very fine summer and a rich harvest. Government fixes fair prices for food and regulates the distribution, so that nobody can retain it when it is needed. The families of the soldiers who are married or earning livelihood for their parents are sufficiently supported by the government. Our army at the frontiers and the coasts and fortresses at present numbers 250,000 to 300,000 men. The danger of war is still pending, as the siege of Antwerp has begun. You see the consequences of the war are a heavy charge to our nation too. Still, these things are nothing, compared with all the horrors and misery the warring countries have to suffer. However, the Lord, who gives food to the hungry, shall provide for his people. O Lord, how long? How long will this terrible war destroy and pour out a sea of miseries on the nations?

I must close this letter. I hope soon to write you more about our work in the church and about "evangelism" in this time

of trouble. Let us prayerfully commend each other to the grace of our Lord and Savior and to the love of our heavenly Father, by the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, and may the Lord prosper us, that we may hear good tidings from each other.

I have just received a good letter from Sister Jansz. I shall write you more about it. With very cordial greetings,

Yours in the Master's service,

G. VELTHUYSEN.

To Be a Christian

What is it to be a Christian? Ask the average man on the street, "Are you a Christian?" and he will answer, with an apologetic smile, "Well, I'm trying to do the best I can." But no man ever made himself a Christian, or won his way into eternal life, by trying to do the best he could. Our individual Christianity depends not upon what we do for God, but upon what we let God do for us. To be a Christian is to receive in gratitude and in conscious need God's gift of his Son Jesus Christ as our Savior. The voluntary receiving of Jesus as Savior is the only thing that ever makes a Christian of any human being. Then, and for the first time, the saved man can begin to "do the best he can" by letting God's best, even Christ himself, commence to work our God's will in his life.—*The Sunday School Times.*

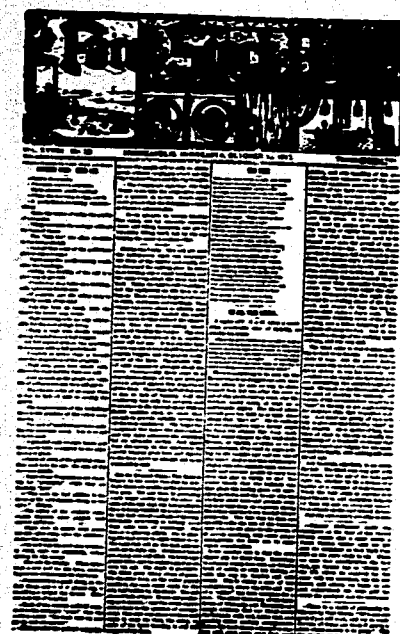
True Nourishment

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep, to be exposed to darkness and light, to pace round in the mill of habit, and to turn thought into an instrument of trade—this is not life. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness—alone can give true vitality to the mechanism of existence. The life of mirth that vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.—*James Martineau.*

"Heresy is often a tree that small men climb for the purpose of being seen."

HOME LIFE

JULY 1914



THE GENTLEWOMAN

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL MONTHLY



PATTERNS AND FANCY WORK
JULY 1913

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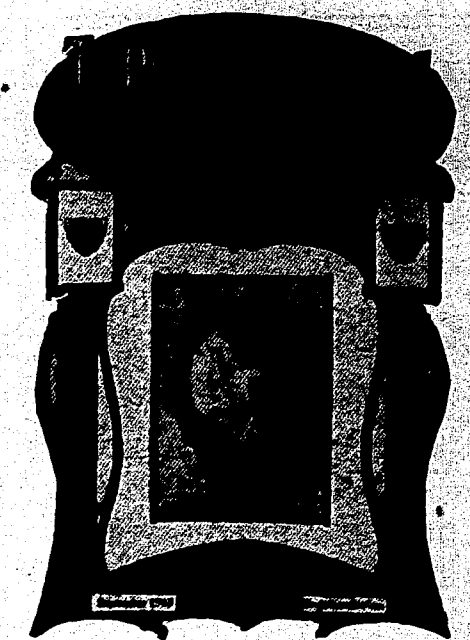
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The SABBATH RECORDER

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Plainfield, New Jersey



WOMAN'S WORK

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

A New Teacher in Fouke

MY DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

You will doubtless remember asking me to write something for the RECORDER after I came here. I am somewhat surprised to be doing it so soon (have been here only three days), but I have a whole week before school begins, and will probably have more time now than later. It is so different here from the North that I find it very interesting. I had no idea what to expect, and seemed to be unable to find any one who could enlighten me. For this reason, too, I thought a letter now would make one about the school later more interesting.

My journey from Walworth here was very pleasant. I left home at eight o'clock Wednesday morning and reached Texarkana at twenty minutes past twelve on Thursday. Only two changes were necessary, one in Chicago and the other in St. Louis, with only about an hour to wait at each place.

Texarkana, a city of about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, is much like our northern cities. It is in both Texas and Arkansas. In fact, they told me I got off the train in Texas and waited in Arkansas. The postoffice also is in both States. The people of the city get their mail from their respective States.

At about half past three we started for Fouke in a lumber-wagon, drawn by a team of mules. I enjoyed that ride very much and did not feel a bit homesick, although the bumps did remind me of automobile rides in Wisconsin. It was a drive of sixteen miles, so I had ample time to learn about some new trees and other plants. Some that I remember are magnolia, sycamore, pine, holly, sweet-gum, black-gum and some others that are common at home. The Spanish mulberry, with its bright berries, is very pretty. We saw, too, the mistletoe growing in the tree tops. I saw my first cotton-fields that morning from the car window. In one field there were five or six negroes picking. They, as well as their huts, looked exactly like the pictures we see in geogra-

phies. We passed many cotton-fields, coming from Texarkana, as well as fields of sugar-cane and peanuts. By the way, peanuts sell for a dollar a bushel here, and pears for fifty cents.

We passed one tract of land which is now covered with trees, but before the war, it was a plantation of, probably, between two and three hundred acres. It is owned by a bank in St. Louis now and is not tilled. Not many years ago it was doubtless covered with cotton-fields and dotted with cabins where negroes lived. Land here is worth from ten to forty dollars an acre. One place was pointed out, which was partially cleared of trees, that is worth fifteen dollars an acre. It does amuse me to see corn-fields with stumps half as high as the corn. Much of the soil is either red clay or sand. The land is comparatively level. In several places coming out we crossed little streams where there were no bridges. These make handy places to water the teams.

The people here are now very busy picking cotton and making sorghum. There is a cotton-gin in town, and I intend to visit it some day. The country schools will not begin until November, as there is so much work now. They have three months of school, then a vacation until June, when another term of three months begins. They are trying to do away with the summer term, and have a longer winter term. There are many two-room country schools, with about fifty pupils in each room. The teachers receive sixty dollars or more a month.

Ours is the only high school in the village. A small tuition fee is charged to First-day pupils. We do not know yet how large the school will be, probably not so large as it would be if prices for farm-produce were higher. Cotton, for example, is worth only about half as much in trade this year as was received in cash last year. The schoolroom is very pleasant. In fact, there are three rooms, the largest of which is used for church services.

I am very pleasantly situated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Randolph, near the school building. I have a large room, and plan to board myself. There are two beautiful trees in the front yard. They are called Chinese umbrella-trees, and must be named that from their shape. At

a distance they seem perfect. The foliage is very dense, and the leaves are something like those of a mountain-ash.

With the exception of telling you that Fouke has a population of about three hundred, I am going to leave that description until I know more about the town. I have found only one thing here to dislike—that's the water, which tastes to me like quinine. The people are very pleasant and friendly and I know I shall enjoy my work.

Very truly yours,

MINNIE GODFREY.

Fouke, Ark.,

Oct. 4, 1914.

Said he to me: "What do you do with your money? Do you actually need all your money to properly feed and clothe your family and provide necessaries? If you do, you had better use it for that purpose, at least most of it, for efficiency in the world's work demands good health, and it is our duty to be efficient.

"But the money for the new farm or new auto or something that may add to our pleasure or profit—maybe that better be divided, and some of it placed where it will draw interest that will be payable in increased efficiency for some one else.

"Maybe the church or Sabbath school needs it. Possibly some young person wants to go to school and can not meet the expense, or some neighbor may need a lift. The new hospital at Lieu-oo could probably make a dollar go as far as anything could. 'I was sick, and ye visited me.'"
E.

Women at the Northwestern Association

MRS. D. N. INGLIS

The program for the woman's hour of the Northwestern Association, held at Farina, Ill., was given Thursday afternoon, September 24, and was in charge of Miss Phoebe Coon, of Walworth, Wis., the associational secretary. Miss Coon presented the message of the Woman's Board, telling of the work for the coming year and making mention of the need of funds for the Lieu-oo Hospital. Three papers were given: "The Relation of Home Training and Influence to True Sabbath Observ-

ance," by Mrs. D. L. Babcock, of Albion, Wis.; "The Relation of Home Mission Work for Young Women," by Miss Minnie Godfrey, of Walworth, Wis.; "Missionary Education a Source of Strength in Church Life and Service," by Mrs. H. N. Jordan, of Milton Junction, Wis. Miss Godfrey and Mrs. Jordan were not present, so their papers were read by Mrs. D. N. Inglis and Mrs. W. D. Burdick. There were two pieces of music, a solo by Mr. Charles Bee and a quartet by Mr. Arthur Burdick, Miss Honor Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis.

A sectional meeting was called Sabbath afternoon, and at this time Miss Coon urged the study of missions in the ladies' societies. Reports were given of the work done in the societies represented, and a good deal of interest was shown.

Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting

The Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. A. R. Crandall on October 4, 1914.

Members present: Mrs. West, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Daland, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Whitford, Miss Agnes Babcock, Miss Phoebe Coon, Mrs. Maxson.

Visitors: Mrs. Martha Wardner, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. Siedhoff, Mrs. D. N. Inglis.

In opening the meeting the President called attention to the fact that it was the day appointed by President Wilson for prayer for the restoration of peace in Europe, and asked that several prayers might be offered after the Scripture reading. She read Isaiah 11 and this was followed by earnest prayers by Mrs. Wardner, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Clarke, and Miss Coon.

The minutes of September 1 were read.

The Treasurer's report for September was read and adopted. The receipts for the month were \$52.79, disbursements, \$544.93. The Treasurer's report for the quarter ending September 30, 1914, was read and adopted.

The Corresponding Secretary read extracts from a letter received from the Eastern Associational Secretary, and presented the subject-matter of a blank sent by the Federation of Woman's Boards to be filled by our Board. At the request of the President, the Corresponding Secretary re-

ported on the work done by the committee appointed at our last meeting to arrange for the publication of the biography of Mrs. Carpenter. Estimates on printing had been received and were discussed.

On motion it was voted that Miss Agnes Babcock be instructed to represent the Woman's Board in conference with Mrs. Brown in regard to the completion of the manuscript of this biography.

Mrs. Babcock read a note of thanks, which she had received from the beneficiary of the Board's Milton College Scholarship.

It was moved and carried that the Corresponding Secretary have the stationery for the use of the Board printed as usual.

The report of the woman's hour at the Northwestern Association, just held in Farina, was asked for. Miss Coon, the Associational Secretary, reported that the program, as arranged, was presented and the papers would be furnished the editor of the Woman's Page of the RECORDER for publication. Excellent music was furnished for the hour. Miss Coon also reported a special meeting held with the women to consider the work of the Board, and the plan for assisting in securing the funds for the Lieu-oo Hospital.

Mrs. Inglis was asked to give additional facts about this special meeting. She spoke particularly of what had been said concerning mission study in the auxiliary societies.

Miss Agnes Babcock was asked to tell of the work being done by the women of the Central Association. She spoke of the program arranged for the woman's hour at that associational gathering during the second week of October, and, briefly, in regard to the work of the auxiliary societies in that association. She also suggested a plan for interesting the auxiliary societies in furnishing symposiums for the Woman's Page of the RECORDER.

The President appointed a committee consisting of Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. Babcock, and Mrs. Whitford to act in regard to a Thanksgiving program prepared by Miss Mary A. Stillman.

After the reading and approval of the minutes, the Board adjourned to meet in November with Mrs. Daland.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.

The Salem Ladies' Aid

MRS. C. B. CLARK, Secretary

Read at the Church Home-Coming, October 4, 1914

One lone woman inspired with the spirit of service can, by wisely employing such means and opportunities as may come to her hands, administer great and lasting benefit not only to her immediate community and generation but to those who are far distant or who may come after.

Two such women, by uniting their efforts and working systematically and intelligently, can more than double the usefulness of one lone worker, while a company of such devoted women, under capable leadership, organized for a definite purpose and following order and system, can perform manifold wonders, greatly enhancing the efforts of each individual.

Moved by this conviction are the ladies of our country organized under various banners and names and by them great good is being accomplished, by various means and avenues, which without our noble women's organizations would never be performed.

Far from being the least among these is the Ladies' Aid, which has come to be a necessity to the church parish, second only to the pastorate.

Since our Home-coming of December, 1913, ten months ago, our Ladies' Aid has held nine regular meetings and five work meetings. Our meetings have been well attended and manifestly earnest and enthusiastic.

Aside from meetings for our own organized benefit, we united in January with the societies of the other churches in a day of prayer.

For purely social benefit we held a housewarming sociable at the home of Doctor Clark in March and a stunt sociable at the home of Mr. O. T. Davis in the same month.

A committee of our ladies arranged the Home-coming dinner of last December and a picnic dinner for the clean-up day for the church premises on June 28.

The Ladies' Aid has figured largely in other social events, but they do not appear on the minutes as under the society's management.

As means of replenishing our treasury we have held our work meetings where the

social feature has been very prominent while we sewed at moderate rates—both speed and finances considered.

We gave a ten-cent supper in January, provided a banquet for the Brotherhood in February, one for the Baraca class in September and held an apron and baked goods sale in April.

The ladies were given notice to earn \$1.00 and at a social hour in April report in rhyme the means by which it was earned, depositing the same for Salem College Scholarship. Forty dollars was reported, earned in ways unique, legitimate and otherwise.

We organized a Kitchen Band and held three concerts, one in Salem College Auditorium, one in Sardis schoolhouse and one in Lost Creek Odd Fellows' Hall.

From these sources we have net receipts as follows: dues \$29.65; banquets and sociables \$34.95; sewing \$7.98; aprons and baked goods \$35.71; Salem College scholarship \$43.35; donations and gifts \$15.28; concerts \$102.64.

Our society also maintains a birthday fund. Regarding this fund the church is greatly to be congratulated. The treasurer's books show but \$2.30 received on this fund during the past year, which is equivalent (?) to saying that the combined ages of our members is but two hundred and thirty years, insuring many years of youth and vigor in service for you.

We have expended as follows: supplies for suppers \$1.97; concert expenses \$14.70; cemetery improvements \$25.00; basement improvements \$68.40; Twentieth Century Endowment Fund \$25.00; Missionary Society \$25.00; Tract Society \$25.00; Salem College Scholarship \$50.00; Miss Burdick's salary \$25.00; Miss West's salary \$25.00.

This does not show the standing of our books, simply the work of the past ten months. Our books show nearly \$65.00 to our credit.

"He is the most tender-hearted man I ever saw." "Kind to animals?" "I should say so. Why, when he found the family cat insisted on sleeping in the coal bin, he immediately ordered a ton of soft coal."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Our highest wisdom is but the preface to a book that no one ever read."

The American People vs. The American Saloon

COMPLAINANT'S BRIEF

Representative Hobson, of Alabama, and Senator Shepard, of Texas, at the request of the Committee of One Thousand appointed by the Anti-Saloon League and ninety allied temperance organizations, have asked the Congress of the United States to find a true bill of indictment against the beverage traffic in intoxicating liquors, charged with high crimes and misdemeanors, that acting as a jury, the representatives of the people in their various legislatures assembled may render a verdict, which, if *guilty*, will forever brand this traffic not only as a sin against God but as a crime against the State, and as treason to the principles of good government.

In presenting the case of the people it may be well to state in outline what we intend to prove. We shall endeavor to show—

First, that the liquor traffic is criminal in its nature and character.

Second, that in its criminal character it is the arch-enemy of, and greatest menace to, the three institutions most dear to the American people; namely, the church, the school and the home.

Third, that being criminal in its nature and character, and a menace to these institutions, it should be branded as a crime, and prohibited by constitutional law.

The Supreme Court of the United States has said:

"The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these liquor saloons than to any other source. . . . There is no inherent right in a citizen thus to sell intoxicating liquors by retail. It is not a privilege of a citizen of the State or of a citizen of the United States."

Crowley vs. Christenson, 137 U. S. 86.

The same court says:

"If a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be a gainer a thousandfold in the health, wealth and happiness of the people."

License Cases, 5 Howard (46 U. S.) 573-632.

The same court also says:

"No legislature can bargain away the public morals, or the public health or the public peace."

Phelan vs. Virginia, (U. S.) 8 Howard 163-168.

The same court said, in the contention of the Boston Beer Company:

"We do not so understand the rights of the plaintiff. The legislature had no power to confer any such rights."

Beer Company vs. Mass. U. S. Rep. 25-33.

It would hardly be possible in a single brief to enumerate all of the crimes committed by the saloon in the past, or to point out the criminal trail of this traffic during the present generation, but the influence of the saloon is much the same wherever it exists; so while some of the evidence herewith presented may be of a general character, we wish to give particular attention to its influence in one section of New England.

Evidence of a somewhat general nature was collected and carefully tabulated a few years ago by Rev. J. C. Jackson, D. D., now deceased, but at that time the very efficient and painstaking editor of the *American Issue*. Doctor Jackson was especially careful in his investigations and accurate in his statement of facts. After thorough investigation of conditions in a large number of cities and towns, half of which had followed a liquor license policy for a period of ten years or more, and the other half of which had followed a no-license policy for ten years or more, the license and no-license cities and towns averaging about the same in population, he was able to state definitely and positively that there was a hundred per cent larger church membership and a hundred per cent larger church attendance in proportion to the population, in the no-license communities than in the license communities.

It would be difficult to marshal the facts relative to the influence of the saloon upon the schools in all of our States, but in the State of Massachusetts the cities are so equally divided between license and no-license that comparative statistics are readily available. At the taking of the state census of 1905 about half of the thirty or more cities of that State were without saloons, including Cambridge, Somerville and Brockton, three cities of large populations which seem to have adopted perma-

nently a no-license policy. This census showed that the average no-license city, though paying a lower tax-rate on assessed valuations than the average license city, paid for public schools an average of forty-two per cent more in proportion to population than the average license city; this too without the aid of license money. This may have been accounted for in part by the better class of schools demanded in no-license cities, but only in part.

According to the report of the State Board of Education for 1911 the no-license cities sent to their high schools forty per cent more of the children of school age than were sent to the high schools of license cities in proportion to their population. An awful sequel to these statistics may be found in the fact that the average license city of Massachusetts sends one hundred and fifty per cent more of its children of school age into the factories, mills and shops than are sent to work in the factories, mills and shops of no-license cities.

The effect of the saloon upon the home is so apparent and the facts are so overwhelming that it is difficult to select the few that may be presented here.

In the matter of wages, which is a very important item to be considered in connection with the average home, the United States census reports for 1905 on "Manufactures of Massachusetts" showed that the average earnings for each employe in such manufactures for that year were five hundred forty-two dollars and seventy-five cents in no-license cities and four hundred sixty-eight dollars and sixty-six cents in license cities, showing that the average employe earned seventy-four dollars and nine cents more per year in the manufactories of no-license cities than in those of license cities.

This comparison was especially striking in the cities where the manufacture of shoes is the leading industry. Newburyport has frequently vacillated between a license and no-license policy. Mr. Charles Bliss, a shoe manufacturer of that city, bears testimony to the fact that in license years he has a far larger percentage of shoes returned as damaged or imperfect than in no-license years, due to the muddled brains and unsteady hands of employes who frequent saloons, and that under such conditions he can not pay so high

an average wage as he can when the saloons are closed.

The prison commissioner's report for 1911 shows that the average number of arrests for drunkenness in all of the license cities of Massachusetts was forty-five and seventeen one hundredths per thousand of the population, and that the average number of arrests for drunkenness in all of the no-license cities of that State were but fourteen and eighty-four one hundredths per thousand of the population.

The report of the same commissioner showed that during the year 1911 there was but one arrest of women for drunkenness in no-license cities for each one thousand four hundred thirty-nine of the population; while in the license cities there was an arrest for drunkenness of women for each two hundred seventy-two of the population.

The number of people cared for per year in the almshouses of all license cities of Massachusetts was, from 1901 to 1910 inclusive, five and three one hundredths per thousand of the population, while the average number for the same period in the no-license cities was but one and sixty-one one hundredths per thousand of the population.

The report of the Massachusetts Board of Health, covering ten years from 1901 to 1910 inclusive, shows that the average annual death-rate in the license cities is sixteen and fifty-two one hundredths per thousand, and in the no-license cities but thirteen and thirty-one one hundredths per thousand.

It would seem that the facts herein presented would be sufficient in themselves to procure a verdict of guilty in this case. But it will be argued by the defense that some of the arrests in license cities are of citizens belonging in adjacent no-license territory. To a degree this is true; but it is equally true that many of the arrests in no-license cities are of citizens belonging in license territory, who come across the border in an intoxicated condition. And furthermore, the great majority of those arrested in no-license territory procure their liquor in license territory.

It will also be set up as a defense that the liquor traffic is better regulated under a license system, and that open saloons prevent kitchen barrooms and illegal selling.

But this theory, so far as Massachusetts is concerned, has long since been exploded. The books of the United States Internal Revenue Service for the District of Massachusetts for 1910 show that in license territory there was one illegal-liquor seller for each fourteen hundred and seventy-nine of the population, and in no-license territory but one for each thirty-five hundred fifty-seven of the population. This shows that the license communities have two and one-third times as many illegal liquor sellers as the no-license communities have.

As a last resort the defense will argue that "since men will drink, and men will sell even in no-license communities, it is better to tax the traffic for revenue purposes." During a period of five years, 1903 to 1907 inclusive, the average tax-rate of all the license cities and towns of Massachusetts was sixteen dollars and seventy-nine cents per thousand of assessed valuation, and that of the no-license cities was fifteen dollars and seventy cents per thousand of assessed valuation. Thus it will be seen that the average tax-rate in the no-license communities during that period was one dollar and nine cents less than that of license communities, and yet the no-license cities of Massachusetts were paying in proportion to their assessed valuation twenty-five per cent more annually for public roads, and forty-two per cent more annually for public schools. From these figures it is fair to conclude that the liquor license fees of a city fall far short of the extra cost of trying and punishing rum's criminals, supporting rum's paupers and caring for rum's insane.

But if a license policy was directly profitable to a city treasury, it would still be unprofitable to the city as a whole, for practically all of the money that goes into the rum till is thus diverted from legitimate lines of business and trade. After two years of no-license in the city of Lynn, Mass., a careful canvass was made among all classes of tradesmen, with the inquiry as to whether their business had increased or fallen off in the two no-license years. With but a single exception, every tradesman consulted claimed an increase in his business and fewer losses in collections. The one exception was that of a glazier who complained that there was a big falling off in the number of windows he was called upon to repair. Even an under-

taker, while admitting that there were fewer deaths in the city, reported that a better grade of funeral goods was ordered in the poorer sections, and that he had fewer losses from non-payment of bills.

To review briefly, we have shown that the Supreme Court holds that there is a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the traffic in rum than to any other source. That the loss of revenue from its diminished consumption would be compensated a thousandfold in the health, wealth and happiness of the people. That no legislature can barter away the public morals or the public health or the public peace. And that no citizen of the State or Nation has an inherent right to sell rum. These ringing utterances of the Supreme Court have branded the beverage traffic in intoxicating liquors as criminal in its nature and character.

We have shown that the licensed saloon is the arch-enemy of the Christian church, retarding by one-half its growth and prosperity in license communities. Few of the men who frequent the saloon ever enter a church, and but few of the families of men who habitually visit saloons find their way to the house of God, some remaining away through poverty and others through shame.

We have shown that about forty out of every one hundred and forty of the young people of high-school age have their aspirations for higher education blighted by the presence of the licensed saloon in their communities, and that for every hundred children forced to work in the mills, factories and shops of no-license communities, two hundred and fifty are sent to toil in such places in license cities.

That the average wage paid in no-license cities is sixteen per cent more than that paid in license cities.

That for an entire year the arrests for drunkenness in all the license cities of Massachusetts were more than three times as many per thousand as those of all the no-license cities of that State for the same period, and that during that year the arrests of women for drunkenness in license cities was more than five times the number in the no-license cities in proportion to the population.

An intoxicated man is a disgusting sight, but to see a woman in that condition is absolutely shocking. While it may be no

worse for a woman than for a man to get drunk, we can not but look upon it with greater horror, for she seems to fall from so much loftier heights and to sink to so much deeper depths.

We have shown that during a period of ten years there were in proportion to the population more than three times as many inmates in the almshouses of license cities as there were in the almshouses of no-license cities. These included the innocent victims of rum, as well as those who had brought poverty upon themselves by yielding to the saloon's temptations.

We have shown that the average annual death-rate for a period of ten years was twenty-four per cent larger in the license cities of Massachusetts than in the no-license cities of that State. It may be argued by the defense that this increased death-rate is largely due to poverty and slum conditions in the license cities. But what of the slum conditions in the no-license cities? They don't exist. Then remove the rumshops from the license cities and their slums will gradually disappear.

With the array of facts now in evidence, what verdict can an honest jury bring in but that of *guilty*? Guilty of the murder of the innocent by the increased death-rate in the houses of the poor. Guilty of robbing homes of their support and sending their inmates to almshouses. Guilty of stealing from childhood its study hours and its playtime. Guilty of robbing the high schools of thousands of sweet-faced boys and girls, and sending them into the factories to become old men and women with wan cheeks and wrinkled faces while yet in the days of their youth. Guilty of defrauding the church of its proper influence and power, of keeping millions of souls from the inspiration of its teaching, from the shelter of its sanctuary, from communion with their God, and dooming them to lives of dissipation, inebriety, darkness, despair and death.

A hundred thousand American men and women going to fill drunkard's graves as the annual toll of the gin-mill is a sorry picture. But sadder still is the picture of a hundred thousand of our boys and girls going every twelve months to fill up the drunkard's ranks. The inebriate is short-lived. The insurance company won't take him, and when his earning capacity is de-

stroyed the saloon don't want him. The saloon must have young wage-earners, fresh blood, new material. The brewer who advised creating appetite by treating the boys with beer had studied well his problem. You can no more run saloons without boys and girls out of which to make drunkards than you can run a grist-mill without grain or a saw-mill without logs. The grinding of grain into flour, or the sawing of logs into lumber is a business, but the manufacture of boys and girls into drunkards is a crime.

Let the verdict be guilty and the sentence the death penalty.

Dr. Erwin S. Chapman, of Los Angeles, Cal., has defined benevolence as the rendering of service without hope of profit or reward. Business he defines as the rendering of service for profit. Crime he defines as the securing of profit without rendering any service. Under which of these three definitions shall we place the beverage traffic in intoxicating liquors? It is certainly not benevolence, the rendering of service without hope of profit. Is it business, the rendering of a service for a profit? What service does it render? There is no real service which it can render. Therefore it can not be classed as a business. It is doomed to be catalogued as a crime, the securing of profit without rendering any service; for that is *crime* first, last, and always.

No civilized nation would license the crimes of stealing, murder, or the counterfeiting of money. Why license this crime of crimes, this arch-enemy of the church, the home and the school? Suppose a counterfeiter is caught passing counterfeit money; in his home is found a counterfeiting outfit. He is indicted as a felon and brought a prisoner to the bar of the Federal Court, where the indictment is read and the prisoner is asked to plead, "Guilty or not guilty." The prisoner makes reply that if *he* didn't counterfeit money somebody else would. He is informed that that is not the question, "Guilty or not guilty, as indicted?" "But," says the prisoner, "they always have counterfeited money, and it is unfair to infringe my personal liberties." Imagine the dignity of the court as the judge says to the prisoner, "Guilty or not guilty, sir, answer." But all undaunted the prisoner continues: "They always have done it, and they al-

ways will do it and you can't stop it! I'll tell you, Judge, what I'll do. If you will give me a license to counterfeit money, and protect me in that business for a year, I'll give you fifty per cent of the profits." What would be the indignation of outraged American citizenship if His Honor on the bench had the power and audacity to accept the bribe? You would impeach him, or recall him and relegate him to political oblivion.

Yet the rumseller comes into the moral court of the people, charged with the crimes of taking his neighbor's money with no adequate return, of destroying the lives and damning the souls of his fellow men; and when asked to plead to the indictment he says, "If I didn't sell rum somebody else would." "Not the question, Mr. Rumseller, guilty or not guilty?" "Well, they always have sold rum and it isn't fair to curb my personal liberty." But the court demands, "Guilty or not guilty?" Then comes an offer: "They always have sold it, and they always will sell it and you can't stop it. But I tell you what I'll do. If you will license and protect me in the rum business, I'll give you one hundred, five hundred, yes, I'll give you a thousand dollars of the profits annually." And millions of American voters are stretching forth their hands for the rumsellers' gold, saying, "Divide with us your ill-gotten gain, we will license you, protect you and swear that you are respectable."

May God forbid that the people of this fairest of lands shall longer consent to build their roads, erect their bridges, pave and light their streets with the price of their children's blood.

If the United States Government prohibited the manufacture and circulation of counterfeit money throughout the greater portion of its area, but permitted and licensed it in a few States or centers because the sentiment of the people locally favored counterfeiting, it would be most difficult to prevent its circulation in prohibited territory. But the United States Government undertakes to manufacture and put into circulation all of the money that is necessary for carrying on the Nation's business, and it says most emphatically to all others, "*Thou shalt not.*" True it is that the prohibition of counterfeiting does not prohibit absolutely, and in all probability it never will. Yet the counter-

feiting of money in the United States is a decidedly hazardous enterprise, and by rigid enforcement of the law prohibiting it, the evil is reduced to the minimum.

Let the United States Government undertake to manufacture and attend to the distribution of all alcoholic spirits, to be used only for mechanical, medicinal and scientific purposes, and say to all others, "Thou shalt not." Such a prohibition would probably never prohibit absolutely, but the evil could thus be reduced to a minimum.

For generations to come occasional moonshiners, hidden here and there in the fastnesses of the mountains, might continue to ply their trade. And the kitchen barrooms would doubtless survive, for a time at least, in centers where local sentiment favors the saloon, particularly in the slums of our great cities; but when the United States Government assumes absolute control of the manufacture, importation and distribution of alcoholic liquors, prohibits by constitutional law their manufacture, importation and sale by any and all others throughout the Nation, and exercises the diligence in enforcing that prohibition that it now exercises in enforcing its currency laws, it should become as dangerous for private individuals or corporations to manufacture and sell rum in this country as it is today for them to manufacture and circulate counterfeit money.

The most difficult problems in the enforcement of prohibition would be those presented by the slums of our great cities. And it is here that nation-wide prohibition should be infinitely more effective than local prohibition, in that it can control manufacture and importation, and thus prevent rum from reaching our large cities except as it may be secretly manufactured and smuggled into them in small quantities.

A carbuncle on the human body, if left to itself, would eventually poison and destroy the whole body. But a wise Providence has provided that when one member of a healthy human organism is attacked by a carbuncle, the pure blood and life forces of the whole body rush to the rescue of the diseased member and drive out the contaminating poison. The slums of our great cities are carbuncles upon our body politic. If left to themselves they must eventually contaminate and destroy the

body politic of the State and Nation. But if the pure blood and life forces of the entire Nation are turned loose on these diseased centers, the contaminating poison of the slums will eventually be driven out, and the whole Nation will be purified and redeemed from the curse of rum.

For the people, by
SAMUEL H. DAVIS,
Attorney.

Westerly, R. I.,
Sept. 28, 1914.

How to Make Horses Acquainted With Automobiles

David Buffum, an expert on horses, writes, as follows, in the current issue of *Farm and Fireside* about teaching horses to have no fear of automobiles:

"If one lives near a road where automobiles are constantly passing, the best thing to do is to tie such a horse securely to the roadside fence, if it is high enough to prevent him from jumping over it and strong enough to prevent him from breaking it. The halter, rope, and the post to which he is tied must also be strong. After standing there for several days, he will be thoroughly accustomed to the passing of automobiles. If they pass with sufficient frequency he will become so used to them that he will eat his grain and scarcely notice them as they go by."

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

From the Treasurer of the Young People's Board

I wish to correct the statement that was made at Conference, that there was \$126.00 in the treasury to apply on this year's budget. Instead of that we found a deficit of \$4.59. It would appear that we are not in need of funds just now, and doubtless this is the reason that we are \$50.00 behind on Doctor Palmborg's salary at present. Let me urge every society to send at least part of their pledge as soon as possible.

L. H. STRINGER, Treasurer,
In account with
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD
Dr.

| | | |
|----------|----------------------------|----------------|
| Sept. 1 | Garwin C. E. | \$10 00 |
| Sept. 20 | Friends .. | 10 00 |
| Oct. 6 | Milton Junction C. E. | 5 00 |
| Oct. 6 | N. Y. City Church | 2 41 |
| Oct. 16 | Western Association | 6 15 |
| | | <u>\$53 56</u> |

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| Sept. 1 | Deficit .. | \$ 4 59 |
| Sept. 20 | Rev. H. E. Davis | 1 36 |
| Oct. 15 | Dr. Palmborg's salary for August 25 | 00 |
| Oct. 18 | Balance .. | 22 61 |
| | | <u>\$53 56</u> |

Letter to Lone Sabbath Keepers

DEAR LONE SABBATH KEEPERS:

I had the pleasure of attending Conference this year. What that meant to me will be hard to tell you, but I will try. It was the second time I had ever been at Conference. Nineteen years ago, when Conference was held at Alfred, I attended a part of the meetings. I was only a small girl at the time, and the most lasting impression received was from the presence and words of Miss Susie Burdick, who had only recently returned to Alfred on a furlough. I remember her speaking of the conditions in China. Perhaps that has had something to do with my interest in our China Mission.

But to return to the Conference of 1914. My first feeling was of bitter disappointment, because I was unable to attend the first three days, and so lost many of the good things on the days devoted to the work of the various boards. Doctor Gardiner has given us a faithful picture of the sessions, so it would be folly for me to go into detail regarding all I heard.

I think one of the deepest and most lasting impressions received was at the Sabbath-morning communion service. To many of us, especially the L. S. K's, it meant so much to unite once more with our own people in this beautiful service.

The sight of so many happy faces; the greetings of old friends; the thought that all were gathered there for the one purpose—to gain new thoughts of how to love and serve God and our fellow men better; the inspiring general theme, "Evangelism," with the various lines of thought brought out by the different speakers on that one subject; the beautiful music and singing—all united to make it an occasion long to be remembered, filling me with inspiration and courage to strive harder to live up to our ideas of true Christian fellowship and loyalty to the Sabbath.

The hour set apart especially for Lone Sabbath Keepers; the encouraging report for the year just closed; the helpful addresses, and the thought that we were wanted and needed, that our loyalty to our own people and beliefs was understood and appreciated—these were an inspiration. I am grateful for the privilege I had of attending. How I wish all you scattered ones could have enjoyed it, too!

The general impressions gained were encouraging. It seems to me we have much cause for rejoicing, as a people. I know I have returned strengthened and encouraged to take up my work with greater zest and to try to do more for the Father and to be more loyal to the Sabbath.

I do not know how many L. S. K's were at Conference. I met only a few who I knew were among the scattered ones, but I trust that many were able to take advantage of the inspiring meetings and glean all the good possible from them.

MAUDE B. OSGOOD.

Brentwood, L. I.

"The wise preacher never forgets that he is one of the congregation."

The Gothic on the Hill

REV. G. M. COTTRELL

Many things occur that never get into print. Even the ubiquitous reporter can not be everywhere at the same time. Often the things that are not noted are more important than those which are. Of this nature was one of the "side meetings" at the recent General Conference. Of course there was a variety of such side issues; as with the children, the young people, the women, committees, etc. But the one of which I write was held at the "Gothic" up on the hillside, between the Ladies' Brick Hall and the old chapel. The old Gothic is now almost hidden from view by the beautiful grove of trees, evergreen and otherwise, that were just starting "when you and I were young, Mollie." This is one of the old landmarks that has not changed with the changing times and scenes; something like "the old oaken bucket" that still hung in the well. The only change is the purpose for which it is used.

It used to be rented out to students and student families, and theological students. Now it is the home of theology itself, and the theological department of Alfred University. Here are the class-rooms and library, and even a small chapel, fitted up in true Episcopalian manner for the meetings of the students of that persuasion.

Dean A. E. Main invited all students past and present, and all who had ever in any way been connected with this department, and their wives, to gather for a little informal meeting in the Gothic Chapel early Sunday evening.

The little room was practically filled with the ministers (and wives) of our denomination, stretching most of the way from the oldest to the last ordained among us, and some not yet ordained. The little organ was played by one of our younger preachers, and the hymn from the Episcopal hymnal certainly inspired a worshipful spirit, and gave the sense of solidity and character sometimes lacking in our more modern popular music.

Following the opening service came a meeting for testimonies, under the lead of the Dean. This was interesting. Here were mingled, in a way, the old school and the new in theology,—the higher and the lower criticism, the conservative and the radical elements. But there were no dis-

cordant tones. If any of these had ever crossed swords in the arena, they had now beaten their swords into implements of peace; and now could be seen "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace. . . . Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion." It was evident that as our school was good enough for the older preachers it was good enough for their sons also, and here was the place for them all to seek their preparation.

One rather humorous incident was mentioned, showing the power of surrendering influences, as against heredity. One student who had "roomed" in this building was so affected with the theological microbe infecting the place, that he became a theologian and a preacher. Another preacher went this brother "one better," and told how, when he was in school, and lived with his family in the Gothic, a baby boy was born to them, and that boy had become a preacher and was presiding at the organ on this occasion.

Do we realize how important and wide-reaching are the influences going out from these centers of thought and training? Here are being cast in the mold the forms of thought and doctrine that are to be the inspiration, guide and salvation of our people, and others through us, for the next half-century! Not only do our theological students get the benefits, but other students enter some of the classes, and the circulating library is made use of by the ministers and Bible students throughout the country.

Shall we not then pray for a new lease of life and strength for our "School of the Prophets" up in the "Gothic on the Hill"? Of course we want them to be faithful and true to truth, all truth; to newly discovered truth, as well as loyal to the faith once delivered to the saints. We want them to be evangelical and spiritual, sympathetic with the humanities, sacrificial in spirit and sound in doctrine.

And I am sure these teachers want the people to pray for them, and also to remember the financial problem involved in maintaining a theological seminary.

Oct. 17, 1914.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Beautiful Day

"I want to do as Jesus would do
If he lived at our house today
With mother and father and brother Will,
I heard a little girl say.

She ran on errands with willing feet;
From rising to setting of sun
She spoke no words unkind or untrue.
What more could the maiden have done?
—Southern Presbyterian.

The Treasure Box

"There is a new family moving into the big house among the trees," said papa at the supper table. "I hope there are lots of boys and girls in the family, so Harold can have some playmates."

"Only one little girl, and she is too lame to walk," said mamma, sadly. "Their gardener came over to borrow some matches this morning, and he told Martha. It seems the family came here to escape the noise of the city."

Harold was very sorry for the little girl, and wished there were just a few boys and girls somewhere to play with. He lived in the suburb of a nice little city, and there were no neighbors very close. The big house among the trees had been empty a long time, and it might as well be vacant, since there would be no chums to play with.

"Don't you want to go with me to call on the new lady?" asked Harold's mamma, when the family in the big house had become settled in their fine home. "The little girl may be lonely, too."

But Harold was timid about seeing a strange little girl who could not walk, and wanted to stay at home, so mamma went alone. When she came home, she told Harold that the little girl was tired of her costly playthings and wanted nothing so much as to hunt for wild flowers and run about under the green trees. "She has never even seen a bird's nest," said mamma, with tears in her eyes, and Harold felt sorry indeed for the invalid.

"I know what I'll do," said Harold. And the very next day, when the pretty maid, in her cap and apron, went down to the gate for the mail, she found a small box with a great deal of string wrapped around

it, in big tipsy letters on one side, "This is for the little girl."

"Do you suppose the fairies sent it?" asked the little lame girl, when the box was opened, and a dear little bird's nest with speckled candies for eggs came out.

"No, I think not," said her mamma, with a smile. "If you like, we will watch and catch the fairy who put it in."

So they looked and looked, and never saw any one go to the box, though every day some new gift appeared. There were shells and flowers and acorn baskets and all sorts of pretty things, so that the lame girl always called the letter-box her treasure-box. One evening her papa carried her to a place behind a thick clump of evergreen trees, and told her to be very quiet. Presently a little boy came softly up to the box and slipped something in while a lady waited for him in the moonlight.

"Come over here, fairy," called the little lame girl. "I saw you put something into my treasure-box."

Harold wanted to run away, but that would not have been very polite. So he went over to see the little girl, and from that time on the treasure-box held nothing but letters, for the two children became such fast friends that they never could wait to let the pretty things go through the box.
—Hilda Richmond, in *Western Christian Advocate*.

A Butterfly's "Umbrella"

He was only a butterfly, one of those beautiful, large bluish-black ones that we so often see about the garden, but he knew enough to get in out of the wet.

It was during one of the heavy showers that so frequently, in the hot days of mid-summer, come suddenly upon us, driving every one to the nearest cover. To escape the downpour, which meant great injury, if not destruction, to so delicate a creature, he quickly flew to a near-by balm of Gilead tree, where, alighting on the under side of a large leaf, he clung with wings closely drawn together and hanging straight downward, using the big leaf as an umbrella to shield him from the great drops falling all around. High and dry, here he remained until the shower had passed, and the blue sky and warm sun called him once again to his favorite haunts.—St. Nicholas.

SABBATH SCHOOL

REV. L. C. RANDOLPH, D. D., MILTON, WIS.,
Contributing Editor

The possibilities of the Bible school are enough to thrill the most stolid heart. The Bible school is the "thin red line" between the church and that heathenism which is rampant everywhere—in China, Africa, New York, Wisconsin.

The Sabbath school is the foremost aggressive force by which the church may conquer the world for Christ, making men *his*—not in form and fancy, but in inner reality of the mind and heart. We stand on the threshold of great victories. Get in line.

What a delightful thing a cradle-roll is! "As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of youth." Happy is the church "that hath its quiver full of them." Start a cradle-roll in your Sabbath school. Hunt up the babies. Each one is a link which binds a whole family circle to religious things.

It was cradle-roll promotion day in the Sabbath school. Each little tot who had reached the mature age of three received a diploma, signifying that he had graduated out of the lap department at home into full-fledged participation in the activities of the primary school. Great day.

It was cradle-roll recognition day in the Sabbath-morning worship. One of the most profitable services held in a long time. Church crowded. People there I was glad to see. As the little faces looked down from the platform, artless and fresh as flowers, eyes in the audience shone, faces relaxed and hearts softened. Then the pastor had his opportunity. For twenty minutes he spoke about home life, the training of children, and the privilege of companionship with the young. A new fragrance and beauty seemed to envelop the common round of duties.

Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 7, 1914
SOWING AND REAPING

Lesson Text.—Gal. 6: 1-10

Golden Text.—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6: 7.

DAILY READINGS

First-day, Matt. 14: 1-12

Second-day, Isa. 5: 1-12

Third-day, 1 Kings 20: 12-21

Fourth-day, Dan. 5: 1-31

Fifth-day, Rom. 14: 10-21

Sixth-day, Titus 2: 1-15

Sabbath Day, Gal. 6: 1-10

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Some one describes a bronze statue which he saw in one of the art shops of Europe. It represented the knight of the olden time. It was a picture of splendid manhood, strong of features, and soldierly of pose; the picture of a man who knew his duty, and who had the strength and determination to perform it. The secret of his strength and power was revealed by a little scroll which he held in his hand. Upon it was written the single word, "Credo" (I believe). In order to fight the battles of men the knight had to be able to say, "I believe." So it is in the spiritual warfare. Until a man reaches the place where he can say, "I believe," he will not be worth a great deal in arousing faith in other men. Do we really want a revival? It depends upon the acceptance of the Bible.—*Exchange*.

In the Image of God

Thou that canst sit in silence hour by hour,
And know God in his minutest flower,
And watch his myriad ways among the grass,
And feel his touch on every frond of fern,
On the small shadows as they slowly turn,
And on the little creatures as they pass,
What blindness is it that doth hold thine eyes,
Make streets a hell, and meadows paradise,
To shut him out from his great creature, man.
Hath he not writ himself in every face?
Awake—and be not impotent to trace
What is and has been since the world began.

—*Mary E. Coleridge*.

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DEATHS

HADSELL.—On Friday, at 2.45 in the afternoon, September 25, 1914, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Bertha Tozier, of Pont, Mrs. Mary A. Hadsell, of Spring Township, widow of Albert F. Hadsell Sr.

Mrs. Hadsell was a daughter of Nathan and Nancy E. Taylor, and was born in Warren County, coming to Crawford County with her parents on February 8, 1852. In August, 1902, when the quartet of Alfred, N. Y., organized the Blystone and Hickernell Church, Mrs. Hadsell was converted in the meetings, was baptized by Rev. Clayton Burdick, and joined the church, of which she remained a member until death. She was a faithful wife and mother, although she had been in poor health for some time. Death came suddenly, she having been about the house until a short time before.

She is survived by seven children: Wm. J., of Spring Township; Mrs. Inez Rice, of Webb City, Mo.; Ernest D., of Spring Township; Frank S., of Everitt, Wash.; Mrs. Bertha Tozier, of Pont; Albert T. and Arthur G., of Spring Township. She is also survived by thirteen grandchildren and several great-grandchildren. Five children preceded their mother to the great beyond.

The funeral was held Monday, at two o'clock, in the old Baptist church, Rev. J. A. Higley, of the Pont. U. B. Church, officiating. Text, Revelation 14: 13. The singers were Arthur Tanner and Mrs. C. E. McMullen, of Albion. The casket was overlaid with beautiful flowers. The remains were laid to rest in the church cemetery, beside her husband, who died January 30, 1902. The son and daughter in the West were not able to attend the funeral. L. M. W.

CRANDALL.—Melissa Clarke was born at Lorraine, N. Y., July 4, 1838, and entered into rest October 13, 1914, aged 76 years, 3 months and 9 days.

She was the fifth daughter in the family of Elnathan and Maria Spencer Clarke. In this family were four sons and seven daughters. One brother was the Rev. Joshua Clarke, so well known as a preacher and pastor. Of that large family of children only one remains, the oldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Langworthy of Milton Junction.

In 1856, when Mrs. Crandall was a girl of about eighteen years, she and her sister Louise, afterwards Mrs. Hull, came alone from Brookfield, N. Y., to Wisconsin. Previous to her western trip she attended DeRuyter Institute at DeRuyter, N. Y. After her arrival in Wisconsin she took up further study in Milton Academy in preparation for teaching.

She was married October 9, 1861, at Dakota, Wis., to John Eggleston, who, shortly after their marriage, enlisted in the Union Army in the Civil War. He came home from the war broken in health and lived only a short time. Besides his wife he left a little daughter Nellie, who died at the age of thirteen.

On August 26, 1868, she was married to

George N. Coon. They began their home-making on Rock River Road, where they resided until they removed to Milton Junction in 1881. To this happy union was born one son, Dr. George E. Coon of Milton Junction. Mr. Coon died in 1886.

In September of 1890 Mrs. Coon was married to Amos S. Crandall, who, now almost in sight of his ninety-second birthday, mourns the departure of his devoted companion and is only waiting till God bids him "come home."

Mrs. Crandall early in life, possibly at twelve years of age, in a revival meeting, gave her heart to the Savior and became a baptized believer in her Lord. While she and Mr. Coon lived on Rock River, they became constituent members of the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church, in whose fellowship they lived and worked until their death.

Mrs. Crandall was deeply interested, and an earnest worker, in the Christian activities of the church. She will be missed by her coworkers in the Ladies' Aid society, of which she was president for a time. Her genial life will be missed by a large circle of friends. Her happy, earnest Christian spirit will remain as a benediction in the lives of her bereaved companion, her son and his family, and many relatives and friends.

The farewell services were held at her late home on Friday afternoon, October 16, by her pastor, the Rev. Henry N. Jordan. Burial was in the cemetery in Milton Junction. H. N. J.

Man has within him the divine power by which he can rise to the highest heights of spiritual achievement. This can man, by choice, by resolve, and by his divine strength, accomplish; but he can only accomplish it in and by obedience; he must choose meekness and lowliness of heart; he must abandon strife for peace; passion for purity; hatred for love; self-seeking for self-sacrifice, and must overcome evil with good.—*James Allen*.

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SPECIAL NOTICES

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

The First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock in the Yokefellows' Room, third floor of the Y. M. C. A. Building, No. 330 Montgomery Street. All are cordially invited. Rev. R. G. Davis, pastor, 112 Ashworth Place.

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

"Love rests at the bottom of every pure soul, like a drop of dew in the calyx of a flower. Oh, if you knew what it is to love!"

"It takes a vast amount of ink and some voice, for many people to tell what they do not know."

The Sabbath Recorder

Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
L. A. Worden, Business Manager

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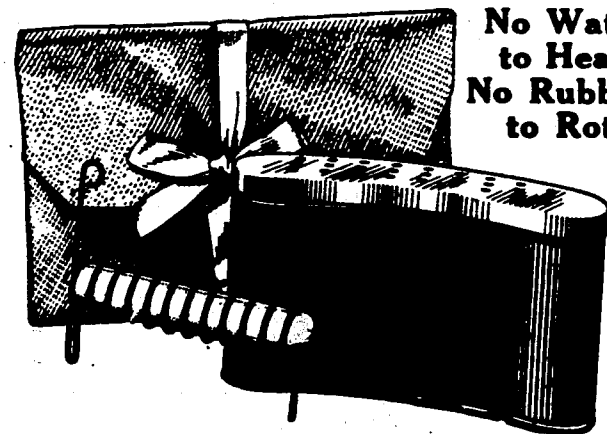
For Every Day

A cheerful song for every day,
And not for glad days only;
A song to clear a misty way,
And soothe a heart that's lonely;
A song that's not too late to bring
Joy unto one that may not sing.
A song whose mission 'tis to find
And cheer the place of sorrow,
And have its message glad and kind,
Fulfilled before tomorrow—
Whether the skies be blue or gray,
A cheerful song for every day.

—Frank Walcott Hutt, in *The Housekeeper*.

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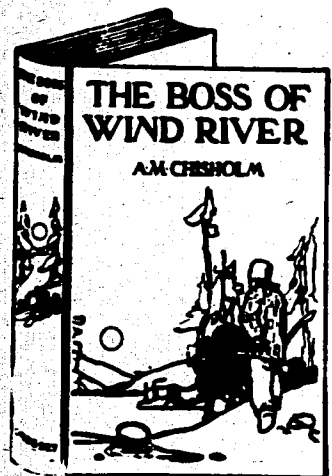
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THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

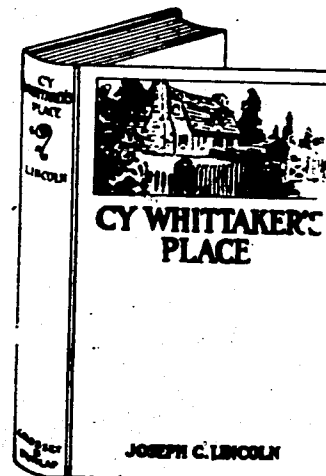
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CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

by Joseph C. Lincoln

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

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The **SABBATH RECORDER** Plainfield, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

A PRAYER

We know the path wherein our feet should press;
Across our hearts are written thy decrees;
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless,
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we know;
Grant us the purpose ribbed with steel
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge thou hast sent;
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need;
Give us to build above the deep intent,
The deed, the deed.

—The Spectator.

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