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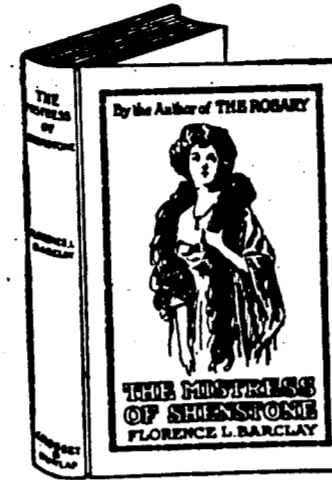


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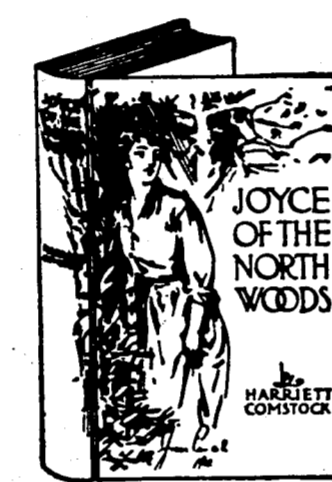


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# The Sabbath Recorder

**A PRAYER**

ALICE MATHEWS

My Father! in this quiet room tonight  
I kneel, to ask the blessing of a greater light  
To guide my restless footsteps wheresoe'er I go;  
And let content stay closer than my dearest friend below.  
Ah! let the tender littleness of kindly deeds  
Be always overeager, in my heart, for friendly needs.  
No root of bitterness I pray you let abide  
Within my soul, O Father, when comrades turn aside;  
The little slights, neglects, or frets,  
That choke so with their stings,  
And jealousy, the snarer, with the thorns it ever brings—  
Oh, help me lift my seeking heart away from them, in prayer,  
And trust, and love, and leave all aching care  
Within the shadowy corners of this weary flesh,  
And hourly seek new courage, each day to taste afresh  
Thy living waters, and learn that life is not in vain,  
And always doing, not in keeping, lies the highest gain.  
My Father, last of all, I ask a smile of cheer,  
And oh, forever peace, thy peace, to hover near.

Newark, N. J.

**—CONTENTS—**

EDITORIAL—Sailors' Snug Harbor; A Snug Harbor Offered to All; Worthy Pensioners of the Church; Lone Sabbath Keepers Discovered; That Salem College Song . . . 161-164	Strawberry Peak, San Bernardino Mountains, Cal. . . . . 176
EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES—The Pope's Hand in Mexico; The Pope and Civil Government; The World-wide Calamity . . . . . 165	WOMAN'S WORK—Women of India; Worker's Exchange . . . . . 178-181
Railroad Rates to Conference . . . . . 166	Gratitude . . . . . 181
Conference on Country Life Problems . . . . . 167	YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Lowly Service . . . . . 182
South Dakota to the Front . . . . . 167	Sleeping Out (poetry) . . . . . 183
SABBATH REFORM—The Sabbath as the Family's Day; Where Did the Present Day of Rest Get Its Origin? Letter From Rev. George Seeley; Sunday: A Book Notice 168-174	CHILDREN'S PAGE—Aunt Betty's Philip . . 184-186
MISSIONS—Words From the Field; Monthly Statement . . . . . 175	Ephrata (Pa.) News . . . . . 186
	The Light of Salem College (poetry) . . . . . 186
	HOME NEWS . . . . . 187
	"The Woman Militant" . . . . . 189
	A Devoted Lone Sabbath Keeper . . . . . 190
	MARRIAGES . . . . . 190
	DEATHS . . . . . 190
	Sabbath School Lesson . . . . . 191

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WHOLE NO. 3,623

## Sailors' Snug Harbor'

Just across the Bay from New York City, on the northern end of Staten Island, stands a splendid institution called Sailors' Snug Harbor. We have often heard of it, and many times have we passed its gates without understanding what a blessing it is to nearly a thousand old and homeless men. Yesterday it was our privilege to walk through its well-kept grounds, where groups of contented veterans of the sea were strolling along flower-bordered paths, and to see within its spacious, well-appointed rooms and halls other aged men, all enjoying the comforts of an excellent home. The group of fine buildings covers several acres on an elevation giving a fine outlook of New York Bay, and the institution has a farm of 185 acres of good land.

Aside from the main building, with its rooms for reading, writing and resting, its large auditorium for amusements, its ample dining halls, and its sleeping apartments, there is a fine church with pipe organ, a chapel, and a well-furnished parsonage for the pastor. Then there are workshops, a laundry, an ice plant, a power house and various other buildings necessary for the work pertaining to the institution. There is also a large hospital and a sanitarium.

Any old and homeless sailor who has followed the sea under the Stars and Stripes for five years may find a free home there regardless of his nationality. There is absolutely no cost to those who are permitted to enter this home. At present there are nearly nine hundred aged sailors there, and there is room for one thousand.

Under the main building are shops in which the inmates who wish to do so may engage in some light work. The men buy their material and work it up in their own way, being permitted to keep whatever money they receive for their handiwork. They were making coal sacks, hammocks, fish nets, dish mops, tidies and knitted shawls, some of them very beautiful. Basket work and straw work are made special-

ties by some, and toy models of full-rigged ships are made by others. Everything is done by hand.

The men looked contented and happy. Their work serves to occupy their minds and at the same time it brings them a little spending money. We were told by our guide that the Sailors' Snug Harbor is the best institution of its kind in the world. Whether this is really so or not, its own inmates evidently think it true. This makes indeed a sunny, cheerful refuge for them after their years of toil.

Do you ask how it is supported? In the closing years of the eighteenth century, there lived in New York City a man named Richard Randall, an old sea captain and a friend of Alexander Hamilton, who acted as his attorney. Mr. Randall owned a little farm, the southern boundary of which was what is now known as Astor Place in the heart of the city. Upon this land now stands the great Wanamaker stores and other business places on Broadway. Our guide told us that after Mr. Randall had arranged in his will for most of his estate, he had this land yet to dispose of, and upon asking his attorney what he had better do with it, received in substance the reply: "Provide a home for seafaring men, who like yourself have spent their lives on the deep and may need a retreat in their old age." And so it was done. Probably Mr. Randall little thought that his gift of land in 1801, then worth only \$40,000, would ever grow into an endowment by which the Sailors' Snug Harbor of today, worth eighteen or twenty millions, could be built and supported, thus giving a last home to several thousand seamen before 1914.

The good man was building "better than he knew." We do not wonder that his beneficiaries of today, as they show visitors their quiet and comfortable home by the sea, point reverently to the monument by the front door that stands over the ashes of their benefactor. We do not wonder that the guide goes with us first to the reception room and points with pride to the

life-sized paintings of Richard Randall and Alexander Hamilton, while he dwells affectionately on the story of the origin of the Snug Harbor.

Would that many more men of means were ready to bestow their goods in their final adjustment where for generations to come rich blessings to their fellow men would follow. Probably no other wealth that once belonged to Richard Randall can be found today doing such a glorious work as does the gift he made for the sailors' home. Thus it is demonstrated that money wisely bequeathed to benevolent and charitable institutions, to missions, to schools and churches, and to hospitals, to go on forever with its blessed work, is oftentimes the only money which the giver can feel will surely be well spent.

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### A Snug Harbor Offered to All

Since visiting the aged sailors in their Snug Harbor home, I have thought a good deal about another haven, beyond life's sea, where a snug harbor of rest is promised to every voyager who will strive under the great Captain's banner to reach that home. The peaceful and satisfied expressions on the faces of the aged mariners, living as they do without a care, with every want anticipated and provided for, after their years of service on the rough and restless ocean, are but faint suggestions of the blissful rest awaiting the faithful in the paradise of God.

Hard and toilsome have been the voyages of those we saw in the Snug Harbor, but now their hardships are over. Kind hands have prepared them a home where they may find congenial employment for hand and brain, or pleasing recreation, as they may desire. Flowers and birds and trees, and the kindly deeds of men combine to inspire within them a love for the beautiful, the good and the true. All the influences seem calculated to beget noble aspirations and to increase the capacity for enjoyment. Somehow everything about this beautiful sailors' home reminds me of the home for the faithful to which we hasten, where a snug harbor is offered to all.

How is it with you, my brother? Are you headed for this snug harbor or is your bark drifting the other way? If you are striving to make the haven, does life's sea seem rough and are you toiling against adverse winds and tides? Do storm-clouds threaten, or do you fail to see the lights along the shore, while you hear the breakers on the rocks? Are you groping your way through fogs, uncertain as to your future? It may be you have lost the anchors of faith and hope, or you are in sore distress without your chart and compass. Some may be battling bravely but helplessly in a night-storm of trouble, unable as yet to see the Master walking on the waves to save them. Some may be amid the darkness of a mysterious providence; or smitten with a cyclone of temptation, may fear that God has forgotten them. Some may even now be toiling desperately, with shattered sail and broken rudder, against the head winds of sickness, or poverty, or business disaster, while the darkness deepens until even the stars seem blotted out!

With some the guiding hand at the helm has been taken away, and the loved ones are left, almost in despair, to buffet the waves alone. And so it is that in one way or in another many are "being exceedingly tossed with a tempest" in which "neither sun nor stars for many days" have appeared. If so, I pray that, like Paul, when storm-driven on the sea, you too may hear an angel's message saying, "Fear not," and that you, like Peter, may see the Master walking on the waves to still the tempest and bring you to land. Don't forget your Pilot, but trust him where you can not see. God's promise, "At evening time it shall be light," can not fail while men cling to him. And by and by, through the all-sustaining grace of him who makes our sea, the faithful shall surely outride the storms and cast anchor in the sailors' snug harbor of heaven, whence they go no more out forever.

"Jesus! Lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last!"

### Worthy Pensioners of the Church

Perhaps we have made a mistake in speaking of our superannuated ministers' fund as a Ministerial Relief Fund, and have regarded it too much as a fund doled out in pity for the old and poor who have come to want.

We are glad that some of the religious papers are beginning to speak of ministers' pensions rather than of ministerial relief funds. The term pension has a better sound, and I think it has a better meaning. It is most humiliating to an aged, self-respecting minister who has devoted his life to the church, and who, after many years of most rigid economy on a small salary, finds himself out of work and in poverty, when he is made to realize that he is an object of charity to whom a pittance must be doled out from a relief fund. This is about like what the state calls "outdoor help" for the poor, and is next thing to "indoor help," or going to the poorhouse.

Our plan of having a general denominational fund contributed to by all the churches, such as is now started and in the hands of the Memorial Board, is far better than to have sums for relief raised here and there by individual churches to aid those only who may be found in their own membership. It is better from the very fact that it is a general fund out of which ministers in any of our churches can be supplied when old and needy. And the act of giving to such a fund cultivates a broader spirit, a more unselfish disposition, than would the giving for one's own minister or only to one who belongs to "our church." This general plan tends also to cultivate the spirit of denominational unity, and enables a people to feel that their ministers belong to the denomination rather than to individual churches. As Seventh Day Baptists, made a peculiar people by stress of circumstances, we need to cultivate everything that tends to beget a sense of denominational solidarity.

Then let us cease to think of this fund as a Ministerial Relief Fund, out of which charity to the poor may be given. Rather let us regard it as an honorable pension fund which represents our ideas of justice, due to men who have generously and unselfishly served the church, as soldiers

serve their country or teachers serve the state. We regard it as highly honorable for the nation to pension her aged veterans who gave up home and business and risked their lives to save the country. No one thinks of this as a soldiers' relief fund. It is regarded as an act of justice, a payment of well-earned dues to men who served their country. So it is when the state places its old teachers on a pension list after they have served in the public schools for thirty years or more. No one thinks of the aged teachers' fund as a relief fund, or a charity fund for the poor. Many a business firm has retired certain aged workmen, who for years have faithfully served in shop or store, placing them on a sort of pension list for life. We do not regard such transactions as deeds of charity. We look upon them as acts of justice to those who have well earned the favor.

Why should the denomination's provision for its aged and worn-out ministers, when their working days are over, be regarded in any different light? In the days of their strength they gave up business ambitions, spent years of time and all the money they possessed in securing the education necessary in order to serve the church. Then through years of service on half salaries that necessitated heroic efforts to keep the wolf from the door and their children clothed, they gave the work of hand and heart and brain until, with heads silvered with age, they have been compelled to give way for younger men. There are many such cases. What can the churches do better than honorably to pension such ministers? What less can a denomination do and be just? A denomination that will not do this for its worn-out ministers can not expect many of its young men to enter the ministry. Such a provision well established, to make sure that none of our pastors will ever be allowed to suffer in old age, would remove one great hindrance to young men's entering the ministry.

Other denominations are awakening to this important work. Nearly every week their papers contain appeals to the people to rally around the standard for a ministers' pension fund. My attention was attracted by a little poem on the subject, by Fanny Crosby, entitled "Love's Recom-

pense." It was written for the Methodist Denomination, and reprinted by the Baptist paper, *Watchman-Examiner*, as appropriate to that people; and now we give it to readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. May Seventh Day Baptists never come short in the matter of rendering love's recompense.

"There's a work of love and duty  
That devolves upon us all,  
There's a tender, pleading message,  
And its tones like music fall:  
Help our weary veteran preachers,  
Scatter roses o'er their way;  
Rally round them, hasten quickly—  
Not tomorrow, but *today*.

"From the well of deep affection  
Now their hearts with gladness fill.  
Do not wait their names to honor,  
Till the pulse of life is still.  
Break the box of alabaster,  
Pour its oil upon them now,  
Make their dwelling bright and happy,  
Wreath in smiles each furrowed brow.

"They have borne the royal standard,  
Of our Master and our Lord;  
From the time of early manhood  
They have preached his holy word.  
But their strength has lost its vigor,  
And their cheek its youthful glow;  
For the frost of age has touched them  
And their locks are white as snow.

"Watchmen on the walls of Zion  
Though their feet no more will stand,  
From the top of Pisgah's mountain  
Faith beholds the promised land.  
Soon triumphant like an army  
Marching through the realms above,  
They will shout the grand old story,  
Robed in white and crowned with love."

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### Lone Sabbath Keepers Discovered

Every now and then we learn of lone Sabbath-keepers of whom we have never heard, but who have been faithful to God's law for years without even knowing of our denomination until some chance inquiry has revealed us to them. Recently certain articles came to hand for publication from one whose name we could not recall, yet who seemed to be in accord with Seventh Day Baptists. Finally, when other items were forwarded for publication, we wrote to learn more about the writer and how she came to send them to us. The reply was that the family had been keeping Sabbath since 1900, at which time they withdrew from a First Day church, being convinced that there

was no other Bible Sabbath than the Seventh Day. They never joined any other church and know of no Sabbath-keepers near them. Through the Federal Council of Churches information concerning us was given in response to their inquiries, and so they found us. The writer says: "For a long time I sought to get in touch with Seventh Day Baptist publications, preferring to exercise any literary ability I might possess among readers of this faith, as I believe in immersion as well as in the Sabbath, and would enjoy encouraging other lone Sabbath-keepers." In due time we hope to know more of these friends and expect to be able to give some story of their experiences as lone Sabbath-keepers.

While writing on this subject we might mention others who never saw Seventh Day Baptists and yet are loyal to the cause we love. One expresses the hope that some minister of our faith will be able to visit them (husband and wife, alone), and preach, and baptize them. On another page is a letter from one who for many years has lived apart from the people of her faith and yet remains loyal. The RECORDER is glad to become a medium of communication between lone Sabbath-keepers, and as such it hopes to aid them in encouraging one another.

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### That Salem College Song

On the cover of our Salem College number appeared a college song entitled "The Light of Salem College," which was erroneously credited to Rev. A. J. C. Bond. Upon receiving a card from Mr. Bond, stating that he was not the author, we made inquiry, and found the author to be Mrs. C. B. Clark, wife of President Clark, of Salem College. We therefore reprint the poem this week on another page.

On July 18, 1870, the Pope was declared infallible. The very next day Louis Napoleon declared war against Prussia. When the French troops were withdrawn from Rome the Italian troops took possession of the Eternal City on September 17, and put an end to the temporal power of the Papacy which had lasted for a thousand years.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

## EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

### The Pope's Hand in Mexico

According to published statements in several current periodicals, the Catholic Church in Mexico has been one of Huerta's strongest supporters. Some of these papers think that this accounts for the half-hearted support given by the Catholics to President Wilson's Mexican policy. In some cases, the papers say, there has been open hostility to the President on the part of Catholic publications, because he did not recognize the usurper.

The *Protestant Magazine* is quoted by the *Christian Science Monitor*, and by the *Christian Standard* as saying:

The church authorities, meanwhile, in all parts of the country have been partisans of Huerta, supporting him in every possible way. Among other things, it is said on good authority that they have from time to time raised large sums of money for the support of his cause, the total of these contributions being 20,000,000 pesos, according to dispatches from Vera Cruz. In other words, the church in Mexico has been supporting the so-called regular government of Huerta, just as in the Philippines it supported the regular government of Spain, in both instances this support running counter to what the common people believed were their real interests.

This undoubtedly accounts for the strong stand Villa has taken against the priests and the Catholic Church in Mexico. A recent number of the *Outlook*, as quoted by the *Watchman-Examiner* of July 30, sets forth Villa's position as follows:

Villa is doing his best to remove from his country an old incubus—the church—which has been the friend of the capitalist aristocracy and the oppressor of the people since the days of the *conquistadores*. "I believe in God, but not in religion," Villa told me in his little office in the Bank of London building in Torreon. "I have recognized the priests as hypocrites ever since when I was twenty I took part in a drunken orgy with a priest and two women he had ruined. They are all frauds, the priests, and their cloth, which is supposed to be a protection, they use to entice the innocent. I shall do what I can to take the church out of politics, and to open the eyes of the people to the tricks of the thieving priests."

### The Pope and Civil Government

The age-long efforts of the Roman Church to rule in civil matters as well as in religious have evidently never been

abandoned, even though the Pope's actual temporal power has long been denied him even in the city of Rome. The far-sighted policy to gain dominating political influence in government affairs seems still to be the very essence of popery. And the fact that the priest-ridden nations of the Old World are throwing off the yoke and delegating the Pope to his legitimate place as leader and ruler of his church only, does not seem in any way to dampen Catholic ardor in persistent efforts to control civil governments. Here is what two papers quote from the *Nation* (London), of April 19, 1913:

Wherever there is a Catholic or the hope of making a Catholic, there also is the Pope in his dual capacity of spiritual and political overseer. His diplomacy has thus an almost limitless range, and operates impartially upon all forms of government and all degrees of civilization. . . . The Pope is an internal power in every country that numbers Catholics among its population, and, as such, he is at all times a potent and sometimes a decisive influence in local politics.

### The World-wide Calamity

The appalling, world-wide calamity that has befallen Europe is now the topic on every lip and the all-absorbing regret of the entire civilized world. The long-dreaded and much-talked-of war has at last come upon the nations. It burst forth without warning, dreadful as an earthquake and fierce as a cyclone, and the startled world stands aghast. People had somehow come to feel that, with all the progress of Christianity and with the advancement of the peace movement as represented by The Hague, such a war could never again deluge the earth with blood. They had rested in the belief that the war talk would never materialize into actual conflict. They felt assured that, with all the modern inventions for wholesale slaughter by which armies and navies could be utterly annihilated, the nations would not be so foolhardy as to go to war.

But alas for all these hopes! Alas for the so-called Christian nations! With all their culture and advancement in the things that have been supposed to make for a higher and nobler civilization, they do not seem to have risen much above the savage when their rights are infringed upon.

Why could not the representatives of the

Christian religion have prevented this war? The crowned heads of Europe profess to be followers of the Prince of Peace. They claim adherence to the religion which in spirit opposes all war. They claim to stand on the platform of peace on earth and good will to men. And yet, upon a very poor excuse, the dogs of war have been let loose and five nations, springing at each other's throats, are already engaged in a death struggle. Some of them, to be sure, have been forced to take up arms after exhausting every means to prevent the conflict. What others may yet be forced to do no man can foretell.

We do not wonder the entire world stands horror-stricken. After the questions that should have been settled by arbitration have been fought out in the old barbarous, savage way, with a waste of a million lives and untold treasures, the matters will not have been settled at all.

We are glad to see the disposition on the part of Americans to refrain from all inflammatory talk; and we rejoice that we have sane and Christian heads and hearts in authority here. Our President's proclamation urging upon all persons within our territory and jurisdiction the duty of an impartial neutrality, and giving due warning as to what acts are prohibited under the treaties, should be sacredly heeded by all.

All through America there will be none but deepest feelings of regret and sadness over the calamity that befalls the home countries of so many of her citizens. No knowing what horrors may come upon the people of Europe before these lines reach our readers.

German soldiers give a vivid picture of conditions in their native land when orders are given for mobilization of troops. The response is instant and all speed must be made:

Every man drops his work as soon as he hears the order; the plough is left in the furrow; customers are left at the counter; balances are left unchecked in the bank. Every man liable for military duty rushes to the nearest transportation line which will take him to his regiment, whether its headquarters be a mile away or a hundred, or five hundred. The reservists do not wait to pack luggage or food. There are clothing, equipment and food for all at the mobilization centers in storage warehouses, always filled, ready for the call. Men go to the trains often hatless and coatless.

There is no formality of getting tickets and passes. Only soldiers may ride and they ride free in the direction which duty takes them. All freight traffic is suspended; all passenger schedules are abandoned. The government wants men, in masses, quickly. Parlor cars and sleeping cars are no more privileged against the reservists than workmen's gondolas.

Some thousands of Americans touring Europe this year have been caught in the different countries, and can not continue their journey homeward. Their checks and all money excepting gold are useless since the war rules have closed exchanges in most countries, and they can not draw their funds. Many are in great distress. Steamships are not allowed to sail, and many who were booked for sailing have had their bookings canceled. Our government is planning to send transports for these Americans, and at this writing, August 5, the papers state that the armored cruiser *Tennessee* will sail tonight with \$7,500,000 in gold for the relief of Americans stranded in Europe.

### Railroad Rates to Conference

The railroads of the country decline to make any very special round trip rates to Conference, August 18 to 23, unless the attendance is over 500 and preferably over 1,000.

The certificate plan, which has been in vogue at Conference in years past, is no longer in existence, and such tickets as are sold for large gatherings are limited to ten days from going date. This much to explain the recent rulings of the railroad company.

The rates to Alfred, N. Y., and return, good for thirty days, will be in effect as follows:

New York City .....	\$13.50
Chicago, Ill. ....	22.80
Adams Center, N. Y. ....	10.28
Bridgeton, N. J. (via New York) .....	19.00
Bridgeton, N. J. (via Philadelphia) .....	17.50
Milton, Wis. ....	26.30
North Loup, Neb. ....	46.44
Nortonville, Kan. ....	39.08
Westerly, R. I. ....	19.60

The above will give you an approximate idea of the cost from the various sections of the country. We would suggest that you consult your ticket agent regarding short summer excursion tickets from the

West to New York and return, with stop-over privilege at Alfred, N. Y.

All ministers of our denomination, regularly ordained and in charge of pastorates, may secure the clerical rate (one way full fare for the round trip), by applying at the Erie Railroad, General Offices, 30 Church Street, New York, or the Transportation Building, Chicago, Ill., and identifying themselves, and presenting this notice. Clergymen reaching the Erie Railroad at other points than New York or Chicago should write the General Passenger Agent at either of the above stations, who will authorize clerical rates at the place where they reach the Erie.

It is expected that through trains will stop at Alfred in both directions on the opening day of Conference, as well as Sunday night and Monday morning following.

WILLIAM C. HUBBARD,  
Plainfield, N. J.

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

CURTIS F. RANDOLPH,  
Alfred, N. Y.  
Committee.

### Conference on Country Life Problems

There is to be a conference of country life leaders at the New York State School of Agriculture at Alfred University, August 24 and 25, 1914, the two days following the General Conference. Delegates to the General Conference should plan to remain two days, Monday and Tuesday, after the General Conference to this meeting which promises to be of unusual interest to ministers and others interested in the uplift of country life.

Rev. Charles Samuel Tator of North Port, N. Y., Prof. R. H. Wheeler of the New York State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., Dean G. Walter Fiske of Oberlin Theological Seminary, Oberlin, Ohio, are among the speakers to give one or more addresses, on the following topics: "The Church and the Social Life of the Community," "The Home, the Church and the School," "Conditions of Success in the Modern Country Church," "Community Cooperation for Community Betterment," "Community Needs and the Institutions Serving them." Other subjects equally in-

teresting will be presented with ample time for questions and discussions.

Do not leave Alfred before the close of this rural life conference. Though this conference has no official relation to the General Conference, it has been placed on the above dates to make it possible for the delegates to the General Conference to attend this meeting before returning to their homes.

W. L. GREENE.

### South Dakota to the Front

Timon Swenson, the state secretary, has come along with his report of the Lone Sabbath Keepers' work, and surely has no occasion to be ashamed thereof.

He wrote last year that he thought they could raise their assignment, and they have done so.

He sends a list of twenty names and reports contributions of \$202 as follows: Missionary Society \$97, Tract Society \$20, Milton College \$10, Young People's work \$15, Doctor Palmberg, China, \$60 (\$50 of this for hospital fund).

This makes a trifle over \$10 for each one; but as only seven actually contributed, these gave an average of nearly \$30 each, which is certainly fine. They have already made a beginning toward another year. If Brother Swenson can get them all in "the habit" next year, they of course will make a still better showing.

Another fine thing about it is, as he says, that this is all *cash*; for the South Dakota secretary has not got the habit of handling pledges. See?

Eight of the twenty have the RECORDER to read. Only three are represented as having membership in any of our churches.

The brother has some more good work to do, besides the financial, which I hope he may accomplish the coming year: (1) to bring the RECORDER into the homes of the other twelve; and (2) to seek membership for the seventeen in some of our churches, or what is perhaps better, make a church of their own for our good people of South Dakota.

Who has a better report for us than South Dakota?

G. M. COTTRELL,  
General Field Secretary.

Topeka, Kan.,  
Aug. 1, 1914.

## SABBATH REFORM

### The Sabbath as the Family's Day

REV. W. C. TITSWORTH  
ALFRED CENTER, N. Y.\*

(Concluded.)

The original idea in the Sabbath seems to be rest; that is, cessation from the duties of the regular occupations of life. In the words of the Old Testament, gathered from several places, the Sabbath was a day of rest from "sowing and reaping" (Ex. xxxiv. 21); "pressing grapes and bearing burdens of all kinds" (Neh. xiii. 15; Jer. vii. 21); "holding of markets and all kinds of trade" (Neh. xiii. 15, Amos vii. 5); "gathering wood, and kindling a fire for cooking" (Ex. xxxv. 3; Num. xv. 32). Or, in the language of the commandment, "In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." Cessation from work of life's occupation, and rest for all, seem to be the leading idea in the institution of the Sabbath, and in the commands which enforce it.

Our modern idea of a proper observance of the Sabbath-day has in it the additional thought of public worship; but nothing is said of this in the institution of the Sabbath, or in the commands which enforce it; and it is probable that regular weekly public gatherings upon the Sabbath-day are unknown among the Jews till after the Captivity. To be sure, in Lev. xxiii 3, we have these words: "But the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation," which would seem to show that some public assembly of the people was common from the first of the nation's existence after the law was given. And it may be that Moses had the people together for instruction on the Sabbath; and it may be that others did this, and at different times in the history of the Jewish people; but we can find no evidence of any weekly Sabbath-day gatherings among the people of Israel till the synagogue was established

\*Presented by the author as the Annual Sermon before the American Sabbath Tract Society, Sabbath afternoon, Sept. 27, 1884, at Lost Creek, W. Va.

among them about the time of their return from exile. Nor was any difference in kind of offerings made for the Sabbath-day in the regular temple ritual; but double offerings of the usual daily morning and evening sacrifices were made; and during the national feasts, the Sabbath of the feast was a day of holy convocation, but I can not find any evidence that the Sabbath was a day of weekly public worship for the whole nation till after the exile.

We have found these two facts about the Sabbath, in the early history of the Jews:—First, the Sabbath was a day of rest; a day in which the regular work of life was to stop, designed to teach the chosen people and the race, "that neither a man's prosperity nor his time should be considered absolutely his own, the seventh day of each week being holy to God;" and second, at first and for many years in the history of the chosen people, it was a day spent at home, and not in public worship.

What then did the people do on the Sabbath? Was it a day of mere idleness? These are questions which arise very naturally. Some Jews and some Christians have thought it was a day of mere idleness,—some going so far as to say that one should remain in the posture in which the beginning of the Sabbath happened to find him. But we can not imagine that this day of rest appointed by Divine Wisdom was to be a day of idle inaction, or listless doing-nothing. For here is where very much of the mischief connected with the modern Sunday now enters, the Sunday is a day in which so many have nothing to do. Such a day as that might be called more properly Satan's infernal day than God's holy day; "for idleness is the nest in which mischief lays her egg." Inaction and life do not belong together. Where there is life, there must be some sort of occupation. So that the comparatively modern habit of spending a part of the Sabbath-day in public worship, is wise, and came about by the instruction of the Spirit of God; for it accords with the spirit of the true Sabbath. But the Sabbath at first was the home-day, and any thing which makes it impossible for it to be the home-day now is contrary to its spirit; any thing which divides the family

and makes its union on that day impossible, is contrary to its spirit.

The family idea belonged to the Jewish mind by nature. The people of Israel looked back to a family for their origin; they made much of the family in their divisions and subdivisions. Every family looked back to its head in the greater family—the tribe. Family worship was for a long time the only worship known. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob knew nothing of promiscuous gatherings of people for worship; they knew family worship only; and it is probably true that family worship, the family altar with its sacrifice, the head of the family as priest and teacher, were familiar things to the children of Israel for many years of their existence. While I can find no reason to believe that any thing like weekly public worship was common among the Jews till after the captivity, when the synagogue came in, still I think it altogether likely that among the devout and pious, the old ways of their fathers were more or less followed, and the family worshiped by itself. The Jewish family was expected to stay at home; at least commands looking to this were given by Moses, and the Sabbath was the home-day of the family.

From these two things, which we take to be facts, that the Sabbath was a day of rest, and that it was spent at home, we may draw a picture of a Jewish family. The father is not at work in the field or the shop, nor is he in the market, but at home. The mother has her house all put in order, with the necessary cooking done to furnish them with food to eat. The children are not permitted to work or go to the scribe to be taught. What is to be done to make such a day endurable? Can it be made a delight?

There are some things which we may safely say about the Sabbath in the families of the Israelites:—

1. It was not a dull and gloomy day, and was not intended to be. If we may believe the evidence that is to be gathered from the later writings of the Jews, the Jewish Sabbath was a day of joy and pleasure; and if we take the law, we find nothing obligatory but rest, cessation from labor. There are some things in the Bible from which we may infer the same thing—that the Sabbath was a day of pleasant

occupation of some sort. The Sabbath is frequently mentioned in connection with the national feasts, which were times of great joy, and even hilarity. The first day of the seventh month was always kept as a Sabbath. Of this day, Nehemiah said to the people of his time: "This day is holy unto the Lord your God, mourn not nor weep. Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared." Then, it is said that all the people went their way to eat and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth. In the time of Christ, the wealthy Jews were in the habit of making feasts on the Sabbath, to which all the neighbors were welcome; and he himself attended such a feast on the Sabbath. Luke xiv. 1. It was thought best and right to have the choicest food on the Sabbath, though it was prepared on the day before, and the dinner was eaten late in the day to have all the public worship and service over with. Whether right or wrong, the Jews did not make the Sabbath a day of restriction, but one of real joy.

So I believe that in the Christian family the Sabbath should be the pleasantest day of the week, which the family spend together at home, and at the house of God. I emphasize that word together. The unity of the family should not be broken up that day of all days in the week, for it is the family's day. There is no reason why special efforts should not be made to tempt the family and the children to spend the day at home, after the proper portion has been spent by the family together in the sanctuary. The Sabbath-day's dinner should be the best dinner of the week, though the most of the preparation should be made the day before, so that nothing will interfere with the idea of a family day. And certainly with the books and the music and the instruments of our times, there should be no difficulty in keeping the boys and the girls from straggling off by themselves, and spending the day or portions of the day outside the family circle. If we must use authority to secure this, we ought also to make the day so pleasant as to compensate for the tempting things outside. The time has long gone by when it is right to make children sit down and keep still and do nothing, because it is Sabbath-day. There are Sab-

bath-day pleasures and occupations, and I do not know but there may be Sabbath-day games; and not one of these things need be sought for outside our homes. Perhaps, there are some of us who see with pain, that, while some of our children sit at our tables and sleep in our beds, they are really growing away from us, and are breaking up the unity of the family, and losing their attachment for home. Perhaps, the thing began away back before you knew it, and you feel utterly unable to change it now and are hopelessly enduring it. May there not be some hope for the future children in a joyful and pleasant Sabbath-day, enjoyed by the family as a family, each trying to do some thing for the pleasure of the other? And I would especially like to emphasize the duties of the fathers in this matter. Usually the father thinks the Sabbath-day is his opportunity. He has to work hard all the week, and he proposes to have a day for rest, for reading his newspaper, for a neighborly chat over the bars of the gate, or in his neighbor's house. He thinks he has earned this day for himself, and ought to have it for those things which will give him most rest. About all he asks of the family is that the mother shall give him a good dinner, and the rest shall leave him alone. And so he, the head and source of the family, is doing more than all the rest to break up the unity of the family, and to scatter its members. In a little while we will speak of this again.

2. But among the Jews the Sabbath was a day of home instruction. Josephus tells us that it was the habit of the Jews to talk together about the law; and we all remember that direction of Moses to Jewish fathers, or Jewish families perhaps we had better say: "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house; and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Now, it is safe to infer that a day in which the family could all be at home together, would be used in detailing the words of the law diligently to the children. In the Christian family, the teaching of the law of God to the children is left too much to the Church and the Sabbath-

school; and the Church and the Sabbath-school have frequently to bear the blame if the children of Christian parents do not become Christians and members of the Church. How many Christian fathers in this congregation have taught the commandments to their children at home? From how many Christian fathers in this congregation, are the children learning about God as Creator and Father of us all? In how many Christian families is there a regular and faithful training in the truth of God's moral law, the teachings of Jesus, and the truths of religion? And here again we must emphasize the fact, that the father is the head of the family, and responsible for its culture; and he can escape no duty in the matter, because there happen to be Sabbath-schools to which he can send his children.

The children are born by no fault of theirs; and the fathers are principally responsible for their coming into the world; and under such circumstances, the father is largely responsible for the character of his children; at least, he is responsible for their Christian culture. And what better time than the Sabbath-day is afforded the father for this culture?—a time, as I believe, designed of God for this use, and made a day of rest partially for the family's sake, that the children might be properly taught. Included in this duty of the father at home, is that of seeing to it that his family are at church together for the instruction of the sanctuary.

There are a great many excuses given for not doing the two things we have mentioned as duties which particularly belong to the Sabbath, viz.; that of making the home pleasant on that day, and the day one of joy and not gloom and restriction; and that of making it a day of instruction of the family in the teaching of the religion of Jesus Christ.

The first excuse we will mention is: We want the Sabbath for ourselves; we need it as a day of rest, because we work hard in the endeavor to get a support for our families; and we do not wish to be burdened with the care of children on that day, and make it a day of harder work than any of the six laboring days. In reply to this, it may be said: These children are not responsible for being born into the world, but the parents are; and having

brought them into the world, they are under obligation to them to help them make the best of themselves; and frequently it is the purest selfishness which makes the father or the mother drive the children away to amuse and look out for themselves, while they take a nap or read a paper or a pleasant book. It is not so important that you should have a pleasant and undisturbed day of rest, as that your children should receive your attention and care. It is not so important, as you think, that you should have a day of benefit and good obtained from reading some valuable book, or doing something else that will be a help to you; this is not so important as that the children should be learning no bad habits, and coming to hate the Sabbath-day, and seeking some where else outside of the family what they can not get inside of it. It does not matter how ambitious one may be to make as much as possible of himself, or how much he longs for personal improvement; if there are duties to be done, and they are plain and unmistakable, he will get a true and better culture from doing these, than doing what he thinks will give him improvement and culture. And so I say, it is frequently pure selfishness which makes parents put away the children on the Sabbath, because they wish to read or visit or sleep.

Another reason for neglecting home duties, some of which we have mentioned, is that parents, as they say, do not wish to disgust the children with the Sabbath, and make them dread its coming, and to wish it never would come again; and perhaps they mention their own childhood and its experience, and how they dreaded to have the Sabbath come, and were glad to have it go.

Now, I suppose that for a proper observance of the Sabbath in the family there must be a certain amount of parental authority exercised. If it is no reason why a child should not go to school, that it does not wish to go; that a child does not wish to spend the Sabbath-day with the family is no reason why it ought not. In fact, it is safe to say that those men and women love the Sabbath most as a rule, who were obliged to observe it best when they were children.

In 1881, the Rev. F. B. Clark, pastor of a Congregational Church, in Portland, Me.,

sent out fifty postal cards to as many representative Christian ministers in his city, upon which were the following questions: 1. Whether in early life you were required to attend church regularly? 2. If so, did such compulsion render church-going irksome or repulsive to you? Forty-five responded. Of these, forty-two were required to go to church when they were children; two were not required to go, but went; and one did not go. Forty-two did not consider church going irksome or repulsive; one did consider it irksome, but not repulsive; one considered it irksome, but not because of compulsion; and one did not go, and so, of course, did not find it irksome or repulsive.

One might as well say, I am afraid to compel my child to wash, for fear he will consider a clean face irksome, as to say I am afraid to compel my child to keep the Sabbath, for fear he will consider the Sabbath a burden.

But a third excuse is given by many parents, viz.; that they can not give their children instruction in religious things, they do not know how to get at it and keep it up. With many this is pure imagination. They might do this as well as not, if they would try. With others, perhaps, it is a real difficulty; but one which they may overcome if they will set themselves about it, and ask God's grace and help.

Men can "pray away" a great many constitutional difficulties if they will, as a celebrated minister is said to have done. He was excessively timid and bashful, and could not for a long time bring himself face to face with a congregation; and when asked how he overcame it, he replied, "I prayed it down." So conscientious Christian parents, who really wish to do their duty in this matter, will find some way of doing it, as a rule.

My friends, there are two things in danger, the family and the Sabbath. There are many things in our times, which are disintegrating our families and destroying their unity. There are many things which are breaking up the attachments of children for their own firesides, and weakening the ties which ought to bind the family to its own altar. In my opinion, a wrong Sabbath observance is doing a great deal to foster this thing, and a correct Sab-

bath observance will do a great deal to encourage and aid the true family unity and culture. A Sabbath made pleasant and joyous, and a Sabbath in which parents promote the religious instruction of their families by taking them to the sanctuary, and by doing their personal duty of instruction, would be a bulwark about our people and nation stronger than fleets and armies and diplomacy. It would strengthen the moral instincts of our children and do more than any thing else for the triumph of religion.

The Sabbath, with the family at home, is the family's day for the promotion of the family. God's blessing rests upon its proper observance, and his curse rests upon its neglect. Seventh-day Baptists are in need of just such an observance of the Sabbath, as shall stop the current that is flowing out of our life's blood, and impoverishing our body and impairing our strength; and will be an influence of healthy example upon those who know us. The Sabbath Reform that we need among ourselves is a reform in Sabbath observance, and it must come if we are not to lose more by the flabby moral sense of our own children than we can gain by converts.

### Where Did the Present Day of Rest Get Its Origin?

In the February 11th issue of the *Journal* there appeared an article entitled, "Our Sunday Was Fixed by Jehovah," etc. Being interested in religious progress I proceeded to read what followed. It was somewhat of a surprise to note that the article was entirely at variance with its title, and the expression "some one had blundered" might be applied to the title, as set forth. The article in itself was a fairly correct setting forth of the origin and claims of the Sabbath of the Scriptures, the Sabbath of the Ten Commandments, and the Sabbath observed by Christ.

But, dear reader, do not get the Sabbath of Jehovah confused with the heathen feast day of the sun. Now note carefully the way the commandment reads in the Scriptures: "Keep the sabbath day to sanctify it, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee. Six days thou shalt labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the

sabbath of the Lord thy God," etc. And the principles involved in this command have been the foundation for our best civilization today. Everybody that has been in touch with Christianity knows this fact. Now what has Sunday to do with the Sabbath? Just this: the day of the sun was a heathen feast day. Possibly there was some idea of worshiping the sun as a deity, but in general holidayism reigned.

But along in the early centuries A. D., as it became popular to become a Christian, floods of pagans scrambled over each other to become members of the new cult, Christianity. Only one outcome was possible under the conditions, and that was this: The Christian Church lost a large per cent of its purity. The heathen converts could not, of course, change their natures and practices so suddenly, to conform to the ideal of the church, and they brought many of their customs into the new church, among which was the observance of the day of the sun, the heathen day of holidayism.

Now Jesus as much as said that he came to sow seed, and although it might be the smallest of all seeds, it would grow to be a tree whose leaves would heal the nations. And the great principles of Christianity gripped that motley host of raw material and wrestled with the darkness in it, till the light broke forth in a dazzling glare through the life of Martin Luther and his contemporaries. Since that period the decades have been full to overflowing with rapid progress towards better things for the animal that was created by God after his own image. We have been seeking for the *truth*. That has been the keynote of this rapid progress.

Now let us sum up: What becomes of the individual who continually refuses to follow what his best self tells him to be correct? He slowly but surely reverts back towards the heathen and the savage of pre-Christian periods. What has this to do with the question of Sabbath and Sunday?

People who are at all familiar with the Scriptures know that the day commonly called the American Sabbath, Lord's Day, etc., is not the Sabbath of the Creation, nor the Sabbath of Christ. It is commonly thought that the Seventh-day Sabbath was

strictly a Jewish institution, but it was the Sabbath long before Abraham became the father of the Jewish race. Therefore it must have been pre-Jewish. And as this knowledge is made known to the people, and they do not follow in the light of truth as it is revealed unto them, what is going to happen? They will say, "Pshaw! I don't believe it makes a mite of difference which day one keeps!" and that is the danger point, for it savors of the spirit that it makes no difference whether I keep God's law or not. And we will all admit that it is dangerous not to keep the law, for we make ourselves liable to the penalty.

"A word to the wise is sufficient." The reader may think it out for himself, but please do not call the heathen feast day of the sun "the Sabbath." Please do not call it "the Lord's Day," for the Scriptures have not so declared. Look at the matter in its true light. "Be not deceived! God is not mocked!"—*John H. Austin, in the Daytona (Fla.) Journal.*

### Letter From Rev. George Seeley

MY DEAR BROTHER GARDINER:

About the first of August I usually make up my yearly report of what has been done by the Canadian Branch of Sabbath Reform work. It shows the entire number of pages of our Seventh Day Baptist literature to be 423,996, nearing the half a million, and reaching thousands of families, from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, many of whom doubtless never saw any printed matter on the subject of the Lord's true Sabbath before. Ours is the Sabbath of Eden, Sinai, and of Jesus Christ, a most glorious and important truth, abounding in the inspired word of God and given for the world, all ages and all countries—yes, all men.

This great fundamental truth of the Seventh Day Sabbath was not given by Jehovah to be changed by any human beings or church to suit ecclesiastical ideas, but is as immutable as its divine origin. God will take care of the truth he has spoken. It will surely prevail, notwithstanding all the opposition it has encountered during the ages. Its standard bearers are being removed as time moves onward, yet the work goes on. They leave us, but their gracious influence remains, to stim-

ulate others to take up the work and carry it forward in God's name.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;—

"Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Our churches are after the apostolic model, composed of baptized Seventh Day Sabbath-keeping members, and God has kept their churches in existence during the passing centuries from the true Christ till now—yes, till he comes again in glory to receive them to himself. May the Lord greatly bless our people with numerous gatherings of true Sabbath-keeping Christians for his name's sake.

GEORGE SEELEY.

*Sunnie Brae, Moncton, N. B.,  
July 24, 1914.*

### Sunday: A Book Notice

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH

SUNDAY. By the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan, M. A., Vicar of St. Matthew's, Westminster, Longmans, Green, and Co., London and New York.

This interesting book is one of the volumes of *The Oxford Library of Practical Theology*, edited by the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M. A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's, and the Rev. Darwell Stone, M. A., Principal of Dorchester Missionary College.

The volume in hand is in no real sense of a controversial tone although argumentative, in part, but is merely intended to serve as a sort of handbook, treating of Sunday, its origin, purpose, manner of observance and history, viewed from the standpoint of the English Church. Its treatment is academic but simple and much that is practical, withal.

The author's attitude toward Sunday is stated when, after setting forth various theories held as to Sunday, he says:

"We shall endeavor to show—from the Holy Scriptures, from the Canons of the early Councils, and from the writings of the Fathers—that:—



"1. The Lord's Day (Sunday) is a Christian institution, dating from Apostolic times, of very high authority indeed; we only may not say the highest, because we have no express command of God ordaining the observance of the first day of the week. (The italics are ours.)

"2. The Lord's Day was not in the earliest times of Christian history considered the successor of, or substitute for, the Mosaic Sabbath, which was regarded as abrogated with the other 'beggarly elements' of the Law; though Sunday of course (and it is important to notice this) preserved a principle identical with that which the Sabbath embodied, viz., the special consecration of a part of our time to God by the sanctification of one day in seven, and has so far succeeded to the sacred position of the Sabbath.

"3. The Jewish Sabbath had a fulfilment in Christ, as had the whole Jewish Law; but this fulfilment the Church found, not in the Lord's Day, but in the rest from sin of the regenerate life, and in the *Sabbatismos* of heaven."

Special reference is made to Acts 20: 7; 1 Cor. 16: 1, 2; and Rev. 1: 10, as to scriptural recognition of Sunday if not authority for its observance. The arguments used are familiar to all who have given any attention to the claims of Sunday observance as set up by its protagonists.

Much emphasis is laid upon Church authority. Attention is given the famous edict of Constantine, A. D. 321, with reference to the "venerable day of the sun." The author accepts the view of Eusebius that the Emperor's purpose was to "effect the turning of mankind to God by gentle means," a view which is hardly in accord with modern classical scholarship with reference to religious conditions prevailing within the confines of the Roman Empire.

The position of the author is that the Sabbath is superseded by Resurrection Day (Sunday), which differs from the Sabbath in the character and purpose alike.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to the manner of Sunday observance—worship, rest, personal service, with much of which Seventh Day Baptists would agree as highly applicable to Sabbath observance. This is especially true of the author's *Conclusion* in which he discusses at some length the relation of the home life to religious life, from which we quote (changing "Sunday" and "Lord's Day" to "Sabbath") as follows:

"Christian faith is not a formless impulse; it is self-surrender to a corporate life ruled on a definite model of religion and moral teaching. It is the loss of this discipline of the Christian

Church, made actual and real in the atmosphere of the family, from which we are now suffering. When the tender and loving pressure of a home life, based on a definitely Christian principle, is brought to bear on children from their earliest years, they grow up in an atmosphere of simple and natural obedience which is easily retained through life."

"We want to get back the quiet effective pressure of a definite rule. We must try to teach children that on Sabbath certain things are obligatory, and that their being done can not be allowed to depend on chance. Nor need we be unduly afraid of rules. If children are taught from the first the supreme claim of Almighty God upon their lives, that they are not their own but are bought with a price, that therefore they owe certain duties to Him, there will be little fear of religious obligations becoming unreal, or merely external. It is only when regulations are enforced unintelligently and without love that they are irksome or enfeebling to the character.

"There is no doubt that the failure of the children of the last generation or two to learn self-control has had much to do with the laxity which we lament. It is equally true that the restoration of true ideas about the Sabbath, and of the sense of claim and obligation, will help in restoring that discipline, the lack of which is so widely lamented on every side. Patience, wisdom, and much prayer are needed, for it is impossible that we can stem the tide all at once. Those who as parents, masters, or pastors have responsibilities in the matter need a clear grasp of the principles involved.

"We shall never win patience unless we bear in mind the power and fruitfulness which spring from discipline. . . . It is only the life which has in it the element of sacrifice which can be a power in the world. Loose and slipshod lives, such as are too common amongst us now, will fail under a strain and never prove fruitful for good."

Liquor dealers are not logical. Some of them do not drink their own beverages, though they encourage others to imbibe, and many of them claim to be friends of temperance, though their profits are made from intemperance. In order to keep an Indiana town from going dry certain brewers organized themselves into a prudential committee. They divided the place into districts over which they appointed captains, whose business it will be to prevent toppers and those who spend too much money on drink from running to excesses. Such enemies of sobriety will be black listed, and saloons supplying them will be put out of business. This is certainly interfering with personal liberty, and lies in the direction of prohibition. But what a sign it is of the terror inspired in rum-sellers by the present agitation against saloons.—*The Christian Advocate.*

## MISSIONS

### Words From the Field

REV. D. BURDETT COON

The vote of the people is not always the voice of the people. And most certainly the voice of the people is not always the voice of God. Sometimes we may know easily and quickly just what we should do in a given case. Sometimes we must wait long before duty is made clear. The Battle Creek Church gave me a unanimous call to remain with it another year as pastor. But after long and prayerful deliberation it seemed clear to me that I must accept the call of the Missionary Board to become its "general missionary and evangelist."

To my mind no pastorate in the denomination furnishes any larger opportunities or more grave responsibilities than the one at Battle Creek. For our people who feel that they must get away from the country or the small village to city life, I have no hesitancy in saying that, in general, Battle Creek furnishes the best opportunity to be found in the world. Sabbath-keeping men and women can engage in almost any kind of business or professional life in Battle Creek without being handicapped by Sabbath-keeping. Lack of business ability, patience, tact, and perseverance will handicap you anywhere. But, for all trades, professions, business careers, even farming, Battle Creek and vicinity have good opportunities for the right kind of Sabbath-keepers. We do not need people there who are not seeking the kingdom first. To those who are, greater privilege and opportunity for doing lasting good never came than can be found in Battle Creek. Having lived there four and a quarter years I have great confidence in the future of our cause there if only our people will hold faithfully and loyally together for Christ and the Church.

During the last few weeks of my service as pastor of that church we received seven new members into the church, four by letter and three by baptism. One of the latter is a mother of eight children, and a convert to the Sabbath. May the Lord grant that additions there may soon

be ten times seven. The church has as good a parsonage as can be found in the denomination. It also has a good lot on which to erect a church building. Both are ideally located for our work. The church has always paid her bills promptly, and has no debts. When I ceased pastoral labors there the last of June they had about \$575.00 in the bank to be used either for the parsonage improvements or for a church building. A little more than two years ago the church had no property whatever. I have also seen the church more than double in membership in a few years. Whatever of success has attended our efforts there is due in no small degree to the ever true and loyal support of the Missionary Board. Of course it was hard for me to leave such a church and work. My family is to remain there. Battle Creek will be my headquarters while I engage in missionary and evangelistic work in the field. The Missionary Board sanctioned this plan before I began my present work. I am subject to the call from any church or mission field for either missionary or evangelistic work. My field is not limited by any associational or other geographical lines. Wherever there is a demand and the Spirit of the Lord leads, I may go to do the work of the Lord to the best of my ability. I feel that I am altogether unworthy of so large and important a charge. I long to see souls saved and our cause advanced. For this end I am willing to leave home and wife and children, although I believe that I love them as well as any man can love home and family. I need the prayers of all who may read these words that I may stay very close to the side of my Lord in the arduous duties that are before me. If you need such services as I may render, pray over the matter, and then write to either Secretary Saunders, of the Missionary Board, or to me at 124 Ann Avenue, Battle Creek, Mich.

Welton, Iowa, July 29, 1914

### Monthly Statement

July 1, 1914, to August 1, 1914

S. H. DAVIS, Treasurer,  
In account with  
THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
Dr.

Balance on hand July 1, 1914	\$ 469 41
Ed Burdick	5 00
Mrs. Estee	25
George S. Truman	10 00

Eld. G. P. Kenyon .....	7 26
"A Lone Sabbath Keeper" .....	5 00
Dr. S. E. Ayars .....	10 00
Prof. C. H. Threlkeld .....	10 00
Mrs. F. W. Witter .....	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. George Green .....	2 00
"A Lone Sabbath Keeper" .....	10 00
Mrs. Maude B. Osgood .....	1 50
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ring .....	10 00
Mrs. Marshall M. Flausberg .....	1 00
Churches:	
Walworth .....	44 55
Auburn .....	2 08
Welton .....	9 73
Little Genesee .....	26 90
Riverside .....	7 75
Plainfield .....	18 20
Richburg .....	2 47
Farina .....	13 45
Boulder .....	6 13
Milton Junction .....	13 10
Dr. Grace Crandall .....	15 00
China Missions .....	1 00
African Missions .....	1 00
Quartet Work .....	42 35
Salem .....	17 45
Chicago .....	22 00
First Hopkinton .....	17 77
Syracuse .....	1 00
Denver Sabbath School .....	2 01
Farina Sabbath School .....	8 27
New Market Y. P. S. C. E. .....	5 00
Riverside Primary Dept. .....	2 00
Riverside, Collection Children's Day .....	5 95
E. B. Saunders, rebate on expense money .....	86
Income from Permanent Funds .....	800 00
	<hr/>
	\$1,632 44

## Cr.

Calvin E. Crandall, acct. Dr. Crandall's salary \$	90 00
D. B. Coon, June salary .....	37 50
T. L. M. Spencer, June salary .....	50 00
J. J. Kovats, June salary .....	20 00
E. B. Saunders, June salary and expenses for June .....	83 33
J. A. Davidson, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	50 00
R. G. Davis, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	25 00
J. S. Kagarise, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	25 00
R. R. Thorngate, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	12 50
Geo. P. Kenyon, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	25 00
J. E. Hutchins, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	25 00
Ira S. Goff, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	12 50
A. P. Ashurst, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	50 00
Wilbur Davis, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	50 00
G. H. F. Randolph, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	75 00
Geo. W. Burdick, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	25 00
Geo. W. Hills, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 .....	87 50
A. L. Davis, salary Apr. 1 to July 1 and trav. exp. .....	120 94
Angeline Abbey, salary June to July 6 .....	10 00
J. G. Burdick, Italian appropriation for July .....	29 16
Marie Jansz, salary July 1 to Oct. 1 and exchange .....	37 90
Gerard Velthuysen, salary July 1 to Oct. 1, trav. exp. and exchange .....	125 50
Walter B. Cockerell, books for natives .....	10 00
D. B. Coon, traveling expenses to Milton .....	10 56
D. N. Inglis, student quartet work .....	125 00
Bessie B. Sinclair, July expenses .....	40 00
D. B. Coon, expenses for typewriter .....	50 00
J. A. Davidson, account of salary .....	10 00
Mrs. W. C. Hubbard, shipping organ to S. A. .....	17 31
W. D. Burdick, traveling expenses to Milton .....	13 07
W. L. Greene, salary for Hebron churches .....	40 00
Treasurer's expenses .....	31 62
	<hr/>
	\$1,414 39
Balance on hand August 1, 1914 .....	218 05
	<hr/>
	\$1,632 44
Bills payable in August, about .....	\$500 00
No notes outstanding August 1, 1914 .....	

E. &amp; O. E.

S. H. DAVIS,  
Treasurer.

"If a man would conquer himself he would find it easier to conquer certain tendencies which his children have inherited from him."

## Strawberry Peak, San Bernardino Mountains, Cal.

REV. R. J. SEVERANCE

I think I can appreciate, this afternoon, as never before, the emotions which must have filled the heart of Peter on that memorable day when he said, "Master, it is good for us to be here."

For a number of days I have been thinking of my promise to our faithful editor to furnish an article for the RECORDER. But since coming into camp, a little over two weeks ago, I have been in no mood for writing. This morning, however, becoming desperate, I bethought me of the mountain peak lying just back of our camp and of the inspiration which the 350 feet additional altitude might furnish me. Nearly all the other members of the camp had been there and today I thought I might combine pleasure with labor; while enjoying the scenery perhaps I should think of something of interest and profit to RECORDER readers.

Accordingly, after luncheon, armed with pencil and pad and walking stick I began the ascent. When only about half way to the top, coming out from a clump of trees, I suddenly realized that the surrounding country was visible as I had not seen it before since coming into the mountains. There at my left was a beautiful lake with its glassy surface. Only yesterday, with one of the boys in camp, I followed a rivulet to its head; and on the return trip, as we trudged up the steep grade in the midday sun, we certainly thought that it was all of the four miles which it is said to be. But here it lay so close that it seemed I could almost dip my feet in its sparkling waters, while, stretching up beyond it, as though piled one upon the other, rose rock and crag and peak.

As I traveled on, each turn in the road revealed new scenes. The higher I rose, the more extended became the vision. There on all sides of me were the mountain peaks, some of them snow-capped. They seemed to be vying with each other as to which could get highest above the clouds. With my eyes turned skyward the words of the Psalmist came to me, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:" then with him I added, "From whence

shall my help come? My help cometh from Jehovah, who made heaven and earth."

I was almost to the top now, and as I scanned the height before me, I think I must have had something of the feeling of Jacob that night at Bethel, when he dreamed of the ladder set up to heaven. I wondered what I should see when I reached the summit of the peak before me and could look over onto the other side. I was not kept long in suspense for the road was now winding around the mountain, very near the topmost point. In a moment more my eyes fell upon a scene of most exquisite beauty. Instinctively, my heart cried out in the words of Peter, "Master it is good to be here."

What a panorama is here spread out before me! A broad fertile valley, miles and miles in width, and stretching westward toward the great ocean as far as the eye can see. The atmosphere is hazy, yet I can distinguish the outlines of a dozen cities and villages. And as I feast my eyes on the glorious sight, again I say, surely, it is good to be here.

But instantly another thought rushes in upon me. In that valley there are hundreds of thousands of human beings sweltering in the July heat while I stand here with the direct rays of the sun falling upon my head and being reflected back from the rocks and sand at my feet, and yet the air is cool and fresh. One could perform manual labor here in perfect comfort. Why the difference? you ask. Because the altitude here is over 5,000 feet greater than in the valley. I am wondering if it is not possible in our spiritual lives to get above many of the things that are disagreeable and annoying. Does not the loving Father invite us to these higher planes of living?

Again my eyes scan the scenes before me. There, thirty miles away, is the city of Riverside. It looks scarcely more than a speck, yet in my mind I can discern the steeple of our own house of worship. This is Thursday, and tonight the devoted workers of our little flock will meet in one of the homes for the weekly prayer meeting, to be led by a lay member. As I reflect, my heart swells within me and my pen refuses to move. Why should I be enjoying ease and comfort here in the mountains

while others are bearing the burdens in the valley below? To be sure the loyal members of the Seventh Day Baptist church of Riverside said as with one voice that their pastor needed a rest and for him to "hike away" to the hills with his family and stay for six weeks and they would take care of all the appointments of the church. And to make it certain that he could bear the financial strain, they voted \$50.00 towards the extra expense incurred by the outing. But is it not selfishness on his part for a pastor to accept such tokens of consideration and generosity? It certainly is if he does not use them in preparing himself for more effective service in the Master's cause.

There is a limit to the physical endurance of the human body. Mental strain and anxiety likewise leave their marks upon us. Our heart life needs frequent stimulating in order to keep our souls atune with the Divine. I believe there is no place where one can receive the recuperation he needs for body, mind and spirit better than amid the grandeur of nature as exhibited in the mountains.

I believe I have realized for many years the need of every child of God for the mountain-top experiences in his spiritual life, to prepare him for self-sacrificing service among men, but the sublime truth has never so impressed me as it does today. I have been long enough in this great Western country to know something of the peculiar problems which confront those who are using their powers in Christ-like ministry to their fellow men. Here at my very feet are thousands of men, women and children who know little of American civilization and nothing of the redeeming grace of Jesus Christ. They are our brothers and sisters, and in the sight of God we shall be remiss in our duty if we do not put forth every possible effort to lift them to higher planes of physical, intellectual and spiritual living.

I would that not only all our pastors but also those who occupy the pews might get an inspiration from the mountain-top experiences in life, which would prepare us for greater effectiveness in our Master's service—a service which must find its expression in ministering to those in need.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

Give me, O God, a quiet heart,  
A spirit calm for work or play;  
Give me the willing for my task,  
That falters not by night nor day.  
Give me the fellowship of souls  
Strong in the grace thou dost impart,  
Souls that, united in thy love,  
Are firm of will, and strong of heart.

Give me the patience for my task;  
The perseverance to go on  
When paths are rough, and ways are long;  
The faith that clings, the hand that serves,  
The foot that plods, but never swerves,  
And hope to brighten up each day,  
And comradeship along the way;  
This much, O Lord, I ask.

—Ira Wilcox Bingham.

### Women of India

During 1911 all the people of India were notified that on a certain night they must all be at home, and on that night the government officers went to each house and took an accurate census of all India. According to this census there are 315,000,000 people living in that country. Of these 207,000,000 are Hindus, worshipping some or all of the 33,000,000 gods and goddesses of the Hindu mythology. As these gods and goddesses were most notorious for their dishonesty, immorality and untruthfulness, we need not look for the opposite of these traits in their followers. There are 144,000,000 women in India. A few statistics will perhaps tell more about the status of the Hindu woman than many words:—Wives under 10 years of age, 2,273,245; wives under 5 years of age, 243,502; wives under 1 year of age, 10,507.

There is no age limit for the man who would marry, and always the wife must be a little girl, the age varying with caste (the higher castes sometimes marry their girls older); location (people living in the cities and brought more or less into contact with Western ideas are apt to marry their girls older, while the farther away into the country people are, the younger the girls are married); financial status (a poor man gets rid of his girls as quickly

as possible, for while a boy is his from birth to death, the girl is always looked on as belonging to another, for when she marries she goes away into another family, adding to it, but adding nothing to her own family). Sometimes other things come into the consideration of when to marry the girl; but I think very rarely, if ever, do any of the considerations have anything to do with the girl personally.

A man may marry as many times as he wishes, though I think the rule is for the Hindu to limit himself to two living wives. If a man has lost several wives parents often hesitate to give him a girl. I have known of such cases; then he has to pay a good price for his wife.

In view of Hindu plural marriages and the unlimited age of the men, the number of widows, 26,000,000, need not surprise us. A few figures will perhaps emphasize this:—Widows under 10 years of age, 115,285; widows under 5 years of age, 19,487; widows under 1 year of age, 1,064.

All that was ever written of the dreadful life of the Hindu widow is probably quite inadequate, for many of their trials are never told. There is more than the loss of jewelry and pretty clothes,—in some parts of the country the beautiful, long, shining hair, the frequent fasts, the denial from meat of any kind, the having to sleep on the floor, or at best on a bit of matting, and other physical deprivations; there is, in addition, the knowledge that the day of her death will be a day of great rejoicing in the family. Family misfortunes are laid at her door. Her sad face is an unwelcome guest at the merrymakings and festivities, and in every possible way she is made to feel that she is not wanted, that her presence is a curse and never a blessing.

It sometimes happens in India, as here at home, that a widow has to work to support herself and her children if she has any.

When a girl or woman becomes a widow she may go to live with her own people, but I think more often she stays in her father-in-law's family, and is expected to do the hard work of the household, for which scanty food and a place where late at night she may lie down, and sleep is generally compensation.

Years ago when I had the Midnapore

zenana work, one of my little pupils, a dear, bright girl, became a widow; she was about eight years old. As the sorrows and deprivations of her lot became more and more real to her, I watched the bright face clouding over, all the sunshine dying out of it. She used to be always clean and neat and her skin satiny, but now her clothes were dirty and untidy, her hair unkempt, her skin dry and uncared for. I saw her again when she was about fourteen or fifteen, and she was again arrayed in pretty clothes, with bracelets on her wrists. I knew what that meant, even had not the bold, brazen expression on her face betrayed her. Alas! that way is always open for a girl to gain a competence.

There are other things a woman may do if left alone. She may buy rice in the husk, pound it, and sell the chaff for cattle feed and the rice for eating; she may try to run a small store, selling trinkets or pahn, a condiment much chewed by the natives of India. She may carry earth on her head to make embankments, etc., and during the time when there is a good deal of work in the rice fields, she may work there. All these occupations bring her in a scanty living wage.

Those who have listened with interest and belief to the stories the Swamis tell of the beauties of Hinduism would find it hard to believe that a religion so exalted would allow its most devoted votaries, the women, to be so degraded and oppressed.

I have been trying to decide which of two widow stories I would tell you to illustrate the great difference that the religion of Jesus brings into the life of one so despised by her own religion. Perhaps Horipriya's story will be most to the point.

Years ago, when I had temporary charge of the Midnapore zenana work, there was an interesting group of little girls who clamored for a school; so I finally told them that if they would gather together nine pupils I would send a teacher to them every day. They found the required number, and Horipriya was one of the nine. She was then about seven or eight years old. When about twelve her husband died, and she had to leave school, to work with her uncle in his tobacco shop. The school had grown and an under teacher was needed, and a little later I asked Horipriya if she would undertake to teach

the little ones their letters and the Catechism. By that time she was about sixteen. It was almost an unheard of thing for a Hindu woman, and especially a widow, to earn money, and Horipriya was very pleased to have her dollar a month, which was all her services were worth. She did so well that later we gave her more responsibility and more pay, and we were very pleased with her work. She used to teach the Catechism and help in the weekly Bible school, almost as if she were a Christian. Netya, who was the head teacher, was good to Horipriya, who has repaid it all many times over in love and devotion. Netya helped her to decide to come out and become a Christian. Miss Coombs was at that time in charge of the Midnapore zenana work, but I happened to be somewhat more in the secret councils of the two girls, and they made a plan for Horipriya to go away for a time, break caste elsewhere, and then come back when the anger of her mother and other relatives would have cooled a little.

I wrote to Methodist friends of ours half a day's journey from Midnapore and they said they would receive and care for her, so I took her to the station, put her on the train, and telegraphed the Boyers when to expect her. She had left a note telling her people that she had gone down to Puri to the great shrine of Juggernath, so they did not at once suspect anything. When they did, however, and began to persecute poor Netya and Netya wrote of it to Horipriya, she hurried home, for she could not bear the thought of her friend getting into trouble on her account. Horipriya's mother came up and begged her to come back. "But," said Horipriya, "you have seen that I have eaten with the Christians." "Never mind that," said her mother, "we will deny it, and if necessary, we will make offerings and feed the Brahmins, and it will be all right, all will be as before." For a long time the girl refused, then consented and for a few anxious days went home to her people. But she soon found that her people meant her no good and so one evening, at dusk, she watched her chance and, when the watchers were a little off their guard, she ran away and came to us again, this time to stay. She was soon baptized, which was the final

break, and her people did not try again to get her back.

The little school was closed, of course, and so was all the zenana work in the immediate neighborhood, but after a time it was all begun again, and the school, with her as assistant teacher, became more prosperous than ever.

My very latest news from Horipriya is that she has been sent to Calcutta to take some advanced school work, to fit her for a better grade of teaching. She is capable, bright, energetic. As a Hindu widow, what would her life ever have amounted to? As a Christian, many possibilities open up before her, and she is only one of many whose lives are good and happy and full and useful, not because Hinduism has done anything for them, but because they have come to Jesus and enlisted under his banner. Horipriya can do much among her countrywomen, for she has fathomed the deeps of Hinduism. Pray for her that she may be greatly used.—*Mary W. Bachelier, M. D., in Missionary Helper.*

### Worker's Exchange

Salem, W. Va.

DEAR EDITOR WOMAN'S PAGE:

We remember we were to try to furnish something each quarter for the Worker's Exchange. This reminds us that spring has come and gone and the summer quarter is well on the way. It is vacation now. Our president has gone to visit her relatives, and for a much-needed rest and change. The students from out of town have already returned to their homes. Several are planning to tour to Conference, by automobile or otherwise, in preference to some resort for their vacation. Still others will remain at home. May the blessings of Heaven rest on those who for the love of home or the church, or for the want of some one to relieve them from pressing duty, remain at the post through the heat of summer.

By the way, these people who remain at home can have a happy vacation and "hold the fort" too, if they will but draw on the imagination a little and think what they may do. For instance, would it be any more fun to have the face and hands blistered in the surf at Atlantic City, than

to don short clothes and rubber cap, and go out on the lawn to wade in the little rivulets while getting a beautifully clear soft water bath in a warm thunder-shower? Or to go camping in the back yard near to all the comforts of home, rather than on some low river-bank? Or, instead of going away from home to some picture show to help the little ones to get up their own shows out in the yard, the papas and mammas attending and paying their nickels to the little ones?

But I am supposed to tell what our Aid Society has been doing. The old cemetery connecting with the Seventh Day Baptist church grounds is in process of repair and thorough cleaning, to be put into shape for a lawn mover and better up-keep. Many graves in it are more than a century old, some of them connected with Seventh Day Baptist history. Probably two thirds of the graves in it are unmarked. These will be hard to identify after the grading is done. The committee in charge will be very glad indeed for any information or instruction that any one can give in regard to the marking of these graves. Contributions to the clean-up fund, by relatives and interested friends, will be very much appreciated also. Those interested may address Mr. A. S. Childers, chairman of committee. And since the Aid Society is interested in procuring an endowment fund for the up-keep of the cemetery after it is cleaned, it may be proper here to say that this fund should be put up by the grave owners and interested friends, and any money sent for this purpose may be forwarded to the pastor of the church, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, or to the president of the Aid Society, Mrs. N. M. West.

In the June meeting the Aid Society voted that each member be a committee of one to solicit funds for this endowment. In the July meeting it voted a contribution of twenty-five dollars to the clean-up fund of said cemetery.

In addition to what the society has formerly been doing, in the May meeting it voted to give to the Tract and Missionary societies and to the Twentieth Century Endowment Fund each twenty-five dollars a year. It voted also to pay the pledge to Miss West's salary out of society funds, rather than as individuals, as formerly.

In May the members of the Aid Society gave a musical entertainment that was well received and netted about \$35.00. By special invitation they went by automobile out about fourteen miles into the country to a village and gave the same entertainment, netting about \$30.00, and again, by invitation, to Lost Creek, where they gave the same entertainment and netted about \$40.00. On each trip out, the society had picnic suppers for themselves and chauffeurs on their way to the place of entertainment. At Lost Creek the picnic was held on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Will Randolph, where were served ice lemonade and hot coffee by our generous host and hostess. Thus the trips were made recreative as well as remunerative.

V. C. T.

### Gratitude

ALICE LOOFBORO

Gratitude is the state of being thankful. There are so many things we should be grateful for that it would be almost impossible for us to mention them all.

In many cases those who have all the luxuries of life, who have only to wish and their wish is gratified, who have all they need to make them happy and contented, are the ones who are always complaining and who appear to be disgusted with things in general.

These people may smile at the simple story of the Pilgrim Fathers. What had they to be thankful for? No fine homes, no luxuries of any kind; yet, at the end of the year, they set aside a special day to give thanks for their safe-keeping, for their crops and for the few blessings they enjoyed.

An old man once said: "Some folks are always complaining about the weather; but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning to find any weather at all."

This is a simple story but it brings to us the lesson of gratitude for the small favors. We are daily showered with blessings, but we take them as every-day occurrences and forget that we have anything to be grateful for.

It is the little favors that we should be thankful for. From the little comes the great. If we are thankful for such mercies as we have, and if God sees that

it is for our good, he will give us more.

There is a story told about "The Thankfulness of Cobbler Joe." He says: "I'm thankful for the things I haven't got. Having no coat, I never am puzzled over what to wear. Having no automobile, I never have to go to the hospital with broken limbs. Having no gold, I escape all worryment over prowling thieves. For all this I am thankful. I need no yearly holiday to bless my happy lot, for every day I'm thankful for the things I haven't got."

It is a great thing to look on the bright side of life and be content with what comes, even if one hasn't much to be thankful for, only the things he hasn't got.

Sometimes it is a greater thing to have little to be thankful for than to own millions. Many a person who has spent a life amid toil and hardships and has been able to see something greater in life than riches has a mansion prepared for him above, while often those who own earthly mansions and have every material blessing fail to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven and are facing death with troubled souls.

Oh! let us try to be more grateful for the blessings we have. This world is full of things which we have no claim on, but which afford us great pleasure and sometimes profit—things which the poor can enjoy as well as the rich.

Who can visit the parks with their shaded walks and beautiful flowers, without feeling some deep sense of gratitude? Above all, who can look at this world about us, the hills with their luxuriant growths, the fertile fields bringing forth abundance, the beautiful lakes with their deep blue rippling water and their wooded shores of pine and oak, the beautiful sunset beyond—oh, who can look at all this beauty without stopping to give a few words of gratitude to the Almighty who has so lavishly bestowed these blessings upon us?

Dodge Center, Minn.,  
June 5, 1914.

It is interesting to learn that the supreme virtues of the Stoics and the Epicurians, apathy and serenity, are not even mentioned in the New Testament. The apostles substituted for apathy sympathy, and for serenity faith.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### Lowly Service

REV. HERBERT L. COTTRELL

*Christian Endeavor Topic for August 22,*  
1914

#### Daily Readings.

Sunday—A cup of water (Matt. 10: 39-42)  
Monday—Generous service (Luke 10: 30-37)  
Tuesday—Undivided services (1 Sam. 7: 1-6)  
Wednesday—Obeying the call (1 Kings 19: 19-21)  
Thursday—Serving Christ (Col. 3: 20-25)  
Friday—A great servant (Acts 20: 17-35)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Lowly service (John 13: 1-17)

Lowly service is the performance of common and even distasteful duties. Such service is dreaded and even spurned by a great majority of people. It is beneath the dignity of too many people to do those things which are lowly; yet humble duties performed in the best possible manner and with the spirit of the Master, are like sweetest hymns of praise ascending unto God. Jesus Christ, our example, gave worth and dignity to lowly tasks by doing them, himself, in a royal way. We should never become so great that the beautiful picture of Christ, washing the disciple's feet, fails to impress its truth upon our souls, nor should we become so engrossed in the cares and pleasures of the world that his words strike no responsive chords in our spiritual natures. We should treasure up these words in our hearts and guard them as spiritual jewels: "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Teacher and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, the Lord and the Teacher, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye also should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, A servant is not greater than his lord; neither one that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them."

#### KINDS OF LOWLY SERVICE

There are many kinds of lowly service. In Jesus' time, perhaps feet-washing was the most humble and undignified task that could be performed. The better classes of people would have considered it a personal disgrace to have been seen doing such a thing. The modern bootblack might correspond in position to the ancient servant who washed people's feet. But feetwashing in ancient times was as necessary, because of the customs of the country, as bootblackening is today. We consider dish-washing, amusing little baby sister or brother, visiting the poor sick, helping the drunkard out of the gutter, and many other things of a similar nature as very humble tasks; yet they must be performed, and even the performance of these humble tasks may become means of growth in character and Christlikeness, if we do them in the right spirit. Humble service sometimes requires greater nobility of character than performance of great deeds; for just think of the people who are ready and even waiting for the chance to do some great thing and become famous.

We may be able to accomplish some truly great thing in the course of our humble tasks, if we are only striving to make the most of our opportunities. Remember the little Israelitish maid. She was taken captive by the Syrian army and placed in the service of Naaman's wife. She was only a common servant, yet in her humble position she had the opportunity of helping Naaman to find, not only a cure for his leprosy, but also a better knowledge of the God of Israel.

#### OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD LOWLY SERVICE

Let us never become so great that we are unwilling to do the lowliest service when it lies in the path of duty. We should face every duty with the same humility that characterized Jesus Christ as he contemplated his divine mission to the world. We should have the mind of Christ, never forgetting the inspired words of Paul: "Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion-

as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross."

The example of Peter at the Last Supper with Jesus should be a lesson of warning to us all. He considered the act of washing the disciples' feet as out of keeping with the dignity of his Master's position. He had a wrong idea of the meaning of true greatness. Yet we see that his heart was all right since he did not want his action to separate him from his Master. His relation to his Master was more important to him than his conception of greatness.

But a complete consecration to duty will help us in maintaining a right attitude toward all service. Complete consecration makes a person perform his duty without question or hesitation, whether it be great or small. Consecration to duty led Kalif Omar to do a very humble deed. "He, with his venerable teacher, Abou-Zeid, walked forth in the darkness of the night, far from his palace gate, where he saw a feeble fire burning. He sought it and found a poor woman trying to bring a caldron to the boiling point while two wretched children clung to her, pitiously moaning. 'Peace unto thee, O woman! What dost thou here alone in the night and the cold?' said the kalif. 'I am trying to make this water boil that my children may drink, who perish of hunger and cold; but for the misery we have to bear, Allah will surely one day ask reckoning of Omar, the kalif.' 'But' said the disguised kalif, 'dost thou think, O woman, that Omar can know of thy wretchedness?' She answered: 'Wherefore, then, is Omar the kalif, if he be unaware of the misery of his people and of each one of his subjects?' The kalif was silent. He hastened to the storehouse of his kitchen, and drew forth a sack of flour and a jar of sheep's fat. . . . And Abou-Zeid was obliged to lay the jar of fat and the sack of flour on the back of the kalif, who hastened to the woman by the fire, and with his own hands did put the flour and the fat into the caldron over the fire, which fire he quickened with his breath, and the smoke whereof filled his beard. When the food was prepared, did he cool it with his own breath that the children might eat. Then he left the sack and the jar

and went his way saying: 'O Abou-Zeid, the light from the fire that I have beheld today has enlightened me also.'"

#### REWARDS OF LOWLY SERVICE

Lowly service, performed in the right spirit, is a stepping-stone to a larger character and greater usefulness.

Lowly service brings the assurance of comradeship with Jesus. This comradeship means a life of joy and sweet contentment which the world can not mar by its jeers and criticism.

"Christ was 'meek and lowly,' yet he rode the royal animal and was the head of a triumphal procession. So will it be with his humble followers."

"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest."

—Mrs. Browning.

#### Sleeping Out

F. S. P.

When the summer nights get hot  
I lay aside my doubt,  
Drag my bed to the veranda  
And try sleeping out.

Breezes from the Southland,  
North winds rough and stout  
Fan my cheek and wave my forelock  
When I'm sleeping out.

Stars in heaven are brightly shining,  
Twinkling all about,  
Give me comfort watching o'er me  
While I'm sleeping out.

Comes a rain-storm on the shingles,  
Rushing down the spout.  
Mercy! How the clouds can thunder  
When I'm sleeping out.

Then the high-voiced, lady 'skeeter  
Sharpens up her snout,  
Bores a hole and sucks my life-blood  
When I'm sleeping out.

Just at daybreak every rooster  
Will cackle, crow, and shout;  
Robins' "cheeps" and cattle lowing  
Interrupt my sleeping out.

Sparrow scratching in the eave-trough,—  
Lazy little lout!  
How I hate the worthless critter  
When I'm sleeping out!

Sleep again till kitchen noises  
Put my dreams to rout.  
Bless me! How I like the summer,  
Specially sleeping out.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### Aunt Betty's Philip

Reginald could hardly contain the news that he bore, and he ran so fast that he dropped his dinner pail on the front walk. The cover flew in one direction, and the cranberry tarts and peanut-butter sandwiches in another.

"Mother! Mother!" he called, as he stopped to pick things up. "What do you think?"

Mrs. Ward opened the front door and stared at her son. "Reginald," she demanded, "where is your cap, and whose coat are you wearing? You know I don't like to have you exchange coats with the boys."

For the first time in an hour Reginald Ward looked down at his clothes. "Why, mother," he stammered, "I didn't know—I thought—why, it's Arthur Smith's coat I've got on, I guess. Nobody else wears a brown one. But where's mine?"

"That's just what I'm waiting to find out, Reginald."

"Oh, I must have taken the wrong one when we started for home. But, mother, what do you s'pose? Aunt Betty has adopted a boy."

"A boy! What are you talking about, son?" Mrs. Ward's surprise was great enough to satisfy even Reginald.

"Yes, she has," he declared, emphatically. "She went to Newchester after him today. Billy Dix told me. And he says he'll probably have red hair and freckles and warts. He's coming from the children's home. I guess Aunt Betty and Uncle Ralph won't need me to help them any more, will they?" And Reginald gave a woeful little sigh as he thought of all his plans for the summer.

"Oh, I don't believe that will make any difference, Reginald. If it did, we couldn't help it. Aunt Betty has a perfect right to take one boy or two boys, if she wants to, you know. And perhaps you'll have a new playmate at the farm; one you'll like, too. So let's forget all about it now and get in the night's wood and kindling. Then you'll be ready for supper, I judge by the looks of your din-

ner pail. I'm afraid you didn't eat much."

Reginald wasn't at all sure that he wanted any supper. How could he eat when thoughts of that red-haired, freckle-faced boy came popping up in his mind? He had always helped Aunt Betty and Uncle Ralph in haying time, and at other times, so what did they want of another boy? Of course he couldn't be there every day, for their houses were almost a mile apart. But he went pretty often, so they ought to be suited without going off and bringing home a boy that came from nobody knew where.

Reginald threw the wood into the wood-box with more noise than usual. As he worked, he kept thinking about the new boy, and wondering whether he would go to school or not.

"I won't speak to him, even if he's in my class," he declared, as he filled the basket full of kindling. "And Aunt Betty needn't think I'm going to call him my cousin, either. Probably his name is queer, too, just like his hair. Billy Dix says he expects it's Zebulon or Zedediah. Huh!" And the last stick of wood went in with a thud that could be heard from one end of the house to the other.

"Guess I won't go out to Aunt Betty's tomorrow after all," Reginald said when his mother called him to supper. "Billy Dix wants me to go fishing down by Robin's Hole."

Mrs. Ward looked up from the bread she was slicing. "Why, Reginald," she said, "you know you will have to go to Aunt Betty's tomorrow after the butter. We're almost out now, and I surely can't wait till Thursday. I was just feeling glad that tomorrow was to be a holiday. I'm afraid you must, son. Billy can wait till some other day."

Reginald sighed. "Oh, well, if I have to go, I s'pose I have, but I don't want to. Rather go without butter for a whole week."

This was the last that was said about the matter that night. When Reginald came down to breakfast the next morning, he found everything ready for him to start, so he made no excuses.

"Don't forget to stop at Arthur Smith's and change your coat." Mrs. Ward cautioned him. "His mother telephoned about it last night."

"All right," Reginald replied, as he took the butter pail and went leisurely out of the yard.

Usually he couldn't get to Aunt Betty's soon enough, but today he longed for excuses to stop by the wayside. Arthur Smith wasn't at home, so his stay there was short.

"Huh! There's nothing doing anywhere," he said, disgustedly, as he looked in vain for some sign of a bird's nest or even a rabbit's track. But before he came within sight of the muddy hole that had once been a shallow little pond in the east lot back of Uncle Ralph's, he changed his mind. Somebody was calling "Help! help!" at the top of his voice—a very scared voice at that.

Reginald started to run. Then, as he thought that it might be the new boy calling, he stepped behind a clump of bushes and peeped. Yes, there he was, up to his knees in the mud. And he seemed to be stuck—and stuck fast.

"Help, oh, somebody help quick!" he was crying.

"Let him yell," said Reginald Ward to himself. "Twon't hurt him. That's just mud there, and he can't drown." And he began to laugh at the funny sight. But suddenly he stopped, for it looked as though the boy really was sinking deeper and deeper. Maybe the mud was dangerous after all. Perhaps Uncle Ralph didn't know when he said that it wasn't. He looked like such a little, slender boy, too. And his hair wasn't red at all. Reginald could see that it was as black as his own. What if it had been red? Wasn't red hair as good as any?

But he didn't stop to see any more. Dropping the butter pail, he ran to the small pile of lumber in the other end of the lot, and, taking the widest board he could find, he tugged it to the mud hole. Three times he made the trip while the strange boy anxiously watched him. But Reginald said not a word. He had declared to Billy Dix that he wasn't going to speak to Aunt Betty's boy, and he would keep his word. When the boards were arranged to his satisfaction, he secured as firm a position on them as he could, and then grabbing the boy's arms, began to pull with all his might. Once or twice he nearly lost his balance; but at last the

mud loosened its hold, and between them both, the new boy was safely landed on the boards.

"Whew, you're a brick all right!" the stranger declared as soon as he could get his breath. "I can swim when there's water, but I'm not used to mud. Can you swim?"

Reginald was much surprised to find himself saying: "Sure." It was hard not to speak to such a good-natured looking chap. But he wouldn't be too sociable. So he picked up his butter pail and started for the house, leaving the new boy to follow at his own pleasure.

Reginald Ward was feeling quite important just then. He guessed Uncle Ralph and Aunt Betty would feel pretty cheap when they found out that he had rescued their boy from the mud hole. Once or twice he looked behind him to see if the stranger was following. But, no, he still sat there on the ground, trying to scrape some of the mud from his bare legs.

Reginald opened the gate that led to the orchard and started toward the house. But right in his path, munching away at the green grass, was another strange visitor in the form of a goat. Reginald wasn't used to goats, and this was an ugly-looking one. Where did Uncle Ralph get him, anyway?

Billy, the goat, had spied Reginald even before Reginald spied him. Coming up closer than was quite desirable, he smelled of Reginald, then of his clothes. Reginald dropped his pail and began to run, and Billy, thinking that this must be some new kind of a game, ran too. Back and forth among the trees Reginald dodged, the goat close at his heels. Uncle Ralph and Aunt Betty were nowhere to be seen.

Reginald's coat bothered him about running, so he took it off and tried to carry it. But Billy made a grab for it, and, being near a pear tree with limbs close to the ground, Reginald let it go and made a dash for the tree. Billy stopped below and shook the coat until its owner could have screamed with anger. It was his best coat. When Billy had tired of this amusement, he began to rub his back against the tree, and Reginald climbed still higher. How long he would have had to stay there if the new boy hadn't come running up just then I do not know.

"Billy," the stranger cried sternly, "you come here, you rescal!"

Reginald was quite surprised to see that the goat meekly obeyed. The new boy took hold of the rope that was dangling from Billy's collar and led him back to the post from which he had broken loose.

"He wouldn't hurt you," he called out to Reginald, who had come half-way down from the tree. "He's tame. Your Uncle brought him home from Shunach yesterday. Guess this rope must have been rotten."

All of Reginald's importance was gone. "Whew!" he said as he dropped to the ground. It's you that's the brick all right. What's your name? Mine's Reginald Ward."

"And mine's Philip Colby, now. It was—"

"Oh, never mind what 'twas," Reginald interrupted him. Let's shake hands on it, Cousin Phil. You're a brick all right. Got a cart for Billy?"

"Sure we have; it's our's together. Come on see it."

And the two boys went off toward the wagon house. It would be hard to tell who was talking the fastest.—*Alice Annette Larkin, in Baptist Boys and Girls.*

### Ephrata (Pa.) News

July 24, at 8 p. m., the pastor spoke on "Soldiers of the Cross," in the Saal. He continues to be chaplain at Galen Hall, a fashionable mountain resort about fourteen miles from here.

Corliss F. Randolph of Newark, N. J., was the guest of Dea. Wm. Y. Zerfass recently and is always a welcome visitor here. Brother Randolph's friends are many and stable. Ephrata has a very warm heart for all Seventh Day Baptists and the splendid SABBATH RECORDER.

Our Sabbath school expects to have a corn-roast on Sunday next, at Glenside Spring Park on the Cloister premises. Regarding this park an Ephrata paper says:

Joseph C. Zerfass deserves great credit for the way in which he opened and conducts Glenside Spring Park. They have four swimming swings, two spring boards, saving raft, swing, cooking outfit and an improvised bathing house. The German Seventh Day Baptists' Sabbath school, the very oldest, organized in 1738, a gen-

eration before Robert Raikes' Sunday school in England in 1780, picnicked at Glenside Spring Park on Wednesday. The weather was ideal. Dinner and supper were served in true picnic style with all the ice-cream and lemonade free to all, and the young people had the time of their lives. Swimming, boating, general merry-making and real downright sociability predominated. One boy caused some alarm by getting in the water too deep, but Wm. Y. Zerfass promptly rescued him. It was the second known picnic of this historic school and was immensely enjoyed.

The remains of N. H. Sprecher were interred here on First Day with services in the Saal, which was crowded on this occasion.

All our adult members of the Sabbath school want none other than the *Helping Hand* quarterlies.

The Sabbath school will occupy a new suite of rooms above the Saal next Sabbath.

"KATHRYN."

### The Light of Salem College

MRS. C. B. CLARK

Where pomp and splendor bow the knee  
To nature's choicest treasures,  
Where streamlets ripple o'er the sands  
And valleys vie with pleasures,  
The college town of Salem lies,  
The home of Salem College,  
And from her halls in brilliant rays  
Shines forth the light of knowledge.

CHORUS

Oh, the light of Salem College,  
May it ever, ever shine,  
Guiding all who learn to know its brilliant ray;  
Naught can ever be more cheering  
Or far-reaching than that light  
Shining from the Salem College halls away.

All praise to those of years ago  
Who wrought with zeal untiring,  
And pioneered this worthy cause  
To noble heights aspiring;  
Who gave of sacrifice and toil  
To found our Salem College—  
To them be thanks that from these halls  
Shines forth the light of knowledge.—*Cho.*

Let other nations boast of power,  
Of wise and learned sages;  
To them we'll show in future years  
The record of our pages.  
Our earnest faculty will send  
From our loved Salem College  
Adown the ages yet to come  
The glorious light of knowledge.—*Cho.*

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it  
forever woven in the works of the world.  
—*Ruskin.*

## HOME NEWS

LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.—Perhaps there are a few items of general denominational interest which ought to appear in the RECORDER from the First Genesee Seventh Day Baptist Church, although some of them may be somewhat stale to some of the family.

The Little Genesee Church is not dead by any means, but is more alive than she has been for some time. Many good things have come our way since the report of the annual meeting, sent you early in the year. Early in March Brother D. Burdette Coon came to help in a few weeks of special meetings. Owing to severe weather and sickness the meetings were not very largely attended, yet, as the result, fourteen, who took their first stand for Christ during this time have united with the church by baptism. Following this effort in our own church was an evangelistic campaign in Bolivar, conducted by A. Lee Aldrich of Binghamton, N. Y., which was the means of adding nine more by baptism. From these and other sources twenty-nine have been added to the church since the beginning of the year. But one of the best things is, that there has been a general religious awakening of the community and church. The Sabbath morning attendance is much better and the attendance at the Friday night prayer meeting has more than doubled, as many as sixty taking part in the testimony meeting.

The first Monday in July the Bible school held its annual picnic at Riverhurst Park. About two hundred enjoyed a day of visiting and sports, but perhaps more enjoyed the bountiful dinner served at the noon hour. It might not be out of place to state here that the school has gained in membership and attendance. The average attendance for last quarter was one hundred fifteen. Besides the regular Bible school we have a Bible study class of something like thirty, meeting on Tuesday night. At the present time we are studying the "Life of Christ" as outlined by Mathews and Burton. The interest and attendance is good.

A brotherhood was organized early in the spring that seems to be starting off

fairly well. It is hoped that all the men may become interested in it and do what they can to help it along. This is the first attempt to have anything of this kind in the community.

While we feel that we have many things for which we should rejoice, there is a great harvest to be gathered by the church in this community, and we ask your prayers that the church may go forth in the strength of the Master to reap the harvest.

REPORTER.

NORTONVILLE, KAN.—Upon whom was the joke? Not content with the general hearty hand-clasps and many pathetic good-bys given the pastor, Rev. M. B. Kelly, after his parting sermon to this church yesterday, a goodly number of members motored last night to Atchinson, twenty miles away, to see him and his family off on the nine o'clock evening train bound for St. Louis. But lo! this train had been laid off and the Kelly's were compelled to wait for the five o'clock morning train. So they were not only agreeably surprised to see so many autos rushing after them filled with friends to see them off, but were pleasantly entertained by these friends until a late hour. However, the autoists failed after all to see them off but had to leave, with the joke—on whom?

This church gave up Elder Kelly with great regret. He had so engrafted himself into the affections of the entire people that it seemed like severing family ties for them to leave us. But he seemed to think it for the best to do so. Now we are looking forward to the coming of our newly chosen pastor, Rev. James L. Skaggs, who will be here about October 1 to shepherd this flock.

J. H. TITSWORTH.

GARWIN, IOWA.—I read the home news in the dear old RECORDER with interest, because I hear from our beloved Zion of every section of the country. The Carlton Church is not dead, but keeps up its regular services. The Sixth Day night prayer meetings are followed up by the faithful few. The Sabbath school and the morning service are fairly well attended. The Christian Endeavor seemed to take on a new spirit last Sabbath night and we earnestly pray it may continue. Oh! we

need a revival of genuine religion, that will melt our stony hearts.

We have been fortunate in securing Brother Burchard Loofbourrow of Milton, Wis., to lead us for two months, during his vacation from school work. He has preached two Sabbaths and is liked by the people. We trust he will waken us up to do better service for our Master. Also we are looking forward to the coming of the Milton Quartet as a divine arrangement. Some of us will be ready for work, and some will not. I wonder if we are out of the old paths. I have been made to feel so. We all want to gain that heavenly home. Some of us are making but little effort to merit it, and I doubt very much if we will have a right to its joys unless more effort is made by us to build up Christ's kingdom here. God grant that the church of Garwin may let its true light shine.

I want to be ready for my Matser's service by September. I, if it is his will.

DARWIN C. LIPPINCOTT.

Garwin, Iowa,  
July 27, 1914.

BRIDGETON, N. J.—There are several things I want to write about in regard to the work of the Marlboro Church. The first one is about our prayer meetings. When I came here there was a Sabbath-evening prayer meeting which was attended by a very few. This went on until cold weather came, and then the attendance was so small that it did not seem best to have the church heated and lighted for the pastor and janitor, as was the case many times, so the meetings were dropped. It was with great reluctance that the pastor advised such a plan, but the thought of a church without a prayer meeting was ever before him. A short time ago a plan was suggested of having a Sabbath-morning meeting. This was announced, and since then we have had some of the best prayer meetings that I have ever attended. We meet at ten o'clock and for nearly half an hour before the regular services we have some splendid meetings which prepare our hearts for the Sabbath worship. The meetings are conducted by the people. The one who leads appoints the one who is to lead the following Sabbath. So far we are very successfully solving the problem

of the prayer meeting. It is quite an effort for some to attend this early service, but compared with the very few who attended before, it is most successful.

Next I want to tell about our church grounds. Formerly it was possible for one to come to the church from almost any point of the compass, the grounds being all cut up with roads. Now we have only one road and this comes straight in from the "pike" to a new curbing, which extends the whole width of the church and to a convenient height. This is a great improvement in the looks of the nice lawn and makes it more convenient to get in and out of the buggies.

And while the men have been fixing up the outside, the women have been making improvements on the inside of the basement. (I want to say a word in passing about our Ladies' Aid Society, which is one of the liveliest and most progressive that can be found in any church of the size of ours.) You know we expect the association in October. The basement, nice in itself, has been very poorly equipped for serving meals. Now a small room has been splendidly fitted for a kitchen with commodious shelves, and a window through which to serve. Another small room has been fitted up for a rest room and for, what they call in the West, a spanking-room. The pastor has his eye on this room for his Sabbath-school class of Intermediate boys and girls.

It has been quite an effort for these busy country people to do this work, for this is a very busy time of the year. The farmers are just beginning the potato harvest and then will come tomatoes and then other harvests without let-up; but just at the time of this repair work there was a little slack and they improved it in this way. Potatoes are a light crop this year and the price is very low, so that the outlook is not encouraging for the farmers at present.

JESSE E. HUTCHINS.

July 30, 1914.

"Government by majorities is based not upon the violent assumption that majorities are wise and just, but on the assumption that the average man knows what he wants and what is good for him."

### "The Woman Militant"

DER BROTHER GARDINER:

I send you the following article clipped from a recent issue of the *Tampa Morning Tribune*. If you have room for it in the *SABBATH RECORDER* and think it advisable to publish it, I am sure many readers of the *RECORDER* will be interested in its perusal. It is written by a member of the editorial staff.

Sincerely yours

L. E. LIVERMORE.

Kissimmee, Fla.,  
June 30, 1914.

A conservative world stands aghast at the ever-gaining rebellion of woman against male authority, tradition or whatever it may be. The extreme element in the rebellion—such characters as Mrs. Pankhurst—comes in for a good deal of criticism, abuse and denunciation. But the "holy smoke" of conservatism does little to brook the oncoming tide. Abuse of the freak products of a great movement does not put the soft pedal on the thousands of more sensible, sound-thinking followers who make up the rank and file of the movement.

And who ever heard of any great reform, change or improvement that did not have its freaks and curiosities as forerunners of the better things? Think of John the Baptist, clad in skins of animals, crying in the wilderness, preparing the way for one greater than he to follow after. Remember John Brown and his famous raid (a ridiculous failure in itself), which paved the way for the ending of slavery! In every new thing there must be pioneers to blaze the path, and in the blazing thereof man-made laws are sometimes violated.

At the present time Emmeline Pankhurst is crying aloud in the wilderness of human thought to make way for woman to take her rightful place in the affairs of the world. She suffers the hardships of every pioneer and, the chances are, will not live to see the success of the movement which she heads. But others following in her footsteps will reap the advantages. Mrs. Pankhurst is one of the imperfect instruments through which God works. Her enemies may oppose her personally, but they will make little progress opposing the Almighty plans.

Woman has just begun to awaken from a world-long dream of inactivity. She ought to be encouraged in her efforts to restore the equilibrium of things. Hardly is the rebellion of the woman militant aimed against man and his supposed domination any more than it is against the silken, demoralizing fetters which she has woven for herself. It is a case of being something now, or forever giving up efforts in that direction. Man's past ideals of woman have been to make her a household drudge, cook, servant, milkmaid and washerwoman. Her ideals of herself have been to appear in décolleté, paint her face, pose before the mirror, drink tea and talk scandal. It is about time a middle ground be found.

Why does woman seek the ballot? Because she begins to observe in the light of awakening which has occurred in the last year or two what a fearful botch man has made of everything political. Greed and graft prevail everywhere. Society in general and the home suffer. Yet if woman seeks to lend her hand, the cry is at once raised that she is neglecting the home. Could she possibly make things any worse than man has already done? We incline to the view that a woman can step from her taxi to the polling place on her shopping tour of a summer morning, cast her vote, and then proceed about her business without either unsexing herself or losing any of the gentleness, truth, honor, faith and love which form her principal attractions for the other sex.

Still some raise the cry that woman seeks to be a "competitor" of man. The ballot is not a competitive but a cooperative instrument. The present-day competition between man and woman comes as the result of industrial conditions which, by discouraging early marriage, make it necessary for many women either to work in factories or follow questionable pursuits to gain a livelihood. Conservatism as it is at present rotted in financial selfishness is not building up or protecting the home. It is time to welcome a better day.

But again they come back at us with the statement that if women get into politics they will pay little if any attention to the rearing of children. Can a woman absorbed in politics possibly pay less atten-



tion to her children than the woman "dead and buried" in social teas, dances and theater parties? We fail to see it. We think that when woman voluntarily undertakes to loose herself from the belittling influences which she has inherited from past ages and begins to assume an activity that is healthful in comparison, she ought to be encouraged in it.—S. M. S.

### A Devoted Lone Sabbath Keeper

One of the state secretaries of the Lone Sabbath Keepers' Association sends us a letter received by him from one of these isolated Seventh Day Baptists, which shows such devotion to the cause we love that we venture to give most of it to our readers. These messages from the loyal scattered ones who are true to God under difficulties, will serve two purposes. They will cheer the workers and stir them to more earnest and consecrated service, and they will strengthen other Lone Sabbath Keepers to remain loyal to the truth.

DEAR FRIEND:

Your letter received, and I am glad to be recognized as a member of the Lone Sabbath Keepers' Association. But it is a constant regret to me that I am unable to help financially the cause that needs assistance, for everything pertaining to the church and the denomination is of interest to me.

I think it is due to you and justice to myself to tell you of my situation so that you may understand why I can not follow the dictates of my heart. In the first place I am so crippled that it is very difficult to walk, and thus I am dependent on my daughter for all the necessities of life. She lost her husband a year ago, and is in poor health, but she and her son of nineteen years are working hard for a living. The son had to leave school at the time of his father's sickness and death, and now he is doing the best he can on the home farm. I have had the SABBATH RECORDER for over thirty years, and it is a great comfort to me. Yet with all that I enjoy is mingled the sorrow that I can not assist in promoting the Sabbath truth, and carrying the message of salvation to those who have no knowledge of Jesus.

If such must be my cross, I will try to bear it, but I can pray for blessings on the workers, and that those who have plenty will open heart and hand and enjoy the happiness of giving, which would be such a joy to me. I sometimes do a little sewing or whatever I can do with my hands to help myself a little, and if ever I have even a mite to spare I will gladly give it for Jesus' sake.

Yours sincerely,  
LONE SABBATH KEEPER.

## MARRIAGES

BABCOCK-DUNCAN.—On Ten-mile Creek, in Barron County, Wis., on June 16, 1914, by Rev. J. H. Hurley, Jesse W. Babcock and Nina B. Duncan.

## DEATHS

ORDWAY.—Ira James Ordway was born in West Edmeston, N. Y., August 25, 1831, and died on July 20, 1914.

He was of sturdy, God-fearing stock. His father, born in 1800, covered with his son the span of the nineteenth century and fourteen years of the twentieth. Ira entered DeRuyter Institute in the spring of 1848. He was converted and baptized while there in the spring of 1849. He was married in 1853 to Eliza Ann Clarke, who died in 1894. She was the mother of his children and the companion of his pioneer days. He was married to Amelia Crandall Peckham on March 17, 1898. After her death in 1902, he was married to his present wife, Didema Merchant, June 21, 1905. He leaves a wife; a daughter, Mrs. J. Murray Maxson; a granddaughter, Mrs. Joseph Schertz, daughter of his son Albert, who died in 1889; and a little great-grandchild.

He came to Chicago in March, 1871, a few months before the big fire of October 9, and all his later life was identified with that city. He was a prominent member of the Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Church, and active in the work of his denomination, his greatest service perhaps being the inauguration of the student quartet movement. He was the corresponding secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Tract Society during several of the earlier years of its existence. In 1889 he was president of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference.

Funeral services were conducted at his late home in Chicago, July 22, by Rev. D. B. Coon, and in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton, Wis., July 23, by his former pastor, Rev. L. C. Randolph. E. M. Holston, Rev. H. N. Jordan, Rev. L. C. Randolph and L. A. Babcock, all of whom have served in the student volunteer movement promoted by Mr. Ordway, sang "The Wayside Cross," "All Will be Well," and "Good Night." The body was laid beside that of his first love in the Milton Cemetery. A fuller sketch will appear later. L. C. R.

WHITE.—Mrs. Maria Coman White was born August 12, 1838, in the town of Edmeston, N. Y., near Taylor Hill, and died at West Edmeston, July 24, 1914, aged 75 years, 9 months and 12 days.

She was married to Ruben H. White January 14, 1861, with whom she enjoyed life's blessings for over thirty years, when he was called away. To them were born two children, one dying in infancy. The other, Miss Amelia, with her adopted son, Dea. Fred H. White, who with

his faithful wife has been so loyal and true in Sister White's affliction, and on whom since his infancy she has lavished so much of her mother love, are left to mourn her loss.

Although her last days were days of suffering, they were marked by patience and resignation, which spoke of a peace coming from above. Often her mind reverted to her early experience, her conversation at such times showing her interest in sacred things, and but a few days before her death she told of carrying her shoes to church in her hand, before putting them on, rather than not to have the privilege of church attendance.

Notwithstanding her early interest in religious matters, it was not until in married life that she, with her husband, embraced the Sabbath of the Bible, joining the Seventh Day Baptist church of West Edmeston, where she commenced that loyal service to God, her church, family and neighbors, which has endeared her to all, and now causes those who knew her best to rise up and call her blessed.

At her late home, on July 27, farewell services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. Edgar Van Horn of New York City. J. T. D.

BASS.—Mrs. Annetta Saunders Bass, daughter of John V. and Sarah V. Saunders, was born in Pickaway County, Ohio, August 30, 1847, and died at the home of her daughter, in Parish, Oswego Co., N. Y., July 28, 1914, aged 66 years, 10 months and 28 days.

Sister Bass made a profession of religion in early life and was baptized by Eld. S. D. Davis (commonly called Uncle Sammy), but did not join the church until after her marriage to Wm. J. Bass, which occurred August 30, 1875, when on moving to Leonardsville, N. Y., she united with the Seventh Day Baptist church of that place, to which she was loyal and faithful to the end.

To Brother and Sister Bass were born two daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Millis, died about two years ago. The other, Mrs. LaRock, with whom Sister Bass found a home and the loving care she needed in her last sickness, is left with the aged husband and father, also two grandchildren, and many friends, to mourn their loss.

Farewell services were held in the Seventh Day Baptist church at Leonardsville, and she was laid to rest at Unadilla Forks, July 30. J. T. D.

ROGERS.—Julia Frances Davis Rogers was born in Shiloh, N. J., August 23, 1848, and entered into rest at Sylva, N. C., July 25, 1914.

Mrs. Rogers was the daughter of Mordecai T. and Sarah Jane Davis. When about thirteen years of age, under the preaching of the Rev. Walter B. Gillette, she was baptized and joined the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church. In 1872 she was married to David D. Rogers, of Plainfield. In 1874, on account of her health, they moved to Daytona, Fla., where their home has since been. She had come North many times for a change of climate, and to place their children in school at Alfred. She was fond of the mountain scenes of North Carolina, among which she had spent a few summers, and from which, as we believe, she went to a far more beautiful country. There survive her the husband; four children, Clarence M., M. Josie,

Mabel T., and Walter D.; and five grandchildren, all of Daytona, Fla.

She was Christian; a home-maker in a wifely, motherly, womanly way; hospitable; cordial; hopeful; affectionate; and loyal. And so we think she has entered upon a higher life than this, one altogether pure, beautiful, restful, happy, deathless, triumphant.

The funeral services were at Shiloh, and were conducted by Dean A. E. Main, a long-time friend, and the pastor, Rev. J. L. Skaggs. The music and flowers were beautiful and appropriate. A. E. M.

### Sabbath School Lesson.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 22, 1914  
THE WEDDING FEAST

Lesson Text.—Matt. 22: 1-14.

Golden Text.—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her own brood under her wings, and ye would not!" Luke 13: 34.

### DAILY READINGS

First-day, John 2: 1-11.

Second-day, Isa. 62: 1-12.

Third-day, John 3: 22-36.

Fourth-day, Heb. 12: 1-17.

Fifth-day, Rev. 3: 14-22.

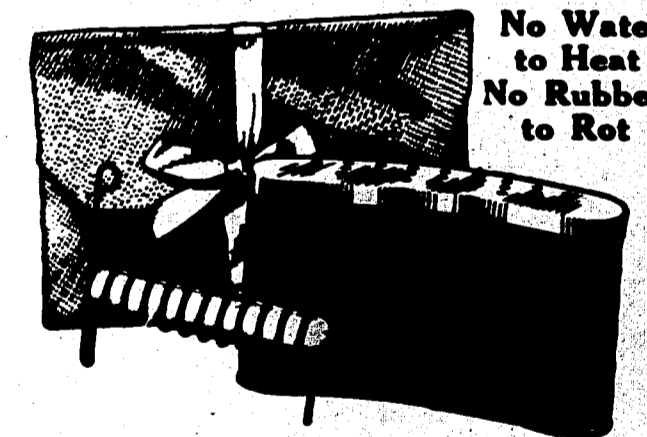
Sixth-day, Luke 14: 12-24.

Sabbath day, Matt. 22: 1-14

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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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.

None sing so sweetly as they who, like the woodthrush, sit on the twilight edge of solitude and sing to those who pass in the sunlight on the outside.—*Beecher*.

"It is no use talking about loving God when your children are afraid of you."

## The Sabbath Recorder

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

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

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Ahmed Mirza, the young Shah of Persia, only sixteen years of age, was installed as ruler in the palace of the National Council on July 21. His journey to the palace was made in a glass carriage drawn by eight white horses. Mounted men escorted him through large bodies of soldiers and police that lined the way. The pictures published represent the young man as being very handsome.

The little daughter of a homeopathic physician received a ring with a pearl in it on the Christmas tree. She looked at the pearl and thought of course it came out of one of her father's big medicine bottles.

Two days later she poked her head tearfully in at the door of her father's office. "Papa," she sobbed, "papa, I've lost the little pill out of my ring."

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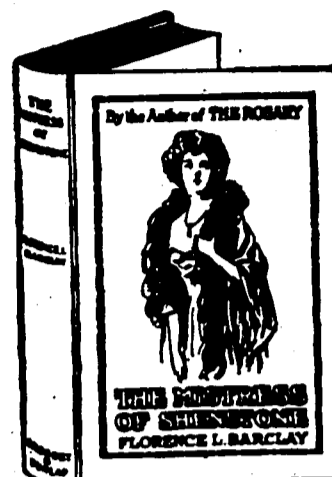


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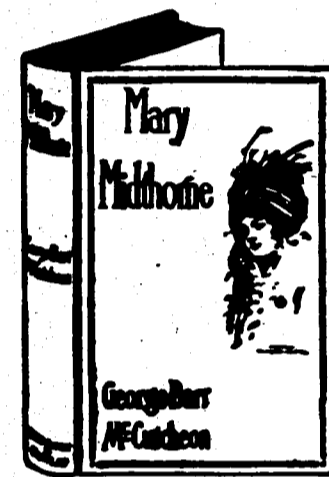
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**THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE**

by Florence L. Barclay

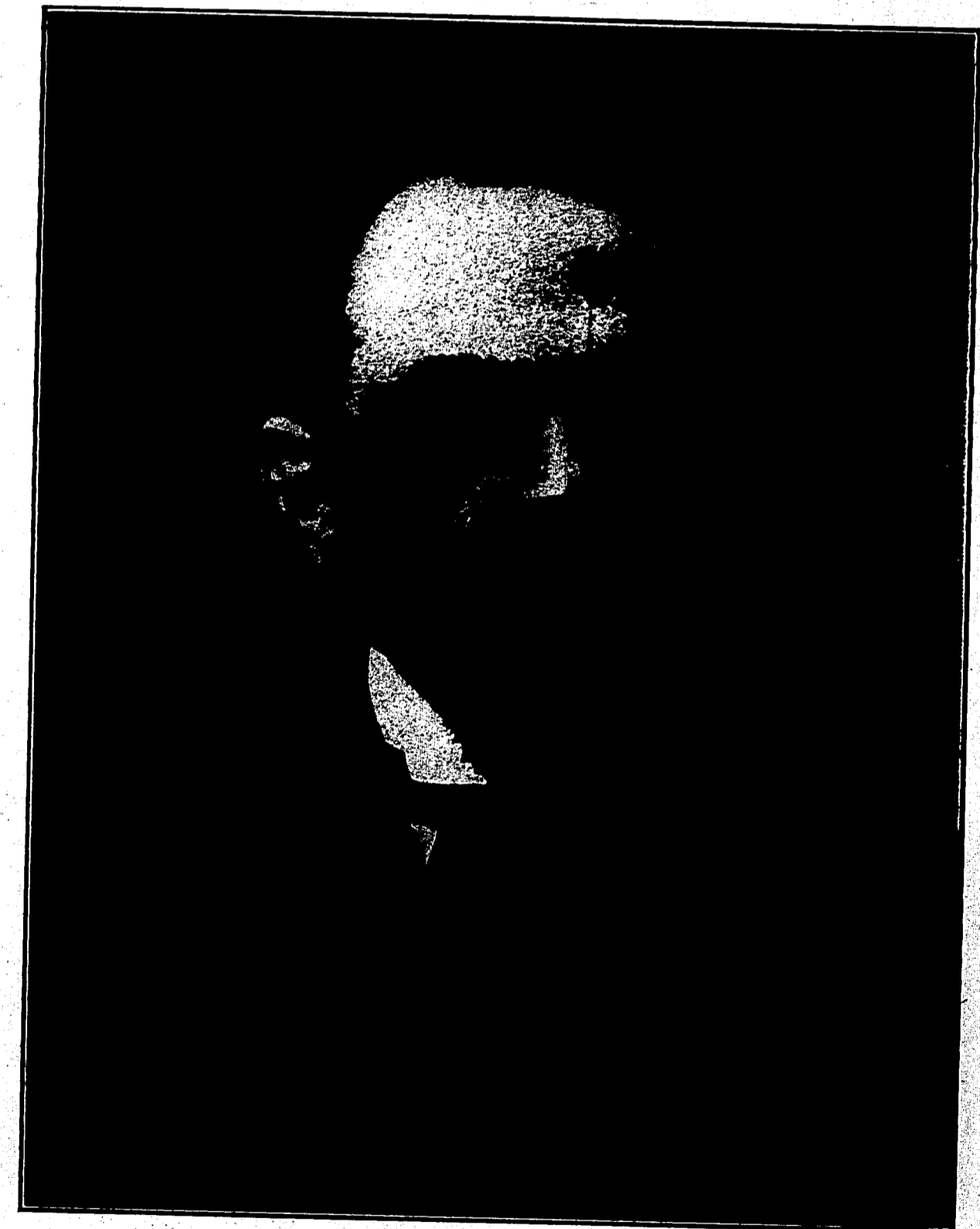
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