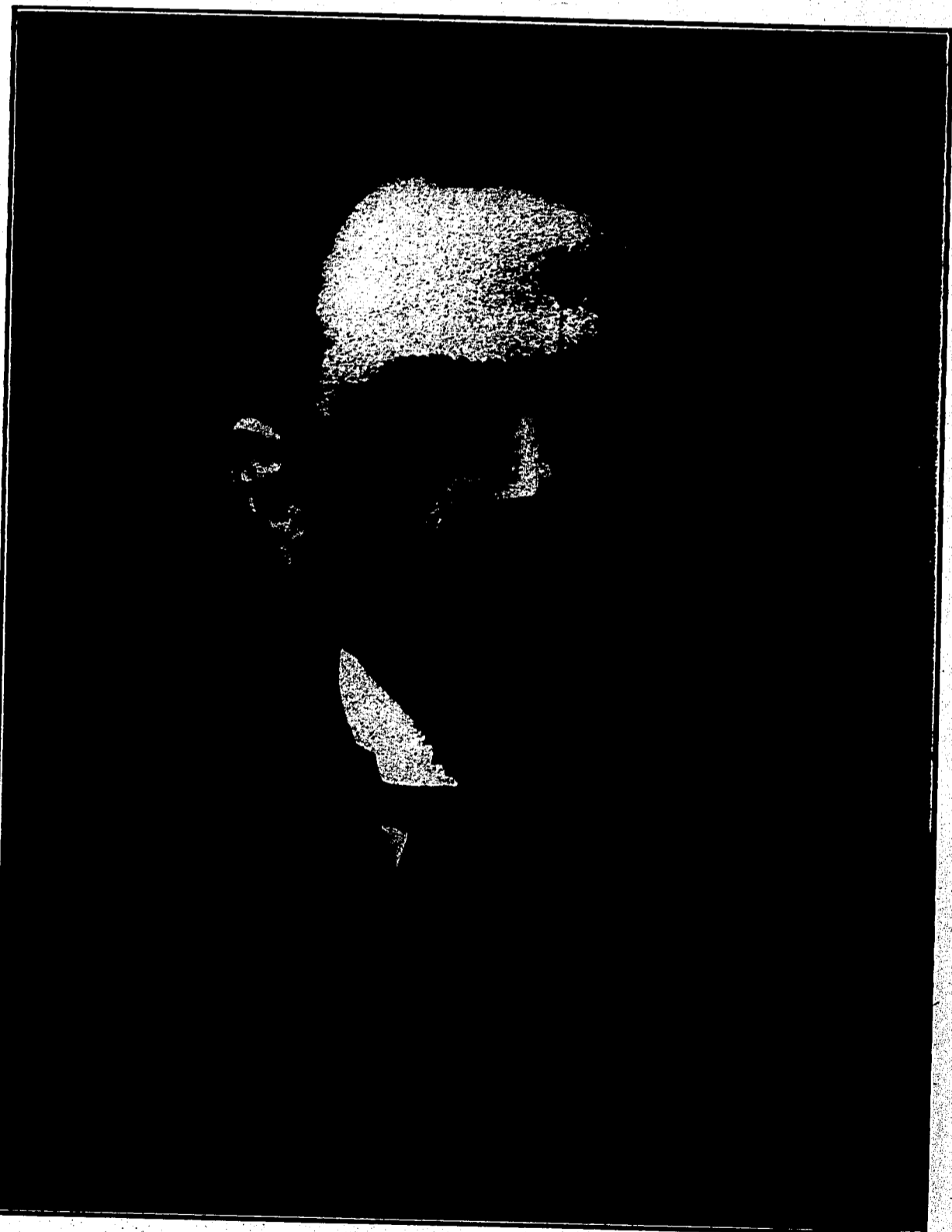
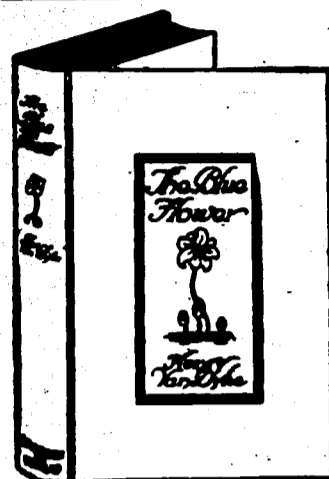


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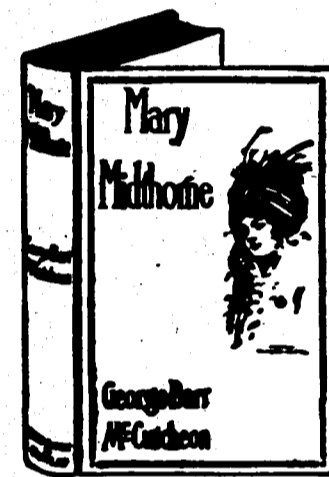
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# The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., AUGUST 17, 1914

WHOLE NO. 3,624

## "Tragedies in the Ministry"

In one of the denominational papers some time ago I saw an article entitled, "Tragedies in the Ministry," in which several instances were given where a minister's prospects had been blighted and doors of usefulness closed to him through careless remarks or implied criticisms by some one who did not exactly like his ways. One had been rejected by a church seeking a pastor, because a prejudiced brother had mistaken the candidate for another man having the same name. Another was turned down and his prospects injured because one whose opinion was sought said: "He is a good man and a strong preacher, but—I don't know—" and the last suspicious insinuating words settled the whole matter. The door to him was closed. Still another was set aside because a pastor who had been written to regarding the candidate's fitness replied that he was "a good student and a right strong preacher; but," said he, "I judge you need a live, active man in that field." This remark settled the question and the man who made it was the means of setting aside one whose activity and the visible results of whose work far exceeded his own.

These and several other instances were given of worthy ministers who had lost out because some one had been too critical or had surmised some ill of them, or carelessly insinuated that something was not quite right. These cases were all listed as tragedies in the ministry. They are similar to cases of which we have heard, where some disaffected church member, having got out with a former pastor, has taken every occasion, by insinuations or anonymous letters, to head him off from every church calling him, or from any other open door. It is sad indeed when a conscientious, well-meaning pastor or teacher is driven from his church and sometimes from the ministry by the inconsiderate criticisms of a few who never allow an opportunity to pass to discount him

in the eyes of others. Such cases may well be called tragedies.

But there are other tragedies in the ministry, which, if possible, are sadder than these. We are thinking now of tragedies caused by the ministerial "dead line." The ministry is about the only calling in which ripe experience goes for naught. We have heard of the dead line's being fixed at fifty, an age at which every live man should be at his best. With some churches, the clamor for young preachers is sure to close the door to any man whose head is getting gray. Thus men of experience and hard service are set aside to give place to the inexperienced boy; and oftentimes this is done when the older "ambassador for Christ" is able to do his best work for the Master. It is a tragedy of the ministry whenever pastorates are closed to men who, having spent half their lives preparing for a great work, are set aside years before their work is done.

There is one more tragedy of the ministry with which some of our brethren have been all too familiar. It is seen wherever an aged or infirm minister with his family is left in his declining years pinched and suffering for the common necessities of life. We sometimes talk of the glorious rewards in store in the hereafter for the faithful minister, while we overlook entirely the rewards due him here. The old pastor of many churches is doubtless glad to read his title clear to mansions in the skies; but just now, while life's evening shadows gather, and while hunger and cold affect his happiness, he has a right to a title clear to a home on earth and enough to keep him comfortable while he lingers by the river waiting for the messenger to bear him over.

I have heard of one who spent years in devoted service as pastor and evangelist, but who, after being laid by with hopeless sickness, found himself and wife with nothing to eat and no money with which to buy. In their need they prayed to God, and a friend was sent by the blessed Spirit to relieve their want. After this faithful



minister's death his widow, with very little means for her support, and getting too old for hard work, was left in sore straits.

Then we know of another who for years toiled among the smaller churches, many times laboring with his hands to splice out the meager salary, always cheerful, a man of excellent gifts, toiling until age and ill health compelled him to retire from the ministry. He had been "worked" by mining adventurers until a snug little sum of his savings had been lost in worthless stock, and when he and his wife drew near the end, it was his expressed hope that they might be called from earth before their funds were entirely gone.

Still another faithful servant of God toiled as missionary pastor many years until he was more than threescore and ten, after which came months of illness whereby the savings of the family were exhausted, and his death found them in sore trouble.

These were all well-known ministers. Probably many RECORDER readers may recall other such cases. We have had several within this generation. Serving our churches on salaries ranging from \$350 to \$500 a year, making most heroic efforts to give their families such support as churches demand of their pastors, they have faced the inevitable outcome of such a life and found themselves sorely pinched when working days were over. The churches have no use for real old ministers. There is no pension fund for their support, and sometimes they end their days as objects of charity. These are what we call the sad tragedies of the ministry.

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### Suggestion for Conference Badge

A day or two ago some unknown friend sent us a little design suggested by an editorial of August 3, entitled "Pray for the Right Spirit," and suggested that the design might do for a Conference badge. It is too late now to have such a badge made, suitable for Conference delegates; so the only thing we can do is to describe the design here and quote the Scripture given, hoping that the spirit enjoined thereby may prevail in every heart.

The design is a well-proportioned figure I cut out of cardboard. Diagonally across the middle runs in two lines the words,

"One in Hope and Doctrine, one in Charity."

At the top we find references to Psalm 133: 1, and Ephesians 4: 13; and on the bottom the passages referred to are Matthew 23: 8, 10, and John 17: 21-23.

Referring to the Bible we find these passages to read in order as follows:

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

"Neither be ye called masters; for one is your Master, even Christ."

"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and has loved them, as thou hast loved me."

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### America Caring for Its Own

As we have read, from week to week, accounts of our government's efforts to care for its citizens abroad and to promote the business welfare of its people at home, our hearts have swelled within us and we have been more than ever impressed with the value of our citizenship. The efforts of the administration to so distribute funds throughout the land that financial strains in each section may be relieved, the movement to aid its farmers in the shipment of their products, and now its magnanimous work of sending money and ships to the relief of its citizens caught in European countries by the outbreak of this terrible war, all combine to impress the world with the fact that it means much to be an American citizen.

What indescribable joy must have filled the hearts of the thousands stranded and helpless and suffering, with no credit for funds, and amid the wild excitement and crazy mustering of war-mad armies, when the news was flashed across the Atlantic that their home government was rushing a cruiser across the deep with money for

their relief and for transportation to their homeland! Who can now charge America with neglecting its own?

Only those who have wandered in foreign lands can appreciate the emotions that fill the hearts of Americans, as here and there they see the Stars and Stripes floating from the masthead or the taffrail of some stately ship. When the detained tourists in Europe shall have counted the days needful for the good ship *Tennessee*, with her treasures of gold for their relief, to reach them, and when she heaves in sight under the flag of the free, recognized and respected by all nations, then will their joy be unbounded, and more than ever before will they thank God that they are American citizens.

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### Fallacies of the So-called Armed Peace Theories

Many of us have almost been led to believe that the gigantic preparations for war by the great nations were after all harbingers of peace. Some of our leading statesmen have insisted upon larger navies on the ground that while they existed nations would not dare go to war. It was claimed that the modern dreadnought, the torpedo boat, the nitroglycerine bomb, the machine gun and the airship would be the most effective preventives of deadly carnage, because war with such would mean annihilation for both combatants. Trusting in this claim many had come to believe there would never be another great war.

If this war proves anything, it proves that the belief in large armaments as guarantees of peace is fallacious. We notice that one of the great dailies goes out of its way to slur the peace people, calling them enthusiasts "not worth a large amount of sympathy," who have damaged the cause of peace by being too hopeful, by exaggerating the forces opposed to war, and by "opposing the advocates of reasonable military precautions."

Really we can not see the force of this rebuke to the advocates of peace, who are consistent, well-meaning pleaders for the reign of the Prince of Peace to come without great preparations for war. After all the expense and preparations for abitra-

tion at The Hague, after all the years of Christian culture among the nations, and after the world-wide movements for evangelism, it would seem that believers in the principle of non-resistance would have a right to be hopeful. Certainly we can not see any ground for the editor of a great daily to jibe at them as damaging enthusiasts whose "prophecies sound like the pipings of little children."

On the other hand, it seems that those who have been enthusiasts for big armies and navies are the very ones whose theories have been proved false by this outbreak of the war spirit, this "reversion to barbarism," as the paper in question calls it. The arguments of militarists have come to naught, and the uprising of the last few days goes to prove that after nations have spent years of time and billions of money in inventing and constructing ruinous engines of war, the tendency is to improve the first opportunity, with small excuse, to rise up and use them. Somehow we can not escape the feeling that the advocates of the principles of the Prince of Peace are in the right. And if universal peace ever prevails, it must come through the enthronement of the Christ-spirit in the hearts of men rather than by gigantic preparations for war.

In a quarrel between man and man the one who talks with clenched fists is most sure to be the first one to strike, while the one who argues with open palm is likely to be the last. There is something in the physical pose of the man that reacts upon his spirit. And he who faces his opponent with set teeth and doubled fist will hardly be able to control the spirit; he will strike the first blow and usually upon small excuse. This principle holds true with nations. After nations have spent years in vying with each other in war practice, in clenching their fists for fighting by building dreadnoughts concerning which they continually boast to one another until the fight-spirit is strong, how can they help striking when offense is given? Oh, if the nations of earth could only see how much better it would be for all to agree to disarmament, and then to settle their troubles by arbitration! Then might the world hope for universal peace. But this can never come while nations strive to outdo one another in preparing for war.



### Rev. Gerard Velthuysen to be Here

On the cover of this paper we give the picture of Rev. Gerard Velthuysen of Haarlem, Holland. It will be remembered that upon the death of our beloved missionary, Rev. Gerard Velthuysen Sr., whom we have seen in America at two General Conferences, his mantle fell upon his son Gerard, who for years had been engaged in the Midnight Mission at Amsterdam. As editor of the *Boodschapper*, pastor of Haarlem Church, a leader in the Midnight Mission, and in Sabbath reform, Brother Velthuysen is known to our people through his reports in the *Year Book* and in the *SABBATH RECORDER*.

As a guest of the Tract Board and the Missionary Board he comes to this General Conference; and several of our churches will, we hope, be permitted to see him face to face after Conference closes. As we write, August 11, a committee from the two boards awaits his arrival in New York. He was to sail from Holland on August 1, and we sincerely hope the outbreak of the European war has in no way interfered with his coming. We bespeak for him a hearty welcome by our people, and wish him a most pleasant visit to America.

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### Can We Think of Anything Else?

Tonight we found a note in our letter box saying, "A twenty-three-line filler wanted." That means, so much is needed to fill out this column. As we take up the pen we know that something *must* be written. There is no escape. But what shall it be? Who can concentrate his thought upon anything just now excepting the one all-absorbing topic on everybody's heart and tongue? We have heard it all day on train and in city. It is shouted in your ears by newsboys. It stares at you in immense headlines on all the papers. It is in the very air. In Europe the die is cast against the things for which Christianity and civilization have been struggling for centuries. The outcome must be a slaughtering of the strong men, leaving only weaklings to propagate the race. The vitality and energy of the nations are being turned to destruction. Weakness and misery and poverty must be the portion of generations. The catastrophe is too terrible to be comprehended! Who can think of anything else?

## EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES

### Wall Street Recognizes the Need of Piety

This country is not without evidences that the pendulum is even now swinging away from the extreme worldliness and the tendency to unbelief that have prevailed of late, toward the faith of our fathers, toward an active belief in God, a fresh passion for Christ, and a new confidence in the gospel's power to save men. One of these evidences appears in a recent issue of the *Wall Street Journal*, and is so noteworthy, coming as it does from what is regarded as the organ of the greatest money center in America, that we give it to our readers:

What America needs more than railway extension, and western irrigation, and low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest; that quit field work a half hour earlier Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusinesslike behavior.

That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft, and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions.

What is this thing we are worshipping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshiped just before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay and you will find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us.

Great wealth never made a nation substantial nor honorable.

There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do resist its deadly influence the chances are that it will get your son.

It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than to charge an earthwork in Manchuria.

### A Horrified and Disgusted World

This is about all we are able to say with any degree of certainty regarding the European war. The civilized world, outside that part of it engaged in strife, is more and more horrified over the awful and unjustifiable outbreak. The enormity of the frightful international crime against God and humanity seems greater every

day, and people are beginning to feel that for years deliberate preparations for such a conflict have been under way. So far the German Kaiser seems to receive the greater share of blame.

With all the confusing and contradictory reports now filling the papers we shall make no attempt to give war news; but we do wish to note the uprising public sentiment, full of solemn protest and earnest repulsion as seen in the editorials of most of the American papers.

The people are wondering what the Kaiser has really had in mind while he has been taking such an active part in peace talk for twenty years or more. If his interest in The Hague, and his advocacy of arbitration have been genuine; if they were more than a mere pretense; if his reluctance to engage in war was grounded in sincerity, the people feel that he might have prevented this colossal conflict. To the world looking on, it now seems that he encouraged it and was all too ready to jump into the fight. Whatever may happen in these days of rapidly changing scenes and swift developments, to change public opinion, the one fact remains that today the world holds the Emperor of Germany largely responsible for the most diabolical war of modern times.

### Proposed Memorial to Mrs. Wilson

A proposition has been set forth looking toward the erection of a new school building in honor of Mrs. President Wilson at her old home and burial place, Rome, Ga. Mrs. Wilson was deeply interested in the education of the mountain people of the South, and she had a special interest in the Berry school, at Rome.

Nothing could be more appropriate than such a memorial. It would please her better than a monument of marble, if she could speak her wishes, for she gave much of her strength and energy for that cause. When the arduous duties of mistress of the White House came upon her, she refused to give up the benevolent work in which she had long been interested, and in her brave attempt to carry all her burdens she brought on the illness that took her away. She sacrificed herself upon the altar of well-doing for the destitute, and it is meet that there should be some concrete expression of appreciation for

the "self-effacing, self-sacrificing service" of a noble woman.

Daughters of the American Revolution give largely to that school every year, and we hope that body will espouse this cause and push forward the work of securing a memorial fund for it.

Another prohibition bill is now before Congress, which if passed will prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors on all river steamers and lake vessels within the United States. This bill was introduced by Congressman Smith of Idaho, and is reported to be strongly favored by the Committee on the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic.

There is a movement on foot among distillers in some States to greatly reduce the output of beer for the present year. In Kentucky an agreement has already been reached to make a reduction of 20,000,000 gallons. Of course the brewers make the claim that such reduction is made because there had been an overproduction during the last five years. No doubt there has been an overproduction, and if the growing sentiment for prohibition continues to gain for the five years to come as fast as it has gained in the five years just passed, the brewers will find that any amount is an overproduction. It will continue to be convenient to reduce the output of beer, and the wise brewer will read the handwriting on the wall and prepare to meet the verdict.

It is reported that 10,000 men, carrying imitations of country schoolhouses on their banners, and hundreds of American flags, marched through the streets of Trenton, N. J., for two hours, to protest against the action of the Legislature in refusing to legalize the reading of the Bible in the public schools. Beautiful floats carried many women and children. Nearly all were members of patriotic societies. It was said to be one of the finest demonstrations ever seen in Trenton.

According to the *New York Tribune* most of the fake stories about the European war are due to wireless telegraphy. Amateurs so easily misread a message, and excitement so greatly magnifies, that it is almost certain the world will be filled with unwarrantable stories. Then the fact that it is impossible to trace a false message, or



any other as to that matter, to its origin, makes it all the easier for unprincipled and thoughtless operators to send false statements. There is no chance to bring them to justice. Our readers can safely discount most of the wild war reports that come by wireless and wait for information from more reliable sources.

The Northern Baptist people are making heroic efforts to pay off their missionary debt of \$275,000, and are showing good progress. The Presbyterians have been struggling with a deficit of \$450,000, much of which has now been raised.

### Modernism in the Roman Catholic Church

Of the origin of the term "modernism" one writer says: "As the name 'Christian,' whether of Latin or Greek origin, was undoubtedly coined by the pagan inhabitants of Antioch to censure and despise the disciples of Christ, so the name 'modernism' has been coined by the enemies of the new movement to discredit and condemn it." Of course, the enemies of modernism are those in closest touch with the papal government, and nothing can better show the strength of the movement than the fear and dislike with which it is regarded by the Vatican.

From April, 1907, to September, 1910, fourteen decrees or documents were expressly directed against modernism. (See Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. X, Art. "Modernism.") In the decree "Lamentabili" of the "Holy Office" (July, 1907) Pope Pius X condemned 65 propositions of the modernists, among them those (59-63) asserting "there are no immutable Christian dogmas, they have developed and must develop with the progress of the centuries"; and (65) that "the Catholicism of today is irreconcilable with genuine scientific knowledge, unless it be transformed into a Christendom without dogmas, i. e., a broad and liberal Protestantism" (Vol. XIV, Art. "Syllabus").

In November, 1907, in a *motu proprio* (a decree which deals with discipline and practical matters) the Pope prohibited the defence of the condemned propositions under the penalty of excommunication.

In an *encyclical* (a decree dealing with

doctrine) called "Pascendi," of September, 1907, the Pope laid bare the gravity of the danger, spoke of the need of firm and decisive action, approved the title "modernism" for the new errors and deplored that the partisans of these errors are to be found "not only among the church's enemies, but what is to be more dreaded and deplored, in her very bosom, in the ranks of the priesthood itself." He said: "The danger is present almost in the very veins and heart of the church. . . . the security of the Catholic name is at stake." In various places he has denounced modernism as "embracing every heresy," "a satanic cry of rebellion against religion from the bosom of the church," and has declared the remote cause of the movement to be "curiosity and pride."

In September, 1910, in another *motu proprio*, the Pope prescribed the oath against modernism. This oath of fidelity to Roman Catholic doctrine and discipline is to be taken by all candidates for higher orders; by every professor before resuming his annual course, by all newly appointed confessors, preachers, parish priests, the benefited clergy, and all who hold special offices in the Roman Church.

The foe must be formidable indeed to call forth such hatred and such opposition from the Vatican.

But how is the movement looked upon by men outside the Church of Rome? Giovanni Luzzi, D. D., professor in the Waldensian Theological Seminary, Florence, writing on the subject in the *Hibbert Journal* (Jan., 1911, pp. 307-323) called modernism "a complex phenomenon." He said: "It is not a system. It is the synthesis of several new directions taken by theological and ecclesiastical thought in the Roman Church." He then traced out five different directions. Later, in his book, "The Struggle for Christian Truth in Italy" (Revell Co., N. Y., publishers), in the concluding chapter, "Modernism" (pp. 289-338), he says further: "Scarcely two years have elapsed since I wrote the article [in *Hibbert's*] and my division into five directions does not hold good any longer, for, while the first two remain unaffected, . . . there is no more a question of the other three."

Now, briefly, these three were the directions taken (a) by the "hypercritics,"

who deny the preexistence of Christ, the immaculate conception, the resurrection, disbelieve in miracles, and claim that in the primitive church it was not facts that created faith, but faith that created facts; (b) the Christian Democracy, led by Romolo Murri, but now abandoned by him; and (c) by the practical modernists, embodied in the "Pious Society of St. Jerome," which is alive no longer.

The two directions which he describes as still holding good are (1) "that followed by a group of noble souls who grieve to see popular piety attacked by the disease of an exaggerated and hysterical sentimentalism, and fossilized into a nerveless formalism"; and (2) "that followed by a group of still more daring modernists, who have already completely disposed of the question of the temporal power of the Pope, and who say frankly: 'In the church a reform now is necessary to lead back the flock of Christ to the spirit of the gospel.'"

As to the position claimed by modernists themselves, the late George Tyrrell, of London, a leader among them, is quoted as saying that "modernism means the acknowledgment on the part of religion of the rights of modern thought; of the need of effecting a synthesis, not between the old and new indiscriminately, but between what, after due criticism, is found to be valid in the old and in the new. Its opposite is medievalism, which as a fact is only the synthesis effected between the Christian faith and the culture of the late middle ages, but which erroneously supposes itself to be of apostolic antiquity." Loisy, another leader, says: "The avowed modernists form a fairly definite group of thinking men united in the common desire to adapt Catholicism to the intellectual, moral and social needs of today."

Below is the "program of the modernists" as given by the *Watchman*, a Baptist publication. It has probably been reprinted from a work published in Naples, Italy, in 1911.

We want the revision of dogma, the revision of all our confession of faith; we want to see that which in Christianity is substantial, separated from what has been added afterward in the interest of the sacerdotal caste. We want the authority of the Pope to be confined to reasonable limits, and the old authority of the episcopacy and laity, with their rights and freedom, to

be restored to them. We want for all believers the right of free research in all fields, recognized as legitimate. We do not want the abolition of hierarchy, but we want all grades of the hierarchy, from the humblest to the highest, to be represented not by ambitious men, or by intriguers, but by men imbued with the apostolic spirit. We want to do away, once and for all, with the ridiculous fiction that the Pope is a prisoner of the Italian Government, and we want to see the Pope himself go from diocese to diocese, in order to learn from observation about men and things, to get a personal knowledge of all ecclesiastic abuses, and to depose all unworthy priests and bishops. Among the rights to be given back to the clergy, we want celibacy to be voluntary, not compulsory. If it is true that marriage is a sacrament for the layman, we want it to be also for the priest; why should it be for the priest only a curse and a shame? As far as worship is concerned, we wish to have it brought back to its ancient simplicity and purity. We want the abolition of the Latin language in the Liturgy; the abolition of all those idols, which not only have no justification in any true and certain tradition, but very often are shown by sound criticism to be historically non-existent. We want the veneration due to the great saints of the church not to replace the worship due to God alone; and we do not want this worship to be material as it is now, but we want it to become again a worship "in spirit and in truth." We want to put a stop to the excessive right of guardianship which the priest has always exercised over the faithful; that kind of guardianship, which may, perhaps, have its use (although we seriously question even this) during spiritual infancy, but which becomes utterly disastrous and humiliating in the case of the spiritually grown-up. The adult must be able to do many things for himself; and, as far as his conscience is concerned, he must know that between his conscience and his God there is no room for human mediators. We want the abolition of all false devotional practices; and, as a substitute for all morbid, sentimental books of prayers and pious meditations, we desire the Gospel of Christ, the greatest book which Christianity possesses, the only book able to educate the spirit to a true and manly piety.

However strong modernism may be, or however far it may progress, can it work any material change in the thought and policy of the Roman hierarchy itself? Answering this question Rev. William G. Fennell, D. D., writing under "The Growth of Modernism" (*Watchman*, Feb. 17, 1910), says:

All we can reply is that it has yielded to the modernists of other days. The gnosticism of the early centuries was first resisted as dangerous modernism, but at last through the influence of Clement it began to be incorporated, and the resultant was the foundation of their whole dogmatic system. Scholasticism was modernism in the days of Gregory IX, and he condemned in an encyclical this composite of dogma and



Aristotelianism. Now the later Popes insist on the preservation and teaching of that very scholasticism that Gregory counted a dangerous heresy. Baron Von Hugel in his "Papal Commission and the Pentateuch" mentions two other instances that are significant, one, the date and authorship of the Areopagite writings and the "Comma Johanneum,"—the three heavenly witnesses in first John. The opinion on these two points has recently been completely reversed, and that by papal authority, where once the opposite view was thought to be essential to Catholic faith. These four instances prove that the church authorities can and do yield to modern teaching; that there comes a time when popular opinion is too strong to be resisted. Witness also Galileo and their apologies today.

But while there is hope of change, it may not be all that the extreme modernists may desire. Pendulums swing to extremes, while the truth is usually found in the mean between the two. Protestantism has undoubtedly gone too far in individualism as Catholicism too far in a mechanical ritualism. Newman Smyth finds a "Coming Catholicism" the mean and resultant of the two. Professor Briggs has it: "Modernism mediating the coming Catholicism," by which he means a reunited church, at peace with itself, broadly catholic, risen from dead formulæ into spiritual life. Friederich Nippold believes the resultant will be something on the order of the English Church, or the Episcopal Church of the Phillips Brooks' type in America. Some think the reaction can not stop short of a vigorous Protestantism with a marked emphasis of spiritual life. All thinking men agree that there will be some change, and judging from the instances given above the Catholics themselves might well acknowledge it. Our largest hope and belief is that Roman Catholicism will embody the best in the modernism that shall develop, and that the resultant will be a church in more vital touch with the people, serving their highest ends.

It is hard for us to look ahead to any radical reform in a church whose principles and precepts are so plainly against the spirit of the gospel—so out of harmony with the spirit of our age. But there is wonderful power in the "little leaven." Italy and France have already won their political freedom, and political freedom ever goes closely allied with religious freedom. When the laity have once tasted liberty, not all the cunningly woven meshes of "ecclesiastical and theological formulæ" can bind them longer. We can but wait and hope.

In the meantime modernism in the Roman Church brings with it to every American citizen a warning and an appeal. We are warned against encouraging the insinuations of a worldly, rich and powerful hierarchy that would use us to strengthen and support it politically in its avowed

stand against progress. The appeal comes from the struggling minority for our sympathy and help in their efforts to save the church they love from its superstition and infidelity and to make of it a true branch of the great Church of Christ.

A.

## Voltaire and the French Church

PAUL E. TITSWORTH

"That ape of genius, sent as the devil's missionary to man," Victor Hugo somewhere calls Voltaire, but the sneer loses its point in a knowledge of the real character of the man's activity and of the circumstances in which he lived and moved. He was neither worse nor better than the average man of his time, but sensitive he was beyond the usual, and keen, and he dipped his pen deep in vitrol when he wrote against abuses—qualities which have dulled the lustre of his brighter side and deepened the shadows of his less pleasing one. Living in the midst of the disintegration of an ecclesiastical system, he aided effectually and gleefully in demolishing a contemptible structure. He saw and felt the intolerance of irrational ideals, the dead weight of antiquated theological beliefs which could not bear the light of ordinary common sense, the incapacity and irreligion of high priests, and he abhorred the ignorance in which they kept their protégés. While he realized only in a small way the value of a moral religion, he fully perceived the folly of a corrupt and intellectual one.

The French Church in the eighteenth century fell far short of meeting the needs which it is the business of the church to satisfy. A glance at its history and character during the century preceding the Revolution will make this more evident.

The policy of centralization, steadily pursued by the French kings for some time, reached its consummation in the reign of Louis XIV and gave that monarch the right to say, "I am the State." He especially had sucked the power from the once so redoubtable feudal lords, attracted them to his court, and transformed them into courtiers—courtiers who were in a very real sense dependent upon the favor of the king. Louis was, of course, a great man and the admiration of his satellites

was legitimate; but denied their normal activity and with nothing to do but dance attendance upon the monarch, they gradually became corrupt and their admiration soured into a hypocrisy that flattered royalty simply to fill its stomach with the king's meat and its life with ease and luxury. With Louis's death the key-stone of the arch was removed, and respect for authority was reduced to a minimum because there was no power worthy of respect and none to compel it. As a result, there followed an orgy of voluptuousness and a corruption of morals and manners.

The Church, like the State, had felt the grip of the compelling hand of the king, and it had become wealthy and powerful, for great men and brilliant had been appointed to its high offices. During Louis XIV's declining days, however, a change was making itself felt; hypocrisy and corruption were gaining ground. The passing of such able leaders as Bossuet and Bourdaloue in 1704 and of Fénelon, the saintly Bishop of Cambrai, in the same year with the king (1715), and the incoming of the Regency were some of the outward signs of this change which the Church was undergoing. The balance of power now passed into the hands of corrupt aristocrats, and many of the high places in the Church were desecrated by appointments from the ranks of the dandies and the notoriously irreligious, who were attracted by the princely livings which these positions offered.

Whereas, under Louis XIV, merit had played a large role in the elevation of a man to power in the ecclesiastical body, under Louis XV, it came to play no part at all. The church offices were replenished from the aristocratic class; ability and fitness were no longer requisites. To be sure, most of the bishops and archbishops were earnest and sincere men, but untrained as they were and steeped in their credo of aristocratic privilege, and because many of them were men of great personal wealth, they formed an element almost impervious to the rising ideas of equality, enlightenment, and toleration, and they were thus negatively responsible for the abuses perpetrated by the Church. In addition to this, however, a number of its prominent dignitaries were riotous livers, and sensualists, who scoffed

at religion privately while they persecuted Protestants and free thinkers publicly; their hypocrisy out-Phariseed that of the haughty religious leaders upon whom Jesus called down such anathemas. Churchmen squandered their thousands of dollars on fine clothes; costly eatables and drinkables, magnificent retinues of servants, and elegant parks and gave their pennies to the poor, while the disreputable among them entertained their friends with gay music, obscene dancing exhibitions, and maintained their mistresses.

Most of these officials luxuriated in Paris and visited their sees only at rare intervals. Perkins, in his "France under Louis XV," says that a bishop might make it a point to ride once a year, in an elegant carriage, with magnificent horses and outriders, over his jurisdiction without, however, once leaving his equipage, and adds that such a spectacle was splendid but not spiritual. Human need—either material or spiritual—and suffering found little sympathy with either one of these classes of churchmen; they disregarded the prayers of the godly and zealous parish priests for help for their parishioners, and themselves, and they neglected the social and educational needs of their spiritual dependents. As far as possible the common people were kept in ignorance to make them submissive. Although the Church controlled much of the wealth of France—it owned, for example, from one-fifth to one-fourth of all the land,—it was free from all except voluntary taxation. The resources of the State, instead of fortifying it with schools and charitable institutions and instead of improving the condition of the common people generally, were diverted for selfish ends. It is no wonder, then, that a structure built on such sand should totter and collapse before the floods of rationalism and the winds of awakening humanitarianism.

It was natural, therefore, that Voltaire, who believed in and strove for tolerance and enlightenment, should clash with such an ecclesiastical hierarchy. That it squarely blocked his way aroused him to a mad fury, and he spent the best efforts of his life in destroying what he termed the "Infamous." Unfortunately he did not discriminate between the possibilities of the Church and its actual manifestations. He



directed his satire in epigram, story, essay, and letter without stopping to inquire into the past service of the Church to humanity.

The eighteenth century was a period of the oppression of the Protestants at the hands of a bigoted king and over-zealous clergy. The oppressed came to recognize that they had a powerful advocate in Voltaire. He always responded eagerly to appeals for help of this kind for he could not endure the thought of suffering. A case in point is that of the Protestant Calas who was broken on the wheel in 1762, falsely accused of the murder of his son to prevent his turning Catholic. The widow and children of the unfortunate man, persecuted in France, fled to Geneva and took refuge at Voltaire's home. Here they stayed until reinstated in their full rights as French citizens through his efforts. A second case is that of another Protestant, Sirven by name, whose daughter had been torn from her home and placed in a convent to be made a Catholic. She succeeded in escaping but was eventually found dead in a well. Sirven, accused of the murder, escaped execution only by prompt flight to Fenney, the estate of Voltaire. There were other and similar cases where brutal persecution of innocent people was instigated by church officials. Largely by his power as a letter-writer, the philosopher so awoke public opinion that the persecuted were restored to their rights and such official crimes became more and impossible.

Enough has been said to make it evident that it was not the religion of the Sermon on the Mount which Voltaire fought tooth and nail but a corrupt system under the cloak of religion. On the other hand, it is evident that his judgment was superficial, for he did not comprehend that the Church as then existing was one thing and true religion another. He was blinded to the fact by his hatred of the hierarchy. He was almost incapable of believing in or feeling the spirit of real religion, hence he failed to appreciate the weight of the religious experience of men in past ages. He was probably incapable of feelings of reverence or awe, but he never took up the cudgels against any man or set of men for living godly lives.

It has not been the attempt to paint Voltaire as a saint but rather to demonstrate that he acted as many of his later accusers would have done in his place and century. He must undoubtedly be credited with being sincere and guiding his life, not by rules of pure meanness, but by an honest purpose to abolish some flagrant abuses. Those who love truth, religious liberty, and the right to exercise common sense and reason in the formation of their religious philosophy are much in his debt. Many of the rights and privileges which we hold most essential to our religion are those for which Voltaire fought. Morley, in his *Life of Voltaire*, sums up the activity of this interesting personality as follows: "His single object was to reinstate the understanding—as opposed to superstition—to its full rights, to emancipate thought, to extend knowledge, to erect the standard of critical common sense."

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### The Consecration Needed

EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER:

Just a few words in behalf of denominational effort to provide for the calls which are being made upon us to carry forward the many lines which make up "the work for the Master's kingdom."

The Holy Spirit, whom Jesus promised would lead us into all truth, is bringing to the attention of people in all parts of our denomination what they should do, some for one line and some for another, to make this work efficient; and if *we, each one*, will give heed to his leadings, if we speak of them as we meet others, put our minds to the task of devising *personal effort*, even to stern sacrifice, there will be no lack. A man and his wife will be found ready to go to Java where the call is so pressing, and means found to fill all other calls.

If you and I everywhere are true stewards, the Lord of the harvest will give the blessing in successful winning of souls.

Yours in His service,

A. K. WITTER.

Aug 6, 1914.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### The Northern Woods

In the northern woods  
There is lack of care;  
There is long-lost youth  
In the cool, clean air,  
And soft and rich  
Are the carpets there.

In the northern woods,  
At the glad day's close,  
There is grateful peace  
And the sweet repose  
That only he  
Who has triumphed knows.

In the northern woods,  
Where the aisles are long  
And faith comes back  
And is sure and strong,  
The day begins  
With a hopeful song.

—S. E. Kiser.

I have been away on a vacation. To many of you it probably would have seemed too short to dignify by that title; but to us, the busy doctor and myself, it seemed long and pleasant—a long breath of fresh air in the northern pine woods, whose spicy fragrance lingers refreshingly in our memories.

But I should not tell you of this vacation, pleasant as it was, had it not been for the visits we made in the homes of two Sabbath-keeping families with whom we were formerly coworkers in the Albion Church.

Not knowing what railway connections we could make, we were unable to apprise them of our coming, but it was a royal welcome that we received when we arrived, late in the evening, tired and dusty from our nine-mile ride from the station; and we were glad that we had not given up and turned back to town as we had been on the point of doing. Nine miles over the winding roads of the pine country, with a driver uncertain of the road, and the darkness growing deeper, proved almost too much for our resolutions, and the appearance of the moon seemed like the arrival of an old and long-lost friend. Giant trees, bare of branches, relics of former forest fires, gleaming white in the moon-

light, surrounded us like a vast army of sentinels.

At last we glimpsed the lights from two houses, some little distance apart, and decided that we would go to one of these and ask our way. Great was our delight to find that both these places belonged to the friends we were seeking. This household consists of two families. Our Albion friends, four adults, comprise one family; and a father, mother and two children, also friends of ours, but not of our faith, and two young men, who were spending their vacation with our friends, comprise the other.

In the morning it was pleasant to join with these friends in their devotions, reading the selections given in the *Helping Hand*, as we do at home, and later to talk over denominational matters as we used to do, and to find our friends keeping in touch with it all.

After breakfast they rowed us across their beautiful lake. We were sorry that the fishes had not learned of our arrival and so did not come to the surface to greet us, but we were promised that should we come again this matter would be adjusted to our satisfaction. After leaving the lake we were taken into their timber land that we might see their large pine trees.

Sitting here in the shadow of these monstrous trees, my hostess and I had time for a little chat while the men went farther into the wood, and it is because of some things she said that I am telling you about this vacation trip. We were talking of her busy life and her delight in the country, and the pleasures of boating and swimming, and she said that she did not have as much time to spend on the water as she would like to have, saying: "We have made it a rule never to go boating or swimming on Sabbath Day." I have thought about that simple statement many times since then, and I have wondered how many of us who are able to attend church upon the Sabbath, and to whom the day, therefore, passes much more quickly, are as careful in our observance of the Sabbath as are these friends.

A few moments later our talk drifted back to the people of the old home, and she spoke of two friends back there upon whom she "depended" to keep her informed of the work of the church. I have thought about that statement a good bit,



too, and I have wondered if we think about writing to our friends of the success of our pastor in interesting our young people, of the good meetings we are having, of what the Ladies' Aid is doing—I don't mean letters just telling of these things, but writing of these matters along with our neighborhood news. Let us try this plan.

When we visited in the other home something was said that I want to tell you of. In this home there are tiny folks, and I was much interested in talking with the father and mother of their plans for the future and the future of their children. The mother said: "We thought we could come here now while our children are small and stay for a few years, and if it should happen that other Sabbath-keepers come we will be all right here; if not, we will take our children and go to some place among our own people. I told my husband that if we are ever going to a 'new country,' now is the time for us to go, before our children are any older." Parents will sacrifice much for their children, and it seems to me that it is a great thing to know what are the good gifts for which such sacrifices may be made. I am so glad that our young friends up in the northern woods have this knowledge and are planning for the best for their children.

It was with a genuine feeling of regret that we bade our friends good-by and started on our homeward way. As we came our crooked way through the forests, past the little hamlets and the big sawmills, we were thinking of all our people scattered over this country, and we were thankful for the influences of the lives of all these people upon all the other lives they touch. Their lives are like the roots of those gigantic trees; they reach out in so many ways and touch so many other lives, and these other lives are made sweeter and better by the contact. May God bless all our scattered ones, and all of us.

### Minutes of the Woman's Board Meeting

The Woman's Board met in regular session, August 3, 1914, with Mrs. S. J. Clarke.

Members present: Mrs. West, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Daland, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. Whitford.

Visitors: Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. Leo Whitford, Mrs. Ray Rood, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Summerbell, Mrs. Nettie West.

Mrs. West read Luke 12. Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. Babcock, and Mrs. O. U. Whitford offered prayer.

Mrs. Nettie West was appointed Secretary pro tem.

The minutes of the July meeting were read.

The Treasurer's report was read and adopted. The receipts for the month were \$352.80, and no disbursements.

The Corresponding Secretary reported letters from Mrs. Nellie Shaw, of the Eastern Association, in regard to a paper for the Woman's Hour of Conference, and Miss Ethlyn Davis in regard to music for Conference.

The Corresponding Secretary read her annual report to Conference. The report was adopted.

Mrs. Babcock also read letters from Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Miss Agnes Babcock, Mrs. G. E. Osborne, in regard to the work of the coming year.

Topics for the Woman's Hour of Conference were suggested.

Mrs. West read a letter from Mrs. L. Adelaide Brown, who has written the biography of Mrs. Lucy M. Carpenter.

On motion it was voted to adopt the appropriation as outlined in last year's report for the work of the coming year.

The minutes were read and approved.

On motion it was voted to adjourn at the call of the President.

MRS. NETTIE M. WEST,  
Secretary pro tem.

### Committee on Denominational Music at Conference

Organists, choir leaders, church singers and all others who are interested, are requested to meet with the Committee on Denominational Music, at a meeting, the time of which will be announced during Conference.

The object of the meeting is to secure the cooperation and advice of all those who are interested in maintaining a high standard of excellence in the music of the churches throughout the denomination.

Men have a touchstone whereby to try gold, but gold is the touchstone whereby to try men.—Fuller.

### The Stone Fort Campaign

REV. C. S. SAYRE

If I should report the work at Stone Fort as without results the report would not be true, and yet as we *count* results it is true.

It was well understood between myself and the committee that we were to remain on that field until we had gathered the harvest, if it took the whole season, and we began the meetings with that in mind. We set July 26 for the date of closing if the interest did not increase commensurate with the effort put forth, otherwise we were to keep right on.

But for some reason the quartet did not understand from the committee that we were to remain at Stone Fort until all was finished, but understood they were to go on into Iowa after they had spent about so long at Stone Fort, and they had made more or less definite arrangements to meet their appointment at Welton. So the meetings closed with the most flattering prospects of a great ingathering that I have seen in years. The very thing I had sought to avoid in making my arrangements with the committee happened, and it is the very thing that has happened over and over again in our evangelistic campaigns. Too much territory has been mapped out for one summer's work. The interest has been worked up to the point where sinners were enquiring the way, and then we have had to stop and go on to the next place which in turn has had to be worked up to the same degree of interest, requiring about the same amount of time as the place we had just left, and before we could gather in the harvest, the time has been up and we have had to quit.

I notice at least two varieties of fruit in this spiritual kingdom; one is an early variety, and the other is a late one. Brother Howell Lewis' orchard put me in mind of this. He has a few trees of Early Transparent apples which he had harvested and put on the market before we arrived there, but the great bulk of that large orchard is made up of the later varieties, and these will not be harvested for some time yet.

In these short campaigns we gather the earliest varieties, if there chance to be any; but the great bulk of the fruit is left for others to gather, or rot down to eternal

despair. I feel sure that our intentions are all right, for we want every campaign to help the most people possible, because the expense is great and the time is short. And so, figuring that the evangelist and the quartet can break up the hard ground, harrow it down, sow the seed and reap the harvest in two or three weeks, we have reduced our campaigns to such brief periods of time that we have not been able to gather our harvests.

I plead for more care in this line when a campaign is being mapped out.

Albion, Wis.,  
Aug. 5, 1914.

### Another Letter From Ebenezer Smith to Uncle Oliver

DEAR UNCLE OLIVER:

I have been waiting all these weeks for an answer to the questions in my letter of some months ago, but as yet have no answer. I conclude you have either overlooked my letter or have been very busy. I can not think, with the interest you have manifested in young people heretofore, you would refuse us help; for, believe me, dear Uncle, we are in trouble. Our club has several times taken up the study of "Theodosia Ernest," but we do not seem to agree. Sometimes we have been almost to the breaking-point, when Tom Shirley will turn on us, with his good-natured yet severe criticism, till we see ourselves as he seems to see us and we shake hands and part friends.

If you have read the book, Uncle, you doubtless remember that Theodosia and her brother Edwin, younger than she, had seen a lady baptized in the river, and there arose in their minds the question whether or not they had been baptized since they had only been sprinkled; and Theodosia said she did not see how there could be three baptisms, when the Bible said, "One Lord, one faith and one baptism." If they went to their mother for help, they got only censure and ridicule for questioning the learned divines of the Presbyterian Church. Then Mr. Percy, a young lawyer, and Doctor Johnson, their pastor, came to the rescue. In their efforts to straighten out the tangle, they had to admit that originally the word meant to immerse or



dip, but from Doctor Barnes' notes on the question, they were about to conclude that they dipped in order to sprinkle. This so pleased the boy Edward that he laughed, and when asked why he laughed said: "I was only thinking how a preacher would look dipping a man for the purpose of sprinkling him." At this point Edward saw his teacher, Mr. Courtney, passing. Mr. Courtney was a Greek scholar and, Edward thought, a Baptist. Before any one could object, Edward called him in. The pastor here remembered an appointment and passed out as Mr. Courtney entered. They continued the study of Doctor Barnes, and Mr. Percy read these words: "In none of these cases can it be shown that the meaning of the word is to immerse entirely. But in nearly all the cases the notion of applying the water to a part only of the person or object, though it was by dipping, is necessarily supposed.

..... It can not be proved, from an examination of the passages in the Old and New Testament, that the idea of a complete immersion ever was connected with the word, or that it ever occurred." Here Theodosia cried, "Stop, Mr. Percy, pray stop, and let me think a moment. Can it be possible that a good man, a pious minister of Jesus Christ, could dare to trifle thus with the holy word of God? Oh, it is wonderful! I can not understand it!"

Here the members of our club got into a sharp discussion regarding the justice of Theodosia's charge. Sue and Billy Carman, Jim Rider and Maud Humphrey contended that it was unjust, while Jack Bender, Lizzie Jones, sister Kate and myself contended that the charge was just, because Doctor Barnes had practically contradicted his former statement, since he had just before admitted that "it was by dipping."

At this, Billy Carman grew angry and said: "That is just the way with Baptists, they think nobody can be right but themselves. I think it is a shame to question Doctor Barnes, for he is certainly as wise as any Baptist."

Jack Bender replied: "It is not a question of wisdom, it is a question of honesty; for I can not see how any man as learned as Doctor Barnes is, can admit as much as he has regarding the meaning of the original word, and the early practice of

the church, and then make such a statement. It looks to me like a case of desperation to sustain a false theory, and flavors much of dishonesty."

At this Billy turned almost purple with rage, and springing to his feet was about to reply, when Tom Shirley stepped forward saying, "Hold on, hold on there, my Christian friends. Must I, a heathen and a publican, come in to make peace in the House of Israel? Excuse me while I speak plainly for a moment.

"Does not this scene prove the weakness of your much boasted Christianity? No, no, don't take offense, for you are no worse than your fathers, mothers, pastors, and Sabbath-school teachers. You may go into any of their conventions, or read up on the work of the Federation of Churches, and you will find them avoiding all points of difference as they would a viper. Now this causes me to lose faith in their sincerity, for if they were really seeking after the truth, and really believed the Bible to be the word of God, they would be seeking earnestly and honestly to know what it teaches, rather than seeking to find out how many things that it teaches plainly, they can agree upon as being non-essentials."

Then I told Tom that I was willing to acknowledge I had shown too much spirit in the matter, that I was ashamed and sorry, but I did not want him to charge the fault to our religion, but to our weakness, and that I for one would like to have his honest opinion of the whole question as far as we had gone, when the rest spoke up agreeing with what I had said.

Then Tom said: "Since you ask my opinion I will give it, but I want you all to realize that I think far more of the friendship of this company than of all the dogmas that divide the so-called Christian world, and therefore I want you to take what I say in the same spirit I give it.

"Regarding the criticisms on Doctor Barnes' interpretation, I consider they are absolutely just, and I don't wonder that, to Jack, it looks like dishonesty, although it seems a little harsh to make such a statement; but I have now read quite carefully six of the ten studies, and find not one argument that to my mind justifies Doctor Barnes' statement. Those of you believing in sprinkling must remember that Jack

is thoroughly a Baptist, and as such, can accept no subterfuge as an argument against the doctrine of baptism; but I think that not only Jack but all others holding so tenaciously to the doctrine of baptism, should remember that there are other things taught in the Bible quite as important as baptism. I notice in the *Christian Herald* of January 28, 1914, an account of a meeting held in the New National Theater, Washington, D. C., where Doctor McKim, an Episcopalian, addressing an audience composed of Protestants, with clergymen of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist and Seventh Day Adventist churches on the platform, said: "The Bible and the Bible alone is the basis of the religion of Protestants." But was Doctor McKim trying to find the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as taught in the Bible? By no means, but, as I see it, his assertion will not bear the light of investigation, and was only preparing the way for a thrust at the Roman Catholic Church, for he said: "But tradition, interpreting the Bible, and often superseding or contradicting it is the basis of the religion of the Romanists."

"Now my Baptist friends will say, 'That is all true, but it applies to baptism. Tradition, interpretation, and superseding or contradicting the Bible is only ground for sprinkling, and an Episcopalian contradicts his own life and condemns his own practice in making such a statement,' and I say amen. But, my Baptist friend, before you exult too much over the weakness of our Episcopalian and other Pedobaptist, let us apply the same rule to your so-called Lord's Day or Christian Sabbath. I have read your Bible through a number of times, and I do not hesitate to say there is not one word in that book that speaks of the First Day or Sunday as a sacred day. Yet the Christian world expects us to think it honest and sincere when it talks about Sunday as being the Sabbath. Some even go so far as to say, 'God rained a double portion of manna on Saturday and none on Sunday.' Can any man read the record, and seeing the falsity of that statement, believe such men honest?"

"But lest you say I am favoring the Seventh Day Baptists let me point out what, to me, a skeptic, shows their insincerity. They claim to take the Bible

alone as a guide, and I grant you, in doctrine they do; but in practice they give more recognition to those violating the very law that makes them a distinct people than to those observing the law for which they stand. I know you will say this is Christian courtesy, and I would not have them otherwise than courteous; but when I see them cringing and almost fawning for the help of lawbreakers, when I see Seventh Day Baptist churches sending off for the popular evangelists who teach that all you are to do is believe on Christ, give them your hand, sign a card and you are a Christian, and yet who say by their practice, if not in their sermons, that the Sabbath is not essential, that you can be just as good a Christian and break the Sabbath as you can be and keep it. I can but feel that these churches are not sincere, that they too believe the Sabbath is not essential. And if not, why ask their young people to hamper themselves with a worthless Sabbath? Can they expect anything else, but that their young people will leave it?"

"I heard a letter from a certain Seventh Day Baptist convert, where the converts were not expected to say anything because it was too much of a trial, and she said: 'I am afraid I did not live as well as I might until about five weeks back. Maybe you have heard of—'. He is a great evangelist; he has been at—, and has done more good than has been done in a long while. I have spruced up and tried to be a better Christian all the while.'

"Evidently, in the mind of this girl, this 'great evangelist' is an ideal Christian, far in advance of any Seventh Day Baptist; and if so, why ask her to keep the Sabbath? Now do you wonder that I consider professed Christians insincere, that I can not go with even Seventh Day Baptists although I believe them right in doctrine?"

When Tom had ceased speaking, we sat for some time in silence; then I said: "I move that we extend to Tom a vote of thanks for making us see ourselves as others see us, and that we face the facts he has brought out honestly." This motion was carried unanimously, and we adjourned.

But now, dear Uncle, will you not help me? How shall I answer these criticisms?

Your affectionate nephew,  
EBENEZER SMITH.



## The Gardens of Newport

MARY A. STILLMAN

Have you ever seen the gardens of Newport? Every inhabitant must be a lover of flowers; not merely the wealthy summer residents of Bellevue Avenue but also the permanent dwellers in this quaint old city by the sea. No cottage is too old or too small to have its little garden plot brilliant with bloom, and every poor man is rich at least in flowers; all but one, I should say, and he will soon cease to be the exception. Yesterday he had several cart-loads of loam dumped in front of his little place, and today he is moving it in his wheelbarrow to a slope behind his house where I am sure he will soon have a famous garden! Those who have no spot of ground at all raise flowers in boxes on the railings of their piazzas, and one boy who took a prize from the Home Garden Association raised all his plants in pots and boxes on a piazza roof.

Is the influence of the Home Garden Association the secret of all this abundance of bloom everywhere? No doubt that will account for many of the children's flowers, but gardens were prevalent and beautiful before the association began to distribute seeds and prizes. Many of the permanent residents find employment upon the large estates as gardeners and florists, and these transfer a little of their business enthusiasm, as well perhaps as a few seeds and cuttings, to their own homes. But much of the luxuriance and profusion must be laid to the salubrious air of Newport. Fogs in summer and the cold of winter tempered by proximity to old ocean make the even and humid climate which plants love.

How everything runs riot here even in deserted places! One corner near an unoccupied house is covered with flowers. What if they are only wild asters, old maid's pinks, celandine and harebells? Nature holds her own as planter of seeds with any hired gardener. How persistent also are the neglected perennials! On the site of the oldest house in Newport, long since reduced to ashes, are clumps of hollyhocks,—white, pink, variegated and red,—now in the height of their glory. If they continue to persist in spite of lack of attention they will soon deserve a place in

some manual of wild flowers under the heading, "Escaped from Gardens."

Not over a stone's throw from the old State House where the governor took his seat when Rhode Island had two capitals lies a deserted cemetery which is under dispute as to ownership. No one cares for it except Mother Nature, but she is fast reclaiming it for her own though it lies in the heart of a city. On the central spot where a church once stood is now a small forest of maples, while thickets of elderberry covered with white blossoms fill the corners. Everywhere grass as high as the fence completely conceals the graves, so that one would not guess that a cemetery lay there were it not for an occasional stone peeping up above the thicket.

Every kind of rose flourishes in Newport, from the low-flowering tea-rose to the high climbing Rambler. I am tempted to say that there are miles of rose hedges covered with what appears to be red or white wild roses. These are beautiful even after the petals fall, as the rose-hips which remain are as large and as brilliant as crab-apples. There are other stretches of sweet-briar roses which, lacking arbors or trellises, clamber down the banks toward the sea-wall and cover them with a perfumed mantle fit for a bride. Best of all, however, I love the single yellow roses with the many small thorns, for they remind me of my grandmother's garden.

This year the privet hedges which are usually pruned into prim and even green rows are rioting all out of order, and are covered with sweet white blossoms like diminutive lilacs. Last winter was unusually severe and many hedgerows died, so now the ones which survived are given unusual liberty in which to recover their vigor, and they are decking themselves in white as for a gala day.

Down the Old Beach Road toward Easton's Beach is a long stretch of young apple shrubs—trained in a row. Will they not be beautiful when they begin to blossom? Across the road bordering the swamp is a hedge of willows guarding a riot of wild morning-glories, willow-herb, pink clover and Queen Ann's lace; while a little further over stands a battalion of cat-tails. The shores of the beach and even the waves themselves are pink with red

sea-mosses, and when the sunset glory fills the sky the picture is indescribable.

One little door-yard makes me think of a stage set out for a fairy play. It is banked at the left with rhododendrons, at the right with rose bushes while the rear curtain, hung from the double piazza, is of large overlapping leaves of the curious pipe-vine. The gateway is an arch of crimson ramblers, a bower beautiful enough for the entrance of Queen Titania. The white-gowned fairy players in the guise of Easter lilies nod and bow to each other while we ourselves are the enthusiastic spectators. Each morning we noted the arrival of new performers until there were twenty-seven in the cast; then gradually they disappeared until now the last one is gone and the show is over.

The day is not long enough for the enjoyment of the floral offerings; in some gardens electric bulbs are hidden in the shrubbery so that lights may be turned on at night. A succession of blossoms has been carefully planned. Gladioli and dahlias are now coming out and chrysanthemums give promise of being beautiful until long after snow flies in other places.

What shall I say of the vines of Newport, the woodbine, grapevine, clematis, wisteria, English ivy, ampelopsis, trumpet-vine and fragrant honeysuckle? They clamber up trellises, entwine pillars, festoon pergolas, drape arbors, and completely cover sides of dwellings, churches and schoolhouses; they trail from porch roofs, they escape to the street signs from the ends of which they wave in the air like pennants. The ivies even clothe the trunks and branches of living trees with what appear at a little distance to be inverted pantaloons of green!

It would require another whole chapter to tell about the trees,—elms and maples, tulip-trees and buttonwoods, beeches and horse-chestnuts,—all of them of enormous size as if they had been growing for centuries. Even the imported trees such as Japanese maple and Chinese Ginko attain an unusual size here.

The gardens and green-houses of one of the great estates are almost too wonderful to describe. Here are bay trees and palms, century plants and tree ferns, orchids, hibiscus and allamanda plants in blossom. In one big hot-house tropical fruits are grown. Nectarine trees, pruned

so that they grow laterally in two directions only, are trained to fit exactly inside the glass arch. The branches are loaded with luscious fruit which is something like a smooth-skinned peach of delicious flavor. When purchased in the market nectarines cost six dollars a dozen. There are peach trees also, pruned in the same way, and loaded with fruit. In the graperies hang great bunches of green and purple grapes some single bunches of which weigh three or four pounds. Many grapes have been sacrificed to bring these bunches to such perfection. Melons and cucumbers are also growing under glass, while out of doors are apples, pears, currants, gooseberries, and the curious wine-berries which look like a raspberry but have a much more acid flavor.

In the flower-garden are sweetpeas of every color, roses, pinks, heliotrope, snapdragons, poppies and dahlias. Our hostess gathered great bunches of these for us to take home.

At the foot of Church Street lies the Government Park. Here the launches from the war-ships land, and also the ferries from Fort Adams and the naval and torpedo stations. Last night we wandered down to the water-front to watch the sunset sky. The clouds which had been leaden all day were now turned to burnished gold. In the middle of the velvety greensward stands a flag pole from the top of which floated Old Glory. We noticed an officer and a white-garbed apprentice at the foot of the pole, ropes in hand, while a company of sailors were landing for an evening on shore. Just then the sunset gun at the fort boomed across the water and the flag began to descend. Immediately the sailors lined up and stood at attention while the colors were slowly lowered. Then all saluted the flag. It was an impressive sight—a fit ending to a day in the gardens of Newport.

Newport, R. I.,  
Aug. 5, 1914.

Who can treat it as a trivial matter when a whole church contributes a missionary offering that will average less than five cents a member? God sees the offering, and he sees all that the givers have left; how do they compare in his sight?—*The Standard*.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### Why and How to Abolish War

REV. H. L. COTTRELL

Christian Endeavor Topic for August 30,  
1914

#### Daily Readings.

Sunday—War God's judgment (Isa. 1: 18-20)  
Monday—War's horrors (Zech. 1: 14-18)  
Tuesday—War denies brotherhood (1 John 2: 8-11)  
Wednesday—War shall cease (Ps. 46: 1-11)  
Thursday—Enlightenment abolishes war (Isa. 2: 1-4)  
Friday—Social peace (1 Kings 4: 22-25)  
Sabbath Day—Topic: Why and how to abolish war (Isa. 65: 17-25)

#### WHY SHOULD WE ABOLISH WAR?

It is unchristian. Christ did not make men and nations righteous by fighting them with physical means. Love, justice and truth are what soften hearts and transform lives, and not swords and cannon balls. To be sure, Christ drove out the money-changers from the temple with a lash, but his object was not to transform the men but to cleanse the temple from unholiness. The false proverb that "Might makes right" too often becomes the motto of Christian nations. A strong nation may subdue a weaker one by superior physical force; a strong man may subdue a weaker one by superior muscle; the weaker nation and the weaker man are subdued, but not won. Their attitude toward their conquerors is one of hate, not love. Christian nations should seek to gain the friendship, the respect of other nations, as well as the opportunity of elevating them. They can accomplish these things in better ways than through war. Even in this stage of civilization crises may arise in which Christian nations are compelled to resort to arms for the sake of self-defense or for the sake of loyalty to national principles, but in this age of the world such crises are very few. Most of the wars that have been fought are only gloomy testimonies to the lack of Christian statesmanship. Narrow selfishness, jealousy, and desire for national aggrandizement too often

crowd out the presence of God's spirit in the settlement of national and international questions. Christian statesmanship views problems from every possible standpoint and then seeks to render justice to all.

War is expensive. It is appalling when we consider the cost of great wars in lives and money.

Wars	Duration in days	Loss of life	Cost in money
England-France, 1793-1815 .. . . .	8,168	1,900,000	\$6,250,000,000
Crimean War, 1854- 56 .. . . .	734	485,000	1,525,000,000
United States Civil War .. . . .	2,456	656,000	3,700,000,000
Franco-German, 1870-71 .. . . .	405	290,000	1,580,000,000
Russo-Turkish, 1877-78 .. . . .	334	180,000	950,000,000
*United States- Spanish War, 1898	101	2,910	165,000,000
Boer War, 1899-1902	962	90,898	1,000,100,000
Russo-Japanese War, 1904-5 .. . . .	576	555,900	2,250,000,000
Balkan wars .. . . .	302	145,000	200,000,000

\*U. S. alone.

The staggering cost of the European war as estimated by Dr. Charles Richet, statistician of the University of Paris, is very instructive. From detailed and elaborate estimates, he concludes that the daily expense of the actual campaign would be something like \$54,000,000.

Doctor Richet bases his estimates on the assumption that, roughly, 20,000,000 men would be called to arms, of whom at least half would be sent to the front. On this basis he works out the daily expenditure for the seven powers. If such a war last only as long as the brief Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870, the outlay on this basis would exceed \$5,000,000,000, irrespective of war indemnities. If the millions of dollars which have been wasted in war had only been spent for the uplift of humanity and the advancement of the kingdom of God, we would be living in a far better world today.

War is destructive. Think of the acres of land that have been laid waste, the abundant crops already for the harvest that have been pillaged, the property that has been ruthlessly destroyed by invading armies! Think of the poverty which many a faithful soldier is compelled to face when he sees his crops destroyed, his live stock stolen, his home perhaps burned to the ground! And all this ghastly sight,

because of war. Is it right that good and prosperous citizens should have to suffer because of the narrow selfishness and greed of national leaders? Is the end which has been attained commensurate in any degree with the devastation and poverty which loom up on every hand? We should not begrudge any necessary sacrifice in a just war, but who will answer for the needless devastation and gloom brought upon many a country and many a happy home by a selfish and heartless diplomacy?

War destroys business and commerce. Men must leave their places of business, their trades and manufacturing establishments, must gird on their swords and shoulder their guns, and go, at their country's call, to fill out the depleted companies and regiments. We are already reading in the newspapers such headlines as these: "War Will Cripple American Industry. Coal Mining Will Be Brought Virtually to a Standstill by Mobilizations. Pittsburgh Fears Losses. Half of 300,000 Foreign Laborers to Leave America for Their Homes on Short Notice. Hits Soft Coal Fields. Hundreds of Slavs, Austrians, and Hungarians Get Notice to Go to War." In a reassuring statement by Mr. Morgan, he says in part: "It is idle to say that America will not be hurt by a European war. The wholesale waste of capital involved in such a catastrophe will result in a distribution of losses the world over, but the loss here will be infinitesimal compared to the losses to the countries directly involved."

But the greatest loss that war brings to any country is the loss of men. No nation can become great and useful without men. A German proverb says: "A great war leaves the country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves."

War takes the flower of a nation's men and youth. The soldier must be a good type of physical manhood. He also usually has bright possibilities for happiness and service at home in following the paths of peace. Many times the soldiers represent much of the moral, spiritual and intellectual force of the country, and their loss by death can not be overestimated.

#### HOW TO ABOLISH WAR

There is only one way to abolish war, and that is by making the rulers, the states-

men and the citizens of the world thoroughly Christlike in purpose, word and deed, by inculcating the life of God in the soul of man. Not until religion, pure and undefiled, which means love for God and love for all mankind, dominates human life, can war become a relic of the past. Education, arbitration, peace conferences and Hague tribunals may aid in bringing about world peace, yet these influences are all insufficient means for bringing about so great an accomplishment; for notwithstanding these and many other good influences, there is war in Mexico, war among Christian nations of Europe. This dreadful European crisis would doubtless have been unnecessary had the spirit of Christ reigned supreme in the lives of statesmen, had statesmen looked at the questions at issue from God's point of view. When rulers, statesmen, leaders are thoroughly converted; when the spirit of God has free course in their lives; when selfishness, jealousy, love for personal aggrandizement, even through another's loss, and other kindred attributes are driven out from individual and national life by the light of God's presence, then we may reasonably expect to see peace on earth and good will toward men.

### The Rural Community

MARK R. SANFORD

Read at Young People's Hour of the Semi-annual Meeting of the Western Association, June 27, 1914.

In view of the fact that most of our societies are in rural communities, I have chosen this topic for this afternoon. It is a topic which I feel is of vital importance to our Christian activities, and one to which I feel we should give more thought.

The greatest thing in any community is Christian service. But we must remember that when a stranger comes into our midst he does not usually go to the church and Christian Endeavor meeting to form his opinion of the community. He goes into the community and judges it by the things that he can see of the people, their homes, their home life, their attitude toward him and toward each other.

It is my object this afternoon to bring



out, if possible, a few of the things to which we as young people might well give a little more thought and attention. It seems to me that one of the first questions we should ask ourselves is, What place do we give to financial gain? Do we place that above all else? or is it a secondary object in life? Only a few days ago I heard Doctor Morgan, formerly director of the Alfred School of Agriculture, say that contentment and not financial gain was the standard by which to measure success, and Dean Bailey gives the following description of a successful farmer: He is able to make a full and comfortable living from the land; to rear a family carefully and well; to be of good service to the community; to leave the farm more productive than it was when he took it. Surely we as young people need to ask ourselves whether our highest aim is service or self.

We need more love for, and more pride in, the country home. The best place to be in is the ideal country home. Take for example a neat, well-kept country house, nestling among the trees, surrounded by simple, well-kept grounds, with a few well-chosen flowers and shrubs, and you can not find a brown-stone mansion that has a more peaceful, attractive, home-like appearance than that simple country home. Any one who says that he is too practical to give what thought and time he can to the work of making the home more attractive and life in it more pleasant, has a very wrong idea of being practical.

The home is a place in which to *live* as well as a place to work, and if we do not do all we can to make it attractive and pleasant for all connected with it, we are missing a great deal of what we should get from rural life.

No people are living as close to nature, and as dependent upon nature, as are the farmers, but I feel that often they are the very ones who understand and appreciate it the least. What a vast difference it makes with the joy and contentment in our lives whether nature is to us a cold lifeless thing, or whether we are looking constantly for the hand of God, finding in everything about us some lesson or inspiration. Let us look for a time at the water that flows so calmly by. Is there any sign of the hand of God in it? Think of it as the very life of the world. No plant or animal can live without it. It is

one of the most common of all substances. Heat it and we have a power to run great machines. Run it over the water-wheel and we have great power. Though composed of hydrogen and oxygen, these elements are so united as to be the most practical of all fire extinguishers. But to me the greatest thing about water is, that the nearly universal law that materials contract with cooling, is changed in the case of water. As water cools, it contracts until it begins to solidify; then it expands. What is the real significance of this change in the natural law? Suppose water continued to contract; as it froze, it would sink, and soon the great lakes and rivers would be frozen solid, and the life-giving water would be of no use to any form of life. Is it not easy to imagine that the Creator, as soon as the contracting of water reached the danger point, said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther?"

There is scarcely a thing in nature in which we can not find some similar lesson, if we but look for it. And oh, how it adds to our pleasure in living if we can see these things!

Many of our rural people need more play. This does not mean that they should work less, but that in every community there should be some regular times for good games in which the whole community can join. Many students of rural problems say that there should be one half-day a week given over to this side of country life. Make the amount of time given to play what you will, and the fact still remains that, properly conducted, it would be a blessing to many of our communities. One reason why our young people are so tempted to go somewhere besides church on the Sabbath, is that they have no other time when they can play.

Those who are going to live in rural districts need to train themselves for that life. Many a farmer is struggling with poverty from lack of more scientific methods of agriculture. But we must not let our training be all along that line. Mental poverty is worse than financial poverty. One of the greatest blessings any community can have is a general atmosphere of culture and refinement.

More cooperation is one of the things which the farmer is said to need most often, and this is just as true in community betterment as it is in business life. Should

we not go a little farther and call it Christian brotherhood?

Why would not the Boy Scout work apply to our rural communities as well as to the city and town? In fact, it has been applied in some places.

But above all, the greatest factor in the country life movement is the true Christian religion. These other things are simply ways in which to apply it to our everyday life. If all Christian Endeavor societies would band themselves together and try to cultivate these principles, taking advantage of the helps offered, such as good reading courses, books and leaflets sent out for the good of country life by our schools of agriculture, some of them written by the best thinkers of our day,—if this should be done, other people would be led to do the same and the whole community would be uplifted.

Is not the work of community betterment following the Master? Is it not worthy of our best efforts? Can we do our duty as Christians and not enter into this work? Can we hold ourselves aloof from this work and stand justified before the judgment bar? Shall we not pledge each other to do all we can to make our little corner of the world a better place in which to live.

### News Notes.

WALWORTH, WIS.—The writer has just returned from a Sabbath-school picnic in the woods, where nearly every family in our church congregation was represented.

Mr. and Mrs. Strother, Christian Endeavor field secretaries of China, and friends of Rev. and Mrs. Davis, were with us last Sabbath. They gave very interesting talks about their work.

Six members of our Christian Endeavor society enjoyed the great state convention at Madison. Some of the noted speakers were Rev. Frances E. Clark, Daniel Poling of Boston, Mr. Gates, field secretary of the Illinois State Union, and Rev. Mr. Pollock of Belfast, Ireland.

JACKSON CENTER, OHIO.—The Christian Endeavor society held its semi-annual business meeting in the evening of July 4, at which time the following officers were elected: president, W. G. Polan; vice-president, Marie Lawhead; recording secre-

tary, Eva Jones; corresponding secretary, Ida Stout. Other items of business were enthusiastically transacted, giving evidence that officers and committees were ready to do their part in making the last half of the year the best.

On Tuesday evening, July 21, the Junior Christian Endeavor society called on Pastor Lewis and wife, to prove their loyalty and appreciation. They all became members of the Sunshine Committee and carried along with them some things necessary in all homes, besides an offering of ten dollars earned by them for the occasion. The Juniors report that Pastor and Mrs. Lewis have joined the Junior Sunshine Committee.

### Independence Day on Sabbath

REV. RILEY G. DAVIS

Is our country's independence  
Wrought by those who willed and dared,  
By the nation celebrated  
And by all her people shared,  
To be thought of more importance  
Than the day Jehovah blest,  
When he set apart the seventh  
To be called a day of rest?

Should the day of Independence  
In a manner so absurd  
Come with wholesale desecration  
On the Sabbath of the Lord?  
Should not all the world remember  
And revere God's holy day,  
Rather than profane the Sabbath  
In such rude, irreverent way?

Should we keep the Sabbath holy,  
As Jehovah gave command,  
Or conform to human customs  
That prevail on every hand?  
Let the voice of reason answer,  
As the truth shall lead the way,  
When this noted celebration  
Comes again on Sabbath Day.

Let secular institutions,  
Deemed of consequence and worth,  
Cease infringing on the Sabbath  
With such unbecoming mirth;  
To obey the Lord is better  
Than the honors we bestow,  
When we break the fourth commandment  
And our patriotism show.

If the sons of men would harken,  
And would keep God's holy day,  
He would surely bless them freely  
With his presence in the way;  
He would shield and keep their footsteps  
From the path which error takes,  
And the truth would not be hindered  
By so many sad mistakes.

Syracuse, N. Y.,  
July, 1914.



## Ira James Ordway

E. H. LEWIS

*A Biographical Sketch*

It is certain that at the time of his death, July 20, 1914, no layman in the denomination was better known than Mr. Ordway. For forty years he had been the central Seventh Day Baptist figure in Chicago. Like the city, he stood midway between the East and the West, and was the friend and helper of both. It was he who met trains, arranged transportation, sped travelers on their way. No inn in Chicago was so famous in the eyes of Seventh Day Baptists as Mr. Ordway's house, and the services which inns furnish for money were given by this house for love. Friends reported to him as a matter of course, and of strangers he quickly made friends. Sometimes doubtless we imposed upon him, but he never mentioned the fact. A great hand to talk interestingly about persons, he never talked about anything that had been a bother to him. If you ventured to commiserate him, he hardly heard you, but would turn the conversation. At such times he had a faraway look in his eyes, and you could see that he was given to hospitality not merely for the unselfish pleasure of it, but for large reasons. And it is the largeness of his reasons which makes him a proper subject of biography.

He would have been eighty-three years old had he lived to the twenty-fifth of August. He was born in Central New York—West Edmeston. His name is not one of the Rhode Island names, and it may be that some ancestor of his came from England with the gallant Colonel Edmeston. At all events Ordway is one of the oldest Anglo-Saxon names, and means a warrior good with the sword, or a warrior in the van of battle. *Ordwiga*, "edge-warrior," is the original form of the word.

In 1848, at the age of seventeen, the boy entered DeRuyter Institute. It must have been well manned, for Mr. Ordway's education, so far as it went, was solid, and to his dying day he could rehearse with precision the facts of physics and history which he there acquired. In his second year at the institute he was converted and baptized, and henceforth his religion was the chief interest of his life. I have won-

dered that he did not study for the ministry, and presume that modesty was the reason for not doing so. He had the thirst for saving souls, he had a good head for the practical affairs of the kingdom, and he had a gift of language which even in his school-days rose to the point of eloquence.

All this is easily proved by his published addresses, but it is shown in a considerable poem which he published at twenty-one. Few of his later friends suspected him of having the poetic gift, for he never mentioned this poem, and it is sixty years since it appeared. It consists of two hundred lines of blank verse, devoted to the contemplation of a high subject. "Present, Past, and Future" he called it, and it is an effort to survey, in little, the whole course of time from creation to the last judgment, and to find in it a divine meaning. It shows a true ear for the music of blank verse; it is metrically sound, and that is a very unusual thing in a writer of this form of poetry, which looks simple and yet is the most difficult of all. And there are phrases which catch the eye and live in the memory. "Goliath fell by David's simple throw," he writes, and the words have a touch of the grand style. "The nations strove from conquerings to conquests"—a notable epigram. Of the telegraph—still so novel in 1852—he has a striking sentence:

And wires are tongues so long and full of fire  
That nation talks with nation while they think.

The poem shows a keen interest in human liberty. It has words of sympathy, for the Slavonic element in the Austro-Hungarian empire, and it is a part of the irony of history that in the very week of his death the flames of that old injustice should burst forth and threaten to consume all Europe. Of our own social injustice he has also something to say. Nine years before the Civil War he points to the riches and power of America, and to "her blood-stained garb all dyed with slavery." This recalls the fact that the youth had come in contact with abolition sentiment of the most intense type, in the person of Gerrit Smith, the Sabbath-keeping friend of John Brown. At nineteen Ira had gone to Peterboro and attended a Sabbath convention conducted by Mr. Smith. And when Mr. Smith ran for congress, young Ordway

rose from a sick-bed to cast his first vote for this noble reformer.

Such was the promise of his youth, but no one urged him to pursue the literary or the clerical life, and he was both modest and poor. In the following year, being twenty-two years old, he married a girl of twenty, the sweet and heroic Eliza Clark. They lived for two years at the farm of the senior Ordway, and then moved into town—West Edmeston—and went into business. Eliza had learned the art of millinery at Bridgewater before she was married, and now she was of great assistance to the dry-goods and tailoring firm of Ordway and Champlin.

Meanwhile his interest in denominational affairs increased, and he was an active young layman with ideas. What particularly struck him was the dignified inactivity of the American Sabbath Tract Society. There had been two denominational publishing societies and therefore a certain lack of responsibility and concentration. In 1858 the Tract Society expended less than a dollar, and in 1861 its receipts were less than four dollars. I can not help thinking that this state of affairs was in part due to the extreme busyness, in those days just before the war, of that admirable man Thomas B. Stillman, who could not do everything at once. He could not, for example, at once be helping the United States government prepare warships, and be helping the government of New York City reform her police force, and be giving minute attention to the needs of the Tract Society. Be this as it may—and all this was a long time ago—the Tract Society was apparently in a state of something like suspended animation.

But in 1863 Conference met at Adams, and these matters came up for discussion. A committee consisting of H. H. Baker—a man always ready to dare something new—G. W. Allen, and Ephraim Maxson, nominated new officers for the Tract Society. It thus came about that A. B. Spaulding of Brookfield became president, Ephraim Maxson of West Edmeston treasurer, and Mr. Ordway corresponding secretary. All the new directors were Central New Yorkers, and this board began to do things. Mr. Ordway at once raised his office to the importance which it has ever since retained. It was to this board that

A. H. Lewis brought his "Sabbath and Sunday," and T. B. Brown his brilliant review of Gilfillan. And it was from this board that living lecturers went into the field to do for large audiences what tracts and books could do only for the thoughtful few. One of these lecturers, A. H. Lewis, became its general agent. For seven years Mr. Ordway wrote the annual reports, and they are the first militant documents of their sort. By the end of the decade the board was spending fifteen hundred dollars annually, and Mr. Ordway declared, in all seriousness, that it ought to be spending fifteen thousand.

Mr. Ordway was one of a committee of four which in 1870 recommended the establishment of a weekly paper, and the raising of thirty thousand dollars to build and equip a publishing house. He insisted that the thing could be done, and pointed to the secret of Prussia's success against France in that year of battles—namely "unity of heart, steadiness of purpose, and trust in God."

The plan went through, but meantime Mr. Ordway had decided to go west, and his connection with the board ceased in the autumn of 1870. In the following March he came to Chicago and set up a business. It was not an ordinary tailoring business, but had the touch of originality which his friends had learned to expect from him, and also an educational and even religious aim. He had become an expert cutter of garments, and he proposed to teach the art. He proposed to gather around him a group of young men who should learn not only his trade but also his religious views. There should be Sabbath propaganda even in a tailoring establishment. "The step was taken," he writes in 1899, "with a strong purpose to save and build up Christian character, and with a firm resolution to maintain the faith that had been so dear in previous years."

The idea of a cutting school seemed to take well among the tailors. They were getting too busy to maintain the apprentice system, and indeed the use of modern machinery interfered with the apprentice system at every point, and here was a practical vocational training to be had, under excellent auspices, for the most important part of the whole business. The school opened well, and made excellent progress for six months. It kept Mr.



Ordway busy, yet not too busy to help the Tract Society. A. H. Lewis had spoken to all the Wisconsin churches on the proposed publishing house, but he had broken down physically and the money remained uncollected. Mr. Ordway went into Wisconsin and collected the money.

Then in October of 1871 came the great Chicago fire. It destroyed Mr. Ordway's place of business, and scattered his pupils, who were thereafter hard pressed to get an immediate living in any possible way. Mr. Ordway's earthly possessions were reduced to the clothes he wore and certain objects that he could carry in a small tin pail—and these objects were by no means coins. But the resolution of this man and woman was quickly taken. The spirit which had brought them west rose to the occasion. Mrs. Ordway would not hear of going back east or sending the two children back; she could take boarders, and would, and did. Two days after the fire Mr. Ordway was on his way east to look for a partner, or at least for stock. He leased a store at 334 West Randolph Street, and was presently established as a tailor, under the firm name of Ordway and Newland.

At that time the only Seventh Day Baptists in Chicago were the Ordways and Mrs. Ellsworth, daughter of the late Phineas Stillman, of Alfred. Mrs. Post, mother of three physicians, had lived in Chicago, and later returned to make her home with Dr. George W. Post, but was then residing elsewhere. The Ordways attended certain noon meetings at Farwell Hall on the Sabbath, and there studied the International Sunday School Lessons. But throughout the seventies Mr. Ordway managed to find various ways of presenting Sabbath doctrine in Chicago. Notably in 1875 he did much, when Elder James Bailey spent the winter in the city in the interest of the Tract Society, and when Elders Dunn and Livermore were students in the Baptist Seminary. These four men wrote a series of articles which they were able to get into the *Chicago Tribune*, and which raised a storm of discussion among the clergy. Mr. Ordway shrewdly fanned the flames by hiring a stenographer to interview prominent men. He thus secured diverse and conflicting opinions, which he promptly printed. One clergyman would explain that the Sabbath had been changed

by the disciples of Christ on Christ's authority; another that it had been quite abrogated; another that Sunday has no authority save that of the Roman Church. An independent Sabbath-keeper and mission worker, Mr. N. O. Moore, began the publication of a paper continuing the discussion. C. D. Potter and A. H. Lewis contributed articles to the *Tribune* series. The *Tribune* ran editorials which had a distinctly Sabbatarian flavor, and which were written, according to Mr. Ordway's assured belief, by an old DeRuyter school-mate, N. C. Hills.

In 1882 Mr. Moore proposed to Mr. Ordway the idea of a Mission School to be held on the Sabbath, and designed to reach Jewish children in particular. Mr. Ordway immediately approved the idea, and assumed the financial responsibility for carrying it out. The school met in the rooms of Colonel George R. Clark's Pacific Garden Mission, and became probably the most successful institution of its sort in Chicago. At all events, it did more with the same amount of money than any other. At the very first meeting Mr. Ordway and Mr. Moore, by personal activity, succeeded in getting together a hundred children, and thereafter they always had an average attendance of from fifty to seventy. The teachers in this school were few in number, but strong in their power to interest little folks. Miss Ella Covey and Drs. Post and Larkin made much of the music. Miss May Ordway—now Mrs. J. M. Maxson—Mr. Maxson, Dr. C. E. Crandall, Mrs. Phoebe Burns, Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. Ordway herself—such was the group of teachers, and no child was so ragged or dirty or ill bred but these teachers loved him. No one was turned away—not even the street dog which one urchin brought with him.

Mr. Ordway called on the Wisconsin churches for second-hand clothes for children, and saw to it that the more needy pupils were properly clothed. He and others did much visiting of families in the homes—"back rooms of upper floors," he called them—for much prejudice had to be overcome. No one who has not tried it has much idea of the reluctance of a Jewish mother to send her child to a place "where Jesus is taught." I can guess Mr. Ordway's difficulties from a remark made to me by a clever Jewish boy. His mother,

who was too ignorant to read even the Psalms in Hebrew, had often assured him that Jesus was an evil magician, who wrought mischief among the Jews, but who was fortunately slain, as he flew through the air, by a cabbage thrown at him by an orthodox Israelite! It was with such mothers that Mr. Ordway reasoned, and his loving kindness was so obvious even to them that the disobedience of little Rachael and Jacob, if they ran away to the Sabbath Mission School, was often winked at.

Under Mr. Ordway's moral leadership the few Sabbath-keepers in Chicago longed to have a church organization of their own at the earliest possible moment, and the Chicago Church was organized in 1883, by Elder O. U. Whitford. Mr. and Mrs. Ordway were of course among the twelve charter members, and they were very happy in having once more a church home. They were now living at 51 Carpenter Street, on the West Side, not far from Mr. Ordway's place of business on Madison Street. Their house became the favorite center for church meetings, church socials, prayer meetings, and the entertainment of visiting church-workers.

The little church was not rich enough to support a pastor, and Mr. Ordway emphasized the privilege of the hour—namely to engage the services of theological students, as the New York Church had done for many years. There might be graduates of the seminary at Alfred who wished to do further work in Chicago though this idea was hardly realized until the University of Chicago opened in 1893. But there were certainly students for whom it would be cheaper to take their regular course at Morgan Park if they could partly pay their way by preaching. Thus it came to pass that a considerable number of students have preached to the Chicago Church. Mr. Ordway was an appreciative and discriminating listener, and never hesitated in private to tell the preacher how he had been impressed. He wanted always the evangelical tone in a sermon, and wished to be touched to the heart. It is quite inevitable that a young man in the seminary should become more or less bookish, and Mr. Ordway had no regard for learning unless it was transmitted into a living message, charged with emotion. To expect a student always to accomplish that

is to expect too much, but Mr. Ordway was always deeply stirred when it was accomplished. As he listened to students year after year he himself became more interested than formerly in the scholarly aspects of Christianity. Once, after what seemed to me an intensely sincere but hardly an emotional discourse, Mr. Ordway came up to me with brimming eyes and broken voice, and said that he thanked God that the Chicago Church had had some part in the education of that man. He had perceived that deep feeling can not in all natures take the form of shouting, but that it may fuse and remold the stubborn intellect into consecrated efficiency.

(To be continued.)

### Among the Churches of the South-eastern Association

REV. A. J. C. BOND

#### Lost Creek

Friday afternoon, June 12, Mrs. Bond and I, with the two smaller children, went to Lost Creek, wife's first church home, and the church of her parents. I had said that I would not go to Lost Creek again without Mrs. Bond. I had done so twice, once in exchange of pulpits with Pastor Stillman; and once in response to the invitation of this same brother to come to a Sabbath-school picnic and bring a speech and a volley-ball. (At this picnic there were four young fellows present from the Roanoke Church, and we issued a gentle challenge to a game of volley-ball. Lost Creek hastily got together five men and gave us a game that left us nothing to brag about in the final score. We beat.)

On each previous visit I wanted Mrs. Bond to go with me, but each time she seemed to have good reasons for not going. She usually has four good reasons, at least, for staying at home (Elizabeth, Virginia, Mary and Wilna). I suppose no one asked the question more than once. And of course when one asked the question, he, or oftener she, had no means of knowing that I had answered that question twenty times already. So, from the twenty-first time on, every time the question was asked: "Why didn't you bring Ora?" I was strengthened in my convic-



tion that I had no business at Lost Creek without her.

We spent the first night at the parsonage with our old pastor (this has no reference to the age of the man) and his good wife. Elder Stillman is the only pastor I ever had, but he was a good one. With him began the plan whereby the pastor of the Lost Creek Church makes monthly visits to Roanoke, and has regular pastoral care of that little church. The Roanoke Church was formed largely from members of the Lost Creek Church—the families of two sisters of Rev. Samuel D. Davis, one of whom married Richard Bond, and the other Ruben Heavener.

When the members of the generation to which my father belongs were young people, the Roanoke families were represented often at the services at Lost Creek, and especially at the "June meeting." After the Roanoke Church was organized, the communication was not so frequent, or the associations so close. Members of the younger generation became acquainted by way of Salem and the college. So, in selecting a wife, what was more natural than that I should return to the home of my father's people, and serve seven years for the youngest daughter?

There was a large congregation present the Sabbath morning we were there, to join in the Bible reading on the Sabbath. There were many First Day people, as well as a good turnout of our own people. At the close of the morning service we grouped ourselves about the churchyard and partook of the dinner which had been generously provided. After dinner we all drove to the water, where Pastor Stillman administered the sacrament of baptism to six candidates. We were impressed, as always with the sweet solemnity of the service, symbolizing a burial to the old life, and resurrection to the new.

Again we returned to the church, where, with fitting words, Pastor Stillman gave the hand of fellowship to the new members. After a brief sermon on "Desire and Duty," the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. I was glad to assist my former pastor in this beautiful and significant service, and to commune with this dear old church.

Mrs. Bond was deeply moved at the appearance on the communion table of the

communion set which had often been in her home, cared for by her mother, and which had been often in the hands of her father as he performed the duties of the office of deacon, which office he held in the Lost Creek Church for many years. They are buried in the cemetery just across the road from the church where they loved to worship, and where they brought their children on Sabbath days and consecrated them to the same good Father whom they loved and served.

Dea. Levi Bond was present at all the services of the Sabbath Day, even going with us to the baptismal waters. It was a beautiful sight to see Brother S. O. Davis, himself white-headed, but young and strong compared to Uncle Levi, look after the latter, taking him into his carriage to and from the church. Uncle Levi passed his ninety-seventh birthday last April. He is still quite strong in body and mind. One year ago I called upon him. He was past ninety-six then. I found him in his little shop seated on his old shoe bench, facing the west window, holding in front of him a large Bible, one with good print, the old-fashioned, stiff, leather-covered type—the kind I used to whet the razor on, when I first began to use one. Was that wrong? The sun was just setting down old Lost Creek, and the good old deacon was bending low over the book which had guided his youthful feet, had been the strength of his mature years, and upon which he could now lean for support in his declining years. "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Lost Creek feels the loss of many loyal ones of the passing generation. We do well to honor the memory of the faithful who have passed on. The best way to honor them is by serving well in our day. Like many a church with a history, the Lost Creek Church may be inclined to live too much in the past. I repeat, that, with such a noble history, it would be to lose much of inspiration and hope not to recall it. But the future is before us, and our debt to the future is greater than our debt to the past. The work of our fathers will not be complete unless we, with the same purpose and devotion, give to the church our energies, our time, and means, and prayers.

One indication of the support which the

present generation of worshipers gives to the church is the newly decorated church, with modern, comfortable pews. The church lawn has been fenced in, also, by a substantial iron fence.

There are many ties which bind me to the old Lost Creek Church. It was the home of my forefathers; it was the home of my wife—the good mother of our children, and helpful companion; it is the home of many loyal friends today.

### Somerset

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH

When nature was in the midst of the mighty convulsion that threw up the mountains of Pennsylvania, she had little thought of railroads, and consequently man has had to accept nature here as he found her when he built these necessary modern means of communication. So that, for example, when one wants to go from Snow Hill to the "Cove" in Bedford County, he can take two days to drive seventy miles across the mountains (five hours by automobile), or take a whole day, or a part of two, and travel upwards of two hundred miles around the mountains, with changes involving vexatious delays.

From the "Cove" to "Somerset" is some forty miles, I believe, across the mountains, but it took a part of two days to go by rail and other conveyance, upwards of a hundred miles. The night I spent in Johnstown, which has forgotten its terrible visitation by flood a quarter century ago, and is already inviting another, several times greater, if that be possible. The new reservoir is said to be nine miles in circumference, and already its walls are weakened so as to cause alarm in times of excessive rainfall, but no measures are taken to strengthen them.

The first train in the morning from Johnstown on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad brought me to Hooversville by the usual breakfast time. From here it is a four miles' drive across the rough, steep hills to Forward, the name of an extinct postoffice, a mile beyond which is the home of Rev. Emanuel Specht, who with his aged, invalid wife, lives with their son-in-law, Mr. Joseph W. Wagner, on a

farm, some two hundred acres in extent, the property of Elder Specht.

In former days, the Somerset German Seventh Day Baptist Church (taking its name from Somerset County, Pa., in which it was situated) was of considerable size and in a flourishing condition. A large group of German Seventh Day Baptist families lived in this vicinity, and contributed largely to the growth and prosperity of the church. These have moved away or left the Sabbath until now the only Sabbath-keepers living in this vicinity are Elder Specht and his wife and their daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Helman, who lives on a farm adjoining that of her father.

It was a real pleasure to visit this good brother who was for many years before the decline and final disintegration of the church, its faithful, loyal pastor. Although upwards of fourscore years, he is active, both physically and mentally; and as we wandered about over the hills of his farm, the suppleness of limb and buoyancy of spirit which he exhibited might well be envied by many a man much younger than himself.

The SABBATH RECORDER is a weekly visitor in his home, and I could wish that it had as cordial a reception in every Seventh Day Baptist home as in his.

### Denominational News

Mrs. George B. Shaw left Wednesday morning for Milton, Wis., where she will visit with relatives and old-time friends for a time and will make arrangements for the girls, Hannah and Helen, to attend college. Later she will be joined by Mr. Shaw and together they will go to Alfred, N. Y., to attend the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference.

### Practical Nurse Desires Position

A young lady who is a Seventh Day Baptist, practical nurse, desires to care for a Seventh Day Baptist invalid lady residing in a Seventh Day town where she may enjoy Sabbath privileges. Would prefer to care for invalid who expects to spend the winter in California. Will furnish references. Address F. E. H., SABBATH RECORDER office, Plainfield, N. J.



## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### Euneva's Remedy

W. H. MORSE, M. D.

"I think I know what will cure it!"

It was a little, black-eyed girl at the door of the manse. The minister's wife smiled.

"Oh, it is you, Euneva!" she said. "Come in and tell me who is sick, and what it is that you think will cure the sick person."

"It isn't any one sick," the girl returned, as, accepting the invitation, she entered and began to talk rapidly.

"Oh-ho! Hallo, Avenue!" the minister's little boy greeted her.

"My son," said his mother reprovingly, "you must not be so rude!"

"It isn't rude!" the boy replied, "That's her name—Avenue Ricco! She says so, herself! Don't you, guinny? Didn't you tell teacher that you were Ginevra when your folks were Catholics, and changed it to the way to spell Avenue backwards when you got religion? Isn't that funny, mamma?"

The girl laughed.

"I don't care a bit!" she said. "'Twas so; and Euneva Ricco is my name."

"It is a pretty name, my dear," the lady said. "Now, my boy, listen to what she was going to say about some sick person."

"Oh, no, ma'am," the girl said. "No one is sick. 'It was about those Sikhs!"

"Oh, you guinny!" the boy exclaimed, "Sick folks are not called Sicks! No such noun as Sicks! Oh, how ridiculous you are!"

"'Tis so! Isn't it?" the girl said, appealing to the boy's mother. "You know I don't mean any such thing as Sicks! I said Sikhs. You know, ma'am—those at Vancouver, everybody is talking about?"

"Why, yes, my dear," the minister's wife said gently. "S-i-k-h-s. She means those Hindus who are on the Japanese steamer, the *Komagata Maru*, in the harbor at Vancouver, and have been there ever since the twenty-third of May."

"Oh, I know," the boy said. "They will not be allowed to land. They've got big black beards, and they have fleas, and they

are carrying the bubonic plague, and they steal and murder, and lots o' things against them. Oh, say, they say they'll go on hunger-strike, or maybe burn the ship so that they'll get ashore! They're desp'rate desp'radoes!"

"Yes, there is a great deal of feeling against them," the minister's wife said. "But they will have to go back to India; for although it may make the Indian people angry, the Court of Appeals says they shall not enter Canada. Feeling is strong against them, and the ship is in an awful condition, almost a pest-ship. Perhaps, before long, the Sikhs will be sick, Euneva!"

"I didn't mean any joke," the Italian girl said quietly, "Everybody says those Hindus want to overrun Canada. Not those alone who are on that ship, but others who keep coming. Perhaps that ship-load will be turned back, but more'll come. I've seen 'em! Such looking men!"

"No worse 'n—" the boy began, but his mother put her hand on his mouth.

"I know what Tom was going to say," Euneva said. "'No worse for Hindus to come than for us Italians!' Yes, the Italians were called a menace, but don't we behave? Mr. Borden, himself, says we make good citizens, and when we get so we know Jesus, we make good Christians."

"Yes, dear," the lady said.

"And it was about this that I was going to tell you," Euneva resumed. "You know the Protestant missions where we Italians go, are a good thing. They get so they love the dear Jesus, and are honest, clean, and don't drink. And when we fall in love with Jesus—"

"Oh, what an expression!" Tom interrupted. "'Fall in love with Jesus!'"

"We do!" Euneva replied. "That's what's what!" And the black eyes snapped. "And we tell others," she resumed. "And we feel for our relatives in Italy who have no Bible, like we do. And as soon as we can we're going to carry the gospel to Italy, my father says. Now, what I thought of was this, please: If those Hindu folks get in, and—well, you know they're awful heathen,—hadn't we ought to take lots of pains to get them to love our Jesus, so that they'll want to go back to India, and tell their folks, and so help the missionaries?"

"Well, well, my child!" It was the

minister who entered the room. "You have hit the nail on the head! If those Asiatics should get into Canada, Mr. Bowman, the immigration chaplain at Winnipeg, says the danger will be in allowing them to live under evil conditions. Christianize them, and send them home as missionaries! Splendid idea! I'll make a note of that!"

He did. And that "note" suggested this story.

Hartford, Conn.

### Home News.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.—Just now our little village is beginning to assume a more business-like appearance than usual, although it usually has more business than some much larger towns.

Mr. Frank Foote, who has a contract to build the state road from Almond to Andover, has commenced work. Recently a score or more of heavy wagons were drawn into the village by two traction engines and left on either side of the street near the church, ready for use.

Our population on this strip of road has been increased by an importation from Italy, Austria, and other parts of the world.

The auto-bus, which has been making three trips between Alfred and Hornell, daily, has been discontinued on account of work on the road. We are willing to be inconvenienced for a time for the sake of the good road we expect by and by.

The church rejoices over the recent addition to its membership of a lady in middle life, who was converted last winter during the meeting held while Brother D. B. Coon was with us. She was formerly in the habit of observing the first day of the week as the Sabbath, and was reared in a Methodist home. When she decided to be a Christian she desired to please her Savior, and the question of baptism very naturally presented itself. Having started to follow Christ, she sought to know what he did, and what he desired his followers to do. The Bible and other books which she consulted made it very clear to her that Christian baptism was, in Christ's and the apostles' times, by immersion in water, and should be practised by believers now. Accordingly she was baptized with the purpose of studying the question of the

Sabbath and church membership. This she did carefully, and first decided that the seventh day of the week was the Christian Sabbath. Later, she felt it her duty, not only to keep the Sabbath, but to unite with the people of God who practised immersion and kept the Sabbath, and to labor with them in building up his kingdom on the earth. We feel that the readers of the RECORDER will be glad to hear of this one, who, against her former prejudice, and the influence of some of her own family and friends, decided to follow her new-found Savior before all else.

It seems like the most proper time, when one is settling the important question of life, to decide what he will do with these questions; and at this period one can usually decide to do the difficult duties better than at any other time. Our sister appears a stronger Christian for what she has passed through, and the church is encouraged by her example of faith and service.

The Philathea class of the Sabbath school gave an entertainment and ice-cream social. The program was well received by the large audience, and the "Packing of the Missionary Barrel" much enjoyed. The total receipts were about \$30.00.

### Tract Society—Meeting of Board of Directors

Arthur L. Titsworth, Recording Secretary,  
American Sabbath Tract Society,  
Plainfield, New Jersey.

DEAR BROTHER TITSWORTH: The undersigned directors of the Board of Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society respectfully request you to call a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Society to meet on Sunday, August 2, 1914, at the usual place and hour, said meeting to take the place of the regular meeting of August 9, to transact any business that might come before the regular meeting.

J. D. SPICER,  
EDWIN SHAW.

Pursuant to the above call, the Board of Directors met in special session in the Seventh Day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, August 2, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., Vice-President Corliss F. Randolph in the chair.

Members present: Corliss F. Randolph, Edwin Shaw, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, T. L. Gardiner, Asa F. Randolph, C. W. Spicer, H. L. Polan, R. C. Burdick, F. A.



Langworthy, Iseus F. Randolph, M. L. Clawson, Jesse G. Burdick, F. S. Wells, A. L. Titsworth.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature reported having sent literature to Sec. Chas. S. Macfarland as requested, and that the tracts "Pro and Con," and "Ex-  
pose of Faith and Practice," had been translated into the Swedish and Spanish languages as ordered, and copies sent out for distribution, some being reserved for future demands.

Report received and approved.

Secretary Shaw reported that literature and information had been forwarded to Rev. D. Burdette Coon as ordered.

Report received and approved.

Voted that the Supervisory Committee be authorized to arrange for a representative of the Board to have our publications on exhibition at the General Conference.

The Supervisory Committee presented the report of Business Manager L. A. Worden for the year, which was adopted and ordered incorporated in the annual statement to Conference.

The Treasurer notified the Board of the receipt of a notice that a bequest by Rhoda S. Green of \$1,500.00 had been made to the Society.

The action of the Treasurer in the Mrs. Sears matter was approved.

Corresponding Secretary Shaw presented his completed yearly statement to Conference, which on motion was adopted.

Pursuant to correspondence from Dr. E. S. Maxson an additional appropriation of \$10.00 was made for use in his work.

Pursuant to correspondence from Joseph Booth it was voted to instruct the Corresponding Secretary to reply to Mr. Booth that the Board does not deem it advisable to take over the Shiloh (Africa) property at this time.

Voted that the action of the Corresponding Secretary in authorizing the transfer of the gospel tent from the southern Illinois field to the central New York field be approved and bill of expense paid. The following report was received:

To the Directors of the American Sabbath Tract Society:

Pursuant to previous arrangement, I spent the greater part of the month of July in visiting the German Seventh Day Baptists of Pennsylvania. Owing to circumstances over which I had no control, I was unable to spend the full

four weeks originally anticipated in this work. I spent a little over three weeks.

I visited the churches at Ephrata, Snow Hill, and Salemville, besides a visit to Rev. Emanuel Specht, the oldest living German Seventh Day Baptist minister, at his home near Forward (R. F. D. Stoyestown), Pennsylvania.

At all of these places, I met with a most cordial reception. I presented the greetings of this Board, at each place, and was invariably requested to bear to you their greetings in return.

The interest we manifest in these good people, they tell me, is a source of strength and encouragement to them, and surely their interest in us and our common cause should be, in turn, a source of strength and encouragement to us.

Reports of each of these visits have been forwarded to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

The expenses of the trip were \$41.65.

Respectfully submitted,

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH.

Report accepted.

Voted that Edwin Shaw and C. W. Spicer be a committee to confer with the Librarian of Alfred University, with a view to securing data for an index to the SABBATH RECORDER.

Minutes read and approved.

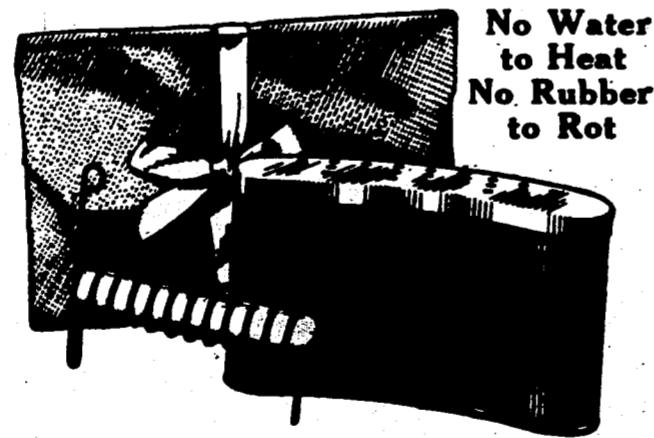
Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,

Recording Secretary.

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## DEATHS

HUNT.—Emerancy Gertrude Satterlee, daughter of William C. and Mary Burdick Satterlee, was born in Verona, N. Y., July 8, 1842, and died June 21, 1914. Death was due to heart failure incited by an acute attack of asthma from which she was a sufferer.

September 5, 1862, she was married to George T. Hunt of Florence, N. Y., who died some nineteen years ago. Four children were born to this union, only two of whom survive to mourn the loss of a good mother. They are Nelson F. Hunt and Mrs. Alfred Briggs, both of Durhamville, N. Y. Besides these she leaves one brother, Nelson R. Satterlee of Knoxville, Tenn., and a sister, Mrs. E. F. Wolfe of Durhamville, N. Y.

She had always lived in Verona. At the early age of fifteen she was baptized and became a member of the Second Verona Church. She remained a faithful follower of her Master to the end. She, in common with all of humanity, had lived to see many of her loved ones and friends pass on to the great beyond. And being one of the last ones left of her own generation, as sometimes happens, there were times when she felt lonely and longed to be with those who were waiting for her; but her faith never failed her. She was "only waiting." She was one of that older generation that had known what the family altar meant in the home and she maintained it in her own home to the last. On the evening of the Sabbath, only one night before her passing, she had gathered her family around it. She felt deeply the discontinuance of services at the Second Verona church some four years ago, as it deprived her of the privilege of attending services.

Funeral services at the home were conducted by Pastor R. R. Thorngate on June 24, and the remains laid away in the West Cemetery, near by which stands the now decaying Second Verona church where she had loved to worship in bygone years.

R. R. T.

LANGWORTHY.—In the town of Alfred, N. Y., July 17, 1914, Mrs. Annis Z. Langworthy, aged 83 years, 1 month and 10 days.

Mrs. Langworthy was the daughter of Nathan and Eunice Satterlee Lanphear and a granddaughter of Eld. William Satterlee. She was born in Alfred, N. Y., and her life had been lived and her death occurred near the homestead on which she was born.

September 29, 1849, she was united in marriage to Daniel F. Langworthy. This union was broken by the death of Mr. Langworthy on December 25, 1880. To them were born six children, three of whom survive: Daniel L., who lives on the old homestead, Edwin of Buffalo, and Martha B., a trained nurse, who for eighteen months gave her mother all that love and skill could devise. She is also survived by one half-brother, Mr. N. M. Lanphear of Alfred, N. Y., and one half-sister, Mrs. V. A. Willard of Belmont, N. Y.

In early life she made a public profession of religion, was baptized, and joined the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred. Of this church she remained a member till the Seventh Day Baptist church of Andover was organized, in 1871, when she became one of the constituent members of that church and has since been a most loyal and faithful member. Love for, and loyalty to, her church and denomination have been among the marked features of her long and useful life. Much of the Bible she knew by heart and she read her denominational paper from cover to cover; when she could no longer read the paper herself, she had it read to her till the last week of her life. With all the denominational work she was familiar and to it she gave her liberal support, while the ministers and public workers she followed with deep interest.

Her life the last few months has been one of great suffering, all of which she has borne with Christian patience. She was watching and longing for her Master's call, "Come home," asking all who came to see her to pray that she might be released. She talked of her death and planned for her funeral as though they were everyday occurrences.

The funeral occurred Sunday afternoon at her late home and all the details were carried out as she had planned, except that her pastor, Mr. A. Clyde Ehret, was away and Pastor William L. Burdick of Alfred took the pastor's place. Her grandchildren, assisted by Elwood Burdick, sang the hymns she had selected, and her two sons, brother and son-in-law acted as bearers. Interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

WM. L. B.

JACOX.—In Alfred, N. Y., August 2, 1914, Harold S. Jacox, aged 14 years, 11 months and 23 days.

Harold S. Jacox, the son of William H. and Lettie Burdick Jacox, was born and had spent the days of his life in Alfred, N. Y. He was full of life and was looking out on the future with bright hopes. Last spring he made a public profession of religion, was baptized, and joined the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred. He was a member of the pastor's class and Intermediate Christian Endeavor, the Junior Baraca, the Young Folk's Choir, which leads the singing at the Sabbath evening meeting, the Boy Scouts, and the Alfred Grange. The Boy Scouts are a part of the local Entertainment Committee of the approaching General Conference and he, as leader of one division, was looking forward to the Conference, anticipating the joy of service for others.

He was the youngest of a family of six children and his death was the first to break in the family circle. His brothers and sister are Clarence C., George M., Esther M. (Mrs. William L. Sadler), John W., and William H., all living in Alfred and vicinity.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sadler. The Boy Scouts attended in a body, as did also the Camp Fire Girls. The music was furnished by eight of his associates, and six of the Boy Scouts were bearers. Interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

WM. L. B.



**SPECIAL NOTICES**

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

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

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

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

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 42d Street and Moneta Avenue, every Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. Preaching at 3. Everybody welcome. Rev. Geo. W. Hills, pastor, 264 W. 42d St.

Persons visiting Long Beach, Cal., over the Sabbath are cordially invited to the services at the home of Mrs. Frank Muncy, 1635 Pine Street, at 10 a. m. Christian Endeavor services at the home of Lester Osborn, 351 E. 17th Street, at 3 p. m. Prayer meetings Sabbath Eve at 7.30.

Riverside, California, Seventh Day Baptist Society holds regular meetings each week. Church services at 10 o'clock Sabbath morning, followed by Bible school. Junior Christian Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor, evening before the Sabbath, 7.30. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night. Church building, corner Fifth Street and Park Avenue. Rev. R. J. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry St.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sanitarium Chapel at 2.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society prayer meeting in the College Building (opposite Sanitarium), 2d floor, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. Rev. D. Burdett Coon, pastor, 198 N. Washington Ave.

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

The Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church of London holds a regular Sabbath service at 3 p. m., at Mornington Hall, Canonbury Lane, Islington, N. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, at the home of the pastor, 104 Tollington Park, N. Strangers and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend these services.

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

The best preventative against idleness is to start with the deep-seated conviction of the earnestness of life. Whatever men say of the world, it is certainly no stage for trifling; in a scene where all are at work, idleness can lead only to wreck and ruin.—*John Stuart Blackie.*

**The Sabbath Recorder**

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

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It is the fashion of the day to think lightly of sin. Sin is regarded as mistake and misfortune rather than guilt. Sinners feel that they are to be pitied rather than blamed, and are comforted in the matter. There is an impression that God rates sin as lightly as sinners themselves do. It is said that "Gospel" means good news, and purely good news, and that for everybody.

There is danger. No deception is crueller and more pernicious in its efforts than the raising of false hopes in the hearts of evildoers. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.—*Gospel Advocate.*

WANTED, married or single man, Seventh Day Baptist, to work on farm commencing October first. References required. Address, Mr. Geo. Whitford, Adams, N. Y.

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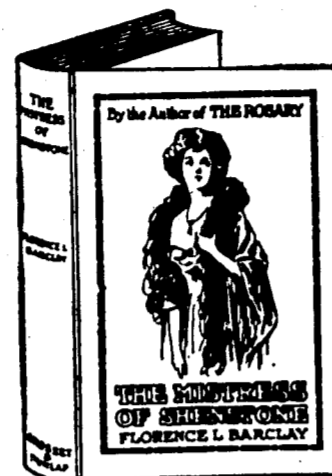


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Whithersoever thou wilt, O Wind!  
For thy Maker set thee free;  
And I would that my soul might be unbound  
To wander away with thee.

I hear the sweep of thy mighty wings  
As they swing from hill to hill  
And with the joy of a wordless hope  
My quickened pulses thrill.

I hear thee rush down the wooded glade  
Like some invading foe,  
Through each gnarled and withered branch thy horns  
Their ancient pibroch blow.

All night thou wilt hold high carnival;  
When dawn's grey shadows creep  
Thou wilt seek the boughs of the singing pine  
And rock thyself to sleep.

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