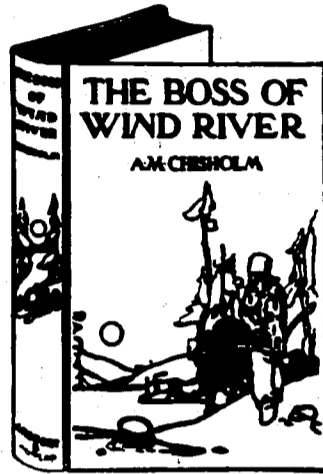
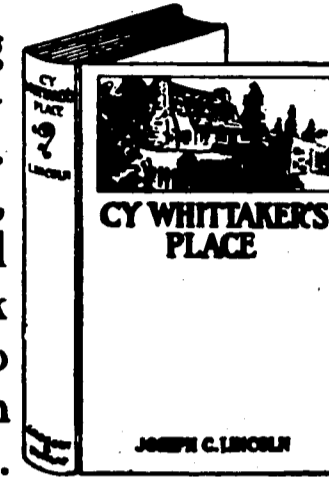


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**SABBATH RECORDER, PLAINFIELD, N. J.**

# The Sabbath Recorder

WE can but notice how grandly Christ reposed upon this fact of immortal life. He feels no need of examining the evidence, or balancing proofs; no doubts overcloud his faith; death offers no hindrance; it is but sleep. He regards nothing from the standpoint of time or this life, except worldly work. He stands steadily upon *life*, life endless by its own nature. He cast himself upon this eternal fact of life and immortality without hesitation or reserve, and died with paradise open to his sight. Death was no leap in the dark to him; it was not even a land of shadows: it was simply a door leading into another mansion of God's great house. . . . When the clearest eyes that ever looked on this world and into the heavens, and the keenest judgment that ever weighed human life, and the purest heart that ever throbbed with human sympathy, tells me, especially if he tells it by assumption, that man is immortal, I repose on his teaching in perfect trust.—*Theodore L. Munger.*

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# The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by The American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 79, NO. 8

PLAINFIELD, N. J., AUGUST 23, 1915

WHOLE NO. 3,677

**Evangelistic Work  
What We Are Doing** In a little booklet prepared by the Commission on Evangelism, of the Federal Council, there is given in brief the statements regarding the Evangelistic Committee of each denomination belonging to the council. Ours is the twenty-sixth denomination mentioned in the list of thirty. In each case the denominational committee is given, and a brief account of the denomination's methods of evangelism in the past and a statement of its present outlook. The statement regarding the Seventh Day Baptist Church is as follows:

"Committee: Mr. Ira B. Crandall, West-erly, R. I., Chairman; Rev. Edward B. Saunders, Ashaway, R. I., Secretary; Mr. Wm. L. Clarke, Ashaway, R. I.; Mr. Frank Hill, Ashaway, R. I.; Mr. Paul M. Barber, Ashaway, R. I.

"The growth of the Seventh Day Baptist churches in the United States, which covers a period of two hundred and fifty years, has been largely the result of evangelistic efforts. Pastoral evangelism has always been strongly emphasized, each pastor doing largely his own evangelistic work, although in more recent years the pastor of one church has assisted very largely in the work with the pastor of a sister church. This plan has been both economical and fruitful.

"For many years now united effort on the part of the churches has been planned and put into operation by the General Conference, which work in due time was taken up by the Board of Managers of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society and by the missionary committees of the several associations throughout the United States. Under this plan men were sent out who were expected to combine the work of evangelism with general missionary work, but later, the plan proving so fruitful, the Board of Managers commenced to send out men whose sole work was that of conducting evangelistic campaigns.

"*Student Evangelism.* For many years also students preparing for the ministry in

the theological seminaries have been sent out as evangelists during their vacation and splendid results have come from their efforts.

"College students have been sent out in quartets also during the summer vacations, one of the members especially being selected for his ability to conduct the evangelistic campaign with the assistance of the other three men. Ladies' quartets have also been employed much in the same way.

"The committee above mentioned has recently been enlarged from a committee appointed about twenty-five years ago by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society. This committee is now the national committee of the denomination.

"The board has this year called two men to give their entire time to this work and together with their work the work above mentioned will be continued."

Evangelist Biederwolf, general secretary of the Commission on Evangelism, in speaking of the mission and influence of the church, said: "While we can take off our hats to the past, we must take off our coats to the future." It would be well for us as a people if every Seventh Day Baptist cared enough for our past to take off his hat to it. One of the most disturbing characteristics of a large class among us is the tendency to forget or ignore the splendid record their fathers have made.

Again, it would wonderfully brighten our prospects if everybody who does care something for his father's faith and for the church his parents loved would take off his coat to the future. We have no future, only as we are busy today making it. Idleness and neglect on our part will rob our future of all that is desirable, and leave for Seventh Day Baptists only an empty name. Take off your coat for the work. Labor and pray for a true revival in all the churches, until our people are zealous and active in seeking to reach the unsaved, and we need no longer to worry over our future.

### Give Conference The First Place

This RECORDER will reach its readers while many of them are in the midst of work in connection with the General Conference at Milton, Wis. This Conference has been announced as a "Young People's" Conference, and we hope it may be such indeed. It is most encouraging to see such a large number of young people taking responsible places in our annual gatherings. The old folks of this generation are becoming fewer and fewer as the years go by, and everything is coming to depend more and more upon those whom we have been wont to call young people.

Ample provision has been made for recreation and amusement outside of meeting hours, so none of us will need to neglect the meetings for pleasure. Some of us have seen important annual meetings at Conference almost complete failures because so many, both old and young, were off on pleasure excursions. Let us not allow pleasures to interfere with Conference work this year. We will all give Conference the first place, for it is the main thing that takes us to Milton. Our loyalty to the cause we love will be shown in the interest we take in our Master's work during Conference week.

### Foreign Missions In the Homeland

One needs only to read the papers to see something of the wonderful missionary work being done among people from foreign lands who are brought right to our doors. The Macedonian cry now comes not alone from some Macedonia beyond the seas, but from New York, Boston, New Orleans, Chicago. We as a people have heard it from our Italian and Hungarian missions in America; and the Scandinavians, the Spanish, and the Jews have long been given the gospel in the tongues of their native lands, by consecrated missionaries in our own American cities. Now an appeal comes for the evangelization of the Russians in the United States. Not long ago Rev. William Fettle, a Russian refugee, arrived in New York City, thankful that he was able to reach our "hospitable shores" rather than a home in Siberian exile. Mr. Fettle's coming is regarded as providential by the New York City Baptist Mission Society, and this society has arranged to use him as missionary to the Russians who are massed in that city.

This is considered a strategic movement by which these people throughout America may be reached with the gospel.

**The Power of Diplomacy In Everyday Life** We have been hearing much about the matter of diplomacy between nations, and several conspicuous examples of diplomatic communications have been given to the reading public by our President and by other rulers. The word "diplomacy" applies to the efforts for promoting peaceful relations between nations, to the smoothing out of misunderstandings, and to the fostering of good will between the powers.

Have you noticed how careful diplomats are to use scrupulously polite and respectful terms? Each word is closely scanned in order to be sure that it carries no offensive meaning where none is intended. They have learned the art of extracting the sting from their communications, while at the same time the truth is most clearly set forth. What progress would they make if they were to denounce one another in scathing, sarcastic terms?

The world would be the happier, and the cause of truth would be promoted, if everybody would study carefully the principles of true courtesy and apply them in communicating with his fellows. There are excellent diplomats all about us in private life, and the pity of it is that there are not more of them. In any controversy, true diplomacy will win if anything can. Everything is in favor of the one who is courteous, honest, high-minded, tactful, and considerate of the feelings of others. It pays to be gentlemanly and kind toward those with whom we may have differences of opinion. One great need of our time is the spirit of true diplomacy in everyday life.

### Elimination by Substitution

Among practical methods of fighting the saloons we notice what might be called the elimination of the tendency to drink by the substitution of something else. In some cases books are substituted. This is undoubtedly an effective method in army posts and encampments, where time moves slowly with the soldiers and the need of companionship and pastime is constantly felt.

Major William Harding Carter, of the United States army in Hawaii, appealed

to the people of this country for books as a weapon in his warfare against rum. He claimed that, if the soldiers were to be kept from the combination dance halls and saloons, something else must be provided to satisfy the boys' desire for congenial company and amusement. In response to this call 10,000 volumes are already in the Honolulu post, and a similar work is going on for other posts in the Philippines. It is believed that a good supply of literature will keep hundreds out of the liquor dens and dance houses.

One great steel company has opened a restaurant where food and harmless drinks can be secured at cost, in order to keep its thousands of workmen away from saloons. Many more towns than are now doing so might perform a good service for their young men by providing reading-rooms and amusement halls where the attractions are as strong as those the saloon can offer. Of course if people neglect these things until drink habits are already formed at the saloon, then it is usually too late to remedy matters by the means suggested above.

### Let Everybody Tie His "Sleeping Knot"

A story is told of an eminent surgeon who recently died in New York, to the effect that when he was sewing up a wound he invariably tied three knots in his thread where others tied only two. On being asked about this he told his students that the third knot was his "sleeping knot." "It may not be necessary to tie it," said he, "but it makes the matter that much safer, and I find I sleep better for it."

This careful, conscientious way of doing things is beautiful indeed. No matter what the work may be, painstaking care to do it well—even to do it a little better than custom requires or than anybody could naturally demand—will always bring its reward. The habit of slighting work, or of putting in short time, makes havoc with one's conscience and detracts from his manhood. Whatever works against these destroys a man's peace, robs him of self-respect, and brings him troubled sleep. If a man desires to get on well in the world, hold the high esteem of his fellows, and go to the front in his profession, he must learn from this surgeon to always "tie his sleeping knot."

### Commendations of "The Pulpit"

A friend in a distant State sends words of "unsolicited commendation for *The Pulpit*" as follows:

A sister says: "I'm delighted with it. Its good type and paper make it a comfort to read. I read every sermon."

A father says: "I'll have to have it for my boys and girls. The illustrations attract them greatly."

A pastor says: "It's invaluable to me, because it gives me the viewpoint of other ministers. I can't do without it."

The list of subscribers grows slowly. One hundred and ninety-four subscriptions have now been received, a gain of thirty-six since last report.

### A Correction

In the RECORDER for August 16, page 209, the first sentence in the article on Prayer should read, "Prayer has its roots in *desire*." The name of the writer, Mary E. Fillyaw, Fayetteville, N. C., was inadvertently omitted.

### A Paper

THEODORE G. DAVIS

*Read, in the absence of the pastor, at the church services, Plainfield, N. J., August 14, 1915.*

Since man first realized that he possessed elements or attributes which distinguished him from other forms of life found in nature, ever since he awoke to the fact that he was an independent, personal, moral being, possessing a consciousness, there has been going on a tremendous struggle. With what we are commonly pleased to term nature the great laws operate automatically. But God endowed the human being with the power of choice, and because of that endowment we discover ourselves in the great struggle of life. This struggle is between man in his lower nature and his personal conscience; between society and its social conscience; between discord and harmony; between the ego or the selfishness in man and the everlasting laws of God exemplified in the wonderful creation of a divine universe.

Biblical history gives us the first account of this struggle which has its setting in the Garden of Eden, and it will continue on through the ages until all things are made plain and the Kingdom of Heaven has be-

come an entire reality. We find that all our history and philosophy in its final analysis is but an account of the great struggle of life. Man has been constantly fighting for progress; he is yearning for better things; he is reaching out toward the infinite. As individuals men have often endeavored to satisfy this desire through the possession of power, wealth, position, happiness, and contentment.

In the course of things many philosophies have been evolved. I want to mention here the philosophy of Nietzsche, for it is not peculiar to him or his day. We find it creeping out not only in various religions of the world, but often in our very midst, for every man is more or less likely to fall into its fallacies. Nietzsche fostered a gospel not of the redemption of man, but of his extinction. He believed that man as we find him is an utter failure, and that nothing better can be attained along the old lines. Therefore man as he is and has been must be destroyed. All existing conditions and conventions he believed to be utterly worthless, and that the ordinary considerations of morality were the greatest obstacles to progress. He claimed that morality, the sense of obligation and of responsibility, paralyzed the spontaneity of nature. We must throw off the burden of restraint placed upon us by law and order, and assume the role of superman whose range of activity would be free and unconfined and who would live in a sphere beyond good and evil. Under such an order but one virtue could exist, that of strength; but one vice, that of weakness; and the only goal, power. If you will but stop and think, you can readily bring to mind characters in history who seemed to have based their lives upon just such a philosophy. What better example could I mention than Napoleon? His one desire was for power. All that he had and was he sacrificed for power. His fellow-men, his soldiers, he ruthlessly used to gain that end.

Here we find, instead of a gospel of love, a gospel of might; instead of a spirit of obedience, a cry of protest; instead of the grace of humility, the arrogance of pride; instead of self-sacrifice, self-assertion; instead of the kind offices of sympathy, the grim struggle for pre-eminence; instead of the recognition of man as a brother, a determination to treat him either as a foe or as a tool to further selfish ends.

Sympathy falls under Nietzsche's most stinging scorn. This, he states, is the most obstructive force in the development of humanity, and the cause of a great waste. Our great public institutions for the prevention and remedy of personal and social evils obstruct the course of natural law which should be given full sway. In short, this philosophy which has been adopted by many, in some form or other, in the present day, demands that personal impulses be unrestrained, and purposes unconfined; or, as he puts it, man must be free, free as the beast that ranges the forest for his prey. He must be undisturbed by sentiment of pity, or impulse of mercy. This great man, great in power and self-sufficient, worthy to become the superman, shall know no law, but shall be a law unto himself.

What a fallacy—what a reflection upon God the Creator! One but has to stop and glance about to be convinced by the material and apparent that all things are possible only through conformity to God's great principles and laws. And yet the free play of fancy and feeling, the delight in the joy of living, following the lead of an impulsive will, has its subtle appeal to many who believe that freedom is possible only by unrestraint.

The fundamental fallacy of such a gospel is that, while willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of power, this fact is overlooked, that stability of power may and does always depend upon the very elements which are sacrificed in order to secure it. We may gain power and yet be weaker for its possession, because power detached from strength of personality will work disaster. The crucial tests of life measure the man himself and not that which merely pertains to him. Power shines in its glory only when it is tempered by wisdom and reverence. The highest type of being can never be evolved by fostering the lowest that is in our present race and ignoring the highest.

The development of the intense individual is a development of self-destruction. The real man is only found in his human setting. The great man and leader is he who has sensed the common need and is able to merge himself in the glory and claims of a common cause. The leaders of the Old Testament realized that their realm of duty lay in helping the people to

get nearer to God, and freeing them from the bondage of superstition and idolatry that held the tribes about them. The greatest of all teachers, Christ, emphasized many times that he did not come to establish himself a king, to destroy the past, to do away with the law, but to preach a gospel of love and redemption through life. He taught that man was not to be despised and that life lay in the path of harmony with God. Christ taught by his life and his words that the fundamental principles of progress, of success, of salvation were founded upon obedience. When we acknowledge that all nature follows positive laws, what right have we to say that man is exempt? God created the universe including man; and man, if he desires to attain toward perfection, must place himself in right relations with that Creator.

It has been of great interest to me in the study of a purely business course to find that here this basic principle is taken as the corner stone for the building of all true and permanent success. One writer speaks of the law of success as being an integral part and portion of the one great law underlying all life, and fits into those other natural laws which, when combined into an universal harmony, form the outward manifestation of the great law underlying, inherent in, and manifesting in, all that we call life.

It is not necessary in this day to more than state the fact that law underlies everything, and that the marvelous achievements of the age and the wonderful inventions of science are but the widening of the limitation of finite man in the discovery of new applications of God's great laws of nature. Thus man has risen from savagery and barbarism into what he is today, and thus will he advance until all things are made plain in the great revelation and he becomes a part of God's great harmony.

It is often true and entirely possible that we in our finite efforts will follow some particular laws and deceive ourselves into believing that we are gaining success. Thus one may amass great wealth, or gain great political power, and yet fail most utterly in making real progress. There are no short cuts to success. Herein do the most of us make our greatest mistakes. We desire peace and contentment, and we wish to serve, but we are not willing to follow the marked path. Economy is justifiable,

but the only right short cuts to success are characterized by a scrupulous regard for facts and laws. Progress for the individual and society is only possible through most intelligent obedience. He who would take a short cut to success, gaining wealth, power or position through falsehood, dishonest dealings and immoral practices, will have measured to him nature's accurate accounting. Christ said truly, "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward." But God's laws are not primarily negative to inflict punishment, they are positive; for he who is true, sincere, friendly, rendering service to the world, keeping the eternal laws, finds his reward in contentment, wisdom, love, life.

The personal question we now ask is, how can we get into the right path? How can we feel that we are following the divine will of our Creator? How can we get so closely in touch with him that we may know his will?

We know that all nature manifests itself in rhythm. Just as the apparent rhythm of music, there is a rhythm of all nature. The planets even move in time around the suns, and the suns around greater suns. Light, sound, and even material things, have their key-notes. So with man, there is a great harmony of mind. We must catch that note, and when we feel the rhythm of God's great harmony we will be given power to meet this great struggle of life.

But in order to catch this note we must withdraw from the distractions of life, and closet ourselves with our Creator. The quiet hour, as a source of strength, is recognized more and more by business men, and many a man habitually withdraws from his duties for a few minutes each day at a regular time. Christ taught, "When thou prayest, pray in secret." Herein, I believe, lies the greatest power of prayer,—turning on the searchlight of introspection, and opening our hearts to the warming rays of God's love.

We must cast out all negative feelings of hate, discouragement, pessimism, and be receptive to positive influences of the spirit of good will, encouragement, and optimism, and then may we catch God's great strengthening Spirit.

Through this tie between God and ourselves may we grow in accord with his will, and gain strength for the struggles of life.

## SABBATH REFORM

### Under Grace

Romans 3: 28, 31; 6: 14; 7: 1-7, 12, 14; 13: 10; 2 Corinthians 3: 1-18

While deepest piety and greatest learning can not exhaust the rich mines of moral and spiritual truth found in Paul's wonderful letter to the Romans, it is believed that there is something precious here for beginners, and for boys and girls. Bad thoughts and feelings, desires and purposes, are, in our heavenly Father's sight, like bad words and actions. Hence we are condemned by his holy law, to which we can not yet give ideally perfect obedience, as it is explained by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount. But he will forgive, that is, take away the condemnation, upon the condition of true repentance, love, trustfulness, and purposed obedience, on our part. Then there must follow loving service and obedience that, in their steadfastness and growth, are far beyond anything possible to one unforgiven and condemned. This pardon, acceptance, and growing trust, love, and obedience, are what is meant by the big words Justification and Sanctification. If one should long wrong one's parents and afterwards come back truly owning up, with real sorrow, trustfulness, love, and intention henceforth to be obedient, every true parent would gladly and gratefully forgive and welcome back such a child. But one is not then made free from obligation to serve and obey, but under the greatest obligations to do so. Law is not made void by faith and love, but established. One can not easily imagine anything more contrary to reason and Scripture than the opinion that Christ or Paul did away with law.

If Paul meant to say that believers in Christ are not under high and holy obligation to be obedient to God, he would be most self-contradictory. What then does the apostle mean? A criminal transgressor of civil law is under that law's condemnation and exposed to punishment; if he is pardoned he is released from condemnation and penalty, but it is still his duty to be law-abiding. If husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers, sisters, and friends, went to statute books as the chief

source of their knowledge of what they ought to do for one another, they would be legalistic, that is, under a law or legal system. In their case the "letter" would kill all true affection and trust. If, on the contrary, they were true at heart, love would be their principal motive and end, their chief ground of obligation, and their best guide to right action, though sometimes, of course, needing information from the statute books. Christians are not under law but under grace; we serve in newness of the spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. That is, we are not under a letter, law, or legal system, that constantly takes us to the letter of the law that we may learn what we *must* do for God and man in order to be saved; but we are under grace, love, or spiritual system, love being our chiefest and most exacting law. I try to serve my aged mother, and study to find out how I may serve her more and better, not that I may *become* her son but because I *am now* her son. Let us try to keep the Sabbath holy, to honor all the will of God, to keep the commandments of Jesus, and hunger for a knowledge of more and more to do, not that we may at last be saved in heaven; but because we are now the forgiven and saved children of our Father in heaven. Thus does love become the fulfillment of the law.

Sometimes one man says to another, If you will labor for me by the day, month, or year, I will pay you wages. A man might say to a woman, If you will become my one lawful wife, I will furnish you with food, shelter, clothing, and protection, and set aside ten thousand dollars as exclusively your own. All this is a covenant of works; and if the letter of the agreement is the chief or sole ground of obligation and fidelity, there is little or no room for true life and love. But if a father says to his son, I love and believe in you, and all that I have is yours; or if a son says to his father, I love and trust you, and my best service and obedience shall be given to you willingly; or if a man and woman say, We love and trust each other, all that each of us is, or has, or may become, belongs to the other, we have all things together,—then here are moral and spiritual covenants of love and life. The Old or Mosaic Covenant, in its externals, is called a covenant of works, though beneath the outward there was the real spirit; and the Decalogue

was its heart, center, and basis. The former was glorious because it was one stage of redemptive history, and the Jewish religion was greatly superior to all contemporary religions. The New or Gospel Covenant is one of far greater moral and spiritual power, because more manifestly a covenant of grace and love. The latter is of surpassing glory, taking the place of the former; Christ, not Moses, is our law-giver; and we are not under the mere letter of law, but under the law of love, a law that demands both outward and inward and advancing worship, obedience, and service.<sup>1</sup>  
—Arthur Elwin Main, D. D., in *Bible Studies on the Sabbath Question*.

### Children's Day at Snow Hill

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH

Children's Day has come to be one of the events of the year with the German Seventh Day Baptist Church at Snow Hill, Pa. This is the natural result of the large, flourishing Sabbath school that has grown up in that church in the last few years.

Children's Day was celebrated on Sabbath Day, July 10 last. Besides the full attendance from the local church and Sabbath school, three automobile-loads of people, sixteen individuals in all, came from Salemville; among them was a male quartet, consisting of Frank R. King, William A. King, Charles Wolfe and Charles Fyock. Their presence added much to the interest of the occasion.

At the Sabbath morning service, the present writer discussed the activities of the American Sabbath Tract Society and the interests which it represents.

The children's program was presented in the evening, and included recitations, dialogues, songs, etc., by the children; several selections by the Salemville quartet; and an excellent address by Mr. Frank R. King.

1. "A Day for Rest and Worship," by William B. Dana, is a very recent publication. Great literalism characterizes its Old Testament discussions; it does not seem consistent to call the Sabbath of creation week the "Hebrew" and the "Jewish" Sabbath; and the author's treatment of the New Testament strikes one, in these days, as being unhistorical. But few writers, if any, have set forth in a more excellent way the value and necessity of the Sabbath; its non-legalistic standing under the New Covenant; and the importance of standardizing our lives by the life of Jesus Christ.

The program was prepared under the direction of Mrs. Norah Pentz, Mrs. Lizzie Wingert, Mrs. Annie Baker, and Miss Hilda Resser. Mrs. Annie Baker presided.

The interest shown in the Sabbath school and church here by the young people and children is gratifying, and has encouraged the trustees of the church to make the church as attractive to them as possible by recently re-decorating the building on the interior and furnishing it with modern, comfortable pews, or settees. The outlook for the church is bright.

### The Field Is the World

WILLIAM SHAW

Report as Secretary United C. E. Society, at the Chicago Convention

Never in the history of the world have the representatives of a world movement gathered under such momentous conditions as we face at this convention. Millions of our fellow-men with an ingenuity and destructiveness unparalleled in the warfare of nations have been striving for eleven long months to secure the mastery. Millions of lives and billions of treasure have been sacrificed in the struggle, and the end is not yet.

Our hearts have been torn with conflicting emotions as we have stood as spectators of this awful carnage. In the ranks of all the armies our brother Endeavorers are found. At the call of the colors they have responded to find themselves face to face in the trenches of death as deadly enemies of those with whom but a few months before they were in fraternal fellowship in the brotherhood of Christian Endeavor.

How long, how long shall the seamless robe of the Prince of Peace be rent and stained with the blood of those who profess to be his followers? May the spirit of this convention be a prophecy of that which shall prevail when through the crash and flash of cannon and shriek of shell the voice of the Master may be heard saying, "Peace, be still."

#### SOME STATISTICS

In spite of the distractions of the terrible war it is marvelous how the work has prospered in the world-field during the last two years. Our records show the enrollment of 77,766 societies, with an esti-

mated membership of nearly 4,000,000. To this should be added more than 20,000 societies and 1,000,000 members in kindred organizations using Christian Endeavor methods under different names, making a grand total of 100,000 societies and 5,000,000 members, in more than sixty nations and eighty denominations.

The growth of our subsidiary movements has been the largest in the history of our organization. The Comrades of the Quiet Hour who practice the presence of God now number 95,696. The Tenth Legion has enrolled 34,158 who know the meaning of Christian stewardship and hold their possessions as a trust from God.

The number of our Christian Endeavor Experts has reached the magnificent total of 5,662 in less than four years, a good reason, if you are seeking one, for the increased growth in numbers and efficiency during the past two years.

The Life-Work Recruits organized two years ago at Los Angeles now number 1,033 young people who have covenanted to strive so to shape their life-plans as to give themselves to Christian service in the ministry, missions, or some other form. Here is a great undiscovered continent to which we have sent out our first exploring expedition.

The International Peace Union is less than a year old, but already by personal enrolment and public declaration in great conventions tens of thousands of members in all lands have pledged themselves to the principles of peace and brotherhood.

Christian Endeavor Week with a record of but two years has demonstrated its great value, and has become a permanent part of our Christian Endeavor plan of service. It furnishes a definite objective for the year's work, and enables the society to check up on results and take account of stock.

#### EFFICIENCY PLANS

The Christian Endeavor Efficiency standards have been adopted by thousands of societies with most satisfactory results. They have made definite and concrete the work of the society, and have brought religion down out of the clouds of sentiment into the world of service.

The demand has been growing for a revised set of standards; and as a result of the experience of the past, and the co-operation with your officers of leaders in

Christian Endeavor, missionary, and social-service work, we present to you at this convention our new Increase and Efficiency Standards, which we believe will mark a new era in Christian Endeavor activity.

With this equipment and the inspiring goals set before us by President Clark we enter upon two of the most productive years in the history of our movement.

To ensure the largest success of this campaign our leaders in societies and unions must be in constant and vital touch with the United Society and with the workers in our world-field. This can not be done by personal correspondence or circulars. We must depend upon our international paper, the *Christian Endeavor World*. In this way only can fresh and adequate information regarding the progress of the campaign be secured. Our friends tell us that the paper was never so interesting and helpful as at the present time. Too large a proportion of our subscribers, however, are the older members, who have passed out of the society work. We need a new contingent from the present workers.

#### SPIRIT OF MOVEMENT

But more important than all the statistics and methods, however encouraging and helpful they may be, is the genius or spirit of Christian Endeavor. Its steady growth and inherent vitality, its adaptability to different countries and conditions, its natural development in line with the demands of the times—all these bear testimony to the permanence of the movement.

Limit of space forbids more than the simple naming of the varied grades and lines of work. The Junior and Intermediate societies lead up to the Young People's society, from which the members graduate into the wide work of the church and are placed on the honorary list. Work of the finest quality is being done by Christian Endeavor societies on naval vessels and merchantmen and in port cities; in army posts and public institutions; in prisons and reformatories, where Christian Endeavor has demonstrated that prisoners are human and respond to confidence and trust; in hospitals and fresh-air camps a superb service is being rendered! and in every line of Christian citizenship, social service, and missionary activity Christian Endeavor is proving loyal to the great commission, "Go ye into all the world."

#### PROVIDENTIAL ASPECTS

That Christian Endeavor has come to the kingdom for such a time as this, that its development is providential, is most strikingly illustrated by the statement of that missionary statesman, Dr. John R. Mott, of the needs of the world-field in his recent book, "The Present World Situation."

He says: "To establish and develop indigenous churches, and at the same time to relate them to the Christian church of other lands, affords a field for the highest order of Christian statesmanship. It requires rare ability to understand, to appreciate, and to foster indigenous thought, customs, and talents; to develop from the beginning native initiative, leadership, and sense of responsibility."

That this is exactly what Christian Endeavor is doing to a remarkable degree is the unanimous testimony of missionaries in every land. Dr. Mott further says: "In some respects the most serious as well as the most distinctive problem of our generation is the racial problem. Increasing racial misunderstandings, prejudices, friction, and hatred greatly hinder the spread of Christianity. For example, the gulf which separates the white and the black in South Africa threatens to be the grave of Christian ideals in that part of the world."

If that is true of Africa, why is it not equally true of America? The United Society of Christian Endeavor has demonstrated that it is possible for those whom "God has made of one blood" to work together without prejudice, friction, or hatred; and this convention of many races is a striking illustration of that fact.

Again, Dr. Mott says: "The drink evil was introduced among non-Christian peoples by emissaries from Western nations." "The responsibility must ever rest upon Christian nations for the introduction of liquor into all Moslem lands." "With truth, therefore, it may be said that so-called Christian nations have been responsible, not only for drugging China with opium, but for debauching Africa with alcohol."

This is a terrible indictment for one of the foremost Christian leaders of our day to bring against our Christian civilization. And the pity of it is that it is all too true. But to the glory of Christian Endeavor be it said that we have ever led in the fight to annihilate the liquor traffic. Our slogan,

"A Saloonless Nation by 1920," has become the rallying-cry of the temperance host; and what only four years ago was a prophecy has now become a possibility.

#### CALL TO COLORS

Here in the opinion of an acknowledged leader are the three greatest obstacles to the progress of the kingdom of God in the present age. And here is the Christian Endeavor army trained and equipped with common ideals and methods, a universal name and fellowship, and the daring of youth to respond to the challenge of the Master.

Here in this World's Convention we raise aloft the blood-stained banner of the Cross, and sound the call to the colors. Our call is to peace, not war; to life, not death; to service, not slaughter.

On the wings of the wind I catch the wireless response from the continents and islands, from sixty nations and eighty denominations, "We come! We come!"

#### Creator's Band

DEAR DR. GARDINER:

I spent a few of July's closing days at Winona Lake. The rain, of which northern Indiana has received her full share this season, spoiled one of my cherished plans—a drive through the grounds which I have never seen; but nevertheless, my stay was full of enjoyment, for at Winona when one avenue of pleasure is closed, plenty of others are open.

I am going to pass by Bible classes and lectures of interest and tell you of Creator's Band and my thoughts during his concerts, four of which I attended.

The band is Italian and I will not be far from right when I say it includes fifty men.

I know nothing of Creator's life, but he impressed me as being sad, and I wondered if sorrow did not play its part in the music he produced. When he came on to the stage, the last evening, the audience arose to greet him, and the only resemblance I saw to a smile flashed over his countenance as he acknowledged his welcome. I noted with pleasure that he was very gracious to his own men. One selection at each concert was his own composition. He made use of not a single note. All of those difficult composi-

tions have entered into his soul and become a part of it, so they flow out spontaneously and fall in cadences of melody upon the rapt ears of his auditors. How he endures the physical strain of giving two such concerts daily is a mystery. I can scarcely tell which claimed my deeper interest, the music or his management of the band. Seeing his lips were moving I said to the lady at my right, "Does Creatore talk to the band while they are playing?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "or rather, he sings it out."

I heard a woman remark that she counted eighteen ladies who were doing fancy work at one of the concerts, but I am sure that any fancy work I might have done would not have found a place on the market, for I was too deeply absorbed with the music produced by the band, under the sway of its masterful leader, and the thoughts that came trooping through my mind. I recalled and contrasted with this music the first band music to which I listened, the heart-hunger of those days for a larger, fuller life, together with the dread I shared in common with the great mass of people of the closing years of life, and I said to myself: "If the best things of life come in its closing years, why should we dread them? From my present viewpoint, a Christian's last years should be his best years—a time of rich fruitage, coupled with a joyful anticipation of the higher life soon to be revealed."

But to return to the band. It is composed of fifty wills, but during the concert there is only one will, the forty-nine having surrendered to the leader and moving at his dictation—hence this beautiful music. What divine harmony the church universal would produce in the world if all its members surrendered their wills absolutely to the will of the supreme Leader.

Again, suppose a member of the band should refuse to play his instrument because it seemed inferior to some other instrument and his example should be followed by others until half of the instruments were silent. How the band would be hampered in its work. Is the church less hampered in its work by the great number of communicants who refuse to play because their instruments seem to be of minor importance?

The word "Creatore" in letters of gilt stands out in bold relief upon the band

men's caps. When they came into his band they took his name. Are they ever ashamed of it? On the contrary they bear it proudly. When we came into the fold of Christ we took his name, Christian, Christ's own, and the name is not written on a perishable garment but upon the fleshly tables of our hearts, and the pen by which it was inscribed there had been dipped in the blood of our Leader. Do we ever blush when we own the name?

Then, too, the band is a very small minority in this auditorium, but they do not seem to be wearing mournful faces on that account. Judging from their appearance they feel that to them is given the special honor of thrilling the souls of this audience with their music. My people are a very small minority in the Christian body. God has signally honored us by committing to our keeping the ancient Sabbath of Jehovah until all our brothers and sisters, redeemed as are we by the precious blood of Christ, shall see and joyfully accept this priceless jewel. Shall we wear mournful faces because of the fewness of our numbers or shall we live so close to the Lord of the Sabbath that we shall thrill those with whom we come in contact by the sweetness of our lives?

In conclusion, let me add that during a conversation at the table regarding the band a lady said, "But as much as this music means to us, it means more to Creatore. He sees things in that music that we don't see. You can tell that by the expression of his countenance." Instantly my mind reverted to our Leader. How much joy it brings to us when a wanderer is reclaimed, but it carries greater joy to our Savior because of his infinitely greater vision. He sees man as he first awoke to life in the image of his Creator, and again when that image had been marred by sin, and still again what he will be when he awakes in the likeness of Christ. And so, for the joy that was set before him in the plan of redemption, he endured the cross and despised its shame.

Very truly yours,

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

1007 Jackson St., La Porte, Ind.

I hate a thing done by halves. If it is right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilbin.*

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### August

Pathetic month, trying to keep  
The summer's fame upborne,  
Waving her banners, though he sees  
His fields and meadows shorn;  
Losing each day some gold of sun,  
Gaining some length of night;  
Missing the luscious earlier fruits,  
And roses fair and bright.

The snow of daisy-blooms is gone;  
The birds of sweetest lay  
Have half forgotten how to sing,  
Or winged themselves away.  
The streams have shrunk to listless rills;  
The trees have lost their gloss;  
But the brave month holds up his head  
In spite of all his loss.

He sets his sturdy goldenrod  
Along the country ways,  
And on the morning's dewy grass  
St. Anna's lace he lays.  
He gladly brings the later fruits,  
And garden's goodly yield,  
The while an unnamed glamour lies  
On hill and wood and field.

The locusts shrill the hot hours through;  
Summer's fresh charms are past;  
The roadside weeds are dim with dust;  
August is traveling fast;  
We count his days, clinging to each  
As misers cling to gold;  
Yet swift they pass, leaving to us  
But memories to hold.

—*Emma A. Lente, in C. E. World.*

### One Day—A Discovery

A man suddenly discovered that life consisted of one day. At first he was startled. Then he felt a big relief. Now everything was easy. He had a new aim: to make the day perfect.

The man had just risen from sleep. He looked out of the window. He felt spring in the air. The earth, fertile from the long rain, was bursting into grass and leaf. He had a strange exultation. He was related to this new birth. He reminded himself that he must enjoy while he could. For he had but one day.

At breakfast he found that his eggs were cooked too much. He was very particular about his eggs. His wife used

to look on anxiously when he cracked the shells.

He was about to break into an expression of impatience. Then he remembered that life consisted of one day. He must not begin the day with ill feeling. So he restrained himself and proceeded to eat the eggs as if he liked them. By putting on a little butter they seemed almost soft. Greatly to his surprise he found they tasted good.

He noticed that his wife looked relieved. "I'm afraid your eggs aren't done quite right," she remarked, in a tone of apology.

"Oh, never mind," he said. And he went on eating, and he began to talk about a pleasanter subject. During the rest of the meal he had a good deal of laughter with his wife. When he went out his wife kissed him, a thing she had not done for a long time.

During the morning he had to face trying details of business. The day before he would have taken them hard. Now he could not afford to waste himself. Each task he met more lightly than he had done before, more quietly. At noon the sight of the clerks leaving their desks reminded him that it was time to eat. He reflected that the morning had gone rapidly—life, indeed, was short. However, he had a good appetite and he proceeded to the place where he usually ate luncheon. Why had he never before perceived how desperately those fellows scrambled for places and how fast they ate? He decided not to sit upon that high stool and bolt his food. He would go to a table and really enjoy himself. After all, in a day he had only three meals. To spoil one of them would be a pity.

In the afternoon a distressing problem came up, an opportunity for profit, associated with a slight irregularity. No one else would know of it. Besides, most men in business would have considered it justifiable. But most men did not know that life consisted of one day.

After a struggle the man turned aside from the temptation. Then he had a surprise. He felt far better. He also had a sense of being infused with new strength. And it was all on account of that curious discovery. He felt like laughing. Well, he would celebrate. In the evening he

would take his wife to the theater. Today had been strangely free from vexation and trouble. He would make it perfect. It occurred to him that he ought to telephone to his wife. She liked to know of her pleasures in advance and to make preparation.

From the way his wife spoke the man saw that she was surprised. At first she showed something like suspicion of his motives. There was a moment of danger when he came near scolding. Finally, he succeeded in persuading her that he actually wished her to go to the theater with him and that she was to choose the play.

That night, on reaching home, he found his wife prettily dressed, her eyes shining, a flower in her hair. She reminded him of the way she had looked when they were first married.

Though they both agreed that the comic opera wasn't particularly good, they said they had enjoyed it. Afterward they went to a restaurant. As they walked home under the stars she told him that she had been happy all day long. He smiled and he was tempted to tell her about his discovery. But he was afraid she would laugh. He resolved that he would never forget life consisted of one day. If he could only keep it, the moment would come when he could tell her. Together they could work to make the day perfect. —*John D. Barry.*

### Peace, Be Still

Mark 4: 39

O. P. FREEBORN

Jesus arose, and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, "Peace, be still." And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And the disciples said one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?" Why marvel when all power in heaven and earth is given unto Jesus the Prince of Peace, who was born in the city of David to be a joy to all people, and this anthem of joy was taken up by the multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" (Luke 2: 10, 13, 14).

The doctrine of the Son of Man is to

save the lives of men, and this doctrine is sealed by the blood of the cross of Calvary. "He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son" (2 John 9; Luke 9: 56). So then the Father and Son are one in the work of saving the lives of men. And this salvation is for all men who have sinned and come short of the glory of God, which glory is, that man may enjoy life upon the earth, sitting every man under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make him afraid by the alarm of war (Mic. 4: 4; Rom. 3: 23). God gave man life in the beginning and it is God who restores life to man in the salvation that Jesus Christ offers, and that salvation is deliverance from death. Death is the wages of sin. And sin is the transgression of the law of God, and that law is the Ten Words that God spake at Sinai for the people of the nations. For it is the only law that God requires, an atonement; and that atonement is Jesus, the sinless Lamb of God, "which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1: 29). For the ministry of reconciliation is, that God was in Christ, reconciling the [sinful] world unto himself. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. It is a new creation, the change from the spirit of disobedience to that of loving obedience to the word of God. "Old things [of sin] are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5: 17) to the humble disciple who follows Jesus in the way of obedience (John 8: 29). For Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by him (John 14: 6). The rejection of Jesus Christ, the only way of life, by the men of this generation, is the cause of the great storm of windy strife that is sweeping the sea of nations today, destroying the lives of men in multitudes (Joel 3: 14).

"Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. 3: 7). "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go. O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river [Great peace have they which love thy law.—Ps. 119: 165] and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea (Isa. 48: 17-18).

To the weary ones who are toiling and

rowing in the darkness of the fourth watch of the night, give heed to the words of Jesus: "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." And willingly receive him into the ship, and immediately the ship will be at the land of Peace (Mark 6: 46, 50; John 6: 21).

Milton, Wis.,  
July 7, 1915.

### Packing Pork to Pay Expenses

Incident in the Life of D. L. Moody

DR. HOWARD AGNEW JOHNSTON

I wish to tell you a story which I heard from the lips of the man of whom I speak. He was William Reynolds, of Peoria, Ill. Several years before, he was stopped on the street by a friend who asked him this question:

"Mr. Reynolds, how long have we known each other?"

"About fifteen years."

"Mr. Reynolds, do you believe that I must accept Christ as my Savior, if I am to be saved?"

"Yes, I do."

"Mr. Reynolds, are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Mr. Reynolds, do you care whether I am saved or not?"

"Why, certainly I do."

"Pardon me, I do not mean to hurt your feelings, but I do not believe it. As you say, for fifteen years we have known each other. We have frequently met in social contact. We have discussed almost everything under the heavens; yet in all this time you never once uttered one word to let me know that you cared about my soul. When I put the question you assert your concern; but surely if you had cared you would have spoken. You are a leading Christian in this city, and if you had ever told me you had something precious in your life which I ought to have, I would have listened to you with respect. But you never spoke the word and I can not believe you really cared."

With shame Mr. Reynolds confessed that he had shirked many an opportunity to speak for Jesus Christ. But being much affected by this conversation he said to his friend:

"What has happened to stir you up in this way?"

His friend replied that on the previous day, as he was entering the train at Chicago, a man came in after him, occupied the same seat, and began a conversation somewhat as follows:

"Pleasant day!"

"Yes, quite pleasant!"

"Fine crops!"

"So I believe," was the reply.

"We ought to be very thankful to the good Lord for all his blessings!"

"Why, yes, I suppose we ought!"

Then came the real question: "My friend, are you a Christian?"

"Well, I believe the church is a good thing, I would not wish to bring up my family in a city that had no churches in it; but really, I have never given any serious thought to this subject."

Then the still more surprising statement from the stranger was this: "My friend, I would like to pray with you!"

"If we were in a convenient place, I do not know as I would have any objections."

"Oh, we will never have a better place than this!"

And Reynolds, before I knew it, he pulled my head down behind the car and was praying as I never heard a man pray. He prayed as if he believed there was no possible hope for me unless I accepted Christ as my Savior. He prayed that God would give me no peace until I had repented of my sins and my indifference, and had turned to God in faith. I never heard such a prayer. Suddenly the brakeman called out the name of a station, and he said, "Good-by, my friend, I must get off here. Remember, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," and he was almost gone before I realized that I did not know his name. I rushed after him and said: "Sir, will you tell me your name?" He replied: "My name is D. L. Moody."

He continued: "Mr. Reynolds, I have heard of that man Moody and his wonderful work in Chicago. There is one man in the world who cares about my soul. He never saw me before, and never expected to see me again; but he could not miss that opportunity to lead me to my Savior. Hundreds of Christians would have said that was no place to speak to a man about his soul; but he wanted no better place. The matter is so upon my heart that I must go to Chicago, and hunt up that man Moody, and settle this matter."



But William Reynolds was too much of a Christian to allow his friend to go away alone in that state of mind, and before they separated that evening he had led him to give his heart to Christ. Then, as he turned homeward, he exclaimed: "O God, forgive me! Forgive my sin of unconcern about the dying men all about me! Here I have been counting myself one of the leading Christians in this city. Yet here is a man who can tell me *that for fifteen years I have known him, and have never uttered a word indicating any concern about his soul.* There is something wrong about my Christianity! I think I will go to Chicago and get acquainted with that man Moody!" Go he did, and then began an acquaintance that transformed William Reynolds' life. He went home to begin a work of positive Christian activity such as he had never before dreamed of.

Some years before he died, I met a gentleman from Peoria on the Pacific coast. I said to him: "I suppose you know my friend, William Reynolds?" He replied: "Oh, yes. Every one in Peoria knows him." I referred to his great work, as he had gone from the leading church to a destitute part of the city and had built up a strong People's Church from a mission Bible school, started in a hall over a saloon. This gentleman spoke in the highest terms of the extent of blessed influence which had radiated from that work. Then I said: "What is Mr. Reynolds' business now?" He replied: "Why, have you never heard what they say about him in Peoria? They say that *William Reynolds' business is to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and he packs pork to pay expenses.*"

[This article, printed as a leaflet, and suitable for slipping into your letters, and for distribution, otherwise, to Christians, also other valuable leaflets, can be procured of the Great Commission Prayer League, 808 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. No charge is made for them, but free-will offerings toward their free circulation will be gladly received, if sent to the league. The undersigned, who knew Moody and Reynolds well, and was greatly inspired by their wonderful lives, deems it a privilege to urge their wide circulation. No one makes anything out of this work.—Henry W. Adams.]

### What Is the Matter With Kansas?

Ex-Governor Foss blamed licensed liquor traffic for the decline in the skilled industries of New England; Governor Hodges, on the other hand, credited prohibition in Kansas with having created a state of dryness and prosperity which more than answered the old question of "What is the matter with Kansas?"

The bonded indebtedness of this woe-begone State is only \$159,000, less than ten cents each for every person in Kansas, and over half of this amount is already collected and in the state treasury waiting the maturity of the bond. The people are groaning under our terrific state tax, which in 1912 (the statistics of which I have in hand) amounted to less than .036 an acre on an average, not including improvements. . . . Kansas has only 2 per cent of illiteracy. She has a death rate of only 10 to 1,000, a prison population of only 740, of whom 40 per cent were non-residents of the State. Our bank deposits have increased in the last ten years from \$100,000,000 to \$230,000,000.

Twenty-eight counties did not have a jail prisoner during all of 1914.

Forty-eight counties did not send a person to the penitentiary that year.

Seventy-eight counties did not have an insane patient last year.

Twelve counties have not called a jury to try a criminal case in years.

Twenty counties do not have a prisoner in the penitentiary.

Eighteen counties have no poor farms.

Thirty-five counties have no use for poor farms because they did not have a single indigent in their counties last year.

We had but fourteen children paupers cared for by the State in 1914.—*Outlook.*

### Notice of Annual Meeting

The Annual Corporate Meeting of the Sabbath School Board of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference will be held in the Theological Seminary Building at Alfred, N. Y., Wednesday, Septemebr 8, 1915, at eight o'clock, p. m.

A. L. BURDICK,

Secretary Sabbath School Board.

Janesville Wis.,

Aug. 23, 1915.

### Seventh Day Baptist General Conference

On August 24-29, the General Conference of the Seventh Day Baptists will be in session at Milton, Wis. It will be entertained by the two churches of that denomination of Milton Junction and Milton. The main meetings will be held in the auditorium of the gymnasium, while rooms in the various college buildings will serve as committee rooms. Rev. L. C. Randolph, of Milton, is the president, Rev. Earl P. Saunders, of Alfred, N. Y., the recording secretary. The motto of the entire meeting will be, "Keep Rank, Make Jesus King."

There will be sunrise prayer meetings on five days, which will be led by various leaders. The various boards of the denomination will present their messages and annual statements, the Tract Society on Wednesday, the Missionary Society on Thursday, the Education Society on Friday. There will also be reports from the Woman's Board, the Sabbath School Board and the Young People's Board.

Evangelist Rev. D. Burdett Coon and his singer, Professor Paul Schmidt, will conduct one or more evangelistic meetings. One evening will be given over to the consideration of the topic, "A Stainless Flag." Several strong addresses will be made by persons from States where prohibition sentiment and laws prevail. On one evening, Dr. William Sadler, who gave the commencement oration at Milton last June, will deliver an address.

The musical end of Conference is not being neglected. A Conference choir has begun practice under the leadership of Professor A. E. Whitford. Professor Paul Schmidt will have charge of the congregational singing, which means that there will be enthusiastic, stirring gospel singing. It is now planned to have an orchestra led by Professor Schmidt, which will render instrumental music at some of the intermissions of Conference. For Sabbath eve, arrangements are being made by Professor Stringer to group all of the former and present quartet singers to assist in, and to give impetus to, the spiritual gospel service.

The young people have mapped out a large program of activities for the recreation, social and religious profit of the young people who attend. Some strong

life-decision meetings will be held and speakers of experience will present thought-provoking messages to these audiences.

The meals will be served on the cafeteria plan. The committee is putting forth every effort to make this branch of Conference one which will serve the guests with promptness and with abundant wholesome food and with least reason for complaint from even the most fastidious.

The great design of those in charge of the various departments of Conference is so to co-ordinate the work that the cause of righteousness shall be accentuated and that a deep spiritual undercurrent shall set in which will go out with an ever-widening circle of influence and power into the homes of these two communities, and into places beyond. A hearty welcome will be accorded all who can attend. You will be given without stint the Christian fraternal greetings of Conference.—*Journal-Telephone.*

### Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the members of the American Sabbath Tract Society, for the election of officers and directors, and the transaction of such business as may properly come before them, will be held at the office of Herbert G. Whipple, 220 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., on Wednesday, September 8, 1915, at 4 o'clock p. m.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH,  
President.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,  
Recording Secretary.

Next Board meeting September 12, 1915.

Fear not, O faithful heart  
But bring what most is meet;  
Bring love alone, true love alone;  
And lay it at his feet.  
—Richard Watson Gilder.

This day is mine—my own—the sun  
Looks o'er earth's golden rim at me;  
The countless days before this one  
All dawned that this great day could be;  
The eons that have passed were all  
Required to bring this glorious day,  
To let my moving shadow fall  
Across the level way.  
—S. E. Kiser.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

### Why So Thoughtless?

Some months ago the editor of the Young People's Department, feeling that the Junior boys and girls, and those who work for and with them, deserved having something done for them that might be helpful, conceived the idea of publishing a story-lesson based on the Junior topics, and written by one of our own workers.

More than that it was hoped that reports of Junior work and activities, suggestions as to methods of work tried, and other helpful things might in time be secured. The desire of the editor was only increased when a Junior superintendent suggested, through the columns of the RECORDER, that it would be helpful to have an exchange of ideas and a report of work done made through the RECORDER.

As a beginning, an experienced and consecrated Junior worker was solicited to write the lesson-stories for a time, and she gladly undertook the work. It is safe to say that the material which she furnished was second to none published in whatever paper. She gave unstintedly of her time and energy in its preparation and both the literary, teaching, and spiritual quality of the material furnished was unsurpassed.

But the weeks went by and not one word of approval or appreciation of the work was voiced. Nor were there any reports or suggestions from Junior workers. In more than four months not more than one or two Junior workers sent any item or report for publication, although the editor appealed more than once for items of interest to be reported. Occasionally an item in regard to what some of our Junior societies were doing would be found in the *Junior Christian Endeavor World* and clipped from that.

The writer of the story-lessons found the work to be exacting and wearing, and wondered if it was really worth while to use so much time and energy, not

knowing whether any use was being made of the material. Feeling very much the same way, the editor of the department concluded that there was not a need or demand for the work and discontinued it.

Now comes a letter from a Junior worker, containing words of commendation of the work which would have been gladly received months ago—not that the editor or the writer of the lesson-stories cared for personal commendation,—but for the sake of the work, that they might know whether or not there was any real good being done, or help being rendered. The letter referred to said in part: "I wish you would continue the Junior lessons you have been having published in the RECORDER. I do not know who prepared them, but we found them very useful, better, in fact, than what is given in the *Christian Endeavor World* or the *Junior Christian Endeavor World*. We had the Junior leader for the day read the article as an explanation of the topic. Are now using the explanation given in the *Junior World*, but it is not nearly so satisfactory."

Very likely this letter voices the appreciation of other Junior workers. But why are we so apt to withhold worthy commendation? Not long ago a writer, who had done most excellent work in connection with one of our denominational publications, said that in the two years in which he was engaged in the work he received not more than two letters expressing appreciation of his work, though many of us can bear personal testimony to its helpfulness and excellence.

Not only are we inclined to withhold commendation and approval of worthy effort in these respects, but the same may be said of our thoughtlessness in everyday life, not only in our larger relations with others, but in our home life as well. Why not, if some one has done something well, or performed some act or deed worthy of commendation, go to them and tell them so? Don't leave your feelings to be understood—give expression to them. It will make your own heart-life bigger and more noble, and it may be the means of helping many another lonely and discouraged one along the way.

## Zeal for Your Task

FRED I. BABCOCK

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,*  
September 4, 1915

### Daily Readings.

Sunday—Today our opportunity (Eccles. 9: 10)  
Monday—Christ's enthusiasm (John 2: 13-17)  
Tuesday—Mistaken zeal (1 Kings 18: 21-29)  
Wednesday—Zeal for souls (1 Cor. 9: 18-27)  
Thursday—An enthusiast (Matt. 3: 1-6)  
Friday—The true spirit (Eph. 6: 5-8)  
Sabbath Day—Throw yourself into your task  
(Rom. 12: 11). (Consecration meeting.)

### "She Did Her Best"

If I can live  
To make some pale face brighter, and to give  
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,  
Or e'en impart  
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,  
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by—

If I can lend  
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend  
The right against a single envious stain,  
My life though bare,  
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair  
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy—  
Most near to Heaven—far from earth's alloy,  
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;  
And 'twill be well  
If on that day of days the angels tell  
Of me: "She did her best for one of Thine."  
—Mildred McNeal.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

In a world where thousands of people are content to go through life doing their work just as poorly as they can and still draw their pay the above bit of advice is much needed. Why is it that there is so little zeal found in the world today? One reason is because so many are working at jobs for which they are not fitted. For example, a man who is fitted to be a farmer tries to be a merchant. Of course, he does not like his work and consequently does not have the necessary zeal to make his business a success. If, then, you wish to have a task for which you may have a great deal of zeal, find out the place in life for which you are fitted. Then if there is any push in you, you will like your job and be successful in your work.

But there are a great many people who are so placed by circumstances that they can not take up the work they are best fitted for. The work that they have to do daily is often very disagreeable for them

to do. How are these people to have zeal for their tasks? My answer is this: Think of the purpose you have in doing these things. You are surely making some one happier by your efforts. Then, too, there are opportunities for doing little kindnesses constantly appearing. In the pleasure of doing these things you will forget your hardships and your work will be easier.

But above all think of how you are pleasing Christ by doing well the things which come to you. Some day you are to meet him face to face. If you have done your work well he will smile upon you, and there will come into your soul an everlasting joy. Isn't this worth working for?

You are a Christian Endeavorer. How zealous are you in your society work? When the president of your society or the chairman of the committee of which you are a member asks you to do something, are you ready and willing to do it? Remember, Christian Endeavor work is not done to please people here on earth, but to please Christ. Enthusiasm is catching. If you show a great deal of zeal in your society work some one else is sure to catch the spirit and perhaps the whole society will work harder. Try it and see.

### QUOTATIONS

You can put your heart into your task, though it very much wants to be elsewhere. A forced liking soon becomes a real one.—Amos R. Wells.

I have prayed many times that the Lord would let me die before the enthusiasm dies out of my soul.—D. L. Moody.

Leisure is time for doing something useful.—Franklin.

### Still Actively at Work

The Farina Junior Society, organized twenty-two years ago, is still actively at work. At the present time nearly all the members are from ten to fourteen years of age. We have just started to take up the work of the Efficiency Campaign, which will give the boys and girls good training in leading the meetings and working on committees. Credits are given for doing faithful work of different kinds, including committee work, leading meetings, getting new members, giving text and one thought from Sabbath-morning sermons, as well as

other lines of work. This Efficiency work was started only a few weeks ago, but the Juniors are much interested in it, and are very conscientious in their efforts to do faithful work.

Farina, Ill.,

August 6, 1915.

### Biweekly Meetings a Success

SALEM, W. VA.—The Salem Christian Endeavor Society has been holding bi-weekly meetings since the close of the school year. It was thought that more effective work could be done by following this plan, as many of the members are out of town during vacation. The plan has proved very successful.

On July 31 the meeting was held at Buckeye after the Sabbath-school meeting there. Some of the Salem young people went out in automobiles, others walked. The meeting was much enjoyed by all who attended.

On the evening of August 1 the society had a basket supper on the Wood Hill Manse lawn. After supper games were played and athletic stunts performed. All declared themselves to have enjoyed the evening.

Courtland V. Davis, president of the district Christian Endeavor society, was sent as a delegate to the International Christian Endeavor Convention at Chicago. The Salem society was represented at the state convention at Wheeling by three of its members.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

Aug. 11, 1915.

### The Old, Old Story and the Mob

"Swing shut the city gates! Run and tell the sentinels to stand guard, and let no one pass in or out, till we have made way with these preachers of other gods. No news shall ever go out of the city, as to what has become of them."

It was in a walled city of some 20,000 inhabitants in the kingdom of Hyderabad, within twenty miles of its capital, as we were on a gospel preaching tour, the first ever made through the kingdom of Nizam. We had been traveling since early morning, preaching in all the towns and villages on our way, and arrived before the gates of

the city during the heat of the day, and camped outside. We had heard of it as the wickedest city of the realm.

About three o'clock my four native assistants went into the city to offer Scriptures and tracts for sale, I promising to join them when the heat should be a little less. After half or three-quarters of an hour I went through the iron gates. The city, with its high granite walls, lay four square, with a gate in the middle of each side, and the main streets running from gate to gate, crossing each other at right angles at the market-place.

Just after entering the gates I met my assistants returning, with a hooting rabble following them. Speaking to me in the Tamil language, not understood by those people, they told me that it was not safe to attempt to do any work within the city. Some of the gospels were bound in yellowish buff bookbinder's muslin. The Mohammedans sent messengers running through the streets saying that they were bound in *hog* skin, and warning the faithful not to touch them. The Brahmans sent messengers to tell the Hindus that they were bound in *calf* skin—the skin of the sacred cow, and telling them not to be polluted by them. They had not only prevented the people from buying, but they had invited the rabble to drive the catechists out of the city.

"Have you preached to the people?" said I to the catechists.

"No, sir; only sold a few books and tracts."

"Then we must do so now. Did we not, before we left home, make a solemn vow that we would not pass a single town or village without proclaiming the Master's message, and have we not his covenant, 'Lo, I am with you?'"

We walked with slow and firm step up the street to the market. The crowd followed, increasing by the way. Reaching the market place, we took our stand against the massive pillars which supported the roof.

"Leave this place at once!" was the angry cry.

"Friends," said I, "I have come from far to tell you some good news. I will tell that to you, and then we will go."

"No," said some who were evidently leaders, "we will not hear you. Say not another word, but leave the city instantly,

and we will see you safely out of the gates. Dare to say a word against our gods, and we will loose this mob on you."

We had seen the angry mob tearing up the cobble paving stones, and gathering them in the skirts of their garments to stone us with.

"We have no desire to abuse your gods," said I, "but we have come to deliver a message. We will not go until we have proclaimed that message."

Then came the order, "Swing shut the city gates."

I saw one nudge another, saying, "You throw the first stone, and I will throw the second." I was not conscious of any anxiety about my personal safety, I seemed to feel the presence of the Master, as though he were standing by my side with his hand on my shoulder, saying, "I am with you. I will tell you what to say." "Brothers," said I, "it is not to revile your gods that I have come this long way, far from it. I have come to you with a royal message from a King far higher than your Nizam; I have come to tell a story—the sweetest that mortal ear has ever heard. But it is evident that this multitude does not wish to hear it." They thought that I was weakening, and quieted down to see what was going to happen.

"But," said I, "I see five men before me who do wish to hear my story. Will you all please step back a little? I will tell these five men who want to know why I have come here, and what is my message—and then you may stone me. I will make no resistance." I had been carefully scanning the crowd, and had selected my men, for I had seen five honest countenances who had shown no sympathy with the abuse heaped upon us.

"Brother with the red-bordered turban," said I, addressing a venerable Brahman, who stood among the people at the right, "you would like to hear what my wonderful story is, before they stone me, would you not? Be frank and say so, for there are four others like you who wish to hear."

"Yes, sir, I would like to hear what your story is," said he, speaking up courageously and kindly.

"Brother with the gold-bordered turban at my left, you would like to hear, and you with the yellow turban, and you with the brown-bordered, and you with the pink."

I had rightly judged these men, for each

assented. They were curious to know what I had to say.

"Now will you five men please come forward, and I will tell you alone. All others step back; *step back*; as soon as I have told these five the story, you may come forward and throw your stones."

The five came forward, the rest reluctantly stepped back a little. I had purposely chosen Brahmans, as I thought I could win them the better.

"Brothers," said I in a subdued tone, "what is it that you chant as you go to the river for your daily ablutions? Is it not this:

"Papoham, papokarmaham, papotura, papo, sambhavaha, Trahi mam, Krupapa Deva, Sharana gata vat-sala,"

said I, chanting it in Sanscrit, "and is not this its meaning," said I in Telugu:

"I am a sinner, my actions are sinful. My soul is sinful. All that pertains to me is polluted with sin. Do thou, O God, that hast mercy on those who seek thy refuge, do thou take away my sin."

These five Brahmans at once became my friends. One who correctly chants their Vedas and their *mantras*, they look up to with respect.

"Now do you know how God can do what you ask? How can he take away the burden of our sin, and give us relief?"

"No, sir, we do not know. *Would that we knew.*"

"I know; I have learned the secret; shall I tell you?"

"Yes, sir, please tell us."

The multitude, seeing the Brahmans conversing with the foreigner with evident respect, quieted still more and pressed forward to listen.

"Step back, step back," said I. "It is only these five to whom I am to tell my story. If the rest of you listen, it is on your own responsibility. *Step back*, and let me tell these five alone." This only increased their desire to hear, as I went on:

"Brothers, is it possible for us by our own acts to expiate our sins? Can we, by faithful journeys to the holiest of all holy places, change those sinful natures that you bemoan? Does not your own telugu poet, Vemana, say?

"The Muslim who to Tirupati goes, on pilgrimage,

Does not thereby become a saint of Siva's house.  
Becomes a dog a lion when he bathes in Ganges  
stream?  
Benares turns not harlot into pure and trusted  
wife."

Hearing their own language chanted, the  
people pressed forward still more intently.  
"Nay, brothers, it is not by these outward  
acts, even of utmost austerity, that we can  
attain to harmony with God. Does not  
your own beloved Vemana say again:

"'Tis not by roaming deserts wild, nor gazing  
at the sky;  
'Tis not by bathing in the stream, nor pilgrim-  
age to shrine;  
But thine own heart must thou make pure—and  
then—and then alone,  
Shalt thou see Him no eye hath kenned, shalt  
thou behold the King."

"Now, how can our hearts be made pure  
so that we may see God? I have learned  
the secret, and will tell you."

Then as I recounted the love of God, the  
Father, who "so loved the world"—the mob  
became an audience.

Gradually I had raised my voice until,  
as I spoke in the clear, resonant Telugu, all  
the multitude could hear. And as I told  
them, too, far away here in India, that it  
was for them that he suffered this agony  
on the cross, shed his lifeblood, and died,  
I saw the tears coursing down their cheeks,  
and dropping on the very pavement stones  
they had torn up to stone us with. For,  
earlier in the story, I had seen them stealth-  
ily dropping their armfuls of stones into  
the gutter, and come back to listen.

How they listened as I went on to tell  
them of the laying of his body in the tomb;  
of his bursting the bonds of death on the  
third day, and coming forth triumphing  
over the last enemy; of his associating for  
many days with, and teaching, his dis-  
ciples; and of his ascension from Mount  
Olivet, passing up through the clouds to  
his Father and our Father to prepare man-  
sions for us. I told them that now all we  
had to do was to repent and forsake our  
sins, and lift up the voice of prayer to him  
—for he could understand every language  
—and say:

"O Jesus Christ, I am a sinner. I can  
not get rid of my sin, but thou canst take  
it away. Oh, take away my sin, I pray  
thee, and give me a new heart, and make  
me thy disciple." "Then," I said, "he  
will do all the rest."

"Now," said I, folding my arms, and

standing before them, "I have finished my  
story. You may stone me now. I shall  
make no resistance."

"No, no! We don't want to stone you  
now. We did not know whose messenger  
you were, nor what you had to tell us."

They purchased all the gospels and tracts  
we had with us, and appointed a deputation  
of their best men to escort us to our camp,  
begging us to forgive them for the insults  
they had heaped upon us, for they knew  
not whose messengers we were.—*Dr. Jacob  
Chamberlain.*

### Story of Edison and His Mother

"I was always a careless boy," says  
Thomas Edison, in his biography; "and  
with a mother of different mental caliber  
I should probably have turned out badly.  
But her firmness, her sweetness, her good-  
ness, were potent powers to keep me in  
the right path. I remember I used never  
to be able to get along at school. I don't  
know why it was, but I was always at the  
foot of the class. I used to feel that the  
teachers never used to sympathize with me,  
and that my father thought I was stupid,  
and at last I almost decided that I must  
really be a dunce. My mother was always  
kind, always sympathetic, and she never  
misunderstood or misjudged me. But I  
was afraid to tell my difficulties at school,  
for fear she, too, might lose her confidence  
in me.

"One day I overheard the teacher tell  
the inspector that I was 'addled,' and it  
would not be worth while keeping me in  
school any longer. I was so hurt by this  
last straw that I burst out crying, and went  
and told my mother about it. Then I  
found out what a good thing a mother was.  
She came out as my strong defender.

"Mother love was aroused; mother pride  
was wounded to the quick. She brought  
me back to the school, and firmly told the  
teacher that he didn't know what he was  
talking about. In fact, she was the most  
enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and  
I determined right then that I would be  
worthy of her and show her that her con-  
fidence was not misplaced.

"My mother was the making of me. She  
was so true; and I felt that I had some one  
to live for, some one I must not disap-  
point. The memory of her will always be  
a blessing to me."—*Exchange.*

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### Under the Old Elm Tree

Three little girls, with three big books,  
Sat under an old elm tree;  
Such curly locks—such doleful looks,  
I'm sure I ne'er did see.  
"Our lessons are ever so much too long,"  
Came forth with a great big sigh,  
From the one who wouldn't,  
The one who couldn't,  
And the one who didn't try.

The petals pink in showers fell,  
The bees were buzzing near;  
The blackbird's note, like a silver bell,  
Was ringing loud and clear.  
"We all are working hard"—so said  
The glad lark in the sky  
To the one who wouldn't,  
The one who couldn't,  
And the one who didn't try.

The little maidens saw and heard,  
And all their grumbles fled;  
O'er each big book, without a word,  
Was bent each curly head.  
And soon, "Our lessons, hard and long,  
Are done at last," they cried—  
The one who would,  
The one who could,  
And the one who really tried.  
—*Unidentified.*

### A Necklace of Beads

"O mother! such a time as I had finding  
my baby today!" exclaimed Helen, as she  
rushed in to tell her mother all about ev-  
erything in the shortest time possible. "You  
know this was my day for Dotty Brown,  
and when I went to get her Mrs. Brown  
had forgotten and given her to Ella Jones,  
and I didn't know what to do. I couldn't  
find a baby anywhere—somebody had ev-  
erybody—and at last I thought of Mrs.  
Daly and I went and got hers!"

Mrs. Blake followed her daughter  
through this somewhat mixed-up account  
rattled off in almost one breath, and un-  
derstood, as mothers have a way of doing.  
Her face showed sympathy, interest, a  
shade of vexation, and finally amusement.  
A little frown which began to appear when  
Helen mentioned Mrs. Daly, the washer-  
woman, gave way to a happy smile.

"That was fine, Helen. The Daly baby  
certainly was in luck for one hour, to be  
taken care of by one who knows so well  
how to do it."

Helen flashed a grateful smile toward

her mother, fluttered over to leave a kiss on  
grandma's cheek, and hurried off again,  
saying, "You know, mother, I have some-  
thing to do in the kitchen; you'll know all  
about it by-and-by, grandma; it's a secret  
just now and a surprise for you."

"You'll find your granddaughter a very  
busy little person," said Mrs. Blake to her  
mother, who had arrived that day for a  
long visit. "I won't spoil her fun by tel-  
ling you about it, for she has been looking  
forward to talking it over with you when  
you came."

At supper time grandma was greatly sur-  
prised, indeed, to learn that Helen had pre-  
pared the salad and made the cake, becom-  
ing almost as impatient as the little girl to  
talk over this wonderful secret, and when  
the family was gathered around the open  
fire later in the evening, grandma urged  
Helen to wait no longer.

"Wait till I get my treasures," said the  
little girl, and she brought a ring, a brace-  
let and a pin, and wore about her neck a  
string of beads of many colors. "My!  
aren't we growing vain?" said grandma.  
"No, these are to help us," replied Helen,  
"as you'll understand after I explain."  
Then she went on to tell all about her hav-  
ing joined the Camp Fire Girls.

"There are hundreds of girls all over the  
land who are joining," she said. "During  
the summer they camp in the woods and  
in the winter the truly camp fire is repre-  
sented at their meetings by three lighted  
candles placed in the center of a table.  
One candle stands for work, one for health  
and one for love. Fire is the symbol of  
the organization, 'the fire that is called the  
love of man for man, the love of man for  
God.' When we meet around the fire we  
sing a song beginning 'Burn, fire, burn!  
Flicker, flicker, flame! Whose hand above  
this blaze is lifted, shall be with magic  
touch engifted.' When we become Fire-  
Makers we undertake to understand 'the  
joy of service,' that really means helping  
everybody, grandma. We learn these  
verses:

As fuel is brought to the fire  
So I purpose to bring  
My strength, my ambition  
My heart's desire,  
My joy and my sorrow,  
To the fire of humankind.

"Membership in the organization is sym-  
bolized by the Standing Pine, simple and

strong. When a girl becomes a Wood-Gatherer she receives a silver ring, on the front of which is a bundle of seven faggots, symbolizing the seven points of law we are to follow:

Seek Beauty  
Give service  
Pursue knowledge  
Be trustworthy  
Hold on to health  
Glorify work  
Be happy.

"And we wear a silver bracelet like this; the word you see engraved there is 'Wo-he-lo,' our watchword, meaning work, help and love.

"Before we become Fire-Makers we must have been Wood-Gatherers, and promise to—

Be strong as the faggots are sturdy;  
Be pure in your deepest desire;  
Be true to the truth that is in you;  
And—follow the law of the Fire.

"The third degree is that of Torch-Bearer, and we then wear pins with designs which mean that throughout the year, in sunshine and storm, the Camp Fire Girl is strong and sturdy as the Standing Pine.

"By the time you come to see us again, grandma, I hope my necklace will be very long, perhaps of seven strands. Each bead means an 'honor.' The beads in health craft are red and may be won by being free from colds for two consecutive months between October and April; by not missing school because of ill health for three consecutive months; by going without soda and candy between meals for three months; by sleeping out of doors or with wide-open windows for two consecutive months between October and April.

"In home craft orange beads are won by cooking, bed-making and all kinds of housework or by taking care of a baby for an average of an hour a day for a month.

"Nature lore requires a knowledge of fifteen trees, observations on the habits of birds, bees, flowers and animals, and to know the planets and seven constellations and their stories. For each honor in this department we have a sky-blue bead.

"Camp craft includes among the usual tent work a knowledge of weather lore, and last summer I earned all these brown beads.

"Hand craft includes sewing, and mother thought I needed that. Didn't I work pa-

tiently for that green bead? Saving nine stitches once each week for three months wasn't easy, I can tell you. A green bead is given for making a set of baby clothes, and those green beads are so pretty! O, mother, why can't I make a set for the Daly baby?"

"Mothers of babies in this town are surely in luck since the Camp Fire Girls began to get busy," said Mrs. Blake. "If there are no babies to tend at home the girls 'beg, borrow and steal' all the infants in the neighborhood!

"In my opinion," she continued, "among the most desirable beads in the necklace are the red, white and blue ones. I rejoice in the red health beads, the orange home beads, the blue nature beads, the brown wood beads and the green beads for hand work," she said, as she counted over the string in her hand, "but best of all are these patriotic beads. For the Camp Fire Girls mean by patriotism not only love of our country and knowledge of its history, but religious training as well. In addition to learning the preambles to the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and Lincoln's Gettysburg address, they must commit to memory one hundred verses of the Bible or an equal amount of sacred literature, and Helen has already won several beads, one at a time, by attending Sabbath services ten times in three months."

The clock chimed nine. Helen jumped. "Bedtime!" she said, "and I must look for my stars before I go. Good night." And with a kiss all round, and her treasures in her hands, a happy little girl ended a happy day.—*Mary Kendall Hyde, in Christian Advocate.*

Christ calls the young man to take his place among those who are fighting common evils. Every year some of the brave old warriors are dropping out of the ranks. Every year the weight of years is making it impossible for some men to do what their hearts prompt them to do. Here is where the ardor of youth, the strong body, the clear brain and the steady footsteps are needed.—*Christian Standard.*

Life without endeavor is like entering a jewel mine and coming out with empty hands.—*Chinese Proverb.*

### A Reformation Is Due

Like a farewell salute and message the Old Testament closes with the following words, which embrace a prediction, a promise, and a solemn admonition: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Elijah was a reformer who at Mount Carmel was the instrument in the hands of the Lord in turning the hearts of the children of Israel from Baal and his seductive and loathsome worship back to their Father in heaven. He seemed to stand alone, and he verily thought that he was the only loyal follower of God left alive. When Jesus the Christ was about to appear upon the earth a similar state of apostasy prevailed, and John the Baptizer came "in the spirit and power of Elijah" to prepare a people for the coming of the King. Jesus testified of him, "He is that Elijah which was for to come."

But in the mind of the prophet who was the inspired penman of the words quoted above, there was still another Elijah message to be given just before the coming of that great and dreadful day when sin and wickedness will meet its doom. In that day the truth will be vindicated; the voice of rebellion will be quelled, the cries of suffering and the shout of the oppressor will forever cease; and all the world will stand in judgment before the God of all the universe. It is a day of reckoning, of retribution, of ruin and destruction; and a day of rewards and restoration and restitution. But just before that day a stirring message will ring out over all the world, heralded by agents called of God. Parents will remember their children; children will seek to their parents; the broken bonds of filial and parental love will be restored; fathers and mothers will resume the places they should occupy in their own families, and children will once more respond to the calls of duty and domestic regard.

THAT WILL BE A HAPPY DAY for this world. Among the burning questions of today not one is eating its way so painfully into the very vitals of our happiness and security as the question of what our young people are coming to. Those

who love their race and are looking into the future are filled with the intensest anxiety in regard to the rising generation. Inspiration has predicted that in these days children would be disobedient to parents, unthankful and unholy; and families would be destitute of natural affection; and truly we have reached that time.

After nightfall our sidewalks and street corners are peopled with young girls and boys, whose place is at their own firesides under the parental roofs; but they are wandering away from home, which has no attractions for them. Their associations are to be found on the streets and in questionable places of amusement, where they meet with those of kindred minds and congenial spirits, youngsters who are simply out for a good time, and are utterly regardless of anything except the things which tend to the gratification of their passion for exciting amusement. Parents have no knowledge of the whereabouts of their boys and girls, they know nothing of their associations, practically nothing of their characters, nothing of the influences which are really shaping their lives. They are troubled by certain outbreaks of insubordination and exhibitions of unruly tempers; but they are not prepared for the calamity that surely comes sooner or later, and when they agonizingly strive to mend matters find that it is too late, that their son or daughter is hopelessly lost. And nothing but the infinite power of God can save them.

Our land is filled with such experiences, our newspapers overflow with dark deeds that are hatched up and executed by these young outlaws who have recently come from homes that ought to have shielded them and led them to better things.

#### PARENTAL NEGLECT IS RESPONSIBLE

In view of all that is passing before our eyes it is not traducing the fathers and mothers of this generation to say that parental neglect is one of the crying sins of this generation, and one of the greatest sources of danger that threaten the future of our race. No other defect in our social life is so seriously impairing the integrity of our society, and the moral tone of our communities; no other evil is eating into the vitals of our very existence as a race as the failure of fathers and mothers to perform their duties as parents.

Superficiality is bound to characterize an age that is living at the pace we are travel-

ing. The work that once was performed by hand is now done by machinery; the burdens of life are borne by proxy; the responsibilities of life are shifted to paid operatives. Men and women are seeking to be eased of responsibility in order that they have more time for amusement and gratification of ruling passions. Money is easily obtained, and as rapidly expended in the complexities in which society is involved, while the simple duties that claimed the attention of the fathers and mothers who laid the foundations of our civilization, of our country and our institutions, are laid aside; and our commodities are bought and paid for. Our charities are carried on by paid servants, gifts to benevolence are not presented by the givers but by a system that leaves the giver and the receiver as wide apart as the poles.

#### REARING CHILDREN BY PROXY

Sad it is that the bringing up of families has passed very largely into the same system of doing things by proxy. While it is true that no one has yet discovered a method of producing human offspring by a mechanical process like an incubator that relieves the mother from all trouble, it is also painfully true that since there is no such process, our birth-rate is being fearfully reduced because of the trouble it imposes and because the process of bearing children interferes with the more pressing calls of social life.

After children are born it becomes comparatively easy to enter upon a career of neglect of the duties and privileges of parenthood. The father is so busy and comes home so weary and has so little time for recreation that the children must not trouble him. His newspaper and then his social engagements claim all his time, and he is never more than a stranger on good speaking terms with his children. He never searches and knows them, he never inquires into his son's life and habits and associations, he does not know the books he is reading, he is not on intimate terms with his boys or girls, and trusts their welfare entirely to others except that he pays the bills for their support and comfort.

The mother entrusts the little one to a nurse if she is able to employ one; the child derives its life from a bottle instead of that natural fountain of life through which the mother is entitled to impart her

very self to her offspring. As soon as the law will permit, the child is sent to school to be out of the way, and the state takes up the work of laying the foundations of character and spirit for that human life. The Bible school is expected to furnish spiritual instruction, the housemaid attends to the needs, and the child is made to understand that he or she is an added incumbrance to the family happiness and is left free to seek outside the home the companionship that the home does not afford, but which is an absolute necessity to the life of the child.

Probably the child makes sundry attempts to confide its secrets and tell its little experiences to mother or to father only to be repulsed by the oft-repeated information that there is no time for such nonsense, and thus barriers are erected between parents and children that grow into mountains, and finally become impassable.

#### HOW CAN IT BE POSSIBLE?

As we see girls of tender years upon the streets after nightfall in company with boys who have no moral sense, who are only seeking for the gratification of the lower passions, and know that they are able to find congenial companions in the girls of their age, we can but shudder, and wonder how it is possible for any mother to become so insensible of the danger to which her daughter is thus exposed as to allow her to be out from home at night with absolutely no knowledge of her whereabouts or companions. Such a thing could not be supposed of a careful mother or a thoughtful father. Think of a father sitting down in the evening in his comfortable chair with his newspaper and cigar or pipe while his boy or girl is out on the street playing with the devil of licentiousness and degradation, or, perhaps, being led through the steamy, seething mazes of the dance by companions who reek with vileness! No wonder the hearts of such fathers and mothers are so often wrung with anguish and their heads bowed with shame. No wonder that our police records reek with the deeds of darkness perpetrated by sons and daughters of respectability.

This awful condition is not produced in a moment, but it begins in the tender days of infancy when the obligations of parentage are shunned by parents, who fail to take and to hold the first place in the confidence and love of their children. Our

public authorities and our philanthropists begin to see the dreadful pit that yawns before our race. They are alarmed and are racking their brains for remedies, and for means that will work the betterment of our race. Juvenile courts, houses of correction, schools and homes are being provided for those who have fallen victims to evil influences, and a host of good men and women are at work building up a magnificent public school system. Teachers are being trained to provide for every point of training and education in the development of the child; and we should certainly appreciate these noble efforts.

#### IT DOES NOT HEAL THE HURT

But public institutions and municipal paternalism does not heal the hurt, the open sore of society. Where is the messenger who will come to turn the hearts of our fathers and mothers to their children? Who will preach the gospel of domestic salvation? Machine-made men and women may be better than none, or they may be worse, but a man or woman who has been reared under the sacred influence of a godly home is always a success, and an immeasurable blessing. No boy who grows up with the blessed secret in his heart that his mother is his best lover and friend, his most trusted companion, can ever get far away from the path of virtue. No boy or girl around whose heart the love strings of home have been tenderly and carefully woven can ever escape from that sweet thralldom. They never want to escape. Home always remains their earthly heaven, their refuge, their haven of rest.

If the state would do the greatest thing for the race let it provide for the proper education of competent mothers. Let a test of domestic qualification be applied to candidates for marriage licenses even before the doctor's certificate. Let the municipalities provide, if necessary, public laundries, bakeries, cooking establishments, house-keeping brigades, to relieve the mothers and leave the care and education of the younger children to their natural teachers and guardians. Let the state see that mothers are made competent to take up the duties of their most sacred obligations and then do them. Let the school be only and always the auxiliary of the home, and the father and mother stand as the guardians and guides of their children

until with characters fixed, with affections centered upon the pure and the good, they can be sent forth to graded schools and to higher education armed with principles of righteousness that are incorruptible, and then the gravest of our dangers will be forestalled.

According to the word of God such a reformation is now due. Where is the voice in the wilderness? Let the pulpit awake, and give the message. We say almost unthinkingly that the home is the defence of our social life; but many, many of our homes today are for the children simply places for lodging and meals, and not homes at all in the best sense. Let the Reformer arise; he is now due.—*The Medical Missionary.*

#### Rev. H. Eugene Davis Called to China

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, held in Westerly, R. I., August 18, 1915, it was voted: "That, through the Corresponding Secretary, this Board extend to the Rev. H. Eugene Davis a call to go to the China Mission field as its representative, at as early a date as he can make it practicable, the salary to be \$1,000 per year."

A. S. BABCOCK,  
Recording Secretary.

#### Song of Thanksgiving

I'm thankful that the years are long—  
However long they be.  
They still are laborers glad and strong  
That ever work for me.  
This rose I cut with careless shears  
And wear and cast away,  
The cosmos wrought a million years  
To make it mine a day.  
This lily by the pasture bars  
Beneath the walnut tree,  
Long ere the fire-mist formed in stars,  
Was on its way to me.

I'm thankful for the glow and grace  
And winsome beauty of the Near,  
The greatness of the Commonplace,  
The glory of the Here.  
I'm thankful for man's high emprise,  
His stalwart sturdiness of soul,  
The long look of his skyward eyes,  
That sights a far-off goal.  
Both things unknown and understood,  
And thank the stubborn thankfulness  
That maketh all things good.

—Sam Walter Foss, in *Watchman-Examiner.*

## HOME NEWS

MILTON, WIS.—Rev. L. C. Randolph lectured at Camp Cleghorn Chautauqua, Sunday and Monday.

President W. C. Daland returned Sunday evening from his extended trip to Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota.

Rev. Edwin Shaw and two daughters, of Plainfield, N. J., arrived last week to join his wife and two sons here. They will make an extended visit.

Dr. Paul Schmidt arrived here from New Auburn, Wis., Monday evening, where he has been assisting Rev. D. B. Coon in evangelistic work. He will remain here until after the General Conference.—*Journal-Telephone.*

STONE FORT, ILL.—July 27.—Another week has rolled by and I expect you are wondering how we are getting along in our meetings. The attendance has increased wonderfully. Last Sunday night it was estimated that there were more than four hundred present inside and out of the tent. We have not found one bit of feeling against the meetings. It is very easy to talk with any one down here about Christianity.

Several expressions have been called for in the meetings and several have responded. There seems to be a thoughtful attention on the part of every one and the field is getting ripe for a harvest.

August 3.—We are spending most of our time now calling around through the country. The meetings do not bring forth the response that we are looking for and yet several have taken a stand for a Christian life. Our Sabbath-morning service closed with a wonderful re-consecration service that the people here will long remember.—*Allison Burdick, in Milton Journal-Telephone.*

EXELAND, WIS.—Mrs. A. Abbey expects to go Thursday, the twelfth, to Berlin, Wis., to spend about a week before going to Milton to Conference.

A musical and literary program under the direction of Professor Paul Schmidt, followed by refreshments, was given at the home of Edwin Maxson, Monday night, as

a farewell donation for Mrs. Abbey. Notwithstanding a very rainy night, a good crowd came and enjoyed the music, and left a free-will offering amounting to \$11.—*Journal-Telephone.*

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath-school picnic, held Monday at Charley Bluff, was well attended and enjoyed by all. The weather was good, in fact, too good; for many, especially the farmers, were obliged to follow the old adage to "make hay while the sun shines." However, those who were there spent the day boating, bathing, at various sports, or visiting. The Brotherhood band, assisted by others, gave an enjoyable concert, which was followed by a ball game, played by two "picked-up" nines; score—?—*Journal-Telephone.*

BLYSTONE AND HICKERNELL, PA.—Rev. Alva Davis and family, from Boulder, Colo., were callers on the lone Sabbath-keepers at Blystone and Hickernell over the Sabbath, August 7, 1915, and we appreciated it very much. We hope Brother Davis may come and stay longer in the near future, so he may give us one of his good sermons. LUCIA M. WALDO.

GENTRY, ARK.—Three of our members will be in attendance at General Conference. We all would gladly be.

All are looking forward with happy anticipation to the coming of the pastor-elect.

Bountiful fruit crops; other crops very promising. Old Arkansas is full of hope and good cheer.

One wedding recently, bringing a beautiful young bride into the society, a convert to the Sabbath.

Despite the fact that Arkansas by an overwhelming majority voted *dry*, we have plenty of moisture to insure good crops.

C. C. V. H.

Many Indiana cornfields didn't receive a rain last year from the time of the first cultivation until the corn plant had tasseled. Under such conditions the use of the one-horse drag was much more satisfactory than the use of the cultivator. If the drag is used enough the dew will make the soil nearly as wet as a shower of rain. The drag can be used until the corn is ripe if necessary.—*Farm and Fireside.*

## The Immigrant, An Asset in American Life

Were a text to be chosen which would properly embody the point of view of this paper, it would be the words of Peter in the house of Cornelius: "Unto me hath God showed that I should not call any man common and unclean." Yet the thoughts which follow are in no way the outgrowth of even this scripture.

In all our thinking about the foreigner in these days, and there is very much thought about him, little seems to be written concerning him as an asset of value in our national life. We are constantly hearing of the foreign problem, of our self-preservation in view of the presence among us of such a host who have superstition and ignorance, about the effort which must be put forth to save our country from disaster on account of them. We hear very little on the other side of the question. Endeavor to find literature which treats of the foreigner as a blessing in our midst, and you will soon conclude that little is thought about him as a source of blessing and power. Are there not two sides to this matter of the presence of the foreigner among us? We have been told of him as a problem and a menace to stimulate the Christian forces to effort in his behalf. Such views have been heralded so persistently that the general attitude of dread, fear and possibly a little animosity toward him, has been the net result. But surely, there is another view of his presence here. He may not be thought of as an unmitigated curse. He is a source of blessing in our economic, social, and national life. Which idea is the more inspiring to our effort on his behalf? Which will lead us to the more helpful service, the thought of him as a menace, or as an added resource and power?

Indeed, our people have not yet grasped the real importance of the mighty task of christianizing America. Too few have awakened to the fact that only a few years have sufficed to bring an almost complete change both in our own internal conditions and in our world relationships. Our industrial life has undergone phenomenal development. One is scarcely able to realize how rapid the growth and sphere of our industries has been. This has been in a measure both a cause and a consequence of

the mighty influx of the foreigner. Their rapid increase in our population has produced mighty influences which still further affect our social conditions. These two elements in the quick transformation of our internal conditions are closely related the one to the other. Moreover, and meanwhile, there has been taking place equally as great and rapid a change in our relation to the world situation. We have not even yet begun to measure the meaning of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay. We have only been made certain that it has placed us in the very center of that sphere in which, all signs being true, the world's great historical events for the next century are to take place. Therefore, new meaning is given to the importance of christianizing America in order that we may fulfil our world responsibility. And if one believes that the foreigner is in America today through the providence of God, his presence here must surely be for some great and good reason both as it relates to our internal and our world relations.

Mr. W. E. Doughty's little book, "The Call of the World," suggests that the nation that will evangelize the world must have certain qualifications which he feels America possesses, and some of which are these: 1. It must hold a strategic geographical position. America meets this requirement. 2. It must be the nearest to the undeveloped portions of the world. America meets this requirement also. 3. America also holds an isolated position thus giving her many advantages. 4. America holds the good will and thought of the world today as no other. For these and other reasons there is strong ground for belief that the responsibility for christianizing the world rests with America as with no other nation. A thoughtful person therefore asks what relation has this foreigner among us to this our vast responsibility. The new conditions in our own country and the new situation of our country among the nations relates the foreigner and our treatment of him to the whole world and the final result. Evidently the foreigner is the point of contact with the entire task. Therefore, of what value is he?

### HIS INDUSTRIAL VALUE

No one will question that the foreigner is an asset of great value in our industrial life. Almost without exception he comes

from very poor and humble circumstances. He is uneducated. His social development is slight. He has been accustomed to live in a very simple manner. He comes here to begin life at the bottom of the social group. As he thinks of coming to America his thoughts are for better living, better advantages, better opportunity to work and gain a livelihood. Here he will enjoy more liberty. His family will have an opportunity to rise in all the expressions of human life. He is coming to work. There are no other expectations than to enter the ranks of the toilers. He comes and does enter among the toilers of our land, and that land is the greatest which has the largest number of toilers. Nothing is so essential to the greatness of any nation as the number of its toilers and their prosperous conditions. And whatever may be said about our foreigners, it can not be denied that the great majority of them are faithful, frugal toilers.

These are his conditions when he comes, and his purposes in coming, and his life after he arrives.

Investigation further reveals that today the foreigner is doing the major part of our work. We are told that he contributes eighty-five per cent of the labor in our meat slaughtering and packing industry, that he mines seven-tenths of our bituminous coal; that he does seventy-eight per cent of the work in our woolen mills, and nine-tenths of that in our cotton mills; that he makes about nineteen-twentieths of all our clothing; four-fifths of our furniture; that he tans four-fifths of our leather; and refines nineteen-twentieths of our sugar. The figures could be largely multiplied, but these are sufficient to make us see that this foreigner of whom we so often hear as such a problem, and more or less of a menace, is in fact a vast asset in our national life. What should we do without him? Dr. E. A. Steiner said in a lecture that a boatload of foreigners landing in New York is a greater asset than a similar number of college graduates would be. Not that he would disparage an education, but that he would emphasize the fact that the foreigner fills and fills immediately a necessary position in our body politic. He comes to work and his work is absolutely essential to our development as a nation. He is a great industrial asset.

#### HIS VALUE AS A FORCE TO FURTHER STRENGTHEN OUR IDEALS OF LIBERTY

We may further think of our foreign brother as an actual force in strengthening our ideals of liberty. It may have been that we have not felt so certain of this. Let us think about it. His conditions in his native land were most depressing. There church and state were synonymous terms. The one aided the other in working its schemes and each to his bondage and oppression. Neither church or state has looked after his education. Both have left him in ignorance. He has been priest-ridden and taxed to the verge of starvation. Life has been almost unbearable, and even though ignorant he has known the cause of his ruin. He has suffered until his spirit has become embittered, and hatred fills his heart.

By modern means of communication he has heard from friends who have preceded him to America about the liberties enjoyed here; the splendid opportunity to work; the advantages for his children to be educated; and the much greater comfort of life. At last he sells all that he possesses, perhaps even he has nothing to sell and his friends in America advance his passage, and he comes to these shores of plenty and liberty. Out of the night, out of want, out of misery, laden with the heritage of generations gone who have known nothing better, he comes into the new day, and as he passes under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty a thrill you and I will never know, animates his whole being. Perhaps, indeed, his dreams of liberty have passed the bounds of true liberty into the realm of license, but this is only reaction. Perhaps, indeed, filled with hatred for tyrannical religion he passes into the realm of atheism, but this is only reaction. We are all wont to go to extremes.

Here is the point we are moving toward. The foreigner comes here with determined opposition to tyranny in any form, whether attempted by church or state. He has at heart a passion for liberty. He will not submit to wrongs, or allow any power to defeat his rightful liberties. What he needs is education and evangelization. The foreigner must be shown that liberty is not license, that if the Catholic Church has tyrannized over him he should not therefore turn against all religion, as he is now so often doing. It is probably within bounds

to say that there are 25,000,000 in this country who have left the church on just this account. Although he now turns against the church, although now and then he rebels against just government, at heart he is a liberty-loving, country-loving citizen. Our country's ideals of liberty, both civil and religious, will find him a loyal champion when once the spirit of liberty which is deep bedded within him has been educated.

#### HIS VALUE IN OUR TASK OF WORLD DEVELOPMENT

Thinking of the situation from the standpoint of world movement, the foreigner is an asset in our national life in fitting us for the world task.

We stated near the outset that America is strategically located and that she holds the place of power in world influence. What could be more important for her proper fulfilment of the mighty task than the synthetizing of all the national traits; the blending of all national traditions; the creation of new national characteristics which would lend themselves to world unification. Each nation has its noble traits, its fine elements of character; its record of splendid achievements; its ideals. That nation which will serve the world must be able to approach the world in the most cosmopolitan manner. Not only shall the nations be brought thus into closer sympathy, but America will thus be able to react most powerfully upon the other peoples of the earth. Who doubts but that the Anglo-Saxon race is bound together by blood ties? England's influence upon America today is very great and vice versa, for we are essentially one people. So in the future will it be possible for America to react upon the nations of the world because of her blood ties. She will have historic bonds with the past of every people.

In the light of these considerations and others which are worthy of mention we should sometimes think of the brother from across the sea, not always as a problem and a menace, but as a sign of the times and a promise of the fulfilment of the age purpose. Who doubts but that the hand of God is in the present movement of the races? If we believe it, then let us not narrow our vision down to the fringe of difficulty, rather let us lift our eyes and see the way God is going, and rejoice in his eternal purposes, and that we are permitted

to be colaborers with him in the consummation of history.

#### THE NEED OF THE HOUR

With the vision of a world work in our souls, let us recognize these foreigners as our American brethren and have the solicitude for them that brother has for brother. We love America. They love America too. The Stars and Stripes are our joy. With thrill of soul they pledge allegiance to our flag. We rejoice in our free institutions. They do even more. Their children are with ours in the public school. Together our sons are entering college, and your sons and mine soon realize that they have a competitor worthy of their metal in all intellectual endeavors. In every sense these foreigners are our brothers. Let us realize it and respond to it.

They need the same thing which has made us all we are, that is, the gospel of Jesus Christ. Perhaps they dislike religion, but they have never known what it is. We must interpret it to them, and in those terms which they can best understand. Those terms which all men understand. The terms of human love and brotherhood. Home mission work, and particularly that which represents individual contact and effort, is the point at which to begin world conquest.—P. C. Wright, in *Baptist Commonwealth*.

#### WANTED: A WOMAN

Wanted, a woman to do the housework for a family of two. Want a good woman, but one not too young; say forty to fifty years old.

She won't need to do any washing or ironing, as we have that done.

We have no milking or churning or turning grindstone to do.

We want a woman who would stay and take care of Mrs. Goodrich, while she lives, after we are gone.

We are willing to pay her fair wages, give her permanent employment, and a comfortable home.

Conference will be a good time to look things over, and see if you want such a job.

EZRA GOODRICH,  
Milton Junction, Wis.

"If a nail is driven into a tree trunk it will always remain the same distance from the center of the tree and from the ground."



## MARRIAGES

**MAHAN-LAWHEAD.**—At the home of the bride's parents, near Jackson Center, Ohio, August 6, 1915, by the Rev. Geo. W. Lewis, Mr. Hamer Mahan, of Wapakoneta, Ohio, and Miss Marie Lawhead, of Jackson Center, Ohio.

**BYERS-SIMMONS.**—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Simmons, near Collins Center, N. Y., August 5, 1915, by Pastor William L. Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y., Mr. Harry A. Byers, of Alfred, N. Y., and Miss Iva M. Simmons, of Collins Center, N. Y.

## DEATHS

**WELLS.**—Ernest A. Wells, son of George H. and Nancy Ann LeSeur Wells, was born in the town of Wirt, Allegany Co., N. Y., May 14, 1854, and died on the morning of May 19, 1915.

He had two brothers, Hiram and Ralph, and one sister, Vinette, wife of Mr. Charles Bracy. Mr. Wells early learned the jeweler's business, which he practiced at his farm home. On December 7, 1889, he was baptized by the Rev. H. B. Lewis, and became a member of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Friendship. He had been trying for years to live a Christian life. He was a faithful member of the church.

On September 18, 1895, he was married to Lucy Davidson. To them were born six children. Ruth, the second child, died November 19, 1911. Their home has always been known as a Christian home.

About a year ago he began to fail in health, and, in spite of all that could be done for him, he grew worse until his death.

Funeral services were conducted at the church Sabbath morning, May 22; by his pastor, assisted by Rev. J. F. Derr. Interment was made at Mount Hope, near Friendship. w. m. s.

**COATS.**—Wallace Coats, son of Ambrose Ray Coats and Susan Elizabeth (Burdick) Coats, was born at East Notch, town of Wirt, Allegany Co., N. Y., January 31, 1844, and died in the evening of May 22, 1915.

He was one of six children, of whom only one brother survives, Mr. Fred Coats, of Richburg, N. Y.

At about the age of twenty-four, Mr. Coats was baptized and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church of Richburg.

November 27, 1869, he married Miss Emma L. Kenyon, whose obituary notice follows this one. They spent most of their lives at East Notch and at Nile. November 10, 1911, Mr. Coats suffered a stroke of paralysis affecting the left side of his body. From that time until his

death he was largely dependent upon others. A second stroke resulted in death.

Funeral services were held at the church the following Tuesday and the body was laid to rest in the Kenyon Cemetery. w. m. s.

**COATS.**—Emma L. Kenyon Coats, daughter of Alanson and Mary L. Maxson Kenyon, was born at East Notch, town of Wirt, Allegany Co., N. Y., October 16, 1851, and died at the home of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Wm. L. Claire, at Nile, N. Y., August 15, 1915, in her sixty-fourth year.

On November 27, 1869, she was married to William Wallace Coats. To them were born six children: Irwin, of Ceres; Darwin, of Hinsdale; Gertrude, who is Mrs. P. L. Clark, of Nile; Bertha, of Alfred; Walter, of Olean; and Hazel, who is Mrs. Wm. L. Claire, of Nile.

For the past month Mrs. Coats has been very ill. She was operated upon August 14, and rallied well after the operation. But her disease had so poisoned her system that she weakened and passed away the next evening.

Funeral services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Claire, August 17, and the body was laid to rest beside that of her husband in the Kenyon Cemetery. She is greatly missed by her many friends. w. m. s.

**STILLMAN.**—Professor Thomas B. Stillman, oldest son of the late Dr. Charles H. Stillman, was born at Plainfield, N. J., May 23, 1852, and died at Jersey City, N. J., on August 10th, 1915.

Professor Thomas B. Stillman was of national reputation as a chemical engineer and died at his home at the Fairmount Apartments, Jersey City, in his sixty-fourth year. As the author of many books and pamphlets in technical and applied chemistry, and as professor at Stevens Institute of Technology for many years, he became one of the most prominent men in his profession in this country.

After attending Alfred University, he entered Rutgers College, from which he graduated in 1873. He then went abroad and studied and graduated at the Fresenius Laboratory at Wiesbaden, Germany, in 1877. He was, on his return, appointed instructor of chemistry at Stevens, and in 1883 received from that institution the degree of Ph. D. At first he was professor of analytical chemistry, and then professor of engineering chemistry, retiring in 1909 on a Carnegie pension.

At the time of his death he held many important positions, having been appointed state inspector of oils in 1911, city chemist for Jersey City in 1911, and also of Bayonne and Hoboken, holding these responsible positions at the time of his death. He was also an examiner in chemistry for the Municipal Civil Service of New York City since 1911, and chemist for the Medical Milk Commission of the State of New Jersey.

He was a member of the American Chemical Society, the Society of Chemical Industry of London, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the International Association for Testing Materials, the Société Chimique of Paris and the American Electro-chemical So-

ciety, and a corresponding member of the Edinburgh Society of Arts and Sciences, and of the Deutsche Chemische Gesellschaft of Berlin, Germany.

At the time of his death he was finishing his fifth edition of his "Engineering Chemistry," a text-book in universal use in the colleges of the country, and the standard book on the subject.

He is survived by a widow, Emma P. Stillman, and three children: a son, Albert L.; a daughter, Anita Mary; and a son, Thomas Bliss Stillman, Jr.

Dr. Stillman was a member of the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church since 1889, and will be known in the denomination as a nephew of the late Thomas B. Stillman, of New York City, a son of the late Dr. Charles H. Stillman, and a brother of William M. Stillman, of the Plainfield Church.

His funeral service was held in Trinity Church, Hoboken, and was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Houghton, pastor of the well known New York church, "the little church around the corner," at the special request of Dr. Stillman, as they were great friends. His interment was at Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield, in the family plot, and the services at the grave were conducted by the Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., of Plainfield. \*

### A Thought

NANCY D. UNDERHILL

A thought is very small,  
We can not see its face,  
We scarce can hear its call,  
Yet we afford it place.  
The holiest room of intellect  
Is where we let it stay.  
Is it a friend, or an enemy?  
Whence came this guest, I pray?

Whence comest thou, little thought?  
What may thy mission be?  
With good and gladness fraught  
For time—eternity?  
Before I gladly bid thee welcome,  
Whence had this wee thought birth?  
At the glorious throne of heaven  
Or in the realms of earth?

The smallest guest that comes  
To knock at our heart's door—  
Could such wee thing do harm,  
Or add to our full store?  
When we allow this small seed lodgment,  
With entertainment kind,  
In our warm, fertile, spirit-garden—  
Heart-garden of the mind,

It soon begins to grow,  
A plant, and then a tree;  
If rapidly, or slow,  
It sure will fruitful be.  
If it be sent to us from Heaven,  
Let us glad welcome give;  
It multiplies in power, God-given,  
Increasing while we live.

But if 'tis from beneath,  
Oh, do not let it in;  
It will bring naught but grief,  
The fruit it bears is sin.  
We can't afford low thoughts, or shallow,  
Which tarnish, canker, kill;  
Our lives are sacred; these we hallow—  
Our hearts, our minds, our will.

So, may our thoughts be pure,  
And ever, always kind;  
What ills kind thoughts may cure!  
What gems deep thoughts may find!  
Though a thought is a tiny message  
Of evil, or of good,  
It can bring the greatest blessing  
If it but comes from God.

### Sabbath School

Lesson X.—September 4, 1915

ELIJAH AND THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.—I Kings 18: 16-40

*Golden Text.*—"Jehovah is far from the wicked; but he heareth the prayer of the righteous." Prov. 15: 29

DAILY READINGS

Aug. 29—I Kings 18: 15-29. Elijah's Challenge

Aug. 30—I Kings 18: 30-39. Elijah and the Prophets of Baal

Aug. 31—I Kings 18: 41-46. The Drought Relieved

Sept. 1—Jas. 5: 12-20. Elijah a Man of Prayer  
Sept. 2—Ps. 18: 6-17. God's Approach in the Storm

Sept. 3—Ex. 19: 16-25. The Flame from Sinai  
Sept. 4—Heb. 12: 18-29. The Flame from the Heavenly Jerusalem

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

More than two thirds of the value of corn is on the ear, and one third in the stalk and blades. The silo will save the third which is usually as good as wasted. Why save only two thirds of the crop?—*Farm and Fireside.*

### SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST COLONY IN FLORIDA

Lone Sabbath Keepers, especially, are invited to investigate the opportunities offered for building up a good home among Sabbath Keepers in this land of health and prosperity. Correspondence solicited.

U. P. DAVIS,  
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## SPECIAL NOTICES

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

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

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10.45 a. m. Preaching service at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. Rev. E. D. Van Horn, pastor, 36 Glen Road, Yonkers, N. Y.

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. Sevance, 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. Parsonage, 198 N. Washington Ave.

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.

*Farm and Fireside* says: "Samples of butter from Siberia have been imported into California. Few Americans are aware of the immensity of the dairy industry in that vast region stretching from Russia to the Pacific, and from the Chinese Empire to the Arctic Ocean—a domain as large as three Canadas. This Siberian butter was pronounced about second class. Some of it sold on the eastern markets last year for 24 cents a pound."

## The Sabbath Recorder

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

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Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot;  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.  
—Shakespeare.

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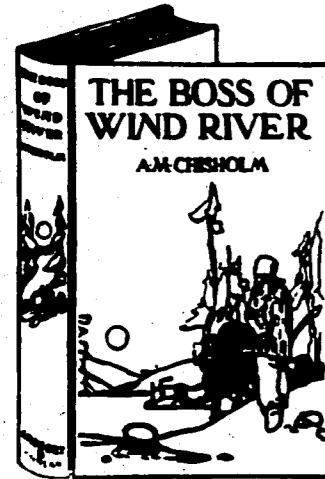
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**SABBATH RECORDER,** PLAINFIELD,  
N. J.

# The Sabbath Recorder

## A PRAYER OF THE HILL COUNTRY

Lift me, O, Lord, above the level plain,  
 Beyond the cities where life throbs and thrills,  
 And in the cool airs let my spirit gain  
 The stable strength and courage of thy hills.

They are thy secret dwelling-places, Lord!  
 Like thy majestic profits, old and hoar,  
 They stand assembled in divine accord,  
 Thy sign of 'stablished power forevermore.

Here peace finds refuge from ignoble wars,  
 And faith, triumphant, builds in snow and rime,  
 Near the broad highways of the greater stars,  
 Above the tide-line of the seas of time.

Lead me yet farther, Lord, to peaks more clear,  
 Until the clouds like shining meadows lie,  
 Where through the deeps of silence I may hear  
 The thunder of thy legions marching by.

—Meredith Nicholson.

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