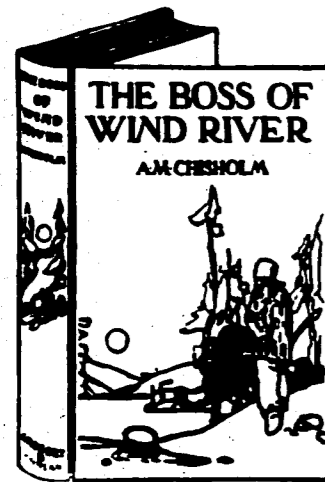


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N. J.

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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The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 79, NO. 9

PLAINFIELD, N. J., AUGUST 30, 1915

WHOLE NO. 3,678

Sabbath Recorder Night Did you notice in last week's issue the expression, "SABBATH RECORDER night," in Rev. A. J. C. Bond's letter about the Salem Church? It brought to the editor a peculiar sense of satisfaction because, in the Salem Church and College, he spent nearly sixteen years in the ministry of the gospel and in the ministry of education. The Salem prayer meeting, with its faithful, loyal workers, seems very much like a dear old home, around which linger many precious memories. Thus the very thought that Salem has a RECORDER night in its prayer-meeting schedule is gratifying indeed. It must be so, not only to the editor, but also to those who write for the RECORDER. We take it for granted that every one of the large company of helpful contributors to this paper has the welfare of the denomination at heart, and when he finds that even one prayer meeting devotes a night now and then to the matter in the SABBATH RECORDER, there must come to him a desire to write something worth while for its pages. And he, too, will feel that it is worth while to write for a paper that is designed and used to give spiritual help and a genuine uplift to our people in Sabbath services.

We have heard of some pastors who read to their people on Sabbath mornings, in connection with the regular services, some of the most important messages in our denominational paper. In view of these things every one who uses the pen to communicate with our readers will feel encouraged and will strive to send no message that would not be helpful to the cause we love. We do not know how many prayer meetings already have a SABBATH RECORDER night, but we hope many do. Why not try it in every church, and give us the results in the Home News department?

Sabbath Eve at Home In a letter from a lone Sabbath-keeper, referred to in the RECORDER of last week under the topic *The Pulpit*, did you notice what the writer said about

Sabbath eve being "devoted to the RECORDER"? Here is an isolated family where the man and his wife set apart the evening upon which all our churches hold their prayer meetings, as sacred to the SABBATH RECORDER. They read it aloud in the home, as their substitute for a prayer meeting with their own people, and so keep in touch with the denomination. We hope there are hundreds of such families who make the RECORDER their Sabbath reading. Who can estimate the value of a denominational paper, coming once a week to all our scattered ones, as a means of keeping in touch with the churches and their work? Add to this the good work *The Pulpit* is designed to do, and we have two sources of strength and help that should unite us all in the bonds of brotherly love. Whether these periodicals are a source of strength or of weakness depends upon the people quite as much as upon the editors. Let all who write for the papers possess a burden of soul for the welfare of our good cause; let the spirit of charity and genuine brotherhood prevail; let us all have due regard for the feelings of others when we present our views; let it be our prayer that we may be kept from writing anything that is harmful; let us seek divine help to say only those things that cheer and uplift, and our denominational papers will not fail to strengthen and enlarge us as a people.

Some Dangers of College Life In a certain sense the college world is a realm by itself. More than we are prone to think, the going to college takes the young people out of the ordinary level of life and places them in what is regarded as a life on a distinctively higher plane. It brings together congenial souls who have high aims and who put forth commendable efforts to secure preparation for a life work in a sphere above the ordinary. Out from the home church, out from the routine of work in a country home, the young people go into a life wherein culture and high intellectual ideals become the constant and ever-present incentives to action.

In the very nature of the case, the tendency must be to temporarily detach the young people from the long familiar, and therefore, to them, commonplace affairs of the community in which their early years have been spent. Gradually the student comes to feel that he has entered upon a life of larger social relationships, a life of broader vision and of higher purposes, until almost imperceptibly he has lost touch with his old home and church associations, and has come to possess something of the spirit of snobbery. This explains why some become alienated from church life. To them church life seems to represent the conservative thought and activities of the community; with these they have little sympathy, and, before their home friends know it, the alienation is complete and permanent. Then they drop out and their services are lost to the church. This seems to me to be one of the dangers of college life against which young people should most carefully fortify themselves.

The Church Needs All the Graduates The church should be the strongest force in community life. It was designed to be so by its Founder, and if in any respect it seems to fall short, the Christian college graduate is just the one needed to bring it up to its high estate. The church should exemplify the highest form of fellowship, and its purpose is to ennoble every relationship of men. True church connections, therefore, should mean consecrated service for the good of mankind. If college young people are looking for the best possible place in which to labor for the good of others, then the church offers them the supreme opportunity.

Educational service is the one their training has especially fitted them to render, and the service they can most fully appreciate and perform. And, on its side, the church is in sore need of just the help the student can give. A large part of the church's mission is educational, instruction in righteousness; and it is difficult to find good teachers in sympathy with its aims. It needs men and women who are competent to teach, who are informed in its principles, and who know something of the power of the Spirit in their own hearts.

Colleges and homes and churches should combine to keep the student in closer touch with this all-important church life and

Christian work. Really this is our country's hope, the anchor that will hold in time of storm. To neglect it means national suicide. The Student Volunteer Movement is doing something to overcome the tendency of students to drift away from the church. But colleges are not yet doing all they can to hold their students to the faith. There should be more attention given to Bible studies and courses looking toward Christian activities. The church and its glorious mission should be exalted by every educator. Then would fewer young people go astray.

No, "Not a Good Year" The *Defender*, a magazine published by the Lord's Day League of New England, in an editorial laments the league's failure to secure Sunday laws in New England in the following words:

We regret to notice that the bills for the obtaining or strengthening of one-day-in-seven legislation have all been defeated this year throughout New England: one in Vermont, one in New Hampshire, one in Massachusetts, one in Rhode Island, and one in Connecticut. This has not been a good year for this kind of legislation in New England, but we trust that these bills have prepared the way for something better and stronger in future years. No great principle, once introduced and accepted by earnest adherents, ultimately dies, but its central truth survives and triumphs at last.

Every sign of our times reveals the fact that the people of America will not be likely to find a good year for religious legislation. Let the religious phase of this question drop entirely out of sight, and an effort be made for an *honest* one-day-in-seven rest day for the laboring man, absolutely independent of this evident cloak to hide the obnoxious enforcement of a sabbath law, and let men choose their own day for rest; then there would be no trouble about getting people to respond.

The world is too well informed as to the only authority for a sabbath, to be led into legislation for a day that has no shade of Bible sanction. The world also knows that if the Sunday phase were eliminated from this rest-day question, the Lord's Day League of New England and the National Reform Association of Pittsburgh would immediately lose all interest in it. The world believes that, behind the laboring man's rest-day mask, the enforcement of Sunday by civil law is the real end sought

by these societies. And it will be a long time, as things are looking now, before the people of this great country of religious liberty find a good year for Sunday laws.

Waiting for a True Vision of Christ We recently saw the statement that the lost millions of the world are only waiting for a true, unmistakable vision of the uplifted Christ, with no sort of question mark after the vision. The belief was also expressed that, when this vision is given them, the unsaved multitudes will flock to the kingdom of God. Whether this be true or not, one thing is certain, the world has not yet obtained such a vision of Christ from those who claim to be his representatives on earth. When you do try to win sinners to him they meet you with the excuse that Christians do not exemplify their own gospel; and often these excuses effectually bar the progress of a revival. It is evident that the world must wait for the true vision of Christ until Christians can present their bodies "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," and cease to be "conformed to this world." When they are ready to "crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts"; when, for Christ's sake and for the sake of lost men, Christians are willing to forego all worldly pleasures that are questionable and to abstain from the things that war against the soul, then the chances for the ungodly to obtain a true vision of Christ will be far better. But we do not see how that vision can be given by professors of religion who think more of worldly amusements than they do of the work of the kingdom. Even the consistent God-fearing members of the churches are handicapped, in their efforts to save men, by the influence of the worldly ones over those outside. In view of the widespread lack of interest in spiritual things we fear the world must wait yet many years before it secures a clear vision of its Lord and Master through the lives of his professed followers.

The Associations for 1915 Although the Northwestern Association would hold no session this year according to the new plan, still, upon request from the Jackson Center Church, the association at Farina, Ill., in view of the isolated condition of the Jackson Center people, voted to meet with that church on Septem-

ber 23. Delegates were appointed as follows: to the Western, Central, Eastern, and Southeastern associations, Rev. George W. Burdick, Milton, Wis., with Rev. L. D. Seager, Farina, Ill., alternate; to the Southwestern Association, Rev. H. Eugene Davis, Walworth, Wis., with Rev. George B. Shaw, North Loup, Neb., alternate.

The Western Association will convene with the church at Little Genesee, N. Y., on September 30. Its delegates to the sister associations are as follows: Professor J. Nelson Norwood to the Northwestern, with Rev. Arthur E. Main, alternate; Rev. Ira S. Goff to the Central, Eastern, and Southeastern associations, with Rev. William M. Simpson as alternate. The president and the secretary of this association are Rev. William M. Simpson and Miss Mabel Jordan, both of Nile, N. Y.

The Central Association will be held with the church at DeRuyter, N. Y., beginning on the morning of October 7. Its president is Dr. Sans C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y., and its secretary is Mrs. W. T. Colton, Adams Center, N. Y. Its delegates to the Northwestern Association are Brother Norwood and Brother Main, these having been appointed by the Western Association as joint delegates. Its delegate to the Western is Rev. L. A. Wing; alternate, Rev. A. Clyde Ehret.

The Eastern Association begins on October 14, at the First Hopkinton Church, Ashaway, R. I. The president is Lloyd B. Crandall, of Ashaway, and the secretary is L. K. Burdick, Westerly, R. I. Its delegate to the Northwestern, Western, and Central associations is Rev. H. C. Van Horn, with Rev. H. L. Polan, alternate. It sends to the Southeastern Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, with Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, alternate, and endorses the delegates from the Western to the Southwestern as its delegate to the latter association.

The Southeastern Association begins, on October 21, with the church at Berea, Ritchie Co., W. Va. President, Roy F. Randolph, New Milton, W. Va.; secretary, Miss Draxie Meathrell, Berea, W. Va. Its delegate to the Northwestern, Western, Central, and Eastern associations is Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Salem, W. Va., with Rev. M. G. Stillman, Lost Creek, W. Va., as alternate.

The Southwestern Association will be

held at Little Prairie, Ark., October 28. The Eastern Association endorsed the appointee to the Southwestern made by the Western Association, but we can not find any record showing that such delegate was appointed.

"A Study of Baptism" On this page we give our readers one of the new tracts just being issued by the American Sabbath Tract Society, "A Study of Baptism," by Rev. Arthur E. Main, D. D., of Alfred Theological Seminary. This little tract presents in a clear, concise way the New Testament teachings upon an important subject.

A Study of Baptism

REV. ARTHUR E. MAIN, D. D.,

Dean of Alfred Theological Seminary

This is a large subject; at any rate it has received much attention from students of the Bible and of history, for centuries. It is a very important subject, more important, perhaps, than many of us have supposed, as one can not but feel, it seems to me, who reads with a good degree of thoughtfulness what the New Testament says about it.

The use of water as an outward sign of inner cleansing, and as an initiatory ceremony, was known among the Hebrews and other ancient peoples. Christian baptism, therefore, is one of the many instances of the development of spiritual ideas from lower to higher forms, in the course of divinely guided human history. All religious and moral principles reach their highest levels in and through Jesus Christ.

From a re-study of the question I come with the renewed conviction, that "infant baptism" and the *sprinkling* of adults have no ground whatever in the New Testament. In defense of pouring water upon the head of the candidate while standing in the water, something could be said. (See Acts 1: 5; 2: 17; 10: 45). But the evidence for immersion is almost overwhelming. It is the testimony of many scholars that this is the actual meaning of the Greek word for baptism, and that immersion of believers was the early custom. (See *Bibliography*, at close of tract.)* But, how-

*The Bibliography referred to is not given here, but will be found in the tract itself.

ever important the mode, the greatest emphasis should always be placed upon the religious and moral significance of the rite.

According to Matthew Jesus went up from the water after his baptism; according to Mark he went up out of the water. (Matt. 3: 16; Mark 1: 9-10.—See Moffatt's Translation of the New Testament.) John baptized in Aenon near to Salim, because there was much water there (John 3: 23). Philip and the eunuch went down into the water, and came up out of the water (Acts 8: 38-39). Sprinkling is an ill-fitting symbol of a burial (Rom. 6: 3-4; Col. 2: 12). Jesus, as our sacrifice, was plunged into a flood, overwhelmed, immersed, in sorrow and suffering (Matt. 20: 22; Mark 10: 38-39; Luke 12: 50).

In our baptism we follow the example of Jesus. John the Baptist, if one may so say, was in both the old and the new covenants as a connecting link. He taught that even the children of Abraham needed a re-birth through repentance and faith as a preparation for entering the near-by Messianic kingdom; and his baptism was a token of this religious and moral change (Acts 19: 4). Jesus went to his forerunner for baptism, not because he himself needed repentance and a new moral birth, but as an example and as a sign of the fellowship he had for those whom he had come to save (Matt. 3: 1-15). "Must He not, at the beginning of his ministry, express his sympathy with those who were burdened by sin, although He had none of his own, by submitting to be baptized by John? He, like others, could bury His past beneath the waters of Jordan, and rise again to a life in accordance with God's will. The change with them was from a life of sin, displeasing to God, to a life of righteousness, acceptable to Him. The change with Him was from the home-life of intellectual and spiritual development (Luke 2: 52) to the life of public ministry as the Messiah; but both were equally pleasing to God. The thirty years of peaceful preparation are buried; and the Messiah comes out of Jordan for the storm and stress of the work that His Father had given Him to do." (Plummer, *An Exegetical Commentary on the Gospel According to St. Matthew*.) Later, disciples were baptized by the Master's authority (John 3: 22-23; 4: 1-3).

Baptism brings a special blessing. The

Holy Spirit could not have come to Jesus for the first time at his baptism; but he came then with greater influence and with new energizing power. Prayer fits well the baptismal hour, with its new witness of our sonship to God (Matt. 3: 16-17; Mark 1: 9-11; Luke 3: 21-22). The early disciples came into a new experience of the Spirit's outpouring of power in connection with their baptism (Acts 2: 38). And many pastors and converts of today can testify to an inward exaltation kindred to ecstasy. But it is they who despise baptism, not those who, for good reasons, can not be baptized, that lose the promised blessing; for the Holy Spirit came to one group of believers before their baptism (Acts 10: 47-48).

Baptism belongs naturally at the beginning of one's life of faith, and is for believers only. To be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ is to make an open confession of our faith in him who bears that holy Name. When Peter speaks of repentance, and of baptism in the name of Jesus Christ, unto the remission of sins, he puts symbol and the thing symbolized close together, as is natural. Jesus taught that one must be born of water and of the spirit in order to enter into the kingdom of God; water symbolizing the washing away of one's sins (Acts 22: 16). In the marriage ceremony the man says to the woman: With this ring I thee wed. And it is said to an intemperate man, in substance: Stop drinking, sign the pledge, and be another man. The water of baptism, the ring, and the pledge, are outward signs of inward experiences and purposes; and if sincerity fills the heart, they possess not only fitness but power for good. Christian baptism, then, is not only an evidence of genuine repentance and faith, but it brings new spiritual energy (John 3: 5; Acts 2: 37-39; 16: 11-15, 19-34; 18: 7-8).

Baptism is our visible door of entrance into the Church, which is the spiritual body of Christ, he being the Divine Head. It is not a real entrance unless we come under the influence, and in the power, of the Spirit (1 Cor. 12: 12-13).

Our baptism witnesses to a purposed new life after death to, or a broken fellowship with, sin, made possible through our fellowship with a crucified and risen Christ. Immersion stands for separation from a past life of sin, and the rising to a new and

purser life. Baptism into Christ means into closest communion with him. To put on Christ is to put on his character and conduct. The order of thought is faith, confession in baptism, a good conscience and a new life (Rom. 6: 1-14; 13: 14; Gal. 3: 26-27; Col. 2: 6-12; 1 Pet. 3: 21). Christian baptism is "a rite wherein by immersion in water the participant symbolizes and signalizes his transition from an impure to a pure life, his death to a past he abandons, and his new birth to the future he desires" (Marcus Dods, *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*). "It is only when baptism is administered by immersion that its full significance is seen" (Plummer, *Commentary on Luke*).

Baptism in water should always be associated in our minds and hearts with the baptism of the Holy Spirit, who leads, sanctifies, and clothes with power (Matt. 3: 11; Mark 1: 8; Luke 3: 16; John 1: 33; Acts 1: 5; 11: 16).

Baptism is one link of our unity with one another in God, through our redemption, and in the Church (Eph. 4: 1-6).

The supreme work of the Church is to bring the world into Christian discipleship; but it has not fully accepted the commission of its Lord unless it also baptizes and teaches (Matt. 28: 18-20; 1 Cor. 1: 14-17).

Questions

Why must one consider the subject of baptism a large and important one?

Is Christian baptism an altogether new religious use of water?

What evidence is there that immersion is the New Testament mode of baptism?

Why was Jesus baptized?

What weight has his example?

Why does baptism bring a special blessing?

Has that blessing come to you?

Where, in one's Christian life, does baptism belong? Why?

Who are proper subjects for baptism?

What is the relation of baptism to repentance, faith, salvation?

What is the meaning of 1 Cor. 12: 12, 13?

What is the ethical significance of immersion?

What is it to be baptized into Christ?

What is it to put on Christ?

What is it to be baptized in the Holy Spirit?

What is the connection between baptism and the unity of believers?

What is the place of baptism in the great work of the Church?

"Think not what is past and gone—
Strife, trouble, loss and fruitless quest;
Thy future is one rising dawn,
And there lies all thy rest."

Our Mission on the Pacific Coast

MRS. LUCY E. SWEET

Paper read before the Pacific Coast Association

I would that I might speak with the tongue of angels, or write so eloquently that I might arouse the consciences of those who are not interested in what concerns us as a denomination; for me, I am vitally and intensely interested.

Our mission here on the coast is the same as elsewhere, it is to live the Christ-life, to observe and do *all* of his commands, and his commands are not grievous. Much has been said and written in regard to our mission as Seventh Day Baptists, but talking and writing are of no avail unless we become "doers of the word, and not hearers only."

First. I would suggest that we stand by the Bible, our only rule of conduct. People talk of the twentieth century religion as though we have something new, but I fail to find anything in it more true, loyal, self-sacrificing, earnest and effective than the "old-time religion, which is good enough for me." The Bible, we find, is for "our instruction, for doctrine and reproof." Let us hold fast to that which has been handed down to us through the centuries. "Holy Bible, book divine; precious treasure, thou art mine."

Second. Let us keep the Sabbath better than we do; it was made for man, as God in his infinite wisdom saw fit to give it to us for a special purpose; not only to stop our daily toil, but he set it apart for a holy purpose, that we may think and learn of him, who has given us every good and perfect gift, with whom there is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning; the same yesterday and forever. So it is with his holy Sabbath; it can not be changed. It has often been said, "A sabbathless nation will be a godless nation." So it is with the church, for God said, The Sabbath shall be a sign between me and my people forever.

Are we getting to be more like the world, talking of everything on the Sabbath but the real things pertaining to life eternal? Eternity and where shall I spend it, is a question just as solemn now as it was years ago, when Tom Paine, in darkness and despair, asked that question upon his death-bed.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord,

Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." The will of my Father is this, Keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. He that keepeth all his commandments he it is that loveth him, but he that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments is a liar and the truth is not in him.

Listen: "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse; a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God." There is a curse for those who disobey. They shall be cursed "in basket and in store," and in a great many ways, as you will find if you read the Scriptures. The world has been cursed just as prophesied. Our God is a God of love and mercy but he is also a God of justice. I say this lest we forget.

We can not become workers, successful workers, in spreading the truths for which we stand unless we are obedient ourselves. Teach the commandments to thy children "when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way." Do we do this? If we would only take heed to these solemn words, there would be no more going away from the Sabbath among our young people.

Let us obediently do all God's commands. When he says, Repent and be baptized, and thou shalt be saved, be baptized in the right way. Go down into the water according to the Scriptures, for there is one Lord, one faith and one baptism. Do *all* things, that we may fulfil all righteousness. Partial obedience is not enough; for only as we live by the gospel can we count on the gospel promises. "Be *doers* of the word, and not hearers only."

Walk worthily of the vocation by which ye are called; ye are called to a very high calling; walk worthily of the calling.

Do not become involved in any business transaction of which you will be ashamed when you meet Christ face to face. Do not be ashamed to be called a Seventh Day Baptist. If you are, then you will weigh down the ship like so many barnacles. Ashamed of the truths that Christ and the apostles taught? Then he will be ashamed of you. Let us all be intensely loyal, all have a mind to work, seven days in the week.

Be diligent in business, serving the Lord,

having for our motive the glory of God and the spreading of his truth.

Be as Mount Zion, which can not be moved; as a city which is set on a hill, which can not be hid. With our lamps trimmed and burning (filled with the Spirit) we may earnestly and kindly point the way to God and his truth.

There are earnest seekers after truth and I find less prejudice in regard to the Sabbath here on the Pacific Coast than in other places in which I have lived. Let us stop making miserable failures. "Strike while the iron is hot," is a truthful adage we will do well to remember. Too many times we lamely make this excuse and that, and do not follow up, with patient, prayerful endeavor, the interest which has been created in the Sabbath and other truths that are vital to our people. We delay until the people lose interest and are lost to us. Shall we become extinct that God may raise up another people more loyal than we, or shall we, like the stripling David, go forth to fight the enemies of God, armed with the sword of the Spirit, with the helmet of salvation, shod with the preparation of the gospel, with God as our defender and Christ for our captain, and the truth that shall burn its way into the conscience of men?

Listen: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Sow beside all waters, sow in all kinds of soil, sow in faith, and God shall give the increase; for *his* truth shall not return unto him void. But we lack courage. Why should we, when he says: "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and will show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." There is nothing too hard for God. Again, "We shall reap, if we faint not." "Be not weary in well doing." With such promises, need we fear? Walk in love, not as the world walks; keep yourselves in the love of God; keep yourselves from idols. There seems to be so much that hinders and stands between us and God. Anything that stands between us and God hinders us from doing the work Christ and the apostles left for us to do. How many Jonahs are there in the ship? Any one who hinders is a stumbling block, and it were better if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he drowned in the depths of the sea. Is

there such a thing as a half-hearted Christian? What does Jesus say? "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." What language could more plainly or clearly tell us what Jesus thinks of one who is one thing one day and another day something else?

Let us walk in good works. Some one has described this world as being like two mountains. One is a mountain of sorrow, trouble, darkness and gloom; the other is a mountain of joy, peace, and gladness. If we can lift a little each day from the mountain of darkness and put it on the mountain of gladness, the mountain of sorrow will become smaller and smaller and the mountain of light will be larger.

Oh, may God baptize us with the spirit of love and good works. Then we will *all* become true missionaries. When we can send out missionaries into the world of whom it can be truthfully said, They are sent by a godly people, then, and only then, can we go on from victory to victory, bringing many sheaves to lay at God's feet.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

Strangers and Friends

M. E. H. EVERETT

There once were two beneath one roof-tree housed,
Who lived together many years in peace;
One seeking faithfully the priceless pearl,
The other, things whose worth with time must cease.

They passed Death's portal and the angel said,
"No cord is strong enough to link these two;
Earth called them friends and yet they never met,—
Strangers were they their whole life's journey through."

Two souls there were that chanced one day to meet,
Standing together at a wayside tomb,
Where earthly hopes, ambitions, honors, lie,
And from their dust the sacred lilies bloom.

They spake no word—they had no need of speech,
But deep they looked within each other's eyes
And went their ways to their appointed tasks,
To meet no more beneath the brooding skies.

Death bore them home and smiling angels said,
"In all the worlds theres' naught can part these twain,
They walk together all their life's long way
And never shall their hands unclasp again."

MISSIONS

Relation of the Missionary Spirit and Effort to the Future of Our Denomination

Paper read before the Eastern Association by Mrs. Mary Bassett Clarke, 1880. Reprint from the SABBATH RECORDER.

Perhaps if we consider for a moment the significance of the term "missionary spirit," we may be the better able to judge what relation to the future of our denomination such spirit and its consequent works must bear. A missionary, according to Webster, is "One sent to propagate religion." A missionary spirit, then, must be such a temper of mind and heart as leads one possessed of it to feel individual responsibility in regard to the propagation of religious truth, and to make every follower of Christ accept some personal part in the divine command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." In all the teachings of our Savior, we find no idle or unmeaning phrases, least of all in these solemn farewell words to his disciples; hence it is evident that the great Head of the Church will hold every individual follower responsible for his or her part in this last command. "Ye are my witnesses of these things." "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

A missionary spirit, then, becomes in one sense a test, if not of religious life, at least of its warmth and fervor. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love." Could a heart be filled with the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ, a consciousness of the lost and wretched condition of humanity, of the worth of immortal souls, and the great sacrifice made for their redemption, and feel no desire to impart to others this saving knowledge? The whole spirit and plan of Christianity renders it impossible. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But this spirit embraces more than a simple willingness to aid, in some easy, comfortable manner, either by head, hand, or purse, in carrying out the divine plan for man's redemption. Thoroughly imbued with it,

one must realize something of the burning zeal of the ancient prophets of God, on whom a "woe" was laid, if they prophesied not according to the word of the Lord; must be capable of self-sacrifice, and, with Paul, "count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus," which knowledge alone can redeem a world perishing in ignorance and sin; must feel eagerness and haste to be at work, because the time is so short, the night comes so soon, and every year bears its uncounted numbers beyond the reach of human aid and above all, must accept with humble but unquestioning faith the divine assurance, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." Without this comforting promise of the ever-present and ever-helpful Lord, the vastness of the work would prove disheartening. Beside the millions of paganism, the little handful of Christian workers would yield to discouragement and despair, but for the faith inherent in the missionary spirit, which enables each to say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

The missionary spirit is essentially a spirit of aspiration, a prayerful spirit. The desire to bless humanity, struggling with the consciousness of human weakness, and the ever-recurring need of aid (from him who alone is able to save unto the uttermost all such as come unto God by him), can only find expression in devout, earnest, and humble prayer. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," throughout all the earth, is the cry of every sincere Christian laborer, whether in the quiet walks of a Christian home, or the far-off fields of heathen lands. The dreadful picture of millions of deathless souls, involved in hopeless ruin, steeped in every form of sin and degradation, borne onward by the resistless tide of time, into the yawning gulf of eternity, must ring from every devout heart the prayer, that "the Lord of the harvest would send forth more laborers into his harvest."

The missionary spirit, then, is a spirit of self-consecration to the best interests of humanity, and to the service of God; a spirit of earnest, Christian endeavor, of unflinching faith, and unceasing prayer. What has been the influence of this spirit upon the past history of our own, and other, religious denominations? Has it not been the moving power, the active

moral force, in carrying forward nearly every good work to its accomplishment? It has so successfully propagated the tenets of each particular sect, as to attract the attention and win the confidence of mankind, thus adding strength and influence, largely in the ratio with which each sect has manifested this spirit. It has been the pioneer in planting and sustaining the gospel standard in the frontier towns, and sparsely settled districts of our own land. It has penetrated the jungles of Africa, the vast and popular cities of Asia, and the islands of the seas, to win from the terrible grasp of paganism in all lands the priceless treasure of redeemed souls. Think for a moment of the great host, already rescued through the agency of this beneficent spirit, who have gone up to join the unnumbered white-robed throng of every nation and kindred and people and tongue, before the throne of God and the Lamb. Think again of the millions who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death, worshiping with licentious and disgusting rites the images which their own hands have made, and who have never heard of God or Christ, and have no conception of the blessed hopes and aspirations which beckon us to the unseen world. Christian women, think for a moment of the two hundred million women in China alone, who are denied the hope of immortality, who do not even know that they have a soul to save! Think of all these, and decide, each for yourself, what relation this spirit shall bear to the future of our denomination. Shall it lead us triumphantly forward in this great work, conquering through the might of him who said to his servant Moses of old, "Certainly I will be with thee"? Is it not a fact, established by history and by the word of God, that the growth, advancement, and spirituality of every denomination, has been, and will be, commensurate with their fidelity and zeal in evangelizing the world? Will not, then, the measure of our future prosperity be the amount of missionary spirit which we possess and manifest? Do we not, as a people, need a new baptism of this spirit, a fuller consecration of heart and life to this work? Have we, as a people, any special truth committed to our keeping, entitling us to a separate existence as a denomination? Then, according to our value of the importance of that spe-

cial truth, and in addition to those truths held by all Christians, should be our added zeal and earnestness in missionary work.

Then scatter with unsparing hands
Truth's blessed seeds;
God gives his laborer, in all lands,
The strength he needs.

No single precious grain is lost,
With God's good care,
Though ocean-wrecked, or tempest-tost,
Fruit it shall bear.

And blessed is he, if great or small,
Who only leaves
His labor, at the Master's call,
To bring his sheaves.

Beavers in the Adirondacks

HENRY M. MAXSON, PED. D.

Generations ago, the woods of New York State abounded, in wild animals of every kind. Now the wolf and the panther have been exterminated by advancing civilization; the wild pigeons that less than forty years ago were so numerous that they were caught in nets have been actually wiped off the face of the earth by man's prodigal wastefulness; the beaver, whose skin was once the red man's medium of exchange, disappeared in New York before the onslaught of commerce, leaving its tracks here and there in "beaver meadows" in the remote parts of the woods.

Seven years ago the Forest Commission, in an effort to restore some of the old life of the woods, brought fourteen beavers from the Yellowstone Park and set them free in the Adirondacks. A few years later their "houses" began to appear here and there along the streams and the lake shores and now there are colonies on nearly every stream and lake in Hamilton County, where most of them were liberated. Half a dozen of these colonies are at points not far from my summer home at Long Lake. Each year they appear in some new place. Last fall while fishing up a trout stream I came across a poplar tree newly cut by a beaver, but there was no other signs of their presence. This year I find two dams on the brook.

A visit to one of these colonies is very interesting. You never see the animals, as they are night workers, but you can study them by what they have done.

On Calkins Creek, years ago, the lumbermen built a dam to impound the water to

aid them in their logging. When this pond was full of logs they opened the sluiceway and the flood of water and the logs went down the stream in a great rush, carrying the logs over all obstacles to the river, where they floated down to the mill. When the lumbering was finished, the men moved on, leaving the dam with open sluiceway.

When the beavers came swimming up the creek on some exploring expedition they saw the value of this dam and proceeded to fill up the sluiceway with many loads of sticks and dirt, restoring permanently the old pond of the lumberman.

Last year the growing colony seemed to determine on a migration somewhat after the manner of the bees, and, going down the stream some hundred yards, they built a dam of their own. The site is chosen with the judgment of an engineer. They first made a temporary dam a short distance below the selected site which raised the stream a little and produced still water which made their work easier. Then they arranged sticks in large numbers parallel with the banks of the stream and weighted them down with mud. On these they laid other sticks, building the dam higher and higher, and widening the base.

As it rose the longer sticks were arranged so their lower ends rested on the bottom of the brook, thus bracing the dam to resist the pressure of water. When I saw it last, it was seven feet high and thirty feet long, with a hundred feet or more of laterals filling in the low places on the banks, containing many, many cartloads of material, most skilfully put together.

The doings of the beaver on land are equally interesting. The work he can do with his teeth is simply marvelous. The big chips four or five inches long, at first give the impression that the work was done with an axe. At least, it suggests that he works like the woodman, cutting in at two places several inches apart and then tearing out the wood between the cuts, thus saving time and labor. When the tree is down he cuts it into lengths two or three feet long and drags the pieces into the water, where he can eat the bark and use the sticks for his dam or his house. Not a stick or a twig of the tree is left by the stump. He seems to lay out a "highway" running back sometimes many yards from the bank, then he cuts trees on either side of this and drags the pieces to the highway down

which he drags them to the water. He seldom attacks anything but the poplar; perhaps because it is light and will float readily or because it is soft and more easily cut. Although he uses the peeled sticks in his building, his cutting is to obtain the bark for food.

His "house" is a broad, low pile of sticks that at first sight might pass as a pile of driftwood. Under this he builds his nest with a burrow running out from it into the water through which he enters. I saw one last week that was four feet high and ten feet across, but long inhabited houses sometimes reach a diameter of thirty feet.

"Why does he go to all this labor of building a dam?" Mainly for the purpose of keeping the water at a uniform level. He plans his house so as to enter it below the water level, thus protecting the entrance from his enemies and giving him secrecy of approach. If it is in a place where the water goes to a low level in the summer the entrance would then be exposed by the receding water and his plans ruined, so he builds the dam and thus regulates the water level for himself; although in some lakes where the natural level has very small variation he builds his home without constructing a dam.

A brief examination of a beaver colony gives one a full appreciation of the expression, "working like a beaver," for the amount of work which the creatures accomplish is wonderful.

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.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.—R. L. Stevenson.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

What's On the Firing Line?

You must leave the Land of Nowhere,
Where they never rise and shine;
The world will run
Where the things are done,
And that's on the Firing Line.

Fair is the Land of Dreaming—
Rest of the palm and pine,
But Life calls Life
To the splendid strife,
And that's on the Firing Line.

'Tis the strife of Toil, far ringing,
Of strength and courage fine,
The brave and true
Where the work's to do,
And that's on the Firing Line!
—Frank L. Stanton.

Mae's Five O'clock Tea

It was just the most perfect of afternoons—a Sabbath afternoon at that, under a June sky in the shadiest nook of the garden. The very air was intoxicating, and the birds sang full anthems, and Mae was happy. Ah yes! It was such a glad summer world, and life was so sweet. Her diploma was scarcely a week old, and here she was just ready to live, the older daughter in the family, in this dear old home with its widespread outlook.

Mae noted with quick glance that the color was coming back to Elsie's cheek (she had been sick, dear child) and as she rocked the hammock to and fro, her glad heart kept time in a rhythm of thankfulness, and the hollyhocks nodded their heads in quiet approval. It was all a part of the happy day.

Just then a bit of melody fluttered over the high hedge, and Mae bent her head to listen. She heard some guitar notes, and soon the words of a hymn:

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men, benighted
The light of life deny?"

A church hymn it was, and an old one at that. It began something about Greenland's icy mountains. It had never inter-

ested her very much, but somehow the voice did.

"Who lives in the tenement now, Elsie?" The inmates were rather migratory. It was a little house, looking rather bare beside the spacious grounds next door.

"A woman and a lady that goes in a chair, and that's all," lisped Elsie.

"I suppose, now that I am home, I must come to know something of my neighbors," said Mae, and then she thought no more about it until the next Sabbath afternoon, when she heard again the guitar prelude, and this time the hymn:

"Over the ocean wave
Far, far away,
There the poor heathen live
Waiting the day."

"I do declare!" thought Mae, "I must ask mother about that girl 'that goeth lame and lovely.' What possesses her to keep up a heathen wail? I think I would like to hear her voice on some refrain that didn't suggest the Cannibal Islands."

Mae's mother was not much of an intelligence bureau on this subject, and said that all she knew was that they stayed on their side of the hedge, for which she was sure she saw a devout reason for thanksgiving.

It happened that this whetted a little Mae's idle curiosity, and one day, soon after, she peered through the hedge, saw a pleasant face at the window and actually advanced to the door. It bore a modest sign:

AGNES HOPE
MENDING DONE

The middle-aged woman answered the knock.

"Is the young lady at home?" asked Mae, "I may have some mending for her."

This last was a happy afterthought. She stepped forward to meet a girl sitting in a wheel-chair, with basket and thread and bits of work about her. A young face with gray hair about it, and deep lines. Yet, the girl was young in everything but experience. She was pleased to see her caller. They talked about mending and work and prices, in quite a business way at first. But soon they fell into a more friendly visit. Agnes was so interested to know about school and the girls.

"You sing?" asked Mae at length.

"A little."

"I have heard you Sabbath afternoons."

"Have you?" and the girl colored consciously, and then she hesitated. "It was our missionary hour, perhaps."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mae, remembering the selections. "You are fond of such hymns?" with that rising inflection which wondered how it could be.

"Yes, and—it is our Shut-in missionary meeting. We all in a circle sing the same hymns and read and pray together at five o'clock Sabbath afternoon."

"Oh, it is a company of you?" asked Mae, looking surprised, and remembering that the songs had been solos.

"Yes, it is the Shut-in Mission Circle. We can not meet as others do, but our paper publishes the subject and the hymn and Scripture reading, and we have prayer together; so, you see, we do really have a meeting, and because we are shut-ins very likely we have more time to think about it."

"You are interested in the heathen, then," said Mae, roguishly. "That being the case, maybe you will be interested in me."

Agnes lost her shyness at this and threw back her head to laugh heartily. It helped the acquaintance amazingly.

"Yes, I am interested in missions especially. Perhaps—sometime, we will talk about it. Mother says it is my hobby. You needn't take flight. Truly, I won't afflict you now."

"I'll come again when I feel equal to the hobby," and Mae dashed out in the most neighborly spirit possible. She couldn't quite tell why this girl interested her. Perhaps it was because she missed the school-girls. Perhaps, because Agnes Hope had a sweet voice and was a shut-in, and did mending for a living.

However it was, she could choose her friend where she chose (her mother had often told her that), and she did choose this Agnes Hope. Perhaps she should tire of her, if she really was a hobbyist. Time would tell. If she were only a hobbyist on Shakespeare or German, the chances would be better for a permanent friendship.

She did not go in again till the next Sabbath. She was in the hammock. The guitar called her wandering thoughts from the sky and flowers to the shut-in girl.

"I believe that I will run over after the meeting's safely through."

She had been having a Sabbath meditation, and it made her a little uneasy, as it always did. Perhaps a little penance along

the line of missions would be as beneficial as a prayer meeting. That sometimes eased the inward conviction that she was an unprofitable servant. She went. Agnes Hope was alone. Her mother had gone to the cemetery. Agnes was very glad to see her, and the room did look "homey" and attractive. These people had culture of a pleasant kind, surely. There was a bookcase well filled, and a fine picture, and old fashioned easy-chairs and cushions and stools, and evidences of genuine comfort.

"What was the subject today?" asked Mae, sinking back in the Boston rocker. She asked, not because she cared very much, but because it would launch the conversation.

"Are you feeling very unusually well, so that you could bear a good deal—for instance, a talk on one's favorite subject?" asked Agnes, sweetly.

"Yes, indeed; I am this minute waiting for the preface."

Agnes began very shyly, but as her listener drew nearer and looked into her face with genuine interest, she found herself just opening her heart without reserve; and it was such a sweet story.

The two girls at school, Agnes and her friend, had met a missionary, had come to know her, to love her, to take intense interest in her work. And one dusky afternoon in the quiet of their own little room on the top floor of Campus dormitory, they clasped hands in a sweet and solemn pledge to this sacred work. The weeks flitted by, and every day took on a tinge of the heroic. Their graduating theses wore easily the atmosphere of altitudes, and every day was full of fervor.

They graduated. And as they left the hall to step into the carriage on that maddest, merriest night of all, Agnes slipped. It was thought to be a little fall, but soon she knew that there had been an injury to the spine.

She couldn't say much about that, but—her friend had gone to India alone, and she had been left—stranded in a wheel-chair. She choked a little over the last sentences, but soon regained herself to add cheerily: "And now I mend for my pin-money and try to do all I can on this side. And my greatest desire is to see young ladies interested in this work. You are my first victim."

Mae looked at the slender girl in her wheel-chair; with her life-plan spoiled, taking hold of the heathen world in thought and sympathy, and confessed that her heart was stirred as never before in her life. She had no words to say. And a silence fell in the sunshiny room, broken only by the ticking of the tall, grim clock and the sweet song of the meadow lark just outside the window.

Agnes broke the pause.

"You were good in mathematics, perhaps?"

"Yes, my only prize was in algebra."

"Well, then, you will be equal to my problem. How shall the girls of this city suburb become interested in missions?"

"Easy enough. Get them into the circle," answered Mae, promptly. "Let the multiplying power touch them, and mathematics will do the rest."

Agnes colored a little with Mae's direct look.

"I think if you could talk to the large company of friends whom your social life brings to you, it could be done."

"Not a bit of it! I tell you they must join your circle. Will you take them in? If the problem is mine, you must leave it to me."

"I will."

The church bell broke in on the visit, and it was several days before Mae came in again. Then she brought her thimble and helped a bit with the mending while they talked.

"I think I have it all arranged and the girls are agreed to it. Once a month we will meet here in this room where the very atmosphere blows spicy breezes from Ceylon's Isle, and we will have a program. Always a talk by you, a little music, a few readings by the girls, the passing of a mite-box, of course. How does that suit you?"

"Would they care to come?" asked Agnes, anxiously.

"Indeed they would. And I haven't finished the plan yet. It has a part second, by way of whetting their appetites. To begin with, I have a teapot with burner underneath for five o'clock tea. It has never done anything but shine and ornament. I propose this: That I bring it over here with its table. I see a corner for it this minute. Each girl joining shall furnish her own cup and saucer and spoon, to be forever a souvenir. At the close of the

exercises we will have a simple refreshment passed—coffee and cake or chocolate and macaroons—just a little something to make it sociable, and make the girls forget that they have an historic dignity to maintain. A housekeeper will be appointed each time. She will furnish refreshment, and will serve it here, will wash the dishes, and put the little table in order for another week. How does that strike you?"

Agnes smiled rapturously. She dropped the coarse shirt she was mending, to clasp her hand fervently. She said under her breath:

"The early Christians used to meet to break bread in Christ's name. It means sisterhood. I like it."

It happened that Mae was an organizer naturally. She took to this with enthusiasm. A company of twenty girls responded gleefully. It was a little hard for Agnes that first Sabbath. The girls were strangers, and there were so many of them, and her secluded life had made her timid.

But Mae, who knew them all, gathered them about the wheel-chair, while the sweet voice read about the good Samaritan, led in a brief prayer, which was like an earnest, simple talk with her best friend, and then they sang, led by the guitar, and one of the girls sang a solo, and then they talked, led by Mae's skilful directorship, about the latest reports from woman's work abroad.

"The fact is," declared Mae, "we shall need to be conditioned on missions, all but Agnes. She can pass up. We can have the month to redeem ourselves in," and the topic was assigned and helps selected.

Then Agnes talked a little of her friend in India, and told some incidents that made them feel how near the work was.

Mae now appeared with the mite-box and bade them put in pennies for penance, for she knew they must have pangs over their long indifference to missions.

"I have often run away from missionary meetings," said one of the girls, "but they were not like these."

When the little teakettle sang, they threw off the last bit of reserve (what woman would not?), and "over the teacups" they talked about the blessedness of being girls in this land where Christ has not only redeemed them, but also crowned them with loving-kindness and tender mercy.

The five o'clock missionary tea was

among the popular things of that community. And its interest did not wane. How could it? Mae's mother did not endorse it, but she stood almost alone. She had hoped her daughter would be a society leader. "Instead," she declared, "Mae reads, talks, thinks, and dreams missions!" It was very trying.

But Mae was a happy girl. Her friendship with Agnes grew daily. The path through the hedge grew a familiar and beaten track. Life did not pall to her taste. How much there was to interest and thrill her! The teas were the cosiest seasons imaginable. Warm friendship, lasting through a lifetime, budded and blossomed in that congenial atmosphere. The dainty cups became invested with sweet memories of sunny Sabbath afternoons.

They talked of China and Korea and India and Japan over the fragrant coffee. And they became truer, nobler, broader, more Christlike, as they linked themselves to God's thought and God's plan of redemption.

One Sabbath afternoon Mae lingered after the rest had gone. She was house-keeper that day, and had to wash the cups and re-set the little table. When it was over she took a seat at Agnes' feet. She rested her head in Agnes' lap. Both felt that it was a sacred moment. Mae began the talk as usual:

"You could not go to India," she said, "and the Lord accepted your offering of patience and quiet service just as though you had. You can not go—but I can. Do you think he will accept me? Oh, I have lived such an aimless, half-hearted Christian life. I never knew how much I loved him till he asked me to go, and when I said 'yes' (wondering how he could want me) the hundredfold came into my heart like a flood of light, and I am, oh! so happy!" And this fortune-favored girl with everything laid at Jesus' feet, going out to toil and hardship, and persecution, looked up at Agnes with a radiant face.

For answer Agnes clasped her precious friend close in her slender arms, while the tears rained upon her face. When she could speak, she said:

"Only today I read about the message to Mary of Bethany—'The Master is come and calleth for thee. And as soon as she heard that, she rose up quickly and came unto him.'"

A few months later the little community received a shock.

"That girl going as a missionary!"

"And her mother so afflicted over it."

"And her people so worldly! Who would have dreamed it?"

And the shut-in girl, with her earnest, consecrated spirit and one little talent, keeps her little sunny, sheltered corner vocal with praises. God's ways are not her ways, but they are infinitely better.—*Jennie M. Bingham, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church.*

Women at Conference

Woman's Board Hour

Music—Congregation
Report of Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton
Report of Treasurer—Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Milton
Duet—Mrs. J. F. Whitford, Depew, N. Y., and Miss Alberta Crandall, Milton
The Missionary Education Movement—Mrs. J. R. Wheeler, Boulder, Col.
Report of Girls' Boarding School—Miss Susie Burdick, Shanghai, China
Solo—Mrs. J. F. Whitford

Thursday, 4 p. m. to 6 p. m.

Reception by Woman's Board to Women of Conference at the home of Mrs. W. C. Daland

Sectional Meetings

Wednesday, August 25, 9 to 10 a. m. Leader, Miss Phebe Coon
Symposium, Work of Local Societies
Question Box
Thursday, August 26, 9 to 10 a. m. Leader, Mrs. A. B. West
Plan of Work for Coming Year
Question Box
Friday, August 27, 9 to 10 a. m. Leader, Mrs. J. H. Babcock
Messages from Associational Secretaries
Consecration Service

Minutes of Board Meeting

The Woman's Executive Board met with Mrs. J. B. Morton on August 16, 1915.

There were present Mrs. West, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Whitford, Mrs. Crosley, Mrs. Edwin Shaw, Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. Emma Lanphere, Mrs. Maxson.

Mrs. West read 1 John 4, and Mrs. Van Horn offered prayer.

The minutes of July 11 were read.

The Treasurer's report for the month of

July was read and adopted. Receipts, \$208.75, and no disbursements.

The Corresponding Secretary read a copy of the letter written by herself (in behalf of the Woman's Board) to Mrs. D. H. Davis, of Shanghai. She also read extracts from the minutes of the San Francisco meeting of the General Advisory Commission of the Federation of Women's Boards, and she read the reports which she had received from the following Associational Secretaries: Mrs. M. G. Stillman, of the Southeastern Association; Miss Agnes Babcock, Central Association; Mrs. E. A. Wells, Western Association; Mrs. G. E. Osborn, Pacific Coast Association; Mrs. R. J. Mills, Southwestern Association; Miss Phoebe Coon, Northwestern Association, enclosed with this report was a letter from Mrs. Lewis, of Jackson Center, which was also read. In place of the reading of the report of the Eastern Association, the Secretary, Mrs. Edwin Shaw, spoke briefly of the societies in that association.

The next order was the reading and adoption of the Corresponding Secretary's annual report.

Some of the details connected with the arrangement of the work of the Woman's Board during Conference were discussed.

Mrs. West read a letter from Miss Susie Burdick in regard to the work of the mission schools in Shanghai.

The matter of printing the Treasurer's annual report was referred to the President and Treasurer with power to act.

The committee appointed at the July meeting to arrange for a reception for the women of Conference made a report which was accepted as a report of progress and the committee was continued.

The subjects to be taken up at the sectional meetings during Conference were discussed and decided upon as follows: First morning—Symposium, Work of Local Societies; Question Box.

Second morning—Plans for the Work of the Coming year; Question Box.

Third morning—Messages from the Associational Secretaries, closing with Consecration Service.

On motion the program as outlined was adopted with the President as leader or some one whom she shall appoint.

The recommendation to the Nominating Committee of Conference was decided

upon. After the reading, correction, and approval of the minutes the Board adjourned.

DOLLIE B. MAXSON,
Recording Secretary.

Ordination of Deacons at Windfall Lake

The people assembled Sabbath morning, July 24, at the regular hour for service. A couple of hymns were sung, and prayer was offered by Mrs. Abbey, who then called the church moderator, Mrs. Irving Freeborn, to the chair.

Rev. D. Burdett Coon was elected chairman of the council; Mrs. Abbey was elected clerk.

Letters were read from Rev. L. C. Randolph, stating that the Milton Church had authorized Dea. R. J. Maxson to represent Milton at the council; from H. M. Burdick, clerk of Milton Junction Church, authorizing Rev. Mr. Coon to represent them; from Mrs. Elizabeth Green, clerk, authorizing Dr. W. D. Tickner, the pastor, to represent the church at Grand Marsh. Pastor John Babcock was present from New Auburn, Wis., to represent that church. A very inspiring letter was read from Rev. T. J. Van Horn, in response to the invitation sent to him.

Motion made and carried that all visiting brothers and sisters be welcomed to the deliberations of the council. These were: Professor Paul Schmidt, of the First Brookfield Church, at Leonardsville, N. Y.; Mrs. R. J. Maxson, of Gentry, Ark.; and Miss Vira Lanphere, of Milton, Wis.

The congregation joined in singing the Doxology, prayer was offered by Dr. Tickner, after which the candidates stated their experience.

George Maxson, in a few touching words, told of his experience and asked for prayers. Mrs. Florence Fowler felt unworthy to fill the office, but by the help of God she determined to do her best. Later, at the covenant meeting, she said that she had dreaded this day, but that it had brought the most blessed experience of her life. Appropriate and encouraging remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Coon.

The congregation sang, "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord." Scripture, Acts 6 and 2 Timothy 3: 8-13 was read by Rev. Mr. Coon. Professor Schmidt sang "Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love." Sermon from Acts



GROUP AT THE ORDINATION SERVICE

6: 3, by Rev. Mr. Coon. Prayer by Mr. John Babcock, pastor of the New Auburn Church. Closing hymn, "Holy Ghost, with Light Divine," was sung by the congregation, and Rev. Mr. Coon pronounced the benediction.

Then followed the Sabbath school; then the noon recess. Most of the people ate at the schoolhouse, where our meetings are held.

At 2.30 p. m. the session opened with an instrumental piece, Professor Schmidt and Mr. Earl Watts violins, with Mrs. Watts at the organ. Then followed a hymn by the congregation.

The beautiful ceremony of the laying on of hands was performed by the four ministers present, with consecrating prayer by Pastor John Babcock.

Solo, "He Will Hold Me Fast," by Prof. Schmidt.

The charge to the candidates, and the right hand of fellowship were given by Dea. R. J. Maxson. Very good and very encouraging and very touching were his remarks. He was moved in an especial manner, as one of the deacons being ordained was his son. He spoke of living again in one's children, and of the blessedness of service.

Mrs. Abbey gave the charge to the church. The congregation sang "Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White."

Covenant meeting was conducted by Dr.

Tickner. Tender testimonies, interspersed with appropriate hymn verses selected by Professor Schmidt, were followed by the Lord's Supper, administered by Rev. Mr. Coon and Dr. Tickner, the elements being passed by the newly ordained deacon, George Maxson, and deaconess, Mrs. Florence Fowler. One boy gave himself to Christ. The closing hymn was sung, and the people dispersed.

It was a blessed service from beginning to end. Some First-day ladies present said that it was the most spiritual service they had ever attended.

ANGELINE ABBEY,
Clerk of Council.

Exeland, Wis., July 24, 1915.

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, September 8, 1915, at eight o'clock, p. m.

A. L. BURDICK,
Secretary Sabbath School Board.
Aug. 23, 1915. Janesville Wis.,

Cowardice asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it politic? but Conscience asks, Is it right?—Anon.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Old and New Friends

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friends, like new-made wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test,
Time and change, are surely best.
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray,
Friendship never owns decay:
For 'mid old friends, kind and true,
We once more our youth renew.
But alas! old friends must die;
New friends must their place supply.
Then cherish friendship in your breast;
New is good, but old is best.
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

—Henry van Dyke.

Friendships

FRED I. BABCOCK

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
September 11, 1915

Daily Readings

Sunday—Friend of God (Jas. 2: 20-26)
Monday—Who are Christ's friends? (John 15: 12-17)
Tuesday—Mutual esteem (1 Sam. 20: 31, 41, 42)
Wednesday—Friendliness (Prov. 18: 24)
Thursday—For friendship's sake (2 Sam. 9: 1-13)
Friday—A friend's service (Acts 9: 26-29)
Sabbath Day—Friendships that are worth forming: making them, keeping them (Prov. 27: 5, 6, 9, 10, 14, 17, 19)

"I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts?"—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Some of the happiest hours of our lives are those spent in the company of our friends. How pleasant it is to sit down with them and talk about the affairs which concern us both. Especially is this true if we have not seen the friend for a long time. The most trivial things which have happened to us are of interest to each other simply because we are friends. We appreciate our friends most when we go into a community to live where there is no one with whom we are acquainted. How eagerly do we look for the letters from

those who are far away. But no matter where we are we soon make new friends and then the place becomes more homelike.

Since friends are of such great value to us we should try to have a great many of them. This does not mean that we are to try and make friends with every one. Some people would exert a bad influence over us if they were our friends. Such persons we should avoid. However there are plenty of people in the world with whom we can with advantage to ourselves cultivate friendships. The question then presents itself: How can I make these people my friends?

In order to do this we must forget ourselves. The person who is always talking about himself or trying to please himself at the expense of others will never have very many friends. On the other hand the person who is always doing kind deeds and trying to cheer those around him will unconsciously make dozens of friends. Then too we must overlook the faults in those around us. Remember your friends are human like yourself and are sure to do things which you may not think are right.

The greatest friend we can have is Jesus. We should try to make this friendship seem as real as with those on earth. This may be hard to do but if we study his life and pray to him and then try to do the things which will please him we will find that Christ will become dearer to us than any earthly friend can possibly be.

What Jesus said: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." John 15: 14.

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP

"There is no power in the world like friendship. There is nothing, as you look upon your life, that has shaped you, made you what you are today, so completely as the friendships in which you have been living from your boyhood up. Now, Christianity seems to be simply the perfection of this power of friendship. It seems to be simply the opening of the sky so we can see that, above every other friendship, above everything else that shapes our lives, there is the power of God made manifest in Jesus Christ, so that he who passes his life in utter and entire obedience to that of the Great Master enters into the character of that Master more and more."—Phillips Brooks.

TO THINK ABOUT

How does religion promote friendship?
 How do friends help one another?
 How may friendships be spoiled?
 Is it a friendly thing to do to tell our friends their faults?

A Prayer

"Dear Lord, give me true friendship, real and pure and enduring. Let no cheap imitation satisfy me. Let me not be deceived by that which men think to be love, which withers before the blast of pain or temptation. But pour into me the fulness of thine own living nature that I may bring comfort to all who are sad and inspiration to the many who are weary and dry in heart and endeavor. Above all, dear Jesus, make my own love for thee to glow and burn with a lasting flame, such as no sorrow or burden or cloud can dull or extinguish. So shall I find peace by bringing peace; so shall I have friendship born of my own friendliness. Amen."

A Reason Why

LOIS R. FAY

Living in the slums of a great city there was once a poor woman whom philanthropic social workers were trying to teach a more hygienic way of living. Their instruction combined lessons in how to purchase and prepare the more nutritious foods the market provided; and how to select seasonable instead of expensive varieties. They wanted her and her children to have less of the highly colored candies and inflated groceries, and more bone and muscle building elements.

After a few lessons in fundamentals the woman ceased to come to receive the free instruction. Search and inquiry as to the reason why she did not continue coming elicited the following reply:

"Oh, we'd rather eat what we'd rather."

Most all reformers encounter rebuffs similar to this reply of this poor woman, an individual in an unfortunate class, an individual whose condition typifies and illustrates the reason why reforms progress so slowly.

A great many people, not all of them in the slums, rather eat what they rather, and rather do as they choose. This "rather

do as I rather" impulse is almost universal, and one occasioning much infelicity; domestic and international. People are prone to reject a better way because the cravings of a perverted appetite blind them to the need of a change of choice.

In olden times they stoned the prophets who tried to show them their course was wrong. Later they would not come to Christ that they might have life.

These short-sighted preferences, ripened into tenaciously adhered-to-determinations, without respect for divine laws of well-being, are what fill the world with shocking catastrophies, the bitter reaping of what has been sowed by some one, or ones, who "rather do as they had rather."

After some appalling catastrophe the question "Why" echoes from mouth to mouth, and ways out of the difficulty are sought when oftentimes it is too late to check the disastrous results of unwise choices.

Repeatedly the question arises why the terrible European war continues. The words of the Psalmist express a wonder—"Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?"

National conditions are reproductions, on a large scale, of individual conditions. Modern nations, like modern individuals, rather do "what they'd rather." That is why they rage at each other and spend lives and wealth in vain and destructive efforts.

Their ragings are like what happens when mortals, like the woman of the slums mentioned above, rather eat what will imperfectly nourish, and possibly in an unguarded moment, poison them. An evil disease becomes fastened upon them. Often they become victims of ptomaine poisoning.

An evil disease, with indications of ptomaine poisoning, is running its course among the nations. Their temperature is abnormally high. Their fever-racked souls have been fed with the highly colored and seasoned but unwholesome viands placed on the intellectual market of the world by mercenary dealers.

Especial attention should center upon two unwholesome ideals that helped produce this disastrous fevered condition. They are the art of militarism, which has received a part of its merited public analysis and condemnation, and the drama,

now in the zenith of its popularity and unrecognized for its poisonous effects.

Europe has patronized these inflated sensations of the intellectual market much as the child of the slums craves the sweetmeats of the dealer's counter, highly colored to tempt the appetite. Our own country has catered to the depraved European appetite for militaristic and dramatic viands for mercenary reasons, and the craving has increased till the poison has broken out into a belligerent fever, unsoothed by all the peace-tinctured medicaments the world has to offer.

External applications will fail to heal as long as the intellect is fed upon the source of poison. The poison of militarism is recognized more than is the poison of the dramatic arts. Let one instance suffice to set the public to analyzing the highly sensational substitute for food for the mind, namely, the Passion play, whose yearly enactment possessed no power to quench national animosities, or keep the actors from taking up the implements of death against their fellows. Even he who impersonated the Prince of Peace in this world-famed play, is reported to have entered the ranks of the god of war.

Thousands went year after year to see this play. Had one tried to convince these thousands of sensation-craving minds that they were partaking of what was not healthy for their intellect, I am sure their reply would have been something equivalent to, "We'd rather eat what we'd rather." The diversions of costume and other exterior sensations fed to the expanding intellects obliterated all desire for the abiding and satisfying Presence of the divine Master who said, "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight. . . . But now is my kingdom not from hence." Thus has the dramatic presentation of Christ to the world contributed to the feverish disease of the nations by feeding their minds with vain and imaginary externals.

Isaiah the prophet asked the people in his time—

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

He makes appeal to individuals who rather eat what they rather; rather do what they rather; rather spend money for that which neither feeds nor satisfies, but fos-

ters discontent and disruption among men, till wars and ragings of nations cause a universal "Why?" to reverberate around the world.

The prophet Isaiah's response to his own query was framed for just such an occasion as this. After inquiring, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" he adds: "Hearken diligently unto me: eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

This encourages the individual to seek that which is good, and satisfying. It is one of the encouragements that make the Christian religion the one to lift the poor and downtrodden up to the riches and freedom of God; a religion qualified to satisfy with fatness those whom circumstances seem to compel to eat and do what is permanently injurious.

To such the words of Christ corroborate the words of Isaiah. Isaiah said, "Eat ye good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Christ added, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "Who-soever will may come."

It is within the power of our own will to increase the forces of the raging, vain-imagining heathen, who rather do as their mistaken ambitions rather; but national ptomaine poisoning, so to speak, will result.

It is equally within our power to seek for, and feed our souls upon, the good and satisfying things that are life to those that find them, and health to the great world system.

Princeton, Mass.

"Much of the blessedness of the redeemed sinner is in the sense of safety which has come to him through divine forgiveness. He is like the mariner who has reached the harbor of safety after being buffeted by the storms."

Farm and Fireside says: "A Mississippi man has propagated a new citrus fruit by crossing the orange and the grapefruit. It is called the orangelo."

Rev. Abel Noble

Abel Noble, the oldest child of William Noble, a prosperous Quaker merchant of Bristol, England, and Frances Once, his wife, was born in Redcliffe Parish, Bristol, April 12, 1665. He was reared in the faith of Fox and Barclay, and on his coming to Philadelphia in 1684 he identified himself with the Philadelphia Meeting, where he soon took first rank as an exhorter.

When George Keith set up a rival meeting in 1691 at Burlington, N. J., putting forth a pamphlet reciting his reasons for so doing, Abel Noble was one of the forty-eight who signed that document. He seems to have been reconciled to the Philadelphia Meeting, however, for in 1692 he married Mary Garrett, a worthy young Quakeress, at Darby Meeting, and neither Abel nor Mary was disciplined for their marriage, though they certainly would have escaped had either of them been married out of the meeting. Mary was born at Hose, Leicestershire, England, September, 1670, and died at Warminster, Pa., November 16, 1703.

Shortly after his arrival in America, Abel Noble acquired large tracts of land in what is now known as Warminster Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. This was known as the Noble Homestead for many years; the large, old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house, built there by Able Noble, is still pointed out to the visitor.

Four children were born to Abel and Mary Noble: Joseph, Mary, Thomas, and Job. Joseph married a Smith. Thomas was a member of the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church and a member of Jonathan Dunham's family as early as 1752.

Job Noble was baptized in 1770 and joined the French Creek Sabbatarian Church, though he had been active as an evangelist as early as 1741, when he was his father's assistant in his labors in Philadelphia. In 1747 he was present at the Yearly Meeting at Cohansy, N. J., seemingly as a delegate, and as such he signed the circular letter, with others—the letter that was sent to the Rhode Island Yearly Meeting. He was a man of some peculiarities and a rather violent temper, but he was a zealous worker in Sabbath reform, both by voice and pen. That his labors were not in vain we know from the fact that many from Bucks County joined

the French Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church and some from Bucks County emigrated to South Carolina in 1754. Elder Job Noble died in 1775, leaving two married daughters.

Abel Noble was what would be called today an inspirationalist; i. e., he verily believed that the words he spoke from the pulpit were the words of God himself speaking through Abel Noble.

The Quaker meeting-house at Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, was first built in 1695. These walls now standing, or the walls that have preceded them, have echoed to the spirited discussions and testimonies that Abel Noble and his fellow laborers gave against "the Devil and the seductive spirit of Quakerism," until the Friends lost all patience with the speakers and cast them out of the sanctuary.

After the brethren at Ephrata, Lancaster County, began to observe the Seventh Day Sabbath the county officials began to make what trouble they might for them. But this persecution had the contrary effect to that desired. Beginning with 1729 evangelists from Ephrata began to go to Philadelphia, to Lancaster, to Newport, R. I., and to Savannah, Ga. The most active of these were Michael Welfare and the leading elder, Conrad Beissel. These joining forces with Abel Noble and his coadjutors from Chester County, made the public square of Philadelphia ring with their solemn calls to repent and change their way ere it should be too late. Not only so, but they spread their tracts and periodicals broadcast throughout the land, and the Sabbath was proclaimed as never before.

Tradition says that about 1696 Abel Noble made a business trip through the Jersey provinces, and to Long Island. While in the "Cohansie country," now Cumberland County, N. J., he met the pioneer Baptist preacher, Thomas Killingsworth, and by him was converted to Baptist opinions, baptized, and, possibly, ordained also. Passing on to Long Island, Able Noble met the Rev. Jonathan Davis I, father of the minister who was known as the Great High Priest of Trenton, N. J., who had recently embraced the Sabbath, and by him he was converted to the observance of the Seventh Day, the Bible Sabbath. Shortly afterwards we find him

preaching his new found faith on Eastern Long Island.

About this time Abel Noble came to reside for a short time near John Powell's home in Upper Providence, Chester, now Delaware County, fifteen miles northwest from Philadelphia. The meeting established by the disciples of George Keith at John Powell's was one of the largest and most prosperous of them all. When George Keith returned to England this Upper Providence congregation was one of the few Keithian meetings that continued to flourish. This was owing, in a large measure, to the influence of John Powell, ably seconded by Abel Noble, who had been among them all along.

Far from languishing, the Upper Providence Keithian congregation thrived and flourished exceedingly. This was helped in no small degree by several English Sabbatarians who resided near by, amongst whom was Alexander Babcock, a member of the Mill Yard Church. He was a resident here probably before 1697 and was granted a letter by the Mill Yard Church to join Pennepeck in Pennsylvania, December 3, 1703.

Full of his new-found faith, Abel Noble returned to Pennsylvania and began a series of meetings at Upper Providence. The way had already been well prepared for his preaching, for those Keithians who still persevered in keeping up separate meeting had resigned themselves to a study of the Bible, resolved to follow its lead, wherever the Spirit might direct. So when Abel Noble came preaching immersion baptism and the Seventh Day Sabbath, they readily accepted both.

The meetings at Upper Providence were commenced in the spring of 1697, and on April 28, Abel Noble baptized Thomas Martin, a leading preacher of this congregation, and thereafter Elder Martin took the lead in the revival meetings, with such help as Abel Noble and other ministering brethren chose to give. October 12, following, Abel Noble and Thomas Martin organized the Upper Providence Sabbatarian Baptist Church with nineteen members, the second of this faith in America. As far as we know Abel Noble never joined either the Upper Providence Church nor any other Sabbath-keeping church as long as he lived.

Tradition says he preached far and near,

going south into Virginia, even. There is ample evidence that he was the Sabbatarian Apostle of Pennsylvania. His preaching extended from Lancaster to Philadelphia and even into New Jersey.

In the seventeenth century there arose a reform amongst the Protestants of Southern Germany which became known as Pietism and the brethren as Pietists. These being greatly persecuted in the Fatherland, came, many of them, to America, the first of them reaching Pennsylvania in 1694. They had much mysticism in their creed, but were sound in the fundamentals of the Protestant faith. They established themselves in a sort of hermitage on the banks of the Wissahickon, three miles from Germantown. One of their leaders was named Henry Bernard Koester. He took an active part in the Keithian controversy and by his strong will and power as a debater and organizer raised the feeble Keithian bands to be a power in the land and welded them into a compact whole.

Through the influence of Abel Noble this Pietist congregation was brought to observe the Sabbath. Henry Bernard Koester and Johannes Kelpius, two of their leading preachers, being the first to step out in this new doctrine. Thomas Ruetter, first pastor of the Sabbatarian church in Philadelphia, and William Davis, were also his converts.

Later Koester organized a church of his own in Philadelphia, and this was also a Sabbath-keeping congregation. Rev. Jonas Auren, a leading Swedish Lutheran preacher and pastor of the Racoon Swedish Lutheran Church of New Jersey, was another of Abel Noble's disciples. Auren published the reasons for observing the Seventh Day Sabbath in Leed's Almanac for 1700, under the title of "Noah's Dove." Rev. Eric Tobias Bioerck, another Lutheran pastor of the province, replied to Auren's tract in 1704 by a small quarto tract, entitled: *Little Olive Branch Put Into the Mouth of the (So-Called) Noah's Dove*. Jonas Auren died on February 16, 1713.

After the organization of the Upper Providence Church, Abel Noble drops out of sight. We catch glimpses of him here and there, always active in preaching and tract work. He must have devoted considerable time to the cultivation of his estate, however, for Abel Noble became one of the men of affairs of Bucks County

and was counted as a rich man. In 1741 he and his son, Job, were carrying on a tract campaign in Philadelphia, the fame whereof had reached the brethren in England. In 1752 he was teaching school near Yonkers, N. Y., and seems to desire to remain in hiding. The last seen of him is in 1763 when he was rated one of the largest land owners of Warminster. He probably died soon afterwards. The ancient Noble burying-ground is still to be seen in Warminster below the York Road.

In an unfenced, neglected burial plot about one mile southwest from the village of Hartborough, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, Abel Noble sleeps his dreamless sleep, secure alike from the wrath of foes or the misplaced adoration of strenuous friends.

This family plot is on land once a part of Abel Noble's grant of the seventeenth century, and a few rods from the old Manor House, now a part of the country-seat of Mr. Henry Mitchell. This graveyard was, evidently, once much more extensive than now, but both plow and mowing-machine have vandalized it sadly. There are now but three marked graves left to bear testimony to the things that were, but are no more. Abel Noble's homestead was located about thirty miles due west from Trenton, N. J.

This Noble cemetery is situated on a knoll, about one-quarter of a mile southeast of the Mitchell mansion, beneath a fine old, wide-spreading chestnut tree, in plain view of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. The present owner of the estate regards the cemetery as rather a nuisance, preferring the use of the land for agriculture.

There evidently never was any marked stone that rested here and the oldest inhabitant was entirely ignorant of its existence; indeed, one might pass through the midst of this burial-ground and never suspect its existence. When the writer visited the spot, in August, 1903, it was only through persistent inquiry, aided by Davis' *History of Bucks County*, that he found the graveyard. Having once reached the spot he had to search diligently to assure himself there really were any graves there at all. The land has been in possession of the Mitchell family over a hundred years.

We know that Rev. Job Noble was

buried here in 1775; we know that his mother, Mary G. Noble, died in the neighboring homestead and was probably also buried here; we know that Rev. Abel Noble was residing here when he had nearly rounded out a full century of life and therefore we can safely assume he, also, was buried here. Could a modest memorial stone be here erected, it would render tardy justice to a man who, though living among the mists of early Colonial days, yet sowed seed so unsparingly that already it has ripened into an abundant harvest of an hundred fold. Of the two daughters of the Rev. Abel Noble, one married a Moland, the other a Gilbert.

(See *German Pietists of Provincial Pennsylvania*, 1895, p. 125-129; *Sabbathkeepers or the Seventh-day Baptists of Chester county and their old grave-yard at Newtown*, published in the West Chester (daily) *Village Record*, 1888, Part I; *German Sectarians of Pennsylvania*, 1889, Vol. I, p. 122-135, 141-154, etc., all by Julius F. Sachse; *Sweet Quaker Memories*, West Chester *Village Record*, January 30, 1896; Morgan Edward's *Materials for a History of the Baptists, Pennsylvania; History of Bucks County, Pennsylvania*, W. H. H. Davis, p. 215-218; *Genealogy of the Sharpless Family*, Gilbert Cope, p. 154; and Archives at Alfred, N. Y.) *

The Old Man's Like

"Do you like to jump, oh, ever so far,
Off a step or over a bar
Or down a steep hill, not minding the bump?"
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to jump."

"Do you like to ride on the railroad cars,
And smell the smoke and feel the jars,
And watch the fences running to hide?"
"No," the old man said, "I don't care to ride."

"Do you like to fish down at the spring,
And get a crawdad on your string,
Then bait his hind leg, an' catch what you wish?"
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to fish."

"Do you like to run and run and run,
And yell like Injuns—ain't that fun!—
Make the most noise of all the boys?"
"No," the old man said, "I don't like noise."

"But surely you like to climb up trees—
Wa-a-ay up in the sky where's always a breeze—
And skin the cat up high? That's fine!"
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to climb."

"If you don't mind, I wish you'd tell
If you like anything real well?
Is there nothing you like?" The old man smiled:
"The thing I like best is a little child."

—Unidentified.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Little Ah Yen

Ah Yen was a little slave child who was found by the kind ladies of the Chinese Mission, and taken to live at a pleasant home with many other little Chinese girls. They all wore blouses of bright cambric, with pretty trimmings, and wide trousers, and their slippers looked like little boats.

Now Ah Yen's little toes had been bound under her feet, so that when she grew up she could wear shoes no bigger than a little baby's. Most of the great ladies in China have wee feet all crumpled up, so that they seem small, but the little girls are very unhappy because they must have their feet bound. They hurt very much, and it is hard to walk.

So when little Ah Yen was brought to the mission, the first thing that the matron did was to take the tight bands off her feet.

In one year Ah Yen could walk without stumbling, like other little girls, although when she took off her stockings at night she could see that her feet were not as pretty as Ti Fan's, which had never been bound.

Ah Yen liked Christmas time better than the Chinese New Year. She remembered that the Chinese lilies blossomed and the firecrackers went off, that the streets had been lighted with beautiful and strange lanterns, and all the Chinese went to the joss-houses in their gay silk dresses. Ah Yen remembered the hideous dragon that ever so many Chinese carried through the streets. They were not going to have a dragon at the mission. There was to be a feast and a Christmas tree.

The Christmas tree, all lighted with candles, stood in the mission schoolroom, and Ah Yen looked with wide-open eyes at the bright stars and balls, the strings of popcorn and glittering threads that hung upon the branches. Then Santa Claus arrived, with his long white beard and his strange coat of fur, and he gave each little girl a present and a bag of candy.

Ah Yen was very happy, although she did not laugh as a little American child would have done, nor did she run and play, but she clung tightly to one leg of her doll, frequently touching the little pink foot.

Presently Santa Claus called Ti Fan to him and asked her if she was happy, and Ti Fan said she was. When asked why, she said because she had a wagon to play with. Then Santa Claus asked each little girl what made her happy. One was glad because she had a little bed in which to sleep; another was glad because her teacher loved her.

Ah Yen was very shy when she was spoken to, and at first would not answer.

When asked again, "Have you nothing to be thankful for, Ah Yen?"

"Yiss," answered the little girl, looking stolidly away from the good Santa Claus.

"What is it?" kindly asked the matron, taking her hand.

"Big feet," Ah Yen shyly answered. Then she hid her little face behind her sleeve, for Santa Claus laughed, and gave her another bag of candy; but the matron took her in her lap and promised that her poor little feet should never be bound again.

—Mary Bell, in *Youth's Companion*.

A Wonderful Discovery

A little fresh-air girl whose feet
Had known but city ways,
Came to a field where buttercups
Grew in a golden maze.
"Oh, see," she cried, while in her eyes
A look of wonder rose,
"I did not know that I should find
The place where sunshine grows."

—Jerome B. Bell.

A Little Maid and Her Bible

Comparatively few of the great mass of travelers abroad find their way into Wales, that wild country of crags and streams, cliffs and bays, and plain, little villages whose names are mostly consonants with so few vowels as to make the pronunciation difficult for any one not born within the rugged borders of the Welsh land.

Fewer yet are those whose steps turn toward the hamlets hidden among the mountains of the northwest in the neighborhood of Bala, a town possibly not on your maps, lying to the southeast of Mount Snowdon, a few miles from the River Dee.

In that picturesque, far-away land, however, has been erected a monument rivaling in interest those built in honor of any heroes in any part of the world.

Or heroines, perhaps we should add. For

this shaft rises in memory of a little Welsh maiden, a plain little girl with a plain little name, about whom glimmers no light of romance, yet one with spirit of simple faith and loyal service akin to that which distinguished Jeanne D'Arc of saintly memory, and whose influence has proved unquestionably farther reaching, more permanent and more blessedly practical than that of the little maid of Orleans.

In the year 1784, a baby girl was born in a humble gray cottage in one of those small mountain villages, and received the name of Mary Jones. Her father and mother, Jacob and Mary, lived in rude style, with few comforts and no luxuries. They were God-fearing people, attending the Methodist meeting and holding family prayers in their modest home.

When Mary was but a wee child she would sit for hours on her father's knee of a Sunday afternoon while he told her stories of Abraham and Solomon, of David and Daniel, Peter and John. She learned all the stories by heart, of course, and a goodly number of texts; and when she had grown to be eight years of age she longed for a Bible of her own.

Bibles were so scarce, and they cost so much money, that poor weavers like Mary's parents were not able to own one. It was, indeed, a fortunate family in those days who possessed a Bible. However, a friendly farmer's wife, living two miles away, learning of little Mary's desire to read the Bible, promised her that as soon as she had learned to read she should be welcome to read the neighbor's Bible as often as she could come to the farm.

Two years passed before Mary could claim the promise, for she never had the privilege of attending school until some time after she was eight years old. Then, however, when she could really read, she went every Seventh-day afternoon, walking the two miles to read and study the precious Book and to commit chapter and verses to memory, and then walked home again.

This she did for six years, meanwhile saving her pennies earned by raising fowls, selling eggs, helping her mother or the neighbors, minding the baby, picking up sticks for firewood, doing almost any little task that would earn for her a coin, however small, to drop into her money box.

She was now a maiden of sixteen, strong,

sweet and happy, when she started on her journey to secure her Bible for which she had worked and prayed so long.

Journey? Oh, yes! There was no Methodist Book Concern a few blocks away where a Bible could be bought for a modest sum. There was no Bible society where she might find a Bible for the asking. There were no railroads to bring her a Bible in a mail-bag. No, she must walk twenty-five miles before she could meet the clergyman and who had the distribution of the sacred books.

Walk she did, plucky little Mary Jones! carrying her shoes in her bag—for she had only one pair, and they must not be worn over the rough roads. So she journeyed on, barefooted but lighthearted, until she reached the town of Bala, where she at last pressed to her beating heart a Bible which was to be her very own.

The minister, whose pleasure it was to supply her need, was so impressed by Mary's story that he told it everywhere.

If one little girl in Wales was so eager to own a copy of the Scriptures, must there not be other little girls elsewhere? Must there not be men and women everywhere whose hearts yearn for the word of God?

So it came about that because one little girl had prayed and worked and wished so earnestly, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the mother society of all the Bible societies at work in the world today, was founded to send the Holy Scriptures the world over.—*Christian Advocate*.

Letter From an "Undenominational Sabbath Keeper"

EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER:

I want to write a few words in regard to the discussion now going on concerning the relation between the Federal Council and Seventh Day Baptists, which I have followed with interest. To an outsider, an undenominational Sabbath-keeper, one need of the world seems to be to have the Sabbath truth presented to its erring population, many of whom have never had it candidly and forcefully presented to them. Some have heard of the Seventh Day obligations through the Adventists, whose extreme views on other matters prejudice a candid mind against the true Sabbath. The world—at least the part of it under ob-

servation—seems to be listening for such a presentation as the Seventh Day Baptists ought to be able to give,—a presentation from an experienced practice in the faith, that appreciates the spiritual and moral benefit acquaintance with, and observance of, God's holy day will give to any people.

Some Seventh Day Baptists may feel membership in the Federal Council is favoring Sunday, but as an outsider I see how loyal Sabbath representatives, actuated by the love of Christ, may bring the Sabbath to the attention of many—like myself—who supposed the Adventists were the only people who kept the seventh day. It appears that already the influence of Seventh Day Baptist representatives has drawn some toward the Sabbath of Jehovah, and also retarded Sunday legislation that would have been harmful in the extreme. This opinion is humbly submitted, hoping it may encourage those who bear the truth of God into the listening ears of a waiting world.

In sincere interest,

SABBATH KEEPER.

Harvesting Our Greatest Crop

Contrast with the scenes of the terrible European conflict and the "death harvest" which is being reaped abroad, the scenes of agricultural activity that are now being enacted throughout the Middle West and the great grain-growing sections of the Northwest, and you have a picturesque scene of relief. American farmers are surely destined to feed the world's children during the months to come!

One hundred and fifty thousand men from every State of the Union have invaded these Western sections and are engaged in harvesting the greatest cereal crop in the world's history. The precision with which the precious grain crop is garnered from our grain fields presents one of the wonders of the world.

There are approximately 60,000,000 acres devoted to the 1915 wheat crop. This acreage will yield a harvest of between 950,000,000 and a billion bushels, students of the agricultural situation confidently predicting that the latter figure will be reached by fall. The average wheat crop from 1909 to 1913 was 686,000,000 bushels,

while the 1914 crop totaled the enormous sum of 891,000,000 bushels, which brings this year's crop 59,000,000 bushels greater than last year's crop, based on conservative estimates.

Once again the American farmer has proved himself the backbone of the nation, for while business leaders have been afraid to take steps toward opening wide the channels of commerce, the farmer has seeded his lands and is now harvesting the greatest bread crop ever known. Through the activity of American farmers, more than 400,000,000 bushels of wheat will be sent to foreign countries this season. This is based on the assumption that we shall need about 225,000,000 bushels for domestic consumption and about 80,000,000 bushels reserved for seeding. Although these figures are almost too large for comprehension, they go to show what a mighty factor the American farmer is in the world today.

The winter wheat area is more than 4,000,000 acres larger than were the fields of 1914, and the condition is five per cent better. The promise is of a harvest about 10,000,000 bushels greater than that of twelve months ago. This is a fact of very large commercial importance, for the price last year was exceptionally high, not on account of a greater demand from Europe, but on account of an increased demand upon the United States, the usual Russian exports having been shut off from the world's markets. The American exports were 120,000,000 bushels in excess of the year previous, while Russian shipments were 128,000,000 bushels less.

Recent events on land and sea indicate a possible prolongation of the great war, rather than an early peace. Inasmuch as last years' world shipments of wheat were 89,000,000 bushels less than the year previous, it is easy to comprehend that the brunt of the world's demand is still likely to fall upon the American farmer, for there is little likelihood of the Russian granaries being opened in the near future. All prospects are that American wheat growers will again enjoy a season of extraordinary prosperity.

Ten Kansas counties this year have more than 200,000 acres planted to wheat, and this area will no doubt produce more wheat than most of the other wheat-growing States. Reno, the banner wheat county of the State the last two years, has 287,000

acres of wheat, and if the yield comes up to present expectations, it will produce at least 6,000,000 bushels, while Barton County, with an acreage of 269,000 acres, and a condition of 99 per cent, is expected to produce very close to the Reno County yield. The whole ten counties, with an average condition of 90 per cent on 2,367,981 acres, are expected to produce not less than 50,000,000 bushels.

This year, with conditions practically as good as last year, taking a conservative average of twenty bushels to the acre, the Kansas yield is estimated at about 160,000,000 bushels. It is believed that wheat will place \$200,000,000 in the pockets of Kansas farmers.

Kansas has 50,000 men in her wheat fields, harvesting the gigantic crop. Oklahoma has within the past decade become a wheat-growing State, and some 18,000 men are there gathering in the golden grain. Harvest hands receive from \$2 to \$3 per day, which proves that the wheat farmer places a large sum of money into immediate circulation through his payroll.

Getting a sufficient number of men to handle the grain crop is the greatest setback to larger acreages in wheat. The Department of Labor, because of its experience in aiding farmers in 1914 in getting help, is better equipped this year than ever before. The placards that have been displayed in the post offices for the past few months have aided in securing a better class of laborers. Bulletins setting forth the demands for farm help have been mailed broadcast throughout the East and South, and harvest hands have been migrating westward for a number of weeks past. College students make up a large proportion of the rank and file of the harvesters. They leave their studies in the latter part of June, just in time to be of service to the farmers. Great industrial centers that have been standing idle for months also facilitate the labor problem to a considerable extent. The "bread line" of the city slum becomes the "wheat line" of the Western plains.

The transportation of the wheat from the farms to the Eastern markets and consuming centers is a mighty task. The railroad companies began preparations for this task early in the season, great trainloads of "empties" being marshaled to Western sidetracks, and orders for thousands of

new cars being placed in the spring. So great became the need for cars last year during the summer and fall that even cattle cars were boarded up to carry wheat. Merchandise cars have been overhauled, and in many sections private building companies have been pressed into service at repair work and in the building of more new cars, after the time limit for cars for early delivery had expired.

Harvesting wheat is a strenuous life. For days before the harvesting season begins, men and teams are kept busy erecting temporary cook-houses and sleeping quarters. These are located in the midst of the vast wheat fields. Wells are dug, sheds built and stalls run for the horses. Bedding and kitchen utensils are taken to the camps last of all. Everything necessary for the men and teams is on the field when the harvest starts. At no place in the big fields will men be out of hearing of the dinner horn, which sounds mighty good, after six hours of sweltering toil.

The men rise at three o'clock in the morning and work in shifts until nine in the evening, with short intervals for food and rest. This is the way a great wheat crop is garnered, the whole system being as efficient as that which regulates a gang of skilled mechanics on a modern skyscraper contract. A season in the wheat fields will convince any one that bread does not come without perspiration, and that modern farming as conducted today is on a scientific and commercial scale of which the farmers of the last generation could never have dreamed.—*Earle William Gage, in Christian Herald.*

"Thy Kingdom Come"

We say, O Lord, "Thy kingdom come,"
Each morning when we pray;
But are we living just like those
Who long to see that day?

We sing, O Lord, "Thy kingdom come,"
In hymns that sweetly chime;
But are we doing what we can
To hasten on that time?

Are voices, hands, and willing feet,
Our purses, yea, our all—
Are they at His disposal laid,
Responsive to His call?

If so, oh! then with joyous hearts
That work and wait and pray,
We'll sing, "Thy kingdom come," O Lord
And hail with joy that day.—*Unidentified.*

HOME NEWS

NORTONVILLE, KAN.—Some of the most prominent members of our church and society are expecting to move from our midst, in the near future. The A. B. Stillman family have rented their beautiful residence here and are moving to Milton, Wis., where their young people will have good college privileges and not be deprived of the blessing of a good home.

Mrs. Hannah Maxson and Clifford Bond and family are moving to Milton Junction, where Mr. Bond has a good position.

Some of the former students of Milton College have organized a Nortonville-Milton College Club, for the purpose of arousing interest in Milton College. The membership consists of all those interested in Milton College.

Tuesday evening, August 10, a reception was held at the church for those leaving our church and community. A short, but very interesting, program was rendered.

Our pastor is doing splendid work here. His services are in demand, not only among our own people, but also among those of other denominations.

The regular business meeting and social of the Y. P. S. C. E. was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis West, about four miles northeast of town. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Coon, and Mrs. E. F. Randolph are here from Farina, Ill., visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Reta Crouch is here visiting relatives.

A large delegation from here expect to attend the General Conference at Milton.

MARLBORO, N. J.—After four weeks in the hospital, where the pastor's wife went for an operation, and several weeks of severe sickness after that, the pastor asked the church for a two-weeks' vacation to be spent on the shore of Delaware Bay. But, excuse me, before I tell more of this I want to mention the kindness of so many friends in Marlboro, Shiloh and other places while Mrs. Hutchins was in the hospital and after her return, their many tokens of love

and thoughtfulness, the many beautiful flowers and gifts. It was due to the kindness of one of these friends that we were offered the use of a cottage at Fortesque, with the hopes that the salt air, salt water, and salt-water fish, oysters, clams and crabs would do the mistress of the manse much good. It was a delightful place to rest and enjoy the new conditions, new to us Westerners, of salt waters and salt-marsh mosquitoes. The only trouble with the mosquitoes was that they were not salted. That reminds me of our little year old girl who aroused from her scratchy sleep one night just long enough to exclaim, "What's the matter with these skeeters?" After about two weeks at the shore our friends with autos came for us. We were not long at home before we learned that we were not forgotten. The ever efficient Marlboro Ladies' Aid had taken charge of the parsonage. At the head of the table was a delicious chicken-pie, next to which the pastor was placed, and next to whom a good portion of the pie was soon placed along with other good things.

It was a pleasure to again enter the work which was waiting for the pastor. Others had been at work too, and the result of it was an impressive service Sabbath morning when a young lady offered herself for baptism and her father, at an invitation from the pastor at the close of the sermon, gave himself to the Master's work. At the close of the services the congregation went to the pond where this girl and another who accepted Christ during the revival meetings last winter and had accepted the Bible Sabbath were baptized. It was a splendid Sabbath for Marlboro. In the afternoon a good company of people came to the church where a Junior C. E. was organized and the teacher-training class work was again taken up for the older people. To complete the pleasure of the day one of the members came to the pastor and told him to get ready for Conference as the people were going to send him. So he is hastening to complete his work in order to set out for a week of pleasure and profit at the dear old college campus.

J. E. H.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
—*Shakespeare.*

Wanted—Holy Ghost Power in Pulpit and Pew!

HENRY W. ADAMS

We find the following startling statement in the reports of a grand evangelical denomination. In one State alone two hundred and nine of their churches received not one member on confession, during the year 1913, and sixty-one others received only one each. In our entire country on this basis, there must be thousands of such churches. If these were cotton mills, in place of churches, the stockholders would put them out of business in short order.

What is the matter with these pastors and churches? The Master answers, "Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead."

Contrasting with this, is the record of a Chicago church of the same denomination. During 1913, they received on confession, one hundred and thirty-two members, by letter ninety-six. During the past five years, on confession five hundred and seventy-one, by letter 448, total 1,019. This was accomplished by the evangelistic work of the pastor and his people, without the employment of an evangelist, or having what is called a "revival." They expect to catch fish in their gospel net, and they find them. At every service a plain and winful gospel is preached, immediate decision is urged, and opportunity given to meet the pastor at its close. Earnest efforts are also made to win our foreign population, and by splendid contributions of money, do a world-wide business for God.

IS A GREAT REVIVAL COMING?

The editor of the *Continent* asks, "Will there ever be a great revival again?" and thus answers, "Only the motion of God's own clock can indicate its coming in." He might just as well have said, "Revivals are a matter of God's sovereignty, and we will have them when he gets ready."

The history of the church in all ages, shows that God is *always* ready. From Pentecost, down, when there has been a partnership between God, the Holy Ghost and his Church, just as sure as sowing and harvest, the spiritual ingathering came.

Hear old Malachi: "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of Hosts; bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine

house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

God was not thinking *especially* about tithes of money. What he wants most of all, is our hearts.

SOWING IN HOPE

Long before Moody arrived at his great power and fame, wherever he went, he reaped a harvest. He *expected* it, just as the farmer knows he will reap in autumn for his sowing in the spring.

Years ago, when Dr. Torrey was called to the Moody church, the first thing he did, was to button-hole a few of his most spiritual members, and ask them to join him on their knees, before God, till late Saturday night, pleading with him for a great blessing on the Sunday services. Of course God came with power.

Do you suppose the two hundred and seventy pastors we first mentioned, preached in hope? They would have been thunderstruck if some poor soul, at the close of their services, should have come up, pleading for mercy.

Pastors in such a barren land, should in shame and humiliation, call their officers together, and on their knees confess their grievous sin and hardness of heart, and cry unto God for forgiveness and restoration, and not cease until the revival came.

Moody and his fellow workers, sometimes, as the old prophets did, absolutely fell on their faces before God.

Look at Deuteronomy 25 and see how Moses "fell down before the Lord forty days and forty nights" pleading for his people. Who of us are ever spending whole nights with God in prayer?

BILLY SUNDAY'S SUCCESS

What is the secret of the tremendous blessing that always comes to the labors of Billy Sunday? At the very first, like a general marshalling his army for a great campaign, he calls the people to prayer. He knows also in his personal life, the secret of power—*getting in close touch with God.*

Dr. D. R. Miller, in the *United Presbyterian*, writing of Mr. Sunday, says: "God gave him a knowledge of human nature, saturated him with the truths of the gospel, and gave him an energy and courage, which reminds us of Elijah, in his terrific

arraignment of the prophets of Baal. Sometimes his audience was carried out of themselves by his thrilling eloquence, and the next moment they were searching their own dark soul, on bended knee, for the secret sins which were hidden there. He has lived so close to God that he seems like a personal companion. Only nearness to God will account for Billy Sunday."

A MODERN HERESY

It is a great heresy that the normal condition of the church is first a long season of backsliding, deadness and apostasy, and then a time of revival. What kind of a wife would she be, who left her loving husband and home, and went into the far country, and lived as the prodigal did, in shame, and then, in atonement, after years, came home? And yet, this is, practically, the way that thousands of churches treat their Lord and Husband, who gave his life for his Church!

WHAT IS NORMAL?

The normal condition of the church is, that of a great plant, every day of the year, with zeal and industry, doing business for God. There are thousands of such churches, and, practically, all missions are run on the basis and expectation of a continuous harvest of souls. They believe that God meant exactly what he said, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."

THE PRAYING SQUAD

I believe the spiritual thermometer averages higher in the pulpit than the pew. Often we laymen are most to blame for the deadness of our churches.

Here is a weapon of power for the laity. Whether our pastor is dead, indeed or dead in earnest, it will apply. As he preaches, during the whole sermon, let us cry unto God, "Holy Spirit, touch that man's heart; touch his lips as with a live coal from off thine altar; help him to feel that he stands between the living and the dead!" Then pray for the congregation, that their hearts may be touched, if unsaved, that they may come to Christ, and if cold and full of the world, that their hearts may be fired anew.

WILL YOU BE ONE?

Let us get as many of our fellow church members to join with us, as possible. *Tell them how it warms our heart, as we pray!*

Then go and tell our pastors that we are praying that God would mightily bless them and give power to their words. God alone can tell how far such a fire as this would spread!

Brothers and sisters who read this, here is where revivals begin, right in your heart and mine! If this was done, all over the land, there would be a mighty, sweeping ingathering, as in 1857, when everywhere the daily prayer meeting was a mighty factor, the very sword of God.

Jeremiah Lanpheer, then a young business man and volunteer city missionary of New York, started there the first daily prayer meeting, and struck the match which lighted the world.

Chicago.

Just Why Your Article Was Not Accepted

Recently we were obliged to return manuscripts that had been sent to us for publication. We hope the writers have no ill feeling. We have none, although we were obliged to spend many weary hours in reading those manuscripts. Yours was returned for one or more of the following reasons: 1. Only recently we published an admirable article on the same subject. 2. We have already two or three manuscripts on that subject awaiting publication. 3. Your demand that your article should be published at once made it impossible for us to publish it at all. 4. Your article, which was in criticism of one of our societies, should have been sent to the society. We happen to know that the officers of the society can explain the matter to your entire satisfaction. 5. Your article was a personal attack on a theological seminary with the teaching of which you are unfamiliar. Get your facts right before you make an attack. 6. Your article would have covered five pages of our paper. Long articles are not popular and, except in extraordinary circumstances, we can not use them. Send the article to *The Review and Expositor*. 7. Dear brother, we have a notion that you are the only man in our denomination interested in the subject on which you have written. Your article is able enough, but without human interest. 8. No, we do not sympathize with Germany, but we do not propose to turn our paper into a war magazine. Other papers, and

their name is legion, are doing this. Send your "blood and thunder" war story to one of them, and they will probably pay you well for it. 9. We have but little room for poetry. We have, probably, as many as 500 poems tucked snugly away in the big envelopes of a filing cabinet. Some day we may publish a poetical number. After that number appears we shall need more poetry. 10. Your article was returned because we did not have time to decipher it. We could not make head or tail out of it. It was probably a good article, but it would have taken a Philadelphia lawyer a week to read the manuscript. Before sending us another article get a typewriter, or else take your article to a friend and get him to copy it for you. Yes, we know that we are making trouble for you, but we are really anxious to present one of your articles to our readers. Despite all that we have written here, let it be understood that we still are in need of good articles on important subjects. Send us thoughtful, juicy, well prepared articles, and we shall use them if we can. If we can not use them, you will not take offense. Try us and see the result.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

Canning Compounds Dangerous to Health

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Information has come to the department that the canning season has brought the usual demand on the part of housewives for salicylic acid and boric acid. These preparations are sometimes sold in the form of powder under various trade names and are recommended by the promoters for use in preserving canned goods in home canning. In the directions for use the housewife is told to fill the jar with the fruit or vegetables, cover with water, and add a teaspoonful of the preserving powder. While it is true that these compounds may retard the decay of the fruit or vegetable, it is pointed out by the experts of the department that their use may be attended by serious disturbances of health. Salicylic acid is well known as a poisonous substance, and one of the evils which may accompany its use is derangement of the digestion. It is therefore plain that its extensive use in food may lead to disturbance of digestion and health.

The Federal Food and Drugs Act prohibits the use of harmful preservatives in foods that enter interstate commerce. The food law of nearly every State in the Union forbids the sale within the State of foods that have been preserved with harmful substances. Neither the Federal or State food laws apply to foods that are canned in the home and consumed there. It would seem, however, that the housewife would not knowingly use, in the foods she provides for her family, substances that she could not use in foods for sale without violating the law, because these substances are injurious to health.

ARTIFICIAL PRESERVATIVES NOT NECESSARY

Fruits and vegetables can be kept indefinitely if they are sterilized by heat and properly sealed, and there is no excuse, in the opinion of the experts of the department, for running any risk by using preserving powders, which may be injurious to health. The use of such powders in addition to the possible injury to health encourages uncleanly or careless work in canning. Reliance is placed in the efficacy of the preserving compound instead of upon cleanliness and heat.

The department has issued bulletins that give specific directions for the preserving and canning of fruits and vegetables without the use of preserving powders or canning compounds. These bulletins may be obtained without cost from the Department of Agriculture. Application should be made for Farmers' Bulletin, No. 203 on Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Jellies, and No. 521 on Canning Tomatoes at Home and in Club Work. Also Forms N. R. 22, N. R. 23, N. R. 24, N. R. 34 and N. R. 37 of the Office of Extension Work, North and West, States Relations Service.

Washington, D. C.

How to Get Rid of Thistles

A contributor to the current issue of *Farm and Fireside* says:

"I killed the Canada thistles in my meadowland by burning the brush that had been trimmed from some apple trees. About the tenth of June I put the brush on the thistles and burned it. The next day I went over the burned ground with a spike-tooth harrow, then I sowed grass seed and rolled it down. I had no more trouble with the thistles."

DEATHS

ORDWAY.—Mary Deidamia Colgrove Ordway, daughter of Eli S. and Sally B. Colgrove, was born on Cuyler Hill, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1834, and died in DeRuyter, N. Y., June 21, 1915.

After finishing her school work at DeRuyter Institute, and teaching one term of school, Mrs. Ordway was married to Arza Muncy, settling on a farm near her old home, where she lived about thirty-five years. Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Muncy, the eldest dying in 1877, four months previous to Mr. Muncy's death.

Some years later she married William Merchant, of Cuyler, living on a farm near that village, and later near DeRuyter, remaining there until after Mr. Merchant's death, when she spent some time with her daughter in Colorado.

After a time she was united in marriage to Ira J. Ordway, of Chicago, an old school friend of DeRuyter Institute, and lived happily in the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Maxson, until after Mr. Ordway's death in July, 1914. Since that time she has been in DeRuyter and vicinity until her death at the home of Deacon and Mrs. C. J. York.

Three children survive her: Mrs. Lillian Irish and Howard Muncy, of DeRuyter, and Mrs. Mary Church, of Greeley, Col.

Mrs. Ordway became a member of the Cuyler Hill Church early in life, transferring her membership to DeRuyter and Chicago, and has remained a consistent active Christian all her life.

L. A. W.

FISHER.—At North Loup, Neb., on August 16, 1915, Francis Allen Fisher, son of Alfred G. and Lora Black Fisher, aged two months and twenty days. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

G. B. S.

When the "Pew" Wakes Up

Revival is in the air today, but the real revival will only come when preaching the word becomes dominant in the pew, as in the pulpit. I suppose the greatest revival of modern times was that of Ulster, Ireland, in the late '50s, which spanned the ocean and kindled the fire at the old Fulton street prayer meeting. It awakened Moody and Sankey, by whose ministry it spanned the ocean a second time and blessed the whole of Great Britain. But it was a layman's revival; that is to say, able pastors had faithfully indoctrinated their flocks with the teaching of Holy Scriptures for more than a decade or two. They had built the altar, piled the wood

and laid the sacrifice upon it, but when the fire from heaven fell, it kindled the laity, who "went everywhere preaching the Word." In church, chapel and meeting-house, in town-hall and public marketplace, on the village green and in the home of the cottager, by day and by night, they proclaimed it, and oh, what a work of God followed! To read about it is to cry out with a great longing for its return.—*The Christian Herald*.

A Boy's Worst Enemy

A friend once said to General Philip Sheridan: "Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him, the one most to be feared, what would it be?" This great General leaned his head forward on his hand and said, thoughtfully: "It would be the curse of strong drink." Then he went on to state his reasons, and concluded by saying: "O, I would rather see my little son die today than to see him carried in to his mother, drunk." The General also referred to his own observations during his army career, and related this incident: One of his brave soldier boys was a strong, noble young fellow. Just as they were going into battle one hot day he said to General Sheridan: "If I should be killed today, please have this message sent to my mother: 'I have kept my promise. Not one drink have I tasted.'" He was killed, as he evidently anticipated. The General says: "I carried that message to his mother with my own lips. She said to me: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"—*Zion's Herald*.

Sabbath School

Lesson XI.—September 11, 1915

ELIJAH'S FLIGHT AND RETURN.—I Kings 19
Golden Text.—"Be still, and know that I am God." Ps. 46: 10.

DAILY READINGS

Sept. 5—I Kings 19: 1-14. Elijah's Flight
Sept. 6—I Kings 19: 15-21. Elijah's Return
Sept. 7—Numb. 11: 1-15. Appeal of Moses
Sept. 8—Ps. 73: 1-22. The Cry of Despair
Sept. 9—Jonah 3: 10-4: 11. Jonah's Displeasure
Sept. 10—Rom. 8: 31-39. More than Conquerors
Sept. 11—John 16: 1-15. The voice of the Spirit

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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. Severance, pastor, 1153 Mulberry St.

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

"The world is looking for the man who can do something, not for the one who can 'explain' why he didn't do it."

Love comes and grows through serving, not through being served.—Henry Clay Trumbull.

To restore a commonplace truth to its first uncommon luster you need only translate it into action.—Coleridge.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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The Givers

The sun gives ever, so the earth,—
What it can give, so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways,—
Gives pearls, gives fishes, rivers, bays;
So, too, the air: it gives us breath,
When it stops giving comes in death.
Give! give! be always giving!
Who gives not is not living.

The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth unheaped;
Only by giving is it reaped;
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give self,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.

Give! give! be always giving!
Who gives not is not living.

The more you give,
The more you live.

—George H. Calvert.

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The Board will not obtrude information, help or advice upon any church or persons, but give it when asked. The first three persons named in the Board will be its working force, being located near each other.

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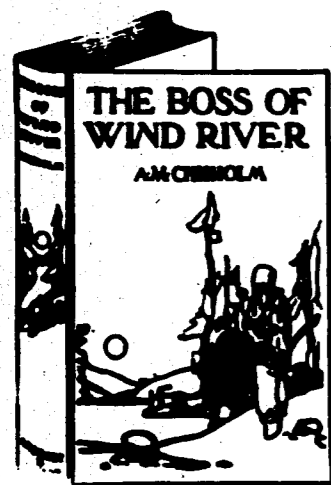
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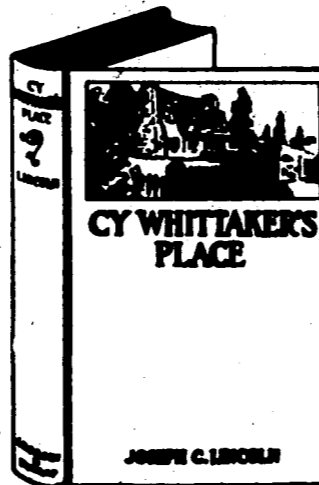
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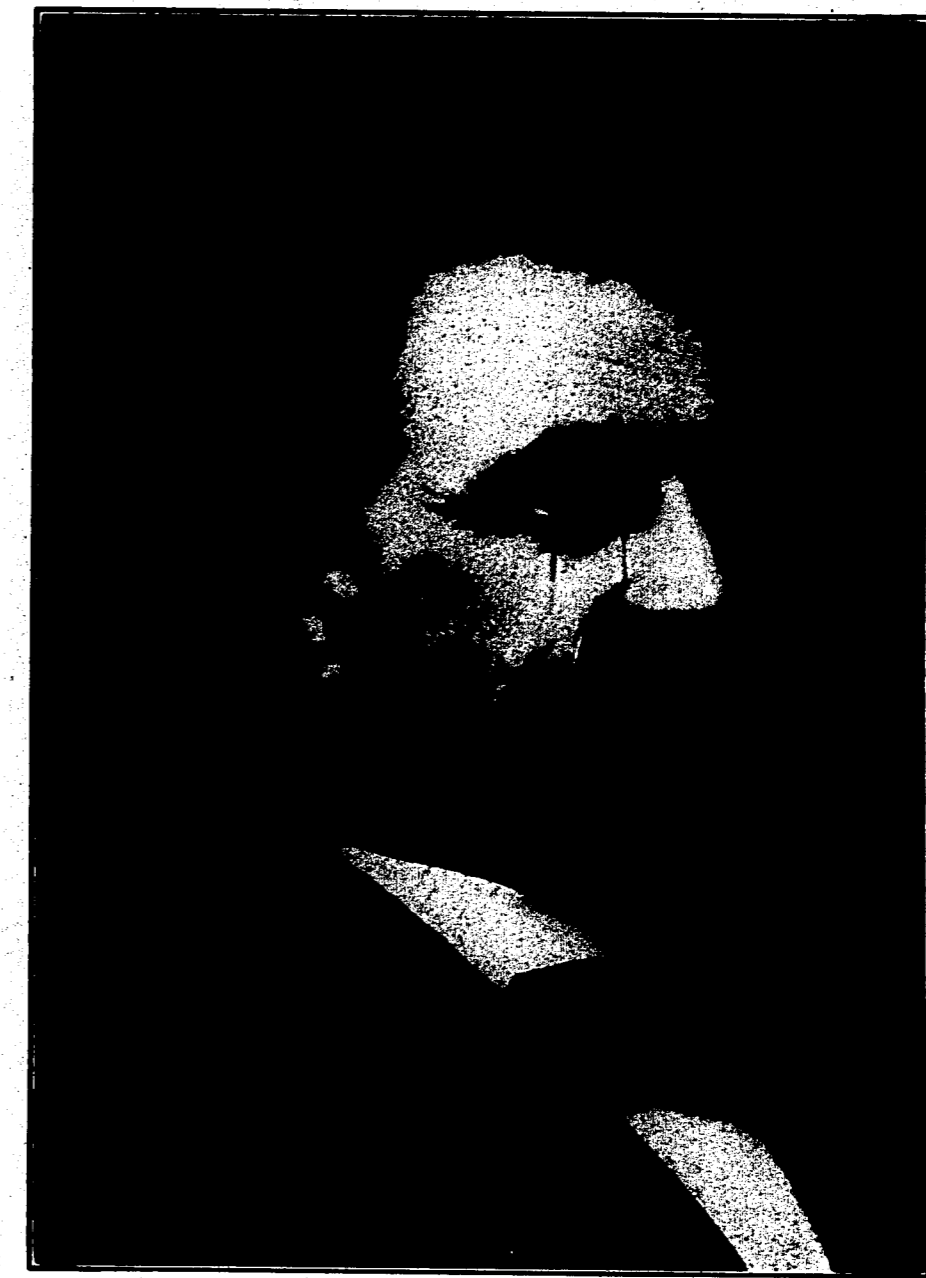


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