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**American Sabbath Tract Society**  
(Seventh Day Baptist)

**Plainfield**

**New Jersey**

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—Rev. Andrew Murray.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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

VOL. 81, NO. 2

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JULY 10, 1916

WHOLE NO. 3,723

**Tract Society's Hour In Three Associations**  
 In the three associations recently held, the Tract Society's program consisted of messages from the various sections of the denomination by representatives and delegates, who were requested to give, as far as they were able, a consensus of opinion, and suggestions regarding the work of the society.

In the Eastern Association at Plainfield, the home of the Tract Board, it seemed appropriate for the addresses to take the form of "Messages to the Board," but in the other two associations each one brought such message as to him seemed best.

The importance of the Tract Society's work in promulgating the one essential truth that makes us a separate people was duly emphasized; we were greatly encouraged by the messages of men from Rhode Island, central and western New York, West Virginia and Wisconsin, expressing sympathy with the board in its perplexing problems, and approval of its policies and plans for work.

We can mention only a few of the encouraging things contained in these messages: (1) Hearty approval, from people all along the line, of the excellent work done by Rev. Willard D. Burdick, the Sabbath evangelist of the Tract Board; (2) Many words of commendation for the SABBATH RECORDER in its efforts to help the people, old and young, to higher Christian living; (3) Expressions of approval of the board's efforts to publish the *Pulpit*, and nothing but sincere hopes that it may be continued; (4) Many commendations of the story by Rev. H. D. Clarke, published in the RECORDER, which sets forth fundamental truths in a way to insure their being read by some who would not read tracts upon the questions involved; (5) Approval of the plan to revise our literature, and to furnish a program for Sabbath Rally Day; and (6) Recommendations for more aggressive Sabbath reform work by our evangelist, who, some thought, should be accompanied by a quartet.

Just before the Tract Society's Hour in

the Western Association, Rev. Eli F. Loof-boro was asked to lead in prayer, and we wish every member of the board could have heard his fervent plea for divine help and guidance in its work. The assurance that people throughout the denomination are remembering their leaders before the throne of grace is in itself a great source of encouragement. People who pray for the success of work in the hands of those who represent them are sure to be helpers rather than hinderers.

**"A Man's Job"**  
 These are the words of Dean Arthur E. Main in the Tract Society's Hour at the Western Association. He mentioned the fact that "Courage," a leading topic or key word in the program of the Eastern Association, is all-essential if we are to carry forward the standard of truth God has entrusted to us. If we are true so that the Lord delights in us we may accomplish great things as a people. Our differences are mostly in regard to ways and means rather than ends to be secured. But it is a man's job to keep things going smoothly and working toward the much desired ends.

In the first place it is a man's job to be a Christian; and it is still more a man's job to be a good Sabbath-keeping Christian. Going to church and prayer meeting is but a small part of being a true Christian. Being a Sabbath-keeping Christian is a task well worthy the best manhood of our time. The reason for loyal Sabbath-keeping was clearly presented in Brother Bond's sermon yesterday. The solid foundations laid therein mean a great deal to us in view of the progress being made in the religious thought of our time. From the viewpoint given in that sermon the Sunday advocates are the legalists and not the Seventh Day Baptists.

The great commission by Christ was, Go—make disciples—baptize—teach. To skip any one of these four things is to break the command of Christ. I know a people that seem to skip all but the last of these necessary things. It is our duty to prac-

tice them all, as well as to teach, and not wait for others to make disciples from the heathen, and then proselyte by teaching only.

The Tract Society's part in this great work is to take the lead in teaching. I fear we are behind in the matter of teaching ourselves. If we are to grow from within, there must be instruction and propagation. We make a mistake if we try simply to pick up from the outside and add to the heap, while neglecting the things essential to growth from within.

**A Good Sabbath Rally Day Sermon** Our readers will find, in the Sabbath Reform department of this paper, an excellent sermon on the Sabbath question, by Rev. A. J. C. Bond, of Salem, W. Va. Those who heard it will be looking for it in the SABBATH RECORDER, for it presents the question from a viewpoint quite new to our people. Don't fail to give this sermon careful study.

We could not help noticing, when an expression was taken, in one meeting, as to how many of the congregation had heard a sermon on the Sabbath question on Rally Day, that only a very few hands were uplifted. I wonder how many regular attendants on church services among our people have not heard a sermon on Sabbath-keeping in a year? A statement of the facts in this matter might be a surprise to some of us.

**He Wanted a God of Gold And He Got It** Rev. Herbert L. Polan's sermon at the Western Association was upon the excuse made by Aaron when confronted with the question of Moses as to how he came to make the golden calf. "So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf." Among the thoughts brought out by the speaker were the following:

Aaron knew very well what would come out when he put the gold into the fire. So we may know what will result when we cast words, thoughts, and acts into the furnace of human activity. The people doubted and were led astray. They wanted a god of gold and they got what they wanted. It is our duty to cast into the furnace the things that bring noble thoughts and good deeds.

Though Aaron made the calf, the peo-

ple were held responsible, and trouble came upon them all. As a people we, too, will be likely to receive what we labor for, and blessings or cursings will result as the outcome of what we fix our hearts upon and what we cast into the fires of human life. Shall it be death in the wilderness for us or a glorious entrance into the promised land?

**From Program For Sabbath School Hour** The Sabbath School Hour at the Western Association was one of more than usual interest. The conductor, Professor William C. Whitford, declared the Sabbath school to be one of the most important branches of our work, and it was apparent that those having parts on the program were in full sympathy with him in that opinion.

After the message from the Sabbath School Board; by Rev. Henry N. Jordan, and an address on the "Spirit of the Organized Class," by Rev. William M. Simpson, an abstract of which was given on the Sabbath School page of last week's RECORDER, Rev. Walter L. Greene showed the need of raising the standard of teaching work in our schools. Of the qualities essential for a good teacher the first is character. The personality settles the question of a teacher's power for good. Second, the teacher must have an idea of what he or she is trying to accomplish if the best results are to be obtained. Too many have no real objective; they do not see beyond the mere text of the lesson. Truths incarnated must be the result of effective teaching work in the Bible school.

The teacher should know the Bible as a whole and have a reserved power beyond the text of the immediate lesson. He should know his pupils, and he should know *how* to teach—how to take advantage of the knowledge of others, and never be satisfied with things as they are. There must be a longing for improvement, a desire to gain in the art and spirit of teaching.

**"Closing Days of the Central Association"** Elsewhere will be found a report of the last sessions of the Central Association, by Mrs. William L. Davis, who kindly volunteered to make this report when she found the editor was unable to do so.

**Why Our Pleas Fall Short**

We sometimes wonder why the strong pleadings of our leaders for loyal and enthusiastic support of the various interests we are striving to promote come so far short of producing desired results. If the messages really reached the ears of those belonging to our churches, if the statements and printed calls for aid setting forth the needs of our boards were carefully read, it is hard to believe that the results would be so small. A genuine spirit of loyalty, a love for the Master's cause, would certainly prompt Christians to respond whenever they saw the boards embarrassed and handicapped by debts which could so easily be paid if every one would do a little. It may be, after all, that in some cases people are not informed upon the questions so vital to our good cause. Perhaps the messages have stopped short of the people, and have never been read. Whenever I go into a church and find stacks of such messages as those contained in the folders sent out by the Board of Finance, some of them two years old, still lying in church closets and on vestry shelves, showing that they have never been opened, I can not help feeling that the strongest pleas made by men whose hearts are burdened for our good cause are coming to naught simply because they never reach their destination. Important documents on denominational matters, bearing well-devised plans by which our necessities could easily be provided for if adopted by the people, can be of no avail if left undistributed in dusty nooks of churches. Who is to blame? We do not know; but it does seem as though there must be some fault, somewhere, that might easily be remedied. There must be some interested ones in every church who could see that all such messages to the members are not thus unintentionally sidetracked. If these messages could only be distributed and then carefully studied, we can but feel that responses for the support of our work would be generous and we should have ample funds for every cause.

**Sabbath Recorder Night** In two of the associations mention was made of a SABBATH RECORDER night, on which every one was expected to bring to the prayer meeting something from the RECORDER, either to read or to speak of. Why would it not be a good thing to have

a SABBATH RECORDER night, now and then, in every church? This would make it easy for each one to take some part, and would tend to interest people in the denominational paper. Perhaps in this way new subscribers might be found, and the RECORDER would thus find a welcome to some new homes.

**"When Coals Are Scarce How Start the Fire?"** This question was asked by the pastor of a little church during the noon hour at one of the associations. He is a wise, careful brother, with a heart full of love to God and man, and longs to see the spiritual fire burning in all the churches.

Several times since has the question come to mind, and the more I think of it the more I see in it. It takes a wise, careful man to start a fire with only a few warm coals to work with. When, as boys, we wanted to build up a fire in the sugar camp on a chilly spring day, and found only a few live embers among the ashes and dead cinders, we understood very well that a little mistake or carelessness would result in failure. The first thing to be done was to bring the few live coals together before the damp chilly air could extinguish what little fire they possessed. Together they would help each other to keep warm, and a little gentle fanning would soon make them glow. Then if we could gather in against these a few of the dead coals, placing them in touch with the live ones, and keep carefully fanning the dead and live coals together, the fire would spread until all were aglow. Even then we could not be sure of a good fire until we had carefully applied the right kind of dry kindling material—fine shavings or paper or dry leaves at first—always supplying just enough air, and carefully guarding against fierce gusts of wind until the little fire was nursed into flame. And after all this we could ruin our fire by the too hasty heaping upon it of chunks and logs which it was not yet able to endure. It required careful discrimination as to the kind and quality of fuel until the critical stage was passed; but these things carefully attended to, we soon had a fire that the fiercest wind could not blow out—indeed, so long as we supplied proper fuel, the harder the winds blew the hotter the fire burned.

I wonder if we can not find here some suggestions as to how we may start a revival in our churches where the interest is

low. Study this fire-kindling process a little. Get the few live Christians together and be sure to keep them close to one another. Allow no thoughtless words to scatter them. By patient and loving effort some cold or lukewarm ones may be drawn so near that their hearts, too, will be warmed. Then by carefully applying the blessed gospel messages in the spirit of loving-kindness, we may, by God's blessing upon our work, see a revival that no adverse influences of the Evil One can check.

**"Cling to the Rock"** A little girl and her younger brother were caught in a deep cut on the railroad track in front of a fast approaching train. With wonderful presence of mind the elder child pushed the younger into a cleft in the rock, and cuddling close beside him, said, "Cling to the rock, Johnnie, cling to the rock!" Thus both were saved.

Many a grown-up child could learn a beautiful lesson from this incident. When certain ruin threatens us and no other way of escape is in sight, what a blessing it is to know that close at hand is the clefted Rock of Ages, wherein we may surely find perfect safety.

**So Many Calls for Help!** If we were to publish **What Shall We Do?** every call that comes to hand for much needed

help for starving, wounded, and poverty-stricken war sufferers, there would not be much room left, some weeks, for anything else in the RECORDER. It is really distressing, and we do not wonder that many are at a loss to know just what to do. We can not ignore these appeals entirely; and yet with our own mission work suffering for funds and handicapped by debt, it becomes a serious question as to just how far the SABBATH RECORDER should go in the matter of urging our people to contribute to funds for war sufferers. We wish we could say *which one* of the many causes we are urged to speak a good word for here is most worthy and most needy.

The latest appeal is for aid for the suffering Protestant churches of France, now destitute, many of which must go out of existence if help does not come to them speedily. We confess to a feeling of deep sympathy for the Protestant brethren of France, and rejoice that many American churches are responding to their call for

help. But, as mail after mail brings to our desk similar appeals, just as heart-stirring, just as urgent, and just as worthy, we can not avoid asking: "What can we do for all the suffering victims of this inhuman, unnecessary, satanic war?"

The letters of appeal bring the most pitiful stories of 25,000 made permanently blind by the savagery of barbarous war methods, with a prospect of 100,000 being made so before the carnage ceases; stories of Jews, in Montenegro, Persia, Syria, and other countries, famishing, with little help as yet from people outside their own race; of 400,000 homeless, starving people in east Russia alone; of 7,000 orphans in one community wasting away under the famine; of a potato famine in northern France causing untold misery; of 20,000 villages destroyed in Poland, and their inhabitants now under the shadow of death; of whole districts of Servians dying from want of bread; of the utter helplessness of the Red Cross in Constantinople to give relief to thousands of sufferers; of 800,000 destitute Armenians, including thousands of orphan children, to relieve whom will require \$150,000 a month during the summer, and at least \$250,000 a month for the winter. And so the heart-rending stories multiply. I do not wonder people exclaim, "So many calls for help!" and ask the question, "What shall we do?"

Probably every one feels that he *ought* to do something, even though he does not see his way clear to aid much. We almost feel self-condemned for living in comparative luxury and for enjoying ourselves in various ways while millions of our fellow-men are starving to death. I know no better way than to say that if any of our readers desire to give something for the relief of any of these sufferers, the RECORDER will be glad to receive and forward such gifts to the proper treasurers of relief committees. We have the addresses of no less than eighteen treasurers appointed to receive such gifts, and will gladly aid any one wishing to do something in this line.

**A Correction  
And Explanation**

The writer of the "Fiftieth Anniversary of the Church at Farina," published in the SABBATH RECORDER of June 19, wishes the title of "Deacon" before the name "A. C. Bond" to be erased, as Mr. Bond was not a deacon. The name of

H. C. Irish was unintentionally omitted from the list of constituent members still residing in Farina.

The editor is also requested to say that, in giving names of early members, the writer of that article "only attempted to give the names of those who joined the church at the time of its organization and during the two succeeding weeks," as these alone were really counted charter members. This explains why the names of some, added to the membership early in the history of the church but not counted as charter members, were omitted.

### Closing Days of Central Association

*Reported by Mrs. William L. Davis*

On Friday, beginning at 3:45 p. m., the Woman's Hour was conducted by Miss Agnes Babcock, of Leonardsville. She spoke of particular work which women can do at an advantage. She mentioned the opportunity of supporting the pastor and the regular appointments of the church, giving for example Lydia of Thyatira, and other Scripture references to the work of women.

On Sixth-day evening, after a spirited song and devotional service, conducted by Miss Ethlyn Davis, of Leonardsville, Rev. Henry N. Jordan, of Milton Junction, Wis., spoke from the text (Matt. 12: 21), "Sir, we would see Jesus."

He said in part: "The great need of the age is passion and burning zeal. The evidences of Jesus underlie every great revival. The passion lies back of it; if it does not, it fails. 'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.' Brothers and sisters, have you seen the Christ, intimately, definitely? Children, have you seen the Christ? 'Suffer the children to come unto me.' Christian, have you seen the Christ? If you have, to see him reveals a new relationship. We must live for others. We must have a passion for souls—be fishers for men."

This gospel sermon warmed the hearts of all present and was followed by a very spiritual testimony meeting led by Dr. Sands C. Maxson, of Utica, N. Y., in which more than ninety took part in one way or another.

A sunrise prayer meeting was held at six o'clock, Sabbath morning, conducted by Rev. Walter L. Greene, in which twenty-

two took part. It was a fitting and helpful way to begin the Sabbath Day.

At 10.30, Sabbath morning, despite the rainy weather, the church was packed to its utmost capacity. Three ministers occupied the pulpit, and the sermon was delivered by Rev. Edward B. Saunders, corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society.

At two o'clock p. m., the Sabbath school was conducted by Superintendent C. M. Todd. The lesson was treated topically: "Bearing One Another's Burdens," Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond; "Beware of Consequences," Rev. Walter L. Greene; and "Concluding Exhortations," Rev. Herbert L. Polan.

The associational essay on "Spiritual Preparedness" was given by Mrs. Floyd Croop, of Leonardsville. It is hoped that this splendid paper will be printed in the RECORDER later. [This paper will be found on page 791, SABBATH RECORDER of June 19.—ED.]

The Young People's Hour was conducted by Miss Ethlyn Davis, of Leonardsville. She gave a few statistics of the societies of the association which were very encouraging. Rev. Henry N. Jordan, president of the Young People's Board, gave an inspiring talk on the plans of the board. The Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, ex-president of the board, made a few encouraging remarks. Testimonies by churches of the delegates of the association brought much inspiration to the work of the young people. The hour closed by prayer for the welfare of the young people of the association by Rev. Royal R. Thorngate and Dr. T. L. Gardiner.

Sabbath evening the session opened with a number of spiritual songs, and devotion. A mixed chorus, led by Miss Ethlyn Davis, rendered the "Awakening Chorus." The sermon was delivered by Rev. Walter L. Greene, from the text found in Acts 26: 19. Theme: "A Vision of Higher Things." "Men have vision. There is a high and noble quality in that vision. What do you want to see accomplished in your community? Bible school teachers must have a high vision. The world needs men who act, and are in harmony with God's law."

At the close of this helpful sermon, Rev. A. Clyde Ehret led a testimony meeting in which many took part. The testimonies

rang with the spirit of the sermon—"A vision of higher things."

At 10 o'clock, First-day morning, at the Missionary Hour, Secretary Saunders conducted an open discussion on the missionary interests of the association in which great interest was manifest. The hour was aflame with missionary zeal.

At 11 o'clock, the hour for the service of the First Baptist church was kindly given over to the association. After prayer, and a solo by Rev. George R. Stanley, pastor of the First Day Baptist church, Dean Arthur E. Main, of Alfred Theological Seminary, preached a profound and helpful discourse from the text, "Ye shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect" (Matt. 5: 48). "We draw our ideals of human perfection from our heavenly Father. We must manifest these ideals: (1) Toward universal life in general; (2) In our relations to God; (3) In our relations to our fellow-men; (4) Toward those that enter into our own character and life." As Dr. Main opened these great divisions with simplicity and clearness, the audience was spellbound and edified.

Rev. William M. Simpson, pastor elect of the Verona Church, delivered a sermon in the place of Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond at 2.00 p. m. His text was Hebrews 11: 1—"Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen." Theme, Faith. "Faith is not merely a wish or guess; it is assurance that the belief is true, that the cause is just, that victory is certain and that true worth will endure. Therefore, men of faith are men of mighty deeds. Faith is not blind; it sees truth which doubt fails to see. Faith sees the invisible, and looks not backwards but forward. If we are true to the 'Faith of our fathers' we will rest our cases not in their splendid achievements but in zealous conscientious use of our powers in our life and work, inspiring those who follow."

The Temperance Hour was conducted by Rev. John T. Davis, of Leonardsville. Rev. Henry N. Jordan spoke on "Temperance and the Home," Rev. A. Clyde Ehret on "Temperance and Business," Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond on "Temperance and Politics," Dean A. E. Main on "The All-around Temperance Man," and Rev. E. B. Saunders on "Temperance and the Church." They were stirring addresses of eight minutes each. The hour closed with music by the

male quartet, W. L. Greene, H. N. Jordan, H. L. Polan, and A. J. C. Bond.

The Sabbath School Half-hour was conducted by Rev. William L. Davis. Rev. Henry N. Jordan brought a message from the Sabbath School Board, presenting its interests and giving something of its plans. Rev. Walter L. Greene then gave a short but stirring address on "Efficiency in Sabbath School Work."

The Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond preached the closing sermon of the association in the place of Dr. Theodore L. Gardiner, who left Sabbath evening on account of sickness at home. The text was Isaiah 35: 8. Theme: "The Spirit of the Road." By way of introduction and illustration the speaker showed the importance of the road. "The answer to the Arkansas Traveler's question, 'Where does this road go to?' is but stupid wit. It goes nowhere for the indolent and unimaginative. For the one with vision and ambition it goes to the end of the earth. Isaiah had a vision of better days when there would be a way; John the Baptist came with a vision preparing the way; Jesus came out of the wilderness and the darkness with the proclamation, 'I am the Way.' It is the business of the church to make a highway through the world and through the centuries. It is not enough to leave folks to wander at their own sweet will in whatever road is convenient, and then apply ourselves industriously to the task of removing obstacles and warning against pitfalls. The road must be made safe—a Christian road. Save the lost, keep them in the way."

At the close of this inspiring sermon the speaker asked that all those who were on the Christian road and those who wanted to be would manifest it by rising. The whole audience arose.

The congregation was dismissed by singing "God be with you till we meet again." Thus ended the sessions of the Central Association.

The next session of the Central Association will be held with the Adams Center Church, Adams Center, N. Y. Its officers are as follows: Deacon Claude W. Camenga, West Edmeston, N. Y., R. D., president; Deacon William P. Jones, Adams Center, N. Y., vice president; Orlo H. Perry, Syracuse, N. Y., recording secretary; Mrs. Lelia P. Franklin, Verona,

N. Y., R. F. D. 1, assistant recording secretary; Mrs. Samuel F. Bates, Adams Center, N. Y., corresponding secretary; Miss Agnes Babcock, Leonardsville, N. Y., treasurer.

### If I Were a Fiend!

If I had the spirit of a fiend and had an enemy that I wished to murder in the most cruel way possible, I would poison him with alcohol. I would administer the poison at first in occasional drinks of beer and light wines, with just enough alcohol to stimulate an appetite which would begin to whisper, "More, more." I would make him think it was good for his stomach, quickening to the brain and quieting to the nerves. I would tell him that it was manly to be able to drink or to let it alone, and that only softies were afraid to touch it. I would soon have him craving something stronger than beer and wine, and have him taking his daily "nipper" containing more of my poison. I would inflame his stomach and create a constant longing for strong drink. I would contract his blood corpuscles and make them unfit to bring and carry, in the life traffic of his system. I would cook his brain as alcohol cooks the white of an egg. I would deaden his nerve cells, enlarge and fatten his kidneys, "nutmeg" the liver and make the heart to stagger like a drunken man. I would weaken and then destroy his will power and enslave his manhood. I would lead him into drunkenness and make him ashamed of his disgrace. I would compel him to take the money that should go to clothe his family and spend it for my poison. He should see his children want the common necessities of life. I would make him penitent, begging his wife's pardon for his disgraceful conduct. He should promise never to take another drop. And I would bring tears of joy to the wife and good cheer to the home in thought of better days, and a clean and affectionate father.

And in less than a week I would send some toper companion to lure him into a saloon, and send him staggering into the presence of his wife, blanching her cheeks, crushing her hopes and breaking her heart. I would then make him drink to drown his shame, and forget his lost manhood. I

would make him think of better days, and a happy home unclouded by the despair of drink. I would send him to some temperance meeting to catch sight of a sober life, and get him to sign the pledge of total abstinence. He should carry the pledge home to his wife, and amid tears and hopes renewed, he should face the future, believing that at last he stood upon solid ground. And I would let him stand for a while till the cheeks of the wife grew rosy once again, and better food began to come upon the table and better clothes to appear upon the backs of the children. The songs long silenced should resound once more in the home.

And then I would send him by some licensed saloon, out of which poured the exhalations of my poison, that should leap upon him, and seize him, and down every resolution, and make the appetite in him demand satisfaction. I would make him too drunk to go home that night, reveling with companions that had missed him. And the wife should sit with breaking heart and dying hopes, waiting for the staggering steps that should not come.

And then I would open hell before the face of that man—the hell of a drunkard. The demons of the bottomless pit should chase him. The serpents of delirium should strike him. The hobgoblins of an alcohol-crazed brain should mock him. In frenzied rage he should strike down his wife, and she should lie as one dead at his feet; and his children should flee to the neighbors for safety. I would prolong this earthly hell for a season, and then in the midst of the laughter of the demons and the hissing of the serpents, with honor dead, self-respect murdered and dearest friends tortured, he should die, the neighbors relieved that he is gone, the children breathing freer that he will never frighten them again, and the wife mourning, not that he is dead, but that life for him had been a failure. Thus would I murder my enemy if I had the spirit of a fiend.

Reader, will you vote that such murders shall be committed under legalized protection through license? And sometimes do you want the license fee so high that only the gifted business men may engage in the enterprise, compelling them to do the largest amount of business possible, that they may gain a profit above the high license they pay?—*Religious Forum.*

## SABBATH REFORM

### The Christian Sabbath and the Christian Disciples

#### A Sabbath Rally-Day Sermon

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

*Preached in the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church, Sabbath Rally Day, May 27, 1916, and at the Western Association, Alfred Station, N. Y., Sabbath morning, June 17, 1916*

Text: "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his teacher." Matthew 10: 25a.

Perhaps there was never before in the story of Christianity such confusion in regard to standards of life and conduct as there is today. That is not saying that the standards are not as high now as in the past. Where there is sufficient clarification of the atmosphere to make them discernible, an unbiased judgment will pronounce the standards of society today the equal at least of those of any previous generation. But that there is great confusion of ideals, and much mystifying uncertainty in the realm of ethics, must be acknowledged by every student of present-day conditions.

This state of unrest is not confined to any one race or creed, or social group. It is a condition keenly felt in America, and the great war is but an expression of the prevailing mental unrest and moral uncertainty throughout the countries of Europe. The Roman Catholic Church, long thought of as the one great organization so dominated by authority as to hold its members in unquestioned allegiance and devotion, is being almost rent apart by the so-called modernist movement. The Hierarchy first threatens and then flatters. It alternately anathematizes and beatifies the leaders in the modernist propaganda, but these men go on in their independent course, disregarding technical excommunications, desiring rather to be consistent with themselves than to be in slavish subjection to the curia or the pope. In every Protestant denomination there is a cleavage not less marked between the two wings of conservatism and radicalism. The situation in these denominations is evidenced in different ways; depending largely upon the type of organization, and the degree of freedom permitted its members. But there

are in every denomination, groups of people differing widely in their conceptions of truth, but more widely in interpretations of truth and in its application to present problems.

To catalogue, in any adequate fashion, the reasons for the present state of unrest and inquiry, would take more time than I care to use on this phase of the subject, since it is somewhat apart from the object of the sermon. I trust these reasons for the present state of feeling and thought may be sufficiently seen, at least for our present purpose, as we proceed with the discussion, for a few minutes, of the remedy required. To this phase of the subject, as a further introduction to the main theme of the sermon, I now invite your attention. And here again I would like to repeat the text: "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his teacher."

"Back to Christ," and "What would Jesus do?" are two expressions which a few years ago caught the imagination, and readily found their way into the thought and heart of Christians everywhere. As spiritual catchwords and symbols of a profound but practical truth, they have steadied the course of many a life through the storms of doubt. While the truth for which these expressions stand has become a truism, and while modern theological literature has given a fresh significance to the meaning of the doctrine of Christ, the world still waits the practical demonstration of that truth in actual life. The first result of a serious attempt, under modern conditions, in thought and life to follow the Master literally, was to minimize the distance between Jesus and his present-day disciple, and to strip the character of our Lord of its uniqueness. The teachings of Jesus were reduced to a minimum, and the standards of life so lowered as to weaken its power to produce sterling character.

I believe in the philosophy behind these expressions, and in the practical value, for the individual and for society, of squaring life by the standards of Jesus. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his teacher." But we need a re-evaluation of the character of Jesus, involving a restudy of all that went to make that life what it was. We must get back to a serious and reverent study of the word of God—a devout, but also a discriminating study, if you please. That is my hope for this

church, for the denomination, for Protestantism, for Christianity, and for the world. I hold a liberal view of the Bible as opposed to a deadening conservatism on the one hand, and a like fatal radicalism on the other. For illustration, I believe that a studied attempt on the part of a certain religious school in the Middle West to find in the Bible a plan of the ages, arbitrarily worked out in heaven and set down complete on our earth, is wrong, and its results will be only evil. The Bible contains and teaches the principles of life and growth; and the coming of the kingdom, for which we were taught to pray, depends upon the intelligent co-operation of men made in the image of God, and who seek to be as their teacher. Again I hold a liberal view of the Scriptures as opposed to an irreverent radicalism, illustrated by a professor in a certain large eastern college who always refers to Noah's ark as the old box. That man is injecting poison into the veins of our national life, and has little more right to a professorship in a college than has the lately notorious, but now forgotten, "Brainstorm" Harry Thaw. The Bible is still the chart and compass of every mariner sailing on life's rough sea. While it has no magic by which to guide your ship aright, you can not with impunity cast it aside, or disregard its warnings and its admonitions. The heart of that book, that which sends the pulsating life throughout its pages, is the life of Jesus. While as a guide to life it would fall fatally short without that life, the life of the Master can not be understood or rightly appropriated apart from all that went before which conditioned his life, and all that follows that witnesses of his power. Jesus was born a Jew. No other race or religion could have given him birth. It was by no arbitrary selection or mere accident that Jesus was born of that race whose life history, and whole ideals in song and sermon, make up the contents of the Old Testament scriptures. The centuries behind him were centuries of discipline in the faith and religion revealed and expounded in the scriptures of the Old Testament.

I began by calling attention to the present-day unrest in the realm of religious thought and life. I made the statement that we must come back to the Bible rationally interpreted as the way out of the present theological muddle and ethical

peril. I have proclaimed Jesus as the center and norm of the Scriptures, and have declared that the whole fabric of the Book is vitalized and made living by his own place in it, and his own life running through it. In all this I have not forgotten my theme: "The Christian Sabbath and the Christian Disciple." I have endeavored to give you this wider perspective that you might view the theme in its proper setting and significance. If Jesus rendered significant every truth of which he was an exponent, then Sabbath truth becomes a component part of the faith of every Christian disciple, and the connection of all that has been said thus far to the theme of the morning is made clear. We have but to single out this one truth, and see how it is related to Jesus, to determine its relation to the faith and practice of a disciple of the Master today.

I said Jesus was born a Jew. Conservative and radical, orthodox and heterodox, socialist and scientist agree in proclaiming him the highest type of human life ever produced in this world of ours. All thinking people are one in acknowledging the supreme worth of the Man of Galilee. No power in the world today is so potent for good as the self-sacrificing life of the lowly Nazarene. Jesus was the crowning product of the Hebrew race.

What place had the Sabbath in the development of the Hebrew race to the point where it could produce the Savior of the world? What was the attitude of Jesus himself toward the Sabbath? Our answer to the first question will reveal the eternal worth of the Sabbath of the Old Testament. Our answer to the second will determine the place of the Sabbath in the Christian dispensation, hence the relation of the Christian Sabbath to the Christian Disciple.

No institution of the Hebrew religion had more far-reaching disciplinary influence, or more fruitful life-building results, than the Sabbath. The monotheistic faith of the Jews taught the transcendence of God, who created the heavens and the earth, and thus placed him far above the petty jealousies ascribed to the gods of the pagans in their struggle for supremacy. That same faith that taught God's transcendence taught also his imminence. It revealed his loving active interest in man in creating not only a physical earth inhabitable by him, but in the very morning

of the world, "when the stars slid singing down their shining way," God created a Sabbath for rest and spiritual refreshment. The question of whether the earth was created in six literal days has no more significance for Sabbath-keeping Christians than for Sunday-keeping Christians. It is a question of minor importance in any event; one upon which hangs no vital issue. Think of this as you will, or as you must, the great fact taught in the first verses of Genesis remains. In the beginning was God. And God created the heavens and the earth—and the Sabbath. *The heavens and the earth and the Sabbath.* Nothing less is taught in the first story of creation as recorded in our Bible, and that much is there for the one who holds to the traditional interpretation, and for him who is most modernly scientific. It is set forth in a style so simple that a child can understand it, and yet in a manner so profound as to win the admiration of the wisest philosopher. God created the heavens and the earth and the Sabbath is clearly the teaching of the first creation story, and this fact is fundamental in the religious teaching of the Old Testament, in whose faith Jesus was born, and of which he said one jot or one tittle shall not pass away till all be fulfilled.

As we come to the Ten Commandments we find the same principle will hold. The question whether God wrote the Ten Commandments with his own finger on tables of stone, is not a question which Sabbath-keeping Christians are bound to answer in the affirmative. They may differ about this, just as good people in every denomination differ. Apart from the accidents of the giving of the law,—the stone slabs, the smoke and fire and thunder, there is the great fact of the commandments themselves. They not only exist as recorded in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, but they formed the foundation of religion and ethics for the Hebrew race; and men of every Christian faith have believed, and do believe, that it was of these that Jesus spoke when he said, "I came not to destroy the law." At the heart and center of this moral code is this commandment: "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy"; "The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." The burden of proof rests not with him who holds the fourth commandment with the rest of the Decalogue, but upon him who rejects the fourth

while acknowledging the authority of the other nine. Let those who tear one out give reason why; Sabbath-keepers need but calmly and consistently hold to the plain teachings of the word of God.

In the later history of Israel the sins condemned by the great prophets were not ceremonial, but ethical. The people were not asked to multiply sacrifices, but to do good to others, and to walk humbly before God. A concomitant of right living as taught by the prophets, who in life and teaching approached the gospel standard, was right Sabbath-keeping. Sabbath-breaking was one of the chief sins that brought punishment to the race. Right Sabbath-keeping would free them from threatened punishment, and would bring greatest blessing in its train. Jesus said, "I came not to destroy the law or the prophets," and in that declaration sealed forever, for himself and his disciples, the truths taught by these worthy men of God.

Among the lessons of the Babylonian exile, which experience freed Israel forever from idolatry, was the lesson of true, spiritual Sabbath observance. The discipline of these exile years, with the teachings of the prophets ringing in their ears and lodging in their hearts, brought the race up to the birth of Jesus undefiled by the sins of paganism.

Jesus was nurtured in a Jewish home, and therefore in a Sabbath-keeping home. In a Seventh-day Sabbath home. A home that gathered up into its life all that was best in the traditions of the race, and where the Old Testament scriptures were read and revered. I have said this was no mere accident. The race, in spite of all its mistakes and weaknesses, had in it the elements that went into his own life. Therefore we find him doing just what we would expect of one who had perfect power of discernment; continuing, enlarging, and correcting the conceptions of truth found in the Old Testament. Rejecting only that which the new Way found worthless, by his life and teaching he gave larger meaning to all that had permanent worth.

In his ministry Jesus based his teachings upon the word of God as revealed in the Old Testament, and in its teachings his own life and faith were grounded. "He never made light of the scriptures. He always brought light out of them. There is a profound difference."

The Jews who by ceremonial washings

had washed all the color out of their religion, had burdened the Sabbath with rabbinical restrictions. From these burdens of formalism Jesus sought to free the Sabbath, but no recorded act of his can be construed to teach that he ever once forgot its sanctity, or disregarded its claims upon his own life. They who sought to condemn him, and who accused him of Sabbath-breaking, could find no charge more serious than that he healed a blind man on the Sabbath; that he restored a withered hand, and straightened the bent form of a woman long bowed down by an infirmity. In passing through the grain fields, Jesus did not so much as rub the grains of wheat from the heads to satisfy his own hunger. It is true he defended his disciples against their hypocritical accusers, but in his defense of them the sacred character of the Sabbath was in no way involved. Think what kind of Sabbath-keeping Jesus must have practiced when those who sought to condemn him by the law of their religion could find no charge more serious than these.

I am aware that the one great burning Sabbath question is, Shall we have any Sabbath? We are cursed today by an inordinate thirst for pleasure, and by an epicurean philosophy which makes personal ease and enjoyment the end and aim of life. Too often religion is found seconding this prevailing philosophy. There is too much fool-induced gush heard in certain so-called religious circles, and indulged in even by preachers, which runs something like this: "God is all, and all is God, and all is good, hurrah boys, here we go, hop to it, Bud, any old day'll do." The result is that society and the church itself is overstocked and burdened with spineless jellyfish, and simpering, silly moral mollycoddles. William James says this generation needs a moral substitute for war. Something that will reveal and develop the manly virtues, and that will be constructive. We have it. It is present in the crying call for men and women who can stem the tide of worldliness and of practical atheism that is sweeping away the foundations of religion, and leaving stranded shipwrecks on the shores of life's uncertain sea.

The kind of preparedness that we need, preparedness against the foes within, which are more threatening than any without, is a citizenship with a new moral fiber. The gospel of Jesus needs to be preached

in the tone of love, but with the tang of authority. In a recent editorial condemning Sunday golf, Dr. Jefferson reviewed the reasons usually given by those who play. "I am in the office all week, I am cooped up where the air is bad, I need to get out into the fresh air, I need exercise, etc." It is all for the sake of "I," and yet the Lord's Prayer is in the plural, and the Christian can not disregard others in determining his own course of action.

"It is enough for the disciple that he be as his teacher." Society today will not push us into that relationship. He who would be as his teacher must go against the prevailing currents of life as lived by the masses, and this does not refer to any particular grade of society. I am firmly convinced, and I call history to witness to the truthfulness of my conviction, that the Christian ideals will never prevail, or the kingdom of Christ be consummated without the spiritual force of a sacred day of rest. It is the time for Sabbath-keeping Christians to hold fast their faith in confidence. There is danger that we become pharisaical and faultfinding of others, until we shall peter out because of our own narrowness. On the other hand, there is a danger, equally grave perhaps, that we shall grow careless and indifferent to this vital truth, and fade out on account of a false liberality. The exigency of the present hour in the progress of the Christian Church calls for Sabbath-keeping Christians who neither peter nor fade, but who seek to be as their Teacher in the matter of Sabbath-keeping, and who, through such Sabbath-keeping, become like him in spirit and in life.

"Have you any letters of introduction?" "Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea-captain, "have you a church certificate?" "Oh, yes," replied the young man; "I did not suppose you desired to see it." "Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you reach the city, present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down the world. It is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—*Christian Herald.*

## The Kingdom of Peace

SUSIE LOOFBORO

*Paper read at the Semi-annual Meeting of the Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin Churches*

We are all familiar with the title, "The Prince of Peace." What does it mean? It does not say a man of peace, but the *Prince* of Peace. This word prince brings to our minds the idea of some royal family and of some kingdom or country which is ruled by some one. A prince is the son of a king and the one who is likely to rule in the future. The fact that there is a Prince of Peace shows us that there must be, somewhere or sometime, a kingdom of peace which is ruled by this Prince.

We all know that the character, the prosperity, and the policy of a country toward its neighbors depend upon the character, ambition or policy of the ruler, or the one who makes the laws. A country with corrupt lawmakers and rulers can never be known as a good and peaceful country; for rulers can raise or lower the standard of a country, especially in the eyes of the world.

What are the laws, the decrees laid down by the Prince of Peace that make his country a kingdom where peace abounds? What is his rule like? The Prince of Peace said: "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you"; "Love thy neighbor as thyself"; "Love your enemies, . . . do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." Such are his laws. He is such a mighty ruler that all people that stay in his kingdom obey his laws. If they do not wish to obey his laws they have only to leave the kingdom. Why is it then that the kingdom remains, is prosperous and is growing? Why is it that some still remain to worship their Prince? For the laws are such that men must fight during life in order to be able to keep them perfectly. Why do not the people move from this kingdom and leave it desolate? The answer is that they have learned to love their Prince, for he has set them an example by keeping faithfully these laws himself. He does not have a great army ready to force these people to obey him, but gains their obedience by giving to them his undying love. He does not force them to obey without understanding, but makes all things clear to them and then there is aroused in them a desire to obey and serve

him. Thus those that believe in him realize his suffering, comprehend some of his love, stay and obey him, gaining in return undying peace.

Many rulers or people in the world think they can gain peace by other means than love. They create and maintain great armies and navies. They say: "We will never get into war because we've the greatest navy in the world; no other country will dare molest us." But other countries fortify themselves, too, and all of them have put so much time, money and thought into their preparations that they would like to try them and show their supreme power. The consequence is that peace is not lasting after all.

Rulers sometimes make laws for their own advantage and then say, "We will force the people to keep them, for we have a large army," and they think everything is peaceful. But the lower classes of people, those who bear the burden, are not peaceful, and this dissatisfaction grows until an open rebellion is aroused.

A man, because of his position, power or wealth, might force or compel his neighbor to do just as he wished. The neighbor would bear the injustice a while, but not forever. He would dwell upon the injustice, the wrong, until his whole soul would be embittered and hardened with hate. All his thoughts would now be of revenge. What is a man in this frame of mind capable of doing? Such men sometimes commit the worst of crimes.

Thus we can not, as a rule, establish lasting peace by force, although we can use this element in some instances. For example, a man or ruler might have a great desire to help a country. He might through his power try to persuade it to take up certain measures which would be helpful to it. Now if this country were in a low stage of civilization it would not understand. Thus, to give them this advantage, this good man must use force. Also it is sometimes necessary to use force when a great moral issue is at stake and when a great body of people fail to see the truth as it really is. Our Civil War furnishes an instance of such force. Thus force prompted by love might be called a means by which to gain lasting peace. We might say then that, in the first place, love such as that shown by the Prince of Peace is necessary to gain eternal peace; and that

the means by which it is gained—either force or persuasion—is of little importance in comparison with the end to be attained, although persuasion, if possible, is to be desired.

May we then keep the laws made by the Prince of Peace, the Creator of Love, for by no other means can we live in that kingdom of peace.

*New Auburn, Wis.*

## Protestant France Appeals to America

MY DEAR DR. GARDINER:

The enclosed letter, which is an appeal for help for the French Protestant Churches by Rev. Charles Macfarland, secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, was sent to me as president of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference. It seems to me to be in the line of real constructive work and worthy of the attention of all our churches. If you approve the plan, kindly give place to the letter in the columns of the SABBATH RECORDER.

I hope that, as far as it seems consistent, our pastors will take the matter up with their people and lend assistance to this worthy cause.

Sincerely yours,  
S. B. BOND.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

This letter is just as personal as if I had been able to write it with my own hand, and I beg you to consider it by itself, although not to the neglect of the other message.

I have received word from confidential correspondents in France that I ought to go over again for important reasons. But the situation is this. The French Protestant churches, through the devastation of the war, with their ministers at the front, need at once \$120,000.

This amount is for a total of nearly 500 churches. In 1905 they were suddenly thrown on their own resources by the state. Many of their ministers receive only a dollar a day. Many of their stronger churches were in the devastated region, northern France. They must have this money to keep Protestantism in existence, to meet meager salaries and provide humble places of worship in place of those destroyed.

Their cause, however, does not make a popular appeal by the side of the other humanitarian appeals. They turned to the Federal Council. They sent Pastor Rousset, who was with us for a year. He has gone back with only \$20,000, or about one sixth of the amount.

To be sure, they are wonderfully grateful, and this little thing has opened the door of love of the French churches and it will mean much in the future.

Now, how can I go back to them for prayer and conference again unless I can carry this pledge of our affectionate Christian sympathy? This is a peculiar obligation for our churches. The Federal Council has no central fund. What can I do but turn to our churches?

I am sending this letter to 20,000 churches. If they all respond with from five to ten dollars each, would it not meet this matter in the easiest way? Some, of course, can not respond, but others will be able to send more than this amount. Please take this up in some quiet way, from your general fund or from some good man or woman. It ought to be sent at once, as I may receive a cable at any moment summoning me to Paris.

I wish I could talk with every one of you, for my heart feels deeply for the Protestant churches of France, as yours does, and as it would more deeply if you could have been there with me and seen things with your own eyes, and looked into the faces of these brethren.

The Protestant Church of France, with its old Huguenot parentage, is of tremendous strategic importance at any time, but at this moment to let its strength wane would be a calamity, for many reasons which became apparent to me at every turn while I was there.

I think it will be worth while, as the expense is slight, to enrol the churches responding and convey the list to the French brethren.

The moral value of this can not be estimated in dollars or francs.

Faithfully yours,  
CHARLES S. MACFARLAND.

Checks to the order of "French Relief Fund."

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. 2: 4.

## MISSIONS

### A Visit to Lone Sabbath Keepers in Utah

DEAR BROTHER SAUNDERS:

I have just returned from a visit among our Sabbath-keepers in Utah. There seemed to be a real need that some one visit this field, but in view of the expense I was reluctant to make it. The Sabbath School Board and the North Loup Church offered to share the expense. Hence this trip.

As first planned, I intended to visit Elkhart, Kan., in connection with this trip, but receiving word from Brother Stillman that a traveling evangelist had opened up tent meetings in the village, it did not seem wise to go there. Accordingly I went directly to Heber, Utah.

Heber is a beautiful Mormon village, situated in a beautiful "bowl-shaped" valley, twelve or fifteen miles in diameter, and completely hemmed in on all sides by the Wasatch Mountains, save only as the Provo River breaks through the narrow canyons. The village has electric lights and a water system, fed by water from one of the perpetual mountain springs in which this part of Utah abounds. It is a beautiful village despite the shiftlessness of the average Mormon family, that sheep are pastured on many a lawn, and that the village itself is almost overrun by cows driven to and from pasturage.

I spent eight days at Heber and at Kamas, twenty-five miles distant. We now have nine Sabbath-keeping families in this part of the State, totaling thirty-four people, including children. Ten of these live at Kamas and twenty-four at Heber. I preached six sermons while there, held a discussion with one of the Mormon leaders which lasted for four hours, preached one sermon on the Sabbath, and distributed some 1,500 pages of tracts. There seems to be considerable interest in the Sabbath question among some of the Mormons. Some frankly admit that so far as the Bible is concerned, or even the Book of Mormon, our position on the Sabbath is sound; they have no valid reason for keeping Sunday. As yet, they seem to have no

literature touching the Sabbath question. But they believe in present-day prophecy and present-day revelation, and should the Sabbath question in any way become a disturbing one among them, some prophet will speak and that will settle the question, right or wrong.

The Sabbath school which had been discontinued for some four months was reorganized, or, rather, the work was resumed. On Sabbath Day, June 17, I baptized three young people who, by vote of the membership living at Heber, were received into fellowship of the North Loup Church.

As the Sabbath School Board and the North Loup Church were also interested in this trip, I have apportioned the expense (\$40.61—\$5.00 collection on the field) between the three interested organizations.

On this trip I also visited Sabbath-keepers at Colorado Springs, Eaton and Greeley. I spent one day in Salt Lake City studying Mormonism at close range. They are a peculiar people with a peculiar belief. But Mormonism is a power to be reckoned with. They number 500,000 members, and hold the balance of power, politically, in five States. Fifteen hundred missionaries are kept constantly on the field. They go out by twos, carrying "neither gold, nor silver" in their purses. Though they sell books and beg charity from Christian people, we are told "the Lord takes care of them." They are proud of their history, or at least a part of it (they never say anything about the Mountain Meadow massacre), and they tell it well.

To hear them recount their hardships and sufferings, how they have been blessed and kept in answer to prayer; to stand for an hour, as I did, in the shadow of the great temple and hear them tell of the work being done inside, where 400 people are at work, unseen to human eye, save that of good Mormons, tracing back long genealogies in order that family life and family ties may be continued in heaven through baptisms for the dead and marriages sealed for eternity,—to stand as I did with scores of other Gentiles and hear all this, and then see dozens of women nod their heads in assent to this deceptive, pernicious doctrine is to believe the statement is not far wrong when it is affirmed that nine tenths of the converts to Mormonism are won through this specious deception of

### King Mtesa and the Bible

In a speech delivered in England, Henry M. Stanley once said:

"Janet Livingstone, the sister of David Livingstone, made me a present of a richly bound Bible. Not liking to risk it on a voyage around the Victoria Nyanza, I asked Frank Pocock, my companion, to lend me his somewhat torn and stained copy, and I sailed on my way to Uganda, little thinking what a revolution in Central Africa that book would make. We stayed in Uganda some time, and one day I happened to strike an emotional chord by making a casual reference to angels. King and chiefs were moved as one man to hear more. My verbal descriptions were not sufficient. 'But,' said I, 'I have a book with me which will tell you far better, not only what angels are, but what God and his blessed Son are like, to whom the angels are but ministering servants.'

"Fetch it,' they eagerly cried. 'Fetch it now; we will wait!'

"The book was brought, opened, and I read the seventh chapter of Revelation, from the ninth verse to the end; and as I read the eleventh and twelfth verses you could have heard a pin drop, and when they heard the concluding verses, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat,' I had a presentiment that Uganda would eventually be won to Christ. I was not permitted to carry that Bible away. Mtesa never forgot the wonderful words, nor the startling effect they had on him and on his chiefs.

"As I was turning away from his country, his messenger came and cried: 'Mtesa wants the book!' It was given to him. Today the Christian's number many thousands in Uganda. They have proved their faith at the stake, under the knobstick and under torture till death."—*The Christian*.

When Jesus Christ says that he has overcome the world he means that his conquest is the pledge of ours. If he had failed, we could not have succeeded. It is because he has succeeded that we can not fail. These are Christian promises; these are Christian delights; these are the joys of the sanctuary.—*Joseph Parker*.

work for the dead. As they are the only people with *authority* to perform such work, and the temples (they now have four) the only places where such work can be performed, "the Saints (proselytes to the Mormon faith) are flocking to the temples of the Lord and redeeming their dead from the grasp of Satan," and through marriage sealing the family ties for eternity. The story is a long one. No more for the present. Sincerely yours,

A. L. DAVIS.

Boulder, Colo., June 26, 1916.

### A Word About the Debt

DEAR RECORDER READERS:

A *word*, but not the "last," about the *debt!*

The fund with which to pay the \$4,000 debt of the Missionary Society has steadily increased to \$2,700! There are only *two* more days before the books close for the Conference year. Fifty-two churches have responded to the call; some of them have paid almost one dollar per member. One small church has sent *five* times its quota of fifty cents per member. A number of them have exceeded the quota even on their entire membership.

The Lone Sabbath Keepers have done nobly! We know of nearly \$250 coming from them.

A list of the fifty-two churches, together with the amount contributed by each, has been sent to many of our churches that have not responded or raised their quota. The question has been asked, "Will it require the fifty cents per member in addition to the Missionary Society's share of the annual budget in order to pay the debt?" Yes, it will, unless funds come from other sources on which we have not counted! The budget of last Conference was made to cover the annual expense, together with a debt much smaller than it was two months ago.

We are glad to report that there are other churches that are expecting to help as soon as they can. Others have made up only a portion of what they intend to. We, however, will keep *praying* and *working* at this problem in the hope that we may clear it up before Conference! Again, we thank you for your generous response!

E. B. SAUNDERS,  
Corresponding Secretary.

### Gems From the Sayings of Henry Ward Beecher

Read by Mrs. Ruby Lawton Dresser, at the Semi-annual Meeting of the Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin Churches

The man who carries a lantern in a dark night, can have friends all around him, walking safely in the help of its rays, and he be not defrauded. So he who has the God-given light of hope in his breast, can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to his precious gain.

As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear-drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand once more upon its stem,—so one who is bowed down with affliction longs for a friend to lift him out of his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoice.

Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose your gardener takes it when just sprouting forth with buds, and lets it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glorious above all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when God's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the *wide world's* joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain's top waves its somber boughs, and cries, "Thou art *my* sun." And the little meadow violets lift their cups of blue, and whisper with their perfumed breath, "Thou art *my* sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind and makes answer, "Thou art *my* sun." And so God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the *universe* of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with childlike confidence and say, "My Father! Thou art mine."

I think the human heart is like an artist's studio. You can tell what the artist is doing, not so much by his completed pictures, for they are mostly scattered at once, but by the half-finished sketches and designs which are hanging on the wall. And you can tell the course of a man's life, not so

much by his well defined purposes, as by the half-formed plans—the faint day-dreams, which are hung in the chambers of his heart.

Men are like birds that build their nests in trees that hang over rivers. And the birds sing in the treetops, and the river sings underneath, undermining and undermining, and in the moment when the bird thinks not, it comes crashing down, and the nest is scattered, and all goes floating down the flood. If we build to ambition, we are like men who build before the track of a volcano's eruption, sure to be overtaken and burnt up by its hot lava. If we build to wealth, we are as those who build upon the ice. The spring will melt away our foundations from under us.

Shall we build to earthly affections? If we can not transfigure those whom we love—if we can not behold the eternal world shining through the faces of father and mother, of husband and wife—if we can not behold them all irradiated with the glory of the supernal sphere, it were not best to build for love. Death erects his batteries right over against our homes, and in the hour when we think not, the missile flies and explodes, carrying destruction all around.

I think it is a sad sight to look at one of the receiving hulks at the Navy Yard. To think that that was a ship which once went so fearlessly across the ocean! It has come back to be anchored in the quiet bay, and to roll this way and that with the tide. Yet that is what many men set before them as the end of life—that they may come to that pass where they may be able to cast out an anchor this way and an anchor that way, and never move again, but rock lazily with the tide—without a sail—without a voyage—waiting simply for decay to take their timbers apart. And this is what men call, "retiring from business"—to become simply an empty old hulk.

We are beleaguered by Time, and parallel after parallel is drawn around us, and then a change is made, and we see the enemy's flag waving on some outpost. And as the sense of hearing, and touch, and sight fails, and a man finds all these marks of time upon him, oh woe! if he has no Hereafter, as a final citadel into which to retreat.

Would that I could break this Gospel as a bread of life to all of you! My best presentations to you are so incomplete! Sometimes, when I am alone, I have such sweet and rapturous visions of the love of God and the truths of his words, that I think if I could speak to you then, I should move your hearts. I am like a child, who, walking forth some sunny summer's morning, sees grass and flowers all shining with drops of dew, that reflect every hue of the rainbow. "Oh!" he cries, "I'll carry these beautiful things to my mother," and eagerly shakes them off into his little palm. But the charm is gone—they are no more water-pearls.

There are days when my blood flows like wine; when all is ease and prosperity; when the sky is blue, and the birds sing, and flowers blossom, and everything speaks to me; and my life is an anthem, walking in time and tune; and then this world's joy and affection suffice. But when a change comes—when I am weary and disappointed—when the skies lower into the somber night—when there is no song of bird, and the perfume of flowers is but their dying breath breathed away—when all is sunset and autumn, then I yearn for Him who sits with the summer of love in His soul, and know that all earthly affection is but a glow-worm light compared to that which blazes with such effulgence in the heart of God.

I think that in the life to come my heart will have feelings like God's. The little bell that a babe can hold in its fingers may strike the same note as the great bell of Moscow. Its note may be soft as a bird's whisper, and yet it is the same. And so God may have a feeling, and I, standing by him, shall have the same feeling. Where he loves, I shall love. All the processes of the Divine mind will be reflected in mine. And there will be this companionship with him in eternity. What else can be the meaning of those expressions that all we have is Christ's and God is ours, and we are heirs of God? To inherit God—who can conceive of it? It is the growing marvel, and will be the growing wonder of eternity.

We are glad that there is a bosom of God to which we can go and find refuge. As prisoners in castles look out of their

grated windows at the smiling landscape, where the sun comes and goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon bars, look forth to the heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

### Free Admission to Mountain Lake Park, Md., This Year

Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, who will again have charge of the program at the Mountain Lake Park Bible Conference, reports an unusual response to the announcement which has been sent out. The dates are August 13-20, and he will have associated with him many of the country's best known Bible teachers and preachers, among whom are the following: Rev. Robert M. Russell, D. D., ex-president of Westminster College; Rev. Melvin G. Kyle, D. D., archaeologist, of Philadelphia; Rev. Joseph W. Kemp, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York; Rev. Paul Rader, pastor of the Moody Church, Chicago; Rev. L. K. Peacock, evangelist; Mr. Charles G. Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia; Attorney Fred L. Rosemond, of Cambridge, Ohio; Rev. M. E. Dodds, D. D., pastor First Baptist Church, Shreveport, La.; Professor E. O. Sellers, a specialist in Sunday-school work and men's meetings; Hon. Howard A. Banks, secretary to the Secretary of the Navy; and Rev. George E. Guille, Elinor Stafford Millar, and Margaret T. Russell, of the Extension department of the Moody Bible Institute. Admission to all sessions will be free.

Infidelity and faith look both through the same perspective glass, but at contrary ends. Infidelity looks through the wrong end of the glass, and therefore sees those objects which are far off, and makes great things little. Faith looks at the right end, and brings the blessings that are far off in time, close to our eyes, and multiplies God's blessings, which, in the distance, lose their greatness.—*Bishop Hall*.

We are all imperfect, and the two things that make it possible for imperfect people to live together in peace and joy are forgiving and forgetting.—*Frank Crane*.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

It is well to live in the valley sweet  
Where the work of the world is done,  
Where the reapers sing in the fields of wheat,  
As they toil till the set of sun.  
Ah, yes, it is well to live on the plain  
Where the river flows on through the fields,  
Where the ships sail down to the boundless main  
With the wealth that the valley yields.

But beyond the meadows the hills I see  
Where the noises of traffic cease,  
And I follow a voice that calleth to me  
From the hilltop regions of peace.  
The airs, as they pass me, sweet odors bring,  
Unknown in the valley below,  
And my spirit drinks from a hidden spring  
Where the waters of comfort flow.

Aye, 'tis sweet to live in the valley fair,  
And to toil till the set of sun,  
But my spirit yearns for the hilltop's air  
When the day and its work are done.  
For a Presence breathes o'er the silent hills,  
And its sweetness is living yet,  
The same deep calm all the hillside fills,  
As breathed over Olivet.  
—*Esther H. Trowbridge.*

### Good News From Shanghai

MY DEAR MRS. CROSLY:

This letter is to follow up the one written in March. Miss West and I have been sure that there are friends at home as well as here who have taken the girls of whom we wrote then upon their hearts and have been praying for them. There certainly have been answers to prayer and what, from our standpoint, has appeared impossible has come to pass.

Miss West wrote about our enforced vacation early in April. The trouble which was said to be imminent did not befall us. There were rumors enough and occasional explosive sounds which kept things stirred up, but at the end of a week we reopened school and most of the girls returned promptly.

The first Sabbath after their return four girls came asking to "write their names." Three of these girls had seemed in a particularly difficult state of mind. One of them had been one of the three to make a start during Miss Paxson's meetings and

then had so changed that she seemed fairly possessed. She was irreverent and defiant. The second had not been here during the meetings but after her return had been interested and tender. Suddenly she became unaccountable in her ways and it was said her mother was threatening dire things if she became a Christian and she herself had decided that she would not endure to become so different from the rest of the family. The third girl had shown some interest but there was opposition in the home and she had evidently been hardening her heart. But here they came so changed in spirit and fully decided, just back from their homes too. We asked the girl, whose mother it was said had been threatening her, if the mother knew and what she said now. She said the mother did know and had said to her that if she became a Christian she wanted her to be steadfast.

In the former letter we wrote of one of the girls who had been a probationer for more than two years and whose father had written her that she was not to become a Christian and that she was not to mention the matter again. It certainly looked hopeless, but a great sorrow befell the members of the family here in Shanghai and the father finally came on. Before coming he wrote telling them to ask Miss West or me to do them a little service which, of course, we were ready to do. That may have helped some or sorrow may have softened his heart; certainly God's hand was upon him and before he went away he had consented to his daughter's confessing Christ in baptism. Last Sabbath Day with two other girls she was baptized.

The father who insists that his daughter shall wait two years—at first it was three—is obdurate. He is frank in saying that it is the question of the girl's betrothal which stands in the way. We are trusting that in some way his heart will be changed.

Some one else will write of the awakening in the Boys' School and of the coming to Shanghai of Mr. Buchman of the Y. M. C. A. His talks have been searching and full of helpful suggestions about better ways of reaching and helping individuals. He emphasizes what we must all realize is indeed true, that those who come into the church must be interested in Christian work. They are to become "a force rather than a field." To this end we com-

mend these girls still to the prayers of those who are willing to remember them in that effectual and helpful way.

Very sincerely yours,  
SUSIE M. BURDICK.

*West Gate, Shanghai, China,  
June 1, 1916.*

### Worker's Exchange

Independence, N. Y.

*Paper presented at meeting of Western Association*

The Independence Ladies' Aid Society was organized and held its first session on August 9, 1874, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Rosebush. Object, to work for home and foreign missions. All the older members have done their work and passed on except one, Mrs. Selucia Livermore, who will be ninety years young next August and still enjoys meeting with us. All our Seventh-day women have joined the society and a few of the First-day people have become interested in our work and joined with us.

We have at present twenty-five resident members. We are divided into five sections, five in each section, and serve suppers ten months in the year, each section serving twice during that time. Our way of raising money is mostly by serving public suppers for ten cents each with occasionally some little entertainment after supper. One evening Mrs. Burrows gave us a talk on suffrage; at another time a musical program was presented. Last April Pastor W. L. Greene gave a stereopticon lecture on China. Last month a company of a hundred and forty listened to a saxophone quartet from the Baker Band of Andover.

All these social suppers and entertainments bring in those outside our society. Our companies are so large we have to call extra meetings when we have business to attend to. One time when we wanted money for some particular object we gave a birthday offering amounting to \$14.85. Another time each member earned a dollar and told in rhyme how she earned it. We use what is necessary for repairs on parsonage and parish house. The remainder we divide as follows: for Fouke School, salaries of Susie Burdick, Dr. Crandall and Anna West, Woman's Board

expenses, also to Woman's Board, unappropriated.

Last year we gave \$18.50 to Lieu-oo Hospital, \$3.60 toward H. E. Davis' expenses to China, also \$38.50, our apportionment to the Woman's Board from July 1, 1915, to July 1, 1916. The past year we raised \$107.67. Our president is Mrs. L. C. Livermore; first vice president, Mrs. S. W. Clarke; second vice president, Mrs. M. C. Crandall; treasurer, Mrs. D. E. Livermore.

MRS. AMELIA COTTRELL.

### Starting a Missionary Society at Oakville

"Sit down, Mr. Barnes. I'm so glad you've come. I've been feeling so blue and discouraged—and—wicked, all morning, it seemed to me I'd just have to tell somebody my feelings or burst!"

"Well, Aunt Jane, if a dear, good woman like yourself feels that way sometimes, how do you suppose we ministers feel oftener than we'd like to say?"

Aunt Jane smiled a bit ruefully. "I guess I'll have a lot more sympathy for you from now on than I ever did have, though I've never been one of those that believed that ministers lived in flowery beds of ease. But I want to tell you the whole story. We've worked so hard to get a Missionary Society started here. It seemed as though there's always been something or somebody to oppose it until some of us have been pretty nearly heartsick over it. But after you and Mrs. Barnes came it was different; and it did really seem as though the time was ripe now to accomplish something. You know how we planned and prayed over it, and then—! I suppose your wife told you everything that happened, but I've just got to tell you over. Only ten women answered our invitation to the meeting, and six of them—six, mind you, Mr. Barnes—were against a society. I think they wouldn't have been so very much against it if it hadn't been for Mrs. Halley. But you know, of course, when the richest woman in town sets the fashion, somebody's got to follow it! Well, she said that she thought a Missionary Society was an absurdity for us; that charity begins at home, and she believed that every cent we could possibly raise ought to be put right here until we were out of debt.

"Then Mrs. Barnes said that she felt

that aside from the wonderful joy that we had in knowing that we were helping to carry out Christ's last command to his disciples to 'go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' the study of missionary work was such an education that we would be repaid a hundred fold, just for the study and the information we would get. The broadening and uplifting influence would make us ready to give and give liberally when we could. She said that everything in the world would have a deeper meaning for us when we realized that we were helping by our interest and contributions to make history; not only the history of our own country, but of foreign countries. I can't begin to tell you all she said, but it was one of the finest appeals for missions I ever heard, and I just sat and wondered how those women could resist her.

"Then Mrs. Halley said if the educational part was what we needed we could read books and magazines at home without the trouble of forming a society. For her part, she felt that missionary work played a very small part in actually broadening any one's life. Missionary people usually seemed to her to be people of one idea. And of course those five women all sat and nodded complacently!

"Then I rose up. I'd been in the work too long before I came here, and know too much of its effect on people's lives to sit still any longer. Besides, I was mad! I'm ashamed to own it, Mr. Barnes, but a wave of red-hot indignation swept over me and just engulfed me completely, and I guess the women knew how I felt. I said I wondered if we wouldn't be running around in some aboriginal forest instead of sitting in a church if the apostle Paul and his associates had just sat down and said, 'It's absolutely impossible for us to think of going on any missionary tours until the church at Ephesus and all these other places are well started and entirely out of debt. We believe that charity begins at home, and we're going to stay here and begin it.' Or, if those early missionaries had been chosen to go to the Eastern countries, Persia and India, and so on, instead of coming westward as they did, I can tell you you wouldn't have been living in the United States of America. No, ma'am, there most probably wouldn't have been such a place, and you wouldn't have been living at all! Or, if you had, you'd have

been in the condition of the heathen where we're trying to send the gospel. And as for being so poor that we actually need every penny for ourselves, I want to tell you that I've been poor all my life, and always expect to be. But I've never been so poor but what I could do something for somebody; maybe it was only to bake them a loaf of bread or send them a posy out of my garden, but it was something, and the fact of it has taken the sting out of my condition many a time. And if we are really and truly too poor to give one cent for missions we're poor indeed; poverty-stricken financially and spiritually. And then I walked out of the room and came home. I know I'd have broken down if I'd said another word, and today I'm disappointed in myself and everybody else."

Mr. Barnes smiled at her. "Now, I have a story to tell you. Mrs. Barnes came home yesterday as discouraged as you were. She felt that something might have been accomplished if it hadn't been for Mrs. Halley's influence, and it was hard indeed to believe that good would come from it in the Father's own time. But good has come, Aunt Jane. Early this morning Mrs. Halley came to see us. She said she was very angry when she went home from the meeting, thinking over what you had said, and she couldn't think of anything else. She said to be told she was poverty-stricken spiritually touched a very sore spot. And when she thought of herself and her country being in existence as the actual outcome of missionary work she fairly raged. She wakened up once in the night thinking of it, and suddenly it came to her how absolutely true it all was; how the condition of the world would have been reversed if the early disciples had carried their message eastward instead of westward. And how appallingly ignorant and narrow-minded she had been in opposing the greatest force in the world's history. Then she said she would go to each of the women who had been influenced by her, tell them what she had told us and beg them to join in starting a society here, and I am sure her earnestness will be all the greater because of what she has gone through. So now what have you to say to the sequel to your story?"

Aunt Jane rose and stretched out her hands, her face full of gladness. "What can I say but 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"—*Alice Gay Judd.*

### Golden Wedding

At 3 p. m., June 7, occurred the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Ayars, at their home in Dodge Center, Minn. Mr. Ayars has been a resident of Freeborn County, this State, all these years, having come from New Jersey in 1856. Mrs. Ayars was a Pierce who came with her father to Northfield, Minn., in 1855. They have recently taken up their abode in this city.

There were guests from Garwin and Welton, Ia., West Concord and New Richland, and other locations in Minnesota, filling the home to overflowing and bringing gifts and flowers and good wishes. Ferns, lilies of the valley, and blue and golden lilies decorated the house. Four of their children and the one grandchild were able to be present.

As master of ceremonies, ex-Pastor H. D. Clarke brought the house to order, and Pastor H. C. Van Horn offered prayer. This was followed by a solo by Charles Socwell, and "Silver Threads Among the Gold" seemed most appropriate. The pastor then gave an address on the happy, unusual, and important occasion. It was happy in the many years which this couple has walked the journey of life together, hand in hand; happy that they, their children and many friends are permitted to meet in this pleasant fellowship to celebrate this event. It is unusual, as very few people are privileged to live fifty years of wedded life together; and not more than once or twice in a lifetime are we permitted to help celebrate such an anniversary. It is also an important occasion. Too much emphasis can not be placed on the sacredness and sanctity of the family relationship established by the Creator at the very beginning. In these days of loose living and easy divorce it is refreshing and inspiring to make much of an occasion like this. . . .

Rev. E. H. Socwell, who for many years has had acquaintance with the family, gave some pleasant reminiscences and told of the happy home life that had no experiences of distrust all these years; of the hospitality exhibited; and of many incidents known from New Jersey to the complete settlement that were very interesting to the guests.

Next came a solo by Miss Effie Harrison, "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," reminding us of the old couple who once

went "through the clover to the town of Dover" to get married and who celebrated their golden wedding by taking the same journey again.

A poem contributed by Rev. H. D. Clarke, suited to the occasion, pictured the lives of this wedded couple from the beginning up to the present and on into the future.

Another golden wedding song was rendered by Mrs. Anna Ayars Churchward.

Mr. Clarke then introduced the guests to the bride and groom, who gave them hearty handshakes and congratulations. Following these exercises was a supper that words can hardly describe, and all enjoyed a rich feast. A general good time prolonged the occasion.

To our many and dear friends who so gladly assisted us in making our fiftieth anniversary a happy occasion, we express our highest appreciation and gratitude. The royal welcome accorded us, the hearty congratulations, the valued tokens of loving remembrance, all combined to make our golden wedding the supreme and crowning event of our long and happy wedded lives. These will ever be held in fond remembrance by your sincere friends,

MR. AND MRS. C. C. AYARS.

—*Dodge Center Record.*

### To the Church Clerks

DEAR FRIENDS: I greatly appreciate the efforts you are making to render accurate reports to General Conference. It is especially pleasing to note the promptness with which you are returning the reports.

It is a fact greatly to be regretted that very few of the reports so far returned contain any items of interest or importance outside of the bare statistical statements. Surely your work has not been uninteresting nor unproductive this year? Let's have some message from you.

May I hope to receive the rest of the reports before the close of July?

Gratefully yours,

HENRY N. JORDAN,

*Corresponding Secretary.*

*Milton Junction, Wis.,*

*July 4, 1916.*

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.—Prov. 21: 9.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE, HOMER, N. Y.  
R. F. D. No. 3.  
Contributing Editor

### Enthusiasm

STELLA CROSBY

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
July 22, 1916*

#### Daily Readings

Sunday—Its steady power (Acts 4: 15-22)  
Monday—Love's hot heart (Acts 18: 25-28)  
Tuesday—Enthusiastic about good (Phil. 1: 3-11)  
Wednesday—Prayer feeds enthusiasm (2 Thess.  
1: 11-12)  
Thursday—Enthusiasm through work (Luke 10:  
17-24)  
Friday—Witness with enthusiasm (Luke 8:  
33-39)  
Sabbath Day—Enthusiasm: its value; how to cul-  
tivate it (Isa. 12: 1-6)

#### BIBLE HINTS

The basis of our courage is not our strength but the strength of the God in whom we trust (verse 1).

Song and strength go together, enthusiasm in any cause means power in that cause (verse 2).

It is possible to draw water out of the wells of salvation sadly, but the sadness does not last (verse 3).

Every true Christian must at times feel like shouting the praises of his God; if he does not shout he is so much the less a true Christian (verse 6). *Amos R. Wells.*

#### SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

In the business world enthusiasm has a money value. In the religious world it has a value far beyond that of dollars and cents. One secret of Billy Sunday's success in winning souls is his enthusiasm. Dwight L. Moody was a man of personal consecration and enthusiasm. He said, "I hope to keep full of fire up to the last."

It has been said in many different ways that Christians are the only Bible some people read. It is reasonable that they should expect us to be enthusiastic about the religion which we say brings salvation from sin and the hope of a future life; but do we really live as if we believed that our lives were in God's hands for this world and the next? We can not win others to accept Christianity unless we who profess it are enthusiastic about it.

The root meaning of the word enthusiasm is "in God"; the root of true enthusiasm for religious things is in God.

There are many ways of stimulating interest in various causes. Learning facts about missionaries often creates a zeal for mission work; enthusiasm for evangelism may be aroused by a vision of the need of the world; but the sure way to cultivate enduring enthusiasm for the Christian life and religious work is the development of the soul by thought and prayer and service.

Enthusiasm grows by expression, but it can not be counterfeited. If we do not allow expression to our enthusiasm we shall find it growing less, but we can not deceive ourselves or others by feigning an ardor which we do not feel.

#### QUESTIONS

How may we create enthusiasm in the prayer meetings? (Similar questions may be prepared to apply to the work of the other committees and given to the chairmen.)

Why should Christians be enthusiastic about their religion?

How shall we make our enthusiasm count?

### Young People at Semi-Annual Meeting

*Reported by Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn*

The Young People's Hour held on Sunday afternoon, June 18, at New Auburn, Wis., was a pleasant and happy occasion. This meeting was one of two held that day in Brother Berto Loofboro's grove about six miles from town. The place was also near a beautiful little lake where thirteen young people and children were baptized by Rev. E. H. Socwell at the close of the afternoon service.

At 1.30 p. m. the people were called together by a song service conducted by Brother Joel E. Ling. The moderator, Pastor John T. Babcock, of New Auburn, conducted the service in his usual helpful and enthusiastic manner. The "Responsibility of the Church for its Young People" was given by Rev. E. H. Socwell. Two brief addresses then followed on "The Responsibility and Duty of the Young People to the Church," by the Misses Luella Coon and Alice Loofboro. These excellent talks are promised for this department of the RECORDER. Mrs. Angeline Abbey,

northern Wisconsin field worker, spoke on "Things Young People Can Do." This address also will be published. The afternoon meeting was closed by an address, "What Christian Endeavor Society Stands For," by Pastor Herbert C. Van Horn, of Dodge Center, Minn.

Not a little interest was added to the afternoon session by the presentation to Pastor John Babcock of a substantial sum of money for the purchase of books, given by the members of his own church and delegates from other churches present, as a mark of their esteem and appreciation of his noble work and consecration.

### Why Should One Become a Christian Endeavor Expert?

ELRENE CRANDALL

*Paper read at Young People's Hour, Western Association*

Why should one join the Christian Endeavor? Because the Christian Endeavor society stands for spiritual things and trains for active service along all lines of church work. Work in the Christian Endeavor society will give one confidence in his powers. He will become able to speak his best thoughts and carry out his best plans. It teaches him to work with others and unite with them in carrying out their plans. It unites us in prayer circles and gives systematic Bible study. It also broadens our outlook, extending it to other churches, other denominations, and other countries.

Best of all it gives us a firmer trust in Christ; for the tasks and duties this work brings upon us cause us often to turn to him for strength and guidance.

If an Endeavorer, why not an Expert?

The word expert means skilful, and a skilful workman along any line is preferable to a common laborer. Some men have spent many years of labor and much money to acquire the title expert. But not so in Christian Endeavor. All that society requires is a little time and study.

The course of study has been very carefully outlined by Amos R. Wells, editorial secretary of the *Christian Endeavor World*, in sets of questions and answers. The first three are "The Prayer Meeting," "The Pledge," "Christian Endeavor History and Principles," followed by a set for each officer and committee.

These tests are all so simple and comprehensive that any one can master the contents of each leaflet quickly. The best record I have seen is that of Carroll C. Baily, a thirteen-year-old boy, who took a written examination on every question in the "Expert Endeavorer" and passed with an average of 98 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent.

I will give you a few of these questions, that you who are not yet Experts may know something of the things they represent. The first three under the Prayer Meeting are—

1. Why does Christian Endeavor insist so strongly upon the value of prayer meeting?

2. What are the results that we may gain from the prayer meeting?

3. How can we get original thought on the prayer meeting topics?

Each is well answered, especially the last, for it says: "Only by study of the Bible, followed by meditation and observation."

Then comes a thorough study of the pledge, its standards and promises, especially emphasizing the first sentence of the pledge. "It sums up all of our promises—to try to do Christ's will; and all our resources—the unfailing strength of Jesus Christ."

How many who are not Experts know who founded the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor? When and where it was founded? When and where the second one was founded? When and where the first Christian Endeavor Convention was held?

As for the president, he not only presides over all business meetings of the society, meetings of the Executive Committee, and all committee work of the society, but also has in charge all society interests of whatsoever nature. To become a successful president one must have personal consecration, high ideals, energy, perseverance, tact, and inventiveness.

The vice president not only should take the chair when the president is absent, but should be willing to aid in any and all his duties, thus preparing himself for the presidency.

The recording and corresponding secretaries have each a very important individual part. Neither needs to infringe on the duties of the other nor to try to put his work off on the other.

The treasurer not only keeps accurate accounts but also has the privilege (?) of announcing shortage of funds and probing delinquents.

There is no need for me to outline the thirty-one sets of questions and answers, but let me urge you Christian Endeavorers to study them; it will do you good.

If each Christian Endeavor society will organize a class and give but one or two tests a week, in less than a year we will have live Endeavor societies.

Each society should aim at the highest efficiency possible for it, and not be content with less.

### The Efficiency Campaign

MIDA PALMITER

*Read at Young People's Hour, Western Association*

President Clark realized that something ought to be done to increase the good work that Christian Endeavor societies were doing, so he planned the Efficiency campaign. The young people needed something big to work for, with definite standards to go by, and the Efficiency chart furnished it; and now many societies are fast reaching the goal.

The Efficiency campaign is adaptable to every kind of Christian Endeavor society, because it has been tried out in societies of different sizes, conditions and community environment—rural, village and city—and has changed half dead societies into live ones.

To make a success of the campaign in a society two things are vitally essential. "One is a thorough mastery of the details of the scheme by some one person in the society who shall make these details plain to the officers and members. This person may be the society's superintendent of efficiency. This leader will be the wise, tactful, patient, inspiring force behind every committee chairman, behind every part of the work, behind each member of the society. The second thing is care to take up at the outset just so much of the things required as may be grasped and handled easily. Do not attempt too much at the start."

The Efficiency campaign is well worth working, because it trains in team work which is as absolutely essential in the game

of life as in any of the great games on the athletic field.

But let us look at the deeper significance of efficiency for a few moments. It takes ten letters to form the word efficiency and what are the ten things which these letters might stand for in building efficiency?

E. Enthusiasm is the first. If we really want to do a thing we usually do it. If we can't do it one way we try till we find a way to do it. So if we have enthusiasm, ardent zeal, for better work, we are pretty apt to do something.

F. Faith. It is easy to see that we need this, for without faith we can do nothing. Our works would be dead if we had no faith in them and Christ.

Another F. Fellowship. Fellowship and communion with God. We need to feel his presence with us and that he will help us in the things we undertake. Fellowship with others in the work, too, because there is strength in union.

I. Inspiration. Perhaps some of you have been with another person sometime when that one seemed to inspire you or make you determine to be and do better. If we do our best it may help others to do their best.

C. Courage. This is one thing that sometime or other many of us forget. We have a "d-i-s" before it and we are discouraged. We feel that there's no use trying, that we might as well give up. Then is when we need to use our will power, because we know giving up isn't pleasing Christ or the people who are with us.

Another I. Intercession. "Christ felt the need of the intercessory prayers of his friends when he faced the great trial of his life; but they failed him in that awful hour. Missionaries tell us that, when the church at home is praying for their work, they know it." If you really thought, that not a person on this earth cared for you, not one loved you or cared what became of you, how would you feel? By answering this question for ourselves, we can realize what it means to have others intercede for us.

E. Endurance. The passage in the Bible ending with, "he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved," is an encouraging assurance for us not to give up when meeting obstacles.

N. Nourishment decides the question of endurance. If we are nourished by the

bread and water of life we shall be able to endure to the end.

C and Y are the last. Christ and you. Christ needs you, and you need Christ. You can depend on him, but can he depend on you to do the work he has for you to do? Without him you can not be truly efficient, for being efficient means "doing one's most and best in the shortest time and easiest way to the satisfaction of all concerned."

Now we have the ten things which build up efficiency: Enthusiasm, Faith, Fellowship, Inspiration, Courage, Intercession, Endurance, Nourishment, Christ and you. I don't mean to say these are the only things in which one needs to be efficient in God's work and sight, but they are important.

If the members of a society are efficient, the society as a whole will be efficient. But it must live in this age and not do like the man who went into the wilderness without clothing, without shelter and food, without weapons and tools, absolutely without anything. There he managed to live for some time, and emerged dressed in the skins of animals, a regular savage. What did he prove? Merely that he could exist on the lowest plane of civilization; that he could wrest a bare existence from nature without the aid of the arts, sciences, comforts and utilities which mankind has laboriously accumulated during thousands of years.

Are our societies merely existing, or are they accepting the things, like the efficiency standards, that have been proved in former years by societies, and entering into the great campaign with a determination to be more efficient? In other words, not merely existing but growing?

### Mrs. Frank D. Babcock

Following a severe illness of two weeks, Martha Miriam Jones, daughter of Rev. William M. Jones, and wife of Dr. Frank D. Babcock, one of the most highly esteemed residents of Morrisville, N. Y., died at her home on Eaton Street early Monday evening—on the 71st anniversary of her birth.

Mrs. Babcock was born at Port Au Prince, Hayti, her father, a missionary of the Baptist denomination, being at the time stationed in that far away island. Later her family went to Jerusalem, as Sev-

enth Day Baptist missionaries, where they resided for some time. Although being at the time a young girl, Mrs. Babcock's narrations and descriptions of costumes and life in the Holy Land, as related on occasions to her old-time students and friends, were indeed interesting.

When a young lady, Mrs. Babcock and her parents took up their home in London, England; a little later she came to the United States.

While attending school in Wisconsin she united with a church of the Seventh Day Baptist Denomination. She and Dr. Babcock were united in marriage at Scott, this State, both being before and several years following their marriage successful school teachers.

The family first took up their home in Morrisville in 1881, Dr. Babcock being engaged for several years as principal of the Morrisville High School, in which his gifted wife taught German and other subjects. They were also engaged in school work at Eaton and Afton, to which last named place they removed upon leaving Morrisville.

The family returned to Morrisville about the year 1887, removing here from Horseheads and at which time Dr. Babcock, who had in the meantime pursued a course in medicine, opened an office here for the practice of medicine. A few years later they built and established themselves in their attractive home on Eaton Street.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Babcock is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Philip C. Cruikshank, of Ottawa, Canada, and one son, Dr. Archer D. Babcock, a well known physician of Syracuse; also by two half-brothers, one a business man in London, England, and the other a physician in Wales.

The funeral will be held from the home this afternoon at 2 o'clock, the brief services to be conducted by Rev. John R. Ellis, assisted by Rev. R. W. Neathery, pastor of the local Baptist church. Burial will be made in the Cedar Street Cemetery.

In the death of Mrs. Babcock, the community sustains a distinct loss—a community which has long recognized her superior intellectual attainments and many other excellent qualities. Being a linguist of unusual ability, having mastered several of the difficult languages during her residence in various foreign climes, and in the

pursuit of her studies along these lines in her early years and when preparing herself as an educator, she was also endowed with gifts of a literary nature that made her a charming and always interesting conversationalist and companion. She was one of the founders of the Wednesday Club and also the local Civic Improvement Society, and in the work of both organizations she had shown an active and abiding interest.

Socially and intellectually Mrs. Babcock was a woman of unusual attractions—a woman of large information on current subjects of wide variety. Her chief trait of character was a simple one, in the sense that she was incapable of intrigue or insincerity. In her death her many warm friends hereabouts will feel a personal loss and scores of her old pupils, now scattered throughout nearly every State in the Union, and under whose eyes these lines fall, will experience pangs of regret and sorrow at her passing and call to mind the pleasant hours, the always genial, patient and helpful assistance received under her successful tutoring.—*Morrisville Leader*.

### Home News

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—The Christian Endeavor society of the Seventh Day Baptist church held a bake sale at A. M. Hull's store Friday morning. They were well patronized and the treasury of the society is about \$7 richer since the event.

The young people of the church enjoyed a social time in the church basement Tuesday evening. The time was spent with games, stunts of various kinds, and refreshments.

Carroll West and the Misses Minnie Godfrey, Marian Coon, Helen Jordan, Elma Mills and Isaphine Allen went today to Appleton to attend the state Christian Endeavor convention. They go as delegates from the Seventh Day Baptist society.

Children's Day was observed by the Sabbath school at the usual hour of worship. The program, consisting of recitations, songs and drills by the elementary department, was much enjoyed.—*Journal-Telephone*.

MILTON, WIS.—Rev. George B. Shaw, of North Loup, Neb., Rev. Edwin Shaw, of Plainfield, N. J., and Mrs. Herbert L.

Polan, of New Market, N. J., were called here on account of the serious illness of their mother, Mrs. J. L. Shaw.

The church social held in the basement of the Seventh Day Baptist church Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Junior society was very well attended and much enjoyed. One interesting feature of the evening was the promotion of seven girls and eight boys from the Junior into the Intermediate society. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Rev. W. D. Burdick and family, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Burdick and son Allison, and Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Crosley and the Misses Adelaide Bartholf and Sibel Reid enjoyed a picnic at Clear Lake Sunday.

The Seventh Day Baptist Brotherhood held the last meeting for the summer Sunday evening, with election of officers for next year. The meetings will commence again some time in September.—*Journal-Telephone*.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—Two hundred and ninety-two attended Sabbath school last week. We wish we might bring the attendance up to the three hundred mark. Will you help?

Soon we are to have the members of the cradle roll with their mothers sit on the rostrum during the opening exercises of the Sabbath school and later the members of the home department will have a special day.

The exercises by the boys and girls Sabbath morning were very much enjoyed. No effort was made for a long program—several classes gave exercises. The floral decorations were splendid—lots of flowers were in evidence everywhere.

The church meeting Sunday was not very well attended—nothing special to do, so no occasion for a large number to be out. The usual reports were received, the trustees were instructed to have the windows screened, it was voted to leave the bell where it is, and a committee was appointed to arrange for a good-by to the pastor and his family and for a reception to the new one.

Pastor George Shaw received a telegram Wednesday morning telling of the serious illness of his mother at Milton, Wis. He left on the noon train to be with her.—*The Loyalist*.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### Working Together

All that summer Jamie had been driving the three cows down the road to the south pasture and nothing had happened.

Sometimes the cows stood off at the side of the road and eyed an automobile with alarm, and sometimes a wagon went by heavily, and some neighbor called a greeting to Jamie. But on that mid-July morning he stopped and whistled in surprise. There was some one else driving a cow ahead of him. Jamie said, "driving a cow," at first, and then decided this was not the right way to put it. For it looked more as if the cow was driving the girl. And Jamie chuckled at the idea. The girl wore a blue calico dress and a very large sunbonnet. You could not tell just how old she was, but you felt sure she was small for her age. She was leading her cow by a rope, but whenever it came too near she darted off to the roadside and looked at her big charge fearfully. Jamie had time to see all these things as he came up behind her.

"Hullo!" said Jamie, when he reached her.

The girl pushed back her sunbonnet and looked around at him. "Hullo!" she said, doubtfully.

"Are you afraid of your cow?" asked Jamie.

"I am not very well acquainted with it yet," said the girl with dignity.

"Course you're afraid," said Jamie. "All girls are afraid-cats."

The girl's eyes sparkled determinedly. "Maybe I am afraid," she said, "but I'm going to take it to the field just the same."

Jamie liked that, though he didn't know just how to say so. "I'll drive your cow," he offered, "as far as I go. I'm not afraid of them."

The girl relinquished the rope with a little sigh of relief, and trudged along in the dust beside him. Jamie had never seen her before, and he wondered what new neighbor had come, and hoped very much that there was a boy in the family.

"Where do you live?" he asked, when he felt that his curiosity was getting to be painful.

"Over at Anson's." She looked at him. "Oh-h!" said Jamie. He had heard that the Ansons meant to take an orphan-asylum child, and if she was good help they would adopt her. So this was the asylum girl. Jamie looked at her with new interest. He wondered if she would try to be very good. He rather thought, if he were on trial at the Ansons', he wouldn't. But what a lot of interesting things the girl would know. All about the big city from which she had come, and all about orphan asylums and what they did with the children there.

"Oh-h," said Jamie again. "Say, if you'll tell me all about things, I'll drive your cow for you every day."

"What must I tell?" inquired the girl, looking interested.

"Oh, about the city and asylums."

"They aren't any fun. There's lots more to tell right here. I found a bird's nest yesterday, and there are four baby birds in it."

"I don't want to hear that," said Jamie. "I know all about birds' nests."

"I can tell lovely stories out of books."

"But I want to hear about the city."

"I'll tell you all I can. But maybe I ought to learn to drive the cow myself."

"Oh, you'll get over being afraid, just seeing me. They never hurt any one. You just have to get used to them."

"All right; it's a bargain," said the girl.

She told him about a parade and a street-car accident the first day. He also found that her name was Agnes Warner, and that she had never known any home except the orphan asylum. "But I had a mother and father once," she added, proudly, "but they both died of typhoid when I was only two years old."

When Jamie went for the cows that night, he looked for Agnes. He hoped they would send her the same hour. The Ansons' pasture was just across the road from the one belonging to Jamie's father. Agnes was sitting on the fence waiting for him, and he whistled a cheery greeting.

"I've got the rope for it," she said, slipping down from the fence, "but I don't know how I'll ever get it tied on. I'm awfully glad you promised to help me."

"That's nothing," said Jamie, taking the rope. "I'll get your cow first, and you can hold it while I get mine started."

Agnes held the end of the rope, looking at the cow dubiously. When Jamie got his three cows started, he took the rope and

led the Anson cow, and, on the way home that night, Agnes told him about the time when a big store near the asylum had burned.

"It must be fun, living in the city," breathed Jamie, when the exciting narrative was done.

"It isn't!" said Agnes, decisively. "It's horrid. I 'most hope I'll never see a city again. I like it where you have room, and things smell sweet, and you can go for walks without seeing just people and pavements."

"Do you hope the Ansons keep you?" asked Jamie, curiously.

"I don't know," said Agnes, slowly.

Jamie thought it rather queer that she didn't say a word about how cross Mrs. Anson was, or how stingy Mr. Anson was; but he thought it rather a nice thing that she did not.

The next morning, as Jamie came to the turn of the road, he saw Agnes before him again, and he ran to catch up. "Hullo, fraid-cat!" he called, cheerily.

"Hullo!" said Agnes. She looked very pale under her freckles. The cow had such a disconcerting way of turning around and staring at one.

"I thought of something interesting to tell you," said Agnes; "it's about the Christmas tree at the asylum, and some ladies came from a church and gave us Christmas presents. I got a book and handkerchief and a box of candy, and all the very little ones gots dolls, and the boys got books and knives."

"Is that all you got?" asked Jamie. He was thinking of the bulging Christmas stockings that he and little brother had unpacked last Christmas, and of the sled and boxing gloves and skates, and a few other trifles that wouldn't go into the stockings.

"There were 114 orphans in our home," said Agnes, slowly; and that was a good deal to give each one. But, I suppose, people truly at home get two books, and, maybe, more candy."

"Yes," said Jamie, "if your father and mother can, they give you lots of things you want. But you have fun at home, whether you get a whole lot or not. But I'd like to hear about the asylum Christmas."

So Agnes told him about the tree and the songs and the pieces the children spoke. For many mornings Jamie drove the

Anson cow to the pasture and back again. Agnes had got so she didn't mind when he called "fraid-cat." And, on several occasions, she had adjusted the rope, under Jamie's guidance. Once she had even driven the cow out of a roadside corner, where it wanted to stop and eat grass.

"Maybe, sometime, I won't be afraid of it," she said on that occasion.

Jamie had very early told his mother about Agnes, and mother had told Jamie to invite the new neighbor to visit them. Jamie was anxious for the visit. He

wanted to show her his pony—Velvet—and his chicks, and the gymnasium in the barn, and other treasures too numerous to mention. And Agnes was quite as eager to come. Morning after morning the invitation was extended, and morning after morning Agnes came with the sorrowful tidings that they were too busy for her to come. She couldn't come on washing day or ironing day or baking day or sweeping day, and in between there would always be churning or berry picking to keep her busy. Then, one day, Jamie's mother met Mrs. Anson, and gave the invitation herself.

"Your friend is coming to see you tomorrow," she told Jamie that evening. "But I have rather sad news for you. The Ansons are not going to keep her."

"Why not, I'd like to know?" demanded Jamie, indignantly. "Seems to me she's helping all the time. And for a girl, she's the nicest one I ever saw. She sticks to things like a boy, and I'll bet you couldn't make her tell a lie, and she knows the dandiest stories. She's 'most as good as a boy."

"Mrs. Anson says she is a very good child," replied the mother, "but they don't think she is as strong as they hoped. So they are sending her back in September."

"Yes," said Jamie's father, who was a plain-spoken person; "they've got a summer of hard work out of her, and now they'll send her back before she starts to school, when she couldn't do so much and might need some new clothes."

But Jamie's mother just said, "Hush!" and then began to talk of what they would do to make the day pleasant for Agnes when she came.

It was a subdued-looking Agnes that came the next day, just before noon. Evidently she had heard that she was to go back. She was very shy at first, but Mrs.

Arnold was such a sweet, motherly person that Agnes soon felt acquainted with her. And then Agnes was fond of babies, and little brother, who was only three, soon found it out, and attached himself to her. They had a splendid dinner, with the cream cakes Jamie had asked for, and peach shortcake, and all the other things that Jamie thought Agnes might like.

"Now," said Jamie, when dinner was done, "Ted has to take a nap, and you can come out and see my gymnasium and my pony."

But Agnes stayed to wipe the dishes first. Then they went out, and she admired the gymnasium enough to satisfy even Jamie. She wasn't afraid to try things, either, and Jamie assured her she would make a fine athlete, for a girl. After that, they looked at Jamie's chickens, and he told how much money he would earn in the winter, when they all began to lay, and eggs were forty cents a dozen. Then Jamie led Velvet and let Agnes ride on his back. They went down the road a little way, and, coming back, Agnes said she wasn't afraid to ride Velvet alone. So Jamie let go, and she rode back alone. Jamie came trotting along in the rear. But they both stopped in horror when they came into the barnyard. Mother Arnold was standing there, with a pale, terrified face, looking up at Baby Ted, who had climbed a long ladder, and perched on the scaffolding where the painters had been working on the barn.

"Sit still, Teddy, until some one comes for you," commanded the mother.

Teddy was an obedient child, and he sat still, looking over the edge; but he had already been up there so long that the novelty had worn off. He wanted to come down. He peeped over, and begged, "Teddy wants to come down, muvver."

"Jamie," said Mrs. Arnold, "could you go up and sit with him and keep him still until I go to the woodlot and get father?"

Mrs. Arnold asked the question doubtfully. She knew quite as well as Jamie that there was one thing he was dreadfully afraid of—that was of being up at any height.

"I'll try, mother," he said.

He started up the steep ladder, but at about ten feet from the ground he swayed on the ladder as he looked down.

"Come back, Jamie," commanded Mrs. Arnold, "or I shall have two of you hurt instead of one."

Jamie came back, and Teddy began to cry harder than ever, "Teddy wants to come down, muvver," he wailed.

"I'll go after him," volunteered Agnes. "Do you get dizzy on a height?" questioned Mrs. Arnold.

"I don't think so," said Agnes. "But I'm sure I can get up there."

So Agnes started, and went up slowly, round by round. The watchers below hardly knew they were breathing as they gazed. Little Ted was peeping over the edge of the platform, and he called, "Nice Agnes will get me."

"Yes," said Agnes. "Sit very still, and I will come."

In a moment more she was at the edge of the platform. The hardest part to her was drawing herself up over the edge of the platform. She dreaded to take her feet from the ladder. But at length she was up, and sat holding Teddy tightly.

"It's all right," she called down. "I'll tell him stories until some one comes that can get him. I don't believe I could bring him down."

Then Mrs. Arnold's wits began to work. She remembered that she could ring the big dinner bell and call help. Mr. Arnold came running across the pasture in a few minutes after the bell began to ring. He soon had the runaway Teddy safe on the ground, and then he went up to help Agnes down.

"Say," said Jamie, as soon as Agnes was down, "I'll never call you a 'fraid-cat' again."

"I guess not!" said Mr. Arnold, very emphatically.

"I don't know what we would have done without her today," said Mrs. Arnold; "neither Jamie nor I could climb that ladder."

When the excitement was over, Jamie gave Agnes a puzzle-picture on the front porch, and then went to talk with his mother.

"Mother," he said, "couldn't we possibly keep her? You always wanted a girl, and she'd be such a nice one—'most as good as a boy. I'll share up with her. You can use half of the Christmas money for her, and she can have half of my chickens, and get the egg money for some things that she wants. Just think, there she is, a nice girl to be given away, and the Ansons don't want her!"

Mother Arnold smiled her sunniest smile. "Well, son," she said, "father and

I were thinking just about the same thing ourselves. And, since you're agreed, you might as well ask her if she'd like to live here."—*Zelia Margaret Walters, in Christian Standard.*

### More Indians Than Ever

In spite of the mistakes which mark the history of the relations of the white man with the Indian, the remnants of the original American stock are proving themselves capable of taking an honored place as citizens of the nation which has succeeded to their birthright. In Oklahoma the Indian is now a citizen, and there is no activity in which white men excel that is not marked by a comparable success on the part of the Indian. It is now proposed ultimately to give all the Indians in the United States full American citizenship, and as the first remedial step to place the administration of Indian affairs beyond the control of politics by establishing a Federal non-partisan commission. In Oklahoma, thousands of full-blooded Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles are operating well-kept farms and supporting adequate and well-equipped schools. The Navajo Indian blanket industry last year reached a total of three-quarters of a million dollars, and sixty thousand Indian boys and girls were last year being educated in special schools conducted like our public schools. There are now 350,000 Indians in the United States and 25,000 in Alaska.—*The Christian Herald.*

In 1839 the Sultan of Turkey decreed that not a representative of the Christian religion should remain in the empire. Learning of this, Dr. William Godell, an American missionary to Turkey, came home to his friend and colleague, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of Robert College, Constantinople, with the sad news. "It is all over with us; we have to leave. The American consul and the British ambassador say it is no use to meet this violent and vindictive monarch with antagonism." To this Dr. Hamlin replied: "The Sultan of the universe can, in answer to prayer, change the decree of the Sultan of Turkey." They gave themselves to prayer. The next day the

Sultan died, and the decree was never executed.—*J. Will Schafer.*

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.—Prov. 9: 10.



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## MARRIAGES

DEARMOND-PETTIT.—At Salem, W. Va., June 12, 1916, by President C. B. Clark of Salem College, Doctor Jacob DeArmond, of The Dalles, Ore., and Gertrude Pettit, of Salem.

WEST-CARTWRIGHT.—In Milton Junction, Wis., June 15, 1916, by Rev. L. C. Randolph, Robert William West and Gladys Vera Cartwright. They will live in Salem, W. Va., after September 1.

KENYON-BAKER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Baker, in the town of Alfred, N. Y., by Pastor William L. Burdick, Mr. Leverne C. Kenyon and Miss Hazel S. Baker, both of Alfred, N. Y.

BABCOCK-BABCOCK.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Babcock, of Battle Creek, Mich., on June 20, 1916, Ernest G. Babcock, of Walworth, Wis., and Ruth Babcock, Pastor Kelly officiating.

PALMITER-EVERETT.—At Coudersport, Pa., June 21, 1916, by Rev. Ira S. Goff, Mr. Elbert E. Palmiter, of Alfred Station, N. Y., and Miss Olga Gertrude Everett, of Coudersport, Pa.

SEIVER-JOHNSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Byron H. Johnson, in North Loup, Neb., on June 27, 1916, by the Rev. George B. Shaw, William S. Seiver, of Marquette, Neb., and Dora M. Johnson, of North Loup.

## DEATHS

BURDICK.—In Wellsville, N. Y., June 27, 1916, James Tracy Burdick, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Mr. Burdick was the son of James T. and Lucinda Greene Burdick, and was born in the town of Alfred, N. Y. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in Company G, 160 N. Y. S. V., and served his country for nearly four years, six months of which time was spent as a prisoner, at Tyler, Tex. Returning home to Alfred, he engaged in the painting business, demonstrating unusual skill in the imitations of the grains of natural woods. In 1874, he established a prosperous business in Friendship, which he followed till 1904, at which time he came to Wellsville, N. Y., and made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Kinney.

He was twice married: In 1867, to Miss Lucy Beebe, who died in 1872; and in 1874, to Miss Franc Witter. By the first marriage there were two children, both of whom died in early life; and by the second marriage there were five children: Mrs. George Smith, of Alfred, N. Y., Mrs. Virgil Kinney, of Wellsville, N. Y., Jeune T., of Buffalo, N. Y., Percy W., of Culver, Ind., and one who died in infancy.

In boyhood he was baptized and joined the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred, N. Y., and of this church he remained a member till his death.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Kinney in Wellsville, N. Y., June 29, and burial took place in Mount Hope Cemetery, at Friendship, N. Y.

W. L. B.

MAXSON.—In Chicago, Ill., at the home of his brother, J. Murray Maxson, June 29, 1916, Silas Whitford Maxson, in the seventieth year of his age.

Funeral services were held in Chicago, Sabbath eve, June 30, and in Adams Center, N. Y., Sunday, July 2. Interment was made at Adams Center. A detailed obituary notice will be published later.

W. C. D.

JACOX.—Near Friendship, N. Y., June 19, 1916, Mr. William H. Jacox, aged 26 years and 23 days.

William H. Jacox was the son of William H. and Lettie H. Jacox. He was born in the town of Alfred and the most part of his life has been spent in his native town. Since graduation from the Agricultural School located at Alfred, in April, 1911, he has followed farming. June 5, 1913, he was united in holy wedlock to Miss Vinnie M. Ersley. Last March they moved to a farm near Friendship.

January 17, 1909, he was baptized and united with the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of Alfred. He was a young man of good habits, quiet and agreeable in his ways, a loving son, husband and father, a young man such as every community needs and the world can ill spare.

Besides his wife and two little children he leaves his father and mother, three brothers, Clarence C., George C. and John W., one sister, Mrs. W. L. Saddler, and a large circle of admiring friends to mourn his early departure.

Funeral services, conducted by Pastor William L. Burdick, were held June 22, and interment took place in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

W. L. B.

## Sabbath School

Lesson IV.—July 22, 1916

PAUL AT CORINTH.—Acts 18: 1-22

Golden Text.—"Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace." Acts 18: 9.

DAILY READINGS

July 16—Acts 18: 1-11

July 17—Acts 18: 12-22

July 18—1 Cor. 1: 10-17

July 19—1 Cor. 3: 1-14

July 20—1 Cor. 6: 1-8

July 21—1 Cor. 9: 16-27

July 22—2 Cor. 7: 2-12

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

Books are embalmed minds.—*Bovee.*

## SPECIAL NOTICES

The Tract Society is no longer making a special appropriation of \$150.00 a year for the mission work of

MISS MARIE JANSZ  
in  
JAVA

but will gladly welcome and forward to her quarterly all contributions for that work that are received by the treasurer,  
FRANK J. HUBBARD,  
Plainfield, N. J.

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 spending the Sabbath in Long Beach are cordially invited to attend the regular church services at the home of Glen E. Osborn, 2077 American Ave. Sermon at 10.30, by Rev. Geo. W. Hills, and Sabbath school at 11.30. Any Los Angeles car stops at Hill St., one block north of the Osborn home or any Willowville car from down town brings you almost to the door.

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, 108 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.

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.—Eccles. 7: 10.

## The Sabbath Recorder

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor  
Lucius P. Burch, Business Manager.

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*Beecher.*

Open rebuke is better than secret love.  
—Prov. 27: 5.

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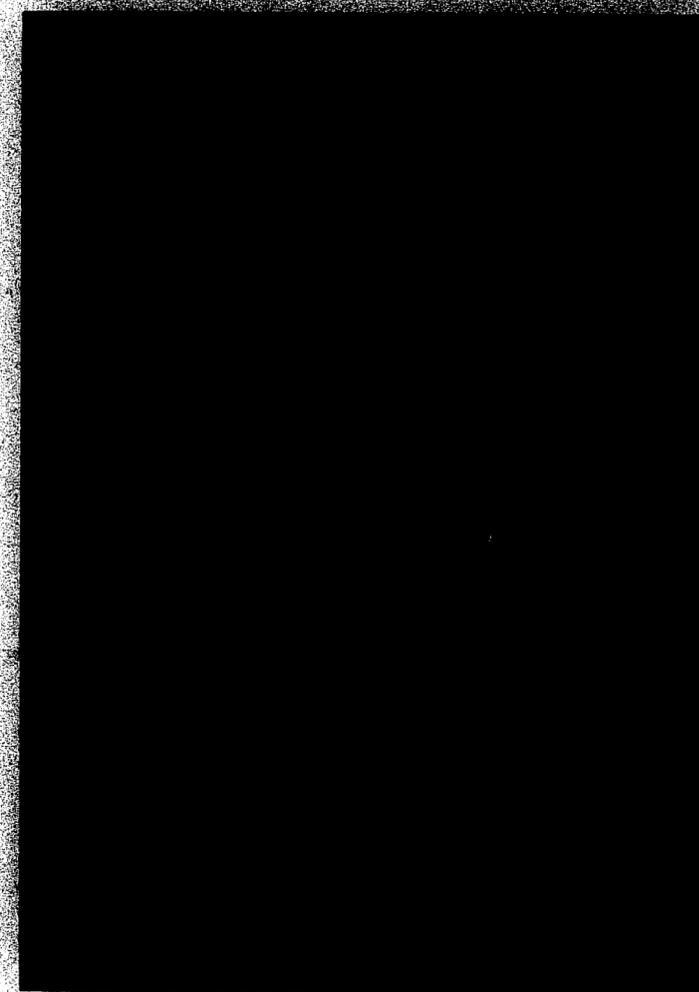
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