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American Sabbath Tract Society
(Seventh Day Baptist)

Plainfield

New Jersey

The Sabbath Recorder

THE SAME principalities, the same powers, the same rulers of the darkness of this world are at work in one continent as in the other, in one between its nations, in the other between its classes; the poor people of Europe have been betrayed, both by their lords and by their own social leaders, just as, under the same plausible philosophy, our workingmen, misguided by feudal protectors, or by their own false leaders, are often, like Jesus, crucified between two thieves. And I am not sure but that the waste and want by war is under the same specious system as the waste of strike and lockout which are now almost daily occurrences with us. And we have the discouraging attempt of aspiring but misguided creatures, seeking to destroy the social plague by burning down their own houses, because we have not shown them any better way of doing.

It is clear to men of vision that the old international order of Europe is absolutely broken down, and that a new order must take its place, but this is no clearer than that the governing powers of our internal social life have failed and that a new order must be brought about either by the transforming power of a great Gospel or else must rise from out the ashes of the old.—*Charles S. Macfarland.*

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., AUGUST 14, 1916

WHOLE NO. 3,728

Go to Conference

When the next number of the SABBATH RECORDER is mailed, the delegates to Conference will be assembling at Salem, W. Va., and the following morning the services will begin. The people of Salem have been preparing for a great Conference, and they will be much disappointed if the attendance is not large. Special efforts have been made to secure a most practical and helpful program in the line of our Forward Movement and with the one word "Efficiency" as a key word for the entire Conference.

People who have not seen Salem for eight or ten years will be treated to one of the surprises of their lives. It has grown to be a city with well-paved streets in place of the old mud roads. Where once stood the one little building called "the college," now stands a group of large fine buildings, making one of the best places among our people for a General Conference.

It seems to some of us that this Conference is to be one of special importance to our people. If we can only begin, in matters of interest and consecration, somewhere near where we left off last year at Milton, and carry the work right on through Conference week, great good must be the result. Let every church be represented there.

The Lure of the Country As we sit by our open window this sultry August morning, with the rocky street only ten feet away, over which automobiles, great auto-trucks, heavy rock-laden wagons, and express or delivery wagons go by with deafening din, we can not avoid a longing for a few days of quiet country life such as we knew in early years. We do not wonder that when August comes, after a year of strenuous business life such as this age demands of men and women, they long to steal away to some quiet nook in the country where they may for a season peacefully rest close to the heart of nature.

Let us escape from the dust and rattle and confusion of the city to the shady,

silent woods, that are cool, clean, sweet, odorous, musical; where can be found rest for worn nerves, and quickening for flagging spirits. The very breath of heaven seems to linger in the whispering branches of the trees; nature's sweetest music is heard in the running brooks and in the songs of birds. The thought of the old-time forests, with their shady dells and little brooklets filled with fish, is restful in itself, and we can hardly wait for the coming of September, the month set apart for our vacation. Eugene Field has put it just right in his poem entitled "I'd Like to Go."

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around—

Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low, whispering, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones;

Or maybe the cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
And get out where the sky is blue—
And, say, how does it seem to you?

Prohibition Sentiment Progressing Last year we noted the fact that 520 newspapers had decided to

abstain from liquor advertising, and we regarded that as a very good showing for the growth of the prohibition sentiment in this country. But according to data recently published, there are now 840 newspapers in the United States, published in the English language, that decline to accept advertisements for alcoholic liquor. In seven States laws are already in force forbidding liquor advertising, and it is claimed that four more States will soon have such laws.

In Canada, 20,000 men and women recently marched with banners and bands of music to the Parliament buildings in Toronto, bearing a petition signed by 800,000 persons, urging the legislature to make Canada dry.

It is becoming more and more apparent that railroads running dining cars through dry States are exercising great care lest they be caught in the toils of the law. This caution is certainly most appropriate, for it never can seem consistent for roads that prohibit drinking by their employees to go on selling the stuff to passengers on their own trains. It is time every dining coach in America was turned into a water-wagon.

Questionable Methods Degrade the Church We recently saw an account of certain sensational methods by which it was proposed to "popularize" church services, and draw the crowds to the house of worship (?). The theme of the sermon was announced as "Skidoo—23." The choir used megaphones. There was a "clapping chorus" and one that whistled. The announcement, "Glad-hand artists always at the door," was given a conspicuous place.

Possibly this effort at sensationalism would be called mild, compared with some, and it may be that many would regard it as a perfectly proper and legitimate method by which to draw crowds into the house dedicated to the worship of God. All such methods seem too much like a cheap appeal for popularity that invariably lowers the tone of the religion of Jesus. Their tendency is to degrade church services to the level of a vaudeville show.

The church that goes into the vaudeville business always suffers from the competition it thus sets up. Young people as amateurs in the show business, even when led by their own minister, can never hold their own with vaudeville artists at the show houses in drawing a crowd. And even if sensational methods of the character described above could fill the church every week, it would still be a serious question whether the bad effect upon the entire community of such proceedings in a church building would not more than outweigh the good that might come to the crowds thus attracted.

We have known people to excuse the use

of certain objectionable methods because they attract those who would not attend the "ordinary" church. We agree with one of our religious papers when it says: "A church has no business to be ordinary. It should be full of fire and zeal and have a divine purpose to save men in the spirit of Jesus."

There can be no drawing power greater than a fervid religious passion for lost men, earnestly manifested by both preacher and people. Nothing can take its place. Institutional church methods, cheerful social life have their value; but back of all, through all, and under all, there must be a deep, serious, genuine religious life, if the church is to be efficient in the great work for which it was instituted.

"Accredited" and "Approved" Ministers Some discussion over the ministerial benefit fund in one of the denominations has given rise to the question, "Who shall be considered eligible to receive benefits from that fund?" One writer thinks the efficiency of the ministry is involved, and calls attention to the fact that every minister his denomination ordains becomes a possible liability as well as an asset to that denomination. The ease with which men creep into the ministry in some denominations is stirring up certain church leaders to seek a proper and consistent remedy.

One Baptist uses this story to illustrate his point: "A young man who had been refused admission to the Methodist ministry was promptly received and ordained by the council of a Baptist church; whereupon he wrote to a friend of like spirit with himself, 'Try the Baptists, they are easy.'" The writer of the story then added: "We are easy—very! No man who wishes for any reason to become a Baptist minister need have any anxiety about gaining admission to that honorable body. There is always an eager church and a complaisant council to be somewhere found."

After admitting that, with their present church polity, the Baptists can not deny the right of any one of the churches to ordain whomsoever it pleases for its own pastor, this writer shows clearly that the denomination itself has the right to have some voice as to those to whom denominational standing should be given, and as to who should be entitled to a proper

claim upon denominational benefits. He would not make the tests educational alone. It is easy to overstrain this point. He would make the tests practical, and require a man to prove himself, by actual service, to be a workman of whom the churches need not be ashamed, before admitting him to the list of accredited ministers.

We can see how this question may mean a good deal to large denominations. And possibly a careful study of it might not be amiss in a small one.

"Good-by, Religion I'll be Back Next Sabbath" Some years ago we saw this expression in the sermon of a great preacher who was describing those who go to church and make a good deal of their religion on Sabbath days and then go out into the week's work with an air that says more plainly than words, "Good-by, Religion, I'll be back next Sabbath."

The one whose daily life leaves the impression upon his fellows that he regards his religion as a matter of Sabbath-day service only, and who goes out into the week of business to live just as the worldling does, becomes thereby one of the greatest hindrances to Christianity. Such a man is certain to find trouble for himself, and always makes trouble for his neighbors.

Not long ago we read a little story, in the *Continent*, of a pastor who was obliged to enter his church audience room very late one night and grope his way in search of a book he had left there. He was represented as being startled by a tiny voice saying, "Look out! you are stepping on me!" and upon making investigations he discovered that the complaint came from a small bundle, "Johnny Jones' religion," left there on the preceding Sabbath! Before the poor minister got out of that church, he ran upon several similar bundles left there by members of his congregation. The testimonies given by these various bundles was to the effect that those who left them invariably came to trouble, which would have been avoided had the bundles been taken along and cared for through the week. Without the help of his, Johnny Jones was caught in a lie, was heard to use bad words, and got into trouble with bad company. Sallie Smith left hers, and before the week was out came to disgrace

that broke her mother's heart. One poor man had been caught cheating his neighbor because he had left his religion at the church, and a sister who had forgotten hers made herself notorious by slandering her neighbors.

Thus the revelations went on until the minister, much distressed over the matter, asked what he could do to make things better. Thereupon Johnny Jones' bundle spoke up for all the bundles, and said in substance: "Tell your people from the pulpit that this church is not a storage house for their religion during the week. Tell them to take us along with them when they go out to business and to live in their homes, and really give us a chance to show what we can do. It is lonesome here for us, and you know we can't do much for men in only one hour a week. If they would just take us with them they would be ever so much happier, for we would save them from most of their troubles."

The title of this story was a good one: "Take Your Bundle With You."

Two Churches Receive New Pastors On the first Sabbath in August, two pastors began work on their new fields. Under Home News our readers will find an account of the installation services of Rev. William M. Simpson, recent pastor at Nile, N. Y., now installed as pastor of the church at Verona, N. Y.

Rev. George B. Shaw, as noted in the RECORDER of July 31, preached his first sermon as pastor at Ashaway, R. I., on Sabbath morning, August 5. As yet we have no further data as to the installation services. It is worthy of note that Mr. Shaw is the second pastor who has left North Loup, Neb., to serve the First Hopkinton Church, Rev. George J. Crandall being the first.

Mrs. Stephen Babcock At Rest Our readers will be sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Henrietta Van Patten Babcock, at Yonkers, N. Y., widow of the late Stephen Babcock, our blind brother. The funeral services were held at her late home in Yonkers, Tuesday, August 8, and her body was laid beside that of her husband in the First Hopkinton Cemetery, near Ashaway, R. I.

Rev. Edgar D. Van Horn, her pastor,

came from Leonardsville, N. Y., where he was spending his vacation, to conduct the services, in which he was assisted by Rev. George B. Shaw, of Ashaway, R. I., and Rev. Edwin Shaw, of Plainfield, N. J. We may look for a more complete obituary later.

The Co-operation of Nation With States Necessary to the Abolition of the Liquor Traffic

HON. MORRIS SHEPPARD

United States Senator from Texas

I regard as almost blasphemous the attempt to invoke the sacred principles of states' rights and local self-government for the protection of the liquor traffic. There ought to be no such thing in the county, state or nation as a right to authorize a wrong. Those who urge the doctrine of states' rights against national prohibition say in effect that they are entirely willing that the liquor traffic should flourish in this nation as long as a single state desires it. The liquor interests in this country would go wild with joy if every prohibitionist would take that view. It would mean their perpetuation. It would mean that from their strongholds in one state or a few states they would continue to pour a tide of corruption over all the land. I do not underrate the value of state, county and precinct prohibition. These are infinitely better than no prohibition at all. But the liquor traffic spreads from a few centers all over the country; its ramifications are everywhere. It is a national as well as a local evil, and its power is so tireless and so terrible that the nation will never be safe so long as it flourishes in even one or a few states. It is certainly to be regretted that the doctrine of states' rights should be invoked in behalf of the liquor traffic, which is universally recognized as the most conscienceless violator of states' rights the country has ever known. The liquor traffic persistently fought interstate liquor legislation by Congress on the ground that the states had no right to interfere with the liquor traffic in the nation; now it fights the National Prohibition Amendment on the ground that the nation has no right to interfere with it in the states.

If the constitutional views of those who urge the states' rights principle in this controversy had prevailed in the past, the states that voted against or failed to ratify the Federal income tax or the direct election of Senators would still be exempt from the levy of the tax within their borders, or would still be electing Senators by the legislatures and not by the people. They seem to be seriously alarmed lest the United States Army might be ordered out to suppress a blind tiger or a "bootlegger" in the event the prohibition amendment should be adopted. The mere statement of such a proposition is its own refutation.

These gentlemen are afraid that if the states get together in a sufficient number, as they have a right to do, and summon their creature, the Federal Government, to join them and co-operate with them in the contest against the liquor traffic that it will mean the death of state governments, the disappearance of state identity. They seem to be afraid that if the states do right in this instance, the shock will be so great that they will immediately agree to disband their respective political organizations and all commit suicide together. Nobody will seriously credit such a contention.

We want the battle to continue in family, precinct, county, state and nation. No unit of government or of society is too small, no unit is too large, to have a place in the ranks now gathering for this conflict under the banners of Almighty God. The liquor traffic is so firmly entrenched in some sections of the country that national action will be necessary to exterminate it. We are not simply citizens of states, we are Americans above all things else. We can not successfully combat national evil by confronting them only in our immediate territory.

We believe that we are entitled to have this tremendous question submitted to the American people acting through the American states. All that we ask is the American privilege and the American right of presenting our cause in the proper form of American constitutional opinion.

For in the time of trouble shall he hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock. Ps. 27: 5.

SABBATH REFORM

Origin of Our Sunday Laws

WILLIAM M. STILLMAN

In *Case & Comment*, a legal journal of high standing in this country, lately appeared an article on Sunday Amusements written by L. Arthur Wilder, of the New York bar, which contains a very interesting account of the origin of the Westminster Articles of Faith, written in 1643 by divines assembled at Westminster, by authority of Parliament.

The article is interesting to all Sabbath believers in that it shows how Sunday laws became engrafted in the English law, which law was subsequently copied by the different States in America and in New Jersey almost verbatim.

Mr. Wilder states that enforced Sunday observance in the puritanic sense dates from this assembly, gathered by authority of Parliament to deliberate and advise as to the form of church government most agreeable to God's Holy Word, and most apt to procure and preserve the peace of the church at home. Commenting on this Mr. Harris says in his work on Sunday laws: "But it is said that the King refused them his authority. And Milton says that these divines were neither chosen by any rule, or custom ecclesiastical, nor were they eminent for their piety or knowledge, above others left out; only as each member of Parliament in his private fancy thought fit to select, one by one," citing Orme's *Life of Baxter*, p. 70.

A High Aim in Life

P. F. R. SR.

At the recent commencement of Salem College, J. F. Marsh was the chief speaker of the morning. His theme, "Some Undeveloped Resources," had special reference to West Virginia, his native State, over which he had traveled extensively and was familiar with its agricultural and educational resources and needs. Born and raised in a community not far from Salem, he was personally acquainted with a number of its citizens and friends in the college, and he expressed a very high appre-

ciation of the relation existing between the college here and the State Board of Regents. He dwelt especially upon the mental, moral and spiritual resources of the State. As, in agriculture, lime develops the fertility of certain soils, so the college, such as Salem College, awakens into activity the latent capabilities of the mind, and stimulates the moral and spiritual forces.

The speaker's concluding point is especially worthy of favorable comment, as plain forceful advice to youth and to their parents and teachers.

The father set him (the speaker) and his brother, while yet minors, to build a fence straight up to the top of the hill. The first post was set at the proper place. Then a second and a third were set, noticing only that they were set up the hill above the first in their order; but upon careful inspection they saw that no two of the posts indicated a straight line to the desired point. They then set a stake at that point on the top of the hill, and after correcting their mistakes they proceeded to carefully set each post in the straight line to the desired point, and their work when finished was well done.

Thus it is with every human life. If the child is well-born, the parents have made no mistake in starting it on the straight uphill of life. If the goal of life be "the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," then it is the duty of parents and teachers to see that the affections, the passions, thoughts, the words and deeds of infantile and minor life be carefully guarded and directed toward the end in view. During entire intelligent life, each thought indulged, each word spoken, the object of every deed, has its influence in reaching the chosen end of life.

How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
Of my behavior here.

Salem, W. Va.

The statement was made in our hearing the other day, that the ideal Christian order of interests is, "humanity first, my country second, my state third, myself last." Reverse the order and you have the common ideal of too many of us.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

Tent Work at Grand Marsh, Wis.

REV. WILLARD D. BURDICK

The tent meetings that were begun by the male quartet at Grand Marsh on the night of July 7 were concluded on the night of July 30. Meetings were held every night, and two or more services on Sabbath days and Sundays. On the last day the quartet sang at five meetings, including two preaching services at the tent, a funeral in the country, a baptismal service at the lake, and the Christian Endeavor meeting.

As is often the case in evangelistic meetings, the good accomplished is not represented by the numerical increase in our church. From the first there was a marked spirit of seriousness and thoughtfulness on the part of the people. It has been gratifying to see parents taking an increasing interest in their children, and to hear them say that they wished to train them aright. Several backsliders manifested a purpose to live the Christian life, and several young people declared their intention to become Christians.

The Sabbath question was presented on the last Monday night of the meetings, and a score or more of packages of Sabbath tracts were taken at the close of the service by those who were interested in the subject.

Last Sabbath Mr. Jesse Nicholson united with our church on profession of faith, he having accepted the Sabbath during the progress of the meetings.

For some time our people have been interested in two young ladies who are cripples, and have taken them to some of the Sabbath services. During the tent meetings these young ladies have decided for Christ and the Sabbath. Because of the unwillingness of the father that they be baptized and unite with the church, they have decided to wait a short time, but in the meantime to be faithful in Bible study, prayer and Sabbath-keeping.

Last Sunday afternoon four young people were baptized, two of whom—Mabel and Clarence Babcock—united with our church.

Attendance at the meetings was somewhat affected by the extreme hot weather, the thermometer registering over 100 degrees above zero for several days. Nearly every night there were many outside the

tent in automobiles and buggies, listening to the music and sermon.

Last Sabbath morning we were pleasantly surprised by Mr. and Mrs. Dell Green and their son Frank, lone Sabbath-keepers, who came in their auto from their home near Plainfield, Wis., to spend the day with us.

The evangelistic party is pleased with the experiment of having headquarters in a living-tent. The cost of meals was slight because of the kindness of friends in furnishing us with food. Without question we were able to do more and better work because of our staying nights at the tent.

From the first marked kindness was shown us by Sabbath-keepers and Sunday people. At the closing service Mr. A. E. Garey voiced the good will of the Sunday people in words that expressed their gratitude for our work among them. These meetings have made it possible for Sunday people to get a better understanding of Seventh Day Baptist teachings and work, and many have received favorable impressions of Christianity, and will be more in sympathy with Christian work. And I hope that many are more opposed to the drink evil, the dance, and the card party, and will be more anxious for social and religious activities that satisfy and better the conditions of young and old.

Our little church has been encouraged, and it will continue its good work of encouraging and helping those who are Christians, and will cherish the awakened interest in others. Much of the success of the tent meetings is due to the previous work of Sabbath-keepers who longed for the salvation of people at Grand Marsh, and to the work of Brother Fred Babcock in the Religious Day Schools.

Monday forenoon was busily spent in packing and shipping the tent and fixtures back to Milton. At 3.30 that afternoon Professor Inglis, George Thorngate, and I went by auto to Coloma to take the train for Exeland. A short stop at Coloma gave us the opportunity to call on Mrs. Humphrey, a lone Sabbath-keeper.

Exeland, Wis.,
Aug. 2 1916.

In your patience possess ye your souls.
Luke 21:19.

Negro Work in the South

From an address delivered at a recent meeting of the Home Missions Council, New York City.

I have known the negro at close range. When I was born in Mississippi, where there are more negroes in the State than whites, I was placed in the tender arms of my devoted black mammy. I must speak of that sweet relationship, about which my ten grown children know nothing. She loved me as she did her own children. My mother died just after the battle of Murfreesboro. The chain pickets of the Federal army ran through my father's farm, and war regulations would not permit my mother's body to be carried to the cemetery. We buried her at the foot of a cedar tree in the orchard, near where the cherry trees were in full bloom. The principal mourners were our ex-slaves. I can not place too high praise upon the watchfulness and care of that Christian black mammy. Ofttimes she would place her hand upon my head when I was disposed to be wayward and rebellious and say to me: "Child, if your mother heard those words, and knew what you were doing, she would turn over in her grave." She certainly put restraints about me. By her prayers and counsels and with that strong black hand placed upon my head, she finally led me to that lonely place where I met my Savior face to face. Less than twenty days ago I went to Tennessee to give some attention to the care of my beloved mother's grave, and I arranged with the contractor to render the same service to the grave of my black mammy, whose spirit has gone to the heavenly home and whose body waits the resurrection morn.

I have taken time to relate this experience because there are hundreds of thousands of men in the South who could relate a like sweet story.

My father was a slave-owner. In my childhood days I lived in Issaquena County, Mississippi, where there were more negroes to the white population than in any other county in the United States. I rode with my father through the farm daily. I witnessed the patient submission of the negro slaves, and even a seeming cheerfulness, when all seemed dark and dreary. I heard the sweet cadences and melody of their untrained voices, when they sang of the dreaded cane fields of Louisiana, or lustily

joined in such songs as "Old Black Joe," "Sewanee River," and "My Old Kentucky Home." Their religious songs were sung with unusual fervor and power. They were fond of holding prayer meetings, and every one would attend the preaching services by a white minister. My mother and I never failed to be present.

My playmates were the children of the slaves, because the nearest white child was sixteen miles away.

When the war came on it was our own slaves who counseled my father to leave, as there was to be an uprising. This did occur later and a dozen or more overseers and masters were massacred in that community. My father took certain slaves and went back to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he and my mother had been reared and where he owned a small farm. There I witnessed all the horrors of the Civil War. I saw every able-bodied man leave his home to fight for a cause which he thought was right, and commit the keeping of his wife and daughters to his slaves. Because slavery contributed to our wealth, our ease and our comfort, our people believed it was right, and tried to defend it even with the Word of God. Though the master and his boys were fighting against the freedom and the best interests of the negro, I defy any man to cite a single instance in the sixteen Southern States where a negro ever proved unfaithful to the trust which had been committed to his hands. I witnessed the bright light of burning homes night after night, and heard the screams of helpless women and children. Succor always came to them from faithful negro hands, and when the mansion and its contents had been consumed, a certain amount of the bedding and furniture was always saved by the faithful and loving dusky hands, and the best cabin on the place was scoured and made as habitable as possible, and the family cared for until "Marse Robert" came back from the war.

I witnessed the horrors of the reconstruction period, where the greatest estrangement was brought about between the Southern whites and the colored race. Some good men went South to aid in that important task, but a great many were unscrupulous carpetbaggers, who wrought a world of mischief.

I saw the negro when the war was over, turned out empty-handed, and well nigh

friendless, into the world. Many of them had mistaken ideas as to what freedom and the ballot box meant. Some thought it meant indolence and idleness, and that branch of the family is not extinct to this good day. But I saw the larger part of them light lamps of industry and economy, with faith in God and trust in man, turn their faces to the future, and determine to make a place for themselves in the world. I do not hesitate to say that their achievements have been little short of marvelous.

* * * * *

I always found the negro grateful and affable for the least favor shown him. Fifty years ago only 10 per cent of the negro population in the South could read. There were 4,448,830 of them. They at once began to build churches and schools, and in the exuberance of their joy, held worship in their church houses every night in the year. They received aid largely from the North, and, as far as circumstances would permit, from the South. The population has increased 120 per cent. They own 211,087 farms in the South, and control four times as many. The richest man in Issaquena County, Mississippi, today is an ex-slave. There are 1,300,000 negroes employed in farm work. Today seventy in every 100 can read and write. There are 2,000,000 colored children attending the schools in the South, taught by 25,000 colored teachers. With zeal and love-gifts they have erected and control 200 private institutions of learning. Nearly 5,000 young men and women have graduated from colleges and won honors in the Northern universities. They have even won the Rhodes scholarship. A half million negroes own homes and farms valued at a billion dollars; 6,000 are authors and have copyrighted books; 1,000 patents have been entered in the Patent Office by colored people; 30,000 negroes are engaged as architects, electricians, photographers, druggists, physicians, owners of department stores, mines, cotton mills, drygoods stores, insurance companies, publishing houses and wholesale houses. They publish 400 newspapers. Wisely the colored man has turned from the crowded cities to the open country in the South. Forty per cent of all agricultural laborers in the South are negroes. The negro is a man; a human being. He needs help, not as a ward of the

nation, but as a white man needs help. In the overlapping and duplication of our philanthropy and humanitarianism, the negro is largely overlooked. We must cease to work for negroes, and learn to work with them as brothers. They deserve to be treated as responsible members of the community, and nobody's dependents. They need, and should have, the unstinted help of North and South in solving their problems and bearing their burdens. The New Testament lays down all the instructions that we need. It is simply the drama of strength helping weakness. We need heavenly wisdom in applying aid where aid is needed. It is like certain medicine—a little is a stimulant, but too much is a sedative. We want to place them on their feet and not on their backs. We want to help them to develop Christian manhood and womanhood, and not contribute to their delinquency. Our welfare depends upon the proper education and improvement of the colored people.—*W. D. Powell, D. D., in Watchman-Examiner.*

Now for Conference

How many L. S. K's shall we see at the Salem Conference, August 22-27? How about 60 from West Virginia? How many of the New Jersey 30? Then Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois are not far away. Surely we ought to have a good showing, and we may expect a good and profitable time. If all the programs are as full as the L. S. K. hour, it will be all you can digest. Many will want to see Salem and her young giant of a college, and hear of the denomination's advance in the Forward Movement. Let us still plan to go to Conference!

G. M. COTTRELL,
General Secretary, L. S. K's.

Topeka, Kan.,
Aug. 6, 1916.

What a host of living things must be destroyed that man may live—insects that prey upon his harvests, grubs and worms that attack his garden, coyotes and gophers that overrun his farms! Few will agree as to just where the line is to be drawn between the harmful and the harmless.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

MISSIONS

Observations by the Way

JAY W. CROFOOT

Several things have combined to make our arrival in the U. S. later than we expected. First the departure of the S. S. *China* was postponed from June 24 to 26 and later to July 2. Incidentally we were kept waiting at the wharf in Shanghai for more than an hour for the American doctor to sign our papers and then when we reached the ship itself at Woosung we found that it would not sail till after nine the next morning. We might have passed a more comfortable night in our own beds in Shanghai, for it was very hot.

After leaving Nagasaki, Japan, we made up a little time by going south of the larger islands of Japan instead of through the Inland Sea, but that was something of a disappointment as we were anxious for our children to see this famous beautiful strait. We were nearly a day at Yokohama, from which place Burdet went to Kamakura while Mrs. Crofoot and Anna and I went to Tokio. July 17 we spent at Honolulu. I shall try to induce some of the members of my family to write something about those three places.

The voyage itself was for the most part a pleasant one. Though it was pretty warm and it was not possible to have our portholes open most of the time, there was very little rough sea, and none of us was much seasick. The last day and half were really the only time the sea was bad.

On board there was about 145 first-class passengers, 65 second-class, and about 500 in the steerage. Of the first-class passengers about a third were Germans, the *China* being the only steamer now on the Pacific which carries people of that nationality. The English and Japanese boats are closed to them. About 25 of us were missionaries or members of missionary families. Incidentally I may mention that 40 Seventh Day Adventist missionaries (nearly all new) are going to China by the return voyage of that ship.

We had the usual sorts of deck sports, chess tournament, musical evenings, etc., and proved to be a congenial company. Divine service was conducted on Sundays

by the missionaries but none of the ship's officers attended, nor did many of the passengers. One Sunday I preached, but it left me feeling pretty nearly worn out.

We reached San Francisco about noon, July 24, and rather expected to go on directly to Chicago, starting the next day. But by a mistake at the office of the S. S. Company an important letter was not delivered to me till Thursday the 27th. This seemed to make it best to spend the Sabbath at Riverside, which we did. Two of the Riverside young people who are attending summer school at Berkeley met us at the wharf and we saw two more next day. We also had a little visit with Paul Randolph. Tuesday we had luncheon with Dr. Fryer, and Wednesday my old friend, Mr. Threlkeld, took us for a long ride to see the sights.

We were glad to get away from San Francisco, however, and still gladder to reach Riverside. Although Mr. Severance had been writing urging us to travel that way, our welcome, both from him and others, was more than we had any right to expect. We found more acquaintances than we expected, and we made new friends too. The lunch they put up for us fairly overwhelmed us. Among other good things it included such fruit as only southern California grows, and other places see only in dreams.

Our journey across the continent by the Southern Pacific though hot was not unbearably so. We were interested in the new scenes and especially in Columbus, N. M., "the town that Pancho Villa made famous." There and at El Paso, Tex., soldiers were very much in evidence.

We reached Chicago this morning, warm and tired and very dirty, but not worn out.

Oak Park, Ill.,
Aug. 3, 1916.

A friend has told us the following: Into a letter from an American in Paris, received last month, in which the statement was made that France felt very bitter toward the United States, was slipped a note, by another hand, to the effect that the correspondent evidently did not know the mind of the French people, and asserting that the feeling was very different from that indicated by the letter. This note was signed, "Censor."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Memories of John L. Huffman

DEAR EDITOR:

I saw an article in your very valuable paper, the SABBATH RECORDER, on "The Weeping Preacher," which reminded me of Elder John L. Huffman when he was in Rhode Island on his last missionary work. He commenced a series of meetings at a Seventh Day Baptist church in a small village, and at the close of the meeting he said he wished that all who were interested in saving souls would come the next Monday afternoon to the church and hold a special prayer meeting for the success of the following meetings, that there might be much good done.

When the time came, there were only seven in all. I shall never forget the sermon he preached and the tears he shed for those who were so unconcerned about the unsaved. He said he should preach with the same earnestness that he would if the house were full, and those tears meant much to his whole-hearted work. The result was a revival that reached the old as well as the young and unconverted men and women, and boys and girls were brought in. It is the tears in the real Christian's eyes that do much good.

Another time Elder Huffman, Elder George Hills and another minister of the gospel were holding meetings in another place in the same town, and when the time came for the farewell meeting they were so filled with the love of Christ in their hearts they could hardly say the words they wished to utter and the tears were streaming down their faces.

Yes, dear brother or sister, Jesus wept often, and many were the solitary hours he spent alone for you and me.

MRS. ELIZA S. LARKIN.

Bradford, R. I., Aug. 6, 1916.

Annual Reunion of the Greene Family

The annual reunion and picnic of the Greene family will take place at the home of Loren H. Greene, Berlin, N. Y., on Tuesday, August 22, 1916; if stormy, the next day. All having Greene ancestry, even though it be remote, are invited to attend and enjoy the occasion.

FRANK J. GREENE,
President.

ARTHUR GALUCIA,
Secretary.

Winning the Men in the Shops

Preaching the gospel in a "biled" shirt and stiff collar from the dignified eminence of a pulpit is one thing. Handing out the hard facts of religion and Christianity in a straight-from-the-shoulder fashion in one corner of noisy factory before an audience of smoke, grease and sweat begrimed shop men is quite another.

Fancy to yourself sometime what the comfortable pastor of a fashionable parish would do in the antipodal atmosphere of a factory. Could he adapt himself to the situation, could he find a point of common contact, could he reduce (it amounts to that) his conception of the gospel to the language of the shop men? Could he, in fact, make the workman understand him and at the same time command that workman's respect for him?

Sometimes, perhaps—and then sometimes not.

Religion is the most democratic thing in the world, but people themselves are not always democratic.

Religion can positively be adapted to any situation in life, but every minister doesn't know how to do it.

Religion belongs to the man in the shop as well as to the man in the office, but not every preacher is able to carry it there.

Religion commands respect from high and low alike, but the workman has his own viewpoint, and he certainly won't be patronized by a white-collared, professedly philanthropic preacher.

These are some of the rocks on which the hopes of a misguided usefulness have been dashed to pieces; the frail craft, lacking a tactful hand at the helm, couldn't pick her way through the channel without striking a mine and being blown up.

To the ordinary workman, who needs the message of the gospel as badly as many of our largest congregations, the superfluities of religion—the fine clothes, perfumes, plumes, white collars and shirt fronts, vested choirs, the rumbling organ music in transept and nave, the grandeur and pomp and ceremony—seem to him rather like the burr of the chestnut that has to be troubled with before one arrives at the real meat of the thing.

Besides, it smells of aristocracy—and that is a noxious odor in the nostrils of most factory workers, as you will observe

if you go among them. The average factory man doesn't want aristocracy to hand him anything; he can think and do for himself.

The shop man doesn't care a whoop about the frills of religion. He wants it raw—straight—undiluted—right between the eyes. You can tell him most anything about himself without offending him, but you've got to talk to him in his own language—and you ought to have a pretty good reason, too, for saying what you do. Approach the shop man from any other direction—and he walks off for a "drag" at his brier and a bit of sunshine.

"I'm afraid the men are all outside now," said an official one day to two of us who, as a part of a Young Men's Christian Association convention program, had gone to a Fort Wayne knitting mill to conduct a shop meeting for men and boys. Some of the men were outside the building by this time, sunning themselves, but others we found just issuing from the dining room and still others were in the basement of the company's welfare quarters, a place with no attempt at moral or religious tone.

"A lot of people have tried to hold meetings down here," said the manager of this social welfare club, "but they never could get a crowd. The men always struck for the outside and wouldn't stay to listen, or else they broke away in the midst of the meetin'."

They were doing that now, but that didn't discourage the determined Mogge, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Evansville, Indiana. Instead of turning away we followed the men and boys to the basement, where, through the clouds of tobacco smoke, one might distinguish two pool tables, a bowling alley and a tremendous lack of interest in any sort of religious meeting or shop talk. The confusion of shouts and jests in the big room gave promise of drowning out even Mogge's powerful voice.

But it did not take this quick-eyed enthusiast long to find a side room that could be shut off from the din of the bowling alleys. In this room, however, he found comfortable and serene two groups of boys, ranging from 14 to 20 years of age, playing poker and seven-up in the haze of thick and stale cigarette smoke.

And even that fact did not deter this shop talker. He simply asked the boys if

a little talk he was going to make to the men of the factory would disturb them. And the boys replied quite as airily:

"Certainly not; go ahead."

Mogge went ahead, and so did the boys—cards, smoke, profanity and all the rest, while sixty factory men and young men filtered in through the door from the adjoining room and from upstairs. Word of a public speaker being in the basement of the building had gained quick circulation; many of the men attended the meeting purely from curiosity.

While the thwack of card upon card could be heard from one corner of the poorly lighted room, the voice of the earnest, powerful, dramatic Mogge could be heard from the other, telling an audience of smear-faced men of the power and love of Jesus Christ. It was an incongruous sight to witness the gospel being driven home like sledgehammer blows right there in the midst of clouds of tobacco smoke, card playing and a total indifference on the part of boys grown old and weazened in their minor years.

The message that came to these men was not a discourse on higher criticism nor an intangible, abstruse theme of theological import. It was a plain, unvarnished, dramatic, forceful presentation of the power of Jesus Christ to save men from the sin of their own lives—a subject that is vital to the consciousness of every thinking man.

The owner of a factory, just like this one, had been warned to provide fire escapes for his building. But he instead had installed only wire-enforced plate glass. His wife and daughter called to see him one day when he happened to be away from the office. While they were still in the factory a cry of "Fire!" broke in upon them. There was no escape. The windows were shut tight and locked. The owner heard the engine bells on his way to the factory. But the fire engine could not save the wife and child because there was no way of getting the hose up to the window; no fire escapes had been provided. The factory owner himself could do nothing—except see his loved ones perish, victims of his horrible delay!

This, in effect, was the Mogge story to those shop men—a recital of incidents perfectly familiar to every man in the shop and told in the language of the shop, just as if he had been one of them.

It was a tremendous appeal—thrilling with excitement. One could tell by the faces of that audience that many an inner consciousness had been awakened to a new realization of the importance of quick action in the matter of his soul's salvation. For a moment the card players lagged in their game to catch every word of the fire story, but resumed in an instant, for the sake of their former bravado.

And the after-effect? Electric. It proved, as it almost always does, the best influence for the promotion of democracy and the Young Men's Christian Association that could have been spread among the industrial workers of the city. The spectacle of a religious enthusiast preaching in the midst of such surroundings appealed to the men themselves and they talked about it for days afterward. Men and boys alike joined in a resolve to boost for the "Y" when a movement should be inaugurated for a building. The association had met them on their own ground—something the churches had not found easy to do there—and, as a consequence, it had a new meaning for them.

Besides, if it had had no effect whatever on the Young Men's Christian Association, it was worth the effort for several reasons. Those same reasons apply with equal force to every church:

It was the most democratic kind of missionary work; it rendered a service where there was a need; it was turning back into the flood of life the energized capital that started with the man whom its democracy touched. A bigger reason still was that it gave the Young Men's Christian Association, just as it ought to give the church, a chance to win men to Christ—and for what is a religious body organized if not for that?

Winning the men in the shops, however, is not always accomplished by the straight-from-the-shoulder religious message, though that method never fails to have its powerful and peculiar effect upon men. At midnight or at the noon hour in twenty-eight shops of Worcester, Mass., meetings are held which "give us men something better than profanity and smut to talk about," says a night superintendent. And he adds: "There's a higher moral tone to the shift and the men work better." A workman's wife said: "John used to drink awfully, but suddenly he stopped. When I asked him

why, he told me that since the association had held some meetings in his shop he 'had been doing some thinking.' Our home is happy now." A man who went on monthly pay day sprees displayed a roll of \$20, saying, "That's what I used to spend for drink. Now it goes to the bank."

There may be a prejudice, but there isn't any sort of argument against this form of propaganda. When a program of shop meetings all over the United States can show such results as these in the personal lives of men, women and children it is worth thinking seriously about.—*Marc N. Goodnow, from the Continent, by permission.*

A Modern Hiawatha

One of the finest types of the Indian is a skilled motor assembler, Charles Doxon, an Onondago, employed in Syracuse. Born in abject reservation poverty, early orphaned, he was taught by a grandfather to beware of the white man and his ways, especially to watch out for the devil secreted between the covers of a printed book. The hardships suffered and difficulties overcome by this youth in achieving training and economic independence fell nothing short of the heroic. At eighteen he could not speak, read, or write English. Yet he worked his way through Hampton, and became an expert engineer and machinist. Later he taught other Indians the work habit, to know with him the joy that comes to the man who knows how. Mr. Doxon is not only an assembler of motors, but of his people. He is a friction eliminator, a harmonizer. He believes in "Get Together Clubs," and is thoroughly respected and loved. A constructive sociologist, he sees in industrial education the key to the freedom of his race, and the need of industrial schools on each reservation, not only training the young but co-operating with the people.—*The Christian Herald.*

A son of Erin once described his first day's shooting in the following way: "The first bird I ever shot was a squirrel, and the first time I hit him I missed him altogether, and the next time I hit him in the same place. After that I took a stone and dropped him from the tree, and he fell into the water and was drowned, and that was the first bird I ever shot!"

WOMAN'S WORK

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

Good Morning

Good morning, Brother Sunshine,
Good morning, Sister Song,
I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
To shut you out were sin,
My heart is standing open,
Won't you walk right in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness,
Good morning, Sister Smile,
They told me you were coming,
So I waited here awhile,
I'm lonesome here without you;
A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open,
Won't you walk right in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness,
Good morning, Sister Cheer,
I heard you were out calling
So I waited for you here,
Someway I keep forgetting
That I have to toil and spin,
When you are my companions,
Won't you walk right in?

J. W. Foley, in C. E. World.

Brief Historical Sketch of Our China Mission

MRS. E. E. WHITFORD

Paper read at Woman's Hour, Eastern Association, Plainfield, N. J., June 4, 1916

The women of the church represent what has been called the organized motherhood for the children of the world; therefore it is especially fitting that the work of the women should be to help carry forward not only the welfare work in America but to assist in fulfilling our obligations in foreign lands.

Our debt is first of all to him who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to all nations." Our debt is also to the godly men and women who have followed their Master in consecrating their lives to the service of their fellow-men.

Three elements enter into the future success of the China Mission.

First, the solid substantial standing of the China Mission today has been made possible by the consecrated godly lives of the

men and women who have given themselves to that work. For many years reports have come to us through outside sources not in any way connected with the Seventh Day Baptist Mission of the respect and esteem in which our missionaries have been held in China. The influence of these lives has been far spreading and the value to Christ's kingdom in China has been very great. Emerson has said, "Every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man." This reputation has become an asset more precious than gold; and it is not only our privilege but our duty to assist in carrying forward the work begun by them under such difficulty and by such strenuous efforts.

The second element which enters into the future success of the China Mission is the unparalleled opportunity of the present day. In the first place the republic of China has established Christian liberty for the first time. Christians in China are now free to teach their faith and to build and own church property.

The first agitation among Seventh Day Baptists of the question of carrying on foreign missions began in 1844, and in 1845 subscriptions were opened for the purpose of establishing a foreign mission. Brother Solomon Carpenter and wife, Mrs. Lucy Clarke Carpenter, were accepted as candidates in 1846. Abyssinia proper was first chosen as the foreign field but this was given up as impracticable, and China was then chosen.

On the afternoon of December 31, 1846, at Plainfield, N. J., Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Nathan Wardner were set apart by consecration services as missionaries to China. January 5, 1847, the missionaries sailed from New York in the ship *Houqua* bound for Canton, China. After a voyage of 112 days they arrived at Hongkong. Some of us have read with great interest Mrs. Carpenter's diary written at this time. They had very interesting experiences on board ship, and made some acquaintances. Mr. Carpenter sailed from Hongkong to Shanghai May 19 to learn if that would be a desirable place to establish a mission station. I have always thought that this was the hardest time for Mrs. Carpenter of any of her varied experiences. I believe it was four weeks before they had any word from Mr. Carpenter after he left Hongkong, and I am sure that for a time they feared he

might have lost his life. Mr. Carpenter rented a house in Shanghai and on July 18 the other missionaries left Hongkong and joined him there.

Two years later a Chinese house was rented and fitted up for a chapel and dedicated. Two years and six months after their departure from the homeland their hearts were gladdened by the conversion of four of the Chinese.

In July, 1850, the Shanghai Seventh Day Baptist Church was organized with seven members. In three years and six months (Jan., 1847—July, 1850) the mission had become a promising field of labor and the foundations of a church had been laid. When we think of the many weary years of labor on the "Lone Star" mission field among the Telegus before the missionaries had any sort of hold at all we realize that our China Mission was blessed in its early efforts. Judson baptized his first Burman convert about six years after beginning his work in Burma. On November 22, 1851, the new chapel was dedicated to the service of the Lord. Two dwellings were also built, one over the chapel and the other outside the west gate of the city.

In September, 1853, a local insurrection began in Shanghai and our missionaries were driven from their homes and obliged to seek shelter with friends in the foreign settlement. The house at West Gate was partially destroyed but the government made it good and it was rebuilt. The chapel was but little injured.

Mrs. Wardner and her children sailed for home February 19, 1856, and arrived in America the last of May. Mr. Wardner came to America in 1857 and owing to the failing health of Mrs. Wardner they never returned to China. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter were obliged to come to America in 1858. In those days news traveled slowly and the exact time of their arrival could not be determined, so Mrs. Carpenter's aged parents and brothers and sisters at the old homestead were awakened by the strains of that old familiar song—

"Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore,
And oh! it fills my soul with joy
To meet my friends once more."

During Mrs. Carpenter's stay at home she had a tumor removed from her neck.

After two years they returned to their work in China. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter

labored faithfully for four years more, then, Mr. Carpenter's health failing, they sailed for home in October, 1865. They remained eight years this time.

During this absence the China Mission was cared for by four native preachers: Chan Chung Lan (written also Dzau Tsung Lan), Kiang Quang, Erlow, Sah Chin San (written also Zah Tsing San). About this time Kiang Quang had located as a missionary at Lieu-oo, a place some thirty miles from Shanghai, where six members of the church resided and where they had hired a chapel room for the purpose of holding services and dispensing medicine; so that was the beginning of the medical mission at Lieu-oo.

In 1860 the Chinese church numbered twenty. On March 4, 1873, Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter returned to China and were very gladly welcomed by the native members. At the first service there were more than a hundred old and young present. Brother Carpenter wrote under date of June 4, "We have been here a little more than a month and have seen all the members of the church whom we left nine years ago except two who have passed away and one whom we expect to see in a few days. There are now including ourselves twenty members."

On September 21, 1874, in the sixty-fourth year of her age, Mrs. Carpenter died and her body now lies in the new cemetery in Shanghai under a monument of white Chinese marble. Brother Solomon Carpenter married for his second wife Miss Black, of London, England. In 1876 Mr. Carpenter suffered a severe illness and was obliged to leave China.

But the China field was not the only foreign mission in which the Seventh Day Baptists were interested during the early years of the Missionary Society. In 1837 the committee on the fields of missions recommended the consideration of the question of promoting Christianity among the Jews. It is very interesting to read of the interest manifested through the different years in the work among the Jews, but as I have endeavored to confine myself strictly to foreign missions I will speak only of the interest from that point of view.

During another period, this time of about four years, the China Mission was without a missionary from this country. Erlow served the Shanghai Church as pastor. On

January 29, 1880, Rev. and Mrs. David H. Davis and Miss A. Eliza Nelson arrived in Shanghai and began the study of the language, and engaged in the work through interpreters. The work of Dr. Davis is so recent that it is unnecessary to enter into details in regard to it. His connection with the larger affairs of the missionary world and with the Chinese Government has made the Seventh Day Baptist Mission in Shanghai prominent and advertised the denomination as could have been done in no other way.

On October 27, 1883, another farewell service was held at Plainfield, and Dr. Ella F. Swinney was bidden Godspeed before she sailed for Shanghai, where she arrived December 7, 1883. Her earnest zeal and efforts to maintain the work of the medical mission gave a solid foundation for that work.

The second element which enters into the future success of the China Mission is the unparalleled opportunity of the present day. In the first place, the republic of China has established Christian liberty for the first time. Christians in China are now free to teach their faith, and to build and own church property.

In the second place there is a changed attitude on the part of Chinese officials and dignitaries toward Christianity. The greatest need in China today is the Christian school. China has now in all her government and Christian schools combined fewer than two million pupils. If she had one tenth of her population in school, as has Japan, she ought to have forty million pupils. It is said that the missionaries are the ones who rocked the boat of Chinese conservatism. It is they who toppled the rock of unchanging custom and sent it crashing down the hill. Women are influential in any country but perhaps there is no Oriental country where they have quite the influence they possess in China. The strategic importance of girls' schools is further seen in the classes of population that are now open to them for the first time. In the beginning it was difficult to enrol as pupils in the schools any except the daughters of the very poor, or slave girls or foundlings. At present the door is wide open to receive the girls of the most influential families in China. The women's hospitals have a part no less important than that of the women's schools.

There is a splendid work being done in China under the Y. W. C. A. The first secretary was located in Shanghai where today are not only local but the national headquarters. The Shanghai association has its board of directors composed exclusively of Chinese ladies who are directing a work comparable in many ways to that of city associations in America. Miss Ying Mei Chun, a graduate of Wellesley, is physical director in the Shanghai association and teaches gymnastics besides in eight or ten girls' schools. Miss Ruth Paxson, whose visit to our girls' school was mentioned by both Miss Burdick and Miss West in the SABBATH RECORDER of April 24, is in charge of the religious work and is conducting an evangelistic campaign among women students. The heartiest co-operation exists between the association and the missionary schools.

In a conversation with a missionary who has recently returned from China, I learned that she had, not long ago, been a guest of our mission at Shanghai, and she spoke with praise of the work being done in the girls' school. She said that although it was one of the smaller missionary schools, it did very thorough good work. She spoke of the beautiful unity existing among all denominations concerning their work in China. She said their Union Theological Seminary was a union seminary because workers of all denominations were sent there to receive religious training.

There is a great need of more trained women evangelists and Bible women and also kindergartners. The presentation of the gospel to China is one of the greatest tasks confronting the Christian Church of today, for China represents one fourth of the human race.

The last and most important element which enters into the success of the future of the China Mission and the part which the women are to take in this great work is—a determined mind on the part of the women to do the will of God. We can not love Jesus and not serve his cause. For love we can do it.

Jesus said the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister. Whittier tells us the story of the day in Connecticut, in 1780, when the horror of great darkness came over the land, and all men believed that the dreaded day of judgment had come at last. The legislature of Con-

necticut, "dim as ghosts" in the old state-house, wished to adjourn to put themselves in condition for the great assizes. Meanwhile Abraham Davenport, representative from Stamford, rose to say:

"This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
Be it is so or not, I only know
My present duty and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come.
So at the post where he hath set me in his providence
I choose for one to meet him face to face.
Let God do his work. We will see to ours."

The Harvest in Sabbath Keeping

LOIS R. FAY

There are countless ways in which the wise sentence, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," proves true. When we reap some of the undesirable fruits of Sabbath-breaking, do we realize that those fruits are the results of seed some one—perhaps we ourselves—have sown?

A demonstration of cause and effect in this matter of Sabbath observance came to notice recently in conversation with a young Jewish woman employed in Boston at the trade of millinery. Inquiry into the Sabbath situation led the young Jewess to repeat the popular—but nevertheless weak—conclusion, "We have to work Sabbath." This is what a great many people think, but it is a delusion of the destroyer.

If one is a part of a huge system of popular opinion, of fashion, of money-getting, the Tempter can easily eclipse moral courage with an inflated "We have to." And the quicker one becomes persuaded he has to do as others do, the stronger grows that fashion, that custom, that public opinion, which banish the law of God as far away as they can.

That seemingly unimportant excuse, "We have to," should be avoided at the start, if one is seeking to overcome evil. As a tiny seed of some thing that will become a pernicious weed, this motive of conduct must be eliminated.

For years bright young Jews and Jewesses have been sowing "We have to" seeds in the business life of this free country, and the bitter fruits of a godless commercialism and atheistic society are endangering their lives.

This is a free country. The young lawyer, real-estate dealer, or other man of

business is as free to exempt himself from office duty on Sabbath, as he is to weakly open his place of business because he fears to lose a few dollars, or has not moral courage to do differently from his neighbors. In time these young men become employers, and compel other young people to become Sabbath-breakers, when they are free to courageously advertise for and encourage those who keep the Sabbath. The moral courage gained by a determination on the part of workers to get work where they can keep the Sabbath, is of more value to them than the dollars they get by not resting; and employers who give employment to those who "remember the sabbath day" are worth far more to their Maker, their neighbor and themselves, than they would be thinking they "had to" conduct business and keep help at work on the Sabbath.

There are many Jews managing stores and departments in stores today in Boston, who are hindering the spiritual growth of their people greatly by forsaking their Sabbath, because they dare not face that public opinion they have helped form. They commenced by accepting work on the Sabbath and now are compelling the rising generation to continue the desecration.

I mention this condition to encourage Sabbath-keepers to sow seeds of Sabbath-keeping. It is not so difficult as appears, to "except Saturdays" on one's advertisements, especially when the business is one of the reliable, dependable kinds that God blesses with the respect and patronage of fellow-man. The fruit of such exercise of discretion is much more satisfying than the fruits of weakly doing wrong because "We have to."

Early readers of *Our Dumb Animals* frequently came upon words like these: "Mr. Angell, why are you devoting your time and energies to the care and protection of animals when there are so many human beings in need of help?" "Because out of a hundred who are seeking the welfare of unfortunate men, women and children, I find but one who thinks of relieving the sufferings of helpless animals or protecting them from cruelty."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Ps. 27: 10.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Thoughtfulness

STELLA CROSLY

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
August 26, 1916

Daily Readings

Sunday—Spiritual indifference (Matt. 25: 1-13)
Monday—No interest (Acts 18: 12-17)
Tuesday—Dead in materialism (Matt. 22: 1-14)
Wednesday—Consider! (Matt. 6: 26-34)
Thursday—Learn! (Prov. 6: 6-11)
Friday—Meditate! (Ps. 119: 15, 99, 148)
Sabbath Day—Carelessness versus thoughtfulness
(Heb. 2: 1-7)

THOUGHTS ON THE LESSON

There are matters in which carelessness is criminal. The shipowners who allow unsafe vessels to take passengers; the railroad company which does not take the greatest precautions for the safety of travelers; the manufacturing concern which does not take every possible measure to prevent accident,—all these are responsible for physical harm. We may place in the same class with them the man who induces another to take a drink when he knows it will awaken an almost uncontrollable appetite. Then there are a thousand ways in which our carelessness or thoughtfulness may hinder or promote another's spiritual growth. The careless speech, the unkind or thoughtless act may start some one on the downward path; while, on the other hand, a few kind words or perhaps a letter and a kindly deed may give another just the needed impetus to a better life.

Begin the day thoughtfully. How better than with Bible reading, meditation and prayer as a Comrade of the Quiet Hour? In connection with your devotions take a few minutes to look forward to the events of the day and prepare yourself to meet them; of course many unexpected things happen, but many can be foreseen. Especially if there are to be trying experiences, a little thought and a prayer in regard to them will help you face the day courageously.

End the day thoughtfully. Take a few minutes to review its events and see where

you have succeeded and where you have failed and try to profit by the day's experiences.

One of the greatest evils of carelessness is the weakening of the character. We put off forming good habits thinking that a few lapses will do no harm; even though they may not affect others in any way, we are forming habits of carelessness that will weaken our whole lives.

One cause of carelessness is worry; we are so anxious about the things ahead of us that we do not pay sufficient heed to the duties at hand. "This one thing I do," is a good motto.

FROM "CHRISTIAN PROGRESS"

There is never any excuse for carelessness or laziness.

Great minds are built by storing great thoughts in them.

One of the most precious thoughts is, "He careth for me." If God cares for me I ought to be thoughtful enough to "strive to do whatever he would like to have me do."

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE "ENDEAVORER'S DAILY COMPANION"

Life is like an intricate cave. We keep ourselves from getting lost by carrying a cord from passage to passage and that cord is the Word of God.

Sometimes a mountain avalanche is so delicately poised that the vibration of a voice will bring it down. Many an avalanche of sorrow has been brought upon men by a hasty word.

The rule in climbing a mountain is, "Keep close to the guide." It is the same in climbing the mountain of life.

It is an old motto, "The game is not worth the candle," referring to the waste of the taper by which the game was played. Think whether your life is worth the things you waste by living.

QUESTIONS

How does carelessness affect the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting? The business meeting?

In what small matters should we be especially thoughtful?

In what matters are we likely to become careless?

How may the teaching of the eighth Psalm be applied to this lesson?

QUOTATION

Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and
striven;

And many have striven, and many have fail'd,
And many died, slain by the truth they assail'd.
But when Man has tamed Nature, asserted his
place

And dominion, behold! he is brought face to
face

With a new foe—himself! Nor may man on
his shield

Ever rest, for his foe is forever afield,
Danger ever at hand, till the armed Archangel
Sound o'er him the trump of earth's final evan-
gel.
—Owen Meredith.

Thirty-three New Members of the Tenth Legion

Since the last report of the Tenth Legion Department thirty-three names have been added to the list of tithers. Twenty of these were sent in from Alfred Station, N. Y. Six came from Rockville, R. I., where they have taken hold of the Forward Movement with great energy. Although Riverside had recently sent in nine names, this was lately increased by four. Three new names were also sent in from West Virginia. There are probably other societies in which the number of tithers has grown. Please report the new names at once so that the report for Conference will be correct, and will include all the societies.

There must also be a great number of members of the Tenth Legion who have been tithing for some time but whose names have never been recorded or sent to the Young People's Board. It is a great help to the work to know the exact number of tithers new or old, and the Young People's Board would greatly appreciate it if the names of all these were sent in. We need more than a hundred names in the next month to attain the goal set last year. Every society please make a conscientious effort to enlarge the ranks of the Tenth Legion, and report immediately all the new members and all the old ones whose names have never been recorded.

Following are the names of the new recruits who have recently been enrolled. There are still many tithers on the list whose names have not yet been published.

Alfred Station, N. Y.: Mida Palmiter, Fred Palmer, Fern Champlin, Altona Clair, Milford E. Braque, Nina E. Palmiter,

Grayden E. Monroe, Archie Dodge, Marcella Burdick, Paul Goff, Elwin Emerson, Leon L. Lewis, Rubie Clarke, Mary Gavitt, Arthur Ormsby, Edna Pierce, Elden Woodruff, Rowland Ormsby, Mary Potter, Merl Clarke.

Rockville, R. I.: Mrs. I. L. Cottrell, May Charnley, Elsie Charnley, Mrs. Harold Crandall, Anna Crandall, Jennie Crandall.

Riverside, Cal.: Dr. C. H. West, Mrs. A. E. Babcock, Flora Chapman, Luella Baker.

Salem, W. Va.: Miss Edna Lowther, Miss Eva Greene, Robert West.

CARROLL B. WEST,

Superintendent Tenth Legion.

Milton Junction, Wis.

If

1. If every church member in the United States paid a tenth of his income for missions, it is estimated the annual amount would be over \$200,000,000.

2. If the members of this church would agree to adopt a workable tithing system, the trustees would not have to discuss the question of church finances except to plan the best ways to use the money.

3. If every one would only begin to love people instead of hate them, war would cease and countless loss, anguish, sorrow, pain, and trouble would stop.

4. If the principles of Jesus were actually lived out in every-day life, even by his disciples alone, it would revolutionize history.

5. If the church did not have to spend so much time over its finances it could spend more time over the business of salvation.

6. If we always keep the main things in view, the unimportant things will only be the dust raised by our progress.

7. If it is good for other people to go to church regularly, how about me?—From *Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's Church Calendar.*

The Call of the Life Work Recruit

J. NORMAN WHITNEY

Paper read at Young People's Hour, Western Association

We are hearing a great deal about recruits these days—recruits of various kinds and times. These recruits of whom we read so much are men who are going

out to kill and destroy, and it may be to die. Their enlistment is for that which none of us call best or even good; it is for war. It is not enlistment for life, though it may be for death. But it is for recruits of a different kind that I wish to speak and it is to an enlistment of a different nature that I would call your attention. I am going to talk of recruits whose enlistment is for life, and for the highest and best in life. I speak of the call of the life work recruit.

What is a life work recruit? He is one who has consecrated his life to the Master, through the Christian ministry, the mission field, or some other definite Christian service. The life work recruit is one who has heard the great call of the Master for workers, and who answers gladly, "Here am I; send me." The call comes in different ways and to different people. We hear a great deal now about "the service of common tasks and common lives"—and a beautiful and needful service it is. We repeatedly hear the statement that a man need not be a preacher to do Christian work. This also is true and needs emphasis. But I am afraid, not that we sometimes over-emphasize the opportunities for service in the common paths of life, but that we fail to emphasize sufficiently the necessity for whole lives given to the task of definite service for Christ; and that many young people are saying, "I will serve God in the school, in the home, in the store or on the farm," when they ought to be giving the whole and the best of their life's effort to the great work. I believe that the call comes to many who are not answering in the right way; to many who are putting the matter aside in just the way I have outlined; and may God help us all to see clearly the supreme duty.

Let us consider the call of the life work recruit, first as the call to the ministry. Men avoid even the mention of the call to the ministry. They are slow to admit that they have received it and slow to respond. And why? It is God's highest call to man to service with him—to be a coworker with him in the great task of redeeming the world from its sin and sorrow and shame to the light and joy and peace of the salvation of the Lord.

We avoid it first of all, I think, because of an overwhelming sense of our own unworthiness. It is such a wonderful thing

to be so closely allied to God in our work that we are afraid we shall fail. We are too humble. We look up to our pastors as men of a different make than we—but they are only different because of the refining and ennobling of their lives through their service, and this enrichment may be ours. Are you willing to study God's word honestly and teach it reverently? Is your heart big enough and rich enough in human sympathy to draw near and comfort the sorrowful and sore afflicted and respond with joy to the gladness of those who are happy? Is your faith strong and sure to point the way for the doubting? Is your vision of Christ's kingdom and the church's work great enough so that you can lay big plans and realize them? Is your life in its aspirations pure, and in its ideals like unto Christ's? Then you are worthy the Christian ministry.

Men hesitate to hear the call to the Christian ministry because of the multitude of creeds, denominations and religious practices. They are in doubt and know not what to believe or do. But because of this diversity of opinion the church needs strong men of faith and vision who can lead the questioning people through the mazes of criticism into a truer knowledge of God and into peace; who can lead the denominations from disunity and waste and despair, until they shall be one as Christ and the Father are one.

And again men hesitate to enter the Christian ministry because there is no other profession requiring anything like an equal amount of preparation and labor whose material returns are so small. But fewer and fewer young people are making this a deciding factor in determining where they shall enlist for their life work. Our ideals are becoming higher; and even if the material returns are small, no other profession on earth is so rich in those things of the spirit which make a life of full and complete living. No other man has such an opportunity to lead and shape opinion, no other man can ever know the heights and depths of so many lives or come so close to the great throbbing heart of humanity as the Christian pastor. The Christian ministry is rich in its experiences; its responsibilities are terrible but its opportunities are unrivaled. Christ said to Peter: "Lovest thou me? then feed my sheep." This is the test.

In the second place let us think for a moment of the call of the life work recruit as the call to the mission field. Much that has been said of the call to the ministry applies here, but men do not stand quite so much in awe of this call, and the need is very great. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." This is Christ's command. "Come over and help us." This is still the call of the great world outside the light of the gospel. You have only to consider a few moments what your life, your home, your community would be without Christianity, to realize far better than I can tell what the need is both in the foreign and home mission fields. The evangelization of the world in this generation is surely a great enough task to fire any one's imagination and enthusiasm. And for this the crying need is for men and women, trained and consecrated for the work. Missions require money, but money is nothing without men. The call to the mission field is, perhaps, wider, in one sense, than is the call to the ministry. Preachers are needed, but so are teachers and doctors, and there is opportunity for the use of almost every talent in a field where the need is so wide. Again, the hardships of the missionary's life may be greater than those of the pastor at home. He must leave home, friends, and scores of opportunities, to live, often, among dangers and discomforts in a strange land and among strange people. But think of the wonderful opportunity of bringing the "Good News" of Christ to a people who are suffering for it in a way we can little realize. The need is imperative, the opportunity boundless, and he who feels that he can best serve his Master by the use of some talent in the mission work should not hesitate. He has received the call and should heed it. His will be the greatest privilege in all the world—that of bringing souls to Christ.

There are other forms of definite Christian service than either the ministry or the mission field. There is a growing field for men and women trained according to the highest educational standards to do Bible-school work. The Bible school is one of the most important institutions of the church for bringing souls to Christ, and we are only just awaking to its opportunity and responsibility. The Bible schools everywhere are languishing for lack of men

and women with consecrated hearts, wise training and knowledge and skill to direct and bring the church school up to its full power and influence. This is a wonderful opportunity for one who wishes to stay at home, who does not feel called to the ministry, who would serve God in one of the best ways—through his little ones.

Another wide field of usefulness that is growing every day is that of the Christian Associations among students. Young men and young women are reached through these associations at a critical period of their lives. The religious life and education of students is of supreme importance, for they are to be the leaders in the days to come. This is a splendid opportunity and there are many others open to the life work recruit.

It is a great call—the call to enlist for life in Christ's cause, but it is not an easy one. It means denial of self, the giving up of many of the seeming pleasures and benefits of life; it means patience, the love that suffereth long and is kind, the faith that endureth to the end. It means self-sacrifice in its highest sense; but it means service in its holiest sense and above all it means Christ.

So may we present our bodies a living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto Him, which is our reasonable service.

And may God help us thus to do.

Suggested Budget

The Young People's Board suggests the following budget for the coming year:

Dr. Palmborg's salary.....	\$300 00
Fouke School	200 00
Principle of Fouke School.....	100 00
Salem College Library	100 00
Student Evangelistic Work.....	75 00
Board expenses	125 00
Foreign Missions	200 00
Emergency Fund	100 00

\$1,200 00

L. H. STRINGER,
Treasurer.

Milton, Wis.,
August 5, 1916.

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends. Job 42: 10.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

How Robert Fooled Himself

Robert walked up the path to where Ruth was waiting. He had been to the lower end of the field and there was a shrewd look on his freckled face. "I'll tell you what! You take the first three rows, Ruth, and I'll take the next three. There aren't nearly as many weeds in the first three rows," he added magnanimously. "See, my rows are just full of that horrid parsley. I'd rather pull anything in the world than parsley, wouldn't you?"

Ruth admitted that she hated parsley.

"We'll pull by threes all the way through the field. Huh, it's just as easy! I can pull three at once," Robert boasted.

The children had undertaken to weed out the onion bed, and they were to get 10 cents a row.

"Oh, I can beat you all to pieces! Just watch the way I do it! Why don't you do the way I do?"

"Because it doesn't get the roots out clean," replied Ruth conscientiously. "It doesn't do any good if you don't get out the roots—they'll sprout right up again; besides, it doesn't loosen the ground so the little onions can grow. You only break off the tops that way."

"Yes, but what's the difference?" Robert questioned. "It all looks the same. My rows look as well as yours, and it doesn't take me half as long to do them."

"It may look just as well, but it isn't," Ruth persisted firmly. "I'd be ashamed to cheat father."

"But it isn't cheating. He never said we were to get out every last one of the roots, and anyhow, I'm not to blame if they break off. You won't get done today at that rate."

"It's cheating when you make things look better than they really are, and I don't care if I don't ever get done, I'll do them well as far as I go."

"Oh, well! I'll get 10 cents apiece for my rows just the same as you do," taunted Robert.

Anxious to prove his dexterity he soon passed his sister and was working at the other end of the field when Ruth had progressed sufficiently to see why Robert had

been so anxious for her to take the first three rows. They were considerably longer than any others in the field, and as Robert had passed through on his way from the pasture, of course he knew about it and had taken an unfair advantage.

But there was one thing he had not seen—he had not gone over the entire field and did not know that the last three rows, which, counting by three, would naturally fall to him, had not been worked with the rest of the field, and being nearest the fence row, were unusually full of grass and weeds, and that the ground was hard and full of roots, against which even so dexterous a weeder as Robert could make small headway.

He was of a sociable nature and soon tired of working ahead of Ruth, and fell behind so they could talk.

"You see how easy it would be to beat you if I wanted to," he boasted grandly. "It would make my arms ache to work as slowly as you do."

"Well, they don't need to ache on my account," Ruth retorted hotly. She did not accuse him of cheating in regard to the long rows, but she could not help showing her indignation. She met all his friendly advances with cool contempt.

"What's the matter, sis?" he questioned boldly, flicking her hand with a thorny weed. "Mad?"

"No, I'm not mad, Robert Reynolds! I'm disgusted," she said with dignity, not lifting her head. "Before I'd stoop to anything so small—"

"Small? How'd you s'pose I knew those three rows were longer than the rest?" Robert tried to defend himself.

"Why, you saw them, of course," Ruth remarked dryly; then she refused to talk more.

"Fore I'd be mad about a little thing like three rows of onions," Robert taunted when the silence became unbearable. "See here! I'll bet you haven't got an onion in your row as big as that."

"Maybe not," Ruth retorted, "but I soon will have if you don't do a better job weeding." When they neared the end of the field Robert stood up and looked beaten. He took off his hat and began to mop his heated forehead. "Whew! Who knew this was here!" he said as he viewed the weedy rows.

"That's what a fellow always gets when

he tries to cheat somebody else," remarked Ruth with the superior air of one who has been justified in rightdoing. "If you'd been willing to share the long rows at the other end I might have shared the hard ones at this end with you, but as it is I guess I'll just go in and see if the ice cream isn't through freezing."

"Oh, don't go and leave me, sis," he begged. "Anyhow, stay and keep me company. I say, I'll give you half on each of these rows if you'll help me out."

But Ruth shook her head grandly. "No, I've worked enough for one day; besides, I'd hate to get more than my share of the money. You'd be sorry when it came pay day."

"No, I wouldn't. Honest Injun!" Robert protested. "I was just fooling at the other end, Ruth."

"But I'm not fooling at this end," Ruth declared firmly. Just then the children's father came through the field sizing up the rows with an experienced eye.

"Who did the three long rows at the farther end?" he asked quizzically. "Uh huh! I see! Working by threes, are you? Drew a lemon at this end, didn't you, son?" Robert looked ashamed. "See here! I have an idea." Father Reynolds put his hands in his pockets thoughtfully. "This onion patch will have to be gone over at least twice more. Now I suggest that you each keep on as you have begun, Ruth take the first three rows, and so on, through the field. At the end of the season, when the onions are pulled, I'll give a prize of \$5 to the one of you who can get the most onions out of any single row you have weeded."

"But how about those extra long rows, father? That wouldn't be exactly fair, would it?"

"Well, if Ruth did the extra work it seems as if she ought to have the advantage of it." He looked at the children shrewdly.

"No, it wouldn't be fair," Ruth decided liberally. "Of course the long rows would be bound to yield the most. I'd want Robert to have an equal chance. We'll just cut off the ends of the long rows when it comes to harvesting the crop."

"All right," father agreed, proud that his little daughter saw things so justly.

When it came to a second weeding Robert saw where Ruth's thorough work had given her the advantage of him. The

weeds that had not been thoroughly pulled, but only broken off at the surface, lost no time in springing up again, and in a few days were almost as riotous as ever. Their strong roots doubled themselves in vigor, and when it came to a second pulling Robert found it almost impossible to get them out of the ground; besides, they had starved and crowded the onions till he saw with alarm that they were only half the size of those in Ruth's rows. In trying to get out the weeds he loosened many of the small onions, too, and was obliged to set them back, though he felt sure they would only wither and soon die.

He worked diligently to retrieve his mistake, but in spite of the fact that the grateful onions did their best to show that they appreciated his efforts, those in the well weeded rows had so much the start of them that they could not catch up, though they swelled their silver skins to the very utmost.

"It isn't the way things look on the top so much as the way they feel down under, that counts," Father Reynolds explained as he gave Ruth her merited \$5. "Good, conscientious work will always tell even if it doesn't show from the surface. It isn't the fact of things looking right, but of their being right, that gives us an easy conscience and makes us know that things are going to work out right in the end. No matter how much we think we've fooled folks, it always turns out that we've fooled ourselves the worst."

And Robert hung his head, for he couldn't help admitting that at least it had worked out that way in his case.—*Maud Morrison Huey. From the Continent, by permission.*

The Wind: A Sermon to Boys and Girls

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON

"Who has seen the wind?"

Neither I nor you.

But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?"

Neither you nor I.

But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by."

—Christine G. Rossetti.

We can not see the wind. But we can see trees, flowers, and grass move when the wind blows. We can feel the wind

James Whitcomb Riley

A Personal Reminiscence

LIEUT.-COL. ELIJAH HALFORD, U. S. A. (RETIRED)

[This article gives an intimate glimpse into the life of James Whitcomb Riley when he first entered upon his literary career, by Lieutenant-Colonel Halford, who was editor of the *Indianapolis Journal* when Mr. Riley was made a member of its staff and who has enjoyed a close acquaintance with the Hoosier Poet. On the occasion of the poet's last birthday there appeared in the issue of October 14, 1915, of *The Christian Advocate* (page 6) an interesting description of his first meeting with the writer of this article.—Ed. C. A.]

The Advocate has already printed how James Whitcomb Riley became a member of the editorial staff of the *Indianapolis Journal*. In the earlier days Mr. Riley wrote dialect prose as well as verse, much of which found its way to the public through the *Journal* columns. In later years his writings took on the verse form almost exclusively. The "Leonainie" prank was symptomatic. Riley was ever playing pranks of one kind or another, and never was so happy as when keeping folks guessing. "Leonainie" brought him into almost instant prominence, that constantly widened, but which he never seemed to quite understand. So far as one who was most intimate with him could judge, his head was never turned in the slightest degree, and he lived in apparent unconsciousness of the reason for his steadily increasing popularity. It was always difficult to secure his consent for a recital or a public appearance of any kind. When I tried to persuade him to go to Denver, and later to visit Atlanta—where military service took me—and give one or more of his inimitable readings, he wrote that it was a mistake of mine to suppose that any one cared to hear him. Only by the greatest urgency was he induced to appear, of course to the crowded houses that always greeted him wherever he went.

Shortly after Riley was attached to the *Journal* staff, there came to the paper a series of "poems" written in somewhat new dialect form, signed "Benjamin F. Johnson," dated from Boone County, a neighboring county to Indianapolis. The first one, "The Old Swimmin' Hole," attracted

press against our faces. We can hear it whisper, when it blows gently; and when it blows hard, we can hear it whistle and howl. But we can not see it.

The wind is very powerful. Near the place where I sit as I write, the wind once blew an apple tree down. The wind can drive ships, turn windmills, fly kites, and do many wonderful things.

There are other things which we can not see besides the wind. We can not see ourselves—I mean our *real* selves. Our bodies are only the houses in which we live for a while. Our real selves can love, and think, and choose.

Jesus once preached a very fine sermon about the wind. A man named Nicodemus came to Jesus by night and desired to know about eternal life. Jesus said, "You must be born from above." Nicodemus asked what that meant. "You hear the wind blowing?" said Jesus. "You can not tell where it came from or where it is going. That is the way with eternal life. It is spiritual." You can not see it; but you can feel its power teaching you to love other people, and to be kind, and to love our heavenly Father.

We can not see God. A verse in the Bible says, "No man hath seen God at any time" (1 John 4: 12). Another verse says, "God is Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth" (John 4: 24). Although we can not see God we can be sure that he loves us; for he has made the many beautiful things in the world; and he sends each day just the blessings we need.

The Wind

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

O wind, you are so strong and cold;
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

attention, and the editor believed a new "find" had been made in the Hoosier State, so prolific of literary genius despite the incredulity of the highbrows, who always fancy that no good thing can come out of Nazareth. When three or four of these poems had been received and printed, Miss Anna Nicholas, one of the editorial writers, thought she detected their authorship, and at once challenged Riley with them, who admitted that he was Farmer Johnson. The Old Swimm' Hole and 'Leven More Poems was the first published volume of Riley's poetry. It was printed by George C. Hitt, business manager of the *Journal*, one of Mr. Riley's closest friends.

WHERE HIS POEMS WERE FIRST HEARD

Many of Riley's best known poems were first read in the rooms of the Indianapolis Literary Club, a rather exclusive association of gentlemen of that city. Mr. Riley, of course, was elected to membership, and remained ever one of the bright, particular stars. I recall "Good-bye Jim, Take Keer o' Yourse'r," and the emotion with which the members of the club listened to it as the poet read the quaint stanzas in his own peculiar manner. So, also, "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "Little Orphant Annie" were first heard in the privacy of the club, afterward appearing in the *Journal*.

AT WORK AND AT PLAY

If ever there were a real "Sunny-Jim" Mr. Riley was. He was generally in a ripple of fun. Though never married, nor having a home of his own, he was full of the deepest sentiment of love and of family. The note in his love verses is true to the deepest instincts, and he wrote many in which that note dominated. One of the earliest of these spoke of his fanciful lady-love as having "fluffy locks." He would ask me, now and then, what kind of a poem was wanted for the next Sunday issue, and he was sometimes answered for short, "O, give us a hair poem!" I can hear his voice now, as he went through the editorial rooms shouting, "Halford wants a hair poem!" His method of composition was characteristic. He would go into the open fields or woods, lie down now and then in the grass under the sun, out of which "Knee-Deep in June" was born—until his ideas took on bodily form; and then with painstaking care write out the

verses in the now familiar round-hand, each letter distinctly and individually traced, a reminiscence of his sign-painting days. Scarcely ever was there a change or scratch in the orderly manuscript. He was a frequent visitor at our home, where, taking the little daughter on his lap, he would improvise to her—as he did to other children in other homes that cherished his presence—those elfin stories with which his mind seemed exhaustlessly charged. He was the children's friend as well as the children's poet. The last time I saw him was on a recent visit to Indianapolis, when he called at the residence of ex-Vice-President Fairbanks and, with Fred B. Fisher, the four of us took a ride through the streets and suburbs of the old home. Everywhere groups of children recognized him, and several times the little folks crowded his auto-steps to exchange glad smiles and loving words. At the end of the ride he dropped Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Fisher, at the Fairbanks home, saying, "I'll take the old man with me!" Together we talked over some of the memories of the dead but not forgotten days. He was in better health than I had seen him for some time; and I spoke of the fact that the tides of life were running fuller, and that the promise of many more years seemed bright. He was in the best of humor, as he might well be; for he had reached the place in life where "honor, love, obedience and troops of friends" attended him.

HIS VISIT TO LONGFELLOW

It was after Riley's second visit to Boston that he really came into his kingdom. The first visit was as the guest of the Saint Botolph Club, and while successful, it was not until the second visit that full capitulation was made. He paid a visit to Longfellow at his home in Cambridge. The elder poet had quite early expressed favorable opinion of Riley's writings, which greatly heartened the younger man; but on this occasion Longfellow was so generous and so fatherly as to give a touch of sacredness to what passed between them. Riley would never repeat what Longfellow said to him and of him, although many efforts were made to have him break the seal of self-imposed confidence. Whatever it was, it sufficed to stir the younger writer to renewed effort, and its influence was ever after quick with him. On his return

from this visit the citizens of Indianapolis tendered Riley the complimentary reception that set him on the seat of affectionate honor in his own city, upon which he firmly remained almost a demiurge in the esteem of those who knew him best. What that was may be judged from the fact that on a recent birthday anniversary, by proclamation of Governor Ralston, the people of Indiana observed the day as a holiday, while for many years the public schools of that state, as well as in other states, have observed "Riley Day."

RILEY RECITES IN THE WHITEHOUSE

Riley visited his friend and club associate President Harrison at the White House. By dint of hard persuasion Riley agreed to give a recital to an invited company. It was held in the East Room, and the guests included members of the diplomatic corps, Supreme Court Judges, and members of Congress. The occasion greatly disturbed Riley; and as we went into the room, well filled with the best audience Washington could yield, his knees smote together, and he whispered to me, "I am dead scairt!" It was my privilege to have charge, to introduce the poet, and to interlard the program with such sentences as might assist the audience, especially the foreigners present, to get into the atmosphere to understand and to enjoy. The recital was brilliantly successful, of course, and at the close Mr. Riley was surrounded and fairly overwhelmed with the warmth of the compliments paid him. But he escaped as soon as possible, betaking himself to his room to regain some degree of composure to meet a select group who gathered in the privacy of "up-stairs" for a more informal meeting with him. Lord—then Sir Julian—and Lady Pauncefote were among the guests, and I recall how they tried hard to enter into Riley's humor, but rankly said, "Mr. Secretary, it was very, very good, but a bit difficult, don't you know, for an Englishman!"

Dear old Riley! Of honorable birth and name! He bore the name of one of Indiana's best known governors, but James Whitcomb is doubly distinguished by being linked with Riley. Some few of those who have written of him since his death, have rather churlishly challenged his title to poet because he has left nothing of epic in his writings. The words written of Burns,

lovingly called "the poet of mankind," are properly applied to Riley:

Give lettered pomp to tooth of time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Perish the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his "Highland Mary."

There is a truer poetry than that of the mind: the poetry of the heart. It was that poetry which Riley sang, interpreting to and for the common people their deepest instincts.—*Christian Advocate*.

Losses Through Lack of Birds

Scientists have determined by careful computation, study and investigation that the farmers and fruit growers over this country are losing over \$1,000,000,000 a year by reason of the reckless and senseless destruction of birds during the past thirty years, says Colonel G. O. Shields.

The cotton growers of the South are suffering a loss of \$100,000,000 a year by reason of the ravages of the boll weevil, an insect that bores into the cotton stalk and kills it. Why? Because the quails, prairie chickens, meadow larks and other birds, which were formerly there in millions, have been swept away by thoughtless, reckless men and boys.

The grain growers are losing over \$100,000,000 a year on account of the work of the chinch bug. They are losing another \$200,000,000 a year on account of the Hessian fly. Both of these are very small insects, almost microscopic in size. It takes 24,000 chinch bugs to weigh an ounce, and nearly 50,000 Hessian flies to weigh an ounce.

Scientific men announce that there is no way on earth by which these insects can be destroyed except for the people to stop the killing of birds, absolutely and at all times, and let them come back and take care of the insects.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

That spirit which counts no cost too great if only the life of the feeblest may be saved—that is the very spirit of the cross. The cross is a scene of boundless prodigality; of a love that deemed no sacrifice too great. The cross is God's gift of all that was most dear to him that you and I might be empowered to live.—*G. H. Morrison*.

HOME NEWS

VERONA, N. Y.—We were without a pastor from the middle of May until the first of August. During the interim Sabbath services were maintained regularly. On several Sabbaths sermons were read from the *Pulpit*. One Sabbath, Mr. T. Stuart Smith, the superintendent of our Sabbath school, gave a report of the State Sunday School Convention which he attended at Albany. At another Sabbath morning service Miss Artheda Hyde gave a report of the State Christian Endeavor Convention which she attended at Syracuse. On July 22 Rev. A. Clyde Ehret, of Adams Center, preached for us.

The quarterly convention of the Town of Verona Sunday School Association was held July 10 with the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School of New London. Mr. T. Stuart Smith, our superintendent, is president of the association, which includes six schools.

Sabbath morning, August 5, were held installation services for our new pastor, Rev. William M. Simpson. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Baker, of the New London Methodist Episcopal Church. Deacon Arthur Thayer gave the welcome for the church, and Superintendent T. Stuart Smith, for the Sabbath school. Rev. Dr. Hasskarl, pastor of the Lutheran church, spoke on the relation between the pastor and the church.

Pastor Simpson, in his response, said that he had been made to believe that it was a real welcome that had been extended to him, and that he hoped in some degree to merit it.

On the evening of August 5 the Young People's Social Club met with Mr. and Mrs. Marion Dillman. A literary and musical program was given, ice cream and cake were sold, and a social time was enjoyed. Pastor and Mrs. Simpson became members of the club. This club was organized during the pastorate of Rev. Alva L. Davis.

The union picnic of the Bible schools of the town of Verona is to be held today (August 8) near Verona Station. We expect to see there a former pastor, Rev. Royal R. Thorngate.

MILTON, WIS.—A very enjoyable social was held at the Seventh Day Baptist church Monday evening under the auspices of Circle No. 2. The program consisted of a vocal duet by Misses Ann Post and Rachel Coon, instrumental music by Miss Post, a solo by Mrs. Irish, of Farina, Ill., marches, charades, and refreshments. Those who attended report a delightful time.

Mrs. Herbert Polan and daughter, Muriel, who were called here by the illness of Mrs. Polan's mother, Mrs. Shaw, departed Sunday for their home at New Market, N. J.

SALEM, W. VA.—The marriage of Mr. Edwin Beed Clark, of Salem, W. Va., and Miss Dorothy May Moore, of Brooklyn, N. Y., at the home of President C. B. Clark, was a very pleasant affair. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are both well known in Salem, especially with those who are connected with the college. Mr. Clark came to Salem from Alfred, N. Y., eight years ago, and with the exception of a few months of teaching at Industrial last year, has been a constant student of the college. He is a graduate of its academic, normal and college courses, receiving his A. B. degree in June, 1916. Mrs. Clark has been a student of the college for two years with the exception of a few months' teaching at Sedalia. She was graduated from the college normal course in June, 1915.

Mr. Clark will enter the College of the City of New York for postgraduate work.

Cortland Davis, who has been taking some special line of work at Morgantown University during the summer term, returned home last Friday.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond preached in the First Baptist church of Clarksburg Sunday morning and addressed the Doddridge County Sunday School Convention Wednesday at Harbin.

The Boy Scouts have been in camp for ten days on the river near West Milford. They invited Pastor Bond to come over last Sabbath and hold preaching service. The result was, the parents of the boys and friends who are interested in the welfare of the Boy Scouts made up an automobile party of nine machines, and about forty-five persons went over to the camp. Some people came down from Lost Creek,

The Need of the Gospel

We have been hearing much during the last fifty years of forces other than the Christian gospel which were to elevate and redeem mankind. Indeed, some have gone so far as to tell us that the gospel was outgrown and that these other forces were to supplant it: character, the development of the higher qualities of being, the banishment of injustices, strife, crime, social sin, the establishing of brotherhood as the rule of life—all these were to be secured by these new panaceas—these new gospels suited for an age that had outgrown Christianity.

First came the prophets of science. From Mr. Huxley's "Lay Sermons" of 1870 to Professor Haeckel's last fulmination we have been hearing that science was to be the saving force, the Messiah, the eliminator of all evil, poverty, disease, crime and sin and the harbinger of good will among all peoples. "Let us teach the children science instead of the old outworn fables of the Bible."

Then came the prophets of education and from Herbert Spencer's famous essay on this subject down to the last commencement address we have been told that education was the panacea of all ills. Educate the youth sufficiently and they will flee all evil. Educate the people as to what is best and they will choose the best. Show the world how much more beautiful virtue is than vice, unselfishness than selfishness, co-operation than competition, brotherhood than strife and they will choose the good.

Then came the prophets of culture. We have been hearing the word a good deal lately. For the last twenty-five years it has been on everybody's lips. We have been hearing that all that was necessary to bring in the millennium was the diffusion of art, literature, music, philosophy. The mastery of the world by supermen is to be the religion that shall create the strong and virtuous nation. Not meek men, not suffering Christs, but giant men, commanding men and nature out of universal knowledge, perfect efficiency.

With all these came the prophets of economic reform. If we could get an eight-hour day, one day's rest in seven, a good wage, plenty to eat and model tenements the whole problem of morality would be

making an audience of about seventy-five people. The male quartet held their song practice there, which was followed by religious services in which several took part, and Pastor Bond gave an instructive talk. All the visitors returned in the evening feeling that it was time well spent. The Boy Scouts have had their outing under the leadership of Orus Stutler, scout master, and Warren Davis, assistant.

—Salem Express.

FARNAM, NEB.—The readers of the RECORDER will perhaps be interested to hear again from the church at Farnam. While many have moved away and our numbers are small we still hold Sabbath services every week.

By request of the church, Elder A. L. Davis, of Boulder, made us a short visit and on Sabbath Day, July 29, we had the pleasure of having two of our children baptized and unite with the church.

Elder Davis preached us three sermons. The one he gave us Friday night brought forcibly to our minds the great love of Christ, while in his Sabbath morning sermon he pointed out to us the three necessary things to make a successful journey on this sea of life, showing how we should have a compass, take Christ as our pilot, and the Bible as our chart. The sermon we listened to Sabbath evening was full of encouragement. He took for his text those beautiful inspiring promises given in Revelation to all who overcome.

Elder Davis' visit was short but his words of admonition and encouragement will remain with us.

A. L. V. H.

Rev. J. W. Crofoot and family landed in San Francisco two weeks ago from Shanghai, China, and are probably now in Chicago. After a visit to their fathers in the East, they expect to make Alfred their home during the coming year and enter their young people in school.

—Alfred Sun.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles. Ps. 34: 3, 4, 6.

solved, we would be over the threshold of the millennium, the redemption of mankind into the kingdom of God would be at hand and religion as ordinarily conceived from the point of the Church would be outgrown and superfluous.

Thus, during the last twenty-five years have we been offered these four gospels as sufficient religion, a substitute for Christianity, a panacea for all evils, a potency requiring no supernatural sanction, but sufficient to redeem the world. And what a failure it has all proven in the light of the past year and a half! There never was so much science in all previous centuries put together as in the last half century. Every school child grew up on it, his primers being fairy tales of science. It has driven the classics out of our colleges and has bid fair even to become the text-books of our Sunday schools. It is in every magazine and on every table in cheap editions. Yet somehow it has not worked great improvement in the morals of mankind, and it is just now being prostituted largely to inventing machines and chemicals wherewith to slaughter men. It is even some thing of a question whether many of our great inventions have not done us more harm than good. Airships so far have been used chiefly for dropping bombs on playgrounds and nurseries.

Education has never reached such a height as in the last century. Everybody goes to school, and everybody who wants to goes to college. Education has been the chief concern of government in Germany, next to the army. In America the educator is the prophet. The president of a college stands next to the President of the nation. We are even turning to the colleges for our nation's rulers. And yet somehow education does not seem to have had much power to stop this awful collapse of civilization we are witnessing. The men who did most to bring it on had been trained in the greatest universities in the world. Our own cheap politicians, grafters, corrupt legislators are educated men. Yes, education seems to have belied its promise. When they were running some plays in New York to show young men the horrible physical consequences of vice, a wise physician remarked to us: Knowledge does not keep people from sin.

As for culture, it has become universal. Every town has a library. All the women

belong to literary clubs and study everything from Confucious to John Masefield. Every other home has its hundred-best-books library, and institutions similar to our nation-wide Chautauqua system prevails in every country. Everybody goes to lectures as regularly as to meals. Every home has reproductions of the great masters, and the best music is heard in all the cities. Germany has boasted of her culture, and we are proud of ours. But somehow culture has failed to civilize us, and seems to have done little more than venerate the barbarian in us.

As for economic reform, social betterment, the latest all-sufficient gospel, how absolutely it has failed. All its high sounding talk has proved but vanity. Those millions of German, French and English Socialists who had banished war—in their speeches and at banquets—they were the first to rush at one another's throats. Never had social reform gone so far. In Germany everybody had been brought under an excellent system of insurance. England for the last ten years has been perfecting an old age pension system. Wages had gone up everywhere. The people had shorter hours, better homes, more luxuries. But somehow it did not save them, and there has come over Europe a pretty general distrust of social alleviation as a moral agency. "Be happy and you will be good" is not the great slogan of redemption after all.

We think that if there is any one thing the great war is teaching us, it is the utter insufficiency of these things to hold men's passions in leash, or to establish that brotherhood for which the weary world waits. They not only lack power to establish that kingdom of righteousness, justice and beauty which Jesus longed for, but they have failed even to make the world a decent or safe place in which to live. There is only one thing big enough to work these miracles and transform the world, and that is the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is time to give that gospel a real chance. These other things having failed let us now give this gospel a trial. But it must be a larger gospel than we have hitherto preached. The world will be a new world after this war is over and we must give it a new gospel. Men will need the gospel they have always heard, the fatherhood of God, Christ's revelation of that fatherhood, the

grace of God for every soul, the forgiveness of sin through Christ, and Christ the way of approach of the soul for God. — But with all this there must be more.

There must be emphasis now on the teachings of Jesus. Christ must not only be believed in, but we must believe *him*. Not only must we trust in him for individual redemption, but we must live toward men as he lived. Not only must we accept him as our individual Savior, but we must believe that the Sermon on the Mount was given to be a law unto the Christian. Not only must we accept his gospel on the soul's relationship to God, but also on man's relationship to man.

There must be a new emphasis on Christ's gospel of the unity of mankind. "All ye are brethren" must be our great message, and it must be preached not as a sweet and pious generalization, but as a real truth to be accepted as a test of Christian faith.

This unity must be dearer to us than patriotism, the love of the brethren more than the love of our fellow countrymen. The kingdom of Christ should be the real country of every Christian, to this should be his chief allegiance. Members of that kingdom, Christ's brothers, Christ's "little children," no matter in what nation found, should be dearer to us than citizens of our own country who are not members of that country. To quote the recent remarks of a famous English preacher: "If the New Testament view is to be retained it is plainly contained in it that a British Christian should be more sensible of a closer kingship with a German Christian than with a Briton who is not a Christian. That this is not actually so is simply an additional piece of evidence of the modern Church's failure to realize all the implications of its basal principles. If the avowed Christians of Germany, Great Britain, Austria, France and Russia had been really conscious of their unity in Christ and had declined to go forth to kill one another, there would have been no war."

The so-called "hard sayings" of Jesus must be much more emphasized in the preaching of the future. Either Jesus meant what he said when he taught "Love your enemies," "Forgive your enemy," "By this shall men know ye are my disciples, that ye have love one toward another," and meant them for the only law of life, or

he did not. But they are the core of his gospel, and if we are to call ourselves Christians we must preach them and practise them.

Finally, the gospel must be so widened as to include nations as well as individuals. This has been our weakness. We have preached, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not hate," "Thou shalt not settle your disputes by brutal force," "Thou shalt not live by rights, but by duties," "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," "He is greatest among you who serves others" for the law of the Christian. We have never preached it as the law of the *nation*. Hereafter it should be preached from every pulpit with the same emphasis that the gospel for individual relationship receives.

The world needs the gospel if it is to be saved—this new, enlarged gospel. Happy that young man who, having caught the prophetic vision, is called upon to be its preacher.—*Rev. Frederick Lynch in Christian Work.*

God Save Our Boys

Solomon said, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." He spoke out of a bitter experience. His early life was exemplary, but by the deceitfulness of sin, by the cunning of the devil, by the solicitation of evil companions, and by the luxury of wealth he had been led into terrible excesses of sin and shame. He had repented bitterly and with deep anguish of soul. He pleads with the young men of all generations not to follow in his footsteps. His warning ought to be heeded. Youth is the strategic period of life. It is the seedtime of life. The boy is father to the man.

Upon every hand the boy is solicited, enticed to evil. No place in which he can dwell, no circumstance by which he may be surrounded, no training to which he may be subjected can keep these solicitations to evil out of his life. He must face temptation and overcome it, and in overcoming temptation his innocence becomes righteousness. The tempter proceeds adroitly, indirectly, flatteringly. Among the enticements are such as these: "Come, what is a man worth who does not know the world?" "Come, have your fling while you are young," "Come, do not be a baby

“Come, for nobody will ever be the wiser.” All boys have definite battles with each of these solicitations, and many go down before most of them as a man would go down before a battering ram.

The evil one knows his business, and so he makes a special effort to win our boys. In youth the passions are unbridled; in youth principles and habits are not yet formed; in youth inexperience exposes us to the arts of the crafty and the vile; in youth we feel that we may sin, for there will be time enough for repentance and respectability in later life; in youth our companionships are not carefully selected. It is not strange that the saloons entice our boys, and that the houses of correction, the jails and the penitentiaries are filled with boys. It is not strange that boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two are hard to keep in the Bible schools. It simply means that the devil and his lieutenants are getting in their work.

Shall we sit idly by and watch the procession of boys and young men marching to doom? It is high time that we realize that God is stronger than the devil, that righteousness is stronger than evil. When we are willing to pay the price our boys in larger numbers will serve God instead of serving the devil. What are we doing to win the boys to Christ and the church? What are we doing to surround the boys with noble influences alike in their hours of work and play? What are we doing to make home the most delightful spot in the world to our boys and their friends? What are the Christian men doing to show our interest in the boys of the Sunday school? Our boys are susceptible to good influences as well as to evil influences. They can be won to the highest life if we feel that it is worth while to make the effort. To win boys to a life worth while is not easy. The world, the flesh and the devil are pulling in the opposite direction, but God is on the side of the boys. Who will join God's side in this tug of war? As we pray, “God Save Our Boys,” let us help God to answer our prayer.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Luke 13: 24.

The Preacher and Current Questions

May we not draw the most important lessons from the manner in which our Savior treated the current features of his own times? This period was pre-eminently one of religious controversy, and his enemies tried all sorts of ways to lure him into hot disputations. But he avoided these as much as possible. He replied to every kind of query in the shortest and most direct way. He would not condescend to the level of their controversy; but either waived it altogether, or used it as far as it could be turned to account for the forcible statement of higher truths than those involved in the subtle disputes of quarrelsome men. He never participated in the discussion of subjects in his sermons which simply concerned questions of that philosophy or of those sciences which were rife in his day, but which did not directly bear upon the salvation work of his mission.

—*Thomas Armitage, D. D.*

The French Huguenot churches, being in severe straits on account of the general devastation of the war, appealed to the American churches for help. Their delegate, Pastor Roussel, recently took home a gift of something over \$20,000, and now Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council, reports that he has secured nearly \$25,000 more, which will be conveyed to the French churches as an expression of the affection of Christians in America. The Federal Council is endeavoring to secure about \$150,000 for the help of their brethren in France.

Such incidents as this are, at least, gleams of light in a situation which sometimes seems hopeless.

Lesson IX.—August 26, 1916

JOURNEYING TO JERUSALEM.—Acts 20: 16-38
Golden Text.—“I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace.” Acts 20: 32.

DAILY READINGS

August 20—Acts 20: 1-6
August 21—Acts 20: 7-15
August 22—Acts 20: 16-27
August 23—Acts 20: 28-38
August 24—Eph. 3: 14-21
August 25—Eph. 4: 17-32
August 26—2 Tim. 4: 6-8, 14-18

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

DEATHS

TOOP.—Eleanor Louisa Toop, widow of James Bell Toop, R. E., of Southampton, England, was born in Manchester, August 23, 1838, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harry W. Prentiss, Lincoln Park, Yonkers, N. Y., July 20, 1916.

From her daughter, an only child, she had never been separated. During the five years that Mrs. Prentice was director of music at Alfred University, Mrs. Toop lived there with her, and endeared herself to many of the students by her loving council and motherly care. Since her daughter's marriage to Dr. Harry W. Prentice, she has made her home with them and her two grandchildren, Eleanor and Donald.

Funeral services were held at her late home, conducted by Dr. T. L. Gardiner, of Plainfield. Interment was made in the beautiful cemetery of Kensico, New York, on Sunday afternoon, July 23.

STILLMAN.—In West Edmeston, N. Y., July 31, 1916, Mrs. Minnie D. Burdick Stillman, aged 70 years, 3 months and 21 days.

Mrs. Stillman was born in Truxton, Cortland Co., N. Y., April 10, 1846, the daughter of Joseph L. and Sarah E. Spencer Burdick. She was educated in the district school and DeRuyter Institute. She taught for thirteen terms, eleven of them in the district school and DeRuyter Institute and was successful and loved by her pupils. January 25, 1875, she married William B. Stillman, of Saginaw, Mich., in which city they lived until 1891, when they returned to West Edmeston, buying the home where they spent the remainder of their days.

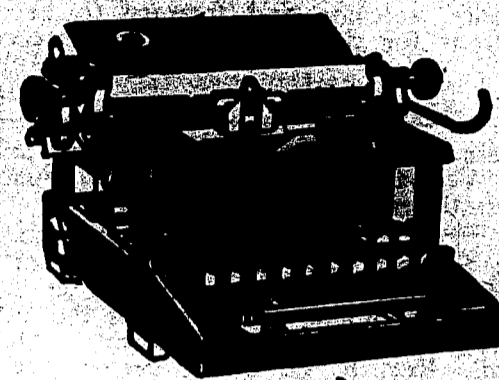
Mrs. Stillman was converted and joined the DeRuyter Seventh Day Baptist Church when Rev. George Tomlinson was pastor. For many years she has been a faithful and beloved member of the West Edmeston Church. For about twenty years she has been an invalid, confined to her cot and has suffered much. She did not complain, but was cheerful and a blessing and inspiration to all who called on her. She was a bright intelligent woman, interested in the affairs of the nation, and of her denomination. She loved her Lord and his people. She has left three sisters: Mrs. Emma Coon, of Leonardsville; Mrs. W. D. Crandall, of West Edmeston; and Miss Ettie S. Burdick, who has cared for her faithfully for many years.

Funeral services were held in her late home by her pastor, A. G. Crofoot, assisted by a former pastor, Rev. J. T. Davis, of Leonardsville, N. Y. Burial beside her husband in the West Edmeston Cemetery.

A. G. C.

“Make yourself worthy of the best friendship, and choose rather to have no friend than an unworthy one.”

For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth. Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth. Ps. 71: 5, 9.



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

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

It is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail. Luke 16: 17.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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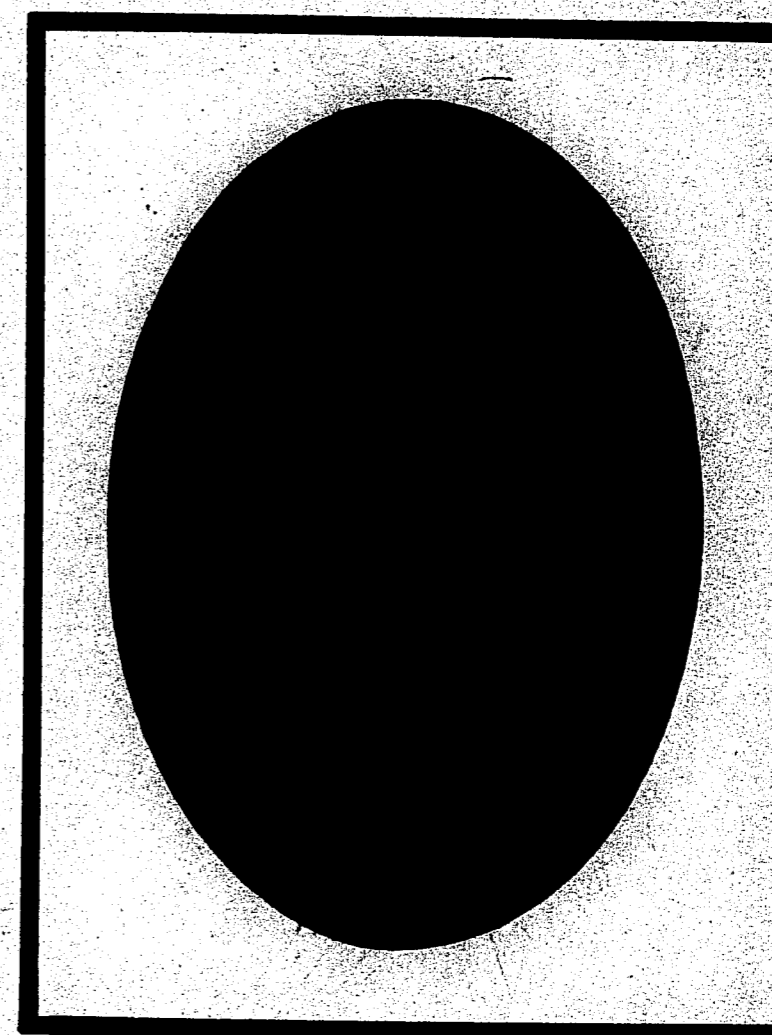
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