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EDITORIAL

The Value of the Country Church.

One year ago, while waiting for my train in a thriving little village of the Empire State, I was shocked to see what was once a beautiful little house of worship literally falling to pieces. It was on a street in which were many cozy homes and well-kept cottages, but trees and wild brush had grown up through its front platform and close along its side walls as if to hide the little house completely from sight. A house of worship. The roof had decayed and was falling in, and it did look as though the people there cared little for religion.

Not many miles away stands another church in a farming community three or four miles from a village, and the last time I saw it, great holes had come in the roof, and people had long since ceased to worship there. Thirty-seven years ago it was my privilege to preach in that house to quite a company of devout worshipers, but for years now the house has been empty and the church is extinct.

These two cases are fair and truthful illustrations of conditions in many rural districts today.

Again, in many sections of the land there are churches that once had two or three hundred members which are now holding on to life with a mere handful of worshipers, while the great majority who live around them have lost all interest in church matters and fallen out of the habit of attending any public worship.

Thus great rural districts have become almost churchless, and that, too, in communities which in years gone by bore the name of its best ministers. These conditions have not come about because these sections have fewer inhabitants than of old, for they have more now than in other days. It is largely due to a loss of interest in religion, on the part of the country people. In many instances the young people have joined the multitudes that drift into the cities, and the fathers who remain have fallen in with those who magnify city life and belittle life in the country, and who feel that small country churches are of little account.

In some cases, especially in New England, and in some Western States, the native population has been replaced by foreigners who seldom prize the blessings offered by the church. People in farming communities are, as a rule, growing richer; their farms are growing better, their herds are increasing, and their homes are more comfortable; and the communities are more prosperous. Country people are intelligent and care well for their public schools—from many of which the Bible is excluded; and they send their children to colleges—after years of home life in which no interest has been taken in religion on the church.

These are the conditions that confront us. There must be a waking up to the country church problem, if large sections of this country are to be saved from lapsing into paganism. Our forefathers were godly men; their first thoughts, after establishing their homes, were for a church home where together they could worship according to their conscientious beliefs. Under the old conditions the rural churches flourished. The farmer then settled upon his farm for life and expected to make homes for his boys close around him, and after the home the church was most important. But the shifting population of later years has changed the conditions for the rural church. Instead of a church-going and church-loving

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rural population, even in places where there are people enough to crowd a large house every week, we have thousands who never enter the house of God and who care nothing for the Christian religion. To be sure a large proportion of these are not of Puritan stock. They do not belong to the race of godly men who laid the foundations for the splendid civilization with which we are surrounded; but it is just as much the duty of Christian people to go after them as it is to send missionaries to foreign lands.

I know no greater folly than the one being committed by those who advise the abandonment of the smaller churches, and who urge the members to join the stronger ones. Such a movement would give us great concern for the future of both the church and the nation. It is not in keeping with the missionary spirit of this age; and is a public surrender to the enemy of all good. It practically acknowledges the defeat of Resurrection Church. But the sad fact remains, that the beauty and power of the world is lost; and the real world is lost when the world is lost.

The country pastor under this influence has absorbed the prevailing thought, and longs for a field where he can preach to throngs of people, and thus increase, as he thinks, his power for good. He is not untrue to his charge in the country. The man who wishes to do all he can in his small church, is more than probable to evange-lize the world; and it really "pleads guilty" to the charge of caring only for its own members, while it is indifferent to the fate of the churchless millions going down to death without hope. Indeed, this sort of denomination that does not care for its small churches, and does not think of the cities as the centers of the nation's work for humanity, thinks, his power for good.

The Church has learned the lesson of the country churches. Often they give us three or four strong ministers, who have given to the world something strong. The country church has given to the world some strong men; but it is inevitably drawn by the subtle power of the prevailing sentiment of the church at large, emphasized by the press, that the country church is only a secondary instrument in the work of saving men and in bringing about the Kingdom of God. Even some of the parishioners believe that if he is bright and gifted, they can hope to keep him long, that as a matter of course he will improve the first opportunity offered to go to some larger church in the great town.

Thus it is that the prevailing sentiment, even with country churches themselves, is one of self-abasement. The tendency to belittle themselves and to underestimate their value prevails in both pulpits and pew among rural churches.

This is too bad, and it has gone on long enough. The claim of superiority for the city church is utterly false, and it is time the Christian world put in a strong protest against this tendency to underestimate the worth of rural churches in the great world's work for humanity. Thank God that our great President of our Nation has, with almost prophetic vision, recognized the worth of the country church, and called attention to it in the appointment of a national commission on country life.

In the better days to come, for which we are praying, it will be found that the rural churches scattered up and down our land have been mightly factors in God's hand, to bring in the higher and holier and brighter life for which Christ laid foundations, and which the prophets foretold. Happy is he who holds the respect of all who dwell about his little church in the country, and who can lead the young life of the entire community to the higher ideals that make churches strong and a nation great.
those who have held high-salaried pasto­
ates in the wealthiest and largest churches.
If the young minister wishes to aid in
shaping the future of the church; if he
would spend his life where its influence will
surely reach and mold characters for the
ministry, for the teacher’s profession, for
missionaries, and for the most helpful lay­
men of the coming day, then the country
pastorate should not be despised. If he
desires to build up the spiritual life of the
great communities which are sure to fur­
nish the material for the best elements of
society in the next generation, communi­
ties where he can find the best conditions
available for reaching the hearts and con­
sciences of men, and where the good seed
is most likely to bring a great harvest, he
will certainly be drawn toward the country
church.

But he can not realize the best results
there if he goes merely as a temporary
worker, expecting soon to leave for other
fields. The man in the country should do his
best work for spiritual and social better­
ment, only after he has become acquainted
with all the families in the community,
identified himself with their interests, won
his way into all hearts, and given them the
assurance that he is ready to share their
lot, and sacrifice for the entire community,
as well as for his own church. He must
settle among them contentedly, take off his
coat, roll up his sleeves, and hang up his
hat to stay. If he labors with one eye on
his present field, and the other on his next,
he is bound to diminish his best efforts and
pass by the new and better opportunities
which he may meet, as well as for his own
church. He must set out on the right path,
take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and
hang up his hat to stay. If he labors with one eye on
his present field, and the other on his
next, he is bound to diminish his best efforts and
pass by the new and better opportunities
which he may meet.

**CONDENSED NEWS**

**World’s Fair at Brussels Destroyed.**

The great “White City” of the World’s
Fair at Brussels, Belgium, was utterly de­
stroyed by fire on Sunday, August 14. A
spark dropped into inflammable material in
the telegraph office quickly spread and
the entire city of combustible material was
shattered. Nothing could save the great
exposition, and everything had to be left
at the mercy of the flames.

Fully one hundred thousand people were
in the city when the fire broke out in
the Kermesse (the Coney Island of the Belgian fair) when
the fire broke out. Two were killed and many
were injured. The crowds were removed

from the grounds by the soldiers and police
in quick good order, with the exception of
the people who were trapped down by
the strongest, in mad efforts to escape.

The governments of all Europe and Asia
were well represented by fine buildings and
valuable exhibits. The great art galleries
of the world were also well represented,
and all industries and trades had placed
there exhibits of machinery and produce
and manufactured goods. There was
a great menagerie filled with animals, and
when it was seen that these could not be
saved, efforts were made to shoot them
but the fire was too quick for even this act
of mercy, and they were left to perish.
The French especially had remarkable agri­
cultural and horticultural exhibits from
various parts of the world, and the Spanish
had a fine reproduction of the Alhambra
Palace, with many other exhibits, such as
national treasures of the royal families, all
of which had to go.

The flames also destroyed forty houses
on the avenue adjoining the grounds.

**Florence Nightingale is Dead.**

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse
of the Crimean War, died at her home in
She is the only woman who ever received
the Order of Merit. This was bestowed
upon her by King Edward in 1907. She
was an English woman, born in Florence,
Italy, in May, 1820, and was a little over
ninety years of age. Educated for a nurse
to give her life to the care of the sick
and wounded. During the Crimean War she established a hospital op­
posite Constantinople, at the mouth of the
Bosphorus, and became the superintendent
of all the hospitals in that section. Thou­
sands of sick and wounded were given
under her administration, and after she left the
hospital in 1856, broken in health from an at­
tack of disease fever, the soldiers tried to
order a monument to her honor by their
contributions. This she would not permit.
Queen Victoria sent her a jewel and a let­
ter of thanks. Fifty thousand pounds
sterling was raised to found a school for
nurses to be under Miss Nightingale’s di­
rection. She wrote several books upon
nursing and hospital work. In harmony
with her work the complete support of
the free governments of the world was
given, and her works do follow her. No better
monument can be reared to anyone than
that which she has reared in the hearts of
the grateful posterity.

**The Pope and the Spanish Government.**

The Pope, according to reports from
Rome, is much pleased over the loyalty of
the clericals in Spain, to the Vatican. Tele­
grams and letters from all parts of Spain,
assured the Vatican that the Spaniards
make the Pontiff hopeful that the church cause
will triumph; and he evidently expects that
when the Spanish Cortes meets, a majority
will promptly depose Premier Canalejas.
The Pope looks upon the Premier as a
traitor who has betrayed the nation.

On the other hand, Canalejas is express­ing
great satisfaction with the many con­
gratulations that have reached him from
abroad, over the step he has taken.
Of course the clerical element looks upon all
such as unjustifiable interference with
Spanish affairs, and urges the Pope to yield his
hold upon the temporal powers of Europe; but one-by-one he has
been compelled to give them up, and it is
probable that he may have to yield at this
point also.

The battleships and men of the Atlant­
ic fleet are being given a royal welcome to
Newport, R. I., where the fleet expects
to remain ten days. The city is elaborately
decorated and lighted with electric illumina­
tions that will remind the soldiers of some
of the receptions they received on their
voyage abroad. An entertainment fund of
nearly $10,000 has been raised by subscrip­
tion, and the freedom of the city will be
given the bluejackets while in port. The
entertainment includes a New England
clam bake for them. There are ten thou­
sands men in the fleet.

At a great meeting of the unemployed
in New York, presided over by J. B. Cough­
翰, chairman of the Brotherhood Welfare
Association of Philadelphia, it was decided to
send a letter of sympathy to Mayor Gay­
nor's family, expressing the hope that he may recover from his wound received by the assassin's hand, and also to suggest that an arrangement to furnish labor for all the unemployed would do much to prevent attempts at assassination of public officials. A great mass-meeting is contemplated in which leaders like Roosevelt, Jack London and Bryan will be asked to speak, and help devise plans by which all who desire employment may be provided with it.

Within a period of six days ending August sixth, 26,608 cases of cholera were reported throughout Russia, with 8,679 deaths. The disease is causing great consternation in Russia, and the Austrian and German governments are taking precautions against an invasion of Russian cholera. There is a scarcity of physicians in the infected districts. Some think the number of deaths is not being truthfully reported, and statements among these classes have varied from 25,000 to 40,000 deaths. There is a serious state of depression all through southern Russia.

The Postoffice Department has begun an investigation which reveals astounding frauds in mining schemes in which the perpetrators have made use of the mails. Mr. Dickson, the head of the department, says the American people have been swindled out of not less than $50,000,000 through fake mining schemes within ten years.

The refusal of railroads to grant usual reduced rates to the veterans of the Grand Army for the Union in Atlantic City in September, has called forth many expressions of indignation among Grand Army men. Thus far seven local posts have decided not to go at all, but only to send delegates. The action of the railroads is regarded as a "deliberate hold-up at the expense of the veterans." It looks now as if the boys would stay at home, and the railroads would be the losers.

"The man who makes the most of his opportunities is the man who makes the most of everything that comes his way. So much that comes his way is an opportunity in disguise."

The Building of Character.

H. L. COTRELL.

Northwestern Association.

Scripture lesson, Mark x., 17-31.

The story of Jesus and the rich young ruler presents to us a sad yet beautiful picture. On the one hand, I see a noble young man, whose life is filled with wonderful latent possibilities, coming to the Master and inquiring how he may inherit the kingdom of heaven. I love to think of him as a perfect model of physical, moral and intellectual manhood; six feet tall, with broad shoulders and sturdy limbs, and well proportioned in every part; his face, the index of the soul, a face of moral beauty and cleanliness, in which one may see the stamp of a true character. He had kept the commandments from his youth up, had laid a strong foundation for any useful work in life; and as Jesus looked upon him and thought of the power he might become in the kingdom of heaven if he only would be willing to make the all-important choice in life, no wonder that he loved him. Yet although he seemed to be a perfect man in every respect, Jesus, looking into the very depths of his life, discovered the false brick in that otherwise strong building of character and, as a final answer to his question, said, "One thing thou lackest; go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me."

But his countenance fell at the saying, and he went away sorrowful: for he was one that had great possessions.

"I see," I say, "that these words he struck the weak place in that otherwise beautiful life. He did not love the Lord, his God, with all his mind, soul and strength. No character which does not have as its foundation and corner-stone love for God and humanity can ever reach the highest possibilities. The world never tires of beholding character, that tower of strength that stands four-square to every wind that blows, repelling the storms of selfishness, jealousy and deceit which threaten its stability, and like a great lighthouse on the ocean's waves, sending out beams of light to the lonesome spirit. Every character, my dear friends, that is worth anything must be able to stand the test. Jesus Christ was such a character who could not be swerved from his mission of bringing salvation to men, either by the temptations of Satan, the invitations to earthly power or the cross of Calvary. Will your characters stand the test?"

"The Rev. H. W. Pope tells the story of a Christian blacksmith who had had a good deal of affliction and was challenged by an unbeliever to account for it. This was his explanation. "You know I am a blacksmith and often take a piece of iron and put it into the fire and bring it to a white heat. I then put it into an anvil and strike it once or twice to see if it will take a temper. If I think it will, I plunge it into the water and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire again, and again plunge it into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I put it on the anvil, and hammer it, and bend it, and rasp it, and file it, and it makes some useful article which I put into a carriage, where it will do good service for twenty-five years. If, however, I first strike it on the anvil, I think it will not take a temper. I would sell it at half a penny a pound. Now I believe my heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I will take a temper. He has put me into the fire and into the water. I have tried to bear it just as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been, Lord, if I die into the fire if you will, put me into the water if you think I need it; do anything you please, O Lord, only don't throw me into the scrap heap."

"Dear friends, when we stand before the great white throne to be judged by our Lord, are we altogether too sure that he will not consign us to the scrap heap?"

Character can not be had for the asking; it must be paid for at a great price. We may inherit noble impulses, tendencies, capacities, and wonderful possibilities from parents and grandparents, but we ourselves, by the help of God, must build up our characters, if we have any. Heredity and environment are mighty forces which have a great deal to do with the shaping of this building of character; no one would deny their powerful influence. But after all is said and done, the individual succumbs to his inherited tendencies and impulses, succumbs to the influences of his companions, only when he, himself, chooses, of his own free will, to do so. Perhaps these hereditary and surrounding influences are many times so great that a person makes the choice almost unconsciously, but he nevertheless makes the choice himself; yet as a free moral agent he ought to become more conscious, more concerned as to the way he chooses. The individual personality, the will together with emotions and the intellect, must constitute the agent for final decision, to the kind of materials which shall go into this building of character, as to the shape which this building shall assume. I would have the words of Elizabeth Harrison engraved upon the minds of every man and woman in the world. She says, "But over and above the too exclusive study of heredity, which leads to fatalism, down below the exclusive study of environment, which leads to despondency, shines the light of the thought that self-activity is greater than any barriers placed by ancestry or by surrounding conditions. It is the law of the everlasting being." is the watchword of the new education. It lies not in our start but in ourselves whether we shall end life with diamonds upon our heads or fagots in our hands. No one who has read Booker T. Washington's autobiography will ever say again that hềrdity or environment stand unconquerable before the self-activity of the human soul. There we see the man with the hoe slowly transforming himself into a prince among men by his constant, determined choosing of kingdoms and stars rather than of herbs and apples."

But having determined that we ourselves are the "architects of our own fate," what materials are going into this building of character? In the words of the hymnwriter:

"We are building day by day, while we onward press our way,
And the thoughts that fill our heart, of the building form a part.
We are building day by day, in the loving words we say.
In the deeds of kindness done, and the virtues we have won."

Yes, the thoughts, impulses, motives and
words, the deeds, purposes, ideals and victories of life, form the marble blocks or the worthless bricks that go into our buildings for eternity. But not only the deeds which we have accomplished, but also what we have striven to do and failed, form parts of our edifices. "Not on the vulgar mass called work must sentence pass", but God will judge the struggles and the tears and see imbedded in that hidden noble purpose, the deeds strive for but yet unrealized. Victories over sin may not always bring new blocks into our buildings, but they strengthen the blocks which are already there, and add to them, more im­ pervious to the attacks of the enemy. When we ward off the attacks of sensuality, pride and avarice by our purity, humility and unselfishness, our purity becomes more pure, our humility more humble, our unselfishness more unselfish, and our whole character more Christlike.

But although we are the "architects of our own fate," it is a very consoling fact that we do not need to labor in the dark, to build our edifices of character without a model. In this respect we have the advantage of many in the past who earnestly sought to erect a building of character and happiness, yet, being in darkness and spiritual ignorance, they were unable to realize how imperfect could be their foundation-stones.

But what is the relation of character to Christian service and efficiency? It is needless to say that the relation is a most vital one. It would be as useless to attempt to save men with Unrighteous character as it would be to catch fish without bait. Character many times speaks louder than words and is most powerful in drawing men to the foot of the cross. It is said that the missionary has to be especially careful as to his character because the Oriental is peculiarly sensitive to any inconsistencies between his teachings and his life. Any such inconsistencies prove fatal to the mission workers. How often is it true that a man's character speaks so loudly that you can scarcely hear what he says. What was it that saved Peter, the fisherman? You remember the story. Jesus was walking along the shore of the sea of Galilee and entering into a ship which was Simon's he told him to cast out his net for a draught of fishes. But Simon said, "Master, we toiled all night and took nothing; but at thy word, I will let down the nets." And what a multitude of fishes were caught as a reward for obedience; so many that both ships were filled so full that they began to sink. And then what a strange thing Peter did! He fell down at Jesus' knees saying, "O Lord, depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." We have no record that Jesus had been condemning him for his sin or striving with him personally to lead a better life. What then was the voice that spoke to Peter but the voice of Jesus' character? In view of the multitude of fishes, revealing as it did the power of Jesus, in view of his whole manner and bearing which disclosed the beauty and richness of his pure and spotless life, Peter must have felt more than ever before what a mean and little man he was, how unworthy he was to be even in the presence of such a character. Indeed, Peter never looked so black and hideous in his own eyes before, since never before had he stood in such striking contrast to the Life, the Truth, and the Way. Think, dear friends, what wonderful possibilities for power and efficiency lie before you if you are willing to pay the cost of character and build into your edifices for eternity those bricks of thought and action which are able to stand the tests of the furnace.

But one of the sterling qualities of character that make it most efficient in soul-saving is a quality most prominent in the life of Jesus—humility. Perhaps there are too many Christians who would rather point sinners to themselves than to Jesus Christ. Christians who think more of bringing glory to themselves than of magnifying the power of the King of kings and Lord of lords. To such the teaching of Jesus is not inappropriate. Let him who would be great among you be the servant of all. Let him tell you a helpful lesson from the skilful fisherman who attributed his success in fishing to obedience to three rules: the first rule was, "Keep yourself out of sight;" the second rule was similar to the first, "Keep yourself farther out of sight;" while the third rule naturally followed from the other two, "Keep yourself still farther out of sight." The game of catching fish is not so much unlike the game of catching men, and so the rules of the old fisherman might well be heeded by the man who feels that Christianity is working to propagate and is willing to work. And when Christian people become more willing to bury self and selfish advancement in the interests of righteousness, when they become more willing to reflect, not self, but Jesus Christ to a dying world, then the "kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ" will become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ and "life, death, and that vast forever" will be "one grand sweet song."
Letter From Holland.

Dear Brother:

Last week you received, no doubt, the sad news of my beloved father's decease. To him it was a deliverance from the bonds of an ill and broken spirit and a worn-out and suffering body, into the freedom and glory of heaven. I sat down at his deathbed in the early morning of Wednesday, the first of June. He was very calm. I read words of comfort and praise, hymns, which once were very precious to him. He seemed to listen but he did not say a word. He was conscious when I came. I was telephoned about 4 o'clock a. m. I immediately went to the hospital and he expired about 6 o'clock, my sister and brother-in-law being present also. I feel very thankful that his long way of suffering has now been accomplished.

Though there was nothing on earth which could give him any comfort these last months, he regularly came to see him two or three times a week. It always was a hard thing. The nurses in the hospital loved him; they always remembered how kind and grateful he was the first weeks after his operation, and how his heart was overflowing with thanks and joy in the Lord. I recollect how one day he asked me to pray earnestly for him, as he felt as if he were falling into a dark and deep abyss. He had grown stronger day by day. Ardently and persevering were the prayers of his numerous friends all over the world, in several denominations, but he has not been restored to peace before entering the eternal glory. For poor Lazarus, when after his death he was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, the contrast could not have been greater than it was for my father, out of his despondency into the joy of heaven.

Very remarkably, the week before my father's death (when there was not yet the least sign of his decease) I received for him a letter from Doctor Palmborg, who was then in Germany on her way from China to America, saying she wished to see my father and the church in Holland. I replied it would be a great privilege for us to meet her and to hear about our China Mission; at the same time I added a few words about my father's condition. It was arranged that Doctor Palmborg should come and stay with the Haarlem Church the first Sabbath of June. I announced a meeting in that church on the eve and Doctor Palmborg at Amsterdam. We were much pleased to receive her in my home to stay with us Thursday night and Friday.

Where Providence marvellously combined my father's decease (after a sickness of more than thirteen months, on the day before Doctor Palmborg's arrival) with her visit to the church in Holland, we accepted this as an indication to let the meeting go on and combined the two facts. We devoted a few words to the memory of our beloved pastor; then Doctor Palmborg in her plain and clear way brought our dear China Mission very near to our minds and hearts. The meeting was well attended, also by several First-day friends. In the morning of this Sabbath we celebrated the Lord's Supper; in the afternoon Doctor Palmborg continued her striking communications, which went straight to the hearts of all hearers—the members of our little Haarlem Church and the friends from elsewhere. I can not tell you how much we appreciated this blessing to our church, the kind visit of Doctor Palmborg. It was no doubt very tiring for her; she came for rest, but was very busy among us for the Lord's sake.

When we saw our dear colored friend Amonkoo, we heartily thanked the Lord; and having now heard Doctor Palmborg telling so many striking facts from China, we rejoice much the more in the glorious prospect of meeting brothers and sisters of all generations, peoples and tongues, hidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

At the funeral, Monday, June the fifth, about three hundred friends gathered round the tomb; our beloved deacon, Brother Spaan, spoke for the Haarlem Church, the president of the Christian Temperance Union (whose president my father has been for many years) followed, then a member of the town council, a pastor of the Reform (Presbyterian) church, a representative of the central board of the Midnight Mission, all but, last not least, Doctor Palmborg speaking for our American brethren,—all united in honoring my father's memory as a faithful disciple of Christ. After the funeral the friends were welcome in the chapel and many Seventh-day Baptists and temperance people from elsewhere continued to recall precious memories of rich blessings for which my father had been instrumental.

The Sabbath with Doctor Palmborg and the day of the funeral will never be forgotten among us. I hope you will excuse me for not having written you earlier. As to the question, in which way my father's work may be continued, I am living in a crisis. This last year of my father's illnes! Brother Spaan, our deacon, Brother Tackema, the student, and myself have divided the work in the pastorate for the Haarlem and Rotterdam churches and I have edited the Bookschapper. I could hardly find time for it, combined with all my work in the Purity movement, issued from the Midnight Mission, the work to which the Lord called me and in which I have been struggling for more than twenty years—the best part of my life.

The talents trusted to me are of a quite different character from those of my father, but I pray for grace to live by the same principles, not asking what is well pleasing to my own mind and taste, but only asking to see clearly the way in which the Lord wants me to go. I hope you all will join me in this prayer.

For the present moment I do not believe it would be the right way to leave the Purity work and devote myself principally to the pastorate, if the church should call me. As to the editorship of the Bookschapper I see there is a unanimous desire among our people and the readers in general that I should continue this work and I have no objection to this and will do it with all my heart. We are very thankful for the liberal support our American friends have offered for the Lord's cause in Holland during my father's life, and we hope you will continue your assistance. With very kind regards,

Yours in Christ,

G. VELTHUYSEN.

Amsterdam,
June 11, 1910.

Our China Schools.

Dear Doctor Gardner:

Today the last of the three schools under my care has been closed for the summer vacation. The girls' boarding school, always the first to close and for a longer vacation than the day schools, had its final exercises on June 5 and most of the girls went home at once. Some days and nights of extreme heat had made me eager for them to scatter, as our building is not very well suited to hot weather.

On Thursday morning, July 14, the Zijawi day school closed forty-three strong for final examinations, to get handkerchiefs and tea with crackers. These children are mostly from the country about us, but a few came from the West Gate. Sometimes these children are spoken of as "ragamuffins", but it has seemed to me of late that the appearance of some indicated that their parents' fortunes might be looking up a little. The school certainly has been blessed by Mrs. Crofoot's teaching on Sabbath mornings.

Today has been "last day" in the city school. Forty-four children have registered in that school this half-year. Since the new opening, one has come into the boarding school, the parents of another objected to her being taught the Bible and took her out, while a third was kept at home because her people concluded that she was "too precious" to go to school. Of the remaining forty-one, thirty-nine were on hand today. One of the two absent ones was ill and the other was "afraid of the examinations." That so many have held on to the end is good and worthy of remark, also that this school has paid its own expenses.

I wish that the home people could have seen the eager-faced little company. They came in gala-day attire and it made a very gay picture.

We make quite an occasion of the last day. The Vung-li teacher in the boys'
boarding school examined the Chinese books today. Mrs. Tsur (Kwe-iung) the Bible and the one geography class, Miss Wauing of the girls’ school the arithmetic, and to me fell the four small classes in English. At two o’clock forty or more of the relatives and friends of the children came in and there was a short prayer. Mrs. Tsur read the Scripture and led in prayer, so three little girls gave short recitations in English, fourteen girls had a little exercise in Chinese, after which there was a short talk about Booker T. Washington. The children also sang some hymns; then a report card with a handkerchief was given to each child and tea and cakes were served to all.

Some time ago the parents of several children requested that school be kept for half a day through the summer. They say that with no school the children get very unruly and they, the parents, are likely to be called upon to answer for their misdemeanors. It is rather hard on the teacher in some ways it is better for her to have some responsibility, so we went to the superintendent and told the children to tell the home folks that the school examined the Chinese books and told the children to tell the home folks.

The Chinese books are given thanks many times for improved conditions in the city. The streets are cleaner than they used to be. There are two new gates in the wall; the one nearest us, the New West Gate, opens upon a carriage road which extends about three quarters of a mile into the city. We go and come all through the city by ricksha, now. It is not always convenient for the ricksha to pass on the narrow walks but with much vociferation it is done. Today’s paper prophesies that the walls are to be removed altogether, soon.

Passing along the new carriage road, not long ago, I came upon a shrine in the wall of one of the houses. Inside was an idol, the eyes of which were tightly bound about with red paper. Dzau Sien-sang told me it was a new idol and the eyes had not been painted in yet. On a certain day the people would be assembled and with much kowtowing the eyes would be supplied by a painter, after which the idol would take charge of affairs in that locality.

And so it goes—here and there progress, but very, very many in the old darkness. At the same time our Commission holds good, “Go ye . . . preach . . .”

Very sincerely yours,

Susie M. Burdick.

West Gate,

July 17, 1910.

Edwin Shaw’s Mission.

Cosmos, Okla.

DEAR BROTHER GARDNER:

When last I wrote to the Recorder I was at Richfield, Kan., fifty-three miles from a railroad, waiting to drive twenty-five miles farther to a hamlet. I asked at sixteen homes, most of them twice or more. I am especially interested in this field because of the large number of children and young people. Of the fifty-one present on Sabbath day three were small babies, seventeen were children, and twenty-five were grown people. Whether or not our interest as a point in Cosmos is to be permanent it matters not to me just now. These people are here and are making a brave struggle to keep alive the interest in religious matters. They maintain a Sabbath-school every week. Some one reads a sermon three Sabbath a month, and the Christian Endeavor Society takes charge of the other Sabbath service. The Woman’s Missionary Society, sent by me an offering to the Missionary Board. I shall recommend that the pastor of the Boulder Church be sent to this field for ten days or two weeks in the early winter.

A Happy Family.

The long-enduring patient driver was getting weary of the questions, but when I said, “Oh, what kind of a bird is that?” he gently sighed and replied, “Why, that is a prairie-dog owl.” I suppose my brother George, instead of asking the question, would have said, “There, that makes the nineteenth variety of bird I have seen since we left the last windmill.” Just as the driver answered my question, sure enough, the owl dropped down into a hole in the ground; and there in another hole near by I saw the shining eyes of a cotton-tail rabbit. “And do they all live in these holes together, prairie-dog owl and cotton-tail rabbit?” said I. “Yes, sir,” was the reply, “and if you will dig down into one of these holes you might find a rattlesnake too, for all four of these animals live together.” I did not stop to dig, and so do not know whether the driver was “stringing” me or not. If he was in earnest, it makes a good illustration of what harmony there may be in the animal kingdom where there is occasion for it, an illustration well worth the imitation of some of us “higher” animals.

EDWIN SHAW.

Cosmos, Okla.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
especially in the hay fields, by which means I became acquainted with them, learning to highly respect and love them. Within the twenty-five homes in which I called and visited I found some indifferent to the religious interests of the church, some discouraged in making it possible for them to have pastoral work during this month, and for the encouragement that came through this work. I cannot recommend too strongly the importance of this field, nor can we emphasize too much the need to us as a denomination of keeping alive and active these small country churches, especially one with the possibilities of the Scott Church.

Sincerely yours,

EDGAR D. VAN HORN.
Leonardsville, N. Y.
Aug. 3, 1910.

Report of Brother Platts.
To the American Sabbath Tract Society.

Dear Brethren:

As I now settled in regular missionary pastoral work, I presume the regular quarterly reports will be as acceptable to you as the monthly statements which I have hitherto made. I have just finished the first month of the first quarter of this settled work. I write this to suggest my thought about this method of reporting, more than to give you an official report; you will, nevertheless, be interested in a few statements concerning this month's work.

In the first place, it has been a very hot month—the hottest that my seventy years have ever brought me, the thermometer registering as high as 110 in the shade some days; but the unfailing cool breeze evenings and mornings has kept the heat from becoming oppressive and I have kept unusually well.

By invitation of Brother Looboro, I spent several days with him at Riverside in special work during which I preached three times, and filled all the Sabbath appointments at Los Angeles, making eight sermons during the month. The five Sabbaths gave an average attendance of nineteen, the smallest, on an exceedingly hot day, being seven, and the largest thirty-two.

Three new members have been added to the church, and several strangers have been in. I have made 18 calls and visits, written 31 letters and postal cards and given out 76 pages of tracts.

Last week I spent four days with my family at Ocean Park as the guests of one of our families there.

As the time for the anniversaries draws near, I am praying that your meetings may be abundantly blessed of God and that the coming year may be exceedingly fruitful in results for the enlargement of the church and for the glory of God.

Yours fraternally,

L. A. PLATTS.
South Pasadena, Cal.,
July 31, 1910.

Young Men's Mission of Lieu-oo.

I. Aim.—It is the aim of this mission to give the highest physical, mental, and spiritual help to all who come within its influence.

II. Equipment needed.—Building.

Chinese helper, organ, lamps, chairs, benches, pictures, books, magazines, and gymnastics apparatus.

III. Work planned.

1. Athletics. Classes in light calisthenics and outdoor sports.

2. Reading-room and library. All kinds of Bibles and other good Christian books for all to read will be available. There will be other Christian books for sale, and tracts to be given to interested ones. We hope also to add some good books among other lines.

3. Reception-room with games. This room, under direction and uplifting influences, is to provide for the social life of young men.

4. Day English classes. Mrs. Davis will continue to teach as now, but in the English room of the mission.

5. There may be no demand for these, but we offer evening English classes for all to read will be available. There will be other Christian books for sale, and tracts to be given to interested ones. We hope also to add some good books among other lines.

6. Bible-study classes in which all will be urged to enlist.

7. Chapel services will be held each day, and general services two or three times during every week.

IV. Plan for Support:

We are asking the students of Alfred, Milton and Salem to provide for the rent of the building, and the salary of the helper. We trust that funds to purchase the equipment will come from friends interested in the work, but desire that no contributions for this work shall lessen the regular gifts to the Missionary Society.

Announcement Regarding the Opening of the Young Men's Mission of Lieu-oo.

An association, the aim of which shall be to help young men physically, mentally and spiritually, will be opened on the first day of the ninth month at the "Dung Ka" near Sing Zak Jan. To accomplish the above-mentioned purpose of helpfulness, gambling, smoking of opium or tobacco, drinking of wine, or any practice which weakens mind, soul or body, will not be allowed. All who join this society are required to refrain from bad language while in the building, and "mo-ing" or "fan-ing" is prohibited.

WORK PLANNED.


The fee for the first three will be thirty cents a month.

Tuition to private pupils in English will cost $3.00 a month for one-half hour a day, six days in the week.

If there are two or more in a class, the fee will be $2.00 each a month for one-half hour a day, six days in a week.

If there are ten or more who wish to begin the study of English in a class, the fee will be $1.00 a month each for three-quarters of an hour daily, six days in the week.

If there are ten or more who wish to study English in the evening, the fee will be sixty cents per month. This class will meet for three quarters of an hour three times a week.

The rules of the building, and the time for meeting of the different classes in English, athletics and Bible, also for religious services, will be fixed at a time in the building so that all can see.
All money received from dues and initiation fees will go toward paying the expenses of the association.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

II.

C. A. BURICK

Denominational Leaders.

It was my fortune in the early part of my ministry to have pastors, at different times, within the bounds of all our associations except the Central. It was my privilege as well as a duty to represent a church, of which I was pastor, in the annual meetings of the association of which it was a member. And the wide extent of my pastoral relations as indicated above, and a period of service as recording secretary of the Missionary Society, gave me an opportunity to become acquainted, as co-worker, with most of the denominational leaders, both ministers and laymen, who were on the stage of action forty or fifty years ago.

It was a peculiarity of this company of denominational leaders that it was composed not only of those who had been lifelong Seventh-day Baptists, but also of some who had come to us from different religious denominations—Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, the Christian Church—each of which had contributed its quota. And it was a matter of fact that while the converts to the Sabbath were loyal to the denomination through their love of the Sabbath which they had come to embrace, some still held to certain tenets of the denomination to which they had belonged before uniting with us.

It is an illustration of the power of the Sabbath truth that it could cement together in bonds of Christian fellowship those who held different shades of denominational beliefs. The Sabbath became very precious to these converts because of the sometimes prolonged and agonized struggles with conscientious that it had cost them to sever the bonds which had held them in former church and social relations.

It is also an illustration of the "large liberty" allowed by Seventh-day Baptists in matters of opinion in minor points, that there was so little disturbance of Christian fellowship caused by the differences of opinion held by persons from other denominations, although there was at times some clashing between persons holding opposing views. This fact was brought out in an editorial in the Sabbath Recorder of April 11, in which the editor treated at some length of feeling in some quarters by the published views of Bible criticism. I quote just a few words of that editorial referring to some clashing between leaders fifty years ago.

"Men in those days locked horns much oftener than they do now, and the controversy was often warm between them. Such questions as open, or close communion, the resurrection of the dead, and the nature of man gave rise to many a word battle." etc. I was witness to some of these word battles. But notwithstanding all this, these brethren who were accessions to our denomination have in the years that have gone by been true and loyal to our Sabbath cause, and have filled various offices of pastor, missionary, teacher in our schools, member of denominational boards, etc., and their descendants have been held in no way distinct from the descendants of lifelong Seventh-day Baptists. And the names of the following brethren of this class are to be held in common with other denominational leaders in grateful remembrance: Sherman S. Griswold, T. B. Brown, N. Wardner and Leman Andrus, from the Baptists: J. W. Morton, from the Reformed Presbyterians; James Summerbell, from the Christian Church: Alexander Campbell, Presbyterian; T. Backus, from the Methodists; J. H. Cochran, Scotland. Perhaps there are others whose names should be added to this list.

If I Can Help.

ANGELINE ABBEY

If I can only, day by day, Just help another in life's way; Can speak a word, or sing a song To help some soul along; A cup of water only give Some fainting one that he may live; A smile bestowed, or give a flower— Just what is needed in the hour; If I can only give my days, Each moment filled with work or praise, Though life sends much of grief or pain, I shall not then have lived in vain! North Loop, Neb.
Mrs. Barrett has a little booklet, to be had for fifty cents, in which she tells the story of her work, illustrated by pages of her Chinese shorthand, but she has passed lightly over her own heroic consecration to teaching.

A woman of delicate mold, not inured to toil or hardship, she left her own lovely home in Sacramento, and lived in Chinatown of San Francisco, that she might thoroughly test her methods, until failing strength drove her from its unwelcome precincts to a seaside resort.

Near there she found a Chinese fishing village, and there sometimes amid the fish nets on the beach, with an upturned boat for a blackboard, she taught boys who had never before been able to read, their own language; sometimes she taught the girls in their father's opium den, until its odors became unbearable, and she would take her class out among the drying fish to complete the lesson.

Far more trying than these experiences have been the mountains of indifference and prejudice that have obstructed her way. However, recognition is becoming. The Chinese themselves have a "First Reader" for use in some of their schools in California, printed in Mrs. Barrett's character, and they are asking now for a "Second Reader" and other text-books. The Paulist Fathers, whom the Jesuits have no more shrewd or far-seeing educators, have the catechism of their church in these characters, for use in their missions to Chinese in San Francisco, and are planning for other elementary religious instruction in the same form.

The Adventist Conference invites Mrs. Barrett to its great missionary meetings, that she may instruct their outgoing missionaries. A professor in a Japanese college procured Mrs. Barrett's booklet for use among Chinese students, of whom he said, "The thousands coming to the colleges in Japan."

A call for it comes from Korea. Dr. A. B. Simpson, of the Missionary Alliance, recommends it to that body. Doctor Dey, of the famous mission in the heart of Africa, finding it adaptable to the languages of Africa, will use the system in the school for which he has just received a generous endowment.

The highest encouragements of officials and educators attest the value of Mrs. Barrett's achievement. She will give the work freely to any publisher who will bring out the New Testament in this form, many times less expensive to do, and less difficult to learn than the Chinese writing itself, which the greater number of the Chinese can not read at all.

The worship of ancestors has bred a degree of reverence for the methods instituted by them, that makes the innovation of new ideas a shock to Chinese sensibility, but barriers are falling now, and it may be that Mrs. Barrett and her happy thought have come to the Kingdom for such a time as this.

When her seventieth birthday was near, with beaming eyes and holy zeal, she said, "I have asked the Lord for ten years more of life, that I may see this in the schools in China." It is not too much to expect that her faith will be honored, and she shall see the realization of her vision.—Dorcas J. Spencer, in Union Signal.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its annual election of officers on the first Tuesday in August, and such other business was transacted as came before the society. We are quite encouraged by the treasurer's report, which shows our income to have been about $125.

Most of this has been obtained "by the sweat of our brows," in quilting, tying comfortables, conducting sales, and supposing the parsonage and to the church dining-room, sent $15 to the Woman's Board, and have $24 burning our pocket.

A little Sabbath-breaker arrived at the parsonage Sabbath morning, July 30, bringing sunshine and the name of Rosetta Ruth. One of our staple specialties was held in Hakes' Grove, August 9, where a bountiful feast was spread beneath the venerable maples, and a pleasant time was enjoyed until one of the youthful ball-players met with an accident, fracturing a bone in his leg, from which he is still suffering.

Adirondack Campers. MRS. B. C. DAVIS.

An English novelist said very recently that it was quite permissible, in a little speech, to speak lightly upon large subjects. I suppose it hardly follows that, in a little article, you may touch lightly upon joyous experiences, and hope at the same time to be very interesting.

However, vacation experiences should be joyous ones, and if reported at all, at least by the writer, must certainly be but lightly touched.

While the little Sabbatharian colony of a dozen or more members, camping in the Adirondack Mountains for a brief summer vacation, may not be under obligations to the Recorder readers to report themselves every year, yet as the Recorder makes its welcome visits to these woods, and tells its happy story and sometimes its sad one, of the brothers and sisters of the larger family, scattered so widely, we feel the desire not to be forgotten by the other members of that family.

The little rustic camp overlooking the beautiful lake, outlined by its forests and guarded by mountains, had been shut and locked for eleven long months. Its neighbors also had been tenantless during the snows and winds of winter, while their occupants had been doing things out in the busy world. July, however, finds the geniuses of these retreats returning like birds to their summer haunts. "Deerland Lodge," "Overbank," "Donnie View" and "Kanakadena" are vibrant with life, and the names Stillman, Maxson, Rogers, Davis, Burdick, Tetworth and Holmes give quite a home feeling to this wild but beautiful place in the Adirondack Mountains.

These were the names represented yesterday on a trim little launch, which easily bore the party numbering fifteen, with their baskets, rugs, cushions, etc., numbering considerably more than the foot of the lake, twelve miles below. The teasing rain-drops tantalized between spasmodic bursts of sunshine, but left only the roughened water to show they had accompanied us on our way.

Soon the guide-boats transferred passengers and baggage to shore, where a short climb revealed a little clearing in the forest, a clearing evidently occupied by many another camping party, as shown by a rude table of weather-beaten boards, a frame half covered with dried balsam—such as forms many a camper's bed—and a very desirable fireplace formed by the rolling together of a few rocks.

But best and finest of all were the gigantic pines, stately pillars of a veritable temple. Surely the proud old Acropolis, in all its glory, never boasted pillars to rival these stately ones of this natural temple. I think if those old Greeks had discovered it they would have dedicated it to no less important among their Gods than Father Zeus himself.

But these were very human mortals on this picnic—which usually means a very hungry crowd; so the fire soon burned in the fireplace, and bass, beans and coffee—all found places over the glowing coals.

Out of respect to fifteen enormous appetites, I suppose, the threatening clouds held aloof until after they—they—the appetites—had been appeased and dishes were again stowed into pack boxes. The weather being so wet, we were glad to avail ourselves of the protection of the improvised tent which our senior camper, with an instinct born of experience, had provided.

But sunshine is never so soft and beautiful as on a drowsy day, and he who has not seen the nearer mountains with their heads in the clouds, while distant ones melt into mist, indefinite blue, has never seen with the physical eye one of the finest illuminations of sentiment concerning those inaccessible mountains which "must be dark and dreary," that they may also be indescribably tender and beautiful.

But, sunshine for strolls and tent drives for showers. Is a pretty good picnic combination and a call to the motor-boat came as a surprise that evening was approaching and broke the spell of the cozy, social hour beneath the canvas.

Soon we were sheltered and happy in the Evelyn and, as she plunged through the waves and whitecaps, she gaily tossed the spray over the closed windows and gave her challenge to the racing swallows, swiftly flying by her side, probably seeking their
Concerning Brother Lucky's Trip Last Year.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SABBATH RECORDER.

At the latest hour may it not be possible to atone for shameful neglect? I promised my dear Brother Lucky that I would try to tell the readers of the Recorder about the trip that he made last year after Conference and let them know some of the reasons why he journeyed by rail, for at least some of the impressions he received of the work among Jewish people in this country. The reasons why I have not done this sooner have been partly my own procrastination of the task and partly that the real or imagined difficulties of the task stood in the way. These difficulties may have arisen out of the mists of my own brain or may be due to the actual trouble I find in trying to see Brother Lucky's mind as it is and then transfer his ideas to the minds of your readers. The delicacy of Brother Lucky's thought and the refinements of his thought in regard to the work of missions make it quite impossible for any one to mediate between him and those to whom he would bring his ideas.

It will be remembered that Brother Lucky was at the Conference in Milton and with others was a guest in our home. On the thirteenth of September he left Milton and went to Philadelphia to visit Brother Kovats, the Hungarian Seventh-day Baptist who is working there among his own people. Brother Lucky had an enjoyable visit in the Kovats' home and was favorably impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of Brother Kovats. Brother Lucky felt, however, that it might be better if the ability and power of such a man as Mr. Kovats were put into service in some place where there were not only many

of his countrymen, but also a church of our faith with whom and with whose pastor he might cooperate and whose counsel he might have.

From Milwaukee Brother Lucky went to Chicago, where he spent a week. He looked over the work done or attempted there in the interest of his people, but in his letter to me he did not mention any details except to say that he hoped that his interviews with workers might not under God's blessing be without fruit.

A visit of a similar nature he made in Cleveland, Ohio, from the twenty-second to the twenty-seventh and another in Pittsburgh, Pa., from September 28 to October 5. The hard rain that fell when he reached the former city seemed to match the depressing effect of the hopelessness of much of the work that is attempted to win his people to the light of the Gospel. The sixteenth of October found Brother Lucky in Washington, D. C., on a bright and happy morning, the herald of a pleasant and not unprofitable visit. In this city Brother Lucky's heart was deeply touched to see how a retired Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Mr. . , zealously at three related tasks: (1) To hunt up all Jews, visit them, talk to them about Jesus and preach to them the word of life, giving them literature and the like; (2) Without compensation to represent in his work any pastor or preacher who is willing to have him represent him; (3) To give warning, advice and consolation to all prisoners and others, visiting them in quite apostolic fashion. Brother Lucky says that it is pathetic to see this old man at his work, which is surely the work of God. Brother Lucky visited the meetings and noted with great interest the work of the Seventh-day Adventists in Washington and was led to lament that the Seventh-day Baptists are not active in the capital city of our country, where the beauty of the city is often in contrast with the ugliness of sin.

Later Brother Lucky spent some days in Baltimore and Philadelphia and passed what was to him a blessed Sabbath on the fifteenth and sixteenth of October at Shiloh. The name Shiloh has always been to him an inspiration. On the first day of the week, October 17, with Pastor D. B. Coon, Brother Lucky made a visit to a family at Vineland, N. J. On the eighteenth of October Brother Lucky went back to Philadelphia and later to New York.

The days following he spent in the vicinity of New York City, and during the time attended meetings of the Tract Board in Plainfield and of the "Yearly Meeting" of churches in New Market. He says that he longed to return to Galicia, but New York City held him chained. He visited many people in many places during the days before he went to Alfred in December. At Alfred he rejoiced at the beauty of the tabernacles of learning, and exclaimed, "How gladly are thy tents, O Israel!" He sees in our institutions of learning the ground of the future usefulness of one people and would have the interests of Israel conserved in the establishment of a "Jews' Library," or at least a department of the library of one of our schools as a Jewish department, the nucleus of which already exists in many books of that people.

From Alfred our brother thus made his journey, and later when he crossed the ocean and at last reached his country in peace his heart was still with the people next to his own brethren are loved as his own. God has ripened rich fruits of grace in the life of our brother and this visit of his has bound him closer to us than ever before.

William C. Daland.

Work for the Aged.

An opportunity for an interesting study in social economics has been afforded by the generous effort of the New York Times to secure employment for men and women over fifty years of age. The sympathy of the management of the Times was aroused by an appeal from a man past fifty, who could not find work because of his age. Realizing that there were probably many suffering the same disability, the Times offered to insert the advertisements of such free in the Sunday Times. The response in both appeals and approval showed that the Times had struck a responsive chord. The first Sunday it printed 166 free advertisements for persons more than fifty years old who needed work; the second Sunday it printed 242 of these advertisements, and many more later. Employers showed their interest, and scores of positions have been obtained for unemployed. Incidentally this excellent deed has brought out several points of extreme interest.

It is interesting to note that very few represent themselves as out of employment because of discharge on account of age. "We take care of our own old men," was the general reply to a representative of the Times, who was sent out to investigate the causes of the unemployment of men and women above fifty. The most numerous causes are failure in business or loss of invested funds, compelling one who had been independent to begin to work for others in old age; loss of business by being forced out by the great combinations, and of positions by industrial and commercial consolidations; the failure of health in the case of men, and the loss of husbands who had supported them in the case of women. Large response by employers was made to the benevolent efforts of the Times, and the success in obtaining work for the Times' advertisers proves that a great cause of unemployment is the failure to bring the unemployed in touch with the place that needs him. The Charity Organization Society of New York City has a special Employment Bureau for the Handicapped, which is working for the old, as well as those partially disabled from other causes. The sympathetic effort of the Times has brought out an important revelation of social conditions."—The Watchman.

"You may expect a bumper crop of mosquitoes if you leave them breeding-places in the shape of stagnant pools of water, old clogged drain-ditches, damp caves or cellars, foul water-barrels, and old cans and buckets lying around partly full of water after a rain."

"The farmer should beautify everything he touches, and touch everything that is not beautiful."

"Some ardent enemies of monopoly always monopolize the conversation."
Young People’s Work

Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Contributing Editor.

Christ Our Saviour.

REV. A. J. C. BOND.

Prayer meeting topic for September 3, 1910.

Daily Reading.


Tuesday—From punishment (Eph. v, 6; Rom. v, 9, 10).

Wednesday—From ourselves (Gal. v, 16; vi, 8; Rom. viii, 1, 2).

Thursday—From error (Heb. iii, 10; John xiv, 6).

Friday—From death (Rom. vi, 23; 2 Tim. i, 10).

Sabbath day—Topic: Christ our Saviour (John iii, 5-21). (Consecration meeting.)

JOHN III, 5-21.

It is characteristic of John that when he has related some incident in the life of the Master, he discusses at some length the principles involved. No doubt he chooses the incidents in the life of Jesus that will illustrate the principles of the Kingdom, and that will yield themselves readily to his purpose in writing his Gospel. In John xx, 31, he tells us what his purpose is: “But these are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in his name.”

The coming of Nicodemus, the Pharisee, to see Jesus, serves well John’s purpose, so he gives a full account especially of the teaching growing out of the incident. And the Scripture lesson today is one of the choice passages of the Bible. We do well to remember that Nicodemus was, as far as we are able to judge, a clean, straight man, of high ideals, and a leader of the most earnest religious sect of his time. Fearing, no doubt, what his co-religionists might say, he went at night and unobserved to Jesus, that he might learn more about him and his new doctrine. Notwithstanding the manner and time of his coming, the fact that he came is a splendid testimony to the character of the man. He could not be sure that the Pharisees had all necessary religious truth. With his powers of discernment and his ability to weigh matters, he was able to see in Jesus something which possibly they would do well to consider. He felt that Jesus was a teacher come from God, and he looked to him, no doubt, for a fresh message from heaven. Perhaps it was as much a personal matter with Nicodemus as it was a matter of their religion as a people, in which he had a place as leader. Being an honest Pharisee he had personal religious aspirations which were not satisfied even by the most scrupulous and faithful fulfillment of every prescribed ceremony. So Jesus began to talk to him about the new birth, salvation and eternal life. I think that as a result of this conversation there must have stolen into Nicodemus’ heart some feeling of the need of a personal Saviour. He must have felt that this continued personal relationship with Jesus would satisfy the one thirst of his soul. He may not have been able to define his feeling, but I imagine it was there. It is the feeling which comes to every one at some time, if he have any true intimacy with Jesus; a desire for companionship with him. Blessed is he who finds that constant companionship with him is possible. And this is what it is to have his salvation.

To live with him constantly, to have his abiding presence, to have him, is to be saved from all that is low and mean and worthless; to be saved to all that is high and pure and good.

Young men, in the strength and vigor of your young manhood, young women, in the freshness and purity of your young life, let nothing come between you and the fullest enjoyment of the companionship of Jesus. Perhaps not one of you has been tempted to seek the low things of life, but the temptation will be great for you to take up with something a little less than the best. And just as sure as you submit your life to a sliding standard, your life will be a failure. Let not the fear of what others will say keep you from doing those things which mark you as a companion of Jesus. Let not the fear of worldly advancement woo you from him. There can be no compromise. We are either his, eternally his, living in the enjoyment of his saving presence, or we are lost, eternally lost, because feeding upon the vain things of earth.

You will have many flattering offers from the world, and I do not ask you to despise them. But measure every opportunity of life by the standard of loyalty to Jesus Christ.

I have seen young people who have been brought up in our homes and churches, taught the truths of the Bible, nurtured in the atmosphere of a loyal Sabbath-keeping community, themselves believing and keeping the Sabbath, and from all these influences they have breathed into their lives the elements of character which make them young people of power, sought after by worldly concerns with offers of worldly advancement; and I have seen these young people deny and despise these early influences and agencies and throw them all away for the prizes which the world offers. Perhaps some one says it is not throwing it all away if that character and ability are used in doing the world’s work. Well, that depends upon what you mean by “the world’s work”, and whether your real motive is service, or whether this is a pleasing phrase which you are trying to use to ease the irritating pressure of your own conscience. The world’s work does not amount to the snap of your finger if it does not contribute to the building up of the things which Jesus came to promote. Do not fool yourselves, young people, who have ability and power. You have it; God bless you and guide you in the use of it. But you can not be disloyal throughout your life in one particular, and work in harmony with him and under his blessing in others.

Jesus our Saviour saves to the uttermost. There is not one who has saved from the lowest depths, but he saves from the most subtle sins, and to a life of increasing strength, joy and usefulness.

My Sins.

Isaiah xxxviii, 17.

“Behind his back,”

God says, who lieth never.

My sins of every brand,

CANCELED by his own hand,

Are signed and sealed, and put

Out of his sight forever!

And he stands guard.

Who, then,—the wildest dreamer,—

Would dare to pass that way

To snatch my sins away

And show them for my shame

Who is my Interpreter?

“Behind his back.”

O,—best of all the story,—

Through this surpassing grace

I look into his face,

And can not see my sins;

I can only see his glory.

—Mary E. Allbright, in Christian Endeavor World.

JOHN III, 16.

“For God so loved the world...”

Jesus Christ is the most perfect revelation of God’s love for the world. We often assure ourselves that God loves us because he created us and we are his. But this does not go back far enough nor down deep enough. God created other things than man, yet we can not say that God loves the ocean as he loves his children. Perhaps he loves the ocean. Nevertheless, he loves his children. He loves the world, the world, the world....”

And can not see these young people... And he stands guard.

My sins of every brand.
we measure it by the sacrifice the mother would make for her child. We have said that no being can be loved who is not capable of loving in return. This is by no means the same as saying that no one can be loved except he love in return, and give expression of that love in a normal way. A mother’s love and tender yearning will follow an ungrateful and rebellious son to the ends of the earth; and she would gladly give all that she has to draw him back to the home nest and to the purity of his childhood. The giving of herself does not cease because her love is unrequited. But she will not give up her constant and unceasing prayer she daily gives her life for him who should, but who does not, love her. Yet the very fact that the son is capable of loving in return is what inspires her love. And she ever feeds upon the hope that some day he will return, and she would gladly give her life to know for one brief moment that her boy loved the mother who bore him.

God’s love for the world was so great, the giving impulse so strong, that in Jesus Christ He gave Himself to the world, the object of His love. And He desires to have in fellowship all mankind. He wants every man, woman and child in all the world to love him and he wants all to give themselves to Him. And no one can do less than this and be a normal human being.

Love is of such a nature that that being can not be created who can love and yet who must love. To create a being capable of fellowship with God—capable of spontaneous love and intelligent service—meant the giving of a being who could withhold that love and refuse the service. Every child that comes into the world is born with a capacity to love God and to worship him. But through willfulness or indifference the blessings of fellowship with him may never be enjoyed. This is pitifully true in many lives. Yet God so loved the world. God hates sin, but it grieves him when we cling to it and thus shut ourselves out from the blessings of his love.

TO THE LEADER.

Make use in the meeting of the daily readings, which are brief and very much to the point.

Discuss the needs, opportunities and methods of evangelistic work for your society, especially during these fall and winter months.

Milton Junction.

An Experience Meeting: What the Christian Endeavor Has Done for Me.

As I read over my Christian Endeavor pledge, I realize how much I owe to its simple requirements, for the great undercurrents of my life.

First of all, “I promise”; the sacred character of a pledge. It is no light thing to make a promise, and I have learned to be very careful about making any promise; but having made one, I must keep it, at no matter how great inconvenience or self-sacrifice.

“The rule of my life to read the Bible and pray.” I can not be sure how much I owe to Christian Endeavor for my love and reverence for God’s Holy Word. Doubtless other things have had some influence, at least, in teaching me to turn to the sacred pages continually for instruction, inspiration and direction. I do know that it was in the prayer meeting of the society that I first lifted my trembling voice in public prayer. But for the persistent call of duty in the society I could never have learned to pray aloud—an unmeasured blessing which I should have missed in my whole life.

“To support my own church.” How many times, as a young Christian, have I said, “For Christ’s sake” and then drooping courage, made the struggle seem worth while, and carried the efforts through to success. “I love thy church, O God,” with all my heart.

Some reason . . . conscientiously give.” Ah, there has been the touchstone of contact. With what nicely one learns to measure values, by this rule. Am I selfish? Will the “reason” bear His scanning? Am I putting the lesser and well-seeing reason forward, and hiding in the secret corner of my heart the true and self-indulgent excuse? Am I honest with myself? Would I accept this, if some one else should offer it as his reason? Is my conscience sensitive and responsive? Strip all the frills away, and let me get at the naked truth. Will I be ashamed of this evasion of duty, when I stand before the bar, and answer for the deeds done in the body? If I am not sure—then better “be true to all my duties.”

“Take some part . . . in every prayer meeting.” Early in my Christian Endeavor work this promise was singularly emphasized, and I thank God for the strength which helped me in this duty. How often I have quivered to the heart as the moment came for me to speak, and, too weak and frightened to stand, have pulled myself up by the back of the seat ahead, to give the faltering testimony that meant so much to me. With determined persistence, the trembling hesitation gradually gave place to more confidence and ease of manner. I shall never be able to say what I want to say, as I would like to say it. But this cross has become a joy and certain blessing.

It was in Christian Endeavor that I first learned the unspeakable happiness of leading a soul to Christ. It is in Christian Endeavor I have found my choicest friends and closest relationships. And in Christian Endeavor I have had the key-note of my life clearly sounded, “Service for Christ and his church.”

HARRIET CARPENTER VAN HORN.

Dear Sir:

In answer to the question, “What has the Christian Endeavor done for me?” I would say that it has helped me to be more regular in my Bible reading and prayer. Early in my Christian Endeavor work in the Junior Society, the importance of this point was impressed upon me. As a reminder of our duty, we Juniors were to answer, “Faithful,” each week at roll-call if we had prayed fast and read the Bible each day of the week. If we had not been faithful, we could only answer with shame, “Present.”

As I passed into the Senior Society, I still endeavored not to overlook this daily duty. I feel that our pledge is of great importance, and that it should be impressed on the minds of the members more than it is sometimes. There are other points in the pledge of as much importance as those I mentioned as helping me. While some points help one, others will help some one else; but all must find some help from the Christian Endeavor Society.

Your friend,

FOURE, Ark.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Richburg, N. Y.—The Ladies’ Aid Society and the Endeavor Society have joined forces in holding socials for the benefit of parsonage repairs. An ice-cream social was held July 26, proceeds of $7.00—Pastor Sherman, who recently resigned, is about ready to remove to his home at Alfred.

The church feels pleased to have secured the services of Mr. R. R. Thorngate as pastor.

Independence, N. Y.—The Ladies’ Aid Society held an interesting session at the home of H. K. Bassett, July 23. Money received, $6.60.

West Edmeston, N. Y.—The Christian Endeavor Society held an ice-cream social on the evening of July 27. Proceeds $4.20. At the church and society business meeting, recently, it was voted to invite the Central Association to conduct a memorial meeting with this church next year. Pastor and Mrs. R. G. Davis have gone to Niagara and Buffalo, expecting to spend one month in that vicinity. In their absence, the Sabbath morning services will be conducted by members of the church. [Good for West Edmeston.—Ed.]

H. C. Van Horn, Da Baorum.

Since Bro. Edwin Shaw’s visit to our locality and his encouragement that I should more fully report my work in this country, I will write it out for you. Somehow the Recorder is watched by many for reports from Cosmos. I find that this field, like nearly every pioneer country, is a splendid missionary opening, but Protestantism is not strong; but on the contrary, in most localities the different denominations meet together for Sunday school and church services.

Bro. Ira Goff did considerable preaching at different locations day by day, while here. I have become so connected with Bible work in the various Sunday schools of Morton County, Kan., and Texas County, Okla., that I was sent as county delegate of both counties to their state Sunday-school conventions the present summer—one at Kansas City, Kan., the other at Oklahoma City, Okla. These privileges proved to be of great educational benefit to me.

There is great enthusiasm shown in these large gatherings. Since attending those meetings I have been present at two county conventions, and at Morton County convention was elected superintendent of teacher training for the county. In the week to follow I am to attend one county rally and a township convention and will speak at both. Friday, July 15, I spoke at Pleasant Valley convention, the Sabbath following at a large gathering of the people of Stevens County, Kan., and on my way home stopped, on Sunday, at a schoolhouse, where I spoke one hour to an interested company of First-day people, explaining our position, as a people, to the Sabbath and its significance. If I was urged to come that way again, I only regret that I have so little time to give to the work.

Yours truly,
E. D. Stillman.
Cosmos, Okla., July 30, 1910.

In Memoriam.


The Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church wishes to express appreciation of the life and services of Rev. H. H. Hinman, who passed away Sabbath morning, July 16, 1910, at his home in Oberlin, Ohio.

Elder Hinman has been a member of this church since October, 1893, serving the church as opportunity afforded, from his location so far away, and his labors as missionary and writer for various publications. He was a broad-minded minister of the Gospel, being thoroughly equipped by scholarly attainments and rich experience in missionary work in Africa as well as much evangelistic work in this country. His conscientious regard for truth was ably defended by his clear logic, and his rich spiritual life. He was not only a strong preacher, but also a writer of marked ability and force. It can be truthfully said, he was a great and good man. His life-work has been well done and will remain a heritage to his family, the Christian Church and the world at large.

Ira J. Ordway, Committee.

The Chicago Seventh-day Baptist Church, in session August 6, 1910, unanimously adopted this memorial and requested the clerk to spread this memorial upon its records, and send copies to the family, and deposit to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

By order of and in behalf of the church, C. U. PARKER, Clerk.

W. J. Bryan on the Saloon.

“Then saloon differs from all other business in that no one regards it as a blessing. It is not defended as a good thing. It is not an educational center. It is not an economic growth to a community. It is a nuisance, and only tolerated when it is believed to be necessary. It can not be controlled at all if the community does not want it. The liquor dealer ought to be content to sell where his services are desired, and the manufacturer of liquor ought to content himself to dispose of his products. With these views, I am one. He is entirely outside of his sphere when he attempts to force his business upon a community or to interfere in decisions upon the liquor question.” In this connection we have the following from the Commoner:

“In speaking against the evils of intemperance, and in proposing remedies, Mr. Bryan not only has nothing to gain politically, but he risks the alienation of valued friends who agree with him on other questions but do not agree with him on this. Nothing less imperative than to indicate what State duty could lead him to take a position that may separate him from men whose companionship he has prized and whose support he gratefully appreciates, but these issues are here and the citizen must meet them.

“The capital interest, recognizing the force of the moral movement which is everywhere at work for the uplifting of society, is audaciously and insolently endeavoring to coerce both the Democratic and the Republican parties into inaction; its lobbyists infest the capital of the Nation and the capitals of all the States. Mr. Bryan would not deserve the confidence which has been reposed in him if he kept silent in the presence of this gigantic conspiracy against the home, society and the state. Whether he is able to accomplish much or little he will at least register his protest against the saloon in politics as he has registered his protest against the trust in politics, and if it ‘kills him politically,’ as the emissaries of the liquor traffic boast, he will die honorably, and his political death will help the many people of the magnitude of the powers that are banded together to do evil.”—Presbyterian of the South.
The wheel stood perfectly still. A strong wind passed by. It said to the windmill: "Come, come! Why are you not at work? Let me help you turn your wheel."

"No, no!" said the windmill, "I do not wish for your help. I shall rest all day today. I am so tired!"

"Oh, but we must always work before we rest," said the wind. "Come, I shall be glad to help you." The wind blew upon the wheel. The wheel would not turn.

"I will try again," said the wind. So it blew long and hard.

"I do not have to mind you!" said the windmill. "I tell you I am tired, and I shall rest today! Go away, old wind!"

So the wind sighed and went away. "Oh, how fine it is to rest!" said the windmill.

All day long it remained still. It grew late and the tired horses came home. They had worked hard all day in the hot sun.

They were so thirsty. When they saw the windmill, they started into a little trot, in their haste to reach the water tank.

Poor, tired horses! It was empty. "Is the windmill broken?" asked the farmer.

"No, it is all right. Why hasn't it worked today?" the wind blew hard, too.

"I can't understand this!" he said. The cows came for a drink. The sheep came for a drink. The chickens came for a drink. The dog came for a drink. The birds came for a drink. There was no water.

"Oh, why didn't I work," said the windmill.

"There is no water for the horses and cows. There is no water for the sheep and chickens! There is no water for the dogs and the birds!"

"Oh, I am sorry I didn't work!" And the windmill began to creak and groan in sorrow.

"Oh, I wish the wind would blow!"

"I would work so hard that the tank would soon be full!"

A gentle wind came. It tried to turn the wheel, but it was too weak; so it called its friends.

The friends came. They all pushed and pushed! Suddenly the wheel stopped creaking and groaning, and, as it whirled merrily around, it sang this song:

"With the wind to help me, Round and round I'll go; Then the sparkling water. To my tank will flow."

Soon the tank was full of clear, cold, sparkling water, and, as the animals eagerly drank their fill, the wind busily turned round and round, humming contentedly to itself.—Kathlyne J. Libby, in School Education.

HOME NEWS

BATTLE CREEK, Mich.—The little church at Battle Creek we feel is a healthy child of the denomination. We are gradually growing, both spiritually and numerically. Those who have moved here recently are grateful for the ones who organized the church.

The Missionary Society at various times has loyally aided us, and the people are continually giving for mission fields; for all this we are thankful. In time we hope to become less dependent. Some of us more fully appreciate and realize the important mission our Missionary Society is doing. If we would be a "child of the King", we must be active, growing, developing into full maturity.

Our pastor, Rev. D. Burdett Coon, is giving as able and practical sermons, filled with applications for our needs.

Those coming to Battle Creek from our churches we hope will bring their letters with them; for we need their influence while they are with us, thus lending a hand to the work."

—The atmosphere of the Sanitarium is helpful to good morals, but this is a modern city with its allurements. One, however, can be just what he himself determines to be.

DEATHS

BARBER.—In Bridgeport, Conn., July 14, 1910, Sarah A. Barber, in the 85th year of her age.

MRS. Barber was born in Westerly, R. I., January 8, 1826, and was the daughter of William and Sarah Greene. The most of the first fifty years of her life was passed in Westerly, but during the last thirty-three years her home has been in Bridgeport, Conn. In early life she made a profession of faith in Christ and sixty-two years ago became a member of the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hopkinton, R. I.

In 1848 she and Lieutenant J. Clarke Barber were united in marriage, and to them were born two children, Herbert W. and Alida M. Lieutenant Barber died fifteen years ago, since which time Mrs. Barber has been most tenderly and faithfully cared for by her daughter. Sabbath day, July 16th, she was brought to Ashaway, R. I., and farewell services and burial took place in Oak Grove Cemetery.

SUTTON.—Hannah J. Sutton, daughter of Martin and Anna Hughes, was born on Greenbrier Creek, Harrison Co., Va., now Doddridge Co., W. Va., June 2, 1831, and died July 29, 1910, aged 79 years. 1 month and 27 days.

After the association Sister Sutton left her home at Berea, W. Va., for an extended visit among friends and relatives on Lick Run, in Mercer County, and at Clarksburg. She was taken sick at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Avis Husk, near Wilsonsburg. Her sons and daughter hastened to her side, but she never rallied but passed peacefully.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

MARRIAGES

CROCKETT-STILLMAN.—At the Seventh-day Baptist church, Albion, Wis., August 10, 1910, by Rev. L. C. Randolph, assisted by Rev. T. J. Van Horn, Mr. Henry C. Crockett of Battle Creek, Mich., and Miss Minerva Stillman of Albion, Wis.
to rest. The remains were brought to her home on Ottertail, where she had lived since her marriage to H. D. Sutton, March 10, 1853. She was the mother of nine children, five of whom are living and are present at the funeral. She was a member of the Pine Grove Church and later of the Seventh-day Baptist Church. She has been a strong factor in the religious life of the community. Her children and descendants, with a large circle of friends, reverence her memory.

L. D. SEAGER.

DAVIS—Carrie Randolph Davis, daughter of Howard W. and Marietta Randolph, was born in Shiloh, N. J., September 3, 1841, and died at her home in Farina, Ill., August 1, 1908.

When she was five years old she went with her parents to Walworth, Wis., where she made her home until she was married to Dr. A. C. Davis, April 26, 1865. They came directly to Farina to make their home. In May, 1877, she united by letter with the Farina Church and, during almost the entire history of the church, has been one of its most devoted and active members. Seven children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Davis. Upon them the mother poured out her love in self-sacrificing service and inspiration.

Though the circle was first broken by the death of Fay, and later by the death of Arnold C. Davis Jr. No words can express the sorrow which came to the mother, but she continued the same cheerful, hopeful, helpful Christian that she had been for many years.

In December, 1906, she was stricken with paralysis, and since then has been in an almost helpless condition. During these months of her sickness, her husband and their children have given her her loving attention and care, no sacrifice being too great or service too heavy for them to perform in order to add to her comfort and happiness.

Mrs. Davis has two brothers and a sister living—Warren Randolph of Chicago, Mrs. F. E. Peterson of New York, and Rev. L. C. Randolph of Milton, Wis. Her five living children are Mrs. J. H. Irish of Vandalia, Ill., Mrs. J. W. Johnson of South Dakota, Carroll Davis of Farina, and Homer and Arthur Asten, who are at home.

Memorial services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon, conducted by her pastor, assisted by the Rev. L. C. Randolph, who concluded the services with the tender and eloquent words of respect, in memory of his sister.

W. D. R.

TROWBRIDGE—Donald Trowbridge was born in the town of Adams, N. Y., August 15, 1897, and died at his home in Adams, August 1, 1910.

He was the second son of Sherman and Louise Trowbridge. He was a bright, cheerful boy, taking a lively interest in all athletic sports suited to a boy of his age. While his parents had reason to suspend him some months, that he was not really well, he was not known to complain. He faithfully performed his set duties even to the last day he was about. After but a brief illness of less than two days his mortal life was brought to a close. The parents, his brother and sister, mourn deeply.

Burial services were held at the home, on the afternoon of August 4, and the floral offerings were so profuse the casket was literally buried beneath them and Donald looked like one sleeping in a flower box. A very large company of sympathizing friends were present and followed the remains to their last resting-place in the Adams Centre Cemetery. The services were conducted by the writer.

The following lines on the death of Donald Trowbridge, written by Mr. W. T. Witter, a member of his Sabbath-school class, are appropriate and beautiful:

So lonesome some hearts are crying,
Though lips can not form the word,
For a smiling face is missing
And a happy laugh is not heard.

Two brown eyes are closed forever.
Two lips are cold and still.
One young heart has ceased its beating,
Gone is its pulse and will.
One brother alone is left now
For the other's heart did cease;
He has gone to his Maker in heaven
And is with his Redeemer.

His comrades and schoolmates now miss him,
They long for his bright face again;
The memory is not all of sorrow,
But tendserness ministering.

At the table stands one chair empty
One less happy face we behold,
But he's entered the portals of heaven
And is sleeping in the sunshine.

One spirit, so sweet and so tender,
Look down from thy bright home of love,
Help us not to grieve for thy absence
But look to the Father above.

SUTTON—Okey Loren, son of Rev. E. E. and Blanche D. Sutton, was born in Rockville, R. I., April 17, 1910, and died August 5, 1910, aged 3 months and 19 days.

Burial at Mennonite Seventh-day Baptist Cemetery, W. Va., August 7. Their many friends express the most heartfelt sympathy with them in this great sorrow that has come to their lives.

Keeping the Nation's Time.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock noon every day in the year, says a Washington newspaper, a young man walks into a certain room of the main building at the Naval Observatory, which is set up on a hill in the northwestern part of the District of Columbia. He glances at the various clocks in the room and then goes over to a table which is covered with electric apparatus.

He watches the clocks to his left closely and waits for the hands to reach five minutes of twelve. As the second hand approaches the 60 on the dial he prepares to shift a switch. The clock is finely adjusted that when the second hand points to 60 it exactly marks the beginning of a new minute.

He causes the 60 the switches are thrown on. That starts a signal that goes out instantaneous over 900,000 miles of telegraph lines. In Washington, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Newport, Baltimore, Newport News, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, Key West, Galveston, Chicago and elsewhere the time balls go up on their poles. People know that it is five minutes before noon, Washington time.

The clock which keeps the time in the observatory ticks on. With each tick there is a contact of electric parts. A circuit is closed and an instrument on the table, similar in appearance to a telegraph sounder ticks away loudly.

It goes on to the twenty-ninth second, then skips one tick, then resumes its steady sounding until the last five seconds, then there is another gap. These gaps are for the purpose of giving listeners at other ends of the great system of wires a chance to know what part of the minute the clock is on. So it goes up to the last minute, 59 seconds, and then goes to zero.

As it touches the 59 seconds, it skips one tick, then resumes its steady sounding and goes on to the first second, 1, 2, 3, etc., until the last five seconds, then it goes to zero, and the process is repeated through the hours, days, etc., as the clock at the Institute at Washington is in perfect time with that at Washington, and all other points on the earth.

Lives Lost in Mines.

The statistics of coal mining casualties in the United States, compiled by the geological survey for the calendar year 1909, show an apparent falling off in fatalities during the year, but since the special bulletin just issued on the subject shows that an accounting is taken of the year's greatest disaster, that at Cherry, Ill., in November last, the facts are that there were 2,542 deaths from coal mine accidents, against 2,450 in 1908 and 3,125 in 1907, the most disastrous year in mining history in this country. This disaster brings the total of fatalities in 1909 up to 2,805.—The Morning Star.

The virtue that comes out victorious in the crisis must have been nourished and cultivated in the humdrum moments.—Alexander Maclear.
Sabbath School

LESSON X.—SEPT. 3, 1910.

TWO PARABLES OF JUDGMENT.

Matthew xxxii, 33-46.

Golden Text.—Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you. Matt. xxxii, 43.

DAILY READINGS.


(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand.)

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